The Kalamazoo Normal Record Vol. 6
No. 8
Western State Normal School
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Mr. R. M. Stombaugh, who completed the life certificate course in March, writes from Portland, Ore., that he is substituting in the public schools.

Miss Elizabeth Irwin, a graduate of the domestic science department, of the Normal, 1914, is teaching in Grand Rapids and visited the Normal the first week of May.

President Livingston Lord, of the State Normal School at Charleston, Ill., has been engaged to deliver the commencement address Tuesday, June 20.

Dr. B. L. Jones gave a stereopticon address on “Shakespeare” before an appreciative audience in Charlotte, Saturday, May 5.

Several members of the faculty attended the meeting of the Men’s Round Table in Grand Rapids, Friday, May 4. In the list were President Waldo, Dr. Burnham, Mr. Hickey, Dr. McCracken, Dr. Harvey, Mr. Wood, Mr. Reinhold and Dr. Cameron.

On Saturday, May 5, the Michigan Women’s Round Table met in Grand Rapids and a number of members from the Normal attended the banquet and business meeting.

The instructors in the Manual Training and Art Departments of the Normal, and many of the special students attended the meeting of the Western Drawing and Manual Training Association in Grand Rapids the first week of May. Mr. Waite, Mr. Bowen, Mr. Manley, Mr. Sherwood and Mr. Wenzel of the manual training faculty, and Miss Goldsworthy, Miss Judson, Miss Spencer, and Miss Netzorg of the art department were present at the sessions. An exhibit of student work was displayed and Western Normal was prominent in the activities of the meeting.

The domestic science girls entertained the members of the faculty at
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---

a most delightful tea Thursday afternoon, May 3, in the dining room of the Training School. The table had a beautiful center-piece of jonquils and the decorative scheme was yellow and white. The young women prepared and served the dainties, which were so much enjoyed by the guests.

The twenty-third annual convention of the Western Drawing and Manual Training Teachers’ Association was held in Grand Rapids, Mich., May 3-6, under almost ideal weather conditions. The large Klingman Furniture Exposition building, which was used for the meetings and exhibit, met the demands for space very adequately. The programs provided many interesting speakers selected from the political, commercial and educational circles of city, state and country and included such names as Governor Ferris, Supt. John D. Shoop of the Chicago public schools; Dr. James P. Haney, director of art, New York City high schools; Dr. C. A. Prosser, director Dunwoody Institute, Minneapolis, Minn.; Lorade Taft, the noted sculptor of Chicago, and many others.

The exhibits were especially strong on the art side, but outside of the Grand Rapids schools there was little work shown in manual training. The art exhibits presented a wide range of work, both as to subject and localities from which they were sent, Newark, N. J., being the most easterly point, and Portland, Oregon, the most westerly. Grade schools, high schools, normal schools and special art schools were all represented.

It is of interest to note here that this was the first convention of the kind at which all the Michigan normal schools had exhibits.

After hearing the programs and studying the exhibits one was impressed with the effort being made at the present time to bring art into closer touch with all phases of actual life. No longer must it exist for art’s sake alone, but it must be a part of our every-day life, as expressed in our dress, home surroundings and in our commercial products. Besides the pro-
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Professional phases of the program, much was done in the other ways to provide pleasureable entertainment for the visitors. Wednesday evening the association banquet at the Pantlind hotel proved a gay affair with numerous unexpected and entertaining features in the way of extra editions of the "Furniture City Bulletin," instrumental music and songs by the manual training men.

The farce, "The Gift Horse," was well presented by members of the Grand Rapids manual training corps at the Central High school on Thursday evening.

On the automobile ride Friday afternoon the visitors were shown through two very fine private art galleries and were driven to Reed's Lake, John Ball Park, through the business and residence sections, and finally to the new Masonic Temple, where a reception was held in their honor.

Not only was the Western State Normal School represented by all its art and manual training instructors and several from other departments, and many of its present student body, but graduates from former classes were present in considerable numbers and meetings and greetings with these formed one of the pleasantest features of the convention.

ELIANOR JUDSON.

The following poem was copied from "The Searchlight," a weekly paper published by the students of the Junior High School, Grand Rapids.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE.

It wasn't so when I was young;
We spoke "United States,"
The hobo slang was never slung
That on our hearing grates.

We used to make our meaning plain,
But now I oft perceive
I'm very dense, and fail to grasp,
"Eh? Do you get me, Steve?"

I ask my friend some question now;
And if he fails to note
The meaning clear, he makes reply:
"Sure Mike, you've got my goat."
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This will be a season of Sport Garments as they will be worn for street as well as for sports and outings.

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We used to go to bed at night
When wearied with the day,
But now we don't. We "hunt a flop,"
Or merely "hit the hay."

Man lost position long ago
When service lacked demand,
But now he don't; the neighbors say
"The mutt is plainly canned."

We "cough up" now, where once we
paid,
When e'er we owed a bill;
While baseball that our brothers
played
Means now to "pelt the pill."

We once applauded long ago,
But now we simply "root."
And men got drunk with too much
wine
But now they're "on a toot."

And long ago folks used to wed,
But now they "take the yoke."
And people used to pass away,
But now they merely "croak."

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We used to wear our Sunday clothes
When occasion called for dress,
But now “glad rags” is more elite
Our festive garb to express.

We bought a new hat once a year
In seasons passed too soon;
Now, “My coco needs a sky-piece, dear,”
Most every change of moon.

We used to call the sweets of life
Plain “love;” ’twas sweet enough.
But now, alas, romance is dead
They call it “sticky stuff.”

We used to “go” when time to leave
Or had no wish to stay,
But now we don’t; we “beat it,”
Or “make our get away.”

We once “put out the lights” at night,
But now we “douse the glim,”
And say about our failing sight,
“Our lamps are getting dim.”

“Please, father, can you spare a dime?”
We asked in timid tones;
But now it’s “Old man, come across,
Cough up some talking bones.”

And if no light of meaning clear
Within his eye you read,
You say, “Why, don’t you savvy, dad?”
It’s mazuma that I need.”

Now, all young men are “guys” or “ginks”
And don’t it beat the dickens!
There are not “ladies” any more,
But all are vulgar “chickens.”

And should you read a mild reproof
Beneath the poet’s scribble,
I hear you say, “Go chase yourself!”
“Forget it!” “Ish-ka-bibble!”

If Noah, with his “Unabridged,”
Should come from lands unknown,
He’d be quite like the “Ozark man”
Who needed to be “shown.”

Before he either understood
Or made his meaning plain,
So basely has the world abused
The offspring of his brain.
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Arbor and Bird Day

The fifth annual anniversary of Arbor and Bird Day was observed by the faculty and students of the Western State Normal School Thursday, April twenty-seventh. The celebration was considered a fine success and greatly enjoyed by all. The program commenced at 10 o'clock in the gymnasium with a few opening remarks by Dr. Harvey, who had charge of the program. The Boys' Glee club sang two selections, "Summer" and "Just Being Happy," followed by "Just Dreaming, That's All," as an encore.

Dr. Harvey then introduced Prof. Robert W. Hegner, Department of Zoology, University of Michigan, who gave a splendid address on "The Conservation of the Bird Life of Michigan," illustrated by stereopticon slides. He stated that there were ten thousand kinds of birds in the world, eight hundred in the United States and three-hundred twenty-six in Michigan. He then gave many interesting characteristics of the different birds, ostriches, bob-whites, rough grouse, passenger pigeon, various birds of prey, as owls, hawks and eagles; the domestic birds, as chimney swift, phoebe, cliff swallow and house wren; the orchard birds, woodpecker, brown creeper, etc., having slides to illustrate each. The owls were very beneficial, eating rats, rabbits, mice, gophers and insects. The cooper's and the sharp-shinned hawks are the only injurious hawks, while all others do much good. He showed some interesting pictures of the red-tailed hawk, which is a very wild bird. He also told how the pictures were taken. The camera was fastened in a tree, a string tied to the shutter release and fastened across the nest. The bird lighting on the nest unconsciously pulls the string and thus takes a snapshot of himself. The chimney swift felt so secure on its nest that it kept perfectly still while a camera was let down into the chimney and a five-minute exposure taken. He also gave an interesting story about the house wrens. The father wren returns two or three weeks in advance of the mother bird and builds several nests. When the mother bird comes she inspects the various nests and chooses the one for the home that she likes best. The woodpecker is also a great help in destroying insects. The only member of the family who is injurious is the yellow-bellied sapsucker, who very often causes the death of trees. He said that
the birds ate insects enough in one week to form a line 1,850,000 miles in length. Professor Hegner said that some of the chief causes of the destruction of birds were the cutting down of the forests, the draining of the marshes and the shooting of the birds. The birds should be considered as national property instead of state or individual property. He went on to say that the number could be greatly increased by attracting birds by means of baths, feeding trays, bird houses, etc.; by planting various shrubs which bear berries and by having bird refuges. Through conservation birds will become as abundant as ever.

Following Dr. Hegner, Prof. Eben Mumford, Director of County Agent work for Michigan, gave a short address on "The Agricultural Resources of Michigan." He began his speech by saying that with the exception of bananas, oranges and pineapples everything else could be raised in Michigan due to the wonderful climatic and soil conditions; also because of this unusual state the agricultural problem is extremely hard. The state ranks very high in fruit, producing one-third of the apples, one-fourth of the peaches and was first in small fruits raised in the United States. He also stated that Michigan holds high rank in corn, hay, wheat, beans, sugar beets, potatoes and a prominent place in stock-raising, which ought to be far greater.

He said that the conservation of agricultural resources was one of the greatest movements of the day due to several reasons: (1) The movement was young, only six or eight years old, and was for young people, for young minds, for young hearts and for young wills. (2) It was started through the study, experiments and training of great scientific men. (3) The movement should act as a vision to young people, encouraging them to rise and be great leaders and not followers of old customs. (4) The beginning of the agriculture movement is due to the movement for conservating trees and to the finding that trees are closely related to soil, water, coal and iron, and also to the discovery that the soil itself was fast decreasing in value. He also went on to say that the remedy lay in a systematic effort to conserve our resources. In 1912 the county work was started, which is a plan to put a scientific man in each county to get acquainted with its soil, people and its needs. Twenty-five counties are so organized at present. According to Professor Mumford more team work is needed, not only in producing the products, but in marketing also; thus insuring goods that could be guaranteed to be pure. He closed his remarks by stating that it was up to us as young people and teachers to grasp the vision and to see a way in the future to handle the forests, lands and soils as if it belonged to all and to pass it on to the next generation better than we received it.

The afternoon session commenced at 2 o'clock in the gymnasium, with the selection, "Birds Are Singing," by the Junior Girls' Glee Club. They refused to give an encore. Mr. Ernest H. Chapelle of Remus, a member of the senior class, then gave a fine Arbor and Bird oration. The oration gave an account of the founding of Arbor Day, the reasons for it, what some rural teachers were doing, and ended with an earnest appeal to the audience as teachers to go out enthused and with hearts overflowing with the great spirit of Arbor and Bird Day.

Then came the processional, Harley Holmes of Bloomingdale acting as marshal. The order of the line of march was (1) High School Life, (2) General Life, (3) Graded Life, (4) Kindergarten, (5) Manual Training, (6) Music and Art, (7) Physical Education, (8) Rural School, (9) High School, and (10) Faculty and Guests. Each department wore emblems and carried banners to designate the various courses. Music for the march was furnished by the Normal Band. The march led down the south hill and across the campus, up the center steps to the place where the bird bath is situated, the bath being located just in front of where the front walk branches.

Roland Plant of Coopersville, President of the Senior Class, gave the following dedication speech:

"Fellow Students, Members of the
Faculty, and Friends: We have gathered here this afternoon to help celebrate this all-important occasion of Arbor and Bird Day, with the unveiling of this beautiful bird bath.

"As many of you remember, last year the play entitled 'The Bird Masque,' by Percy Mackaye, was given under the auspices of the Normal Dramatic Society. In this play was depicted bird life in all its forms and variations. One of the objects sought in the presentation of this play was to bring home to the audience the great importance of preserving and promoting bird life.

"From the proceeds of this play were purchased several bird gifts, one in the form of a martin house, which you may now see on the slope in front of the gymnasium, another, a food car, on the south side of the Training School, which well serves its purpose as a distributor of food to the birds during the cold winter months, and last, the bird bath which we are dedicating today.

"All of these gifts stand for the preservation and multiplication of bird life, by giving them places to feed, to drink and to nest. This is not only a local endeavor, but stands as a symbol of a great national movement.

"This is a cause we should all be interested in and participate in, if we would discharge our duty to posterity, for future generations have as much right as we to the aesthetical and economical value of bird life.

"Now, as president of the Senior Class and representing each and every one, it gives me much satisfaction to dedicate this bird bath to our feathered friends.

"We, as the Junior Class of last year, were entrusted with many responsibilities concerning this movement, and we have tried to discharge them faithfully.

And now, as we are Seniors and will soon be leaving this institution, we entrust to the Juniors the extension of this cause. May each and every one of them accept this charge and not only be loyal to it here, but when they, too, leave this school let them carry with them, as we shall do, the seeds of this movement, that it may bear fruit in many foreign fields."

The following response was given by Robert Smith of Fremont, Ohio, who is the Junior president:

"We, the Juniors, appreciate the significance of Arbor and Bird Day, and are glad we are able to help carry on the tradition of celebrating this day as it is done in our school. Let us not only strengthen the tradition here, but take it with us and foster it in the community where our work takes us. A young school teacher once asked his class what the most important day in the year is. One said New Year's, another said Thanksgiving, and others said Fourth of July, Washington's birthday and Decoration Day. But the teacher's reply was that Arbor and Bird Day is most important because on this day we have a spirit which is as deep as patriotism. On this day we are not interested in the past, in the history of some great battle or the life of some great man, we are interested in the future and the future welfare of our country. So today we are met to express this spirit and to show our love for trees and birds by dedicating this bird bath. Let us each one, now, resolve that when we go out to teach we will do all in our power to instil into the hearts of people this spirit, this love for birds and trees, and make this the greatest day of the year."

The singing of "America" by students, faculty and guests, accompanied by the band, completed the program.
A PROBLEM of great interest to people that are working in the field of secondary education is the teaching of English in the high school. In what way shall we present work in English to high school freshmen so that they will become interested in it? This problem, I believe, can be solved in only one way and that is by introducing more oral English into the course of study. The words “theme” and “essay” are bugbears to most young English students. I do not mean to say that we should have no written work, for that would only be going to the other extreme, but oral and written work should be so combined that they will complement each other.

A most startling and encouraging fact is that in the Harvard entrance examination in English there is today actually a place in which a candidate may receive entrance credit for reading a piece of literature well and for conversing well. This strange and, in the Middle West unrecognizable entrance credit, has been used for many years in the progressive far western universities, Stanford and California.

It is announced that after July 1, 1917, all who wish to teach English in the state of New York must have a special license. To obtain this the candidate must give satisfactory evidence of ability to teach oral English. In view of the fact that most of the English used is oral English, this requirement seems entirely reasonable. The wonder is that it was not made long ago.

Learning to write good compositions does not always carry over into speaking good English, while oral English, because of its very nature, approaches much nearer to the conditions of actual discourse. The pupil has a real audience whom he must interest and instruct or entertain. The desire to hold the attention of the class serves as a powerful stimulus to do the work well, and the spirit of emulation is so strong that a really delightful talk by one member of the class will improve the quality of all the talks that follow. Notes should be used in the beginning to give the pupil confidence. After he has had enough practice so that he can keep in mind the main points of his composition the notes may be discontinued. At first the talks should be brief and then they may gradually lengthen.

A system of talks that worked out successfully in one school was the following: Each pupil collected all the pictures he could of a place of interest that he had visited; these pictures were thrown on a screen by a reflectoscope and the pupil prepared his talk to accompany the pictures. This proved both interesting and instructive.

An experiment was made by several teachers in Indiana in the second semester of freshman English for it was thought, if oral English was doomed to fail anywhere it would fail there. In each school there were at least two sections, one a “writing section” in which no oral work was done and the other a “combination section” where the work was one-third written and two-thirds oral. At the end of the semester these questions were asked each teacher: To what extent does proficiency in oral carry over into written work? Even if proficiency does carry over into written, does the benefit in speech warrant its continuance in the high school? It was found that written themes from combination classes excelled those in the writing section in four ways: (1) in thoroughness of treating each idea; (2) in lessened artificiality; (3) the combination sections seemed to show decided superiority in leaving definite impressions at the end; (4) there is improvement in the general spirit in the combination sections. On the second issue: Is there improvement in speech as contrasted with writing?” Twenty-seven teachers say “yes,” twenty-two say, “marked superiority,” the others qualify or are
doubtful. But on the whole most of the teachers who never attempted the oral work before think that the improvement is marked.

I was very interested to find that this plan, of two-thirds oral and one-third written English is being used in our Normal High School and is liked very much by both teachers and students.

The function of the teacher in oral English is to suggest, to encourage, to inspire, and to appreciate, rather than to dictate, to question and to examine. Written English is only make-believe communication while in oral English the speaker is always addressing an audience. Unless the teacher in assigning a theme is careful to state the conditions under which it is to be written and to specify a body of readers to whom it is to be addressed, the students are likely to find difficulty in conceiving any audience. Unless the teacher sets up a target for them they are prone to fire their shots at random into the air hoping in a vague way to hit something. The fact that so many of their themes do not receive publication in any form, not even being read before their classmates, causes students to write them with their ultimate destination in mind. The result is that they are written for and addressed to the waste basket. In this case we have what might be described as communication between intellectual equals. If no other argument could be advanced in oral composition than that it offers a method of teaching students to arrange their ideas logically and to express them intelligently, without the constant use or abuse of the blue pencil, it would have much to recommend it. Indeed, in the name of modern efficiency, can an instructor neglect this way of getting results?

MARION PIERCE.

The Defense of the Dreamer

(Given second place in Oratorical Contest.)

PERHAPS there is nothing so much talked of at this time, with the possible exception of the war, as our wonderful progress. We see it in nearly all the magazine articles; we seldom hear a speech in which it is not mentioned; we make constant references to it in our everyday conversation.

And truly, this is a wonderful age; we have made great progress. The ordinary man of today enjoys comforts and luxuries which, in former times, even kings could not enjoy. We have gone a long way toward the conquest of Nature. We have a great store of knowledge which would have been inconceivable by the people of any former time.

People call this the "age of action"; they say we owe our progress "to men of action". They say "this is no time for dreaming, let us be up and doing, let us be practical". They say we need practical men to direct our affairs; that the practical men are the ones who do things.

Now it seems to me we are hypnotized by that word "practical". I think we vastly overrate its import-
ance, for we apply it as a test to everything. If we call a thing "practical", we recommend it; if we call it impractical we condemn it beyond appeal.

I am here to claim the greater share of progress to be due, not to the practical men, but to the so-called dreamer, the visionary, the enthusiast. By the dreamer, I mean the idealist, the man whose soul is stirred by a mighty vision; the man whose horizon is not the horizon of the ordinary man. He is the man who can see things as they ought to be, and who, in reaching out toward those things, will, if necessary, overturn the whole world, rebuilding it in nobler fashion and setting it nearer than before to that ideal which is his heaven.

One of the saddest records of history is that of the rejection of the bringer of good news, the silencing of the voice of destiny, the stoning of the prophets, the crucifixion of the apostles of better things. The world has long sneered and jeered at them, for worlds are made of little men, who take, but never give; who share, but never spare.

Yet these architects of greatness have continued to build. They have heard a voice in the wilderness; they have dared the unknown and blazed the way for those that follow. They have dared the uncharted seas, for they themselves are the makers of the charts.

A dreamer found the land we call our home. Columbus was scorned by the practical men of his time. He, the half-crazed sailor, talking strange nonsense and begging aid in an unnamed undertaking. But the westward seas held for Columbus, not terror, but the fulfillment of the dream which had dominated his whole life.

Wherein lay Napoleon's greatness? It was not in organizing great armies or pushing over rotting thrones. Our conception of his greatest moments is not as he was slaying men or uncrowning princes, but as he sat, on some starlit night, surrounded by the sleeping camp, dreaming the dreams that were to guide a great empire; or as he stood before the silent sphinx, trying to gain from it the secrets of old empires long since turned to dust. It was the irresistible call of a great something beyond which made Napoleon the man of destiny and turned his resolution into steel.

I could tell you of Galileo, piercing the veil of things as they seem to be, and finding order and system in the seeming anarchy of the stars. His was a vision that those who called him dreamer did not have. I could tell you of Fulton and the happy realization of his far-reaching vision, of doubts of his friends contrasted with Fulton's supreme faith.

When Gardiner Hubbard walked the streets of New York and Boston, trying to sell stock in Alexander Graham Bell's new invention, practical, conservative men would have nothing to do with him. What had they, hard-headed, practical men of business, to do with such a silly thing as a telephone? It might do for a children's plaything, but they, they would not waste their time on it. A man must be crazy to take up with any such idea! But Gardiner Hubbard did not give up. He had a vision that some day his friend's invention would prove a success; and today, there are many of those same business men who are wishing that they had some stock in the American Bell Telephone. Who was really the practical man, any of those same hard-headed business men, or Gardiner Hubbard with his vision?

The brains of dreamers have wrought all human miracles, and the spiritual world, as well as the material world, is their rightful province of expression. The world has, for the last few thousand years, been depending for its spiritual guidance on the ideals of a few great visionaries, those few who have gone farther in their dreaming than either the scientist or the voyager. All of these have suffered in their time, but all are worshipped in later times because they represent something to which the ordinary man has not yet attained. They were so far ahead of their time that the world is only beginning to see the things they saw thousand of years ago. They were founders of empires that far outreach the petty boundaries of
nations; they strove for bigger things than crowns and higher seats than thrones.

Buddha and Confucius, the two great religious teachers of the Orient, were outcasts in their time, but the people who worship them today are still engaged in making their masters' dreams come true.

Mohammed was driven from Mecca, out into the desert; but Mecca would be forgotten if it were not for Mohammed. And now, every day, morning and evening, two hundred million people bow their heads toward Mecca, acknowledging that Mohammed is greater than any of them.

Although his character as a visionary has been little emphasized, Christ is probably the greatest idealist of all the ages. It was He who made lofty ideals the common heritage of the race; it was He who preached the doctrine of love; it was He who dared to say “we are, we are our brother's keeper.”

In Christ before Pilate we have the most notable contrast between the practical man and the dreamer. Here was Judas, and Judas, by the way, was a very practical man; he, no doubt, had for his motto “business is business”. Here was Pilate, the practical man, the diplomat, the polished man of affairs. Pilate, with his narrow vision, could know nothing of the great personality before him, so he sensibly and conservatively said: “I find no fault in this man.” But it was not merely his lack of faults that made Christ a greater and wiser man than Pilate; his devotion to a great ideal made him a greater man, and he was the living exemplification of the truth that where great vision is, there, and there only, is the ultimate wisdom.

Not all great visions have been seen; nor do all great visionaries belong to the remote past. Things are still far from perfect, and the idealist still looks forward into the realm of things as they ought to be.

The day of the social idealist is at hand, and we have in our very midst many of these idealists who are working mightily for that better state of affairs which they can see always just ahead. Many of them look forward to the time when material things shall not rule human thought and action; when a man's goods shall not obscure the man; when humanity shall be free from the tyranny of things.

They look forward to the time when each man shall be enabled to reach his highest point of development. They look forward to the time when the devil's twins, war and poverty, shall cease to exist. And there may be some, some few choice spirits who still look forward to the time when that most beautiful of all visions shall come true; when the fraternity of the world shall be established, and when the brotherhood of man shall become a fact.

Our modern idealists are as true to their ideals as any idealists of the past; and their accomplishments are no less significant. When the last word of history shall have been written, and the final verdict rendered, who shall say what place shall be accorded to such men and women as Ben B. Lindsey or Jane Addams? We have Jacob Riis, with his dream of beautiful cities and better citizenship; we have Alfred Noble, with his vision of the whole world at peace; we have Cecil Rhodes, the empire builder, with his vision of a single civilization based on a single culture, and the social idealist is coming into his own.

We have the priceless gifts to humanity from the Wright brothers, Edison, Bell, Marconi, and a thousand others—surely these things shall not pass away. Empires rise and fall; nations decay and pass into nothingness; the earth itself changes its form and feature; and only the things the dreamers make live on.

The dreamers—they are the chosen few, the blazers of the way who never wear doubt's bandage on their eyes. They are the Argonauts—the seekers of the Golden Fleece of truth. They are the creators of the world; for nothing great, nothing noble, nothing worthy ever came about that did not spring full grown from the mind of some dreamer.

MERRITT BARTON.
An Autobiography of a Discontented Soul

"In every man
There is division of the dust and dream.
And youth is just the crossing of the swords
Before he takes his place within the scheme."

As born in Chicago on Friday morning, December 5, 1895. Possibly the day of my birth influences me toward fatalistic tendencies. My father had immigrated to this land of promise some ten years before from the quaint, curious, old-fashioned town of Carnarvon, North Wales. Carnarvon, situated most ideally for a dreamer, the restless sea, the towering cliffs, and the wonderful, battle-stained castle, built by some long-forgotten Welsh patriots in order that they might make one last stand against their oppressors; the Angles from the North, the Saxons from the south and west—a last stand for their country, their priests, their gods. You have only to hear the songs they sang and you are sure of the way they fought; but slowly, inch by inch, as castle after castle fell, our people were driven ever westward, until, that great rising tide, that new struggling, surging paganism enveloped us and we were nationally dead. Carnarvon castle was among the last to find consolation in the past. Centuries later, it was here that Edward the First, standing in one of the turret windows, held forth his infant son for the approval of the Welsh chieftains assembled below, and here proclaimed him the first Prince of Wales. Mother is an American by birth, being a native of Wisconsin; she is of Welsh parentage.

The first few years slipped slowly, silently, into the past. I have few recollections of places or people; but even as I write, one of my simple experiences cries for utterance. One Friday afternoon mother took me with her; she intended visiting the pastor. During the course of the conversation I was called upon to speak a few short pieces, Bible quotations, if I remember. How proud I felt, yet even at four years of age my perpetual lack of confidence in my ability asserted itself and I drew back and hesitated. Coaxing and pleading followed so that at last I consented to their wishes. The pastor thought my power of memory wonderful, and indeed the passage was long and difficult to master for so young a child. It was the first Psalm along with some shorter selections. A banana and a piece of cake with a glass of milk rewarded my efforts. Clearly, again, I can see the face of my mother as the recitation was finished, that look of a proud dreamer, who dreams and builds upon those cherished dreams the hopes and fears of realization.

The next spring father secured a better position in a smaller town and mother and I went to her old home in Wisconsin. Grandfather was very sick and passed away the following autumn. I have forgotten almost everything about the old gentleman and the farm. No doubt, in sunshine I followed the hired men into the fields among the harvest or when it rained played upon the piles of hay in the great red barns. Young as I was the last scenes are mine today. Vividly, again, I recall my parents’ expressions as we stood by the open grave. Mother seemed almost unable to bear her grief, she looked tired and worn, father had the look of one who most certainly cared, but rather in an impersonal manner. Death and I had met for the first time, but I could not appreciate then that he is master and we his servants at his beck and call.

Six months passed and we were all in our new home. All I say, but only three of us, father, mother and I. No event which impressed me occurred during the following year. The small town seemed strangely quiet and calm after the bustle and hurry of the city. I know mother was unhappy during the first year here, with no friends, no church to attend where our native tongue was spoken, and far away from any relatives. Unhappy as she was she never murmured and I doubt if father ever suspected the social sacrifices she was making. It was different with him,
his work threw him among other men; he made some friends; mother had very few. The next year my sister was born and mother seemed more contented and happy. Before this blessing of heaven had visited us we had moved to a smaller but warmer and better constructed house. The years fly past quickly now, leaving few pictures. Yet still in my memory linger glimpses of golden curls, and a clumsy, toddling bundle of sunshine: My baby sister was learning to walk. Looking back, the next two years seem very short; I don't know why, unless, having run their course we found ourselves in very different circumstances. We had been accustomed to a few of earth's luxuries, now it became a vital struggle for the necessities. Once more I can see father turning the corner and walking slowly, hesitatingly toward the house; it seemed peculiar to me that he should be coming home at this time, for it was about 10:30 in the morning. I cannot remember whether I ran to meet him as was my custom; perhaps I met him at the door. He entered and sat down wearily in the great arm chair which always could be found in the parlor. Mother, hearing the familiar footsteps at this unexpected hour, ran to the front of the house. The two met, yet neither spoke a word for several agonizing moments—moments when soul speaks to soul. Mother asked what had happened, though I think she instinctively knew. Yes, father had been thrown out of work with no future prospects open in the whole town. Just how this incident affected me inwardly will remain untold, probably I didn't care much about it, except realizing that it meant less toys and fewer pennies for candy. I never thought of the others among us, for, as a child, I was extremely selfish and inconsiderate. They were but means toward an end, that end—my wants fulfilled.

It was a hard struggle for us all during the next four years. Oftentimes mother would stay up far into the morning darning and mending our clothes. New apparel was scarce at that time but she managed, as only she knew how, to keep us warm and well fed. Father had succeeded in opening a small place for himself, but it was a hard pull without capital or influential friends.

While all these changes of circumstances had been affecting the family I had been growing rapidly both physically and mentally. With a few chosen companions I enjoyed wandering into the country on those bright summer days, hunting strange woods and discovering new streams. Just a frying pan and some bacon, a few slices of bread and a healthy appetite and all the world was ours! Or, maybe, in the fall, with sacks thrown over our shoulders we would hasten to where the nut trees grew, coming back heavily laden in the twilight with the fruits of our desires. It was a mark of distinction among us to have your hands covered with walnut stain; it showed you were above the common lot, rather adventurous and enterprising. In those happy days I knew no evil; evil and education were to come hand in hand. To me then all the outside world neared paradise. But as those happy memories come flooding back, I can clearly feel that even then I was not supremely happy like my companions. I always lived in the future, never in the present, some coming adventure, some experience to be, appeared always more entertaining, more alluring than the pleasures at hand. Whenever I am true to myself I take far greater delight in building and planning my air castles than in having their material effects. To me all gold changes into dust in my possession.

I had never made great progress at school. I had learned to read and write at home, also, some arithmetic, geography and much history. Definitely to my memory come glimpses of those happy evenings father and I spent together, discussing the great cities of the world and their relation to trade and commerce; or perhaps he would ask me questions concerning history books which I had read. In this period, say from the time I fully mastered reading until I was fourteen years of age, the books which I read were all of an historical nature. Many
hours I sat in some secluded nook devouring Greek myths, seasoned occasionally with tales of Arthur and his knights; again my fancy would go abroad and I could not bear legends or myths; I wanted facts and so I read plain, hard, unadulterated history. One book of this latter sort appealed strongly to me. It was one describing the twelve decisive battles of the world. I will never forget how impressed I was with Napoleon at Waterloo. I read and re-read that account of the struggle. Of course I gloried in the fighting, but after all it was that personal magnetism of the man which stirred me. Somehow I lived again with him those immortal "hundred days", reveled and was glad with his early successes and cried bitterly in our defeat. Truly here was a hero worshipper; a slave at the tomb of fame.

I can never quite account for my lack of ability in school during the elementary grades. It was, I think, the lack of interest in some studies, and the other studies covered the same ground I had gone over at home. My theory was to let everything slip until the last few weeks of the term; then work hard and barely pass. It was the old case of protective coloration as seen in nature, I didn't do my best because of the criticism of my schoolmates—how we hated, as children, to be judged quick or smart in school. However, I never missed a grade and could usually apply my knowledge to the outside world far more intelligently than the average child.

At last the time came to be graduated from the elementary grades and entering the high school. I wanted to leave school at this time and go to work—God only knows where! I seemed to have had the idea that fortune and opportunity were waiting for me with outstretched arms. But fall came and I entered high school with no definite purpose except to drift along; I had never before studied in school, why should I now? Yet in spite of well trained habits the subjects interested me, and my marks were good for the entire year. I will never forget freshman English. We were obliged to hand in a theme every Monday morning and I usually spent the entire Sunday afternoon and part of the evening upon its construction. As sophomore my enthusiasm waned, as is usual with me, and never returned except half-heartedly throughout high school. It is an honor among a certain class of students in any institution for an individual to make his grade with the least possible exertion. Their whole philosophy of life is summed up in the two words, "get by". They crave the end without the means; they are sleep-walkers along the great broadway of life; cannot they realize that it is not what we get that counts but how we get it? For truly the pursuit is the happiness; the object, your goal, but a siren luring you on.

During these three years I had made many new acquaintances and had found many diverse places of amusement. I had reached that age when the greater the number of pleasures you can grasp, those which good society frowns upon, the more satisfied you are with yourself. Some persons remain at this stage of mental development throughout their entire life; their brains seem never to feel above that point where the animal instincts assert themselves and control their every thought. They are pleasure mad! Their entire spare time is spent either in the lowest type of vaudeville houses or in clubs and pool-rooms, where the air is filled with the stench of stale tobacco smoke and reverberates with stories that sicken the soul. Stories that would make the most hardened of its devotees blush with shame if they would but think of them alone—at those rare moments in a man's life when he holds communion with himself. In every man there is a spark of righteousness, a smouldering fire of morality.

Into these places I found myself drifting. I was very careful that neither my parents nor the school authorities knew anything concerning my new habits. So carefully did I cover my tracks that they never suspected me, and are in total ignorance of it today. Although I associated with this set of lazy, sensuous compan-
ions, I never quite sunk to their level, something, someone, was ever beckoning to me, just ahead, to forsake the mire and plod on to that mountain of better things. I smoked continually while among these fellows, played pool, gambled at cards for small stakes, and never missed one show at the local vaudeville house. Many were the Saturday nights I found some of my associates dead drunk. They claimed that they were happy. They sickened me, yet, I pitied them from the depths of my soul. Were they to blame? Tasting life for the first time they had chosen the bottom path; but how were they to know, when vice is clothed in decency and walks abroad, unafraid, tempting us at every turn. Oftentimes I would stop, and wonder to myself why I did not go their limit or abandon this environment entirely. I would try to discover if my ideals were higher than theirs or just where the difference occurred. As I look back on those spent and wasted hours, I realize that I was not any better, at heart, morally than they, but that I knew the ways of true life better; for, in this existence, there is no forgiveness, no turning back; the actions and thoughts of today become our assets or liabilities of tomorrow.

Idler as I was, my ambitions knew no bounds. Yes, even though I spent and gambled part of my youth with the devil I wanted to attain to something higher, something finer in the future. I had not lost my dreamy, idealistic nature, for all my materialistic surroundings. This vague something higher! Many the hours I spent dreaming of the time when I should take my place beside the rest in the fulfilling of the wants of man. But how my air vocations change: Now it is a teacher, again I long for a career of business activity with always that deep, growing, underfed desire to write, that craving for self expression. A soul desire for the creation of something beautiful, something that would stir the very depths of man's higher nature, making, perchance, one weary traveler along the way we're going, glad that he had stopped and read the word.

How often my attitude changes! I sometimes feel I can never attain to anything truly worth while, the trait so often exhibited in childhood is once more asserting itself, my lack of self-confidence, that ever re-appearing fancy of mine that, somehow, I am predestined to failure—that for me the doors of the temple are closed and barred. Shall my lips never touch the sweet wine of success? Then I wonder could I ever be supremely happy? Or will my life go on as it has passed, never satisfied with the present, always idealizing the future? until the future is no more; and all I have left is a handful of regrets.

With all my shiftless, lazy, non-resisting attitude I found time to read prodigiously and upon widely different subjects. My love of poetry was growing fast; with Tennyson or Lowell for a comrade I would sit for hours after the family had retired, filling my soul with the beauty of their songs. Just to mention Byron or Poe and my thoughts would wander back to that old fortress, which frowns on Lake Leman, or perhaps my ears would ring with the "clamber and the clanging of the bells." Today, as previously, poetry is my best medicine, my elixir of life; when I am weary and tired, or when things have gone wrong and the blues come crowding upon me —I turn to my ever faithful friends, here gathering some inspiration, a little cheer for the moment. Poetry is the soul of literature; a live, stirring enthusiasm which speaks to you from countless volumes.

I read the good with the bad, everything that looked interesting, from More's "Utopia" to Robert Chamber's "Common Law." There were many books which helped to change my beliefs concerning life in general, but I will stop to mention only one: Winston Churchill's "Inside of the Cup". This book, more than any of the others, opened my eyes to present conditions. Many books convey the same ideas but this one grips and holds you.

My opinions regarding society were fast forming. No longer was I a hero worshiper. No longer did I hold in awe the great captains of the world,
whether they found their fame in war or in industry. Slowly very slowly, my sympathy drifted to the ‘other half’. To those weary millions who toil, for but enough to feed their hungry mouths, whose whole lives spell privation from the higher goods. And still we dare be individualists, assume a laissez faire attitude when these, our own brothers, are deprived the fundamental right of free man: the quest for happiness.

Many times while reading I will let the book slip away from me and I wonder at the meaning of everything. Are we to play our little role and then be gone forever or is there something infinite about us after all? Is there a conscious life beyond the veil? That is what I ask myself day after day; reason replies, no; but faith answers, yes. So it is for me, one minute believing that “God's in his heaven”, a moment later feeling sure that “Dust thou art to dust returneth”. I have never joined any church. Somehow I never could. I hate to be bound in my religion to any creed or dogma. Far more religion seeps into me when I take long walks alone into the country, wondering, worshipping my God in Nature. It is more to me to watch the starry heavens as the great rosy full moon arises to its glory, than to attend all of the churches in Christendom. Go with your thoughts for company into the open and God will seem very near to you. Perchance for me the blood of my ancestors still sways my being; they, with their curious Druid priests, worshiping the oak tree and the mistletoe in God's sanctuary, the forests. But youth is radical and as old age, the inevitable, steals over me no doubt I, too, will believe firmly in some salvation; for even though we all are wrong, and though there be no greater life to come, still faith—a whole-hearted devotion to a possibility—is a great comforter, a spreader of optimism, and so we all have faith.

Well, I have brought myself almost to date; but you ask, knowing certain of my former shiftless, evil ways, do I still follow them? No! I have undergone a mental and moral regeneration. My better nature has subdued the beast within me. No longer are the old animal instincts uppermost, no longer that hungry craving for amusement. Today I find myself eager to learn and anxious to work; appreciative of my advantages. How long will this spell last? I cannot answer; others have come, others have gone, maybe this will follow likewise. I hope not, but who can tell? I cannot.

The regeneration has not been complete, however, for I am as of old, restless, looking to the future for comfort, leaving the golden present to slide voluntarily into the gray ashes of the past. Truly, here is a discontented soul.

**CORRESPONDENCE**

The following article was written by Professor F. B. McKay, of Ypsilanti, and was sent as a correspondence letter and describes the oratorical work in the Normal College.

The business of the Oratorical Association of the Michigan State Normal College is conducted by the Oratorical Board consisting of nineteen representative students and a faculty member, who supervises the oratorical, debating and many of the dramatic activities of the college.

Three contests in oratory are held, all leading to state and interstate contests. The annual regular oratorical contest is held early in January, the peace oratorical contest late in January and the prohibition contest in February. Gold medals and prizes are awarded. The state peace contest this year was won by the Normal representatives, Harry D. Hubbard, who will participate in the interstate contest on May 1 next.

There are four flourishing debating clubs—the Forum, the Lincoln, the Webster and the Wodeso, the last named being a club for women. Their work is done under the constant super-
vision of faculty critics. Through programs, club work and intersociety contests, large numbers of students become proficient on the platform, many of whom are given opportunity to participate in the numerous intercollege activities. This year the college took part in four intercollegiate oratorical contests and six debates. The debating schedule this year includes Hillsdale College, Ferris Institute, Albion College and Adrian College. Of the twenty-nine debates in which the college has engaged since 1900, nineteen have been victories. Medals are awarded to those participating in the major contests.

The association also puts on Shakespearean plays, smaller performances, an annual interpretative reading contest, and an annual junior public speaking contest, in the last two of which $40.00 in prizes are offered.

The art of public speaking has long been cultivated at the Normal College and debating and oratory constitute a major student activity.

MY AUTO, 'TIS OF THEE.

("Debt"icated to Faculty Auto Owners.)

My auto, 'tis of thee,
Short cut to poverty,
Of thee I chant.
I blew a pile of dough
On you two years ago,
And now you refuse to go,
Or won't, or can't.

Through town and countryside,
You were my joy and pride,
One happy day.
I loved thy gaudy hue,
Thy nice, white tires, so new;
But now they're completely worn
In every way.

To thee, old rattlebox,
Came many bumps and knocks.
For thee I grieve.
Badly thy top is torn,
Frayed are thy seats and worn;
Whooping-cough affects thy horn,
I do believe.

Thy perfume swells the breeze,
While folks choke and sneeze
As we go by.
I paid for thee a price,
'T would buy a mansion twice,
Now thou art peddling "ice,"—
I wonder why?

Thy spark plug has the grip,
Thy motor has a pip,
And woe is thine.
I, too, have chills, ague
And ills, endeavoring to pay thy bills
Since thou wert mine.

Gone is my bank-roll now,
No more 'twould choke a cow,
As previous.
Yet if I had the mon,
So help me, John—amen,
I'd buy a car again
And speed some more.
New Idea. Some of us juniors are wondering if we can't establish, or at least help to bring about, one more new thing this year. We have already done two new things—showing our class spirit by wearing our toques and having a strictly junior special party—both of which have been successful, in spite of predictions to the contrary.

The next thing is not a brand new idea, but is something new for our school. A few are wondering if we can't arrange a senior-junior class day, or something of that nature, as a proper and fitting farewell party to the class about to leave the W. S. N. S.; some kind of event in which both the two classes and the faculty could participate. The thought has been suggested of having track events and perhaps a tug-of-war between the two classes and various other activities for both men and women during the afternoon; followed perhaps in the evening with a large bonfire and speeches by both faculty and class members. A committee composed of persons chosen from each class and from the faculty would have charge of the program.

Let's all think over this matter and try in some way to make the last days in W. S. N. S. have a bright and cheerful remembrance for those leaving the school. The junior president would welcome any suggestions along these lines.

Brown and Gold. We, as juniors, wish the senior class success in their publication of "Brown and Gold." "The Brown and Gold" means, or at least should mean, far more than just a Senior Class book. It should be representative of the
whole Normal School. "The Brown and Gold" is an advertisement for the school and as it is sent to all parts of this section of the United States, people will judge in a large measure our school from the type of annual that is put out by the graduating class. If the book is going to be a success, everyone, juniors as well as seniors, must cooperate in sending in contributions and in subscribing for the paper. Another thing, juniors, remember that we will be seniors next year and will have the same responsibility as the present seniors have. So, let's practice the Golden Rule.

Appreciations. About forty juniors chosen from all departments in the Normal, were requested to meet in a certain room one day and about twenty came. Each of these were asked to write a paragraph on what they had liked or appreciated the most this year as juniors. Part of these heartily responded and their "paragraphs of appreciation" are as follows:

What have I enjoyed the most during my junior year? Football—of course—that came first. To sit eagerly watching that pigskin forced down the field, then a rush and over the line. Nothing could beat that. That is what I enjoyed the most. Then came the dancing parties with their cordial hosts and hostesses and Fischer's orchestra with its enticing music; next the "gym" parties where only girls were admitted but where everyone participated in the good time and laughter at the "faculty stunts"; then the Y. W. C. A. masquerade, another girls' special that made everyone's eyes sparkle with joy. Now! I am sure that I enjoyed the parties more than anything else. But, no—Basketball enters my mind with a capital letter and vividly I remember those games when Victory usually reigned and glory always. I must have enjoyed those games the most. But now in quick succession thoughts of happy moments spent in the library, in the girl's room in the "gym," now with this instructor and now with that, flash through my mind, until it seems as though my junior year had been just one cycle of most enjoyable times and that I must continue by coming to summer school.

HELEN N. LEMERT.

My studies? I have enjoyed them—but the theme of this paper is: "My Regular College Course"—the happy, jolly friendships started; bumping against people with all sorts of experience, people with all sorts of ideas, clever, helpful, crazy and inspiring; getting in all my "required cuts"; gazing with awe and with a longing to acquire that poise and understanding of life that some of my teachers possess; learning to appreciate and get along with just folks; making rosy dreams for the future.

ELIZABETH COLE.

"Come, let us live with the children," Froebel has said. Surely there is no better place to follow this advice than in the kindergarten of our own training school! Some of the happiest times in my school life have been spent while observing in the kindergarten. It gives one a sense of satisfaction to see the theories, which he is learning daily, actually applied and worked out with a satisfactory result. Moreover, aside from the practical aspect, it is a genuine pleasure to watch the children and I can assure anyone a profitable and happy hour if he visits the kindergarten and "lives with the children."

RUTH IRWIN.

I, as a junior, have appreciated many things during this school year. First of all, I like the students' attitude toward each other; there are no cliques, and everyone seems to be on an equal basis. I have enjoyed my manual training work immensely and appreciate all that the instructors have done to make the work interesting. One should highly appreciate the stand that athletics have in this school, and even more so when future athletics look so bright. The societies and musical organizations have a great educational value; one may enjoy chapel
any Tuesday morning, and he may also have a very pleasant evening at the school parties. Therefore, to me, the school is an all-around satisfactory one, and no doubt is to many others.

DEYO B. FOX.

Dear Margery:—Did you think that the “heavens and earth would pass away” before I wrote to you? Just to think, our first year of school is almost ended!

The other day I was asked what I had enjoyed the most in my junior year. That is a hard question to answer, I think. When I stop to think of the joys (?) of the Biology lab., or our penmanship classes, I couldn’t honestly say that the social functions have been most enjoyable, though, of course, they have been delightful. When it comes to athletics, W. S. N. S. sure has lots of spirit. I do wish you could be here to see some of our games! We always have an interesting assembly every Tuesday morning, and many other beneficial, as well as enjoyable, meetings. Everything put together makes each day so pleasant that it would be hard to choose what I had enjoyed the most.

Ater all, what would all this mean if it were not for one’s friends? I feel as though I had made many true friends, among the faculty as well as the students. Perhaps right here I have come upon the answer to my question—Would it be unreasonable to believe that one’s friendships constituted the most enjoyable part of school life?

Sincerely,

ELOYSE ROGERS.

I can truthfully say in answer to the question asked me: “As a junior M. T. student, what have you enjoyed the most?” that I have up to this time had only one real good time. This good time started, however, on September 27, 1915, and has continued until the present time. I would not attempt to make any additions or improvements to this program which I want to give to all non-M. T. students.

To begin with: Al gives us a free ride to and from school. For our first class we go to Mr. Sherwood’s room and get free use of his tools, paints, varnishes and lumber to make anything we wish from a key-rack to a dining room suite for our mothers or sisters, or cedar chests for somebody else’s sister. When we get tired of this we go to Mr. Bowen’s room. He gives us a desk and lets us draw for about an hour. Miss Spencer next shows us how to make baskets or gives us a handful of clay with which some of us play, while others make vases, candle sticks, toasters, etc., for the other fellow’s sister again.

By this time our appetites are pretty keen, so Al takes us to “lunch”.

Principles of Teaching comes in the afternoon. We now have just enough time to take a plunge before the ball game. The Normal wins to the tune of 14 to 0 and to the tune of Manley’s master men of music making mentality (according to McCracken).

After supper we call on Theda Bara, Blanche Sweet, or some other fair acquaintance. After we have had about two years of this, some superintendent comes along and offers us $1,500.00 to teach his boys how to do these things. Pretty soft, you will agree.

No wonder some M. T. students take their time getting through.

HENRY B. MULDER.

My work with the Women’s League has been the most enjoyable phase of social life during my junior year.

The Women’s League is vitalized by the women of the faculty and a large group of the young women in the school. Its aim has been to look after the home, business and social relations of the young women in the school.

Social meetings are held the third Thursday afternoon of each month which provides a splendid opportunity for the girls to become acquainted.

All the girls are invited and they assemble in the rotunda of the training school from four to five o’clock and forget their work and have a most enjoyable afternoon. Perhaps it is only an afternoon tea, a crocheting party or just a jolly frolic of games and then refreshments. Every young woman leaves with the satisfaction of having
had a social affair where all girls could come and enjoy the same opportunity for social life. Besides the regular meetings other affairs are given throughout the year to raise money for various needs which all the girls enjoy and enter in with a good spirit.

ARLOA BURKLE.

What we best enjoy is most hard to state,
For with us our pleasures begin at eight;
Our stories come first, they must be told right,
For to please Miss FornCrook, we work with might.

Then just down the hall, we tremble with fear,
For 'tis now of bugs and frogs we will hear;
Although at first we admit 'twas too deep—
At Doctor Harvey's meaning we now get a peep.

These classes o'er, we scatter far and near,
But when after lunch quick music you hear,
You're most sure to find us all full of vim,
Talking and dancing 'round the dear old "gym".

But at one o'clock promptly sedate we all are.
And before Miss Gage or Miss Kern we strive to star,
For our future depends on the subjects they teach,
And we all hope to some day their ideals reach.

Our class in Art we'll not fail to mention,
For Miss Goldsworthy surely holds our attention.
We try our best to be artists clever,
But for some of us fame will come—never.

Now, our pleasures are many outside of classes,
There's athletics for the lads and also the lasses,
Tuesday morning chapel finds us rushing for a seat,
And a social party now and then, is surely a treat.

So, where there's all things to afford us pleasure,
And to us—learning gives that we treasure;
Surely with kindergarten juniors you'll all agree
That W. S. N. S. is the place for you and me.

BLANCHE B. MURRAY,
Kindergarten Junior.

TRAINING SCHOOL ASSEMBLY

The May Day assembly program was given by Grade One. After hearing several spring stories the class decided to use the story of "Sleeping Beauty" as the center for the program. Fearing that their voices were not strong enough to be heard throughout the rotunda some one suggested that the story be given by action as a moving picture. This plan was acted upon and the result was quite satisfactory. The children became saturated with the story. They
expressed their feelings and ideas in the art, physical training, music and language classes.

After the big units of action were decided upon various Victor records were played. The children exhibited keen appreciation for the type of music as representative of the different movements in the story. As in scene one the music chosen was the "Merry Wives of Windsor," conveying to the children the happy, joyous feelings of the king and queen upon the birth of a little daughter.

The following program was worked out by the children.

Scene I. The king and queen love their little baby.

Characters — King, Queen, Doll Baby, Four Guards.

Music—"Merry Wives of Windsor."

Scene II. The king and queen give a feast. They invite twelve fairies; one bad fairy comes. The fairies bring presents to the princess.

Characters—King, Queen, Princess, Guards, Fairies.

Music.

Scene III. The Princess is now fifteen years old. She wanders into the tower. She finds the spinning wheel, pricks her finger and goes to sleep for one hundred years.

Characters—Princess, old woman spinning, King and Queen with guards enter and all go to sleep.

Music.

Scene IV. Many brave men try to enter the palace. A prince at last enters.

Characters—Brave men, prince.

Music—Morning (Grieg).

Scene IV. The Prince awakens the Princess and the others. Every one is happy.

Characters—Prince, Princess, King, Queen, Guards.

Music—"Merry Wives of Windsor."

A Group of Spring songs—Grade I

May dances—
(a) Today Is the First of May.
(b) May Pole.

Group of Songs—Grade I

NEWS NOTES
GRADE ONE.

The history work in this grade is the source of keen interest and enjoyment as it has for its center the American Indian—that people so dear to all children's hearts. Each class has banded itself into an Indian family, choosing Indian names and occupations for themselves. In the outdoor periods wigwams have been made and in imagination the children are living in dense forests, by running streams, killing the buffalo or gathering berries. An Indian collection is being gathered together by the children, consisting of pictures and story books as well as the articles which show almost every form of Indian life.

The spirit of curiosity in Nature is strong at this time. Many excursions have been made for observing the trees, flowers and birds of our campus. It was a happy day when we saw the martins had returned to their house on the lower terrace. The bluebirds have been very friendly in the pear trees. The observations have been organized and printed charts made to record these signs of spring.

GRADE THREE.

A remarkable interest in rocks and minerals is being manifested by the pupils of grade three. A pupil brought in an unusual specimen of silica. Prof. Wood kindly responded to an invitation to tell the children the story of the stone. This was done in so interesting a manner that now, two weeks later, every child in the room has started a collection of the silica family. Many beautiful and remarkable specimens have been found, and the curiosity and enthusiasm of the children is most contagious.

"Kite day" was recently enjoyed by the pupils of this grade. In the art periods bogus paper was decorated with original designs of dragons, the American eagle, or other chosen motifs. The children in manual training then used these papers for tops for their kites. On the first day with a good breeze a test was made in the open to
see if the kites were properly equipped for successful flying. Those whose kites lacked balance were taken back to the shop for proper improvements. The children were led to see the difficulties which must be overcome. It is anticipated that a kite tournament may be a part of our spring program for next year, one in which the whole Training School may compete.

As an incentive for study and protection of our song and insectivorous birds, the children have organized themselves into a chapter of "The Liberty Bell Bird Club." They are proudly wearing the new buttons as a sign of their pledge.

GRADE FIVE.

On Friday, April 21, in the library of the Training School, the pupils of Grade Five gave an illustrated talk on Yellow Stone National Park. The material for the lecture was the outgrowth of their geography work. A set of slides, including over a hundred beautifully colored views, was procured through the courtesy of the Northern Pacific Railway. Tickets were printed by the pupils of Grade Seven. An admission fee of five cents was charged to cover the cost of any damage to slides or lanterns. Fortunately no accidents occurred and a balance of six dollars and a half is being used for the purchase of ferns and other plants for the school room. A letter of thanks for the use of the slides was sent to Mr. Ryan, district passenger agent of the Northern Pacific. His courteous reply was greatly appreciated by the boys and girls.

"The Fog Warning," by Winslow Homer, which was purchased with proceeds of the Elson picture exhibit, has been hung in Grade Five class-room.

DOMESTIC ART.

Our problems in the fourth, fifth and seventh grades have been most interesting this term. The spring and Easter time gave us so many different ideas for decorating our work from little bunnies outlined in chain stitch on bean bags in the fourth grade, to all varieties and sizes of rabbits and chicks, butterflies, trees, etc., stenciled on crash pillow tops in the fifth grade. The stencils were designed and made by the children in their art work. A fourth new fancy stitch was used for outlining, for we couched our stencil designs with two colors of heavy floss. The present problem is the largest: to pin on patterns, cut and make a cooking uniform consisting of a butcher's apron, cap and cuffs from one yard square of material. They will use cross stitch designs, made by themselves for decoration. In the seventh grade the kimona was the first stitching problem followed by under-garments of different kinds.

There is splendid spirit among the small workers throughout, for we are all most interested and take such pride in our finished problems.

THE "CLEAN-UP" WORK OF THE TRAINING SCHOOL.

If you were to visit the eighth grade room at 3:30 on a Thursday afternoon you would find an eager group of children discussing the various problems in connection with the clean-up campaign which the boys and girls of the Training School are carrying forward.

Each year an effort has been made along this line but this spring it was felt that the time had come for a permanent organization to be established and a definite line of work laid out. Three things have been undertaken in this plan: the care of the bird bath, keeping our own grounds neat and reporting untidy premises in the neighborhood of the children's homes.

The first five grades have assumed the care of the bird bath, the three upper the care of the grounds. As it is not feasible to have children complain to the householder of untidy premises it was decided to organize a junior board of health to meet once a week. All complaints are reported at this meeting and members are appointed to investigate conditions. If the premises are found to be still in a bad condition a note is sent to the city clean-up committee, who assumes the responsibility of notifying the residents of the property.

In order to prevent the enthusiasm from waning a friendly rivalry has
sprung up between the various grades to see which group by the first of June will effect the most clean-up and make the most effective use of the fly traps made by the boys in the manual training classes.

It is hoped that the students in the Normal will enter into the spirit of the campaign and co-operate by keeping the Normal as well as the Training School grounds in tidy condition.

NEW PICTURES IN THE TRAINING SCHOOL.

The busy little ticket sellers for the March Elson picture exhibition have now a very tangible reward for their efforts in the possession of ten beautiful new framed pictures for the Training School. Each grade group made enough money to buy a picture for their own room. The selection of pictures is the children's own, the children in each room having been given an opportunity to discuss their favorite pictures and by voting arrived at a common choice. The pictures selected by grades are as follows:

Grade I—In Fear and Trembling; Knaus.
Grade II—The Shepherdess; Lerolle.
Grade III—Washington Crossing the Delaware.
Grade IV—Sir Galahad; Watts.
Grade V—The Fog Warning; Homer.
Grade VI—Autumn (in color); Mauve.
Grade VII—The Wave, James, and The American Cathedral.
Grade VIII—The Law, Blashfield; and School of the Vestals; Leroux.

The Seventh Grade, as winners of the prize picture. The coming of the White Man, were able, with their large fund, to purchase an extra picture for the hall. They needed only a small addition from funds earned by the children last year through their presentation of the "Smuggleman."

Extra funds from the Sixth Grade group, who were a close second to the Seventh Grade in the picture selling contest, were used to help pay expenses.

The Eighth Grade used money earned in their play, "Michigan History Stories," to help buy their two pictures.

All the pictures will be brought down upon the stage for an assembly program at which the children will give picture talks to their friends.

MUSIC

Mrs. Miriam Downs of Chicago favored the students at assembly Tuesday, May 2, with a group of songs. She was accompanied by Mr. Henderson and responded with an encore to the generous applause of the students.

The following program was given May 8 at the Normal Music Club meeting, held with Miss Edna VanBrook:

(a) The Rose's Cup.......................Ward
(b) The Birthday.......................Woodman

Helen Pierson.

(a) To Spring..........................Grieg
(b) Norwegian Bridal Procession.. Grieg

Dorothy Teller.

Current Events.........................Marion Wright

Birds Are Singing....................Thomas
Junior Girls' Glee Club.

Second Mazurka.......................Godard
Ferol Dreher.

The Two Grenadiers.................Schumann
Neal Nyland.

Fantasie Caprice (violin)......Wieniawski
Lucile Worden.

Nocturne.............................Chopin
Mildred Barrett.

Before the Dawn......................Chadwick
Andrew Leak.

Great interest is shown in the second annual May festival to be held in the Armory, May 20-22, under the auspices of the Western States Normal School. Three concerts will be
MUSIC DEPARTMENT

given, as follows: On Saturday evening, May 20, a chorus of 175 children from the Training School, under the direction of Miss Beulah Hootman will sing Bridge's "The Frog and the Ox," a short cantata, and a group of songs. They will be assisted by a local orchestra. At this time Miss Florence Hinkle, soprano, will give a song recital. On Monday afternoon, May 22, at 2:30, a symphony concert will be given by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Frederick Stock, conductor. The festival will close on Monday evening, May 22, when Mendelssohn's Elijah will be given by the Normal chorus of 200 voices under the direction of Mr. Maybee, assisted by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra with the following artists: Florence Hinkle, soprano; Margaret Keyes, contralto; Morgan Kingston, tenor; Reinald Werrenrath, baritone.

On April 14 the Men's Glee Club sang at Hastings in a concert given before a large audience in the First Methodist church. The following week they gave a fine concert in Lawton.

Miss Gertrude Smith had charge of the music for Arbor and Bird Day, which was furnished by the Men's Glee Club and the Junior Girls' Glee Club. At the annual oratorical contest, April 20, music was furnished by Miss Edna VanBrook, Miss Gertrude Smith and Mr. Maybee.

Mr. Maurice Lyons sang "Invictus" in assembly Tuesday, April 25. The Normal band under the direction of Mr. Manley gave a program at assembly the previous week, which was greatly enjoyed by the students.

Western Normal 5, Hope College 4.

Hope College was the opponent of the Highlanders in the first baseball game of the season. As was the case last year the Hollanders gave the Normals a battle. Cookingham pitched the first six innings and held the Hope team runless and hitless during his stay on the rubber. With five runs to the good the hurling job was turned over to Hoke. He went fine for two innings but blew up in the ninth, allowing five hits and four runs. With a man on second and one down Anderson was substituted for Hoke. The lanky southpaw retired the side by the strikeout route. Score:

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 R H E
West Normal 1 1 0 0 0 0 4 9 *—5 8 2
Hope Col 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 4 —4 5 2

Batteries—Western Normal, Cookingham, Hoke, Anderson and Mullin; Hope College, Popper and Hakhins. Umpire, "Dusty" Miller.

Western Normal 6, Hillsdale College 1.

Hillsdale College and Western Normal hooked up in a fast game of baseball on April 21. The Free Baptists came with the best looking team they have sent out in some little time. Cookingham and Leonard pitched great ball for the locals and Hillsdale was almost helpless before them. Sherman worked well up to the eighth, when he was hit so freely that Drake was called upon to relieve him. Score:

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 R H E
West. Normal 1 1 0 0 0 1 2 * —6 1 1
Hillsdale 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 5 4

**Western Normal 14, Adrian College 0.**

Adrian lost to Western Normal on April 20, by a 14 to 0 score. The Adrianites could do nothing with the pitching of Anderson and Leonard. The game was called at the end of the seventh on account of “darkness.”

Score:

- Western Normal: 1234567
- Adrian College: 000000

**Western Normaltrimmed the Michigan Agricultural College at East Lansing on Wednesday, April 26 in a fast baseball game.** Both Cookingham and DeMond pitched good ball and the fielding on both sides was brilliant. Corbat and Thomas did some good work on the defensive while the “Aggies” second baseman shone at digging hits out of the dirt. The Normals scored in the first inning on Discher’s two-base drive and Dunlap’s single. They counted another in the second when Cookingham doubled to center and scored on Corbat’s two-base hit to deep left field. The “Aggies” scored in the seventh on singles by DeMond and Clark. Score:

- Western Normal: 1234567
- M. A. C.: 000000

**Western Normal 5, Maxwells 1.**

In a fast practice game the Normals beat the Maxwells, last year’s independent champions of the city. Anderson held the outlaws to three hits.

Score:

- Western Normal: 123456
- Maxwells: 00001

**NEWS ARTICLES**

**JUNIOR CLASS TREASURER’S REPORT.**

Receipts:

- Dues collected to date: $164.15
- Admissions at Junior special party: 21.60

Total: $185.75

Expenditures:

- Receipt books, etc: $1.00
- Junior special party:
  - Decorations: 8.75
  - Orchestra: 17.00
  - Refreshments, help: 10.65
  - Incidents: 1.50

Total: $37.90

Jr.-Sr. party:

- Orchestra: $25.00
- Programs: 20.00
- Decorations: 38.38
- Refreshments and help: 10.20
- Normal store: 1.00
- Incidents: 1.32

Total: $95.90

Total expenditures: $134.80

Balance on hand May 1, 1916: $50.95

I take this opportunity to express my appreciation for the manner in which the Junior Class has accepted and discharged its obligations during the past year. The prompt attention given to dues has made the office of treasurer a pleasant one.

FRED MOFFAT, Treasurer.

**JUNIOR-SENIOR PARTY.**

Just as I was sleepily comforting myself that there was time for one more wee nap before the first breakfast bell should ring the “questionists of questioners” trooped in, looking charmingly refreshed after a night of uninterrupted slumber and shouting as if with one voice:

“Wake up, you sleepy head! Don’t you know that it’s high time you were awake and told us about the doings last night?”
Persuasion was out of the question and argument was in vain; so I grudgingly yielded. "Well—"

"Don't waste time with everlasting elaborate introductions; tell us if you had a good time!" Mary interrupted.

"Yes,—"

"Well, that's enough," chimed in Helen. "Don't go off in one of those long-winded discussions. How was the 'gym' decorated?"

"From one side of the track to the other, across the width of the 'gym,' they had a roof made by stretching strips of blue and maize paper, with no uncovered space intervening. This extended to within fifteen feet of the south end, and here they had pretty, opened Japanese umbrellas suspended to form a canopy. In between these were narrow strands of blue and maize paper loosely attached so that they swung back and forth when the air struck them. Of course the side lights were wrapped in blue and maize paper. At each corner, or, to be exact, at the three corners of the room, were charming cozy-corners, separated from the rest of the room by 'nifty' white trellis work, with pink roses and green foliage clambering naturally over it."

"Who played?" asked shy Catherine and at the same time impetuous Helen questioned "Where'd the orchestra sit?"

I drew a long breath—the first since they had come in.

"Fischer's orchestra, of course, and they played Burton Fischer's new piece, "The Squad." You know that it is dedicated to the 1915 football squad and the words are by Neal Nyland. They, the orchestra, of course, sat on the platform behind some of that white trellis work with the pink roses."

"I've been thinking," soberly began Catherine, "that I don't believe I'd liked the decorations. Was the general effect good?"

"Yes, very pleasing and rather uni—"

"Were many of the faculty there?" Helen asked slowly.

"Oh, yes. President Waldo and Mrs. Waldo, Mr. and Mrs. Hickey, Mr. and Mrs. Spaulding, Miss Wakeman, Miss Spin—"

"What did you do?" asked the shy but practical Catherine.

"The same as every one else; danced, talked, laughed and—"

"Who led the grand march?" Mary managed to interpose.

"Let me tell you, my dears, the grand march was conspicuous by its absence."

"Why?"

"I don't know, and we didn't have any other fancy stunts, either. And before you have a chance to ask, let me say that we had punch and wafers."

"What was the most popular of all?" came the query in unison.

"From all outside appearance I should say off-hand, the cozy corners with their easy chairs and sofas and the softly subdued lights."

"Say, who did—"

"I am sorry, girls, but you must go now. As you go out, please close the door after you."

Just as the last one trooped out, murmuring half audibly, "cross-patch and—" (the rest was drowned out by the forcible closing of the door, which reverberated through the house), the first breakfast bell rang.

A JUNIOR.

ORATORICAL CONTEST.

The eighth annual oratorical contest between the Normal Literary and Amphictyon societies was held April 20, 1916. The representatives from each society were as follows: Mr. Ernest LaChapelle, Mr. Merritt Barton and Miss Metta Ross from the Normal Literary; Mr. G. A. Reuben Ryding, Mr. Neal Nyland and Miss Angeline Case from the Amphictyon. First place with a prize of twenty-five dollars presented by the institution was awarded Mr. Chappelle of the Normal Literary Society, second place was given to Mr. Barton, also of the Normal Literary Society, and third place was given Mr. Nyland of the Amphictyon Society. The decision of the judges was announced by Mr. Chas. L. Dibble who with Mr. W. O. Jones and Dr. G. F. Inch, acted as the judges. The musical numbers were of the best, Mr. Maybee singing "When Love Is
Done,” by Lyons, and “Where Be Going?” old Cornish folk-song; Miss Edna VanBrook sang “Spring’s Awakening,” by Hawley, and Miss Gertrude I. Smith sang “Song of Love,” by Mrs. H. H. A’Beach.

Much of the success of the contest was due to the interest taken in it by Mr. B. L. Jones, head of the department of English, and the untiring efforts of the chairman, Mr. Floyd N. Drake, of the Normal Literary Society. The interest of each society in their respective candidates was plainly shown by enthusiastic songs and yells, while cheers resounded from an audience in the gallery which proclaimed themselves “neutral.”

BERNICE LEWIS.

HIGH SCHOOL BASEBALL.

If things work out as they appear to be doing at present, the Normal High School will have a baseball team for the first time in its history. And it won’t be any “wild cat” or “pirate crew,” either, but a regular organized team, captained and coached in real style. Until about two weeks ago a high school team was hardly thought of and even when the subject was broached, Coach Hyames thought he put a “quietsus” on it by telling us there was no room on about twenty acres for us to play and even if there was room, we couldn’t get the sanction, and that there was no money for suits. However, if we could get the sanction, the suits, the money and a place to play, he was willing to coach us. A meeting was called and the boys decided to get out and work; the girls decided to sell candy and give a tea. Principal Blair said if we could raise $75 he would raise $25 more. The boys “shucked” out generously; the girls did also, and there isn’t much doubt as to raising the necessary amount. The whole department has given loyal support except some of the “little” ninth-grade boys into whom it may be necessary to instil a little more school loyalty by some means which they are not liable to forget.

There has been a fine bunch of fellows out each night for practice. Benson at catch is almost a sure winner. Fisher on first is there with the goods, while Shepherd, the captain, Brownell and Boland will probably hold down the other infield positions. There is plenty of material for the outfield positions and a good team is likely to be rounded into shape. Games are being scheduled with such teams as Battle Creek, Albion High, and Dowagiac.

GERALD FOX, H. S., ’18.

HIGH SCHOOL BASKETBALL.

The high school basketball team made an enviable record the past season, losing but one game out of eight played. The team to which it lost, by a score of 21 to 12, held the state championship among high schools. Captain Edgar Smith deserves much credit for his fine defensive work. He could be depended upon to get his share of the baskets. At forward Sooy, Mulder and Shepherd were always on the job. Bruce Shepherd, who was taken from the second team, proved to be the sensation of the season. At guard the high school was fortunate in having three such fellows as Wells, Naylor and Brownell. Wells played an exceptionally fine game at running guard, while Naylor, at stationary guard, was a whale, it being almost impossible for the opponents to get a basket when he
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LOUIS ISENBERG, Proprietor
was around. Brownell proved his worth when given a chance in the Allegan and Three Rivers games. With four of the old men back next fall the team hopes to surpass the record made this year.

The Team—Judson Hyames, coach; Carlton Wells, r. g.; Milton Naylor, l. g.; Edgar Smith, c.; Donald Sooy, l. f.; Bruce Shepard, f.; Curtland Bowland, sub.; Donald Brownell, sub.; Donald Crosby, sub.

Schedule:
January 26—Comstock
January 28—Allegan
February 15—Allegan
February 19—Benton Harbor
February 23—Three Rivers
February 29—Three Rivers
March 11—Jackson
March 15—Niles

GRACE GARRISON, H. S., ’16.

SWIMMING.

The swimming team has for the last few months been working overtime in preparation for the dual meet held with the Grand Rapids Central High School in the Normal tank. Although Grand Rapids won the meet forty to twenty-one, our team showed up pretty well considering the calibre of the other team. In this meet new records were established for the hundred yard free style, plunge for distance, fifty yard free style, fifty yard back stroke, and for the relay of eight laps. Our team is now improving right along and will probably be represented in the state meet in Grand Rapids on the twenty-second of this month. Recently Captain Fisher swam one hundred and two laps, a trifle over a mile, all breast stroke, in thirty-eight minutes flat. This is quite remarkable considering that the world’s record for this distance is something like twenty-six minutes. This record was made, however,
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with the free style, while Fisher swam the breast stroke, a much slower and more difficult stroke.

BRUCE SHEPARD, H. S., '18.

HIGH SCHOOL DEBATE.

The eleventh grade English classes are certainly interested in debating. This was shown when on Wednesday, May 3, teams chosen from these classes debated in high school assembly the question: "Resolved, That Military Training Should Be Compulsory in the High Schools of the United States." The girls, who were competing with the boys, defeated them in a hard-fought battle. The students who took part in the contest were:

Affirmative—Edgar Smith, Lorenzo Jacobson, Donald Brownell.
Negative—Lucy Tolhurst, Beulah Henderson, Grace Garrison.

Debating has been a more important feature in the high school English classes this year than ever before. Among the students of the eleventh and twelfth grades two debating clubs have been organized. Much enthusiasm has been shown, and some interesting debates were a part of the class work. These clubs are planning to challenge debating teams from outside high schools next year.

LUCILE SANDERS, H. S., '17.

LITERARY.

'Tis not the man with feet so large
That makes the swiftest sprinter,
'Tis not the girl with temper hot
That best endures the winter,
'Tis not the hen that cackles most
That makes the steadiest layer,
'Tis not the fellow that "shoots the bull"
That makes the best ball player.

EDGAR SMITH, H. S., '17.
Passed by the "Board of Censorship," composed of faculty men.

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Take a dozen of good excuses, mix well in two quarts of bluff. Flavor with a few school dances and moonlight serenades. Stir well before taking and serve hot at the end of the term.—Exchange.
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RURAL NEWS NOTES.

The Calhoun County Normal Training Class, accompanied by their teacher, Miss Eva Warriner, visited the Normal on May 4. They were entertained at a picnic dinner at the Oakwood school.

"Ideal Social Life in the Country," an improvised movie, was presented by Rural Course I in the Seminar on May 4, and was much enjoyed by all present.

The demand for teachers of rural schools, who have had some training, is greater this spring than ever before. Nearly all of the Rural Course seniors have secured positions. The demand seems to warrant the introduction of a life certificate course in rural education.

Lucille Sanders and Marion Putnam from the Rural Department, participated in the High School oratorical contest.

The juniors in Rural Course II enjoyed a picnic supper at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Burnham, May 17.

Miss Bernice Halliday substituted at Oakwood two days during the illness of Miss Munro.

LUCILE SANDERS.

NORMAL LITERARY SOCIETY.

The Normal Literary Society has been having some very interesting and educational programs this past month. One of the most pleasing programs was the one held April 26 in charge of Miss Schermerhorn, which was as follows:

- Stratford on Avon, illustrated—Miss Townsend.
- Birds of Shakespeare—Prof. Praeger, of the Baptist College.
- Reading from Henry VIII—Merrit Barton.

Several Victrola numbers were given, the words of which were written by Shakespeare. At the conclusion of the program a Shakespearian lunch
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was served by several Elizabethan ladies. One of the novelties of the evening was a Shakespearian garden in miniature, furnished through the kindness of Mr. Thomas of the Mountain Home greenhouse.

MAURINE V. FOOTE.

THE AMPHICTYON SOCIETY.
During the past few months the Amphictyons have perhaps done more along social lines than ever before. They have, in truth, that which is most desired in a society of this kind—people who take hold and do their part; and it is due to this, that so many interesting meetings have been held. At nearly every meeting the program committee has something new which adds to the enjoyment and takes away the sameness which is often connected with a society. A fine musical number is given at most meetings and a short time ago a new-fashioned spelling bee, followed by the Virginia reel made a very enjoyable evening.

At the last meeting impromptu speeches were in order, and many questions were left undecided, as they were discussed by both the ladies and the men. Also it was decided that a "roast" would be held on the old Indian trail, and this will surely be one of the best ever. There are now about sixty in the society, and those who do not belong should join and in this way get acquainted and enjoy themselves at least once every two weeks.

JAY HOLMES.

WOMEN'S LEAGUE.
The Women's League started their social activities with an all-around good time this term by a masquerade in the gymnasium, Saturday evening, April 8. We had with us that "nite" a representative from all the foreign nations. That there was a war did not in the least hinder their good time. There were whole bands of fairies, elves, gnomes, colonial maids, wee girls, sailors and even a soldier. It was the delight of all the little boys there to carry the shawl of the "mysterious lady in brown." After the great fun of unmasking, when we found that our
“Balkan princess” was none other than our school friend. Then came the ice-cream cones. We danced and danced until we could dance no more, then it was time to go home. But we didn’t mind, for we all had had the best time.

But do not think that is all we do, for we do more. We have our regular business meetings, but these, some way or other, do not seem to meet all the girls. And as we want all the girls we give teas two afternoons a week in the girls’ new room. We dare say there are a great many girls who have not yet seen our room, which we share with the Y. W. C. A. So we are going to take this opportunity to ask all the girls to give us their co-operation and to come to our teas, and we can assure you that we will have the comfiest good time.

HELEN McGINNIS.

ATHLETIC SUPERVISION.
To fill a demand for a course in athletic coaching and a better knowledge of the rules of baseball, basketball, football and track, a special class has been organized under supervision of Mr. Hyames. The class meets each day except Tuesday, in Dr. Burnham’s room, and is open to anyone who cares to hear the talks and discussions which take place. Thus far the lessons have been divided as follows:

a. Laying out a diamond.
b. Choosing men for team.
c. Coaching.
d. Rules.

As soon as the field of baseball is covered Mr. Hyames will take up the subject of track coaching, followed by...
basketball and football. The talks are very interesting and even the man who believes he knows a great deal about these sports can learn much by joining the class.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Don O. Pullin, a student in the Manual Training Department a few years ago, is teaching in the public schools of St. Paul, Minn., and resides at 814 Hague avenue.

Miss Fanny Springsteen is teaching in the high school at Athens, and recently sent good wishes to the Normal.

Miss Verna Tracy, 1914, is teaching at Wheeler, Mich. She has visited the Normal during the past month.

W. Clark Doolittle, president of the class of 1908, writes from 40 Allendale avenue, Detroit, where he is teaching in the high school.

Howard Doolittle, class of 1908, will teach in the summer school of Central Normal at Mt. Pleasant, this year.

George S. Parsons, manual training, 1915, is teaching in Logansport, Ind., and was a recent visitor at the Normal.

Miss Grace Dunning is teaching in the public schools of Grand Rapids and resides at 41 Ryerson street.

Miss Emily S. Wise, a graded school graduate, is teaching in Allegan.

Miss Elizabeth Wearne and Miss Minnie Rouaan, former students in the Normal, are teaching in Holland.

Mrs. Bessie Barker Pinkerton, a former student in the Normal, visited the Normal during the spring vacation. She is teaching near Detroit.

On his recent visit to Teachers' College, New York city, President Waldo met Miss Flora Moore and Miss Maude Davis, both graduates of Western Normal, now attending school in New York.

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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 thirty-two cities in Michigan and in twelve 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. Five 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.

Spring term begins April 3, 1916.
Summer term begins June 26, 1916.
Fall term begins September 25, 1916,
For catalog address Secretary,

WESTERN STATE NORMAL SCHOOL,
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