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THE NORMAL NEWS.

VOL. IX.

YPSILANTI, MICH., APR., 1890.

NO. 8.

The Normal News.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR,
BY THE STUDENTS
OF THE MICHIGAN STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.

STRATTON D. BROOKS, '90, Editor.
FRED L. INGRAHAM, '90, Business Manager.

STAFF:

ADELPHIC SOCIETY.

FRANCES R. PEARSON, '90,..... Locals.

ATHENEUM SOCIETY.

JOHN SNURE, '91,..... Alumni.

CRESCENT SOCIETY.

M. B. ROSENBERY, '91,..... Personals.

OLYMPIC SOCIETY.

FRED JEFFERS, '91,..... Exchanges.

STUDENTS' CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

SAMUEL J. GIER, '90,..... Literary.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

W. B. HATCH, '91,..... Athletics.

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Personal and alumni items are solicited from former students and alumni.

Anyone not receiving the paper at the regular time, should write to the Business Manager, giving full address.

On literary matters, address the Editor, on business matters, address the Manager, 231 Summit St. Ypsilanti, Mich.

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Editorial.

THE ORATORICAL CONTEST.

PREPARATIONS for the Second Annual Normal News Oratorical Contest are fast being completed. The representatives of the school at large (which are chosen by the Faculty), of the societies, and of the classes, are nearly prepared for the final struggle. The last year's Contest met with such unanimous and ardent approval that the Board of Managers have decided to make every effort to have the one of this year even more interesting, if possible. Accordingly the prize medals will be of pure gold, and much more beautiful and valuable than were those given last year. They will not be engraved as heretofore, but will be struck from a die prepared especially for THE NEWS.

Hon. Don M. Dickinson, acting as one of the judges last year, was so much impressed with the excellent work then done that he, prompted by his well known public spirit, has volunteered to offer SECOND PRIZES, one to the ladies and one to the gentlemen. These prizes are each to consist of a gold medal, finely engraved and mounted, and \$10 in gold. The prizes will be put on exhibition at Dodge's jewelry store about May 1. The sale of tickets will begin in the same place at the same time.

The following persons have accepted their appointment as judges and will be present on the evening of the Contest, May 9: His Excellency Gov. Cyrus G. Luce, Hon. Geo. L. Yapple of Mendon, Miss Ruth Hoppin of the University, formerly Preceptress of the Normal. The other persons have not been heard from, hence their names are withheld.

On the whole, the outlook for the contest could not be more auspicious. The prizes are abundantly worth striving for of themselves, not to mention the honor which will justly accompany them. The contestants are very evenly matched, and an exceedingly interesting contest may be expected.

THERE is perhaps no other one thing, outside of the regular preparation for the work, that will aid a teacher as much in strengthening and enforcing his purposes as will a ready address and an easy and familiar manner. The ability to appear at his best under any and all circumstances, to say the right thing at the right time and in a pleasant and agreeable manner, cannot fail to contribute largely to the influence which he may be capable of exerting in an over the community where he resides. While it is true that a teacher's place is in the school room, still there is a certain place in the affairs and in the society of the community assigned to him, and which, if rightly used, becomes a valuable auxiliary to his school-room work. The power to hold and properly fill this position assigned him depends upon his social qualities, his power of observation and thought, and his ability to express his thoughts in correct language, and in a pleasing manner. It is with the last of these that we wish to deal. If our hypothesis be true, then it must follow that anything which tends to the use of good language and the power of expression, tends to better fit the teacher for his work, this all intelligent observation and experience bears out. So in every well regulated school for the training of teachers, considerable attention is paid to rhetoricals. In our own institution ample provision has been made for this subject. Beside the regular work of the curriculum, we have been furnished with rooms where we may meet and work according to our own inclinations. The value of this work is unquestionably great. As a sort of incentive to better work and for the purpose of affording us an opportunity of comparing our work with that of the members of other societies, a series of four public lectures are arranged for each year. These public entertainments were originally intended to be planned and carried out by members of the school, but in the eagerness to make money this intention has been lost sight of. We are unqualifiedly opposed to any system of management that debars the deserving society worker from receiving his just reward and opportunity. To our mind there is no excuse for it. The men and women who come before us from time to time in the lecture course are supposed to afford us an op-

portunity to observe the best examples of what culture and refinement will do for a person. Whether the entertainment substituted is or is not a success matters not, the same objections remain. It may make the work of the committee having the matter in charge easier, but they must bear the responsibility of removing from our society work one of its most instructive and stimulating features. There are plenty of persons willing and anxious to undertake the task of making our public lectures a success; because they have never demonstrated their ability to do so is no proof that they do not possess it. Give them a chance and they will do it. M. B. R.

WHEN LOOKING over the work of our Christian Association for the year, it is impossible to form any estimate of the influence for good it has exerted. We cannot but recognize God's hand in all our work, and his boundless love and faithfulness in answering prayer. While the results of the past are encouraging to us, yet the present is always before us with its opportunities and its responsibilities, demanding our immediate care and attention. To us, soon to be teaching throughout the State, will be intrusted the laying of the foundation upon which will be raised the structure of life. Have we all taken advantage of the opportunities our Christian Association affords us in making preparation for this work? We are apt to think that our education is complete if we absorb and assimilate the truths promulgated by our instructors, and those found in the text books. But is this the true end of education? Is this all there is for us to consider? "One thing thou lackest." Our Association is designed to keep, to point out, to present this one thing. There are many divinely planned blessings awaiting us, and nothing shall hinder their appearance, in due time, if we will only accept them. Gradually God's loving purposes in our behalf will be unfolded. With all the labor, with the seed time and the harvests, amid all the dawns and sunsets, there will also come the unnumbered blessings, the smiling favor of a Heavenly Father, and the revelation of his love and approval, to cheer us, and to meet our individual needs beyond our own anticipation. S. J. G.

Social and Personal.

SEE Blodgett's Adrian Contest oration on page twenty.

Oh, where'd you get that hair combed?

J. Q. Rood is again attending the Normal.

THE NEWS will be found on sale at Rogers' News Stand.

J. J. Yost, a student of last year, has again returned to the Normal.

M. Fronia Whitehead was called home by the severe illness of her mother.

A. S. Bates, '89, was in town Saturday, and paid his friends a flying visit.

Miss Mary E. McKenzie has returned home on account of her severe illness.

Dr. King has been visiting his daughter, Miss Edith King for a few days past.

Anna Treat was called home previous to vacation by the death of her brother.

Many new students are now entering the Normal for the last ten weeks' work.

C. F. Vreeland, who has been teaching at Cooperville, has returned to the Normal.

Chas. E. Osborn, of Courtland, N. Y., a friend of Wm. B. Hatch, has entered school for the last ten weeks.

We would call the attention of our place-seeking Seniors to the School and College Bureau's notice on page 26.

E. T. Handy returned from his vacation with a new and better half, a great surprise to his friends. Congratulations.

Professor George instructed an institute at Jackson during a portion of vacation, on the subject of advanced reading.

After a severe struggle (between photographers) the Seniors selected Randall of Ann Arbor as class photographer.

J. Dothany's many friends are pleased to see him back at the Normal. He returned Saturday in time for the Senior reception.

A new name was gained by one of our girls at the last Public. They call her "None-such" now, because she was "such a nun" at the entertainment.

It seems strange that any one proverbially so dignified as is a Senior, should so unbend his dignity. Oh, ye Heavens, witness it, a Senior with the mumps.

Gov. Luce says we will have Arbor Day April 18. This is the only thing he has said for some time that the members of the opposite party have not disputed.

Was it fellow-feeling that caused us to sympathize so heartily with *one* joke at the last concert? When the leader said, striking his head with a piece of wood, which caused a musical sound, "A flat," we all applauded.

The M. C. R. R. will run the following excursions to Detroit during the Flower Show: Tuesday, April 22, 9 A. M., returning 8:30 P. M. Friday, April 25, 11:35 A. M., returning in two divisions, one at 7:30 P. M., the other at 10:30 P. M. Fare for round trip, seventy-five cents.

It is suggested by interested persons that instead of following blindly class customs, the '90's should use the originality they always have tried to manifest, in selecting a class emblem, and to purchase "something we can all wear," such as a class spring-suit or bonnet, or even class-shoes, earrings, or sunshades. Is it too late to reconsider?

Student, if you feel strange chills capering about your body, don't think it's the effect of malaria. Oh, no. They are only the thrills of the oratory that is escaping about the Normal. Jeffers and White and the other fellows are getting ready for the contest, you see. It is reported that the air is already heavily charged with oratorical magnetism; the galvanometers will not "run", the electric bells have struck, and two Normal girls have been seen clinging to each other.

To correct a misunderstanding among those who are to participate in the Contest we quote the following from section 6 of the rules published on page 10 of the February number: "The orations submitted for the Contest must contain not less than one thousand, nor more than thirteen hundred words. They must be handed to the Managers of the Contest on or before April 18, accompanied by \$1.50 to pay for typewriting." We would advise each contestant to read those rules.

Our little friend, W. H. Smith, has left school for this year. He goes on the "road" for a Monroe firm.

Miss Jennie Allen, '90, left on Saturday to accept a position as primary teacher at Evans. Though sorry to lose her, we are pleased at her good fortune, and wish her much success in the new field.

The Faculty have chosen the following students to represent the class of '90 Commencement day: Ladies—M. Froula Whitehead, Atheneum; Belle Manford, Atheneum; Lucy Norton, Olympic; Luella Curtis, Olympic; Tillie Mutschel, Atheneum. Gentlemen—Frank I. Cobb, Olympic; Ransom George, Atheneum; James H. Thompson, Adelphic; G. H. Warno, Olympic; Fred L. Ingraham, Olympic.

"Will the boys wear rings?" has been the question of the day, (not the girls, they are always willing, but the boys;) and they pleaded their cause so ably, showing the need of making rings exclusively feminine property, to serve as a distinguishing mark that the amiable maidens allowed a reconsideration of their vote for a class ring, and went over to the side of their brother (and cousin) class-men, in favor of a class pin.

Stratton D. Brooks, ye editor, accepted an excellent position in the Danville, Ill., High School, during vacation, and departed for the scene of his future labors immediately. He arrived in Danville Wednesday, April 3, at 3 A. M., and commenced teaching the same day. He reports himself well pleased with the appearance of things. He will return in time to graduate with '90. The respect and well wishes of the Faculty and a host of student friends go with him.

Readers of THE NEWS will please "cast the mantle of charity" over the mistakes in this issue. We are making a rash attempt to fill the Editor's chair, having had experience previously only in the collection of the money. We find that it takes more brains to write than it does to pocket dollars.

Truly the athletic spirit at the Normal is on the increase. We notice in the afternoons that the walk west of the grounds is used by the boys as a race track and jumping school. They

have gradually extended their grounds till now they compass entire Summit street, and are themselves increasing in agility, grace and comeliness. They are to give a "Public" soon, and will exhibit their ability in various athletic sports at their grounds on Summit street. "Cards" are not yet out, so do not feel slighted.

The tennis season has finally opened. Numbers of the students squandered all of last Saturday's golden hours in the enjoyment of the sport. However, the courts where the Professors play were not dry enough, and they were in a terrible dilemma. But "Where there's a will there's a way." They quickly paced and marked off a court on the lawn south of the Practice School, and were soon playing, as happy as a boy with a new tin horse. Talk about the marble craze among small boys, it's nothing when compared to the tennis craze among Professors.

We recently made a great effort to purchase February numbers of THE NEWS. However we could not find nearly enough, and consequently were compelled to send to some who had recently subscribed, a January number instead of a February number. One of the Alumni replied with the following, which illustrates the beauties of a Business Manager's life:

KEWEEKAW, Mon. Mar. 24, 1890
MR. FRED L. INGHAM
YPSILANTI Mich.

DEAR SIR.—Yours of the 21st inst. is at hand saying that you can not furnish me the February number of THE NEWS, but would send something that I care nothing about instead. When your circular came I sent my remittance by return of mail, so that if you did not have my order in ample time, the fault is your own.

There is evidently one of two things: either you never intended to send it, or else you have given some of your friends what rightfully belongs to me. If this is the sort of business by which you expect to "raise the standing of THE NEWS," you will doubtless succeed admirably, and before long have it up(?) in the mud.

You may either send me what you agreed to or nothing, and the next time you want a quarter, say so like a man, and you shall have it.

Yours truly,

He got his paper.

Mr. McLeod, a student of last year, recently showed his smiling "phiz" to his Normal friends.

Mrs. Fairbank. *nee* Rice, after whom the Riceonian society of olden times was named, has been visiting friends in Ypsilanti.

It is reported that some of the seniors are making frequent calls on the dentist, probably preparing for commencement dinner.

Jas. H. Thompson should not now be addressed as Jimmy. Call him Superintendent of the Evert school's. Salary \$800. Score 1.

R. D. Glenn of North Lake, a student of last year, noted at the Normal for his powers as a whistler, was recently fatally shot while hunting.

Otis Pingra passed through town, April 7, on his way to the International Business College, Saginaw. The Athletic Association will miss his helping hands. (He was a catcher.)

A teacher was overheard saying of the jokes perpetrated at the Bell Ringers' Concert, "Yes, the troupe is the 'only original', for I recognize the same old jokes I heard eight years ago."

We heard it remarked recently by one of the witty ones that the members of a certain one of the societies of the Normal were "a cross between a hay-tedder and a government mule."

Even the lordly Senior is of some use. The Juniors haven't as yet absorbed all of the usefulness in the world. One member of the class of '90 was used by the same audacious "Fresh" seven separate times, at the recent reception, as a pivot whereby said Fresh might rotate himself around to the other side.

During the week preceding vacation various members of the faculty were exceedingly busy, being closeted the greater portion of the time with the State Board of Education which was in session here. It is said important changes were made in the studies and hours of the Practice School, to take effect next year.

We were highly entertained at the last Public in listening to the comments of some of our "fair maids" before and during the performance. If one has but common ability in mathematics, enough to "put two and two together," a very complete history of the audience, speakers, etc., etc., their business affairs and social relations, could easily be gathered in this way.

The Practice School has recently been furnished a monstrous globe nearly four feet in diameter. It is said that the ingeniously contrived standard upon which it was placed, is the product of Professor George's inventive skill.

The select circle of Juniors met Saturday evening, March 15, in private session, at a "Junior social" held for the purpose of getting acquainted, as they said. A worthy object, truly, according to the principle, "Know thyself;" but from clear indications no such formal acquaintance-making was necessary, for we notice the most of them are "brothers and sisters," or at least first "cousins."

That the class of '90 is one of remarkable good taste is evident. They are hard to suit; and in story books people hard to suit are of excellent good taste. Why, *three* votings and reconsiderations are none too many to give them a "password," and now, after passing through the stages of "Being rather than seeming," and "Being all-powerful, because they thought they could," they say, "No success without labor," and think they exemplify it in their choice of mottoes.

Five hundred children will sing on the afternoon and evening of the opening day (April 22) of the Detroit Floral and Musical Charity Festival. These children are being trained by Mrs. Emma A. Thomas, director of vocal music in the Detroit public schools. The songs will be from popular operas, and the national airs of various countries. "Columbia" will be the opening number, and will be accompanied by the waving of 500 little flags, and "everybody" will have an opportunity to hear the children sing.

Students, beware of honors! especially if they come in the shape of places on committees; for of all hard-worked and poorly paid people, committee-men take the lead. Why they, if on a picture-committee, must receive visits from various urgent photographers, and be blinded by constant mud-throwing. If they have class motto in charge, after weary searchings when they report a set of "lovely" mottoes, they have the pleasure of hearing voices suggesting changes in wording. And if they attend to class "emblem," they are reviled on every hand.

Athletics.

WOULD it not be well for the tennis players to select partners (gentle men) for the season?

Yankton College, Dakota, is now agitating the "Gym" question.

Orchard Lake cadets are amusing themselves at base ball and sparring.

Pennsylvania colleges seem to lead in the manifestation of athletic spirit.

California colleges are now waxing enthusiastic over match games of tennis and base ball.

The N. A. A. department of shot putting, running, vaulting, etc., under the direction of Mr. Jenkins, is making improvement.

A lively one-half mile foot race took place on Summit street Saturday. Director Jenkins keeps his department interested by diversifying their sport.

The boys of Emory College, Ga., have raised \$1,000 to furnish their "Gym." They are "hustlers" despite the depressing effects of a hot climate.

Messrs Bowen, Key, Todd and Vroman played some lively tennis Saturday. Considering the roughness of the court(?), and its being the first tennis of the season, their excellent playing is of special significance.

N. A. A. met in Boys' Study Hall, Friday afternoon, April 11, and voted the necessary funds to equip their base ball teams. With the N. A. A. as security, and the Normal School to select from, our teams should be strong enough to whirl the "sphere" by the tail.

In reading the urgent appeals of nearly all of our American colleges for a gymnasium or suitable provision for physical exercise, we are unable to prevent our little pen from wriggling in sympathy with them. The complaint is periodical that parents send their children away to school only to impair their health, and by so doing incur an extra expense upon society. This is too largely true. But to whom is this unfortunate state of affairs due? The schools are the product of the people who make the complaint. If they are so conducted as to jeop-

ardize the health of the pupils, then are they illy constructed, and unprofitably managed, a rebuke to the people—their architects. To think that a person accustomed to regular physical exercise can enter school, transfer and concentrate the whole of his energies in the one direction of intellectual exercise, without affecting his physical power, is not to think. Such violation of hygienic laws, such deliberate extermination, is constant menace to the efficiency of our educational institutions.

* * *

An enthusiastic meeting of the N. A. A. was held in room 2, on March 24, for the purpose of organizing base and foot ball teams, and of transacting other miscellaneous business. Permission was granted the department of Science to use the apparatus in room 40, for the benefit of the classes of that department during school session. It was decided that, since the tennis courts are controlled by the faculty tennis association and private parties, the N. A. A. should not connect itself with this line of sport. It was voted to assess the members 50 cents each for the purpose of procuring necessary outfits for outdoor sports. The following committees were appointed: on membership, F. L. Ingraham, Byron Cook; on drafting of petition to State Board of Education, W. B. Hatch, F. I. Cobb, Frank Arthur.

Captains of base and foot ball teams were elected as follows: Base ball—first nine, F. I. Cobb; second nine, M. M. Atherton. Foot ball, Joe Jenkins, Byron Cook. Joe Jenkins was also elected director of the department of shot-putting, vaulting, etc.

The Captains of the base ball teams have selected the following players:

FIRST NINE.—Captain, F. I. Cobb; catcher, Fred Jeffers; first base, W. T. Bowen; second base, G. W. Gordon; third base, B. F. Richardson; short stop, L. N. Tupper; left fielder, H. Nichols; center fielder, Wm. Hinebaugh; right fielder, S. J. Gier.

SECOND NINE.—Captain, M. M. Atherton; catcher, B. M. Cook; first base, D. Loree; second base, S. Evans; third base, Carl Sines; short stop, Wm. J. Tollen; right field, J. W. Dasef; left field, C. W. Mead; center field, Chas. Smith.

Society Items.

OLYMPIC.

IT IS sometimes remarked that in the closing months of the school year, a lack of interest is shown in society work. No doubt the advent of warm weather and sunshine considerably weakens the inclination to remain indoors engaged in mental labor, but he is no scholar who allows himself to be drawn from his work by things which for a time are more inviting. Earnest effort and unremitting application are essential to culture; and as society-work, conscientiously performed, is recognized as promoting mental strength fully as much as any branch of study, it is to the interest and is the duty of each society member to continue his literary work with unabated zeal. - Now is the time for the younger and newer members of the society to push themselves to the front and show the material of which they are made. Many of the older, more experienced members, will not be here to aid in the work of next year; now is the time to gain the knowledge and experience necessary to carry successfully onward the banner of "Progress."

* * *

CRESCENT.

THE Crescent Society has at last succeeded in getting a badge. The matter has long been under consideration and many schemes have been set on foot to secure something as a memento for members, but it remained for a committee under the direction of Mr. Rush Smith to complete the arrangements and secure suitable design. The badge is a pin consisting of a crescent and star, upon it is engraved the Society motto, "Mutual Enjoyment; Mutual Improvement" Quite a large number have been ordered and in a few days one can recognize all good Crescents.

The question is often asked how does it happen that such an one is so successful in society work. The answer often is, "Oh, he is lucky." It might be well to stop and consider a moment before answering. A person gives a recitation and perhaps receives the praise of the audience.

He is natural, easy, and ready in speech and manner. It seems to cost him no noticeable or conscious effort. Everything was pleasant and agreeable, and the audience is pleased, and the person has done himself credit. But just because he was natural and seemed to make no conscious effort we are liable to think that it all came to him easily and without exertion, and thus fall into the error of thinking that the way for us to be natural is to depend upon our in-born abilities and the occasion to make us so, and when we attempt something in the same line we are, to say the least, surprised to find our efforts anything but natural. What is the difference? We do not like to acknowledge our inferiority by acknowledging that it is our abilities. Very frequently we would do ourselves an injustice if we did. If it is not there it must be in the manner of preparation, and nine times out of ten the difference is just there. When others spend hours in preparation where we do minutes, we ought not to feel bad if they take a better rank in the society than we. They simply receive the just reward of a work well done. Thorough preparation is the secret of success in any line of work. It is only by sustained effort that we can hope to bring out the best there is in us. To appear natural under circumstances to which we are not accustomed, will require a preparation, thorough and continued enough to make us as much more proficient than we usually are, as the circumstances under which we appear are more embarrassing than those we are used to. The societies afford excellent opportunity for improvement in delivery, and we should not fail to grasp the opportunities by failing to make the proper preparation.

* * *

ADELPHIC.

OUR programs during the last month, though lacking somewhat in quantity, being interrupted by a public and vacation, still made up in quality. On Friday evening, March 14, was given the third Public of the year, in which two Adelphics, Miss Luella Creed and Mr. Clifford Crittenden, took an active(?) part, appearing as "Bishop" and "Nun" in the final tableau, sustaining their difficult role with pre-

cision and excellence. On March 21, a mixed program was prepared, consisting of readings, essays, orations, etc., from various sources and on various topics. It was noted that the oration delivered by Mr. Kimes on this occasion was one of the finest heard at Lyceum in some time. Another feature was a discussion, "Resolved that the future generation will not have teeth." Aff., Mr. Wheeler; Neg., Miss Pearson. We were all delighted by Mr. Wheeler's flow of wit, words and wisdom (if wisdom is of a consistency to "flow"), and consider the society fortunate in possessing him as a member, especially should we be in need of an eloquent defence at any time. We were also greatly entertained by a rendition by our well-known "Quartet," of a song vividly depicting the traditional quarreling of choirs.

*
ATHENEUM.

VACATION has come and gone, and the last third of the school year is rapidly narrowing to its close. Throughout this period, the monotony of study will become more and more apparent, as Nature in growing beauty attracts and allures to employments so much more agreeable. And at this time, too, society life is wont to acquire a fatal sort of listlessness that undoes much of the work of the earlier portion of the year. On the other hand, faithful and successful effort at this time of trial brings with it benefits more lasting than those obtained at less expense in seasons of greater prosperity. While in the interest of our ordinary school work, the necessary effort is usually put forth, there is too often a tendency to slight this other branch of discipline that is no less important. As for the Athenaeum, however, the success which has attended her thus far in the year warrants us in feeling confident that such will not be the case. The active steps now being taken to furnish the society room, and render it as attractive as possible, are doing much to strengthen that confidence. We hope to see this work speedily completed, and in its completion to secure such added impetus as will enable us at the close of the term to look back over this year's course as one of steady and unbroken progress.

Exchange Column.

EXCHANGE editors of many of our esteemed contemporaries seem to expend considerable mental energy in devising new ideas regarding the manner in which an exchange column should be conducted. "Novelty has charm," is doubtless as applicable to an exchange column as elsewhere, but we do not admire the novelty which leaves the exchange column entirely out of the college paper, nor do we think, as some others seem to, that it is the place in which to tell other editors how to conduct their papers; we deem it a good idea to mind one's own business in such matters; if the management of some of our exchanges would devote more time and labor to running their own papers, and less effort in trying to run others, they would make a wiser expenditure of their energy, and might improve considerably their own sheets. While we agree that the exchange column should not be a place for mutual 'taffy,' we also think it should not be a place for hurling disparaging epithets at each other. Let the golden mean be found, so that merit will be honestly recognized, and jealous criticism be sustained.

* * *

The West seems struck with a cyclone of oratory, judging from the accounts of oratorical contests given in our Western exchanges. The college orators of Iowa and Wisconsin have recently added their voices to the hubbub of animated vocalization. Their winning orators selected, they are looking forward with anxious interest to the interstate contest to be held at Lincoln, Neb.

* * *

Do we need to send missionaries to *Kalamazoo* to convert the *heathen* who haze their professors.—*College World*. From the above it would seem that the World believes all the exaggerated reports of the *Kalamazoo* affair, that the newspapers have seen fit to give. It is our humble opinion that the truth of the matter would reveal the fact that much ado has been made over a very small affair indeed. Discipline is a good thing, no doubt, but obstinate adherence to a hasty decision, on the part of a faculty, is not the best means of securing it.

It is no harm to be ignorant in regard to certain things, but it is unfortunate to force that ignorance upon the better informed. — *The Yankton Student.*

* * *

An exchange informs us that at Syracuse University the Freshmen raise their hats to the upper classmen. If they're female Seniors that's all right; if not, though not much given to the use of slang, we feel like saying "Rats."

* * *

The Kansas exchanges are scoring hard the Baker Index, because it indulged in some kicking over the result of the Kansas oratorical contest. Without knowing as to the justice of the kick, we offer to the Index the advice that kicking doesn't amount to much except in a game of foot-ball.

* * *

The report that Harvard intended to reduce from four years to three years the time required for courses of study leading to a degree, has aroused a storm of unfavorable comment from many college journals. As knowledge is illimitable, and a degree marks but a certain stage of advancement, we don't see why the time required for a degree should not be three or five years, as well as four, provided all are agreed to accept the standard. We are inclined to believe, however, that the advantage of a four years' college course would more than counterbalance any gain in time or money resulting from a course completed in shorter time. The University of Michigan avows this idea by requiring that, after 1890, four years of study instead of three will be required from all those receiving the degree of M. D.

* * *

If men would always take an "ad,"
How thankful we should be!
If items were the latest fad,
How thankful we should be!
If girls would write at our request,
If boys would hand us in their best,
If outside calls would take a rest,
How thankful we should be!

If editorials came by steam,
How thankful we should be!
If things were always what they seem,
How thankful we should be!
If lessons weren't so hard to learn,
If teachers wouldn't be so stern,
If folks who borrow would return,
How thankful we should be!

—E.x.

Alumni Items.

BELOW is given a list of the Faculty of the Normal who are found among its graduates. It will be seen that all but nine of our instructors look upon the Normal as their Alma Mater.

- '54. John M. B. Sill, Principal.
- '55. Chas. F. R. Bellows, Mathematics.
- '58. Julia A. King, Preceptress and History.
- '60. John Goodison, Drawing and Geography.
- '61. Frances L. Stewart, Clerk.
- '63. Austin George, Director of Training School.
- '69. Ella M. Hayes, Instructor in Mathematics.
- '73 Helen B. Muir, Assistant in Ancient Language.
- '76. Lois A. McMahon, Assistant in English Language and Literature.
- '76. Chas. E. St. John, Assistant in Physical Sciences.
- '78. Abbie Pearce, assistant in English Language and Literature.
- '80. Anna A. Paton, Assistant in Modern Languages.
- '82. Mary Lockwood, Kindergartener.
- '82. Hiram W. Miller, Assistant in English Language and Literature.
- '83. Wm. H. Brooks, Critic in grammar grades of Training School.
- '83. Annah May Soule, Assistant in History.
- '83. Florence Goodison, Librarian.
- '83. Geo. F. Key, Assistant in Mathematics.
- '85. Lillian Crawford, Instructor in Model Primary.
- '87. Wilbur P. Bowen, Instructor in Mathematics.
- '87. C. D. McLouth, Assistant in Natural Sciences.
- '90. Nellie Sterling, Instructor in History.

* * *

CLASS OF '83.

Elva C. Howe is now Mrs. Lewis of Hepler, Kansas.

Wm. Hearn, last year of Milan, is teaching at Manton.

John W. Harris is a successful physician in Denver, Colo.

G. F. Feltz, sends his subscription from Ft Wayne, Ind., where he is superintendent of schools.

W. W. Hoadley sends his subscription from Manhattan, Kansas, where he is engaged in the insurance business.

CLASS OF '84.

May S. Hill, Detroit.
Maude Ball, Grand Rapids.
Jule A. Ball, at home, Hamburg.
Enma Kimes, preceptress, Evart.
Janra A. Smith teaches at Republic.
Mrs. Harriet Fox Willard, Manistec.
Libbie Thayer teaches at Ludington.
Effe M. Vining teaches at Pentwater.
Mrs. Mina G. Mill, at home, Chelsea.
Mrs. Ella Clements Vroman, Ypsilanti.
Emma Day Farmer (Mrs. H.), Hudson.
Lida M. Clark will be found at Detroit.
Minnie McGill Hull (Mrs. W. C.), Hull.
A. Nettie Evans is teaching at Republic.
May Bishop Ressler (Mrs. J.), Marquette.
Nettie Vliet Lambert (Mrs. Chas.), Ypsilanti.
Emma Dohmstreich is clerking at Plymouth.
Minnie Spalding is preceptress of Traverse City.

Mary L. Bassett Gleim (Mrs. Fritz), Alliance, Ohio.

Charles L. Bidgett attends U. of M., Ann Arbor

Grace Ainslie Murray (Mrs. A. J.), Sault Ste. Marie.

Jessie Bellows McKinney (Mrs. P.), Sault Ste. Marie.

A. J. Tynd, is principal of Washington Ave. School, East Saginaw.

C. E. Whitney has charge of an ungraded school in Grand Rapids.

Hattie Shankland is helping her mother run the best "club" in Ypsilanti.

K. R. Babbitt has a \$1400 position in the T. O. Department, Washington, D. C.

Henry T. Coc is the genial publisher of the *Ypsilanti Commercial*. This is not news but it will do for an alumni item.

Hattie M. Hodge may be found during school hours at the school house in Petoskey.

Richard E. Murtha is located at Beacon, U. P. He is making a \$1400 success of teaching.

J. A. Wiles is private secretary in the office of the auditor general of the M. C. R. R. at Detroit. He has, however, not entirely deserted the teacher's profession; for he is principal of one of the Detroit night schools at \$50 per month.

CLASS OF '85.

Walter Ballard, Willis.
George B. Yerkes, Detroit.
Nora Murphy is in Nebraska.
Maggie Murphy, at home, Ypsilanti.
James Harris is at Georgetown, N. M.
Sara Straight Bailey (Mrs. B. F.), Ypsilanti.
Harry E. King is a "Lit." in the University.
Edna Haskins King (Mrs. H. E.), is attending the University.

Florence Miller, high school assistant at Tawas City, is president of the Iosco County Teachers' Association.

CLASS OF '87.

Jennie Gallatin, Marshall.
Maonie Gibson, at home, Farmington.
M. Emma Chase, Eugene City, Oregon.
Annie M. Cottrell is at Whitewater, Wis.
Luther B. Woodward is teaching at Ovid.

Delia Cook, '88, is teaching at Holland.
Helen M. Post, '87, University of Michigan.
Miss Tillie Calhoun, '81, is teaching the 4th grade at Manistec.

Miss Minnie Colernan, '89, visited Ypsilanti friends during vacation.

Martin Hanlon and wife, both of class of '82, visited the Normal March 5.

Ernest Lodeinan, '85, now a professor at the Agricultural College visited the Normal before vacation.

Lewis Camburn, '89, has been teaching during the winter, and now returns to the Normal to take post graduate work.

Geo. B. Hodge, '79, sends his subscription from Grand Forks, N. Dak., where he has charge of a department in the State University.

Miss Susie Hubbard, '89, visited the Normal during the week previous to vacation.

Miss Jeanie Rowan, '84, Preceptress at Dundee, visited friends at the Normal recently.

F. L. Kern, '81, is making his mark in Florida. He is President of the State Agricultural College, and editor of the Florida School Journal.

Thos. A. Conlon, '89, recently exhibited his herculean proportions to his old friends at the Normal. He reports successful work at Cass City.

A. J. Murray, '84, our honored predecessor on THE NEWS, now Supt. at the Sault, visited his Alma Mater during the week preceding vacation.

Lawrence A. McLouth, '82, is principal at Danville, Ill., at a salary of \$1500. Martha Robinson McLouth (Mrs. L. A.), teaches in the same place.

Reports come from all around of Alumni who intend to be present at Commencement. Come along, all; we can make room and entertainment for you.

Louisa M. Clark, '58, is now Mrs. Dr. Marsh, of Ft. Meade, Florida. Two of her sons attend the Florida Agricultural College, one having the rank of captain.

J. W. Kennedy and wife (Mattie McFarlan), both of '87, were again meandering Normal Halls during the week previous to vacation. Prof. Kennedy is Supt. of the Dundee schools and is giving good satisfaction.

C. C. Brower, '77, who has resided in Oregon for the past twelve years, since leaving school, writes that his town, Astoria, is having a boom. Mr. Brower is one of the many Normalites who are successful teachers in the West.

P. F. Dodds, '74, is a very successful lawyer at Mt. Pleasant, but he does not confine his talents strictly to struggling with "legal lore." His latest production is a serio-comic poem on Mormonism. This poem shows that its author is possessed of rare poetical talent, and presents the defects of Mormonism in forcible and pleasing manner. Should Mr. Dodds continue as well as he has begun, he bids fair to win from Carleton his title of poet laureate of Michigan.

General Literature.

COPYRIGHT.

G. E. ROGERS—ATHENEUM.

A RECORD of the legislation, and of the literature on the subject of copyright, would require volumes; and still it is far from being a settled question. The theory of the rights of authors, especially as far as it forms a subject of legislation, has changed since the beginning of the eighteenth century. Previous to that time, authors held, by the common law, an inherent right to publish, and reap the benefits from their writings regardless of any limited time. There were frequent infringements on this right, and many laws were passed to protect the interests of the writer.

In 1710, the statute of Anne was passed, securing to an author the right to publish his works for twenty-one years, and, if living at the end of that time, he could secure an extension of fourteen years. This act did not touch the right, *in perpetuum*, at common law, and soon after the term of protection expired, lawsuits began. In an appeal to the House of Lords, in 1774, it was decided that the statute of Anne took away the perpetual copyright at common law. This was the reverse of previous decisions of lower courts; and it has formed a precedent for all subsequent legislation in England and America. Since then the laws have been based on the theory of granting a privilege to authors, rather than recognizing a property-right in the books they have written.

The United States has no international copyright law, and the domestic law is inferior to those of the different countries of Europe. Most writers on the subject take the ground that the property-right should be recognized; that literary property should not revert to the general public after a period of forty-two years, any more than property in the form of houses and lands. In 1854, Henry C. Cary, of Philadelphia, wrote a series of articles opposing this view. He took the ground that facts and ideas are common property. He said, "The facts and ideas of a book form the body; the language of the author constitutes the clothing of the body."

For the former there should be no copyright, and as for the latter, the existing copyright law is just since it seeks to remunerate the author for his labor in clothing the facts in attractive language, by granting him the right of sole publication for a period of years. Space forbids a discussion of these two views of literary property, but we simply say, that the latter can hardly be supported by argument.

The poor financial outlook for authors is given as a reason that American literature has not flourished to a greater extent. Persons who write well can usually do other things well, and, in general they will do what is most profitable. The great labor and expense of writing and publishing a book, is not realized by the general public. James Parton, writing on this subject in 1868, makes the assertion that, "No well-executed work, involving original research, can pay expenses, unless the author is protected in his right to the market of the world." In proof of this statement, he cites Motley's histories of the Dutch Republic and the United Netherlands. The estimated expenses were; twelve years of work, in traveling to collect material, writing, and publishing; and twenty-four thousand dollars in money. Harper Bros. published the work, and sold it at fifteen dollars a copy. The usual amount paid to the author is ten per cent of the retail price, but on works of extraordinary merit it is sometimes more. Allowing Motley two dollars per copy, a large estimate of the number sold in the United States would be ten thousand copies; so that he would receive twenty thousand dollars. Had he been protected by an international copyright, his receipts would have been trebled. George Bancroft spent thirty years in preparing his History of the United States. His proceeds, after paying for materials, amounted to about fifty cents per day for his labor. His History is found in every library of any size in England, yet he received only a small sum from one English publisher, and that for advanced sheets of his first two volumes.

Such are the rewards of genius! In order to be an author of fact or original investigation, a man must be rich, competent and willing to write. This makes that department of American literature dependent upon a very small

number. The United States has been fortunate in having three such men in Motley, Bancroft, and Prescott. Writers of fiction fare better, since their books are more extensively read by the masses, and thus receive a wider circulation in their own country. Still, Harriet Beecher Stowe would have received ten times as much money for Uncle Tom's Cabin, had she been protected by copyright laws as favorable as those of France. The aim of the American author is to write a book that will please the popular mind, or create some excitement. A Bellamy makes a fortune on a book that will be forgotten in fifty years, and which adds nothing to the literature of the country.

We pass over the injury to our authors, from the reprint and cheap sale of foreign books. The all-powerful reason why we do not have an international copyright law, is, that it would increase the price of future English books. In America the people govern; and they are selfish enough to hold to any advantage even though it be unfair to the noblest and brightest of their fellow countrymen; and a crime against citizens of foreign countries. But it is doubtful if any disadvantage would result from an international copyright law, which would not effect the books already published. And surely we should be farseeing enough to recognize the advantage that would come from encouraging a home literature by rendering it possible for men of genius to follow the profession of letters regardless of wealth. Americans need to have their higher nature developed. They need to be dispossessed of the idea that nothing is of value unless it can be utilized in the getting of money. A pure home literature is of inestimable value in forming and refining the character of the citizens.

MY SOUTHERN EXPERIENCE.

WILLIAM F. RUSSELL—AUTHOR.

THROUGH the gray dawn the streets looked narrow and old-fashioned; the bus rattled over the hard pavement, turned corners in a way which threatened to dislocate bones, and backed up in front of a low, roomy house, with ample yard and grape arbor just vis-

ible in the early morning. I was received most cordially, and led to my room, which contained a large fireplace (the inevitable Southern mode of warmth). There were no screens at the windows, and, as the mosquitoes were not only thick but vicious, the bed was surrounded by a canopied tent of netting—another inevitable Southern feature.

I retired and slept soundly for some hours, only awaking when a colored servant brought my breakfast upon a tray—a most tempting breakfast, with pears, peaches and grapes as desert. I at once arose and opened the shutters. The sun said it was fully 9 o'clock, and the air was fairly alive with music. I thought the birds sang loudly in Michigan; but they fairly scream in Kentucky.

The first new and amusing sight to me was the vehicles passing, all, or nearly all, drawn by mules. The wagons were of very original design, many of them being put together most roughly, and the harnesses might have been invented by Noah, the design was so primitive. They consisted of broad straps twisted together, with rope traces and lines. Most of the drivers had water melons and peaches to sell. They stop directly before the front door, if any one is in sight, and solicit your patronage. If you want a melon, they bring it to the front steps, and cut it open to make sure of its ripeness.

But, all ye who laugh at mules, behold the fine carriages drawn by them! Think of driving up to the dry-goods store, postoffice, etc., behind a span of fine, fat mules. I fancy aristocratic old Michigan turning up her nose; but remember, mules are worth from two hundred to two hundred and fifty dollars in old "Kaintuck," and as "money makes the man," why not infer that money makes the mule, therefore receive him into society without farther parley! The streets have almost no sewerage, and after rains, the water stands around in most delightful(?) puddles; and should you wish to cross, Ah, me! there are stepping stones—but not "to greatness"; perhaps you slip off, all you have to do is to try again—and, should the dear little razor-back porkers keep out of your way, you may succeed. Speaking of porkers, all travelers south of Mason and Dixon's line can vouch for me when I say they are the pets of the street,

known if not loved by all pedestrians. Strange to say, the "Sunny South" has rains occasionally, and I waded through the streets during a seven-days shower, wishing for Michigan where it rains semi-occasionally and stops in like manner.

There are a number of fine buildings in Hopkinsville of which any place might be proud. The Court House is a large, red, brick structure, trimmed in cream, and surmounted by the town clock. It stands in the center of a small square bordered by blocks of real estate and law offices, which swarm with politicians, at the approach of an election.

There are two colleges. The South Kentucky is the larger, and belongs to the Campbellite denomination. It is a mixed school, and generally has a large attendance. The Bethel Female College is smaller, but considered quite as good.

Among other institutions of learning here, Major Ferule's Academy is not least. It is a boarding school for boys, a relic of which you can hardly find a counterpart in the North. Here the boys learn the three R's with enough additional lore to enter college. I am forcibly reminded of "Tom Brown at Rugby" in viewing the mechanism of this typical Southern establishment. Every morning at 7:30 the boys go filing past, the master just behind. They walk with military tread and command, only betraying the innate wickedness of boy nature by sly punches, grimaces, and significant coughs.

Hopkinsville has also a large asylum, which has over 600 patients. The main building is built in Ionic style, presenting a very handsome and imposing appearance. It boasts of a patient who has made a wonderful invention, which consists of a platform upon which is a tiny piano; several figures dance while one plays. This machinery is run by water, and is truly marvelous; the precision of their steps in going through a set, with the correct movements of the player, almost impresses one with a belief in the "uncanny." Nearly every fine day you may see it in full operation.

I have met some most intelligent people. One middle-aged lady I found very fascinating. In appearance she reminded me of Martha Washington, wearing the full costume of a lady in

Revolutionary times. I do not wonder now, that the resemblance is so striking, for she is a direct descendant of the Custis family. Her manner is charming, and besides an inexhaustible fund of information, she possesses much wit, which deservedly entitles her to the reputation of being "the wittiest and best informed woman in Kentucky." She is devotedly attached to home, and said, "I could never leave my home and spend the summer as you Northerners do. Why, who would attend to my fowls, my fruit, and my beautiful flowers; why, I know every one of their faces; they almost speak to me mornings as I go past." Yet she has several servants.

No people care more for flowers than our warm-hearted Southerners. I went to see a Marshal Niel rose bush, the other day, which was seven feet high. It bloomed out of doors, and often had as many as two hundred roses upon it at once. Tuberoses are plentiful; single and double dahlias, jessamine and many choice plants which I cannot name, grow to profusion. The mock orange, in the North a bush, is twenty-five and thirty feet high here. The castor-oil bean is seventeen feet high, growing beside corn of the sauc stature. Fruit is very plentiful, but quite as dear as in the North. Grapes are ripe in August, and are nearly gone by the middle of September. Tobacco and corn are the telling crops.

I have at last found out two things that the people of Kentucky know nothing about. They are the Mammoth Cave and Woman's Rights. The first, they care nothing about; and the second is, to them, worse than breaking the whole Decalogue at one fell swoop. Some little time ago, the good wives of Hopkinsville were prostrated by the news that Mrs. Lyde Merriweather of Tennessee would make a speech upon Woman's Rights, at the Court House. They conversed in awe-struck tones of the impending calamity, and one woman was heard to say that she knew it would be wicked to go and hear her and she should do all in her power to keep others away. Why, the wife of a Professor here, a finely educated and travelled lady, told me that she would not dare to go and hear a woman preach; she considered it a sin. But Mrs. M. came, a sweet, refined, silver-

haired old lady who delighted the "bretheren," and shook the innate prejudice of such of the "sisterin" as were weak-minded enough to go. The W. C. T. U. convention here, was a decided success, in spite of female croakers who thought those "winnin'" ought to be home minding their own business. There is much need of temperance "raters," as whiskey is a favorite beverage of the masculines and "counts up dreadfully when used so comtoun like."

The women are expected to stay indoors in the middle of the day, and take a nap, and should you wish to create a sensation, just walk down Main street directly after dinner on a warm day, and you will be *extremely* gratified to notice that you have succeeded. You are also expected to refrain from appearing Monday mornings (Court days) and Saturday "evening" (afternoon) which is designated as "nigger's day."

Southern people treat their help rough as we treat a pet dog; have a pleasant word for him as long as he follows and obeys. You are expected to speak to all you know anything about, but woe be unto you should you peep into their churches, schools or hovels (for few have what we would call houses). As long as he earns enough to eat drink and wear, the darkey is a happy creature. He goes to meeting, works himself into a religious frenzy, shouts, sways, and sings in a most dolorous manner the songs of Zion. Then goes back to his pleasures and vices perfectly self-satisfied. You will hardly believe me, but it is true, that not even in Africa is it possible to find much more superstition. No sane person would for an instant think of comparing the northern and southern darkey with a view of resemblance except in color and the general characteristics of the race.

NATURE'S TEACHING.

HEO TARK—OLYMPIC

"To him who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms,
she speaks a various language."

SHE SANG the poet of Nature, and we have but to "Go forth, and list to nature's teachings," and from all around "comes a still voice" telling us the wonders of their formation

and development. Emerson says: "The foregoing generations beheld God and nature face to face; we, through their eyes." Why should this last be true, are we not as highly favored as they of olden time? Surely the "God of Nature" is as ready to open the doors of nature, that his children may view the beauty and wonder of his handiwork, now, as he was to them of olden times. We have but to obey nature to unfold her wonderful mysteries. We have but to listen to their "still voices" to discover how each has come to fill its place, and passed away but to appear again perhaps in different guise, yet never destroyed.

This little black piece of common coal, picked up from the bin, tells us a story grander by far than any fairy tale ever woven from the imagination of the most gifted man. We have but to "hold communion with its visible form" and this is the story it tells—a story so simple that a child could understand it.

"Hundreds and thousands of years ago, many ages before man became king of the world, when this earth of ours was a grand old ocean with a few muddy islands scattered here and there, all surrounded by gases through which shone the hot rays of the sunshine, a little seed came floating in with the tide, came floating no one knows from where, perhaps 'twas God's hand that dropped it, and it found a resting place on the muddy banks of one of the little islands. As the sun began to warm the little seed it burst its coat, and sent down a little root to take firm hold of the ground, and sent up a little stem to bear its beautiful leaves. The life in the growing plant laid hold of the gases in the air and in the ground and drank them in through the rootlets and breathed them in through the leaves, and I, (this piece of coal) for I was that little plant, gathered in the sunbeams and mixed them with the gases and made them into beautiful branches and green leaves. I grew into beautiful fern, like the ones you find in your woodlands, only I drank in so much gas and sunshine that I became many times larger, almost as large as a tree and many times more beautiful. All around me grew hundreds of my brothers and sisters, and the mud bank became a beautiful garden of fern and pine-like trees, each drinking in and storing

great amounts of gases and sunshine. We grew old and fell to the ground and the water rose over the shores, and covered us over, and kept us from rotting, and there we lay for many long years. One day "Old Ocean," which had roared and foamed in rage around the shore of our island, came sweeping over us bringing a freight of mud and spreading it above us until we were covered deep from the light and air. Beneath this terrible pressure we lay buried for ages, and there, shut away from the gas and sunshine out of which we had been made, we were slowly, and no one knows how, changed into coal—the kind burned in the furnace, sometimes called "soft coal"—a black mass of gas and sunshine. Many long years we lay here in the darkness and were shoved and tossed about by hundreds of earthquakes, sometimes thrown almost to the light of day, then buried deeper than ever in the earth's darkness, until we could feel the heat of the internal fires. Finally there came a great heaving and rolling of the land. Great mountains were thrown up. We were shoved and tumbled about, and the heavy mountains pressed on us so hard that oil and gas were squeezed out of us, and we were changed into "hard coal." We lay in the mountains for many years before man came into the world. But when man finally came, he dug into the mountains and carried us out, and here I am telling my story. But that is not all the men have done; they have drilled deep wells thousands of feet into the earth, after the gas and oil that was pressed out of us. Out of some of these wells flow streams of oil, "liquid sunshine," and you use it to light your houses. When the sun of day no longer gives you its light, then you bring out your lamps and light the "liquid sunshine" and it gives back its sunlight. Out of other wells comes gas, "sunshine gas," and people burn it in their stoves, and set free the sunshine to warm their rooms, and cook their food. Some of my brothers were pressed harder than I and ground fine by the great earth-quakes and the weight of the mountains, and nearly all the gas and oil was pressed out of them, and they became graphite and men use it to make what you call lead pencils, which are not lead at all. Dont you think you can write better since you are writing with

sunshine? But I must not fail to tell you of one of my brothers, found in some parts of the world. When you look at me you would ever think, that had I received greater heat from the earth's interior and the gas had been all pressed out of me and nothing but the sunshine left, that I would have become the most precious thing in the world. Yet that is what has happened to some of my brothers, and they are worshipped by all. Men call them diamonds. Perhaps they are just sunshine and that is why they sparkle so brightly. Did you know that I am also called the "black diamond," and I am worth more to keep the poor warm than my brother, the white and sparkling diamond, is to shine in the crowns of kings or queens, or among the rich."

If we should take this little, black, dirty, lifeless lump of coal, which has told us its story, and throw it on the fire it would soon become heated and awake from the sleep which it has been having for ages, and becoming alive again would send out its sunshine to make us warm, and when it was all burned up you might think that that was the end of it, but not so. The spell of ages is broken, the sunshine and gas are not destroyed but have burst the prison walls which have bound them for all these many thousand years, and have escaped the same as they were when they helped the little seed to spring up into life many centuries ago. Well has Charles Kingsley said, "Strange it all is, yet true; but of nature, as of the heart of man, the old saying stands that truth is stranger than fiction."

IS THERE NOT A CAUSE?

B. I. HOBBS—ATHENS, GA.

Delivered at the Inter-State Collegiate Contest at Adrian,
April 2, 1899.

WHEN the cider brother of the stripling David, in the pride of conscious strength and the record of previous well fought battles, sneeringly asked him "Why earnest thou down hither?" the youth modestly replied, "Is there not a cause?"

If any to-day raise the question, "What does the party of Prohibition here upon the field, where already great parties have so wrought as to give our country material prosperity and a

place of the highest eminence among nations?" I will yet ask of him, "Is there not a cause?"

It is by no means my purpose to undertake a review of political parties. What they have done for the advancement of prosperity and the welfare of the people is as well known to you as to myself; neither is it worth while to speculate as to what parties will do in dealing with a question which they regard as of subordinate importance. The party we represent here to-day has been called in being for the avowed purpose of prohibiting the traffic in liquors used as intoxicants. Is this a slight pretext for the existence of a political party? It requires no more words to declare its purpose than did the party of Abolition but a few years ago. To free the negro slave, they said. We say, to emancipate the victims of intemperance. Said they, to remove the responsibility of human slavery from every liberty-loving citizen of the United States. Say we, to remove from our hands the stains of blood guiltiness as sharers in a most wretched business, parties to a license system that involves the authority that issues the license with the man to whom it is granted. To secure to our country the purity and manhood of her young men; to secure for ourselves personal protection; to secure protection for our homes. Is not here a cause? There is named here no cause which does not urge itself upon every thoughtful man as worthy to enlist a nation in its defense.

I reiterate the charges which have long been made against the liquor traffic: It threatens our most sacred institutions, free speech and the purity of the ballot. It is a foe to legitimate trade. It is accomplishing the demoralization of our young men. It is the destroyer of the home. It is the great source of poverty and crime and wretchedness. These charges stand unchallenged, everywhere admitted, and they demand that the measures taken to quench this monstrous evil be of no doubtful or uncertain character.

Doubtless it is a grand thing that political parties consider, and through their legislative bodies, wisely decide questions of national policy, of finance and trade. "This ought ye to have done, and not to have left the other undone." Right and necessary as are all these

things, and worthy of the best statesmanship, yet how infinitely more do claims of personal wrong and our country's peril urge for attention! For long, weary years has the air of heaven been stirred with the prayers of despairing fathers and mothers, as with outstretched and pleading hands they have poured the petition, remove this open grave from the path of my boy's feet. Wives praying, save the man in whom is all my life and hope. Brothers urging for brothers, and sisters echoing their voices. A great army of little helpless children have wept, shrilling their cry of defenselessness, against the destroyer of their child-lives, the comfort and peace of their homes, their every prospect of future good and usefulness.

Who shall say there is not a cause? Who would linger to discuss laws to regulate trade, to punish petty crime, fraud, forgery or theft, while such voices break from imploring faces, the outpouring of agonizing hearts; while the hell-born cause of this needless woe stands smiling in mockery, or in stolid, brutal indifference, fortified behind bags of ill-gotten gold; behind the selfish cupidity of those who are indirect sharers in his robberies; behind the fear or indifference of the multitude; and, chief of all, behind a false system of legislation which gives legal standing to a business which should be hunted to the holes and corners of the earth,—a thing of darkness and of hiding.

I have spoken of the license system as making every man who advocates or tolerates it a party to the business of rum selling. The statement is by no means new, but it contains a truth which should cause every thoughtful man to awake to its consideration. If it be really true, that that man whose vote is so cast as in any way to give standing or countenance to the traffic, is involved as a guilty party to the crimes which grow out of the business, then the hand which holds a license ballot may well pause and consider before the ballot is cast. Who shall say it is not true? If I give my consent to a deed, am I not a partner in that deed and its reasonable consequences? And if that deed be one of crime, do I not participate in that crime? And if it be a deed of blood, am I not a murderer? Unquestionably, those who yield consent are concerned in the crime. Does the fact that the

responsibility is divided among ten men or a hundred men make each man less a criminal? The law may fail to find and punish each guilty man, but God who sees and knows the hearts of men will not hold him guiltless who is in any way concerned in putting the bottle to his neighbor's lips, and the woe pronounced upon all such will as surely follow as that God lives and performs all that he promises. How then may we clear the skirts of our garments and lift our hand clean and spotless of the blood of those who go down through this fearful traffic? We may not now put forth our hands and stay the deed of crime, but we may cry aloud against it; we may utter our protest against the iniquity; we may educate, we may urge, we may pray—and then we may vote as we pray.

Again, I call your attention to our nation's peril through the debauchery of her young men. The saloon is the ignominious but fatal foe of our country's honor. Turn to ancient Greece. Her young men were trained to be strong, to be fit for hard service in war, to be heard in the council, to despise voluptuousness, to court rigors and hardships as *men*. What is the atmosphere of the saloon and its accessories, at which great crowds of our young men and boys go in and out daily and nightly? It is a pestilent breath, sickly and enervating. Breathing its malarious influence, boys who should grow to be clear-brained, steady-nerved *men*, with firm muscles, and bright eyes and honest hearts, loaf on the street corners and about public places, following with sensuous eyes the form of every passing woman; the best product of their degenerated brains, the repeated low-born jest of the beer-hall, their highest intellectual gratification, the cheap story and the low theatre. Is this where you seek to find promise of statesmen? Do you turn to this great mass of unfortunate humanity with confidence to find *men* for the hour of the nation's need? Does this school educate to wield the ballot in the interest of our country? God help the nation whose reliance is upon such; and God help the poor deluded youth, bidden by the open door of the licensed saloon to stray from honor and rectitude in such waste and barren fields of unprofitableness!

Said a thrifty merchant, "I would engage my-

self actively against the liquor traffic, if it would not injure my business and even endanger my person." So say hundreds of professional and business men. A minister is outspoken in dealing with this cause of sin and immorality, and takes an active part against it; good brethren entertain reasonable fears that the church will be burned, and the voice is smothered. Oh, boast of liberty! What liberty is this that quenches the voice lifted against an acknowledged evil, by fear of loss of property and even personal violence? What kind of business is this that must needs hedge itself behind such means? It is a business in which lives the spirit that murdered Owen Lovejoy while in the lawful defense of his printing-press; the spirit that slew the martyrs to the cause of Abolition. It is the sordid, conscienceless, bloodthirsty spirit that involved a nation in war, and which hesitates not to-day at any means to accomplish its ends. Shall we license it, or prohibit it?

The subject opens wide before me. Why should the home—that blest shrine of purity, that spot of all earth most sacred and holy, the place of birth, of innocent childhood; the place where, when life is ended on this side heaven, the worn body breathes its last of earth, and the soul embarks on its flight to its God—why should the home yet be defenseless against the cold, slimy dragon of the licensed saloon? But stop! It is protected. The low-browed man who stands in front of that gaudy mirror, with barrels, and bottles and glasses about him, a large gold ring on his fat fingers and a look of depravity on his face stamped there by nature, who in this case knew nothing of her business, that man is a man of good moral character, for otherwise he could not have obtained a license to sell, so discreet and thoughtful have been the makers of our liquor laws! Anxious mother, this man will not sell whiskey to your boy; it is contrary to the law under which he is authorized to carry on his business. This is protection to the home! A flimsy pretense, worthy to be, as it is, the sneer of even the meanest intelligence.

There is a cause. As has been said, "Facts are the arguments of God," and it is upon the terrible facts of this traffic that we base our ar-

gument for its absolute, total and explicit prohibition. Patrick Henry looked to the freedom of his country from a foreign oppressor. His cause was sublime, and the spirit he voiced still breathes through the length of our great country, dear to us by the tie of every noble voice that has plead for it, and every noble heart that has sacrificed for it. Never more than now was her need more urgent, and I call upon men who will be true to their convictions, to their reason, to answer if direct and unconditional prohibition of this business is not logical and practical, and I point you to those states of our Union, which have already written prohibition upon their statute-books for a conclusive demonstration.

Good men, good citizens, eager friends of the cause of temperance, vote with the parties which have made, and which now support our license laws. I would earnestly bid them remember that license has never been a foe to the liquor traffic; license has given nothing but comfort and shelter to the saloon. It is idle to theorize upon "personal liberty" and the "rights" of those who respect no rights of others, and no liberty but the license to rob earth that they may fatten upon its sweat and blood and groans and tears. It is vain to say that prohibition is too radical, too advanced for popular support. The states in which prohibition is an accomplished fact, refute such an argument.

Then if any man, convinced of the cause, and of the consistency of opposing the uncompromising front of absolute prohibition to this national curse, yet hesitates, questioning its policy, to him I reply in the words of the great Wendell Phillips, "Ask yourself if there be any element of right or wrong in the question, any principle of clear natural justice that turns the scale. If so, take your part with the perfect and abstract right, and trust God to see that it shall prove the expedient."

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What the cabbage head to say,
But the slippery elm bark so clear
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The wheat is shocked and her feelings hurt,
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"Shall I be collared if I use my cuff?"

You may talk of the signs of the weather,
Of the coming days you may sing;
But sitting down on the point of a pin
Is the sign of an early spring

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