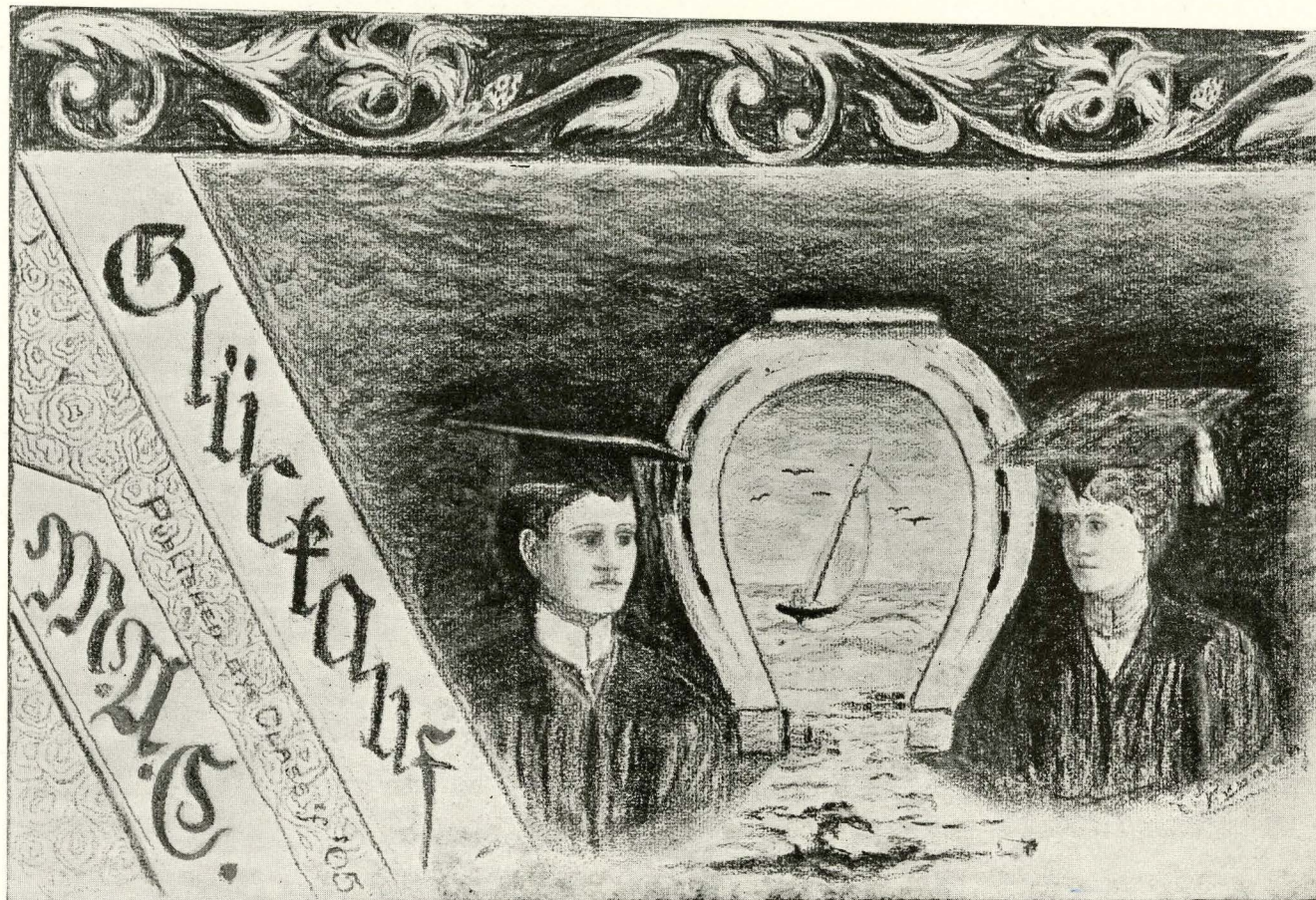


Classe '05

Glück=Auf

m. n. C.



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"Keep on Squintin" — DR. BEAL

TO
HOWARD EDWARDS
OUR ESTEEMED PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE
AND MODERN LANGUAGES THE CLASS OF
NINETEEN HUNDRED FIVE DEDI-
CATES THIS GLÜCK AUF

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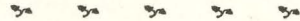


ELECTRIC CITY
ENG. CO
Buffalo, N.Y.



Editorials

"Glück Auf!" With this salutation of good cheer the class of 1905 presents to its friends a new Junior annual. It has been the aim of the editors to make this volume a source of pleasure and inspiration for our fellow students, as well as a record of college experiences, which will serve to recall pleasant reminiscences in later years. How well we have succeeded we leave to the judgment of our readers.



To Howard Edwards, M. A. and L. L. D., for fourteen years professor of English literature and modern languages in this college, the class of '05 gratefully and respectfully dedicates this annual.

Whatever it may contain of truth or merit, we frankly confess due to his inspiring influence; whatever else it may contain is none of his.

In all our relations with him as teacher, helper and friend, the class individually and collectively owe him a debt of gratitude which they cannot repay.

We recognize in Professor Edwards the spirit of the true

teacher, feeling in our daily contact with him the meaning of Emerson when he says, "it makes a good deal of difference in the form of a sentence whether there be a man behind it or not." We have each individually felt that mental and moral stimulus which comes from personal contact with an earnest, well equipped man. We have felt that we could at any time and in any place draw on his full store of culture and knowledge.

We therefore make this public acknowledgment of our indebtedness to him.



It is with a feeling almost of regret that we watch our work on "Glück Auf" coming to a close.

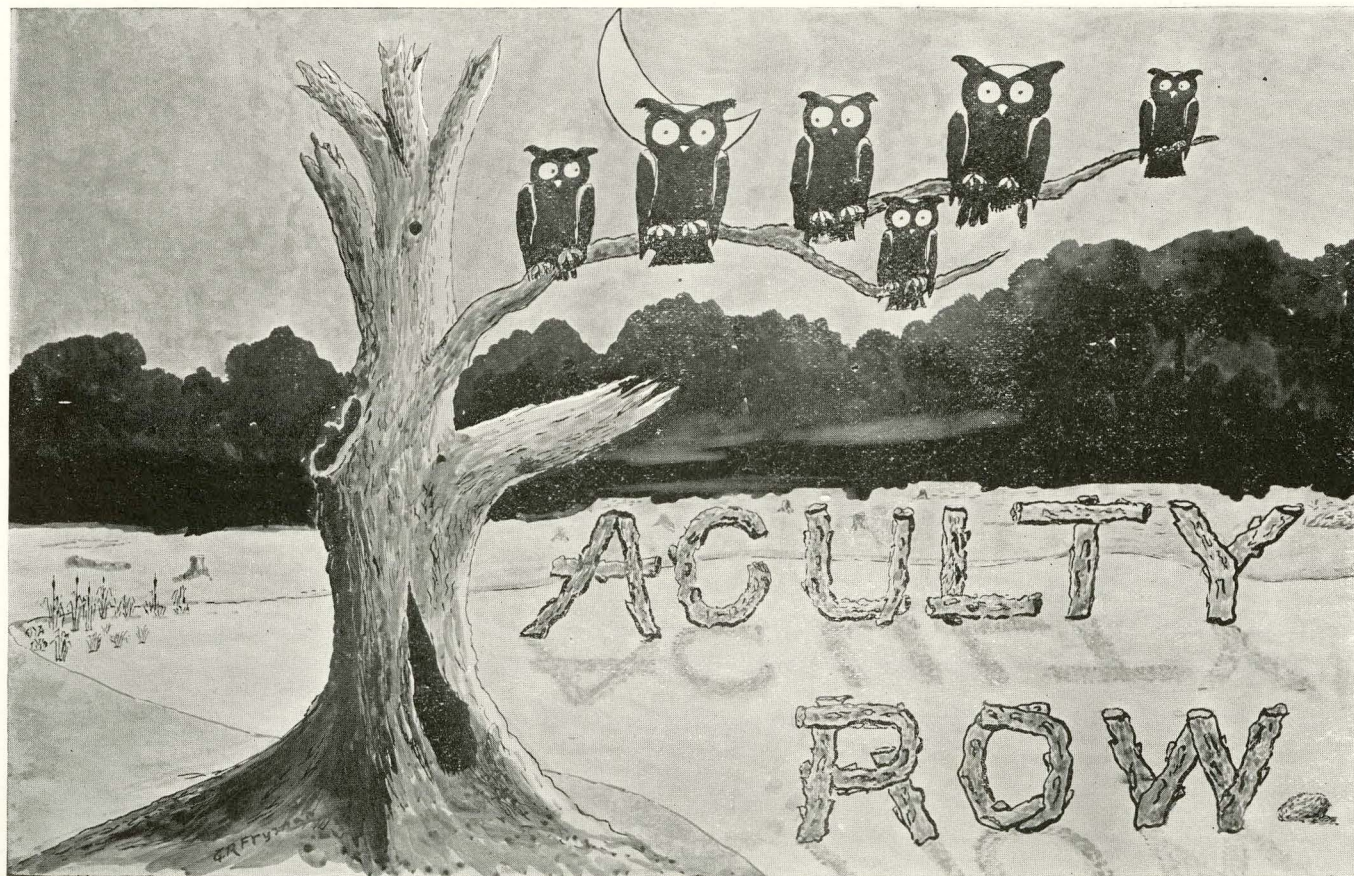
To our alumni, faculty and fellow students we wish to express our thanks for their generous and kindly aid, especially do we wish to thank Ray Stannard Baker, K. S. Butterfield, Prof. G. A. Goodenough, A. C. Bird and Fred Yaple for their contributions. We feel that these articles give "Glück Auf" an intrinsic value far above the average college annual.

We wish also to thank the members of the faculty for the poems and drawings which they have so kindly furnished us, as well as the splendid drawings contributed by W. P. Wilson.

To all who have aided us we wish to acknowledge our indebtedness. Yet, with the best literary work, a college annual would be unattractive were it not for the careful and skillful work of the printers and engravers. To them the success of our annual is largely due.

We also desire to express our thanks to Mr. LeClear, who has added greatly to the beauty of the book with his excellent photographs.

Owing to a misunderstanding regarding the arrangement of the class pictures, several mistakes are to be noticed therein. The likeness of Mr. A. C. Dodge should appear in the senior class picture instead of the junior picture. The pictures of Miss Grace Taft of the senior class and Miss Helen Baker and Bruce McAlpine of the junior class do not appear with those of their classmates. Several minor errors in other departments were discovered too late to be rectified.



Faculty

JONATHAN L. SNYDER, A. M., PH. D., PRESIDENT.

WILLIAM J. BEAL, A. M., S. M., PH. D.
Professor of Botany and Curator of the Botanical Museum.

LEVI R. TAFT, M. S.
Superintendent of Farmers' Institutes, and State Inspector of
Orchards and Nurseries.

HOWARD EDWARDS, M. A., LL. D.
Professor of English Literature and Modern Languages.

HERMAN K. VEDDER, C. E.
Professor of Mathematics and Civil Engineering.

CLINTON D. SMITH, M. S.
Dean of Short Courses, and College Extension Lecturer.

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Professor of Mechanical Engineering and Director of the Mechanical
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Professor of Zoology and Physiology, and Curator of the General
Museum.

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Professor of Veterinary Science.

MAUD GILCHRIST, B. S.
Dean of the Women's Department.

ADDISON M. BROWN, A. B.
Secretary.

ULYSSES P. HEDRICK, M. S.
Professor of Horticulture and Landscape Gardening, and Superin-
tendent of the Horticultural Department.

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Professor of Bacteriology and Hygiene.

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Professor of Agriculture and Superintendent of Farm.

JOSEPH A. JEFFERY, B. S. A.
Professor of Soil Physics and Agronomy.

ERNEST E. BOGUE, M. S., A. M.
Professor of Forestry.

WILLIAM S. HOLDSWORTH, M. S.
Professor of Drawing.

MAJOR WILLIAM H. KELL, U. S. A.,
Professor Military Science and Tactics.

ARTHUR R. SAWYER, B. S., E. E.
Professor of Physics and Electrical Engineering.

WILBUR O. HEDRICK, M. S.
Assistant Professor of History and Political Economy.

WARREN BABCOCK, B. S.
Assistant Professor of Mathematics.

HERMAN W. REYNOLDS, B. S. in M. E.
Assistant Professor of Mechanical Engineering.

E. SYLVESTER KING
Assistant Professor of English and Modern Languages.

JAMES B. DANDENO, A. M.
Assistant Professor of Botany.

CHESTER L. BREWER, B. S.
Director of Physical Culture.

MRS. LINDA E. LANDON
Librarian.

College Calendar, 1904-5

Monday, September 19, 1904—Special Examinations for delinquents.

Tuesday, September 20, 1904—Entrance Examinations, beginning at 8 a. m.

Wednesday, September 21, 1904—College year begins at 8 a. m.

Friday, December 16, 1904—Fall term ends at noon.

Tuesday, January 3, 1905—Winter term begins at 8 a. m.

Tuesday, January 3, 1905—Special courses in live stock, general farming, creamery management and fruit, begin.

Tuesday, January 3, 1905—Course in sugar beet production begins.

Friday, February 24, 1905—Special courses in live stock, general farming, creamery management and fruit, end.

February 27, 1905—Cheese course begins.

Friday, March 24, 1905—Winter term ends at noon.

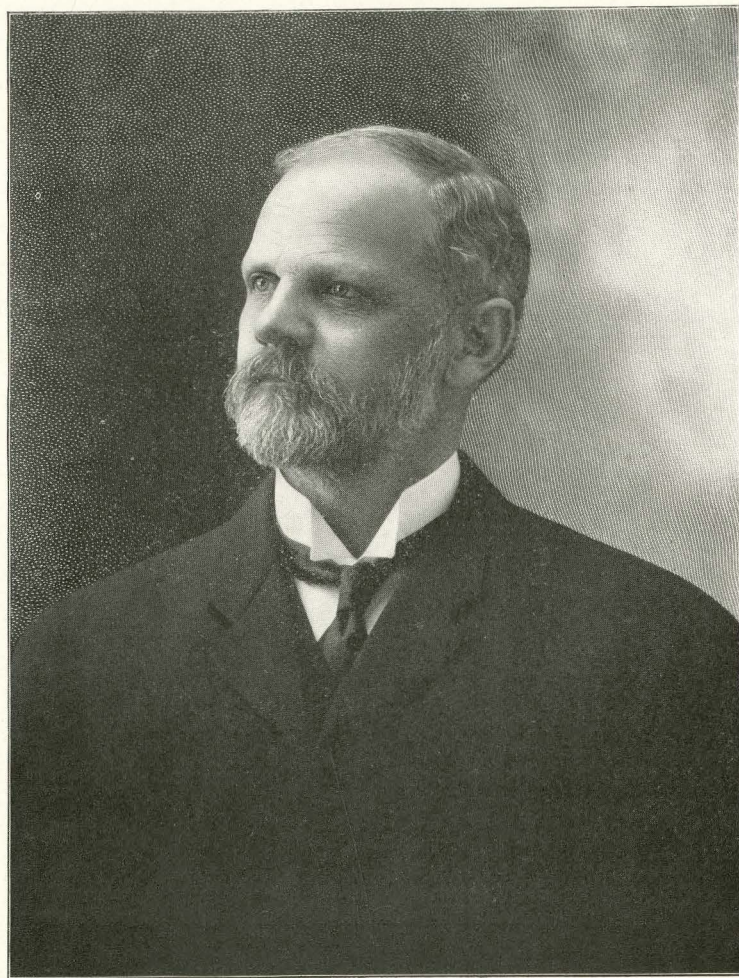
March 24, 1905—Cheese course ends.

Tuesday, April 4, 1905—Spring term begins at 8 a. m.

Sunday, June 18, 1905—Baccalaureate sermon.

Friday, June 22, 1905—Commencement day. End of the College year.

Monday, September 18, 1905—College year begins.



Jonathan Le Moyne Snyder, Ph. D.

Our President was born October 29, 1859, on a farm in Butler county, Pennsylvania. His earlier education was obtained in attending the country schools of his county. At the age of nineteen he entered Grave City College where three years were spent in preparatory work. He then entered Westminster College from which he graduated with the class of '86. During his junior year here he won first place in the intersociety debate, which honor is the highest attainable at this institution.

From the position of village school principal which he held one year, he rapidly advanced, becoming superintendent of the schools of his native county, and later, principal of the Fifth Ward School of the city of Allegheny. During the time of his superintendency he brought about radical changes in the school system of his county, introducing a graded course of study. He was also prominent at this time in the founding of the Slippery Rock State Normal School. While Principal of the Allegheny Fifth Ward School, he introduced a kindergarten and an industrial course of study, of which we know President Snyder to be always an enthusiastic promoter.

In 1891 we find Principal Snyder completing a graduate course of study in psychology and philosophy and receiving the degree of Ph. D. from his Alma Mater.

In February, 1896, Dr. Snyder was elected President of the Michigan Agricultural College. At this time the affairs of the college were in a very unsettled and unsatisfactory state. However, the time was ripe for change, and through the influence of Dr. Snyder, changes in the policy and

course of study leading to a more practical and much needed reform were adopted by the State Board of Agriculture. Here dates the beginning of a phenomenal development of the college. Through his undivided care and ever tactful management, he has been highly instrumental in bringing the college to its present state. Besides being one of the leading colleges of agriculture in the United States, it has developed an engineering course rivaling the universities, and a woman's course, no longer an experiment but a practical course in the application of science to the household, enrolling students from several surrounding states.

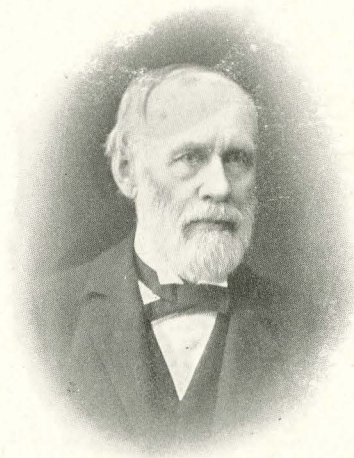
Not only has the college developed an attendance to more than twice that at the time of Dr. Snyder's accepting the position, but the equipment has increased and continued to increase to meet the demands of the growing attendance. Among the recent additions are the fine bacteriological laboratory and the elegant hothouse, while the immense undertakings of the underground heating and lighting system is under construction, and the engineering students anticipate the early building of a larger and more fully equipped mechanical laboratory.

The value of President Snyder to the institution is apparent to the State Board who recently, in recognition of his past services and the prospect of future usefulness tendered him a substantial increase of salary.

Under his management the only forecast for M. A. C. is one of increased progress and a rank second to none of its kind.

W. F. JORDAN.

William James Beal



William James Beal, A. M., Sc. M., Ph. D., Professor of Botany at M. A. C., was born at Adrian, Michigan, March 11, 1833. His parents originally came from New York and took up land near Quaker, in Lenawee county. Dr. Beal graduated from the University of Michigan in 1859 and then taught natural science for several years at Union Springs, N. Y. He then went to Harvard and studied un-

der Gray, Agassiz, and Wyman for a year and a half. He has since occupied positions as a teacher of science at Howland School, Union Springs, N. Y., and at Chicago University. He came to M. A. C. in 1870 and has held his present position for thirty-three years, having also been professor of horticulture and forestry for many years. He has been a member of the faculty of M. A. C. for longer than any present member and is closely connected with the most prosperous years of the college. Through the valuable and untiring efforts of himself and his contemporary, the late Dr. R. C. Kedzie, the fame of this school, as a fountain head of scientific research has spread over this whole country. Dr. Beal is the author of many bulletins, articles, etc. of great practical scientific value. His chief books are, "Grasses of North America" and "Plant Dispersal."

J. W. BOLTE.

Herman K. Vedder



Herman K. Vedder, professor of mathematics and civil engineering comes from the Empire State, being born in St. Johnsville, Oct. 7, 1866. He attended public school in his native town until the age of 16, when he left home to take up a classical and commercial course in the Clinton Liberal Institute at Ft. Plains, N. Y. From here

he went to Cornell, graduating from the civil Engineering course in 1887.

Upon leaving college he immediately engaged in practical work only to be recalled by his Alma Mater to occupy the position of instructor in civil engineering. In 1889 he accepted a position as contracting agent for a bridge building company and carried on a very extensive business in Pennsylvania after the damaging floods at that time. He continued in practical work until 1891, when he again took up work teaching at Cornell. His practical methods enforced here are due to the experience Prof. Vedder has gained by himself having been engaged in practical surveys and engineering.

Charles L. Weil, S. B.



ness house in Boston, where he held a minor position for over a year. At this point he began to lay the foundation of his later engineering success, by resuming his studies, and entering upon engineering work. In 1888 he was graduated by the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, receiving the degree of bachelor of science in the regular four year course after only three and a half years' attendance at col-

lege, and having maintained a high degree of scholarship. After receiving his degree, Mr. Weil continued in engineering practice, being employed chiefly as a draftsman and designer, thus obtaining thorough grounding in the details of engineering practice. In 1891, however, he resigned a position with the firm of Henry Worthington in Brooklyn, New York, to accept an instructorship in the subject of mechanical engineering at Lehigh University. He remained there until 1893, when he resigned to accept his present position at M. A. C.

Professor Weil is a member of the Detroit Engineering Society, the Michigan Engineering Society, and of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers.

Professor Weil's life has been one of steady progress and achievement. His undertakings have met with the success due to his sterling integrity, thorough grasp of the branches of engineering, and untiring attention to business. Under his management the equipment of the mechanical department at M. A. C. has been improved and the scope of the course broadened; the department has become well known throughout the state and the country, and has today, scores of successful graduates in engineering practice scattered all over the land.

B. McALPINE.



Clinton D. Smith

Clinton D. Smith was born near Ithaca, N. Y., March 7, 1854. He entered Cornell University at the age of 14, graduating from that institution in 1873. Two years later he received his M. S. degree. In 1875 he was elected to a professorship in agriculture at Purdue. He was admitted to the bar in 1879, and practiced law until 1881, when the death of his father called him to the management of the home farm. In 1889 he was elected Assistant Director of the Cor-

nell Experiment Station and in 1890 he was made Director of the same. Later, he was transferred to the Minnesota Experiment Station. He came to M. A. C. in 1893, and since being here has been elected Dean of the Illinois College and offered the Presidency of the New Mexico Agricultural College. His rapid strides to success are but marks of his persistency to fit himself for larger and better opportunities.

P. H. WESSELS.

Levi R. Taft

Prof. Levi Rawson Taft was born in Mendon, Mass., in 1858. After graduating from high school and later, the Massachusetts Agricultural College, he was chosen by his Alma Mater to serve as Assistant Professor in Horticulture. He rose gradually in his chosen work to Professor of Horticulture here in 1888 and in 1902 became Superintendent of the State Farmer's Institute.

During his sixteen years at M. A. C., Prof. Taft has been a busy man and to him we are indebted to a large measure, for the laying out of our campus. His present connection with the farmer

through his Institute work is of inestimable value to the future of our College. He is making it his life work to keep before the people of today the advantages gained by scientific farming.

Prof. Taft's authority on any matters pertaining to horticulture and further research along new lines is of national fame. Attracted by his reputation as a scholar and by several books which he has written, the executive board of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition has rightly seen fit to place him as chairman of the department jury in Horticulture.

C. A. REED.





Walter B. Barrows

Professor of Zoology and Physiology was born at Grantville, Mass. He graduated from the high school in 1872, and from the Boston Institute of Technology in 1876. In 1879 he went to Buenos Ayres, where he was an Assistant Professor of Chemistry and Physics. Upon his return to the United States he was appointed Instructor of Science at the State Normal School, Westfield, Mass., which position was resigned the following year to accept one as an Instructor of Zoology at the Wesleyan University, where he remained until 1886.

Being appointed assistant ornithologist at the United States Department of Agriculture, he went to Washington, D. C. In 1894 he left Washington to assume his present work at the Michigan Agricultural College.

Prof. Barrows was one of the charter members of the American Ornithologist's Union, is an active member of most of our leading scientific societies and of the Zoological Society of France.

MISS FELDKAMP.

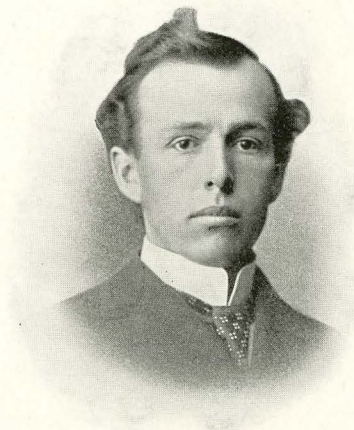
Geo. A. Waterman

Mr. George A. Waterman was born in Salem, Michigan, in the year 1866. As a boy he lived on his father's farm and attended district school. After several years in attendance at the country district school he went to Northville, Michigan, where he spent two years in the high school. Mr. Waterman came to M. A. C. in 1888. Because of his being compelled to help himself through college he remained away for one year and a half to work. He also taught country schools during the long winter vacation to help defray college expenses. After complet-

ing the four years agricultural course he obtained a B. S. degree.

From M. A. C., he went to Chicago to study veterinary science in the Chicago Veterinary College. Here he finished his course and graduated in 1893. After graduating he took charge of the veterinary department of the Connecticut Agricultural College. Here he remained until September, 1897, when he was given his present position at the head of the department of veterinary science at the Agricultural College of Michigan.

L. D. BUSHNELL.





Maude Gilchrist

Miss Maude Gilchrist is a native of Iowa, being a graduate of the Iowa State Normal School of which her father was president. For further education she went to Wellesley College but returned to the Iowa State Normal School to act as instructor in science. This position she maintained for three years when she was called to Wellesley to teach botany.

During vacation she took special work at Harvard University under Dr. Goodale, and also at the Iowa Agricultural College.

In 1896 she went abroad, spending a year in Göttingen University, and upon her return, accepted a position as lady principal in the Illinois Woman's College at Jacksonville. Her past work has given her wide experience in the manner of teaching, and especially so, where a large number of young ladies are in attendance, and this has placed her at the head of the woman's department, which position she has proved herself capable to fill.

ZOE BENTON.

Addison M. Brown

Addison Makepeace Brown, the present Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture and of the Agricultural College, was born at Schoolcraft, Kalamazoo county, Michigan, Feb. 15, 1859. His parents were both natives of Vermont. His father, E. Lakin Brown, settled in Michigan, in 1831 and was identified to a considerable extent with the growth and development of the state. He was a member of the Senate of 1855, when the act establishing the Agricultural College was passed.

The subject of this sketch was educated in the public schools of his native village and in 1883 was graduated from the University of Michigan in the classical course. Reared upon the farm and familiar with all its operations, it was not strange that Mr. Brown should have gone from college back to the farm, which he still carries on *in absentia*. For some ten years he served as Director of the

School Board at Schoolcraft, during which time the school was put upon the University list, where it has ever since remained.

In 1898 Mr. Brown was elected to the State Senate to represent the Ninth Senatorial District, comprising the counties of Kalamazoo and Calhoun. During this session as Chairman of Committee on the Agricultural College and member of the University Committee, he was active in securing a large appropriation for the former and in obtaining a large increase in the permanent appropriation for the latter. His interest has always been largely identified with educational affairs of his locality and the state.

His present position dates from June 1, 1902, when he took up his residence at the College and entered upon the duties of his office.



Major William H. Kell, U. S. A.



Major William H. Kell, U. S. A., who succeeded Maj. C. A. Vernou, U. S. A., as Commandant at M. A. C., on March 21, 1904, has a record of which he may well be proud. He enlisted as private in Company "F," First Ohio Infantry, April 17, 1861. He served later in Company "I," of the Second and Company "E," of the Eighteenth Ohio Infantry, until June 10, 1865. On December 12, 1872, he was appointed Second Lieutenant, Twenty-second Infantry and while serving in this capacity was made Brevet First Lieutenant for gallantry in action against the Indians at Clear Creek, Mont., on the 15th and 16th of October, 1876. He was made First Lieutenant, June 25, 1879 and served as Regimental Adjutant, Twenty-second Infantry from February 1, 1887 to February 9, 1891. On May 19, 1891, he was made Captain and served as Acting

Assistant Adjutant General of the First Brigade, Second Division, Fifth Army Corps during the Cuban campaign. A board of officers recommended him for Brevet Major for service at El Caney, Cuba, on July 1, 1898. He commanded the Third Battalion, Twenty-second Infantry during the Philippine campaign of 1899 and was retired with the rank of Major on December 15, 1899.

It was with sincere regret that the college lost Major Vernou, whose efficient service here is testified by the marked improvement of the drill under his management. We hope that Major Kell may find his work pleasant and we feel sure that he will continue to make the drill as pleasant and profitable as it has been in the past.

R. C. FOWLER.

Frank S. Kedzie

Profesor Kedzie, the youngest of three sons of Dr. Kedzie, all of whom were teachers of Chemistry, was born at Vermontville, May 12, 1857.

There being no district or grammar school near the college in the '60's, his earlier instruction came from private instructors engaged from the senior and junior classes. He was a member of the first class who received instruction in the present chemical laboratory, graduating with the class of 1877 at M. A. C. The succeeding two years were spent under Dr. H. B. Baker, in the office of the State Board of Health; he then returned to the laboratory for further work.

In 1880, he was given the degree of M. S. and appointed assistant in chemistry. Seven years later he was made assistant professor.

In 1890 he went to Berlin and spent a time as a student with Prof. A. W. Von Hofmann. He was appointed adjunct professor in the next year and returned to Berlin for further study in 1898.

In 1902, on the retirement of Dr. Kedzie, he was made professor of chemistry. His untiring efforts to give the best of his knowledge to those under him has placed him among the foremost as an instructor.

R. C. FOWLER.





Ulysses P. Hedrick, M. S.

Professor of horticulture, was born in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, January 15, 1870. He received his early education in the common schools of Indiana and Michigan and graduated from Harbor Springs High School in 1887. He entered the Michigan Agricultural College in the class of '92, but being compelled to remain out a year, did not graduate until 1893. During his freshman year he was president of his class, and was made a member of the Union Literary Society. After graduation he remained at his Alma Mater, taking post graduate work for two years, assisting in the green houses and in the horticultural department one year respectively,

receiving his M. S. degree in 1895. For two years afterwards he occupied the professorship of botany and horticulture in the Oregon Agricultural College. Returning from Oregon, he was appointed inspector of orchards and nurseries in Michigan for six months, after which he went to Utah, teaching botany and horticulture in the Agricultural College. There he married Miss Amy Plummer. Late in the summer of 1899 he accepted the assistant professorship of horticulture at the M. A. C., being promoted to his present position on July 1, 1902.

EDNA RUPERT.

Charles E. Marshall

Dr. C. E. Marshall was born on a farm in 1866, near Port Clinton, Ottawa county, Ohio. His boyhood days were spent on the farm until he was eighteen, when he went to New York State. He graduated from the State Normal of New York in 1889, and accepted a position as principal of the Ellicottsville Academy. He entered the medical department of the University of Michigan and after two years specialized in bacteriology, hygiene and organic chemistry. He was assistant in bacteriology for several years at the University, when he was called to M. A. C., as assistant in bacteriology of the experiment station.

In 1898 he went to Germany and studied for several months. In 1903 he again went to Europe and took up special work, having taken his degree of doctor of philosophy from the University of Michigan the previous year.

In 1903 Dr. Marshall returned to M. A. C., and resumed his work in bacteriology. M. A. C. has since erected one of the finest and best equipped laboratories for the study of bacteriology that can be found in this country, a step which has largely been the result of Dr. Marshall's labors in his chosen profession.

A. A. FISKE.





Robert S. Shaw

Prof. Robert S. Shaw, son of Prof. Thomas Shaw, was born in 1871 at the Riverside stock farm in Wentworth, Ontario, Canada. The management of this estate of twenty-five acres, equipped with cattle, swine and sheep was left to him at an early age, owing to the entire absorption of his father's time in publishing the Canadian Live Stock Journal. Thus we see him as a young man engaged in the work which in after years he was to take up and make a study of. He is a graduate of the Ontario Agricultural College, but later received his degree of B. S., from the Toronto University.

Since his graduation he has been teaching a greater part of the time, and this principally in the west. During this time his best energies were especially directed to the production of grains, grasses and forage crops, and also the establishment of cattle and sheep feeding in the irrigated valleys. His past work having been of such a practical nature, we cannot but feel assured that agriculture will be one of the best studies to be maintained at our College.

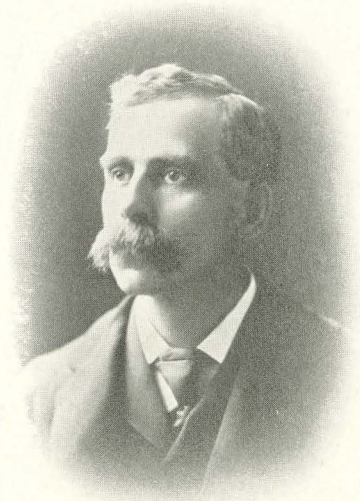
A. A. FISK.

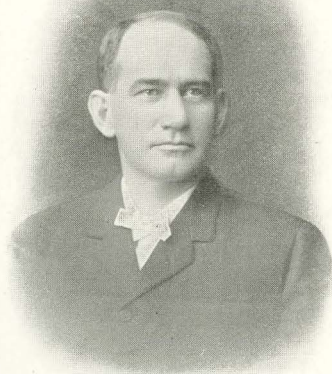
Joseph A. Jeffery

Joseph A. Jeffrey, professor of soil physics and agronomy, was born in Pennsylvania in 1859, moved to Wisconsin, attended the public schools, taught rural school, graduated from the Wisconsin State Normal, and again took up teaching for seven years as superintendent of high schools. Wishing for higher education, he now entered the University, graduating from there in 1896. He was assistant professor of agricultural physics two years at his Alma Mater, from which position he came to the Michigan Agricultural Col-

lege in 1899. Since coming to M. A. C., Prof. Jeffery has continued to do efficient work along his chosen line, and more, has imparted liberally of his knowledge to the boys at the college and to the farmers throughout the state. He has grown steadily in popularity, is a successful institute worker, and is thoroughly in touch with agricultural science in general. His genial friendliness and sincere desire to help will cause him to be long remembered by those who know him.

F. D. LINKLETTER.





Ernest E. Bogue

Ernest Everett Bogue was born in Orwell, Ashtabula Co., O. He graduated at New Lynn Institute, academic course, B. Sc. in 1888. Six years later he graduated at Ohio State University in horticulture and forestry and in 1896 he received the degree of M. S. from the same institution. He was professor of botany and entomology in the Oklahoma Agricultural and Mechanical College and botanist and entomologist of the Oklahoma Experiment Station, from March of 1896 until July of 1900.

During this time he has striven to improve the course in forestry offered by the college and has succeeded in making the one at M. A. C. equalled by no other college of its kind in the United States. Mr. Bogue has for his aim forestry in the truest sense, and while he wishes to help the farm woodlots his real object is forestry as a profession.

The forests on the College grounds have been improved by having the decaying timber taken away, the weed trees cut and seedlings of white pines, locust, hemlock, ash, red cedars, etc., set in their places. The field south of the Pere Marquette track is being reforested by seedlings of the same species as those planted in the forest, with catalpas, larches and others in addition. Just across the river from the campus and east of the railroad track, is a nursery where seedlings of the more valuable and rarer sorts, such as the bald cyprus, incense cedar, lodgepole pines, are grown. Altogether, Mr. Bogue has revolutionized the notion of M. A. C. students as to the value of a course in forestry.

C. A. REED.

William S. Holdsworth

William S. Holdsworth, professor of drawing, was born in London, England on February 28, 1856.

Shortly before the Civil War, his parents with other immigrants moved to this country and settled in northern Michigan. Here he led a life similar to that of frontier lads with plenty of hard work and such training as could be obtained in the public schools of that time. After much hard work he graduated from

M. A. C. in 1874 and continued his education by making a special study of art.

Since then he has spent considerable time as a draughtsman and from the practical experience thus gained he is in a position to instill into the minds of his students some of the essentials with which to fortify themselves when they get out into the world.

S. HINDS.





Wilbur O. Hedrick, M. S.

Wilbur O. Hedrick, assistant professor of history and political economy was born near Elkhart, Ind., April 3, 1868. He was graduated from the Harbor Springs public school in 1887 and immediately after entered the Michigan Agricultural College, graduating with the class of '91. After graduation he was at once appointed instructor in rhetoricals, and in 1893 was promoted to his present position. During the intervals between terms he studied at the University of Michigan and in 1895 he received a master's degree in science from that institution. During

the year 1897 Prof. Hedrick spent six months in Europe studying at Göttingen, Germany, and in traveling through England and France. Since 1897 he has completed four terms of post graduate work at the University of Chicago, and, through "leave of absence," attended the University of Michigan during the spring semester of 1903. During Prof. Hedrick's college course, he was a member of the Union Literary Society, and was literary editor of the "Harrow" of '91.

MISS BESSIE PHILLIPS.

Warren Babcock

Warren Babcock, B. S., assistant professor of mathematics, was born in Ypsilanti, Mich., on September 15, 1866.

He attended the district school for a few years, then completed his early training in the graded schools of Milan, Michigan. In August of 1885 he took up the agricultural course at the Michigan Agricultural College, which he completed in 1890. During the vacations of his college course he taught school to help defray

his expenses. After graduating from M. A. C., he took courses in mathematics and astronomy at the University of Michigan and in June of 1891 he was appointed instructor of mathematics at M. A. C. Prof. Babcock, while stern and austere in his classes, has won the hearts of those under him by his thoroughness and his willingness to impart what he has made a life study to accomplish.

R. F. BELL.





Arthur R. Sawyer

Prof. Arthur Rodney Sawyer, A. B., E. E., professor of physics and electrical engineering, was born at Bunker Hill, Ill., in 1868. He obtained his early education in the public schools of his home town and later attended the Manual Training School at St. Louis, Mo. Finishing here, he entered the Washington University at the same place and continued through the junior year. He next pursued his course of study at Leland Stanford University, Palo Alto, Cal., where he graduated in 1893. From here he entered Wisconsin State University, receiving his degree of electrical engineer in 1896. He remained as instructor here for one year.

Mr. Sawyer resided in Milwaukee for the next four years, teaching and draughting for the Milwaukee Electrical Company and Cutter Hammer Manufacturing Company. From here he went as assistant professor of electrical engineering to the State College, Lexington, Kentucky, in 1901, where he remained until he accepted his present position at M. A. C. in March of this year (1904). Wherever he has been, his work has been marked with ceaseless and untiring efforts. It was due to this and his proficiency along electrical work that the state board chose Mr. Sawyer for his present position.

L. M. KINGSLEY.

Herman W. Reynolds

Herman W. Reynolds, assistant professor of mechanical engineering, is a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, completing his work in mechanical and electrical engineering in June, 1899. Soon after graduating he obtained a position in the machine shops of the Atlas Engine Company at Indianapolis, Indiana. A few months later he left this work to become instructor in mechanical engineering at Drexel Institute, Philadelphia. This position he resigned early in 1900, joining the engineering corps of the Pennsylvania railroad as an inspector in New York City. In

September, 1900, he resigned that position and came to M. A. C. as an instructor in mechanical engineering, and in June 1902, was elected assistant professor.

During the four years that Professor Reynolds has been with us he has taken an active interest in the college life, and has proven a potent factor in the work of the institution, and from the students' point of view an able and efficient instructor.

Professor Reynolds is also a member of the Phi Delta Theta Fraternity.

F. L. JOHNSTON.





E. Sylvester King

In dramatic art and elocution Professor King has made an enviable impression upon the minds of those people with whom he has come in contact. The thoroughness of his education is evidenced even in his conversation. The strenuousness of his efforts to convert the students from speaking in a mere jumble of sounds is best characterized by the use of his favorite quotation:

"O, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, . . . I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-herods Herod, pray you, avoid it."

Mr. King is a native of Auburn, New

York. He studied elocution and dramatic art in Chicago, 1893-96, was graduated from the Northwestern University in 1899, was appointed instructor in rhetoric and public speaking at Michigan Agricultural College in December, 1899, was made assistant professor of English and modern languages at the same institution in 1902. In 1900 Mr. King attended the summer school at Chicago University and since then has taken work in the summer sessions at the University of Wisconsin, Columbia University and the University of Michigan. He hopes to receive the degree of master of arts from Columbia University in 1905.

C. E. JOHNSON.

James B. Dandeno

James Brown Dandeno, B. A., A. M., assistant professor of botany, was born in Guelph, Canada in 1860. He obtained his early education in his home town. In 1886 he graduated from Toronto Normal School with first class honors and three years later completed the course at Guelph Training School for teachers. Teaching a few years, he again pursued his course of study at Queen's University, finishing with a B. A. degree in 1895. Not yet satisfied with his many diplomas, he entered the Ontario Normal School and

graduated with honors, as specialist in natural science 1898, and finished with an A. M. degree at Harvard in 1899.

His work from 1899 to the present has been teaching. For two years he remained as assistant in botany at Harvard; then for three years he was instructor in Harvard Summer School. From there he went to St. Louis, Mo. as instructor in botany in the high school. Remaining one year, he accepted his call to M. A. C. in 1902, for which duties his previous work and education have well qualified him.





Chester L. Brewer

Chester L. Brewer, a native of Michigan, was born in Owosso, but when a mere lad his parents moved to Evansville, Wisconsin, where he graduated from the high school in 1892. In the fall of '93 he entered the University of Wisconsin, taking a special course in history, economics and physical culture. While there he was a member of football, baseball, track and indoor teams at different times and in his last year, '96 and '97, won a W in each. He was also student instructor in gymnasium. After finishing his college course he accepted the position of football coach at Whitewater State Normal College, Whitewater, Wisconsin, for two years '97 and '98. He then held the position of professor of physical education and director

of athletics at Albion College until the fall of 1903.

Since that date he has held his present position as athletic director at M. A. C.

Mr. Brewer is an athlete of much experience, and has won for himself an enviable record as a coach in football, baseball and track events. Last fall he developed out of seemingly raw material, a champion football team that has a record to be proud of. He has worked hard for the athletics at M. A. C., and has won the respect of all the students, and by uniting our efforts with his we hope to maintain a high standard of athletic ability.

R. F. BELL.

Mrs. Linda E. Landon

Mrs. Linda E. Landon is a native of Michigan. After graduating from the Niles high school, she taught for some years in the public schools at Kalamazoo. She was made college librarian in 1891. Since that time her activity in the interests of the students has been without intermission and has won for her a warm place in their hearts. Her great aim has

been to bring the library as near to the students as possible, and in this effort she has been very successful. For her sincere and unselfish purpose, her cheerful and obliging interests, she will ever be gratefully remembered by the class of '05 and the entire student body.

A. J. ANDERSON.





ELECTRIC CITY ENG. CO.
Buffalo, N.Y.

State Board of Agriculture

	Residence	Term Expires
HON. CHARLES J. MONROE, President	South Haven	1907
HON. L. WHITNEY WATKINS	Manchester	1905
HON. ROBERT D. GRAHAM	Grand Rapids	1905
HON. WILLIAM H. WALLACE	Bay Port	1909
HON. AARON T. BLISS	Saginaw	1909
HON. CHARLES F. MOORE	St. Clair	1907

HON. AARON T. BLISS, Governor of the State	}	<i>Ex-Officio</i>
HON. JONATHAN L. SNYDER, President of the College		

ADDISON M. BROWN, Agricultural College, Secretary
BENJAMIN F. DAVIS, Lansing, Treasurer

HON. DELOS FALL
Superintendent of Public Instruction



Instructors

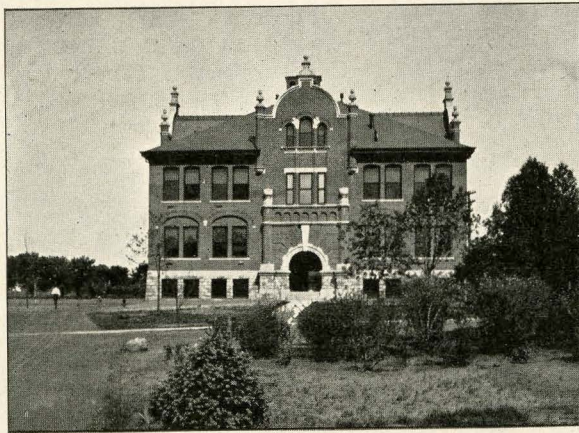
BURTON O. LONGYEAR, B. S.,
Instructor in Botany.
RUFUS H. PETTIT, B. S. in Agr.,
Instructor in Zoology.
CHACE NEWMAN,
Instructor in Mechanical Drawing.
MRS. JENNIE L. K. HANER,
Instructor in Domestic Art.
CAROLINE L. HOLT,
Instructor in Drawing.
BERTHA M. WELLMAN, B. S., B. Pd.,
Instructor in English.
S. FRED EDWARDS, M. S.,
Instructor in Bacteriology and Hygiene.
JOHN MICHELS, B. S. Agr.,
Instructor in Dairying.
CARRIE A. LYFORD, B. L.,
Instructor in Domestic Science.
SARAH B. S. AVERY,
Instructor in Gymnastics.
THOMAS GUNSON,
Instructor in Floriculture and Foreman of
Greenhouse.
JESSE J. MYERS, B. S.,
Instructor in Zoology.
HARRY S. REED,
Instructor in Chemistry.
LEMUEL G. HOLBROOK, Ph. B.,
Instructor in Physics.
LE FOREST W. SAWTELLE, B. S. Ph. B.,
Instructor in English.
JENNETTE C. CARPENTER, B. S.,
Instructor in Domestic Science.
LOUISE FREYHOFFER, B. S.,
Instructor in Music.
LE ROY F. HARZA, B. S.,
Instructor in Mathematics.

W. J. WRIGHT, B. S.,
Instructor in Bacteriology.
MRS. MAE MILBOURNE GINGLES,
Instructor in Domestic Art.
GERRIT MASSELINK, B. S.,
Clerk to President and Editor M. A. C.
Record.
MABEL MACK,
Instructor in Music.
WILLIAM J. CARRELL, B. S.,
Instructor in Mathematics.
HORACE W. NORTON, B. S.,
Instructor in Animal Husbandry.
DOROTHEA MOXNESS,
Assistant in Experiment Station Chemistry.
WARD R. SHEDD, B. S.,
Instructor in Mechanical Engineering.
H. L. CURTIS, A. M.,
Instructor in Physics.
OMAR O. CHURCHILL, B. S.,
Instructor in Agriculture.
RICHARD HOPKINS, B. S. and C. E.,
Instructor in Mathematics and Civil
Engineering.
GEORGE W. HARTWELL, Ph. B.,
Instructor in Mathematics.
RAY R. TOWER, B. S.,
Instructor in Chemistry.
OTIS RIGGS,
Instructor in Chemistry.
A. N. CLARK,
Instructor in Chemistry.
HELEN ST. JOHN,
Instructor in Sewing.
ALBERT E. JONES, A. B.,
Instructor in Mathematics.

GEORGE TRYON, B. S.,
Instructor in Mechanical Engineering.
ARTHUR PETERS,
Instructor in Physics.
MRS. M. HENDRICKS,
Instructor in History.
CHARLES A. McCUE, B. S.,
Instructor in Horticulture.
PERRY EDMONDS,
Assistant in Chemistry.
CAROLINE BALBACH,
Assistant Librarian.
WILLIAM S. LEONARD,
Foreman of Machine Shop.
ELMER CASE BAKER,
Foreman of Foundry.
ANDREW KRENTTEL,
Foreman of Wood Shop.
PAUL THEODORE,
Foreman of Forge Shop.
FREDERICK C. KENNEY,
Cashier.
EDWARD R. BLAIR,
Foreman of College Farm.
HENRY SHERMAN,
Foreman of Grounds.
CHAUNCEY CRAWFORD,
Instructor in Machine Shop.
LENA M. MAXWELL,
Bookkeeper.
LORY FRANCIS NEWELL,
Engineer.
ROWENA KETCHAM,
In charge of College Hospital.
MRS. MARTHA STARK BARBER,
Lecturer in Home Nursing.

The Religion of Horticulture

We, as horticulturists, are in partnership with God. He has put in the largest amount of capital, but we have his confidence so completely that he gives us full swing in the disbursement of the dividends. We cannot grace our calling, unless we appreciate to the fullest, the great responsibility of our tenancy, and bring to it the proper honesty of purpose and recognition of the greatest factor that accomplishes success in this oneness with nature, which I



BACTERIOLOGY BUILDING

mean by "partnership with God." We must have a higher regard for earth's beauty, and have an *every day* appreciation that this is the most beautiful world we know anything about, and that we are placed in this garden to till it, and to use to the best of our ability all the attributes of character with which we are endowed, and that we shall be held responsible for every delinquency in dealing with the elements that are placed in our hands; and that our sins of omission, as well as commission, will be laid up against us as truly in our treatment of the soil, as in our treatment of each other. We must learn to be honest through and through, and never to forget that this applies as truly to the soil as to our brother men or our Creator; and that there is a religion in horticulture that should go with us every day, and that our calling is holy, in just so far as we treat it as the calling to which God has called us; that the character which we develop in connection with the work we have chosen to do in this world, will be moulded very largely by the view we take of the world in which God has located us, and the purpose we put into our dealings with the elements that are placed in our hands to combine into beautiful and successful creations for the benefit of man and the glory of man's Creator.

CHAS. W. GARFIELD.

CLASSES

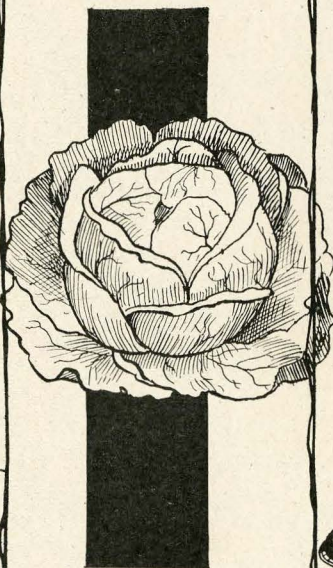
PREP



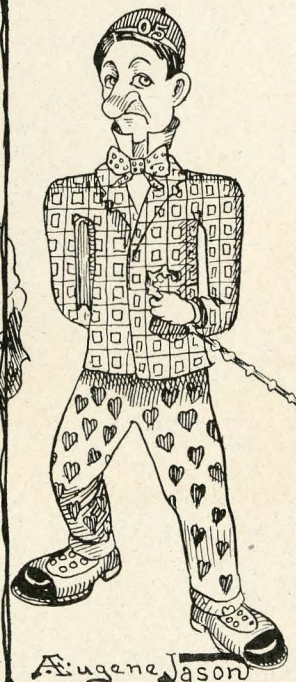
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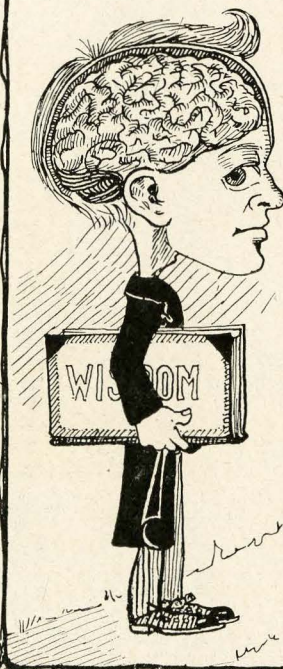


JUNIOR



Eugene Jason

SENIOR





ELECTRIC CITY
ENG. CO.
Buffalo, N. Y.

Senior Roll

Their Favorite Songs

CLARK L. BRODY,
Excuse Me.

H. NEWTON HORNBECK,
I've a Longing in My Heart.

ELRIC A. SEELYE,
Sparkling Sunday Night.

PAUL L. FLINT,
I've Grown So Used to You.

ROSCOE J. CARL,
Back to the Woods.

HOBART F. SANFORD,
Two Hearts Made One.

ROBERT C. FERGUSON,
Can You Blame Me For Loving that Girl

ARTHUR B. ROGERS,
I've Interviewed the Wide, Wide World.

MARGUERITE BARROWS,
I Want a Man Like Romeo.

KATHERINE SLAGHT,
In the Gloaming.

HARVEY HAHN,
I Want to be a Drummer in the Band.

ANNA PICKETT,
What Will You Give Me For That.

WILSON F. MILLAR,
I Could Be Happy With Either One.

LESLIE McWETHY,
She's the Only Lady Friend I Know.

JOHN W. DECKER,
I'd Like to be a Soldier in the Army of the Lord.

JOHN O. GREENWAY,
They All Love Jack.

WENDELL S. MERICK,
I'd Like to Build a Gilded Cage for You.

ROBERT D. MALTBY,
When You Are Broke.

ORLANDO A. TURNER,
When Reuben Comes to Town.

HARRY G. WALKER,
Down by the Riverside.



Class Roll — Continued

HENRY W. GELLAR,
If I Only Had a Mustache Like the Kaiser.

ARCHIE R. ALGER,
I'd Leave My Happy Home for You.

GEORGE S. McMULLEN,
Little Tin Soldier.

BERTHA HINCKSON,
My Love's the Man in the Moon.

PAUL B. PIERCE,
Just Enough for Two.

HENRY T. ROSS,
Coming Thro' the Mail.

ELIZABETH JOHNS,
His Golden Hair Was Hanging Down His Back.

ROBERT J. BALDWIN,
Two Little Girls in Blue.

HENRY J. SCHNEIDER,
I Wouldn't Leave My Happy Home if I Were You.

GERTRUDE SLAGHT,
I Likes to Get Up Early in the Morning.

MELBERT W. TABOR,
The Military Man.

CHARLES D. WOODBURY,
Every Coon Has a Lady But Me.

JEWEL LEE,
Precious Jewels.

GEORGE E. MARTIN,
Please Go 'Way and Let Me Sleep.

GEORGE M. CARDOZO,
I'll Take a Kitchen Mechanic for Mine.

SIDNEY E. JOHNSON,
I Love My Canada Queen.

JOEL G. PALMER,
A Little Bit of Jolly Does It All.

CHARLES E. SWALES,
Hearts That Wait Grow Weary.

CLIFFORD I. BRUNGER,
The Old Farm Home is Good Enough for Me.



ELECTRIC CITY
ENG. CO
Buffalo, N.Y.

Class Roll—Continued

LEWIS F. BIRD,
If I Only Had the Wings of a Dove.

GEORGE V. HOWARD,
I Don't Want Wurtzburger.

GEORGE C. MORBECK,
Well I Guess Yes, I Guess I Do.

WILLIAM F. CARLTON,
'E's a Blooming Wonder.

NEWELL A. SNYDER,
How Would You Like to Be the Bus-man?

GERALD G. ROBBINS,
Every Sunday Night.

EDWARD BALBACH,
All Heroes Do Not Go to War.

DORA A. SKEELS,
And She Certainly Had a Soft Spot for Me.

BESSIE E. CORDLEY,
I Want to Go to Heaven When I Die.

LAWRENCE T. CLARK,
Hearts Are Trump.

JACOB H. PROST,
Down Where the Wurtzburger Flows.

WILLIAM J. WRIGHT,
Are You a Mason?

JESSIE K. PALMER,
I Want to Be Somebody's Darling.

ARTHUR ADELMAN,
Just a Girl From Home.

HOWARD S. SEVERANCE,
Little Brown Jug.

ALBERTUS R. CARTER,
Cousins Don't Count.

CHARLES B. TAYLOR,
Rip Van Winkle Was a Happy Man.

DON B. BUTTON,
Oh! The Horticulture Man.

JESSE P. KNICKERBOCKER,
It's Best Not to Say too Much About It.

DAYTON A. GURNEY,
I Don't Care What Happens to Me Now.

ARTHUR C. DODGE,
You're 'Way Behind the Times.

Class of '04

Class Motto: "Happy is He Who Leaves no History"

The class of '04, having developed through the various successive stages of a college course, looks back in its senior maturity over a comparatively uneventful, but estimable career.

In the fall of 1901 we first came to M. A. C. in a somewhat unripe condition, but with investigating minds and right ready to meet and enter all the phases of freshman life.

Those first days were indeed strenuous, when we met in mighty opposition the awful demons of '03, who with all their noisy bluff and bluster threatened to make life hideous for the unsophisticated freshmen. But all undaunted we drew up our constitution and took our stand as an organized class. How the old chapel suffered during the excitement of those first class meetings, when the warring fiends pressed at the doors and windows and clambered up the walls! But within, undisturbed by the howling tumult, the men of '04 conducted their business with perfect orderliness and self-composure. The third meeting was adjourned to the Fountain, where we first met in open scrap the Furies of '03. The result of this first encounter we hesitate to chronicle as an absolute victory, but the two following were glorious successes for '04. Then having proved ourselves winners, and with full consciousness of our capabilities, we determined that our class should mark a great epoch in the history of the college, the close of the reign of barbarism and the advent of civilization—the abolition of class scraps at M. A. C.

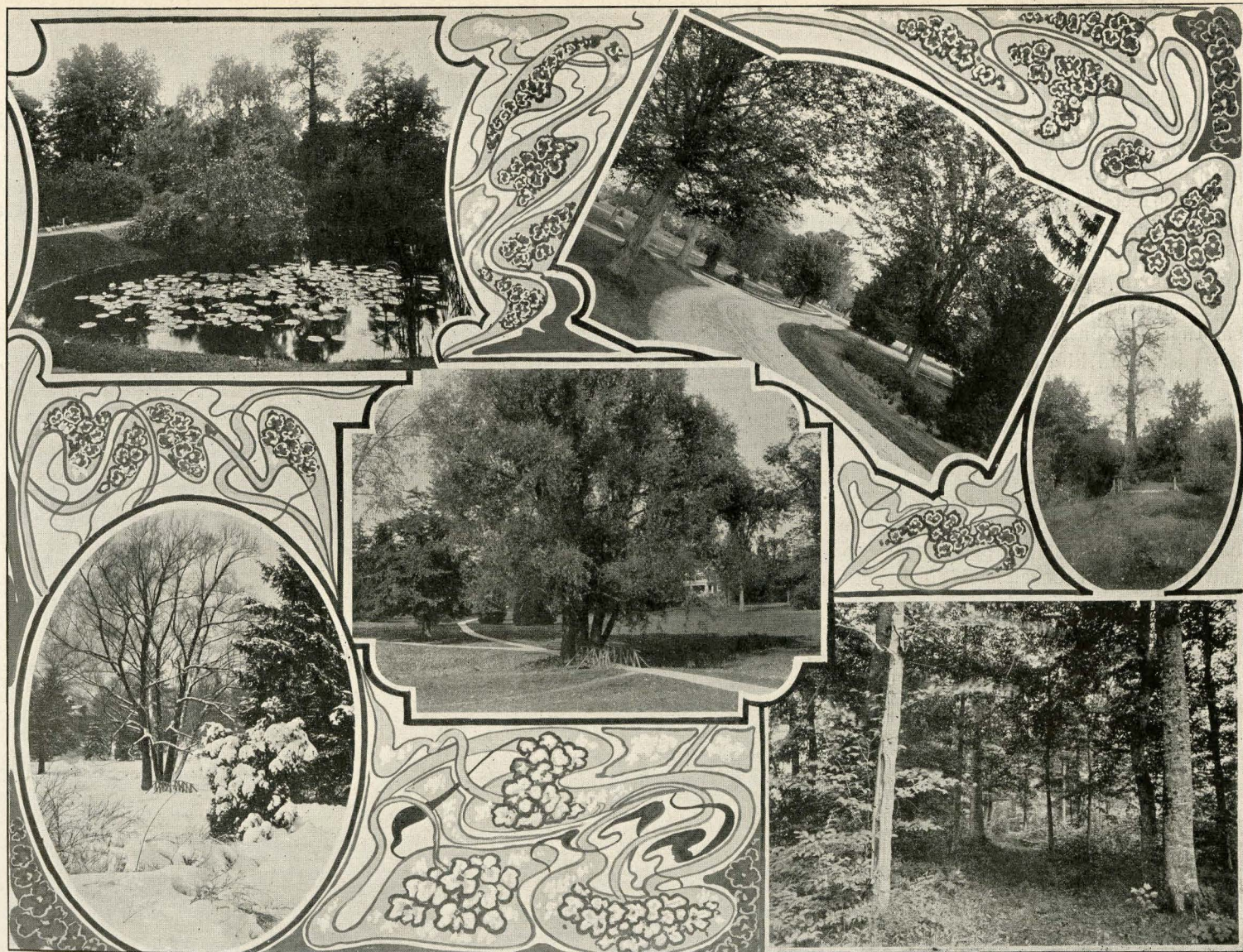
We came forth from the struggle honored and admired, recognized as a class of inherent strength of mind and sterling abilities. And when the class of '05, itching for excitement, and stimulated by old time stories, invited us to scrap, though perhaps hesitating from a desire to prove our physical superiority and ward off all unwarranted conceit on their part, we stood staunchly upon our resolution and refused the challenge.

Our presidents for the four years have been Mr. Lameriaux, Mr. Millar, Mr. Woodbury and Mr. Wright. Our J. hop was one of the finest ever given in the history of M. A. C. We have furnished for the college several athletes, among the best, Millar, the record breaker in pole-vaulting, and Decker, the football hero.

In the four years we have lost many of our members, but nevertheless a goodly number of us are left to represent M. A. C. and carry the spirit of old '04 into the successes of after years. We have in our midst a future Liebig, a Pasteur, and even a Socrates, who are destined to throw with the light of genius a halo of glory around our Alma Mater.

Our class for the most part has been a body of earnest workers, with good motives and confidence in our abilities. It is the sincere wish of the Historian that with genuine courage and faith in the Infinite Power, we may enter the future with a firm tread, be just in our dealings with humanity, and draw to ourselves the sure reward of sincerity, triumph and success.

HISTORIAN, '04.



A Successful Failure

It was a perfect June day and the college year was drawing to a close. Tom Southerland sat in his easy chair with his feet propped high up on his desk. From his half-opened lips rose thick clouds of rich, mellow smoke, which hung for a moment above his head and then floated lazily out through the open window. His eyes had a far-away look and his almost expressionless face betrayed no sign of emotion, except for a faint smile which now and then played around his lips as he recalled the various incidents of his four years of college life.

First a freshman with his shock of hair and ambling gait, a gaudy button gracing the lapel of his bright blue coat, his canvas grip stuffed almost to bursting, and his last year's trousers exposing above his shoe tops a gorgeous display of crimson stocking. A pitiful sight he made as he stood, hat in hand, before the door of the President's private office, unconscious of the spectacle he presented and thinking only of how he could impress that official with a correct idea of his own importance. Then the door opened and he suddenly found his heart in his mouth. He was scarcely able to give his name and address, and then passed tremblingly out with the others and slunk back to his boarding house alone. Next a sophomore with his exuberance of class spirit, a prominent figure in the class rush, and now a frequent guest at the private office which a year ago he had entered with such awful reverence—but how sadly different the occasion. Then a junior, prominent in society, swaggering in his confidence, free with advice. And last of

all a senior, with his slightly more dignified manner, a library of text-books to show for his four years of college work and—what else?

Tom pushed back from the desk, knocked the ashes from his pipe and looked out of the window with a scowl. After all, what had he to show for his four years of time and his money? His college life had been a comparatively easy one and he had given but a passing thought to the future. Now his college days were nearly at a close. He had begun to look around for a position and had found to his sorrow that they had been picked up long ago by men more vigilant than himself, or else he had been bluntly told that it is experience and not college degrees for which the industrial world is willing to pay. Experience he did not have. He had been an average man in his classes, been interested in the various activities of the student body, had seen almost all phases of life and human character, and, in general, was a well-rounded and popular man. He had been twice elected manager of the football team and had once represented his college in intercollegiate debate, but of actual experience he had none. He had made few real friends at college and had earnestly endeavored during vacation to keep in touch with the people of his old home, but they had gradually drifted from him. Now and then old pioneers had dropped out and the places which they had so long held were occupied by strangers whose names he did not even know. Even the old homestead had been greatly altered during the four years of his absence. Everything seemed to point to his

college life as a failure and a crime. His mind went back to his old associates who were then earning a substantial living as clerks and office men and he envied them their success.

Tom was not a coward, yet he could not help wishing that he had stayed at home on the farm, where at least he would have been contented and so much would not have been expected of him. Should he go back now, people would brand him as a failure and point to his college training as wasted time and money. Yet what else was there to do?

The next day was commencement. Tom took a seat in the back row with a heavy heart and heard the commencement orator as he declaimed from the platform: * * * "Never before in the history of the country has there been such a demand for college-educated men. Every industrial institution has come to recognize the value of college training, and no young man can afford to deprive himself of the best education he can obtain. I look into the faces of these young men here before me and I see there the men who in the future will control our railroads, direct our banking institutions and preside over our governments." Tom Southerland could stand no more. His eyes flashed and his fingers itched for a grip on the speaker's throat. Suddenly he arose and started direct for the doorway. His face was set and his look determined. No one dared to stop him. From the hall he went straight to his room, packed his trunk, and, without even a good-bye to his Alma Mater, took the first train for the farm.

That was 20 years ago. Go with me today to a certain county in Central Michigan and I will show you a magnificent farm residence, surrounded with fields of waving grain, which bears the name of Thomas Southerland. The owner is glad to see us and we alight. A bountiful dinner awaits us with servants ready to do our every bidding. Our host talks of business, politics, science or religion. We visit the barns and see long rows of sleek, well-bred cattle and horses fit to grace the stables of a millionaire. Toward evening our host drives us, behind a pair of splendid horses, to the thriving town three miles away, crossing en route the S. & D. M. interurban railway, of which Mr. Southerland is a large stockholder and also president and general manager of the company. As we enter the town, we see in the distance a large stone building, and as we come nearer we see, richly carved in the archway, FIRST STATE SAVINGS BANK, Southerland & Thomas. In the evening he takes us to a summer resort which he maintains for the pleasure of his friends, especially us of his classmates who 20 years ago considered ourselves more fortunate than he because we secured some clerkship at \$800 per annum. If we question him as to how he has been so successful, he will tell us that it is through no great effort of his own, but that it is merely the result of circumstances. But to us the secret is plain. While we were giving our whole attention to technicalities, Tom was unconsciously becoming acquainted with men of all classes, their characters and their wants. He learned that bank presidents and railroad officials are human and may be approached, while

we sat in our rooms and worried over limits and the approach of variables. Ask him if college education pays and he will point you to the names of his two eldest sons on the calendar of one of our largest universities. Ask him to translate a line of Virgil or to demonstrate a proposition

in higher mathematics and he laughs you in the face. He banished Virgil and calculus from his mind when he tossed his text-books into his trunk 20 years ago.

W. J. W., '04.

Life

"What friendship is?" you ask.
The memory of kindness' tasks—
Our own and others.

"And what success would seem?"
Some measure gained of youth's first dream—
The most is vanished.

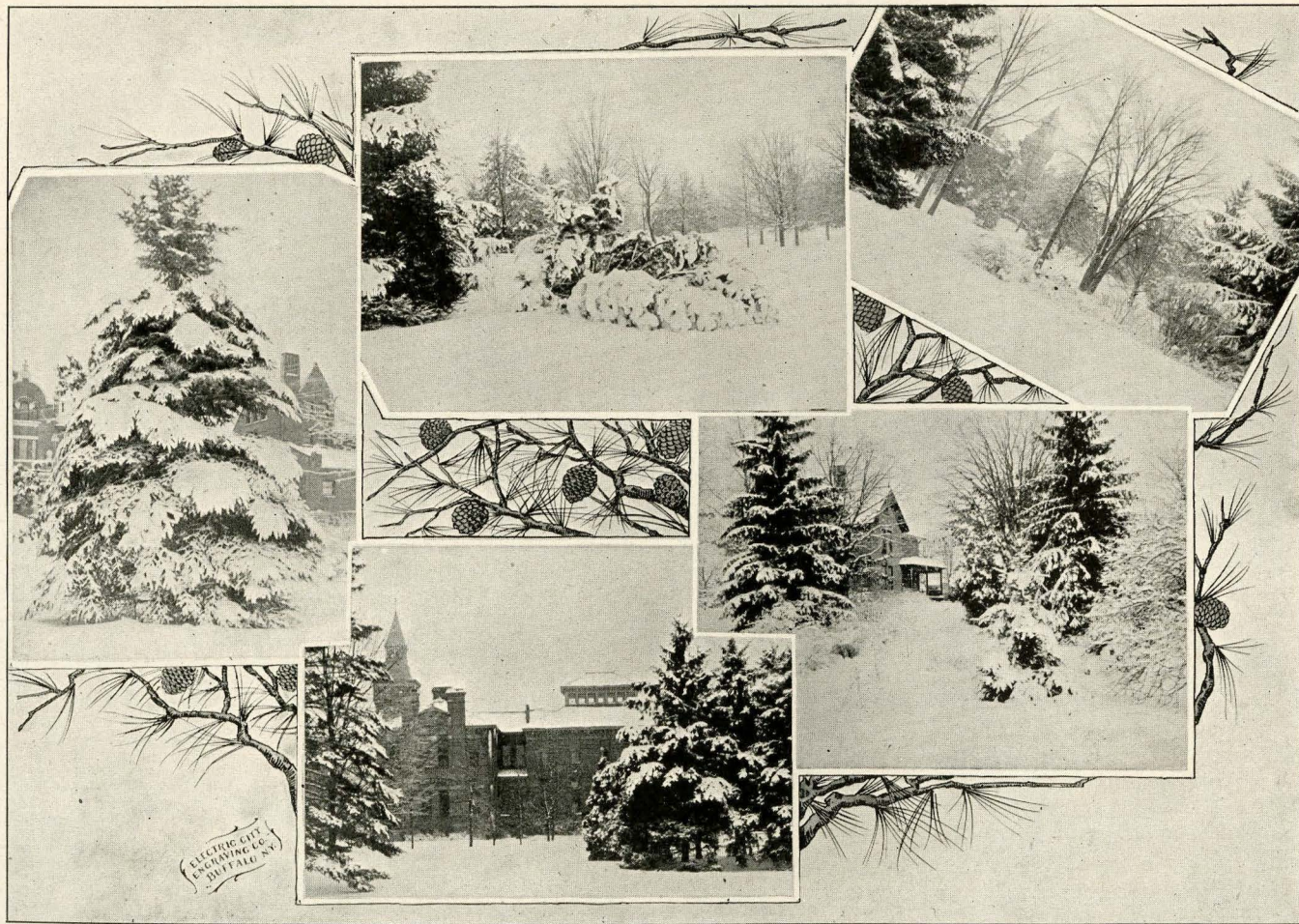
"What duty is?" again.
The way before us. Sun or rain,
It turns not ruthless.

"What is devotion?" you inquire.
God's strength his servants to inspire—
We lean on Him.

"And love?" ah, love is best,
Forgetting self it serves the rest.
Makes paths less thorny.

Remembrance dear, success, and duty,
Devotion, love; transcendent beauty—
True life is here.

B. M. W.



ELECTRIC CITY
ENGINEERING CO.
BUFFALO, N.Y.

Junior Class Roll

WILLIAM C. BENNETT,

Not to the Strong is the Battle,
Nor to the Swift is the Race.

FRED S. DUNKS,

Sleep is a generous thief,
He saves me lots of worry.

HORACE S. HUNT,

Not talent, but purpose, not the power to achieve, but the will
to labor.

CORA L. FELDKAMP,

Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by
the roadside.

MARY A. W. BUTTERFIELD,

She doth carry the weight of the world upon her shoulders.

ROLLIN S. DAVIS,

A Megaphone! A Megaphone! My kingdom for a Megaphone!

FREDERICK D. LUEKLETTER,

His turn will come at last.

RICHARD C. FOWLER,

To him all turned with admiration and respect.

GEORGE W. NICHOLS,

Let me have my own way and I shall be pleasant.

JOSEPH P. HAFTENKAMP,

A Guardian of the Saints.

HARRIET ANGELL,

A brown eyed lass with "Sterling" qualities.

KATHERINE McNAUGHTON,

She findeth the road to wisdom a hard one to travel.

BELLE S. FARRAND,

Good nature radiates from her, in every smile.

BESSIE K. PADDOCK,

Sweetness long drawn out.

BESSIE BEMIS,

As merry as the day is long.

ERNEST A. WILCOX,

He never worked but moments odd,
Yet many a bluff wrought he.

WILKESBURGH W. GILL,

Indolence is the sleep of the mind.

WILLIAM E. MORGAN,

The very pink of courtesy.

ETHEL M. ADAMS,

An unfathomed mystery.

WILLIAM F. JORDAN,

Absence makes the heart grow fonder.

WILFRED STRONG,

All lessons are not gained from books—
At least that's what some people say—
But life is far to short for me
To get them in any other way.

CLARENCE D. STERLING,

The lucky man, who has one of the Angells of our class.

MARY BRAY,

She loves to study lessons,
Her sums are always right.

ZOE BENTON,

As headstrong as an alligator on the banks of the Nile.

WILLIAM M. BOS,

The crimson glow of modesty o'er spread his cheeks and
gave new luster to his charms.

EARL HAGADORN,

He excels not in keeping out of mischief, but in not getting
caught.



Junior Class Roll—Continued

FREDERIC B. HOWARD,
In every rank, both great and small,
It is industry that supports us all.

BERNICE M. JACKSON,
A fair and jolly maiden who is specializing in Gardening.

CHARLES A. HACH,
Not forward, but modest and patient in disposition.

HARRY C. OVEN,
This world belongs to the energetic.

GERALD KENNY,
High aims form high characters.

CLARA S. CAMPBELL,
Let mirth go on, let pleasure know no pause
But fill up every moment of the day.

WALTER P. ROBINSON,
Good boys love their sisters, but so good have I grown,
I love another boy's sister as well as my own.

JENNIE E. TAYLOR,
Her speech is slow, her actions quite deliberate.

CLYDE W. STRINGER,
Rare compound of oddity, frolic, and fun,
Who relished a joke and rejoiced in a pun.

LELAND D. BUSHNELL,
In seeking knowledge is happier than in having it.

OLIVER W. BURKE,
The only man who really gets experience here
Is the man who runs a club.

JESSIE BROWN,
Much study is a weariness to the flesh.

EDDY J. GUNNISON,
Contented because of his superiority to his surroundings.

SADIE RICHARDSON,
In arguing too, she owned her skill,
For vanquished, she could argue still.

CLARENCE A. STIMPSON,
I am not gloomy by disposition.

ANNA M. TOMPKINS,
I do but sing because I must.

WALTER E. STANTON,
I love to drill and dance.

ALTA GUNNISON,
Wrinkle not thy face with too much laughter.

EDWARD C. PLACE,
Whistling, to keep from being afraid.

FLORA L. CAMPBELL,
To judge this maiden right, you must well know her.

PHILLIP H. WESSELS,
Good humor is the clear blue sky of the soul.

VICTOR G. GARDNER,
The truths of the universe are his.

CLARENCE A. REED,
O mischief thou art swift to enter in the thoughts of desperate
men.

JOHN W. BOLTE,
So much love, so much life.

ALEX. A. FISK,
A lad of much "Prudence."

BESSIE P. PHILLIPS,
This maiden fair always knows what she "Auten" to do.

ROBERT A. BOULD,
Waiting for my ship to come in.

LEE M. KINGSLEY,
Men's best successes come after their disappointments.

ROSAMOND H. KEDZIE,
She hath so kind, so free, so blessed disposition.

CECIL PHILLIPS,
A man of the best parts and greatest learning.



ELECTRIC CITY ENG. CO.
Buffalo, N.Y.

Junior Class Roll—Continued

JOHN E. SCHAEFER,

Little, but—O, My!

FRANK E. MANGOLD,

I may be small, but I always have my say.

H. FOLEY TUTTLE,

He goes often to the house of his friend.

BON BENNETT,

None but herself can be her parallel.

GEORGE R. FRYMAN,

He who runs may Read.

ANNA M. ANGELL,

The guardian of our class.

JOHN L. THOMAS,

Gravity is the balance of the soul, which keeps the mind steady.

ARTHUR J. ANDERSON,

The force of his own merit makes his way a gift that heaven gives for him.

ELVA R. DAVIS,

In oratory this maid doth excel.

R. FLOYD BELL,

He is accomplished in feats of strength.

CLAUDE I. AUTEN,

See "Ike," he is always doing what he oughtn't to do to "Phil-up" his time.

PAULINA RAVEN,

From her perch above the door
The Raven still is croaking, "Nevermore."

SHERWOOD HINDS,

Thrice blest, because Fate has visited him with gentle trials.

KATE M. COAD,

Her modest looks a cottage might adorn
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn.

VAN ZIMMERMAN,

A rich dress adds but little to the beauty of a person.

FRANC BENNETT,

Then she will talk; oh, how she will talk.

ORANGE B. BURRELL,

What I aspired to be, and was not, comforts me.

MARK G. STEPHENSON,

So sweet the glance of bashfulness,
E'en pity scarce could wish it less.

FRANK J. KRATZ,

Sturdy, strong, and tall,
Proficient in the art of football.

EDNA P. RUPERT,

She doth translate 'til late in the night.

FREDERICK L. JOHNSTON,

De man wid de Freun(d).

SOPHIA I. SOUTHWICK,

She is a quiet maiden and studious withal,
In disposition staid, and not very tall.

CHARLES E. JOHNSON,

His life was private, safely led aloof
From the loud world—which yet he understood.

HELEN BAKER,

Still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all she knew.

BRUCE McALPINE,

Meditation is the nurse of thought and thought the food for meditation.



History of the Class of 1905

Nearly twenty-five centuries ago, Herodotus, an Athenian, conceived the idea of making a record of the events and traditions of his time and country, that the generations of the future might know something of the human activity that had preceded them. Thus he became the "Father of History," and opened to the literary minds of the world a new avenue for thought and mental endeavor. His followers have been many and varied; some of them have won high renown; and although "accuracy" has not always been their watchword, they have given us a wealth of information regarding former struggles and well-won successes.

Thus, in the course of time, it has come to pass that a record is kept, not only of the doings of senates and nations, but also of universities and colleges; and to me has fallen the pleasant task of enumerating a few of the events in the life of the class of '05.

September, nineteen hundred and one, witnessed the assembling of all the material that was to constitute the present Junior Class. One year before, some fifty entered the college as Sub-freshmen to learn the ways of the institution and qualify themselves for leaders in the organization of the next class; but it was not until the following fall that the four points of the compass sent to M. A. C. the largest aggregation of Freshmen the college had ever known.

At the start our ways divided. Some took the path of hoes and horses, some of blow-pipe and bellows, and still others of ethics and kitchen mechanics. All are said to lead to the happy land of Bachelor of Science—subject, of

course, to the provision that the traveler does not get sidetracked by Bad Luck, Cons, or Police Calls.

The first week we all went to Chapel, but soon learned to imitate our instructors and abandoned a useless and expensive habit. During that time a number of us also learned that water is wet and soap was made to chew.

A permanent class organization was very soon effected, and the history of the class as a unit began with Mr. Anderson, president; Miss Campbell, vice-president; Mr. Robinson, secretary, and Mr. Meek, treasurer.

In vain we tried to persuade the Sophomores that it was their duty to introduce our Class to the pleasures and perils of college life at a kind of out-door reception, conventionally known as a "scrap." However, they had not yet studied logic, could not therefore appreciate our arguments, concluded that the "Burden of Proof" lay on their side, and condescendingly informed us that their finer tastes rebelled at the social pleasures in which we wished to participate. Consequently we were denied the glory of winning a mighty battle. Not content with the quiet acknowledgment of our supremacy, one of our number succeeded in scaling the tower of the museum and planting there a pennant of our class.

One merry night, the next fall, our Yell sounded clear and distinct over the quiet air of the campus. Sophomores, weary with cosines and calculus and names of un-namable bugs, closed their books, pulled themselves inside their oldest togs, drew their lids fiercely over their eyes, and sallied

forth. The enemy were not in sight. Rumor had it that they were near the gate. Thither we bent our course. There, on the field before us, stood arrayed the warlike hosts of Freshmen. Quickly we wheeled company front, gave one terrific yell, and buckled in! We can hardly say with Cæsar "We came, we saw, we conquered," for the struggle was long and furious; but like any other class at any other college scrap, we can honestly say "We won."

Then followed momentous times. One by one the victorious warriors were summoned before the Chief High Council of the Ruler of the Nation, supposedly to receive the laurel wreaths of honor due them as mighty heroes. But no! It was last roll call and muster out! Farewells were said—the strike was on! Heretofore we may have been uncertain as to the estimation in which we were held by the other classes; but now our rank was established forever. By us and our men dignified Seniors, conquered Freshmen, peace-loving Juniors, one and all, agreed to stand. It may be that in the course of time some of the thousand tricks, pranks, and anecdotes of college life will be forgotten—that one act of loyalty, never!

Victorious as we have been in war, our successes have been even more pronounced in peace. From the start our athletes have taken first places in various meets and contests. Three times we have had representatives on the college debating team, and this year the college orator was a Junior. We challenge any class to produce any member more skilled in the fine art of "campus" than many of our number. It might be imagined that such warriors, athletes, and strollers, were incapable of social achievement. Not so.

Our Junior Hop, in spite of wax candles and a certain four-footed guest that did not get in, was the merriest party ever given at M. A. C. Finally, our annual is but another proof that we can do what other classes have dared not attempt.

It is not in the province of the historian to foretell that which is to come, but if the Past is any index to the Future, the indications are that the Class of '05 shall always stand, as it ever has stood, "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of its fellows."

V. R. GARDNER,

Class Historian.

NOTE.—The well-known modesty of the Class Historian has prevented him from adequately setting forth the achievements of the Juniors in inter-collegiate competition. Miss Elva Davis, a Junior, represented M. A. C. in the Inter-collegiate Oratorical Contest and among nine contestants won third place. In the various college publications, Miss Davis was more complimented than any other contestant. The winning team in the M. A. C.-Normal College Debate was composed of Messrs. A. J. Anderson, S. E. Johnson, and V. R. Gardner. Two of these, Messrs. Anderson and Gardner, were '05 men. I can hardly express my feeling of personal obligation for the long, patient, intelligent effort which all these young people have been willing to expend as the price of victory over the Normalites, who, with waving banners and ear-splitting yells, came down upon us two hundred strong to wrest from us the prize. To all the persons here mentioned the College owes a debt of gratitude. They have shown the people of the state that the education which our College bestows not only makes our students in a peculiar degree masters of their own lives, but also gives them broad and solid culture, inspires them with an intelligent and benevolent interest in the world's affairs, and even enables them successfully to compete with the student of the purely literary college in his own particular sphere.

HOWARD EDWARDS.

A Michigan Summer

In radiance upon her golden throne
The laughing water lilies singing far,
Far to the highest twilight star
While love is waiting there alone,
And o'er hills by unnumbered hills
Drip whispers from enchanting rills.

The red retreat of roses rimmed with rain,
The secret of sweet violets on her breast,
And streaming tresses o'er love's eyes,
While a dove coos o'er its lonely nest.
A perfume of the meadows fills the skies;
I only ask to kiss her finger tips,
And airy trumpeters are chanting a refrain
Of tender words she breathes from passioned lips.

FRED H. YAPLE

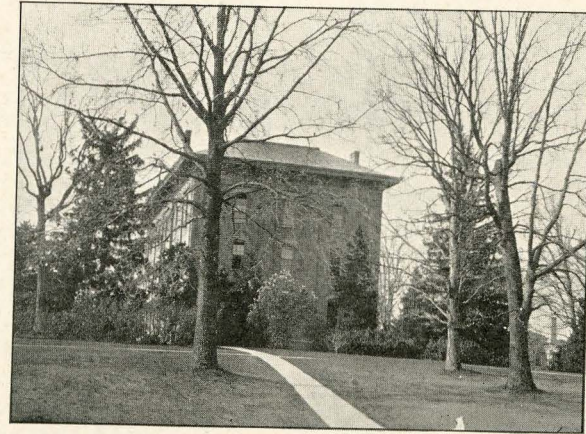
Revelations

Behold, an host called Juniors among the Collegians, of the tribe of Naughtfive, mighty in wisdom and learning and exceeding powerful. And it came to pass in the third year of the tribe, that the book of life called Glückauf was opened, and behold, the names of all of the tribe of Naughtfive were found therein. Many there are among them, mighty men of valor, who shall be great in the councils of their land. And there are mighty builders amongst them, and tillers of the soil. And behold, a goodly company of maidens.

All these have labored without ceasing among the Collegians, until their fame has spread abroad, even unto the borders of the land called Michigan, and yet again in other lands. Many days and nights have they labored that they might seek and know wisdom,—seeking inspiration of the wise men of their land and of those who have written concerning these things.

Many mighty battles have they fought against their enemies. And it came to pass in one of these battles that seventeen were overcome. Then it was that they joined unto themselves all the other tribes of the Collegians and strove with that power whereof we all know, and the fame thereof spread abroad.

And it came to pass in their third year among the Collegians, that they celebrated a great feast, and all the tribe of Naughtfive were gathered together, and many strangers were gathered unto them. And they made merry with feast-



COLLEGE HALL

ing and dancing and with instruments of many strings, and the fame thereof spread abroad throughout the land.

But the fame of all these deeds whereby they are known in many lands shall be increased an hundredfold, so saith the Prophetess.

It shall come to pass, that there shall be called from out their number, mighty warriors, who shall deliver their people from out the hands of their enemies. Men great in wisdom and learning shall be raised up to counsel the people in time of trouble. And many there are that with divers gifts shall prophesy and shall speak in strange tongues. And there shall be mighty builders, who will work such works, the like of which have never been seen among the

Collegians, nor yet in any land. And many will abide with flocks and herds. Others shall go forth sowing and reaping that the harvest may be plentiful. For behold, these have labored in the land of the Collegians, in the vineyards thereof, which lie to the eastward and along the river called Cedar.

Here, too, in the vineyards and beside the River Cedar are the young men and maidens of the tribe wont to meet, that they may discourse together. For among the Collegians, such is the custom, that on the Sabbath and in the cool of the evening they shall take their pleasure in the gardens.

But in the third year of the reign of the powerful Queen Gilchrist, it came to pass that there was a law in the land whereby it was not lawful that the handmaidens of the queen should walk and talk with the young Collegians only in such places as the heart of the queen delighted in. Here only was it meet that a maiden should wander—along the road unto Okemos, from thence through the vineyards by the River Cedar, even unto the bridge thereof, but not any beyond. And again along the walks of the garden even along the River Road to the end thereof. And it shall come to pass, in their latter days among the Collegians, that the young men of the tribe will come hither to seek the maidens, when these shall be departed from out the presence of the queen. And behold, in these latter days many will choose them helpmeets from among the maidens of their own tribe. Again, it shall be that many will seek wives from among the other tribes of the Collegians. And so it shall come to pass that many of the tribe of Naughtfive will sojourn to-

gether in the land of strangers, working works acceptable in thy sight, oh Prexy.

So shall the tribe of Naughtfive be scattered in many lands, but by their fruits shall ye know them.

ZOE BENTON.

Proverbs

A bug in one's head is worse than two in some one else's.

All that froths is not beer.

It is hard for a full man to stand upright.

Stomachs are not in proportion to the size.

It is easier to keep a fat man cool than get a tramp to work.

The most smoke doesn't come from the best cigar.

A fat man adds weight to the family circle.

No man ever flunked by cribbing unless caught.

Every one's hat blows off some time.

The Junior

The gorgeous October sunset gave an enriching hue to the autumn leaves as the beardless youths strolled leisurely about the campus with an air of contentment that follows a good evening meal.

Behind a tall dark-haired fellow a well-dressed stranger walked up briskly and, tapping the youth on the shoulder, said, "How do you do?"

Turning about, the youth replied rather blankly, "How are you?"

"You recognize me, don't you?" continued the stranger. "My name is Ogden of the Western Reserve. I remember meeting you in Detroit a year ago if I'm not mistaken in the man. Your name is Bradley, isn't it—foot-ball manager here?"

"Yes, Jack Bradley," replied the youth, extending his hand. "I do recall the instance. 'Twas at Highland Park, wasn't it?" and he smiled. "Got your team here to-day?" he followed, as if discerning Ogden's mission.

"No," replied Ogden. "Just had a little extra business regarding to-morrow's game, and say! Can you come down and meet me at the Warburton this evening at eight-thirty?" "It's very important," he continued earnestly.

"I'll do that," replied Jack. Eight-thirty, you said?"

"Yes, don't mention it either. Got a friend waiting for me, or I wouldn't be in such a hurry," and he skipped away.

Jack trotted upstairs to his room in the West Ward and looked about for his evening mail. "Jenks!" he exclaimed in disappointment. "She must have 'dropped' me. Haven't

had a letter for two days." "Long way off, too. Blue Grass Hills," he mused to himself. Taking down his violin, he began to play "rag-time" all oblivious of the beautiful landscape that stretched away below him.

"Aha! Prunella enters," he exclaimed as he laid down his violin and Jerry Van Coren, the big full-back, lumbered in, and threw himself down on the couch. "How many dishes of prunes did you eat at the training table to-night, Babe?"

"Oh, dry up! and hand me my mandolin."

"All right! Tra, la, la! In a little grocery store that's full of prunes," hummed Jack.

The mandolin strains of "My Old Kentucky Home," and "Tramping Through Georgia," floated out through the open window upon the evening air, while Jack made an addition to the notes in his diary.

"Wonder how the jottings compare," he said to himself, and turning back the pages to the index, he looked up the dates and read:

Oct. 2, 1901.

Am developing mentally, for I can discriminate between the dormitories by their water-holding capacities. Habits are diurnal. Am afraid to venture out nights lest I become enticed to follow sophomores and !!! Witnessed the first foot-ball game to-day. Money is going fast.

Oct. 2, 1902.

Not half enough doing these days. Am hale and hearty. Habits are nocturnal. On outpost duty most of the time after dark, and meet many who can't give the countersign. Run in a freshman cap to-day. Will write a thesis on "Fountains" when the time comes. Foot-ball is the *only* game.

Oct. 2, 1903.

Paid a laundry bill of four dollars to-day. Exit—Prints and flannels of ye freshmen days. Enter—Immaculate shirt-bosoms and collars with plaids and romances to match.

"Gee! that stuff must sound nonsensical to the uninitiated," he mused, and closing the book with a snap, he turned toward Jerry.

"Well, how're you feeling this eve, Babe?"

"Feel like a steel-trap to-night, but I tell you what; we'll be up against it to-morrow," began Jerry, laying down his mandolin rather suddenly. "I don't see what we have a game with those fellows for. Great big professionals. We've nothing to win and all to lose. If we do win the game, everyone'll say it's accidental. Mighty poor managing, I call it."

"Oh, ho! what a tirade from one who knows. Why, say, 'Big Fellow,' I'll guarantee you that nobody supporting our side 'll drop any money on that game."

"You'll guarantee?"

"Sure I'll guarantee it. I've nothing ventured myself exactly, but the game will be ours. Then my short-sighted brother will 'hike' around here à la 'varsity."

Jerry resumed his mandolin playing as if to ignore the groundless prophecies, and Jack feeling a lull in the parleying jumped up and indulged in a shave for the fifth time that week. He brushed his hair with precision, donned a smart suit and 'dinky' hat, and, opening the door, called back, "Keep the camp-fire burning, brother, 'till I get back."

"Go on!" shouted Jerry somewhat in exasperation. "I've a date myself."

"Joshing light-head," Jerry muttered to himself. "He'll never amount to a thing. Good in mathematics, of course. A dream in the waltz they say. But what's that? He'll always get beat out of what belongs to him. Calls me a blundering old bluffing blusterer endowed with seriousness. 'Twere well he had some of it himself."

This was a characteristic monologue of Jerry's, for he'd always regarded the kid as being a frivolous actor. He felt a brotherly love for him too—living and chumming together as they always did up home in the Sable Valley—and he naturally wanted to see him become a man of some importance.

Jack arrived at the Warburton and through the plate-glass saw two fellows sitting on a davenport. "M— Fraternity fellows, eh," he guessed as he walked in.

"How do you do Bradley?" exclaimed Ogden cordially, waving aside the smoke. "Mr. Bradley, my friend, Mr. Gibson. Let's go up to the room fellows," he continued, and he led the way.

"I'll tell you what it is, Bradley," said Ogden, in a subdued tone as he closed the door. "The Western Reserves must have the Spalding Trophy this season. Now we've spent two years of the hardest kind of work toward getting it, and will capture it this year if we win every game we play. We're not so sure of tomorrow's game on account of some of our men being 'knocked out.' If we only had—Well, frankly, if we knew your whole code of signals, we'd have it, and just between the three of us I'll give you an even 'fifty' for them."

"M— Standard Oil blood, eh," said Jack to himself.

"Oh, no! Not I!" he said aloud. "Can't risk my name on such an insignificant proposition as that. 'Dig up!' fellows, and you may entertain me."

Jack thought he'd make a few pretensions in order to have some sport, but his pretensions grew to realities when Gibson "butted in" and the combination showed him the advantages of having an extra "two hundred."

Pshaw! he thought. There was no danger of being exposed. They wouldn't use the information until the last "half." No chance of winning the game anyhow, and he might as well profit by it. Just a modern business proposition. At this he agreed to hand over the code at 9:00 A. M. next day.

They bid Jack a cheery good-night, expressed their pleasure in having met him, and hoped they'd meet him some time when "business stunts" weren't the order. In fact they had "worked" him so successfully that as he stepped out of the hotel, he had but one ambition that he thought ideal—"smoothness."

The air was damp and chilly as Jack alighted from the car. He hustled along the walk, but could hear no familiar whistlers. Up in his room the clock had ceased ticking, and there was a sort of weird silence about the place.

The lock snapped with a heavy "cluck" as he rolled into bed. For hours he could not sleep thinking of what had transpired. A reaction was now taking place and a seriousness such as he'd never before experienced was upon him. He tried to humor himself, but impossible. If anyone found it out he'd be everlastingly disgraced, he thought. The scores of combinations rolled over and over in his mind. Twenty-four, forty-six, thirteen, seven, and he could see the big full-back knocked prostrate before him. Every play was blocked by the Reserves while they made touchdown after touchdown. What would the big full-back say if he only knew? And Jack continued to meditate.

The next morning he awoke from dreams of a delivery from the situation in which he had allowed himself to fall. "Shrewd chap, to hold it over till to-day," he mused. But he wondered what would happen when he met Ogden.

At eleven o'clock Ogden, who himself had intended to profit from the deal, looked in vain for the return of Bradley. "I might have known that fellow wasn't a true sport," he murmured. "And there's no way of getting even with him either." He couldn't help but make some bold threats, however, though they failed to materialize.

Three hours later, Ogden stood on the athletic field commenting with his fellows on the prospects of the game, but all the while watching for the appearance of a tall, dark-haired fellow.

"Hey! Hold on a minute," he called as Jack brushed past, and stepping up to him he began: "What's the matter? Nerve failed, eh? Cheap sport you are! You'd better settle before we make trouble for you. Gibson saw the thing cinched, and if you don't produce the 'goods' there'll be something doing."

"Don't make any fuss about this, fellows, if you don't want to appear ridiculous," returned Jack with a smile. "It's not necessary to tell you how you were fooled," and he walked off leaving a deeply chagrined foot-ball manager.

'Twas not long until the whistle blew, the toss was made, and the contest was on. The pair of elevens surged to and fro, backward and forward. It was a game for life right from the start. The end of the half was near. No touch-down had yet been made, but the Reserves were steadily advancing on their goal. They were now within ten yards and the crowds were in suspense waiting for the next play. Signals! and they collided and grappled. Out in a clear space, Jerry captured the ball and across the field he dashed. The faster he ran, the faster his pursuers followed. The blood mounted in his veins and his jaws tightened as he made a final effort. Across the line he landed, and the on-lookers were relieved.

The crowds went wild, and the grandstand and side lines were tossing masses of hats and banners. Jack showed his share of exultation in the tosses and bounds he made. Suddenly, he noticed an oddly designed banner waving above the rest. He looked for a moment and recognized it. She had returned unexpectedly. Still more exultant he crossed over and administered to the wants of the splendid eleven.

The time intermission over, the players lumbered out and renewed the contest. There were no such spectacular plays in the second half as occurred in the first half, though the Reserves were steadily getting beaten.

The game was losing interest for Jack on account of the frequency with which the odd banner waved. It waved not for him though. It waved conspicuously whenever Jerry appeared in sight in the tussling bunch. As Jack watched it, he communed with himself. Was she carried away by enthusiasm? Or was she ignoring him. He knew she'd seen him, but there wasn't a single response. Perhaps he'd know the truth later.

The Reserves had lost the game to their opponents, and Jerry, the hero of the day, rode from the field on four strong shoulders and crossed the bridge amid the rumblings of the dispersing crowd. Jack stayed to settle with Ogden, and what a contrast between their meeting now and that of the evening before.

Having settled with Ogden, Jack crossed the bridge and looked at his watch. He had half an hour to kill before supper and nobody was in sight. Walking up the river bank, he stopped and seated himself on a knoll and made a profuse entry in his diary.

"There!" he said to himself. "Chances are I wouldn't forget it anyway, but I'd like to know"—and a red squirrel ran past him. "He's the best man of the two of us, no doubt. I'll know for certain when the big fellow graduates in June," and at this he struck off to supper whistling a familiar air as if to dispel his unwelcome thoughts.

"That was a brilliant sprint you made to-day, old man,"

said Jack as the "bunch" sat down on the green slope after supper. "Wasn't it a brilliant? I'll tell you what though; I never played a fairer lot of fellows than they were. They were fair and gamey from start to finish—all but Ogden, he seemed too chilly to get around with those fellows. What was wrong with him?"

"Oh, I don't know," replied Jack, rather seriously. "Crossed in love, perhaps. That will dampen the ardor of any man's spirits."

The conversation ran along rather listlessly, and was concerned with the technical points of the game.

Finally Jack and Jerry went to their room, arranged their toilet and went out to spend the evening at the Club.

II.

Time had ebbed along, and the college year was now nearing a close, for 'twas a lovely Sunday afternoon in May. The warm, balmy air, pulsing as it hung o'er the woodlands and the pastures, was replete with the odors of the spring time. The sunlight playing through the leaves checkered the rustic seats beneath the trees along the Cedar.

There they sat, beneath the graceful elm, watching the foam flecks as they moved along with the gentle current until lost from view. Luella had never looked so fair to Jack. Her dark eyes were a splendid contrast to her light summer costume, and her cheeks looked as tender as the new maple leaflets.

The old familiar story was next each heart. Jack felt sure; but he thought of the big full-back. What would he say if he only knew? And Jack's thoughts ran back to former days as he glanced away toward the athletic field.

Back at the old homestead years before, they were oft-times rival suitors for some pretty schoolgirl in the Sable Valley. But then! Things never came to crises as they did now.

The little stream, with scarcely an audible murmur, still carried the foam flecks along. On the opposite bank the wild flowers were timidly drooping their little heads. The butterflies danced here and there as they fluttered along, while overhead the bluebird warbled his sweetest song.

"Yes," she said softly. "And can't 'Baby' Uncle Jerry be the 'best man'? she asked timidly.

Then Jack understood, as he never did before, how Jerry got the name "Babe."

GERALD KENNY, '05.



THE LIBRARY



M.A.C.



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Sophomore Roll

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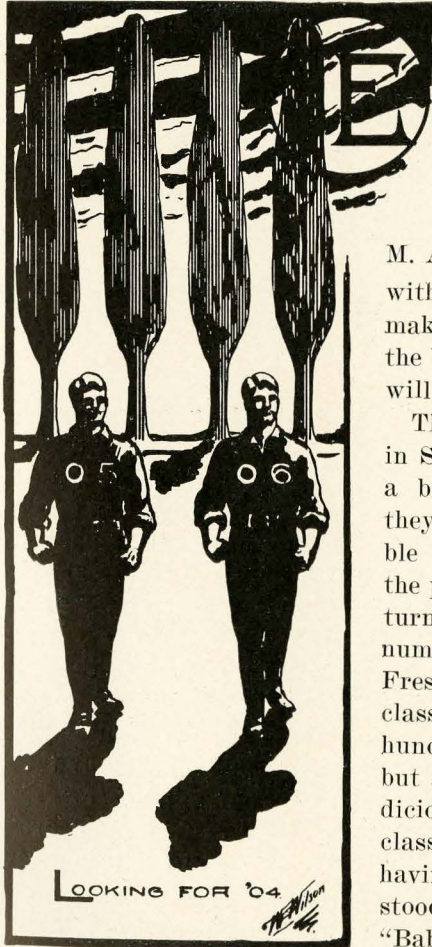
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37 Baker, W. V.
58 Barnett, H. H.
34 Bates, E. N.
Beal, C.
Bennett, W. C.
60 Bird, R. C.
3 Blake, C. A.
61 Boomsliter, G. P.
82 Bucknell, H. C.
35 Cameron, A. H.
68 Case, Florence
12 Carpenter, W. D.
13 Cobb, C. C.
46 Crosby, H. H.
60 Dorsey, M. J.
18 Douglas, Josephine
Farley, Irene
16 Farley, F. A.
51 Fisk, J. E.
76 Francis, H. L.
64 Gordon, L. O.
45 Graham, E. R.
Graham, L. I.
64 Graham, R. C.
71 Grover, F. N.
24 Freedman B

43 Hebblewhite, G. W.
81 Hebblewhite, Grace
41 Johnson, W. E.
20 Kenrick, E. W.
17 Kingscott, W.
77 Kramer, H.
33 Lamb, C. A.
44 Lambert, J. R.
62 Langelier, M. B.
45 Liverance, F.
38 Locke, T. F.
5 Markham, A.
19 Mastenbrook, H. J.
48 Miner, Maud
25 Moon, H. E.
42 Neilson, W.
53 Osterhout, L. B.
24 Peters, Gertrude
44 Phippeny, I. M.
15 Poole, J. E.
52 Potts, R. C.
62 Potts, R. G.
57 Ranger, K. F.
7 Rasmussen, R.
69 Redner, Agnes
21 Reed, Mae
30 Rounds, Florence
66 Salisbury, H. C.
71 Malhew's m.

14 Sanborn, L. M.
83 Smith, L. J.
32 Spencer, L. M.
26 Stayton, D. O.
4 Stevens, K. B.
Stevens, L. E.
57 Taylor, J. H.
50 Towner, A. A.
55 Verran, G.
8 Way, Irene
48 Wilkinson, J.
73 Willson, C. A.
49 Wilson, W. E.
9 Wilson, W. P.
65 Yarrington, H. H.
47 Falconer, A. E.
54 West, R. J.
59 McKenna, E. M.
44 Haganay, J. A.
70 Robson, A. N.
11 Northrop, Zoë
23 McDermid, H. B.
27 Angell, I. D.
36 Elliott, G. J.
39 Pratt, C. A.
40 Hogue, H. H.
2 Lawrence, Carrie
10 Under C

"Naughty-Six"



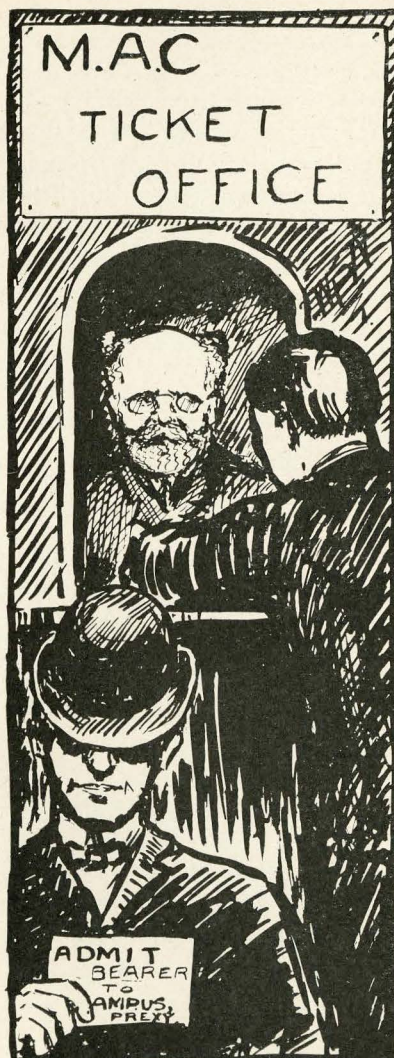
LOOKING FOR '04

IGHTY strong—clear-minded, well-muscled with high purposes and definite aims, '06 has made its impression at M. A. C., and will leave here with a creditable record, to make an even better one in the busy world, into which it will enter.

The class of 1906 was born in September, 1901, when, as a band of eighty "Preps," they went through the terrible weeding-out process of the preparatory year, and returned with but half that number to join the incoming Freshmen in 1902. The class now numbered one hundred and forty members, but after another year of judicious selection, the present class of eighty survives, having successfully withstood the ravages of time, "Bab," "Uncle Billy," Dr. Beal, and other elements.

The life of the class has been an eventful one. After an anxious wait in a long line for the necessary permission to enter college life, and another frantic search for rooms the class settled down to work. But it was interrupted in the very beginning by the Sophs, '04 in the case of the five-year contingent, '05 in the case of the four-year men. For a month the members of the class were made to suffer the pangs of outraged feelings, but then they revolted. In 1901, '06 and '05 united, one night, and scoured the campus in search of the pink and green of '04 and made the luckless Sophs whom they caught, take a draught of their own medicine; administering to them the "douche à la fontaine," and testing their knowledge of psalms, tunes and double shuffles. In 1902, the result was a class "scrap," which, resulted in a victory for "Naughty-six" and a cessation of hazing. But at what a cost! About Nov. 1, seventeen men, Sophomores and Freshmen, were expelled because of too much class spirit. A strike ensued in which Freshman and Sophomore were united in a common cause. Class caps were "sprung" early in December with an astuteness characteristic of the class, and woe betide the Sophomore who tried to purloin one.

Nineteen hundred and three saw "Naughty-six" reduced in quantity, but superior in quality. The Freshmen were given a cordial and fitting welcome, the now familiar black and orange jersey put in its appearance to add to the attractiveness of our beautiful campus, and the "J" hop occurred during which the Sophomores supplied many interesting, though anxious moments to the Juniors. Our casualties,



however, were four, of which two were slight and two were serious.

The class of 1906 ranks first among the classes in athletics. Before '06 came into existence, the "Preps" were nonentities, but our "Prep" class wrung recognition from the other classes, by winning the class meet of that year. Next year, not only the track events, but the baseball championship was won and a still-to-be defeated football team was organized.

How are we as students? Ask our class officers. We have good students of both kinds; those who work hard for their honors, such as Willson, Spencer and Kingscott, and those to whom honors are easy, like Liverance and Lambert. We have men who will stay up all night to study and others

who can absorb knowledge by sleeping with a book beside them.

Socially, '06 is becoming prominent. The influential men in our literary and other college societies are found among its members.

Our girls,—if we but had more like them!—have demonstrated their ability as entertainers upon several occasions. Among the boys, "Kint" and "Sally" of the merry twinkle, "Wed" of the dreamy eyes, "Newt" Bates, of the serious mien, and "Pinky," the debonair, are most in favor with the fair ones.

One of our professors said recently, "You can always expect something original of this Sophomore class," when the class, eager to catch his every word, had drawn up in a semi-circle close to the rostrum. Example bears him out in this; as when several zealous members planted an '06 flag on one of the towers of Wells Hall, where it waved triumphantly. On another occasion one youth drove away a band of Sophs on "stacking" bent, by means of a revolver full of blank cartridges and a face full of grim resolve. One ardent admirer of St. Patrick, not having a green ribbon on the 17th of March, wore a large cheese cloth necktie of the proper shade in honor of the occasion. But this same idea of originality was expressed in far more forcible language by those devoted Juniors, who, having but twenty minutes to dress for the "J" and keep an appointment, found their dress trousers, "sans boutons," and were obliged to stop and sew them on again.

Of the eighty members of the class, fourteen are taking the woman's course, twelve take the agricultural course, and

the remainder, the mechanical course. The majority of us are natives of Michigan, but a few are from the neighboring states of Ohio and Wisconsin, and the far western states of Utah and California have contributed valuable members.

Class spirit runs high in Naughty-six, binding the class into a common fellowship. Our martyrs to the cause of the class have been aided and cheered through their "slough of despond," until they are now again with us upon a firm foot-

ing. And the class yell,—how it stirs the blood, and moves the feelings, and touches the chord of loyalty to class! And in after life, when dreams of our college life come to us, our tenderest memories will be of "Naughty-six," and we will again feel a thrill at the thought of the old familiar

Chi Bim! Chi Boom! Chi Bim, Boom, Bah!

Naughty-six! Naughty-six! Rah! Rah! Rah!

G. P. BOOMSLITER.



OUR NAME.

Culture from the Corn-Lot

The question of questions that the college student asks himself is, What am I going to be? The surface query is, What am I going to *do*? But in his heart of hearts he ponders the deeper questions: What may I become in real intellectual and moral worth? How large a man, measured by the divine standards, will it be possible for me to grow into?

These are the great questions because growth is the great end of life. That is what we are here for, to grow. To develop all our talents, all our possibilities, to increase our native powers of body, mind, and soul,—this is life. It is important that we have a vocation. We must do something, and do it well. But the real end is not in working at a profession but in developing our capacities. Our symmetrical growth is the measure of our success as human beings.

As the student looks out over the ocean of life and scans the horizon for signs of the wise course for him to take, he should decide whether the particular mode of life that now appeals to him will yield the greatest possible measure of growth. He must consult his tastes, his talents, his opportunities, his training. And the test question is, Will this line of work yield me the growth, the culture, I desire?

But what are the elements that yield culture to an individual? Using culture in a very broad sense as a synonym for growth we may say that the things contributing most to the culture of the average person are his work, his leisure, and his service to others. We may now try to answer the question we started with, as it presents itself to many

a student in the agricultural colleges of our country. Will agriculture as a business, will the farm life and environment, contribute to the growth which I desire for myself? Can I extract culture from the corn-lot?

Let us first see if the work or vocation of farming gives culture. My answer would be that there is hardly an occupation to be named that requires broader knowledge, more accurate observation, or the exercise of better judgment than does modern farming. The farmer deals with the application of many sciences. He must be an alert business man. He requires executive talent of no mean order. The study of his occupation in its wider phases leads him into direct contact with political economy, social movements and problems of government. The questions confronting him as a farmer relate themselves to the leading realms of human knowledge and experience. I speak, of course, of the progressive farmer, who makes the best use of his opportunities. He cannot hope to become immensely wealthy, but he can maintain that modest standard of living that usually is the lot of our most useful and cultured people and that ministers, as a rule, most fully to the ideal family life. The truly modern farmer cannot help growing.

There is much hard work on the farm. Yet on the whole there is fully as much leisure as in most other occupations. There is time to read, and books are today so easily accessible that living in the country is no bar to the bookshelf. Better than time to read is time to think. The farmer has always been a man who pondered things in his heart. He

has had a chance to meditate. No culture is sound except it has been bought by much thinking; all else is veneer. Farm life gives in good measure this time to think. But it is in nature that the farmer finds or may find his most fertile field for culture. Here he is at home. Here he may revel if he will. Here he may find the sources of mind-liberation and of soul-emancipation. He may be the envy of every one who dwells in the city because he lives so near to nature's heart. Bird and flower, sky and tree, rock and running brook, speak to him a various language. He may read God's classics, listen to the music of divine harmonies, and roam the picture galleries of the Eternal. So, too, in his dealings with his kind, he lives close to men and women who are frank, virile, direct, clean, independent. The culture coming from such associations is above price. One learns to pierce all shams, to honor essential manhood, to keep pure the fountains of sympathy, ambition and love. Thus on the farm one may find full opportunity for that second means of culture, leisure.

Another powerful agency for cultivating the human soul is service. Indeed, service is the dynamic of life. To be of use is the ambition that best stimulates real growth. Culture is the end of life, the spirit of service the motive power. So it is of this I would speak perhaps most fully, not only because it is a vital means of culture but because it is also peculiarly the privilege and duty of the college man and the college woman. For let it be said that if any college student secures a diploma of any degree without having been seized upon by a high ambition to be of some use in the work of helping humanity forward, then have that person's years of

study been in vain, and his teaching also vain. The college man comes not to be ministered unto, but to minister. He has been poorly taught if he leaves college with no thought but for his material success. He must have had a vision of service, his lips touched with a coal from the altar of social usefulness, and his heart cultivated to respond to the call for any need he can supply, "Here am I, send me."

I think it may be safely said that there is no field which offers better chance for leadership to the average college man or woman than does the farm. Take, for instance, politics. The majority of our states are agricultural states. The majority of our counties are agricultural counties. The agricultural vote is the determining factor in a large proportion of our elections. It follows inevitably that honest, strong farmers with the talent for leadership and the ability to handle themselves in competition with other political leaders have a marvelously fine chance for useful service.

So is it in educational questions. Nowhere may the citizen come into closer contact with the educational problems of the day than through service on the rural school board. If he brings to this position trained intelligence, some acquaintance with educational questions, and a desire to keep in touch with the advancement of the times, he can do for his community a wonderful service.

Or in another field,—that of organization for farmers, constituting a problem of great significance. As yet this class of people is relatively unorganized, but the movement is growing and the need of well-trained leadership is vital. I cannot speak too strongly of the chance here offered for active, intelligent, masterful men and women in being of

use as leaders and officials in the grange and other farmer's organizations.

So with the church question. One of the reasons for the slow progress of the country church is the conservatism in the pews as well as in the pulpit. The ardent member of the Y. M. C. A. in college may feel that, in the country, there will be no outlet for his ambition to be of religious use to his fellow men. This is a mistake. The work of the Y. M. C. A. itself in the country districts is just beginning and promises large growth. Wider service in the church, a community federation or union of different churches, the work of young people's societies and of the Sunday schools,—all these afford abundant opportunity for the man or the woman qualified and willing.

There are other lines of usefulness. Although I have stated that on the farm the opportunities for personal culture are great, it must be confessed that these opportunities are not fully utilized by the average farmer's family. Here, then, is a very wide field, especially for the farmer's wife. For if she is a cultivated college woman, she can, through the woman's club, the grange, the school, the nature study club, the traveling library, and in scores of ways exercise an influence for good on the community that may have far greater results than would come from her efforts if expended in the average city. The farm home, too, has latent capacities that are yet to be developed. It ought to be the ideal

home and, in many cases, it is. But there are not enough of such ideal homes in the country. No college woman with a desire to do her full service in the world ought for an instant to despise the chance for service as it exists on the farm.

All of these opportunities so briefly suggested might be almost indefinitely enlarged upon, but the mere mention of them emphasizes the call for this service and this leadership. Nowhere are leaders more needed than in the country. The country has been robbed of many of its strongest and best. The city, and perhaps the nation, are gainers; but the country has suffered. From one point of view the future of our farming communities depends upon the quality of leadership that we are to find there during the next generation.

So we come back to our question, Can the farm be made to yield to the man or woman residing upon it and making a living from it, that measure of growth and all-round development that the ambitious person wishes to attain? And our answer is, Yes. In its work, its leisure, its field for service, it may minister to sound culture. If you love the life and work of the farm, do not hesitate to choose that occupation for fear of becoming narrow or stunted. You can live there the full, free life. You can grow to your full stature there. You can get culture from the corn-lot.

KENYON L. BUTTERFIELD,

Kingston, R. I.

History of the Class of 1907

When the "Freshmen" class was asked to contribute a short history of their class for the Junior Annual, they could hardly realize that the school year was drawing to a close, and that the pleasure of being a "Freshman" would soon be a thing of the past.

Our Freshmen year has been a pleasant one, and, even while we were taking our lesson in singing and dancing from the Sophomores we can honestly say that it was enjoyed by no one better than ourselves.

When we entered as "Sub-Freshmen" in the fall of 1902, we were not long in organizing and establishing class spirit which has always been a characteristic part of the class. The Freshmen that entered in the fall of 1903 adopted the constitution of the five-year Freshmen and then the class proceeded to elect its officers for the ensuing year. From this time on the class grew and prospered, till today our class is as strong as any in college.

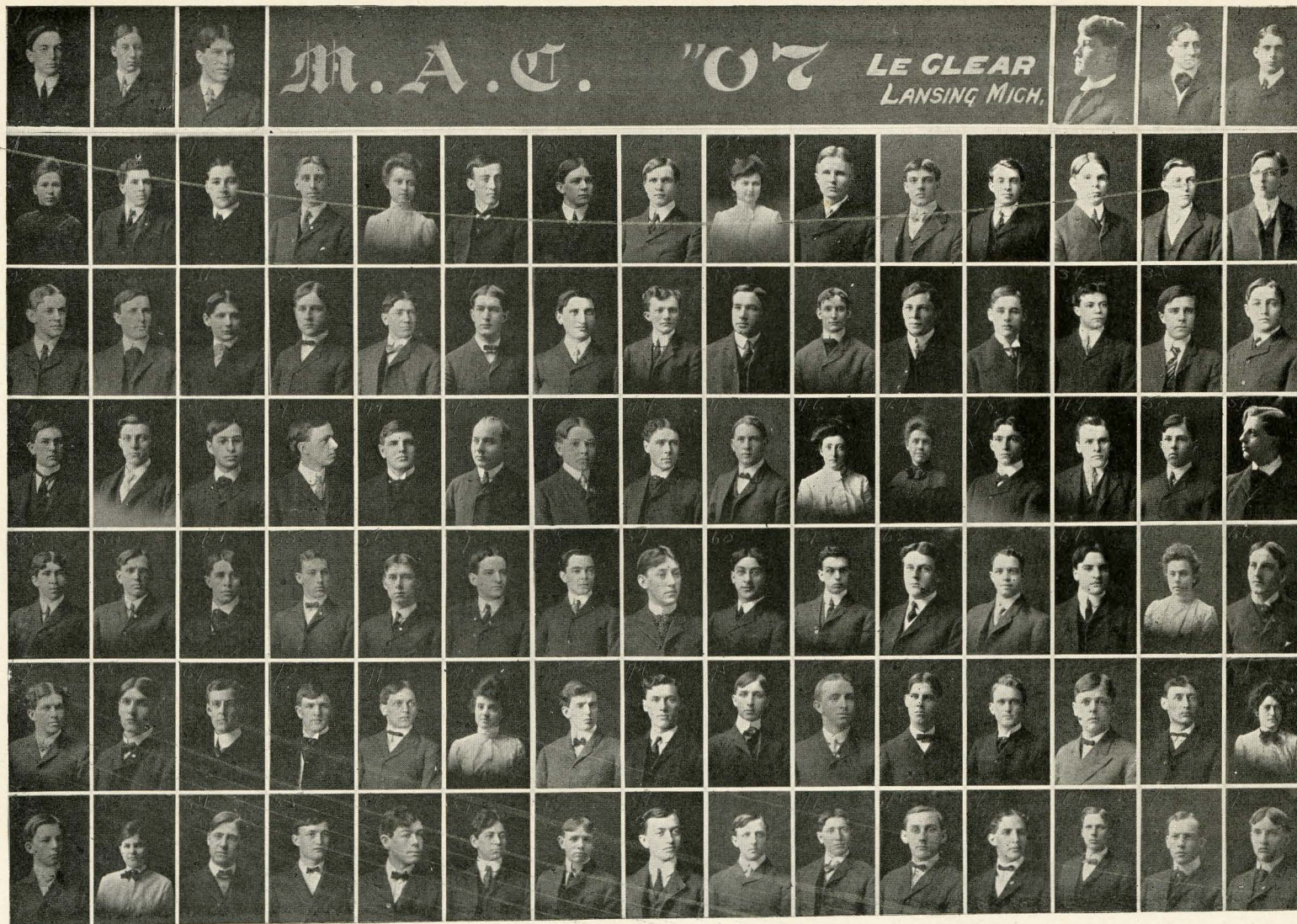
Freshmen athletes have been very numerous this year, and as a result, the class has been very successful in all contests. Although we did not win the class championship in football, we were the only class that scored on the Sophomores in the fall of 1903. Our basket ball team won easily from the Juniors who had hitherto been considered invincible, and if all of our players do not make the first team, we will surely

hold the championship for the next three years. Although no class games of baseball have yet been played our chances at present look exceedingly good.

Perhaps the most interesting part of our Freshmen year has been shown by our friendly standing with the Sophomores. With one exception the classes have in no way been in danger of a class rush. Whether it was because they thought we did not need the freshness taken out of us in this manner, or because they thought we were too much to handle, is more than we can say. The Sophomores blush with shame when a remark is passed concerning Freshmen caps. We Freshmen can never forget the night the Sophomores quietly stole into a Freshman's room, seized a box which they thought contained the '07 caps and then caused one of their number to jump with the box from a second story window. Later the Sophomore found that the box contained nothing but old shoes, and then he made the remark that he could not see the joke.

Let us hope that when we return in the fall of 1904 as Sophomores, but few will be missing in our class and that another year may find the class continuing in its present prosperity.

HOWARD C. BAKER.





Officers

President—M. F. JOHNSON.

Secretary—H. C. BAKER.

Vice President—BERNICE BLACK.

Treasurer—W. B. ALLEN.

Sergeant-at-Arms—B. B. LUMBARD.

Roster '07

40 Allen, W. B.
167 Ashley, H. M.
43 Bailey, E.
59 Baker, H. C.
6 Baker, J. G.
Baker, J. L.
151 Barlow, F. M.
Bates, F.
153 Beckwith, H. R.
131 Benham, R. M.
107 Bidwell, W. H.
Bissell, B. W.
11 Black, Bernice
36 Born, Frank
161 Boulard, E. N.
149 Brass, L. C.
23 Bowditch, J.
Brayman, C. H.
93 Brigham, G. E.
96 Brigham, G. M.
Brown, G. C.
Brown, G. A.
164 Brown, H. L.
142 Brucker, K. B.
Buck, Ross
Burley, G. A.
Burrell, L. L.
29 Bushnell, C.
Byc, L. B.
24 Cade, C. M.
Calkins, H. B.
17 Campbell, B. G.
41 Canfield, R. F.
Cargo, I. W.

Carpenter, A. J.
Case, A. A.
Cary, H. F.
113 Casterline, I.
141 Cavanaugh, C. C.
Chamberlin, V. L.
116 Charleton, I. D.
140 Chase, A. H.
98 Clise, B. B.
132 Clawson, J.
73 Coffin, L. C.
Corey, J. M.
Corey, R. W.
Cox, C. C.
Craig, M. B.
Cavanaugh, F. B.
Crippe, J. L.
Crowell, R.
Dansforth, E.
20 Darbee, A. L.
De Bats, C. J.
51 De Lange, W. W.
Dazell, R. E.
121 Doan, E. L.
Dodge, H.
49 Dorland, L. R.
90 Doty, S. W.
Dunston, G. J.
4 Dudley, G. C.
9 Dudley, W. D.
27 Dwight, A. C.
150 Ellis, D. H.
86 Ellis, G. H.
78 Ellsworth, B. B.
Eversett, M. A.

Ferguson, M. E.
Fowler, E. C.
Fuller, E.
Gasser, W.
7 Gilbert, F. B.
Gildart, B. W.
Glaze, H. L.
78 Glazier, H. I.
75 Goldsmith, D. R.
125 Goldsmith, P. V.
Gould, F. A.
16 Granger, C. M.
137 Gregg, O. I.
Green, K. E.
Griswold, D. M.
161 Grover, E. L.
165 Gunn, E. N.
28 Haines, R. E.
Hall, H.
Hallenback, I. D.
Harris, D. D.
Hart, C. J.
97 Hart, W. L.
48 Hayes, G. B.
Hayden, L. N.
Hebblewhite, A.
182 Heinrich, G. A.
Hendleman, G.
118 Hines, G. E.
81 Hitchcock, L. B.
117 Hitchcock, W. W.
119 Hooper, T. M.
Huhn, L. S.
Hudson, R. S.
Ingalls, J. A.

Roster '07—Continued

James, E.
 Jenks, S. R.
 123 Johnson, M. F.
 37 Keach, A. T.
 Keeney, Eva E.
 Kephart, G. E.
 53 Kimball, H. L.
 160 Kinney, I. M.
 5 Koehler, I. J.
 64 Kratz, O. A.
 49 Krentel, C.
 Landon, C. W.
 134 Larned, E.
 Leach, E. J.
 105 Lemmon, C. A.
 164 Lemmon, K. B.
 21 Lilly, S. B.
 80 Liverance, W. B.
 Loomis, D.
 Lumbar, B. B.
 107 Manning, G. H.
 Martin, L. B.
 82 Matthew, Jas.
 138 Maynard, J. C.
 McCloskey, A. L.
 McCarthy, M. M.
 McDonald, Wm.
 60 McHatton, P. H.
 McNally, G.
 McIntyre, G. H.
 McKee, M. E.
 McMahon, G. M.
 97 McNaughton, C. P.
 McNally, T. F.
 McNulty, H. J.
 Meade, T. J.
 168 Mifflin, E.
 163 Miller, V.
 176 Minard, R. F.

955 Mooma, D.
 4 Morris, L.
 175 Myers, J. L.
 Nadeau, D.
 39 Netzorg, L.
 81 Newman, R. E.
 Oakes, D. W.
 146 Owen, Grace
 101 Palacio, A. G.
 Parker, F.
 139 Parsons, I. E.
 127 Pearsall, A. H.
 17 Peck, C. B.
 108 Pennell, R. L.
 120 Perry, N. C.
 100 Pokorney, I.
 174 Pokorney, E. C.
 45 Post, O. C.
 80 Prakken, N.
 110 Pratt, A. C.
 Pullen, L. H.
 105 Rapp, D. G.
 Race, S. E.
 Reynolds, R. A.
 Runkle, L. C.
 Robinson, E.
 Robinson, E. P.
 Rouse, H. M.
 104 Rowe, C. L.
 157 Sadler, O. T.
 166 Schroyer, P. C.
 Scofield, R. G.
 42 Seiler, R. H.
 Shaffer, G. A.
 Sherman, A. W.
 60 Shull, H.
 171 Shuttleworth, P. H.
 184 Skeels, B.
 Slightly, G. F.

72 R. D. J. Edith

3 Small, R. A.
 6 Smith, I. D.
 Smith, L. E.
 138 Snyder, A. L.
 Spross, H. E.
 Stephenson, O. W.
 Stewart, B. C.
 Stewart, G. M.
 79 Stoddard, J. M.
 Stone, H. G.
 101 Sutherland, C. H.
 143 Shaw, J. S.
 Tanner, R. V.
 26 Taylor, E. H.
 135 Taylor, J. W.
 Tenney, R. B.
 Thatcher, E.
 144 Thomas, R. L.
 Towne, E. A.
 34 Towner, W. S.
 Tripps, C. A.
 Tufts, F. M.
 33 Updegraff, D. S.
 Van Haltern, A. S.
 35 Waite, R. H.
 25 Walker, F. M.
 173 Warden, W.
 169 Weeks, H. B.
 57 Westerman, L. B.
 Westover, G.
 124 White, O. K.
 53 Willitts, C. E.
 13 Wilcox, J. C.
 148 Willoughby, D. J.
 Wilson, A. W.
 43 Willson, E. A.
 Wood, L. C.
 Wright, L. H.
 Yutzy, H. P.

The Class of '08

Four hundred and eleven years after the landing of Columbus on the shore of beautiful San Salvador, there journeyed to the promised land in the region of Okemos, a tribe, constituting in its entirety, an army of some three hundred strong and willing spirits.

There around the sanctuary of the Ruler then in command of the Red Cedar valley, the multitude gathered impatient and anxious to be numbered among the mighty host of M. A. C. One by one were they detailed to the several bands under chiefs Hedrick, Holdsworth and Waterman, and ever after were they known as the Naughty-eights.

After many conclaves and lengthy harangues, was there instituted a code of most stringent laws and rules, only to be lost while the doughty custodian slept. Twice did the valuable parchments disappear, but twice were they recaptured with little bloodshed. Thus did the weak and envious enemy strive to become wise in the learning and law of that day. Though, even with the help of these learned documents have they proved themselves incapable of any real progress in the art and science of symbols.

After one of these sudden disappearances and consequently a strong talk by Class Chief Steadman, a sworn resolution of loyalty and a crest, in the form of tribe colors—red and brown—were adopted.

It must needs be that after a season of much labor the tribe indulged in recreation. Therefore was there planned and undertaken a sleigh party, in which, however, Doctor Waterman officiated as undertaker.

But the Naughty-eights were destined to attain marvelous

success in their mad career for social prominence; yes, to triumph. Never before in the whole history of this mighty land had there occurred a "Prep" dance. Therefore did the Naughty-eights arrange and successfully carry out a highly enjoyable and most grandly enthusiastic hop; which, to the deeper humiliation of the former "Sub-preps" took place in the arena of the Woman's Dorm. The punch was good, the music was better, the ratios of feminine beauty to masculine strength was about ten to one, while the sum of the whole was a howling success.

Yet not all energy was spent on weaker things. Five men of the red and brown were numbered among the defenders of the Olive green upon the gridiron.

An '08 Basket Ball team "also" played a few games.

From among the great number of those athletically inclined, was there gathered together a track team of mighty strength. In a conflict with the red and gray, their generosity, if not their modesty, lost for them the honor which should have been theirs. While but nine of the enemy completed the circuit in the relay race, ten of the Naughty-eights did likewise, in but five seconds more of time. Thus did the red and brown meet defeat by three counts.

Many other things could be written to the credit of the class of Naughty-eight, but out of consideration for those who have gone before, let us close

With a mighty cheer
For another year.

E. J. SHASSBERGER.

Sub-Freshmen Class Roll

Alden, John H., *m*
Allen, James, *m*
Amos, Walter F., *m*
Arnot, Howard D., *m*
Ashley, Amos, *a*
Austin, Royal, *m*
Baker, Emmett D.
Balch, Guy E., *a*
Ball, LaVern, *a*
Ball, Walter E., *m*
Barley, Arthur T., *m*
Bartlett, Edwin S., *a*
Beard, Hazle A., *w*
Belknap, Leslie H., *m*
Blickenstaff, Guilford, *a*
Boone, Charles, *a*
Bos, Jennie, *w*
Boulter, Melville H., *a*
Bowen, Dimos B., *m*
Brandstetter, Nina, *w*
Brewster, Archie W., *m*
Brown, Ralph E., *m*
Brown, Walter P., *m*
Brucker, Ferdinand F.
Card, Edwin F., *a*
Carle, Peter, *a*
Carpenter, Cliff B.
Carrier, Ruth A., *w*
Carter, Hiram N., *a*
Case, Edgar A., *a*
Cavanagh, Joseph A., *a*
Champe, L. H., *m*
Chapin, Ethel M., *w*
Chapman, Nathan C., *m*
Chapman, William C., *a*
Chittenden, Milton J., *m*
Christie, Margaret A., *w*
Cochrane, Walter, *m*
Colby, Zenas E., *m*
Cooney, Michael, *a*
Copson, Godfrey V., *a*

Crandall, Walter J., *m*
Cronin, William P.
Dale, Clayton H., *a*
DeWitt, James O., *m*
Dibbert, LaVern, *m*
Dillaway, Winthrop C., *m*
Dodge, Glenn W., *m*
Doenges, Louis D., *a*
Dow, William T., *m*
Edwards, Bland, *a*
Elson, Frank W., *m*
Evans, Hazel D., *w*
Flint, Minnie B., *w*
Foster, Ruth C., *w*
Garcinava, Alfonso, *a*
Garner, Andrew, *a*
Gerow, James F., *m*
Gibbs, Jay H., *m*
Gonzalez, Victor Ch., *a*
Graunstadt, Louise, *w*
Grant, Homer, *m*
Hagaman, Harry W., *m*
Halbert, Bernice L., *w*
Hall, Glen D., *a*
Hall, Irving J., *m*
Hall, Ray A., *m*
Hardy, Ernest A., *a*
Haybarker, Leroy E., *m*
Hendee, Matie C., *w*
Hickok, Harry O., *m*
Hilliard, Fred T., *a*
Hoffman, Bruce, *a*
Holdsworth, Wilbur, *m*
Holmes, Elzina, *w*
Hopkins, Norma, *w*
Horton, Samuel W., *a*
Hudson, Edith F., *w*
Hudson, M. Ethlyn, *w*
Hurd, Clara, *w*
Hutchings, Myron C., *m*
Hyatt, Walter D., *m*

Hyde, Leta, *w*
Hyde, Lora, *w*
Jenks, B. Walter, *m*
Jerome, George, *m*
Johnson, Edgar M., *m*
Johnson, Millard O., *a*
Johnson, Robert E., *m*
Johnston, Max L., *a*
Jones, George B., *a*
Jones, James R., *a*
Jones, John H., Jr., *m*
Keating, Adele A., *w*
Kerr, Donald A., *a*
Kiefer, Francis, *a*
Kinsting, John H., *m*
Kirby, Bessie M., *w*
Lampke, Louis J., *m*
Lareau, Hector G., *a*
Lawyer, Ray W., *m*
Lewis, Allan A., *m*
Liken, Florence, *w*
Lowe, George A., *a*
Marr, Jay W., *a*
Martin, Floyd A., *m*
Martini, Arthur A., *m*
Mayes, Matthew, *a*
McGee, George R., *m*
McGraw, Grace, *w*
McLeay, Alexander M., *m*
McMillan, Duncan, *a*
McVannel, George, *m*
Merrillies, Abbot, *m*
Merwin, Clyde E., *m*
Milett, Fred N., *m*
Milward, Robert K., *m*
Miner, Leon F., *m*
Murdaugh, Roy H., *a*
Murray, Harmon, *m*
Nichols, Frederick J., *a*
Nickle, Dorothea, *w*
Nickodemus, Herman, *m*

Sub - Freshmen — Continued

O'Gara, Francis, *m*
Palmer, Roxie L., *w*
Parker, Ward H., *a*
Patterson, M. Roy, *m*
Pearsall, Ropha V., *m*
Peck, John E., *m*
Plank, J. Raymond, *m*
Pratt, Mary E., *w*
Presley, Russell A., *m*
Raubinger, Edward, *m*
Reasoner, R. L., *a*
Reynolds, Arthur, *m*
Rix, Lloyd C., *m*
Robson, Albert M., *m*
Ruttle, John H., *m*
Rymer, Dana C., *m*
Severance, Clyde F., *m*
Shassberger, Ernest J., *m*
Shaw, Harold, *m*
Sherwood, Lloyd, *a*
Silcox, Herbert E., *m*

Simonds, Chauncey A., *a*
Simonson, Herman C., *m*
Smith, H. Brayton, *a*
Smith, Howard W., *m*
Smith, John W., *m*
Speer, Jesse W., *m*
Stander, Louis B., *m*
Steadman, Lafayette L., *a*
Stevenson, Lena I., *w*
Stevenson, Norman A., *a*
Stewart, Ralph, *a*
Stockman, Marion A., *a*
Stowell, Bert E., *m*
Strouts, H. Paul, *a*
Symes, George W., *m*
Tallant, E. Percy, *m*
Talsma, Murk A., *a*
Taylor, Floyd, *a*
Tenkonohy, Franklin V., *m*
Thomas, Roland G., *m*

Tryon, James H., *m*
Twaits, Ford J., *m*
Uhl, Edward C., *m*
Valentine, Gilbert S., *m*
Valenzuela, Augusto, *m*
Valmore, Erwin, *m*
Walkup, John M., *a*
Wallace, Robert N., *m*
Waller, Marguerite, *w*
Ward, Alice C., *w*
Wardahl, Haakon F., *m*
Warren, Douglas C., *m*
Watson, George H., *a*
Watson, Katherine, *w*
Welsh, Arthur H., *m*
Whitmore, John H. Jr., *m*
Whittleton, Arthur J., *a*
Wilson, Fred A., *m*
Wing, Irving L., *a*
Zimmer, Walter E. A., *m*

How M. A. C. Appears to Its Graduates

Everything considered, our Alma Mater continues to be the best Agricultural College in America. I know of no other institution in America where all members of the faculty have been so directly interested in the welfare of its students. Her reward for this kindly interest is evidenced by the never-failing loyalty of her graduates.

F. B. MUMFORD, '90,
Dean of the Missouri Agricultural College.

The early days at M. A. C. grow more enchanting as the years roll by. There may be finer days there now,—in grander setting and more beautiful surroundings; but I doubt if they can be better or happier than the days of long ago.

HENRY A. HAIGH, '74,
Attorney at Law, Detroit.

This opinion, gladly written, to all you may show,
Our college stock rises in geometric ratio.

BYRON D. HALSTEAD, '71,
Professor of Botany and Horticulture, New Jersey Agricultural College.

With the greatest pleasure I look back upon my college days. With genuine pride I have watched the steady growth of my Alma Mater, in material equipment, in educational standards, in confidence and respect of the people of Mich-

igan and of the country at large. She has a splendid history and her future is bright.

CHARLES MCKENNY, '81,
President of Wisconsin State Normal School.

I believe that the courses offered at the Michigan Agricultural College and the cordial and helpful influences existing there are designed to render very valuable assistance to aspiring young people.

To those who elect the lines of thought and investigation that are afforded in the extended courses of the agricultural college, I would say there is no institution on earth better adapted for the needs of students than the Michigan Agricultural College.

JASON E. HAMMOND, '86,
Ex-Superintendent of Public Instruction.

M. A. C. has won its name in agriculture, and I believe it will win its future credit in the same field; its policy should be an intensive rather than an extensive one.

E. DAVENPORT, '78,
Dean College of Agriculture, Univ. of Illinois.

I think that the college has done superbly for her students, for the State, and for the country. The admirable scientific course is worthy all praise. Her graduates succeed, for she shows them where and how to grasp the opportunities that the world offers so generously to all willing workers.

A. J. COOK, '65,
Professor of Biology, Pomona College, California.

The Michigan Agricultural College has as good an equipment and environment as any distinctly agricultural college in the United States. It typically represents the agricultural and mechanical college as developed in the north, independent of a state university. In recent years the agricultural colleges associated with the state universities seem to have been doing a better grade of work, both in teaching and investigation than many of the separate agricultural colleges. M. A. C. has a great opportunity to demonstrate whether or not a state agricultural college can do as high class of work in teaching and investigation independent of the state university. All success to her.

E. D. SANDERSON, '97,
Professor of Entomology, Texas Agricultural College.

M. A. C. appears to me to fill a want which is not, nor could not, be met by any other institution in the west.

R. C. CARPENTER, '73,
Department of Engineering, Cornell University.

As an alumnus I have watched with interest and pride the continued growth and prosperity of M. A. C. It is with great satisfaction that I note her widening sphere of usefulness, her enlarged and improved equipment, her strengthened corps of instructors and her growing patronage. No one thing has pleased me so much as the establishment and rapid growth of the woman's course.

Success to M. A. C.

W. C. LATTA, '77,
Professor of Agriculture, Purdue University.

I once knew M. A. C. as the greatest of all educational institutions. While I am forced to admit that "there are others," the place is just as good and big and great to me as the day I graduated.

CHARLES E. FERRIS, '90,
Department of Engineering, University of Tennessee.

I always rejoice in every forward step taken by old "M. A. C.," that I learned to love more than twenty years ago because of the noble corps of men who did so much to mould my life and character, and because of the lasting friendships made with earnest young men in class room, society, and dormitory. May our "M. A. C." never cease to grow and command the respect of her many sons and daughters.

C. P. GILLETTE, '84,
Professor of Zoology, Colorado Agricultural College.

I believe that there is no institution of learning in Michigan today that is doing more good to more people than old M. A. C. Its influence is felt far and wide and especially by those whose privilege it is to be numbered among its alumni.

JAMES TROOP, '78,
Professor of Horticulture, Purdue University.

The M. A. C. of the times when I was a student under its care was exceptionally valuable in two regards. It put its pupils in contact with *things* and encouraged them to acquire knowledge at first hand.

W. J. MEYERS, '90,
Professor of Mathematics, Colorado Agricultural College.

I never think of the Michigan Agricultural College that the intervening years and all their weight of work and care do not slip away, and I am a boy again. Time is stationary when my thoughts are on that place. The incidents of my student life are vanishing one by one, but the joy of the old associations grows deeper with the years. My days at M. A. C. set the direction of my life.

L. H. BAILEY, '82,
Director of Experiment Station, Cornell University.

I rejoice at the wonderful prosperity of M. A. C. and am always glad to learn of the progress it is making.

CLARENCE M. WEED, '83,
Professor of Zoology, New Hampshire Agricultural College.

Visions of the Future

Visions of the future,—first, our heating and lighting plant completed. This will be first-class in every way and will last for many years to come; next a hundred thousand dollar engineering building, to be followed by a large central building, the finest on the campus, to contain the library and a large auditorium. Also a large agricultural building which will cost perhaps one hundred thousand, and the additional wing to our women's building. It is not too much to expect to see these within the next four or five years. New dwellings which house many students will continue to be erected adjacent to the campus. At least ten will be built during the coming summer. Increased laboratory facilities, more and better prepared students, a larger and stronger faculty, and a healthy and rapid growth along all lines—these are our earnest hope and confident expectation.

J. L. SNYDER.

Robert Clark Kedzie

A Character Sketch

It is the rare privilege of but few people to truly know even one of the world's great men. There seems to be a law of nature whereby the truly great live their best moments, their best days, the best part of their lives, aloof from the companionship of their fellow men. Thus it is that so often the world fails to recognize and to appreciate true greatness until the life work of its embodiment is completed. The loss to the world of the influence of personal contact with its great men is inestimable. But if, at rare intervals, nature works the double miracle of giving to mankind one of its own number who is not only great, but who by his daily life and associations, attracts, ennobles, and uplifts those with whom he comes in contact, the world must needs be doubly grateful, for it is twice blessed.

In the life of Robert Clark Kedzie the world was thus blessed. Thousands of his fellow men knew him and were infinitely better for their contact with him. It was my great privilege to know him long and well, to be close to him and to his work, and to enjoy and be enriched by his complete confidence. It is of this great teacher, whose friendship was an incalculable blessing to every student with whom he came in contact, and whose influence entered as a powerful, formative factor into the character and life of every young man who sat in his classroom or worked in his laboratory, that I present this brief characterization.

As one of his devoted students in college, I first knew Dr. Kedzie; then as a farmer whose home, I believe, he was glad

to occasionally bless by his presence; later, as a member of the governing board of the institution to whose interests he consecrated his life; still later as a member of the faculty of that institution, where I was brought in daily contact with the man and his work; and finally, as a manufacturer and business man, one of hundreds likewise interested in the commercial world, who derived positive benefit from this man's marvelous judgment of men and things, and who prized beyond expression his never failing friendship and business counsel.

Nearly every reader of this brief study is doubtless familiar, either through the photograph or by personal acquaintance with the subject of this sketch; with the strikingly expressive countenance, the strongly moulded features, the high, broad forehead, the intellectual eye, the firmly cut mouth, the determined jaw—all indicative of a born leader of men and a genius among intellects. His physique and his bearing were likewise significant of power. His very pose bespoke the confidence of leadership, and yet the most critical never detected a trace of self-glorification in this man, whose physical and mental make up were both so nearly perfect. When at his best he made you feel that you were in the presence of greatness and yet a greatness that was lovable and approachable, and no man was ever more continuously at his best than he. But you must have known him well to have discovered his richest character gem,—his genuine love for all mankind.

As a student I well remember my spontaneous admiration rapidly ripening into reverence for this first really great man who had ever given me the feeling that he was drawing me toward him. But it was not until I and a hundred other students were in deep distress and in need of a counselor who could lead us, not only because he was great and wise, but because he loved us and with tears streaming down his cheeks convinced us of that love,—not until that time did he reveal to me his inmost, genuine self. In the years which have elapsed since that time I have often talked with those who were present, of what occurred that day, and without exception they have told me that my experience and its effect upon me was like unto theirs and its effect upon them.

In the classroom in the early days he was stern, severe, and sometimes it seemed almost unjust. But even as students we uniformly agreed that it all tended toward a higher grade of college work. In those earlier years he was little disposed to manifest in his daily work those gentler traits which were more freely exhibited in his later life, but yet I find that even those students who were deprived of personal contact with that more beautiful side of his nature are to this day unstinting in their expressions of appreciation of the great influence he has had upon their lives. When in after years I have occasionally urged upon some of these older alumni that there was a fineness to his nature which they had never seen, their satisfaction has often found expression in such words as "I have always felt that the good old doctor was the embodiment of so much that was noble and great, that there must have been hidden depths

of gentleness which he kept from public gaze." In this connection I cannot forbear relating an incident in which Dr. Kedzie once told me he experienced the happiest moment of his life. A number of years ago as we were driving together across the country on a cold and stormy day, remembering that in his earlier years he had possessed a fondness for an occasional choice cigar, I offered him one which I thought would tempt his fancy. He surprised me by saying that he had not smoked for many months, and then growing reminiscent, he told me of the last days on earth of his invalid wife, who had died a short time before. More than a year previous to her death, becoming convinced, though no word had ever passed between them on the subject, that owing to her peculiar ailment his smoking must be objectionable to her, he quietly gave up the habit. Nothing was said about it, however, and Mrs. Kedzie, in the midst of her suffering, failed to take notice that he had made the sacrifice. Nearly a year had elapsed when one morning, the atmosphere seeming unusually oppressive, the patient wife struggling to get her breath, ventured to say: "Doctor, I have sometimes thought that if you could possibly stop smoking, I might find the air in the house easier to breathe." Then he told her he had made the sacrifice almost a year before, "and," said the good old doctor to me, with tears in his eyes, "the answering caress which she gave me, I remember as the happiest moment of my life." And this was the man in the presence of whom, as students, we once trembled.

I feel like dwelling on this phase of Dr. Kedzie's character, for it is the one about which as students we knew least, and about which so little is generally known. There was not a

child upon the college campus who did not know the doctor, and with childish intuition, these little people not infrequently knew him better than their parents knew him. He always had a kindly greeting for them, and he never allowed a Christmas or a maple sugar season to pass without remembering each one in the way which appeals most strongly to children's hearts. And if, perchance, amidst the numerous changes that were continually taking place on the college campus, some little tot was overlooked, and the fact afterwards became known to this good man, there was greater sorrow in his heart than in that of the child who thought himself forgotten.

Dr. Kedzie was an indefatigable worker. His mind was ever quick to grasp the practical and his originality always found expression in useful channels. He was a scientist whom the manufacturers and business men knew, respected, and loved; knew, because he had given to them a wealth of discovery and information; respected, because his suggestions were always practical; loved, because his interest in their welfare was genuinely honest.

But most of all, he loved agriculture. Ambition after ambition was satisfied only after some discovery in his laboratory had helped to smooth the rugged pathway of his farmer friends. His best thought and most careful and laborious experiments were reserved for agricultural investigations. In abstract science many men were his equals, and some his superiors, even in his chosen profession. But in the practical, applied science of agricultural chemistry, that part of the science which leads to actual results, no other

man of his generation was the equal of Robert Clark Kedzie.

The true secret of his success was in wisely deciding which of the many things that needed doing was most important, and, then in sparing no effort in doing that particular thing well. His work, it is true, covered too wide a range to please the technical specialist, but it was always good. His constituents were so diverse in their requirements, and represented so many lines of work, that none but a truly great man would have attempted to serve them all. But Robert Clark Kedzie laughed at work with the true spirit of the conqueror, and world-wide interests today proclaim his great achievements. The tasks he performed were tremendous, yet he was never happier than when in the midst of their enormous demands. But in spite of this he always found time for every duty, and he delighted in the society of congenial friends. Few of the world's workers prized social life more highly, or obeyed its mandates more naturally or more faithfully than he. In this, as in all things else, he was a leader, and the charm of his sparkling conversation was the delight of every drawing room honored by his presence.

His great power lay in doing all things well. He was a scientist with red blood in his veins. He saw, and appreciated, and was one with the great working world outside of his laboratory. He was fond of praise after he had satisfied himself that he deserved it. He enjoyed his reward but only when it was just.

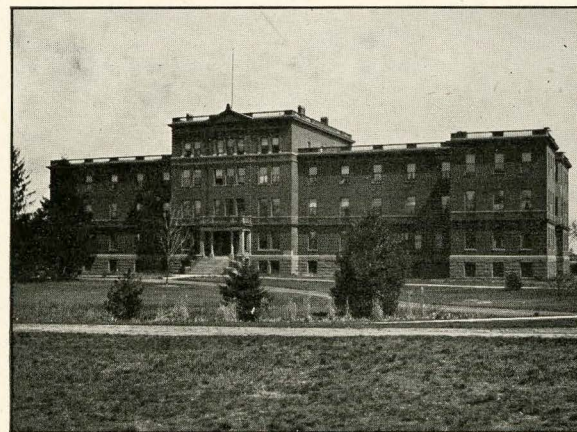
His greatest success was in his dealings with men. He was one of the best judges of mankind, for he was a student

of man. He always knew a thing could be done before he attempted it. His discernment of the impossible and the impracticable was equally acute, and he never attempted either. His greatest love, aside from family ties, was the Michigan Agricultural College, her alumni and her students. He carried every alumnus in his great heart, and in ill-fortune as in good fortune, he was a faithful, active friend. His greatest pride was in the success of his old-time students, and his faith in their future has been an abiding inspiration to them all. His favorite topic of conversation, aside from his chosen profession, was the work of those men whose minds had been trained in his classroom and in his laboratory. His greatest joy was to know that he was held in reverential love by the old boys of the M. A. C.

It will always be a pleasant memory that the thought which was ever uppermost in his mind found expression in his last words to the alumni. It was on the occasion of the last alumni dinner previous to his death, when, after a characteristically strong plea for earnest and loyal support for the institution which in so large a measure represented his life work, he again reiterated his sublime faith in these prophetic words: "The oaks of the forest may fall but this college will endure forever.

It was the delight of his last years that his work had been

appreciated; that he was venerated by the generation in which he lived; that his life had been a blessing to his fellow men; that he was leaving the world happier and better than he found it; and that much of what he had accomplished would endure to the end of time. His monument is indestructible in the hearts of his faithful students, and from generation to generation his memory will be perpetuated through the great works he performed.



A House Meeting

To the many girls at M. A. C.
The house meetings will ever be
A strong reminder of frolic and fun,
For which we were always called down "some."

The worthy Dean stands before the throng,
And brings her voice to the pitch of a song,
"Young ladies, I once more will caution you
To put rubber heels upon your shoe.

Then when strolling about,
When after supper you are out,
And stroll not singly in pairs you know,
But doubly in couples you all must go.

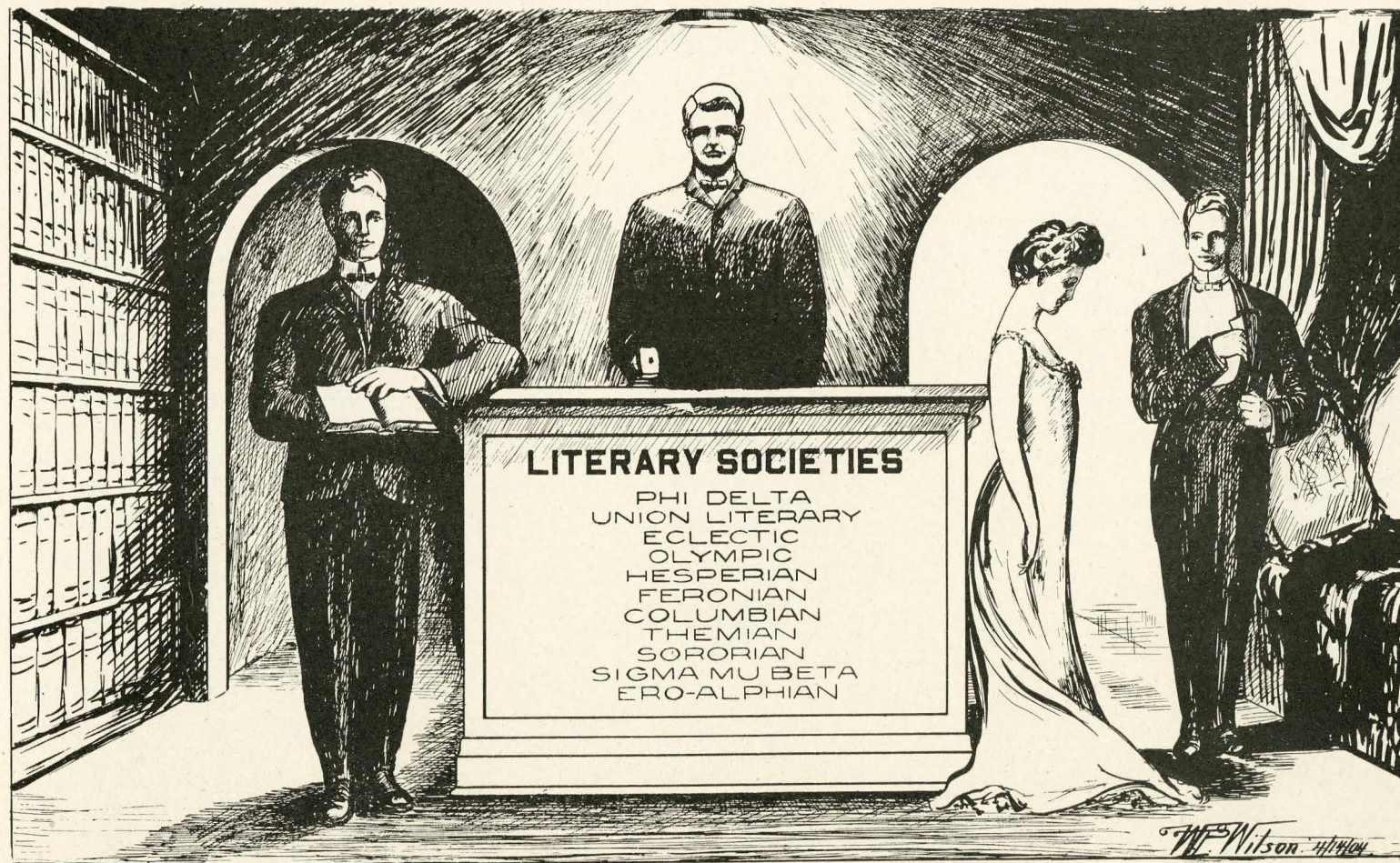
Also in taking these pleasant talks
Please keep your feet on the concrete walks,
And do not linger at the door
To say only just a few words more.

Come in, do not wait for another,
Who stands first on one foot and then the other,
And when the serenades you hear,
Do not entice the gentleman near,
Nor yourselves in evidence make,
Let's not again have this mistake."

And when her little *speech* is o'er,
She always takes a few words more,
And looking at all the girls in (sight?)
She says, "Young ladies, am I not right?"

And we all copy these things in a book,
So at them later we may look,
For they're as amusing as they can be—
Are these old house meetings at M. A. C.

E. D.



The Phi Delta Society

The Phi Delta Theta Fraternity was established at Miami University in 1848. Application from the M. A. C. for a charter was made to the General Council in October, 1873, and it was granted in November of the same year. The chapter was known as the Michigan Beta of the Phi Delta Theta Fraternity, the ceremonies taking place under an oak tree near the present site of Prof. Shaw's residence.

The charter members were as follows: Thomas Fryer Rogers, '74; Frank Joseph Annis, '75; Charles William Sheldon, '75, and Grant Marion Sheldon, '76.

According to the records, the first regular meeting was held at 5 P. M., Nov. 3, 1873, with Charles W. Sheldon, President, and Frank J. Annis, Secretary. As the Fraternity had no place to hold its meetings, Dr. Beal kindly allowed them the use of his lecture room. Meetings were held here until shortly after the completion of Wells Hall, when the State Board granted the fraternity the use of the rooms under the east ward of Wells Hall.

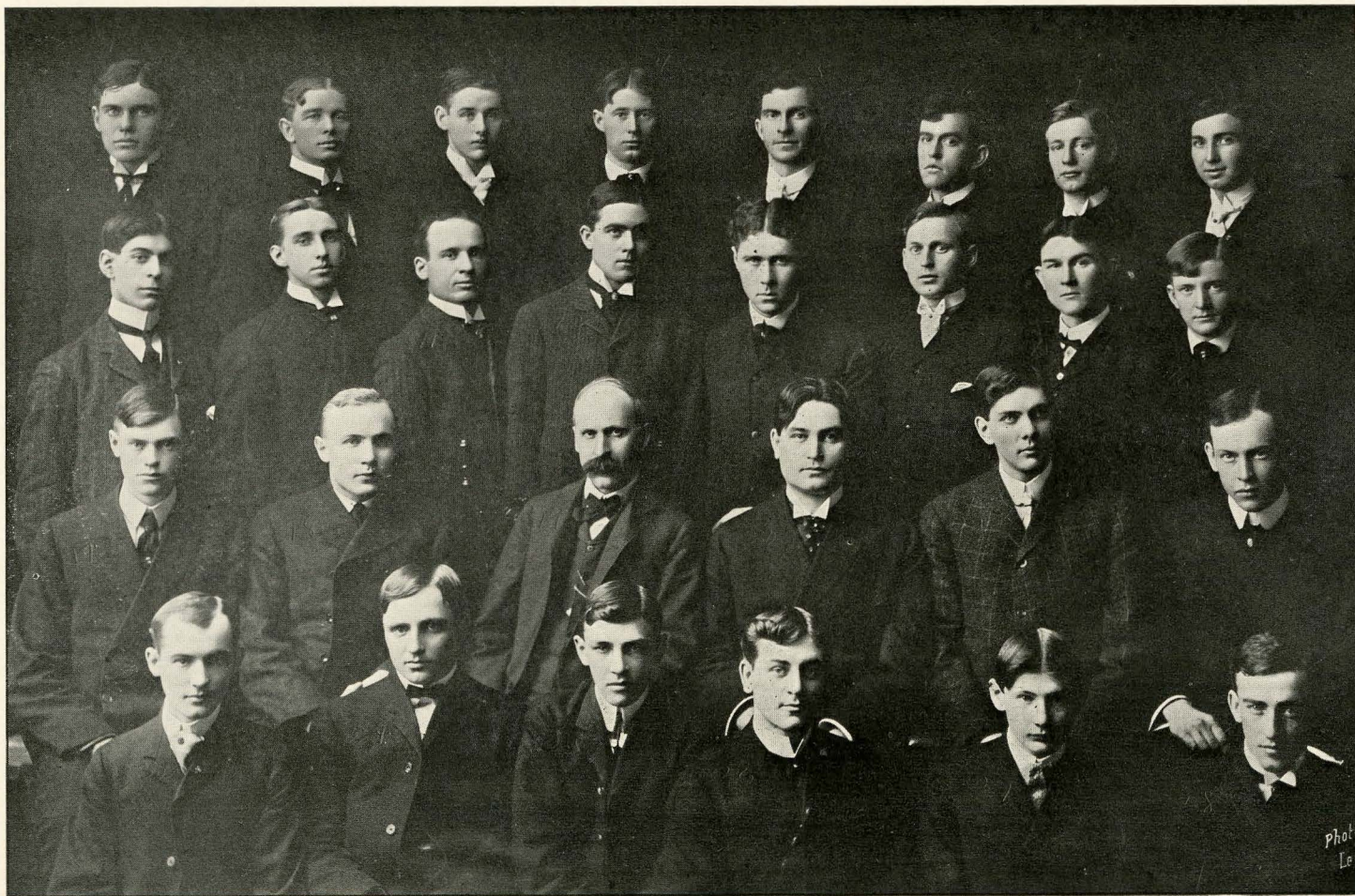
Michigan Beta has always been very prosperous, and very careful in the selection of its men. The chapter is success-

fully represented in many walks of life by men who reflect credit on their Alma Mater.

In March, 1898, the charter was surrendered, as a feeling prevailed in the General Council and the larger chapters that charters ought to be restricted to classical schools and universities.

The members then promptly organized under the name of the Phi Delta Society, with Homer B. Clark as President, and Adorf B. Krentel as Secretary. The work of building up the new society fell upon a willing corps of workers. As a result of this, good progress has been made, and an active part in literary work has been taken. The extent of this work has been in the nature of a geometrical progression,—each term's work showing a decided improvement over the preceding one.

We trust that the alumni of the Phi Delta Society have been as successfully represented in college life, and will be in the world in general as have the members of the Michigan Beta.



Society Roll

Officers

President—R. D. MALTBY.

Warden—G. V. HOWARD.

Secretary—L. O. GORDON.

Treasurer—H. J. McNULTY.

Marshal—A. H. PEARSALL.

1904.

14 J. H. Prost
18 R. E. Ferguson
H. W. Geller
4 R. D. Maltby
11 G. V. Howard
26 H. L. Schneider

1905.

21 F. S. Dunks

1906.

5 C. A. Blake
25 E. R. Graham
15 I. D. Angel
2 E. B. McKenna
6 L. O. Gordon

1907.

3 D. S. Updegraff
10 B. B. Lombard
L. S. Huhn
13 H. J. McNulty
23 A. H. Pearsall
9 A. G. Palacio
22 D. Moomaw
7 J. C. Maynard
12 T. M. Hooper
L. B. Bye

1908.

17 L. C. Rix
W. P. Cronin
1 R. N. Wallace
24 B. E. Stowell
8 W. C. Dilloway

Hank Meekins Plan

Hank Meekins sez, sez 'e,
"Jings! I wisht 'at I wuz free
An' didn't hev so awful much
On my mind, an' didn't hev such
Bizness cares ter make me fret,"
Hank Meekins sez, sez 'e, "you bet
I'd push a thing
I got in mind, 'at's sure ter bring
Ten thousand plunks inside a year,
But prop'ty intrusts keeps me here."

Hank Meekins sez, sez 'e,
"Right here's whut's botherin' me
If I wuz young an' cud git away
Like you young bucks kin, an' stay,
I'd go right down ter Arkansaw
In the bottoms wher the country's raw,
An' grass grows high the hull year through,
An' I'd take erlong a hundred er two
Ov geese," sez 'e—"an whut didn't die,"
He sez, sez 'e, "ud multiply."

An' Hank he sez, sez 'e,
"Each goose ud evridge up yer see
A pound ov feathers more er less,
An' each ud evridge up ter dress
Five pounds the goose—an' you cud crate
'Bout hef the aigs, an' fer a estimate
Each aig ud hatch a goose," sez 'e,
"You've made yer shipments ez case may be
An' thet's clean cash, an' a good supply
Ov geese on hand ter multiply."

Hank Meekins sez, sez 'e,
"It's jist like three times three times three,
Yer grass grows high an' ther's no expense,
Yer lands is free an' ther ain't no rents—
But my wife's workin' out by the month," sez 'e,
"An' it sort o' throws home cares on me.
But if I wuz young an' cud git away,"
He sez, sez 'e, "I'd start today."

FRED H. YAPLE.

The Union Literary Society

The early history of the Union Literary Society is the record of an earnest attempt, made in '76, to establish at this college, an organization, by means of which there could be secured, not only the benefits arising from social intercourse, but also an opportunity for improvement along literary lines. At this time there were in existence at the college several fraternities, but to a number of the leading students these associations did not seem to offer the advantages which they desired. This led them to consider the advisability of forming a society having systematic literary work as one of its chief objects, and as a result of serious thought and with great hopes for its success, the Union Literary Society came into existence.

The first meeting was held April 8, 1876. W. C. Latta, '77, was President; James Brassington, '76, was Vice President, and W. K. Prudden, '78, was Secretary. At first the meetings were held in the English class room, and here many hours were spent in goodfellowship and profitable literary work.

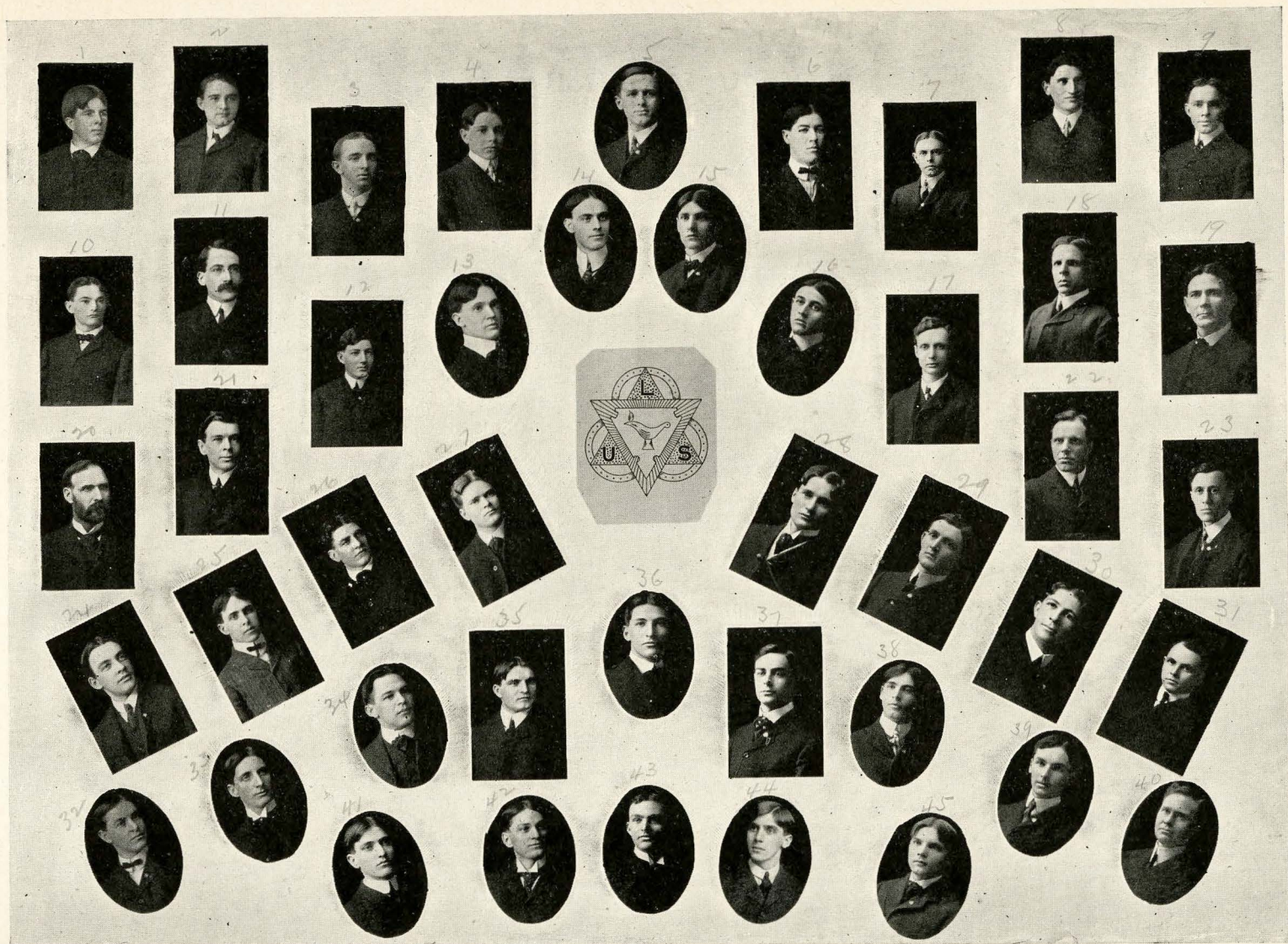
The new society had to encounter the ridicule of the fraternity men, who prophesied its early dissolution. However, the little band of earnest workers kept diligently at work, and instead of failing, the society maintained a steady

growth and soon began to exert a considerable influence upon college affairs. An onward impulse was given when rooms were provided in Wells Hall. The members made many sacrifices to furnish them in a home-like manner and in '84 the Union Literary Society found itself in a position to entertain its friends suitably, in its own rooms. In 1891 a society building was erected through the efforts of the active members and the generous aid of the alumni members, who were glad to show, in this way, their loyalty to their old society.

From this time the society maintained its high standard and today stands as one of the leading societies on the grounds. The U. L. S. has always taken a prominent part in all that pertains to elevated college life and its representatives have always appeared to good advantage, not only in athletic affairs, but also in the fields of oratory and debate.

Time has shown that the efforts of those few students in '76 have met with a large measure of success and that this has come about through adherence to the principles laid down by the early members, and admirably expressed in the watch-words of the society—Unity, Loyalty, Sincerity.

H. S. HUNT, '05.



U. L. S. Roll

Officers

President—C. D. WOODBURY.

Vice-President—H. S. HUNT.

Secretary—H. C. SALISBURY.

Treasurer—R. S. DAVIS.

1904.

36 Robert J. Baldwin
30 Harvey D. Hahn
34 Geo. E. Martin
17 Chas. D. Woodbury

1905.

19 Arthur J. Anderson
22 Rollin S. Davis
43 Clem C. Ford
5 Joseph P. Haftenkamp
33 Horace S. Hunt
22 Fred L. Johnston
13 Frank J. Kratz
13 Clyde W. Stringer
44 H. Foley Tuttle

1906.

Earl W. Kenrick
Cass A. Lamb
John R. Lambert
2 Allan Markham
Ray C. Potts
Roy G. Potts
Hugh C. Salisbury
Kinton B. Stevens
10 Louis M. Spencer
Rollo J. West

1907.

3 Hugh I. Glazier
Ralph E. Haines
Chas. W. Landon
Morris F. Johnson
O. Alfred Kratz
Oliver K. White
4 Edwin A. Wilson

1908.

Millard O. Johnson
12 Herman Nickodemus
E. Percy Tallant

RESIDENT ALUMNI MEMBERS

Prof. W. E. Babcock
Albert G. Craig
S. Fred Edwards
Prof. U. P. Hedrick
Prof. W. O. Hedrick
Chas. A. McCue
1 Horace W. Norton
Arthur D. Peters
21 Floyd W. Robinson
Ray R. Tower

The Desertion of the General

By Ray Stannard Baker

I remember as distinctly as though it were yesterday the afternoon that Cy Cornell stopped in front of Thornton's store and asked the momentous question, "How shall I move them there bees of mine?" It was a hot afternoon and Cy mopped his big red face with a round and round movement of his bandanna handkerchief.

This problem in teaming was irresistably attractive. It was the opinion of Sorenson that the hives might be brought down one at a time, provided a spring wagon was used, it being understood that shaking was not desirable for bees in hot weather. Alexander Scott had heard of wrapping the hives with pieces of wet rag carpet on the theory that if the bees were kept cool and dark they would think it was night and submit to removal with docility. Little Pinney McHugh pool-pooled both of these suggestions. He, Pinney, spoke with the weight of notorious experience and he advised Cy to sell his bees on the spot.

"Bees are derved likely to leak out of a hive when you're hauling 'em," said Pinney.

"They leaked out o' yourn," remarked Sorenson.

"They did," responded Pinney, "and more—considerable more."

Pinney swelled out his cheeks and half closed one eye, significantly.

There was a moment's silence while the problem was revolved in many minds, and then Mort Bull said:

"Old Man Cragin 'll haul 'em for you."

Pinney McHugh looked around to see if anyone was

laughing and when he found they were all as sober as Solomon he shook his head:

"May they be aisy on 'im," he said, shrilly, "it's the last word of a friend."

Cy found Cragin sitting propped comfortably against the shady side of the livery stable with his rheumatic leg stretched out before him. He was rounding off the knotty head of a hickory cane. At his side lay his dog, General, his head between his fore paws and his eyes half closed. When Cy came up the General's tail scraped a lazy greeting in the gravel. Cragin made a business of such light teaming as came within the strength and inclination of his fat mare, Jenny; he also drew a pension which comforted his old days in cheerfulness.

"How's haying, Cy?" asked Cragin.

"I'm movin'," said Cy.

"Again?"

"Again."

After this Cy explained his business and as the full meaning of the responsibility dawned on Cragin, his parched old face crinkled with pleasure.

"You had to come to the old man," he chuckled; and then after a pause he said: "Course we can haul your bees, can't we, Gen'l?"

At this both of the General's eyes opened wide and he rose, yawning, and wagged his stubby tail. General was a ragged little dog with legs that bowed out like the legs of an antique chair. In his puppyhood he had been a wan-

derer on the face of the earth, and before he met his present master he had many difficulties with the boys of the Falls, who were accustomed to judge a dog by his personal appearance instead of looking for the beauties of his character. But old man Cragin had taken him to his heart.

"They's one thing about the Gen'l," he used to tell us; "he ain't particularly good looking, but he's faithful and honest. Why, that dog would follow me to the mouth of a blazing cannon, or to a wolf's lair, or—or anywhere else."

General was a sober-minded and conscientious little dog with a very moderate estimate of his own abilities. By disposition he was conciliatory. This would have been well enough, and the world would have let him alone as it always does the merely good, but unfortunately he was wholly without the sense of humor. Along with a philosophical turn of mind, nature had given him a comically ragged exterior and, as I have said, bow-legs, and a stub tail. He felt these deficiencies acutely and in company they caused him embarrassment and self-consciousness which he tried to overcome by an assumed lightness of manner. He hopped awkwardly about, squirmed at the feet of the stranger, barked his abject apologies and went into paroxysms of waggings.

Among his friends General was quite a different dog. He always trotted faithfully close to his master's heels, or if his master was out with Jenny he would sit up like a deacon on the seat beside him. Being without kin in the world Cragin discussed all his affairs with the General, who was a most appreciative and sympathetic listener. Sometimes he would look up wisely into Cragin's face just to show that he perfectly understood the point in discussion and sometimes when his master grew very emphatic he would scratch

the seat with his tail. Day or night he followed his master with unerring faithfulness, and in return he received the old man's tenderest care and affection.

Cragin stopped at Scott's place, leaning against the white gate, and took off his old slouch hat—the one with the rusty brass tassels that he wore when the G. A. R. marched in parade.

"It's a warm day," he observed with sprightliness, and then before the Scotchman could answer, he leaned forward eagerly:

"I'm goin' to bring down Cy's bees," he said—"Cy Cornell, up to Eureky. He couldn't get nary one of the young uns to do it, so he had to come to the old man."

On leaving, Cragin borrowed a hame strap from Scott, then he stopped a moment at Fish's to discuss the weather—and bees—and incidentally he borrowed a spring seat. Then he led his chubby bay mare, Jenny, around to the blacksmith shop to have Jerry tighten up her left fore shoe.

On his way back Cragin stopped and borrowed a bit of Charlie Sorenson to ease up Jenny's mouth, then he went plodding up the street in the dusk of the late afternoon.

"Had to come to the old man after all," he chuckled. He felt somehow that he was still a man in the world, doing a man's work, that old age after all had left him something.

Before daylight the next morning Cragin was up and out, but he took good care not to start until the town was well astir. As he drove slowly up the main street, perched high on Fish's spring seat, his face was stern with a new though somewhat tremulous dignity.

"Good luck to you," shouted Thornton from his door.

"Don't get stung," called the blacksmith.

And so he went forth with glory. "Choop, Jinny," he called to the mare, and then he began to discuss the hauling of bees with the General. The General wasn't altogether accustomed to a spring seat and sometimes when they went into a rut he would pitch forward, open his mouth, and go slipping and clawing across the cushion and finally he grew so uncomfortable that the old man put one arm around him and thus the two friends bumped and rattled over the rough roads until at last they came to Cy Cornell's house. Cy himself stood on the porch in his shirt sleeves to welcome them.

It took almost two hours to load the bees. The hives had been carefully closed on the evening before when the bees had all gone in, and now they were lifted one by one and tied into the wagon. Old Man Cragin was almost as spry as a boy; he even whistled a bit, and the General sat not far away looking on with sober approval.

"You'll have to drive slow and careful," shouted Cy as they turned into the road. "Don't joggle 'em more'n you can help, and stop once in a while in the shade. It's pretty hot for bees to be boxed up that way."

"Needn't worry," was the cheerful response, "'Tain't as if you was trusting your property to a boy."

It was hot. The old man took off his blue coat, General's tongue dripped, and the mare grew soapy under the crupper straps.

"Never seemed to me sech bad road," Cragin observed to the General as the wagon jolted on the stones and strained and swung on the sandy hills. And the bees droned a heavy emphasis behind.

All went well until they came to the big hollow. Here the road pitched off down a seemingly endless hill, bolted

over a short corduroy and wound up another hill almost as bad as the first. The old man braced his feet and held hard on the reins.

"Stiddy, now," he said, "whoa, Jenny, rec'lect you've got a ticklish load. Now, Gen'l, we've got our work before us, but tain't's if we didn't know how to do it—"

Then suddenly one of the bees crept out—or perhaps there were two or three of them—and being deeply aggrieved at such handling on a warm afternoon they lighted with precision and force on Jenny's plump back. Instantly the mare rose up behind, switched her tail, and drove two small hoofs through the dashboard. Then she ran, and every time she leaped, and sometimes when she didn't, a bee stung her. Cragin called aloud for her to stop but she only ran the faster, her hoofs rattling among the loose stones and the dust rising over all in clouds. The democrat wagon leaped from side to side, pitched like a schooner in a gale and the buzzing of the bees sounded like a brass band composed wholly of trombones.

At last they struck the corduroy with a bump. Up flew the front axle and the thills snapped; for a moment the wagon careened crazily on two wheels, and then over it went with a crash in the soft green of the bordering marsh. Of course the hives were not built to stand any such calamity and two of them split open like dripping ripe melons and out poured the bees in a cloud, every one of them hot and angry. Jenny lay on her back with her pudgy legs waving in the air, the General was bounding about, and barking, his excitement having quite overcome his natural reserve, and the old man, half-dazed and quite speechless, sat unharmed on a tuft of swamp grass.

A moment later Jenny was galloping up the hill with a

swarm of bees urging her from behind. After her came Old Man Cragin waving his arms and dodging. In this order the two dashed into the Falls and all the town came out to see. Here there was much more shouting and running but at last the two runaways were captured and led into the shade. For hours the old man lay groaning and half unconscious. He had not been stung severely but the shock and excitement had quite overcome him. Toward evening he sat up and this was his first question:

"Where's the Gen'l?"

No one had seen the old man's dog. He had not come in with the procession and a party that had gone out to rescue the bees could give no information about him. At this the old man's face fell and he spoke with the inflection of hopeless despondency:

"The Gen'l's gone and deserted me," he said; "he's deserted me under fire. I didn't think he'd do it;" and the tears of weak old age trickled down his cheeks. For a time he sat quite silent and then he said:

"I wouldn't have deserted him nohow—under fire."

The next morning there was a knock at the old man's door and when it opened in came Sorenson and Scott and Mort Bull. They trod awkwardly to the foot of the bed where the old man lay and fussed with the rims of their hats.

"How are you all?" asked the old man holding out a bandaged hand. They had never realized that Cragin was so very old and thin and small. His cheeriness had belied his age. His old army coat lay over the foot of the bed; the rusty hat with the tarnished tassels was by it.

Sorenson spoke at last:

"We came up to tell you about your pony," he said.

The old man turned his head wearily.

"Bees are mighty hard on horses," continued Scott, "especially if they're stirred up and hot."

"But," put in Mort Bull, hurriedly, "she'll pull through. Speckled up a bit, but she'll pull through. We thought you'd like to know, Cragin."

They all knew how Cragin cherished the little mare but he made no sign of relief or approval. Instead he seemed to be thinking of something else; finally he asked anxiously:

"Ain't none of you seen the Gen—my dog, around anywhere, have you?"

Sorenson shook his head. The old man remained silent for a moment and then he said:

"I thought it was him barkin' in the night—"

His voice broke and he turned away from the light. As they were going out they were arrested by Cragin's voice, this time with a touch of anger in it.

"I shan't never forgive him, never. I didn't think he'd go and do such a thing. He just run away and left me. I shan't never forgive him."

The next day the old man was able to walk out with his cane. We were all glad enough to see him again, but the cheery, kindly important Cragin whom we had known a week before had disappeared. A heavy melancholy had settled upon him; his hair looked whiter and into his eyes had come the distant look of the old.

As he stumped up the village street, the old man quite unexpectedly saw his dog waiting on the corner beyond the livery stable. He stopped and peered ahead, intently. Then he drew out his steel-bowed spectacles and put them on. Yes, it was the General. For a moment they stood looking

at each other. Then Old Man Cragin took off his spectacles and shut them into the case with a sharp click. He shook his head positively, set his lips and, turning about, walked off down the street. His shoulders were squared back much in the manner of parade days, and he stepped as rapidly as his rheumatic leg would permit, thumping his hickory cane on the boards. But gradually he went more slowly, though still nodding his head, and presently he stopped short, as if undecided in mind. Then he shrugged his shoulders and made as if to start forward again but instead he half turned and looked back. There was the General skulking silently behind, not daring to look up, tail between legs, the very picture of shame-faced distress. Cragin looked at him for a moment; then he said with stern dignity:

"Come here, Gen'l."

The General crept nearer, cringing with apology. Here was necessity for sharp discipline.

"You ought to be ashamed o' yourself," said the old man sternly, "Ain't I always been a good and loyal friend o' yours, Gen'l? Ain't I? Then what do you mean by goin' and desertin' me under fire, and in the face of the enemy? I didn't think you'd do it, Gen'l—I didn't think it nohow," and here the old man's voice, which had been steadily weakening, broke entirely. He drew out his handkerchief and blew his nose.

The General, saying not a word, crept nearer, his contrite body groveling on the ground. Then of a sudden Cragin saw that one of the General's eyes was swollen shut and that his ragged body was covered with blotches and bunches where the bees had stung him. The old man dropped instantly

to his knees and laid his face against the dog's ragged coat. Then he stroked the General's back with tender, trembling fingers.

"They got after you, too, didn't they, Gen'l," he said; "but you should a-come right home; you wouldn't a-hurt my feelin's a bit, for I know you done your best."

And thus, talking and coddling the dog, Cragin rose to his feet. His face was beaming with a flash of his old cheeriness.

"But I tell you, Gen'l, they've spiled your good looks; you can't be a Romeo no more."

Just then Alexander Scott came along.

"The Gen'l's came back," Cragin said to him triumphantly. Then he continued apologetically: "He'd a come before this but he's a considerate dog and he was afraid he'd hurt my feelings. The Gen'l and me has lived together a long time, Alec, and we know each other pretty well. Don't we Gen'l; hey, Gen'l? I know he's a mighty thoughtful and considerate dog. Why, that dog would do anything for me."

The old man stood looking down affectionately at the General for a moment, then, recalling something, he broke into a quavering laugh.

"But they've completely spiled your beauty, Gen'l," he said.

A few minutes later we saw them walking up the street together in a state of happiness that most earthly creatures may never hope to reach. Cragin was saying:

"Come on home, Gen'l; I've got some ile that'll jes fix you up."

Eclectic Society

1904.

A. Adelman

H. T. Ross

L. T. Clark

1905.

J. W. Bolte

O. W. Burke

E. J. Hagadorn

B. McAlpine

J. E. Schaefer

P. H. Wessels

1906.

R. C. Bird

G. W. Hebblewhite

H. H. Hogue

H. J. Mastenbrook

C. A. Pratt

K. F. Ranger

J. H. Taylor

G. Verran

E. H. Wieder

1907.

H. R. Beckwith

A. A. Case

C. Cavanaugh

G. W. Dudley

B. B. Ellsworth

G. B. Hayes

H. L. Kimball

E. J. Leach

O. C. Post

A. C. Pratt

S. E. Race

A. W. Sherman

A. S. Van Haltern

1908.

G. W. Dodge

J. W. Marr

SPECIALS.

H. A. Childs

O. D. Dales



ECLECTIC SOCIETY

Eclectic Society

The Eclectic Society was formed in the year 1877; so is enrolled among the very first societies at M. A. C. On March 12 of that year a few of the most energetic non-society men met in a class room in College Hall and effected a temporary organization. A committee was appointed to prepare a constitution which was subsequently adopted, J. R. Monroe being elected first president and P. J. Lewis first secretary.

The objects of the society are well expressed in the preamble to the first constitution: We declare ourselves an association for mutual improvement in literary, moral and social culture and to enlarge our fund of general intelligence; in pursuit of which objects we desire to establish and promote a friendly interest in each other and to exhibit a due consideration for the opinions and feelings of others.

The society was fortunate in having some of the strongest men in college among its first members and to this can be attributed, to a large extent, the uniform prosperity which the society has enjoyed. They were men whose lives have ever been an inspiration to Eclectics.

The name "Eclectic Society" was adopted March 16, 1878. The meaning of Eclectic—"selected"—has been very applicable to the policy of the society who have always endeavored to select men of worth and energy.

The meetings were held in College Hall for some time, but in the year 1878 permission was obtained from the State Board to fit up rooms on the fourth floor of Williams Hall. The members with their own hands transformed the dismal apartments to the pleasant rooms which have since been the home of Eclectics. The tales told by old Alumni, of holding a literary meeting while seated on piles of lumber, and then putting in an hour or two in fitting up the rooms, well serves to illustrate the earnestness of the first members. The rooms were dedicated September 17, 1879, with appropriate ceremonies, in which President T. C. Abbot and Secretary R. C. Baird took part.

From its earliest infancy to the present time it has been the aim of the society to drill its members in literary work and parliamentary rules without losing sight of the moral and social training which should be derived from such an organization. May the fraternal spirit which has ever characterized the "Tics" in the past, continue; and the ever increasing Brotherhood be even more firmly united as the years pass.

A. ADELMAN, '04.

The Electric Light Plant

This plant, though not indigenous to our soil, ranks among the hardiest of our perennials. Once well established there is small danger of loss—to the proprietors, and unlike many of our exotics it thrives well in the most crowded cities. If the plant is located on the bank of a swift river it will grow very rapidly, sending its tendril-like branches in all directions. In order to have a good, thrifty plant, it is necessary to keep these branches off the ground. It is customary in most cities to fasten these branches to poles and train them to follow the streets of the city. This is made necessary from the size of the plants. It is true that some attempts have been made to place the branches underground owing to the effect they have upon shade trees. There appears to be no reason why this method of handling the plant should not be successful if proper attention be given to the work as the branches contain no chlorophyll and so do not really need the sunlight.

As to the size of these plants, it will be found to vary greatly. A healthy, thrifty plant should occupy an entire city and as much of the surrounding country as the proprietors deem profitable. The plants should never be crowded. In ordinary cities one plant is sufficient, and even in large cities two plants of the same species appear to have detrimental effects upon each other.

The plants are used largely for ornamental purposes, though attempts are made daily to make the plant serve more useful purposes. The parts used in decorations are the bulbs which are borne at the ends of long slender

branches. These bulbs make very good ornaments as they are found of various shapes and sizes, and are often variously colored. The predominant color is a dull yellowish red, though occasionally one is found that is nearly white and very brilliant. Such bulbs are, however, very rare. Great care should be exercised in handling the bulbs as they are easily injured. Although the plant itself is perfectly hardy, the bulbs are sometimes frosted. Many people prefer these frosted bulbs, claiming that they are not at all damaged by the process. The young bulbs are generally quite brilliant and old bulbs can be readily distinguished as they usually appear dull red at night and black in the day time.

When a bulb loses its brilliance it should be removed and new bulbs can be easily made to take its place. These discarded bulbs have no value as the plants are never propagated from bulbs. The most successful way of propagating these plants seems to be by graft, and this is the way they are usually established in our cities.

A fine opportunity is given us here at the college to study the habits of the plant. At present there is no specimen to be found in the botanic garden. This due probably to the size of the plant and to the fact that its scientific name has not yet been definitely determined. When introduced into Lansing the proprietors of the plant announced it as *Piattus gigantea splendens*. The director of the Experiment Station who has made a thorough study of the plant has decided that it should more properly be called *Piattus exorbitans*. The Botanic Department, assisted by Prof. Weil, have made a

somewhat extensive study of these plants in the different parts of the United States with a view of introducing the plant here at the college. After thorough study it was decided that there are two distinct species belonging to separate genera: *Exorbitans gigantea*, as found now at the college, and *Edisonia utilis*, a more rare kind. Some doubt is cast on the identity of these species from the fact that they vary so much under different treatments. It may be found, in time, that there is really only one species: *Edisonia utilis*, and that the other is simply the form the plant takes when not properly handled. At present the difference in the two species consists in the brighter bulbs of *E. utilis* and in the fact that it requires less expensive plant-food for its maintenance.

The electric light plant has one serious pest: a scale-like insect known as *Populus economica*. Whenever this pest is found in abundance the plants do not thrive though they may continue to exist indefinitely. For the best results the soil should be rich enough to produce an abundance of that native mushroom growth known as *Americano extravagans*.

No mention of this plant can be found in our standard botanies. This is due to the fact that the plant is comparatively new, and it is also very hard to classify owing to its lack of foliage. This lack of foliage has led many to class it as a parasitic plant. In the few I have examined I have found a large terminal bud often occupying the place of a bulb. These buds have three, four, or six fan-like leaves or blades arranged in a whorl—although they are not always in motion. This fantastic arrangement is highly esteemed by some of our professors as a desk ornament in summer time.

As to the cost of keeping these plants, little can be said as it varies greatly and no rule has yet been devised for computing it in advance with any accuracy. Even people with many years experience are compelled to confess their ignorance of the size of their next month's bill. On this account it is best to classify this expense along with house rent, fuel, board, etc., as it saves worry and it undoubtedly comes under current expense. For further information on this subject consult that touching poem:—

“The Charge of the Light Brigade.”

The Olympic Society

The Olympic Society was organized in September of 1885, in room No. 105 Wells Hall, then occupied by A. L. Marhoff, '87, who did more toward the primary steps of its organization than any other student. He, with F. L. Wigglesworth, the first president of the society and Everhart of '86, O. C. Wheeler, '87, G. L. Teller, '88, and one or two others were the charter members and formed the nucleus from which the present Olympic Society has grown.

Until the organization of this society, there were but two open literary societies at the college. These were the Eclectic and the Union Literary societies. At this time these two were filled to their constitutional limit, which at best accommodated but a small proportion of the students then in attendance at the college. It had been ten years since a society was formed and it had now become apparent that another society was needed, as the remainder of the students were denied the privilege and training of a literary society. It was for this reason that the Olympic Society was organized; it was with the hope that more students might receive the benefit and training given by societies of this kind.

The early history of this society is a record of hard work and thought which the first members will not readily forget. They, like the others, started with comparatively nothing, but struggled along as best they could, holding their meetings in class rooms or in the rooms of students wherever they found it most convenient. Their literary work was conducted along much the same lines as today but with fewer members. From time to time, more members were

added to its roll until it became as strong and influential as its sister societies. The men who organized the society were not alone in their struggle for an existence, for, had it not been for the invaluable aid rendered by President Willits the Olympic Society would not be in existence today. It was he who christened the society and it was through his influence that the pleasant rooms which it now occupies were secured. This was in the spring 1887, at which time O. C. Wheeler, '87, was chosen chairman of the building committee that was to finish the rooms located on the fourth floor of the south wing of Williams Hall. The work was completed in time for commencement of that year; the commencement program and banquet being the first exercises held in the new quarters.

The emblem of the society is a Grecian lyre, designed by Mr. Wheeler and adopted by the society in '86. The original as designed by him differed somewhat from the present pin. It consisted of a lyre with the reeds omitted and the Parthenon resting upon the lower cross-bar and had O. S. engraved upon the upper one. It was also much smaller than the present pin, and had no base.

The oratorical contest held each winter term originated in the Olympic Society. The first contest was held in the fall of '88 and was won by Mr. David Anderson who represented the society. Perhaps these oratorical contests have had as much to do with the upbuilding of the literary work of this college as any other one influence.

The general work of this society has been along literary

lines, but in addition to the literary training, our aim has been, and is today, to train all members morally and socially as well. How well this work has been done and the success that has been attained are known by all who are acquainted with college affairs.

Our college home has undergone many changes since its acquirement, yet it is a dear place to the many Olympics who have left it to enter life's pathway; and a dearer place to those who remain to enjoy its privileges.

R. J. CARL, '05.

Olympic Society Roll

Officers

President—D. A. GURNEY

Vice President—C. C. MORBECK

Secretary—H. L. FRANCIS

Treasurer—I. M. PHIPPENY

Marshal—I. E. PARSONS

1904.

L. F. Bird
W. F. Carleton
J. O. Greenway
D. A. Gurney
G. C. Morbeck
P. B. Pierce
H. G. Walker

1905.

W. C. Bennett
R. J. Carl
L. M. Kingsley
M. G. Stephenson

1906.

S. Armstrong
A. H. Cameron
H. L. Francis
H. E. Moon
I. M. Phippeny
R. Rasmussen

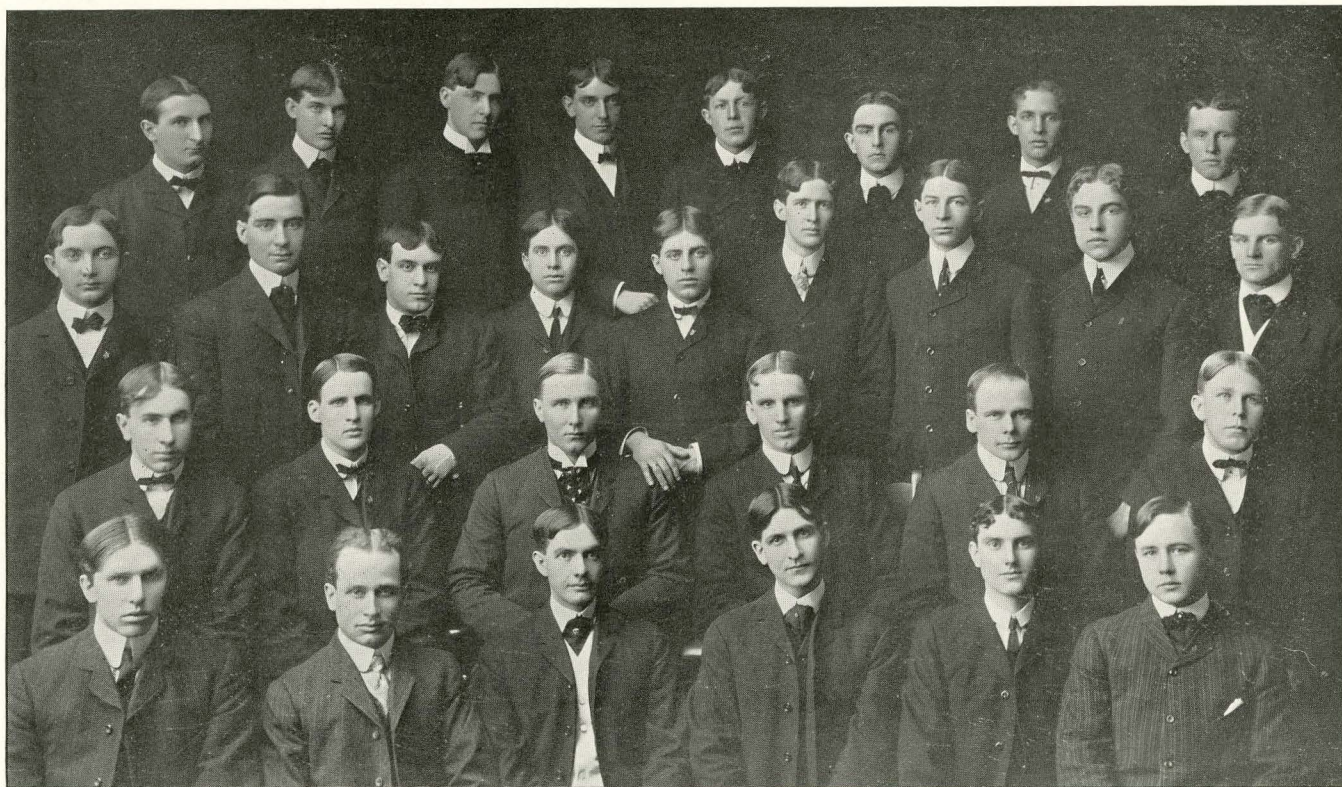
1907

G. E. Brigham
G. M. Brigham
H. L. Burnett
B. B. Clise
A. H. Chase

I. E. Parsons
L. B. Hitchcock
P. H. Shuttleworth
W. H. Small
O. T. Sadler
N. C. Perry

1908

W. F. Amos
C. E. Merwin
W. H. Parker



OLYMPIC SOCIETY

Hesperian Society Roll

Officers

President—G. N. CARDOZO

Vice President—A. C. DODGE

Secretary—C. M. GRANGER

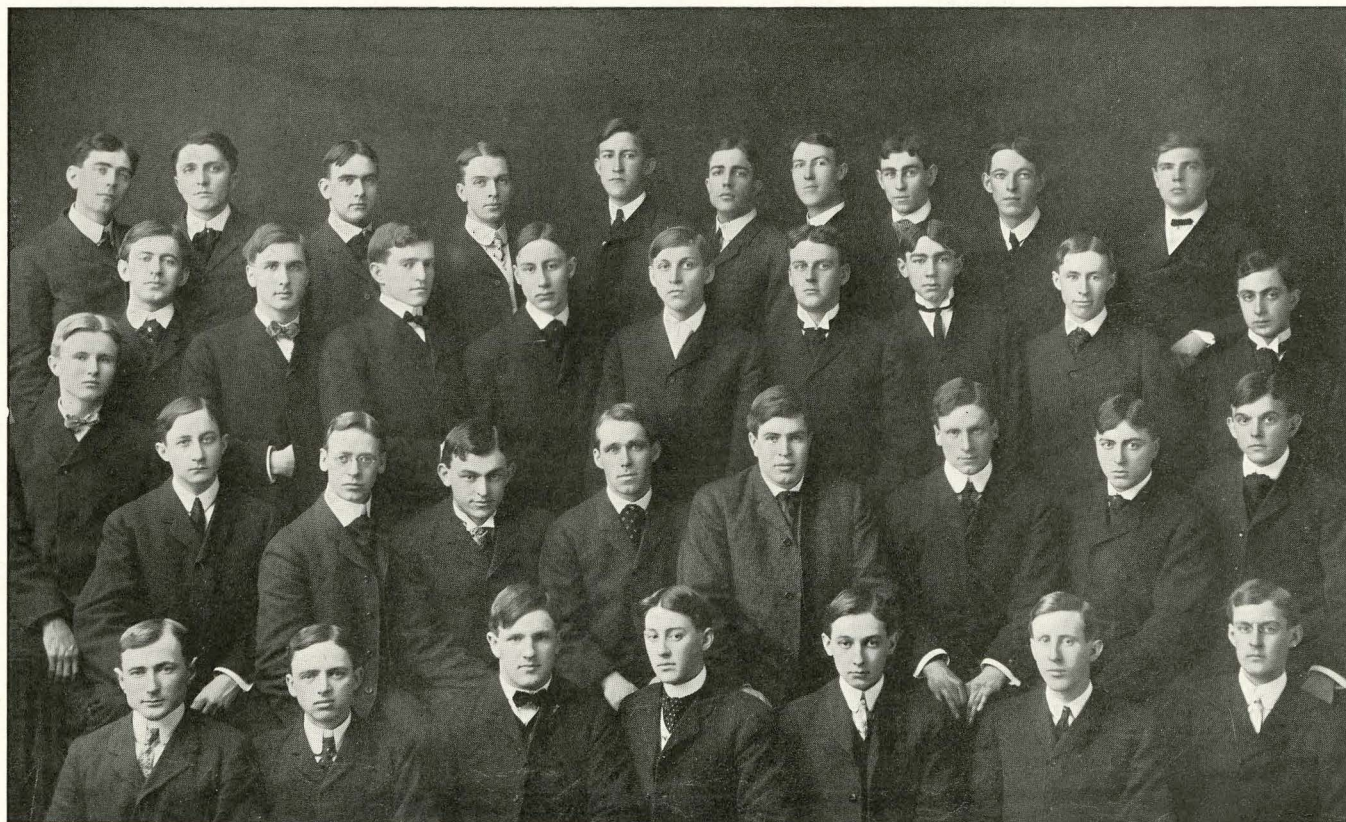
Treasurer—W. P. WILSON

Marshal—W. H. BIDWELL

W. B. Allen
W. H. Bidwell
H. C. Baker
W. V. Baker
J. L. Baker
R. S. Canfield
G. N. Cardozo
W. D. Carpenter
A. C. Dodge
D. W. Doty
G. J. Elliott

R. C. Fowler
R. C. Graham
C. M. Granger
P. V. Goldsmith
D. W. Horton
J. P. Knickerbocker
E. G. Kenny
S. B. Lilly
T. H. McHatton
G. W. Nichols
J. G. Palmer

A. A. Rosenberry
E. Robinson
J. S. Shaw
N. J. Smith
I. D. Smith
C. E. Swales
M. W. Taber
G. F. Talladay
J. W. Taylor
W. P. Wilson
C. A. Willson



HESPERIAN SOCIETY

Hesperian Society

During the winter term of 1889 the need of a new literary society was felt at M. A. C. This need had been felt for some time, but it was not until near the end of the term that any action was taken. On the sixteenth of March several students met to discuss the matter. After due consideration and with the permission of the faculty, a constitution was drawn up and the Hesperian Society was organized, April twentieth.

Starting with a charter membership of eight, the society grew and prospered, until, at the end of the first year there was a membership of twenty-three. The members took an active interest in society work, and in two years the society representative had proved himself a "star," in fact as well as in name, by winning the college oratorical contest.

For a time there was no regular place of meeting, and the rooms of members, and rooms in College Hall were used.

Finally the State Board granted the society the use of the rooms it now occupies, in Wells Hall. These rooms have, from time to time, been decorated and improved, so that the members are now proud of their home.

The aim of the society is to develop and train its members along both intellectual and social lines. The social side, however, is not allowed to interfere with the intellectual. A good knowledge of parliamentary law is always a desirable thing, and the study of it is given considerable attention.

At present the society is in very good condition, having thirty-three members, among whom has grown up a fraternal feeling which binds them together and helps them work for the common good, and the honor of old Hesperus.

C. M. GRANGER, '07.

The Moonshiners

Eight little Moonshiners
Lively were we,
Living at the "Deanery,"
Happy as could be.

Eight little Moonshiners,
Eating cake 'till 'leven;
One went home and
Then there were seven.

Seven at the "Deanery"
Never getting in a fix,
One got engaged
Then there were six.

Six little girlies
Took a long drive,
One caught the measles
And then there were five.

One little Moonshiner,
Lonely, had no fun,
She left the "Deanery"
Then there were none.

Five little Goodies,
Their pretty wings to soar,
Went to the "Junior,"
Then there were four.

Four little Birdies,
Good as good could be,
Got called by "Prexy,"
Then there were three.

Three little Dearies,
To their steadies true,
One went out walking
And then there were two.

Two little Angels,
Up to all the fun,
The worst got caught
And then there was one.

—M. B.

Feronian Society

Officers

President— _____ *

Vice President—BESS PADDOCK

Secretary—MAY LOUISE REED

Treasurer—HELEN BAKER

1904.

Marguerite Barrows

Elizabeth Johns

1905.

Ethel Adams
Helen Baker
Bess Bemis
Bon Bennett
Zoë Benton

May Butterfield
Clara Campbell
Bell Farrand
Bess Paddock

Cecil Alden
Bernice Black
Mary Elliott
Cornelia Fisher
Margaret Kotvis

1907.

Ora Luther
Bernice Maynard
Margaret McCarty
Rubie Newman

1906.

Florence Case
Blanche Friedman
Grace Hebblewhite
Caroline Lawrence

Gertrude Peters
May Louise Reed
Flo Rounds

Margaret Christie

1908.

Florence Liken

Here's to our true Feronian girls,
Here's to that name so dear,
Here's to our crescent decked in pearls;
Here's to our hearts so near,
Here's to the old girls, here's to the new,
True loyalty we bear,
May future years be ever true;
Let's drink to the love we share.

*On account of the death of Miss Light the Society decided to leave this office vacant.



FERONIAN SOCIETY

Feronian Society

Of the four societies maintained by the young women of our college, the Feronian was first to be organized. Its origin was due to the united efforts and perseverance of two college girls of some thirteen years ago. The purpose in view was to advance the intellectual, social, and moral standing of its members, to train mind, heart, and soul.

The first meetings of the new society were held at the homes of those members who lived upon the campus, all of whom were earnest, conscientious workers. An entire afternoon was at that time devoted to the social and literary work. In a short time the constitution was adopted and signed. Later, the meetings were held in the Union Literary building, and still later in the Hesperian rooms. To these two organizations, who thus fostered the infant society, the Feronians are largely indebted, and our feeling toward them shall ever be one of gratitude.

The name Feronian, which is derived from the Italian goddess Feronia, was suggested by Dr. Edwards. As translated by the college men of those days, it meant the "Iron-jawed Fraternity." The Feronian pin was designed by Mrs. Jessie Beal Baker. It consists of a crescent enclosing the letter F., and is significant of expansion.

Four years ago rooms were granted us in the Women's Building. The furnishing of this new home, aided as we have been by the generous gifts of benevolent friends and members, has been a most pleasant task.

Sorrow only tends to tighten the bonds of sisterhood by which we are bound together. As the angel of death has entered our chapter and separated from us some of our most loyal members, those who remained were drawn closer together, and our fraternal love for each other was increased.

As the college years have rolled by, the society has added to its roll many bright and energetic members. It has now a large, strong alumni list, a body of alumni that has accomplished much, and of which we are justly proud. In the past the society has been more than ordinarily successful. The prospects for the future are very bright, and we shall hope for more in the future than has been accomplished in the past. May the high ideals of our society be so well maintained that it will always be an honor to its members, and a credit to our college.

GERTRUDE PETERS, '06.

OBITUARY.

The whole College was in deep sorrow when the news of the untimely death of Miss RUBIE LIGHT, reached her College home, on November 9th, 1903. All who knew her were attracted by her "sweet and winning way, and the memory of our college days will ever be saddened by the thought, that in the midst of life's work and pleasures, there was suddenly taken from among us one, who, during her three years of college life, had borne to her many friends that kindness of heart and attractiveness of character, that make a woman loved. And though, as the years roll on, many memories of M. A. C. fade gradually away, still we will cherish in our hearts, one thought for Rubie with her kind and sympathetic nature, which found its way into everyone's life, and makes her memory of the sweetest and best.

Technical Science in its Relation to the Home.

During the youthful period of human development the knowledge obtained was through empiricism, the result of casual observation. Every science had its birth in empiricism, and this empiricism will continue to occupy a portion of scientific work as long as there is opportunity to acquire knowledge. It keeps alive the spirit of speculation, yet the number of demonstrated facts has become so great that speculation is kept in the background in the minds of scientists, and is used only as a stimulus to research.

The struggle of the sciences for their present position has been long, and, in a sense, bitter, but evolved from the widely separated and imperfect theories of the past, there is in reach of the present seeker after truth, an abundance of classified knowledge.

In the home has been the same progression. The homemaker is no longer satisfied with the traditional methods of an empirical nature, but seeks to understand the principles involved in her sphere of activity, and to place her duties on a scientific basis. By assuming this attitude, she relegates tradition, empiricism and superstition to the rubbish garret, and endeavors to subject scientific laws and facts to her use. She thus makes a higher standard of learning for herself, magnifies her position to its true proportions, and rules over her province resourceful in thought and action and highly technical in its character.

Many educators have seen the necessity of a systematic course of training, which will prepare women to deal with the household problems brought about by this change in their

relation to the home, and have, through their influence, introduced courses of study in the various schools to meet the demand in this work. From many sources knowledge is accumulating and it is of such a character as to be necessary to every woman who would make her home the laboratory in which her mental and physical life is developed. She surely should possess a scientific knowledge of the body and those factors which influence it in health and disease. When there is an attempt made to understand the significance of this, there becomes involved many scientific subjects of diverse complexions. It especially designates Physics, Anatomy, Physiology, Chemistry, Sanitation, Bacteriology and Dietetics. These, therefore, are fundamental to a comprehensive view of the duties found in the house. They are the substance of the art of living. Can anything be further from the truth than to mention this work as a fad? Truly, ignorance alone must be responsible for misnomers of this class. If based upon scientific research conducted as thoroughly and carefully as in problems of other sciences, this will not be a fad but a permanently established educational movement.

That a more perfect idea may be obtained concerning science in the home specific treatment of some subjects may lend aid.

Home sanitation is vital in its consequences and therefore deserves careful attention from those who may be held responsible. The work carried on by Sanitary Associations, Boards of Health and people in authority has succeeded in

arousing the interest of homekeepers respecting the hygienic condition of their homes. It is in the house and by the homekeeper that the work must be done. The man of the house comes and goes and his work is elsewhere. The home is the woman's domain and when danger threatens she is there to carry the burdens. In one way every woman should be a Florence Nightingale. She proved what foes light, pure air and good food are to disease, and so opened the eyes of the military authorities to the needs of the army that to-day the death-rate of the English army is only one-tenth of what it then was. In demonstrating this she not only showed the effect of sanitation upon the army but upon the home where its importance cannot be overlooked.

Epidemics are no longer, as formerly, considered a punishment sent down from heaven. They are indeed a punishment, but, for the sin only of ignorance. Pasteur proved that the feasibility of arresting disease is no longer an ideal. Millions of people have been saved from death and poor health by the progress of science armed with the knowledge of tuberculosis, the cause which produces it, its nature, its development, the dissemination of the contagion and the means by which it may be held in check. The American home is no longer blindly submitting to the onsets of this foe, but is successfully striving to leave no loopholes for an attack, since the home is doubtless responsible for the progress of all contagious diseases.

Again we find a pertinent illustration in the scientific development of cooking. This branch is better established—not because it is more important than sanitation—but because it appeals more forcibly to the daily wants of man.

The homekeeper realizes the importance of having the proper kind of food well cooked and served. She should also know how food contributes to the body; how the food substances are changed on their journey along the alimentary tract; how they are acted upon by the digestive juices and assimilated by the body.

Some conception should be formed of how this food after entering the body is used in constructive work of one kind or another, and in what form eventually it is eliminated. Throughout all of these changes it becomes possible to follow and measure the elements entering into the constitution of the food so accurately that any departure from the normal conditions may at once be noted. A harmony exists which to destroy means to create a discord on functional activity or to produce disease. In the case of nitrogen it is possible to alter its offices in the body by associating with it varying amounts of other food material. In order to manipulate food substances to produce the different and desired effects upon the body, the homekeeper should have a technical knowledge of the subjects involved. Without such a knowledge she becomes helpless in the control of natural forces and operates only in an empirical manner. She is responsible for many things, and in order to accomplish the desired end she must have the information which technical science will give.

Further than this it becomes necessary to acquire a broader knowledge of the sciences, such as Chemistry, Physics, Anatomy, Physiology, Bacteriology and Botany than has been implied in the foregoing illustrations. This paper purposely omits the discussion of other phases than that of the

sciences which we believe to be fundamental to the intelligent and harmonious development of the home.

In managing the home, therefore, the home-maker will find much need for thought and study, and will have no cause to complain of the monotony of it all. She will find no time for the agitation of questions which take her out of the feminine boundaries into the masculine fields of labor.

It has been noted in our casual review of this subject that the sciences underlying the home are working their way gradually to that position now occupied by the sciences upon which medicine and agriculture are founded, and, from our discussion of Sanitation and Cooking it will be easily seen how technical science effects the home.

The civilization of a people may be measured by the condition of its women, for with the advancement of our civilization has come the emancipation of our women and their exaltation in the home. The nation depends upon the home, and the home, in turn, depends upon the health and happiness of the people composing it, which cannot be secured unless the home is based upon scientific knowledge. Someone has said: "Scientific housekeeping is neither beneath the attention of the refined, nor beyond the reach of the uncultured. It is the duty of the rich; it is the salvation of the poor.

FLETA PADDOCK.

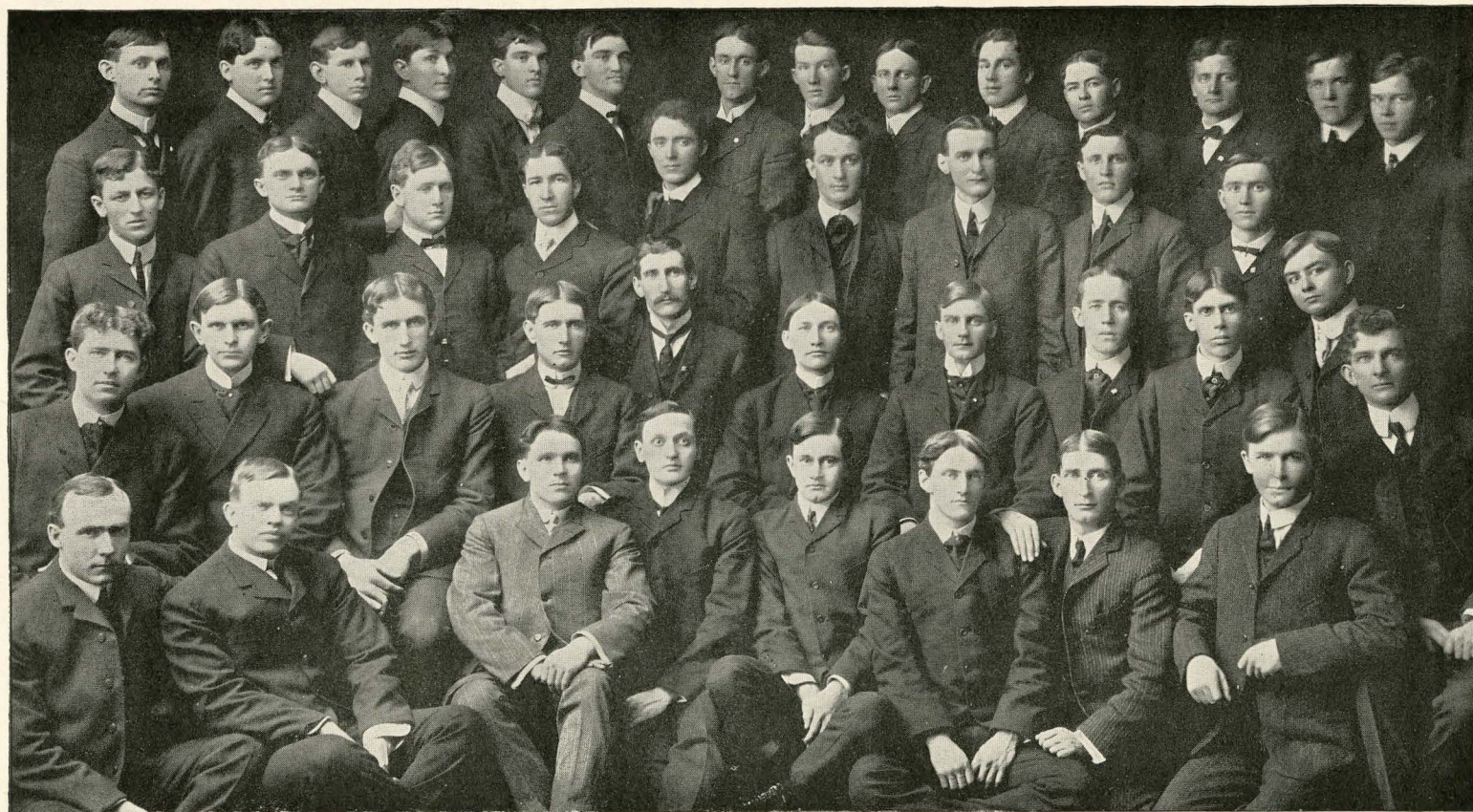
Columbian Literary Society.

It has often been said that no surroundings are so conducive to fraternal spirit as are college surroundings. Whether it is because of a common interest or to supply a longing for friendship left behind we cannot say, but the fact remains the same; that nowhere is there a greater tendency for congenial friends to group themselves in fraternal relation than at College.

Several times during M. A. C.'s history has the number of students become so large as to warrant the formation of a new society. Such was the case in 1892 when, under the leadership of W. M. Fulton and W. J. Cummings, the Columbian Literary Society was organized with 15 charter

members. Thanks to these ardent organizers, the foundations were laid wide and deep and it soon proved itself a peer among the older societies.

During the first year, for want of a better place, meetings were held in the English class room in College Hall. The next year rooms were secured and a society home established in Wells Hall. Here the society remained until 1897 when it removed to its present rooms in Williams Hall there to promote the social, intellectual, and moral interests of its members, and bind them together with the tie of friendship and good-will that naught but death can sever. How well this has been attained can best be judged by those who know



COLUMBIAN SOCIETY

the society and its work. Sufficient to say that its orator has represented the College in intercollegiate contests and that it has been well represented in each of her intercollegiate debates.

The Columbians are justly proud of their graduate members and spare no time nor pains to keep in touch with them and to record their achievements as an inspiration to the undergraduate. Old members, the latch string is always out and the same good fellowship prevails.

W. J. WRIGHT, '04.

OFFICERS.

President,	W. J. WRIGHT.
Vice-President,	W. P. ROBINSON.
Secretary,	A. N. ROBSON.
Treasurer,	J. BOWDITCH.
Marshall,	L. F. MINER.

ROLL.

1904.

A. R. Alger	S. E. Johnson
D. B. Button	L. B. McWethy
E. Balbach	W. F. Millar
C. L. Brody	W. S. Merick
A. R. Carter	F. H. Sanford
P. N. Flint	W. J. Wright

1905.

C. I. Auten	W. F. Jordan
R. F. Bell	W. P. Robinson
G. R. Fryman	C. A. Reed
V. R. Gardner	C. D. Sterling
C. E. Johnson	

1906.

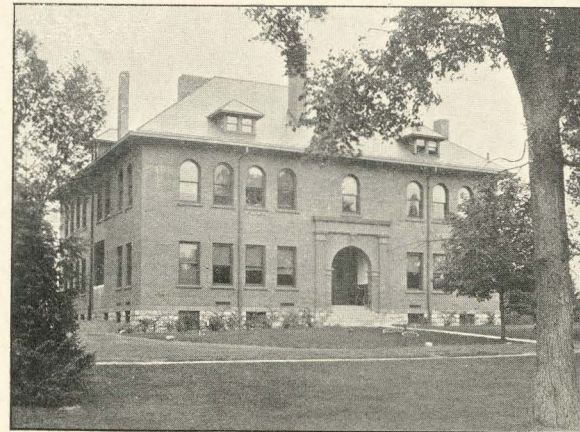
E. N. Bates	A. N. Robson
H. H. Crosby	L. J. Smith
L. I. Graham	J. B. Wilkinson
H. H. Barnett	

1907.

J. Bowditch	G. E. Kephart
F. B. Cavanaugh	C. P. McNaughton
B. G. Campbell	T. F. McNally
O. I. Gregg	F. M. Walker
G. E. Hines	A. W. Wilson

1908.

L. F. Miner.



DAIRY BUILDING.



THE COLLEGE BELL.

I.

Confound that bell; scarce have I slept
One hour, since into bed I crept;
Yet open wide my eyes have leapt,
At sound of that cracked bell—
That ancient college bell,
That creaking college bell.
It's maddening, the croak inept
Of that hoarse, jangling bell.

'Mid dance and music yesternight,
With maids in rainbow colors dight,
I moved, nor thought on time's swift flight
And morning's dismal bell—
That dreadful college bell,
That fateful college bell;
It bodes the end of all delight,
That everlasting bell.

They tell us all things mundane end,
 E'en lectures I can't comprehend;
 Yet these to no known limits tend,
 Save for that joyous bell,
 That glorious college bell!
 But what's the use? That bell
 Will next man's droning twaddle send,
 'Plague on it, still' — that bell!

Thus has it been in days gone by;
 So shall be till next year shall die;
 O happy hour, when I can fly
 From that enslaving bell!
 That tyrannizing bell!
 That all-compelling bell!
 My very soul's embittered by
 That damaged college bell!



II.

John Stark! My dear boy! Why, 'tis years since I've seen you.
 O'er earth's wide domain I have wandered afar;
 Yet strong in my heart the old friendships continue,
 And mem'ries whose floodgates these handclasps unbar.

Hair sprinkled with gray; a girth much flesh enclosing;
 A bearded, bewrinkled, bespectacled phiz!
 Oh, John, has old Time, these grim tokens imposing,
 Bestowed the nepenthe we trusted was his?

Not thus in '05, when at college we parted;
Your eye, like the eagle's, gleamed brilliant and keen;
No hair but was chestnut; no wrinkles were charted
On face where the razor then found naught to glean.

Thus we stood on the campus, the world all before us;
Each joyed like the warhorse, smelled battle afar;
'His neck clothed with thunder, mid trumpets sonorous,
He mocketh at terror; he sayeth, Ha! ha!'

O to quaff one cup more of youth's nectar ecstatic!
To launch out my boat, careless-hearted and free!
Like my fathers, the Vikings, on far Adriatic,
With laughter and song face the roar of the sea!

D'ye mind the old campus, its trees, shrubs, and flowers,
Its serpentine paths shining white 'mid the green,
The "dove-cote's" huge nightmare, old Wells' stately towers,
The motley assortment of lab's in between?

See! Here they come trooping in files, boy and maiden,
From out the old classrooms, with laughter and yell;
A moment relieving wild spirits o'erladen,
In changing their class at the clang of the bell.

Ah, John! That old bell! Its importunate clamor
Seemed harsh and unfeeling in days that are gone;
Now, mellowed by time and old mem'ries, its hammer
Beats out precious lessons I then failed to con.

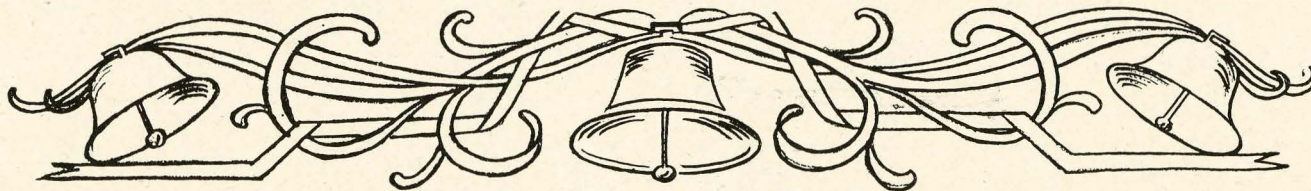
'Tis the summons of duty, persistent endeavor,
Of fate, unrelenting, save effort o'ercome.
"Time waiteth for none! Fortune smileth twice never!
"Be ready and prompt! Of my rede 'tis the sum.

"Time fleets! Age approaches! Once more the old fable,
"The Ant and the Locust, too late many learn.
"A purposeless youth, idle, listless, unstable,
"Of failure, dishonor, and pain brings return."

Still, still holds the message! The world is our college,
Preparing—for what? 'Tis the Teacher that knows;
But when the Bell rings, then we fain must acknowledge,
'Twas lessons of Faith, Hope, and Love He'd impose.

Why! Now! What an ass you must think me, dear fellow,
To stand thus entranced, mooning over the past.
Come! Kate's waiting; tea's ready; a place at my elbow;
You'll see my tall boys and my kidlet, the last.

H. EDWARDS.



Themian Society.

The Themian Literary Society was organized a little over seven years ago by a band of girls, who saw the need of another girl's society, and were willing to make the effort necessary to found one. To Irma G. Thompson more than to any one girl is due the Themian Society of today.

The first regular meeting of the Society was held in the Y. M. C. A. room Jan. 8, 1898. The charter members were eleven in number. During the remainder of the year meetings were held in the chapel. In September, '98, the society was offered the use of the Phi Delta Theta Fraternity rooms. This offer was accepted and the meetings of the society were held in these rooms until the winter of 1900 when the society was forbidden to hold its meetings there. Shortly after this the society was given the use of the State Board rooms in the Agricultural Building. These rooms were occupied by them until the fall of 1900. At this time they took possession of their present room. The society then had twenty members, and through the united efforts of the old and new members the Themians have their well furnished room of today.

Three years ago the Themian Society became a member of the Oratorical Association and this year its representative won first place in the oratorical contest.

During the year 1904 the membership of the society has been raised to forty and the Themians now number thirty-two.

The constitutional object of the society is "To promote the literary and social culture of its members," but the word Themian stands for more than this. We, its members, interpret its meaning as true loyalty to each other, and justice and friendship to all.

JEWEL LEE.

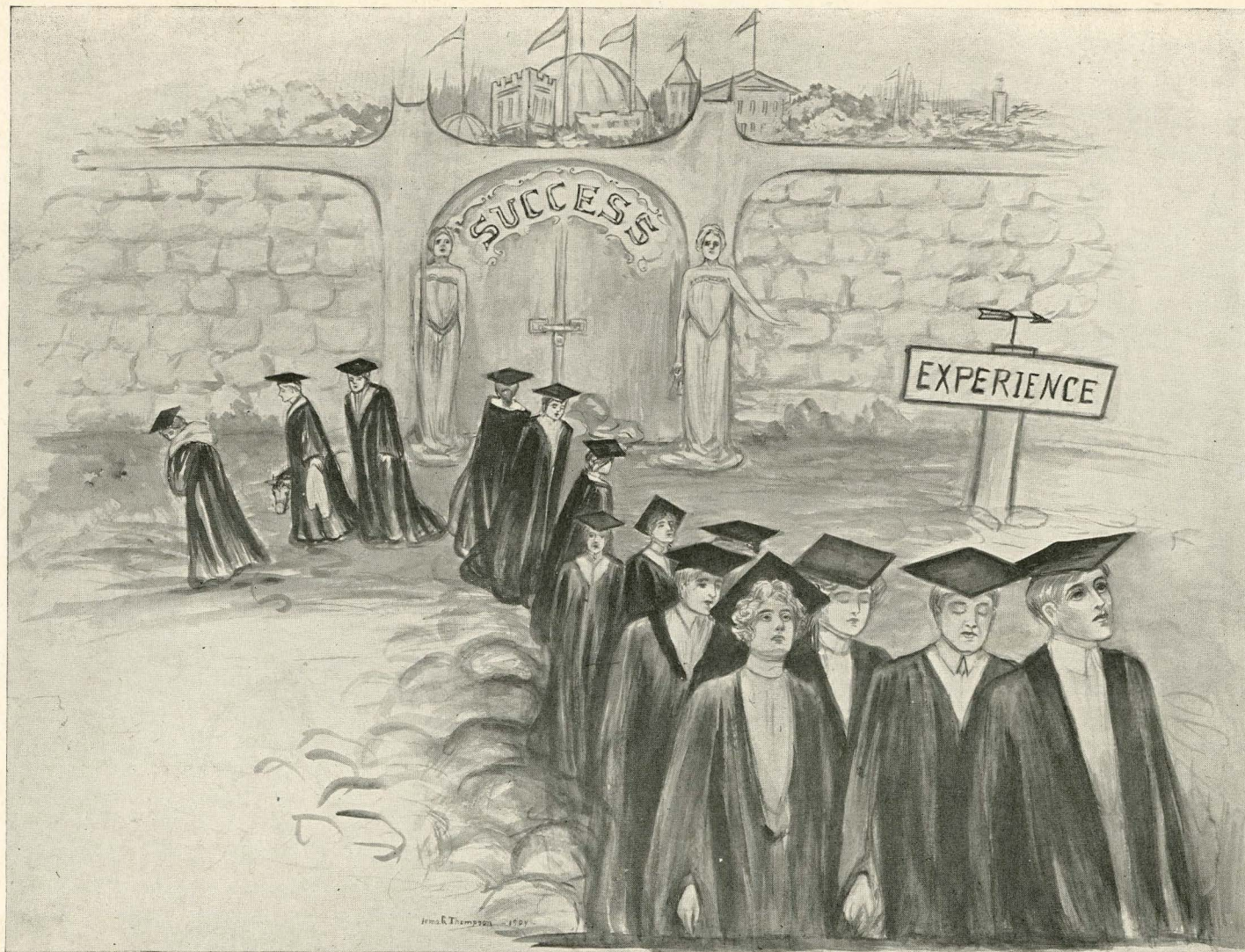
SOCIETY ROLL.

	1904.	
Bessie Cordley		Katherine Slaght
Jessie Palmer		Grace Taft
Anna Pickett		Gertrude Slaght
Dora Skeels		Jewel Lee
	1905.	
Jessie Brown		Katherine McNaughton
Kate Coad		Paulina Raven
Elva Davis		Edna Rupert
Cora Feldkamp		Lillian Taft
	1906.	
Myrtle Hayward		Cora Farmer
Ethel Hume		Maud Miner
Ernestine Dimmick		Lucile Fleming
	1907.	
Ruth Delzell		Beatrice Skeels
Emma McKee		Helen Andrews
Bernice Macklan		Gail Westover
Zoe Wimple		
	1908.	
Mary Pratt		Sarah Rose
Mary Kingsley		
HONORARY MEMBERS.		
Mrs. Jennie L. K. Hainer		Miss Mae Gingles
Miss Georgiana Blunt		Miss Helen St. John
Miss S. B. Avery		Miss Mabel Mack



THEMIAN SOCIETY





Sororian Society.

It was deemed wise in the autumn of 1902 to organize a new society among the women students. The attendance in this department had so greatly increased that only a small percentage could enter societies.

Many of the teachers and students realizing this, the importance and necessity of a new society was much discussed. The outcome of this discussion was the organization of the Sororian Literary Society.

This society commenced work with twelve charter members; but the membership has now increased to twenty-nine.

Through the kindness of the Feronian Society the meetings have been held in their rooms.

The aim of the Sororian Society is to perfect the intellectual and social faculties and thus develop that well rounded character which is the best product of college life.

GRACE BRAHAM.

OFFICERS.

President,	MARY TINGLEY
Vice-President,	ANNA ANGELL
Secretary,	CALLA KRENTTEL
Treasurer,	BERTHA WALBRECHT
Record Editor,	EMMA DANSFORTH

1904.

Grace McCollister

1905.

Anna Angell	Ethelyne Millis
Harriet Angell	Jenne Taylor

1906.

Alida Alexander	Mary Tingley
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Iva Aldrich
Grace Braham
Calla Krentel

Winnie Tyler
Irene Way
Bertha Walbrecht

1907.

Cremora Alexander
Carrie Anspach
Vieva Calkins
Ione Casterline
Emma Dansforth
Blanche Dwight
Anna Finlay

Mae Franz
Lura Godfrey
Eva Keeney
*Edna Morris
Lena Morris
Zella Walker

1908.

Clarriss Bellaire
Ruth Carrier

Minnie Flint
Katherine Watson

*Deceased.



SORORIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The Serious Side of College Life.

College life has the serious as well as the humorous side. The first is probably the more unpopular side and is therefore usually put in the background. The selection of a certain college, the choice of a particular course, the leaving of home and friends, the entrance into a new world of thought and action, and the effect of these things on life itself are really serious subjects and should call forth most careful and earnest consideration. We will assume that M. A. C. is the college of your choice and that you have duly entered upon a definite line of study. What are now some of the serious things that confront you?

In the first place, the choice of associates is of vital importance. Bad company cannot fail to affect even the most mature in a harmful way. We become like our surroundings. Every one you meet leaves a certain impress on your character. You unconsciously assimilate the characteristics of your friends. I know that innocence has no place in manhood and womanhood, we want virtue there, but at the same time it is not wise to wilfully run into danger. There will be enough of temptation in the every day affairs of life to strengthen character and thus help to make robust men and women. See the best, stick to the best, and you will come out the best. Must we then utterly disregard those who are not the best? No, but we should exercise the utmost care. It has been said that every man is made up as follows: The man as the world knows him, the man as his best friends know him, the man as he knows himself to be and the man as God knows him. Until we have reached the second form

of knowledge it is of very little use to act the part of a missionary. Undue familiarity breeds contempt. Keep on hand a great deal of reserve, keep your eyes open and in due time the young people who have come to college to make a life will naturally seek you out.

A college is the place to break bad habits and form good ones. In fact, the formation of right habits of action, thought, work, dress and eating is the object of all education. This means the harmonious development of the spiritual, the mental and the physical. It means perfect self-control. What habits are you breaking? What habits are you forming? Habit is at the basis of success. Act, habit, character, destiny,—you cannot escape the series. Spiritual habits are often broken at college. No one can afford to neglect the culture of his soul. Darwin was once a lover of music, but he neglected the esthetic to such an extent that in his old age the chord that once vibrated in unison with the highest and best in music, poetry and religion, had become dull, thick and unresponsive. "Neglect not the gift that is in you" but cultivate all that is best and highest, all that transforms and ennobles life. While we look after the mental and physical, let us not forget that more important than these two is the spiritual.

The training of the intellect gives us increased power to perceive the force and value of moral obligations, but does very little to augment the power to resist evil impulses. Religious experience, public opinion, work, the philosophic idea of subordinating the lower to the higher, and good ex-

ample, are the principal factors in the education of impulses. While it is true that religion is not so much the basis of morals as morals of religion, yet the highest moral development is possible only through the religious nature of man. Some say that skepticism and agnosticism are marked tendencies amongst college students. Be this as it may, it is a well known fact that there is just as much enthusiasm shown for truth today as ever before. There are greater religious opportunities at the colleges today, and more are brought to an appreciation of them than ever before. There is such a thing as a noble skepticism. One that makes us lay broader foundations, makes us test and prove all things and cleave unto that which is good.

Public opinion at a college may sometimes be void of good judgment, especially in governmental affairs,—may occasionally be too liberal; yet I believe that its chief tendency is for the right. The composite idea of a student body is usually good. The effect of this on the individual is excellent and assists in the control of the impulses.

Hard work is a preventive of easy morals. The loafers are the vicious. Work and play are safety-valves. Athletics are of value to all, but a necessity to the strong, the vigorous. Members of a football team do not make night hideous. It is the young men who have too much potential energy and no other way of converting it to kinetic. A mob is the result and impulses control its actions.

The philosophic principle is self-explanatory. The power to substitute future prospects for present pleasures, to choose the higher and reject the lower is essential to success in any line. Good example is now the only remaining factor. Coming

B

under the personality of one greater and more developed in every way than one-self is of great importance. In this way association with upper classmen is a factor in one's education, and right here also comes the value of societies and clubs. A society has been defined as a college within a college and I believe the definition to be free from exaggeration. No professor or instructor does his duty who sees students only in his class-room. Personal contact with the right teacher is of more value than is the subject he teaches. College rules are worth but very little. The mainspring of right conduct and character formation is personal relationship. The success of M. A. C. graduates is due more to the vital contact with one or more professors than to the number of facts carried away. When a senior becomes an alumnus he is not a walking encyclopedia. His enlarged view of life, promptness, regularity, order and the ideas some teacher has given him are worth infinitely more than the number of facts "shot through him." Integrity and courtesy are more important than mere learning. While a student should be advised not to spend too much time in social functions, yet I believe that the friendship of a good woman is the most wholesome corrective of loneliness and of wandering desires.

Another serious problem is the making and carrying out of a definite plan of study and recreation. The successful business man has a system. What have you? Is your work carried on in a haphazard way? If so system, concentration, a definite program, will increase your power four-fold and will insure to you success, while otherwise you will be a failure. Economy of time and concentration of energy are important factors. It has been said that half the time

in colleges is wasted because students have no plan of work and don't know how to apply themselves. Make out a program and then stick to it. Remember that "fools and firemen run to a fire." If every little thing distracts your attention, you will never accomplish anything. What are you doing with the margins of your time? An Italian scholar had over his door, "Whoever tarries here must join in my labors." Time is money. No one should be mean with it, but no one can afford to throw it away. Great men have always watched the odd moments. In an hour a day, any young man or woman can read thoroughly one good book a month or 36 during the college course. An hour a day has made many an unknown person famous. Read the lives of Cicero, Bacon, Davy, Grote, Stephenson.

How do you decorate your room? The pictures on the walls express in vivid language the innermost thoughts of your soul. Every man who designs a house for himself expresses in that design his own character. It is a material representation of his strength or of his weakness, of his genius or of his mediocrity. A student's room is like its occupant. You cannot separate the two. In it may be developed the appreciation of the beautiful or the desire for the impure. This is especially a serious question since M. A. C. students are to a large extent the architects of their own surroundings so far as the esthetic character of the rooms is concerned.

Lastly, what is your ideal? Towards what are you striving? You will find what you are looking for, you will get what you prepare for, you will reap as you sow. Noble

ideals transform the whole being. They keep us in the straight paths, they point out the way to the better life. An ideal is a rudder and sooner or later the entire course of life will be determined by it. Persons will address you in the language of your own soul. Round about you there is an atmosphere which calls forth the stories, the suggestions, the actions of your associates. Alexander H. Stephens was very popular at college, yet in his room there was never told an incident which could not have been repeated with propriety in the best society. Why was this so? Alexander H. Stephens had an ideal and it had so moulded his life that those that came in contact with him unconsciously spoke only of the good, the pure, the beautiful. The question of college honesty is largely one of ideals. Rules for conducting examinations are practically worthless. The student who will steal on examination will blow up a safe when the pressure is great enough. A straw indicates the direction of the wind. Men and women do not fall suddenly but gradually. Little by little the moral fibre is destroyed until at last the whole structure collapses. Never put yourself in a position where the ancestral four-footed part of your being will have to apologize for your God-given attributes. Never be obliged to cover your tracks with pepper nor your face with a mask. Moral secrets undermine the soul. Be open and above-board. Remember that you have no right to use state funds to educate yourself unless you earn that right from day to day by hard work and by enthusiastic life and make the world better when you enter its activities.

G. MASSELINK, '95.



WAITING FOR THE MAIL

The Sigma Mu Beta Literary Society.

For the last three or four years, attempts have been made to organize a new literary society. These attempts were short lived however, and not until last fall did they bear fruit. At that time about twenty-five promoters of the cause, with Mr. Wermuth as champion, gathered in the Y. M. C. A. rooms and a temporary chairman was elected. Various committees were appointed and soon a constitution was framed and adopted. This fellowship later became known as the Sigma Mu Beta Literary Society. It has during its short period of existence grown into a strong organization through the earnest efforts of its members. This zeal is very noticeable among the fellows. All are anxious to see that the society shall rank high and each is doing his part toward that end. The striving to gain recognition has produced marked progress in every department of the work. The society has already been admitted to the Inter-Society Oratorical Association.

The Y. M. C. A. has kindly allowed us the use of their rooms for our work. On some future day we hope to get rooms of our own. The society pin is being worn by the following members of the S. M. B.

H. N. Hornbeck
G. W. White
E. A. Seelye

F. E. Mangold
F. B. Howard

1904.

A. B. Rogers
G. McMullen
E. F. Smith

1905.

H. C. Oven
F. D. Linkletter

1906.

T. F. Locke
H. H. Yarrington
G. P. Boomsliter
H. C. Bucknell

J. E. Fiske
M. J. Dorsey
E. H. Adams
F. A. Farley

1907.

L. B. Westerman
E. A. Towne
I. W. Cargo
E. P. Robinson
C. E. Slighly
E. N. Boulard
A. L. Darbee

H. B. Mansfield
C. E. Willits
C. B. Peck
J. A. Cavanaugh
P. M. Grover
O. W. Stephenson

1908.

F. A. Wilson





THE SIGMA MU BETA LITERARY SOCIETY.

Ero Alphan Society.

' Ships that pass in the night, and speak each other in passing,
Only a signal shown, and a distant voice in the darkness;
So, on the ocean of life we pass and speak one another,
Only a look and a voice, then darkness again and a silence."

So, through the course in our college, we meet and pass one another, scarcely realizing the depth of character of those about us, until closer ties of friendship bind one to another. Knowing the importance of this, and the need of another society to promote the growth of friendship and the development of literary and social talents, the Ero Alphan Society was formed.

The girls of this society held various meetings during the winter term of 1904, and were formally organized March 15. The officers chosen by the charter members were, Bertha Hinkson, President; Arvilla Coomer, Vice-President; Grace Owen, Secretary; Bernice Jackson, Treasurer; Florence Gilbert, Marshal. The room of the Themian Society was very kindly offered us, which we gladly accepted.

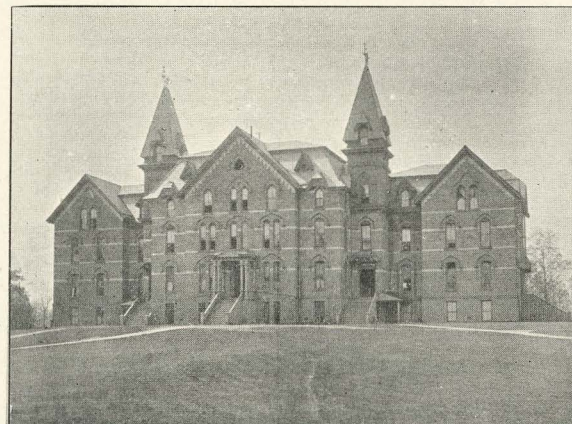
We chose the name Ero Alphan, which means to us,—Love of the first, the highest, the best. The society started with fourteen members, who feel the necessity of their best efforts being given to put forth the ideals of our name—Ero Alphan. We have no past. We hope much for the future.

"No stream from its source
Flows seaward, how lonely soever its course,
But what some land is gladdened. No star ever rose
And set without influence somewhere. Who knows
What earth needs from earth's lowest creature? No life
Can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby."

SADIE RICHARDSON.

SOCIETY ROLL.

	1904.
Bertha Hinkson	
	1905.
Mary Bray	Bernice Jackson
Flora Campbell	Sadie Richardson
Alta Gunnison	
	1906.
Arvilla Coomer	
	1907.
Helen Ashley	Grace Owen
Edith Foster	Dollie Thorburn
Florence Gilbert	Edythe Warren
Edith Gunn	



WELLS HALL



ERO ALPHIAN SOCIETY.



TAU BETA PI ASSOCIATION

Tau Beta Pi Association.

HONORARY MEMBERS.

Herman K. Vedder, Charles L. Weil.

RESIDENT ALUMNI.

William S. Holdsworth, '78,	W. R. Shedd, '02,
Warren Babcock, '90,	W. R. Brown, '03.

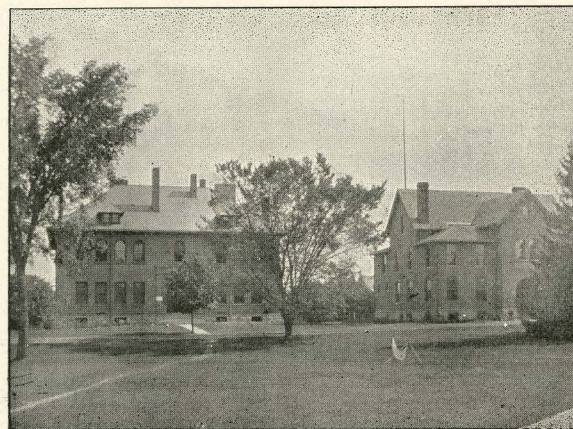
UNDERGRADUATE MEMBERS.

Class '04.

A. Adelman,	D. A. Gurney,
E. Balbach,	S. E. Johnson,
A. R. Carter,	H. G. Walker,
W. F. Carleton.	

Class '05.

H. S. Hunt,	G. W. Nichols,
B. McAlpine,	W. P. Robinson.



Tau Beta Pi.

This association was founded at Lehigh University, South Bethlehem, Pa., in 1885. The second chapter was the Alpha of Michigan, founded at the Michigan Agricultural College in 1892. The association has had a slow but steady growth from the beginning and consists at present of the following chapters:

Alpha of Pa., Lehigh University, South Bethlehem, Pa.

Alpha of Mich., Michigan Agricultural College, Agricultural College, Mich.

Alpha of Indiana, Purdue University, Lafayette, Ind.

Alpha of N. J., Stevens Institute of Technology, Hoboken, N. J.

Alpha of Illinois, University of Ill., Urbana, Ill.

Alpha of Wisconsin, University of Wis., Madison, Wisconsin.

Alpha of Ohio, Case School of Applied Science, Cleveland, Ohio.

Alpha of Kentucky, Kentucky State College, Lexington, Ky.

Alpha of New York, Columbia University, New York City.

Alpha of Missouri, University of Mo., Columbia, Mo.

Tau Beta Pi is an honorary society, its objects being to mark in a fitting manner those who have conferred honor upon their Alma Mater by a high grade of scholarship as undergraduates or by their subsequent attainments as alumni; and to foster a spirit of liberal culture in the technical and scientific schools of America.

The association aims to confer a distinction upon those who

have done the best work during their collegiate course. It offers a stimulus to good work and rewards faithfulness and perseverance in study.

The membership is made up primarily from the undergraduate students who have maintained a suitable grade of scholarship in their work and whose character and industry have marked them as men who will put forth their best efforts in the interests of their Alma Mater. Membership depends as far as possible however upon the definite records of the students' work and not on the personal opinions of either the faculty or chapter, and though a high standing carries with it eligibility to Tau Beta Pi it does not insure admission regardless of character or congeniality, the right of election being vested in the active membership of the chapter.

The Alpha of Michigan has had a prosperous existence, although some of the classes have been small. The honor of wearing the badge is held high in the estimation of the students, and the certificate of membership is considered a valuable supplement to the College diploma, since the latter makes no distinction between a good and a very indifferent record.

The chapter has pleasantly located rooms on the third floor of the Mechanical Building, where meetings are held on alternate Thursday evenings during the school year and papers on technical and scientific subjects are presented by the members. The association is not essentially a social organization, but its policy has ever been to foster a spirit of liberality and good fellowship among its members.

Alpha Zeta Fraternity.

This fraternity was organized in 1897 by John F. Cunningham and C. W. Burkett with the first chapter, Townsend, at the Ohio State University. Since its inception the fraternity has had a rapid growth and is now well established in a number of the leading states of the Union. There is a chapter at the University of Illinois, one at Cornell, N. Y., one at Durham, N. Hampshire, and others of equal standing.

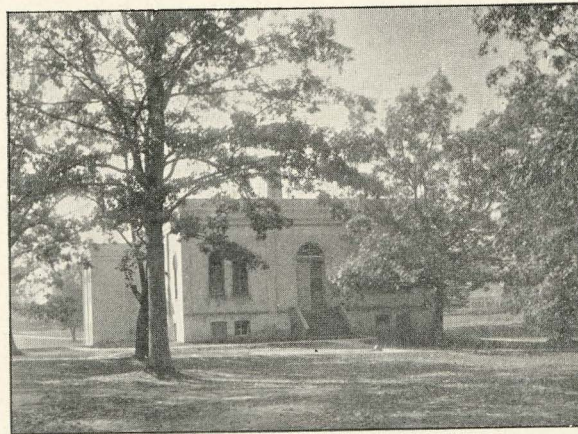
The Kedzie chapter of the Michigan Agricultural College, named in honor of the late Dr. Robert C. Kedzie, was organ-

ized Dec. 13, 1902, from the agricultural students of the graduating class of that year.

The primary purpose of the organization was a professional fraternity to organize and bind together agricultural students in our several colleges. It has been an effort to dignify agricultural education and stimulate original research in the agricultural sciences.

Membership in the fraternity is limited to agricultural students of the two upper classes, a limited number being taken in each year from those standing highest in class records.

A. B. ROGERS.



PHYSICAL LABORATORY

Alpha Zeta.

ROLL OF MEMBERSHIP.

ACTIVE.

G. C. Morbeck	C. G. Woodbury
C. L. Brody	L. B. McWethy
W. J. Wright	V. R. Gardner
A. B. Rogers	P. H. Wessels
H. N. Hornbeck	A. J. Anderson

GRADUATE.

J. B. Moore	F. O. Foster
S. B. Hartman	F. S. Stevens
H. W. Norton	C. M. Marshall
R. R. Tower	H. W. Dey
G. C. Seeve	J. B. Strange

HONORARY.

F. S. Kedzie	R. S. Shaw
J. L. Snyder	J. J. Ferguson
C. D. Smith	D. J. Crosby
J. A. Jeffery	H. Severance
U. P. Hedrick	



ELECTRIC CITY
ENG. CO.

ALPHA ZETA FRATERNITY.

The Junior Hop.



It is with a feeling of satisfaction that the class of 1905 look back upon their Junior Hop. It is the satisfaction of a thing well done, of a plan successfully carried out against all odds. In the past twelve years the Junior Hop at M. A. C. has developed from an informal dance held in the rooms of one of the literary societies to the most formal of all our college functions. Each hop has been a little more formal and

elaborate than the preceding, but in their hop held Friday evening, February 19th, 1904, the class of 1905 feels that a success has been attained which may perhaps be equaled but which can never be excelled.

The Sophomore is ever a meddlesome man, and the class of 1906 proved no exception. They spared no pains to bother the Junior and to interfere with his pleasure, but thanks to the efficiency of the "Junior Guards" their attempts to interfere proved unsuccessful. Failing to capture our president they had to content themselves with such petty tricks as hiding the Junior's laundry or cutting the buttons off his clothes. The juniors, however, were equal to the occasion and all appeared at the Women's Building at 7:30 o'clock as if nothing had happened.

Here a reception was held in the parlors, and at eight o'clock all proceeded to the dining room, when 134 sat down to banquet to '05. The tables were prettily decorated in blue and white. At each place was a bunch of blue violets and white violets were scattered over blue ribbons which ran diagonally across the tables. A delightful banquet was served by twenty-three freshmen girls, under the supervision of Miss Lyford. Finzel's orchestra, of Detroit, furnished music, which greatly added to the enjoyment of the banquet.

Mr. H. S. Hunt, the class president, made an able toastmaster and called for responses to the following toasts: "Our College Home," Mr. J. P. Haftenkamp; "The Banquet," Miss Kate M. Coad; "The Past," Mr. P. H. Wessels; "The Future," Miss Zoe Benton; "The Girls," Mr. C. I. Auten.

All the toasts were exceptionally good. All increased the feeling of good-fellowship in '05 and love for M. A. C. The electric lights went out during the toasts, but the candles which took their places only added to the charm of the occasion.

After the banquet all proceeded to the armory which was decorated as it never had been before. It was painted white for the occasion; an immense blue and white Michigan flag covered the entire west wall; blue and white bunting decorated the walls and ceiling; the corners were made cosy with screens, palms, divans, and masses of pillows, and the numerals, 1905 in electric lights, were placed over the west door. Here the sophomores showed some originality in the way in which they shut off the steam, but our ever faithful "Junior Guards" soon had the trouble remedied and only a few of the dancers knew how cold "it might have been."

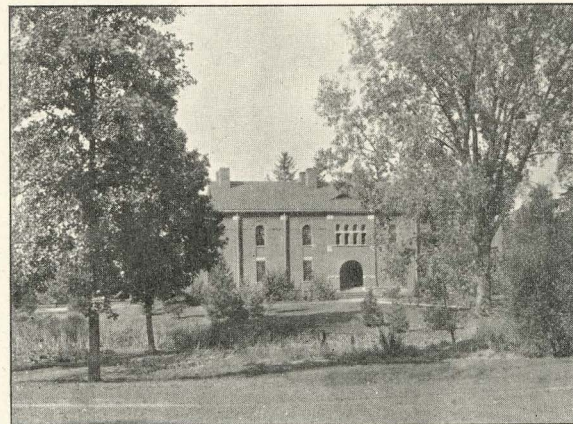
The grand march was led by Mr. H. S. Hunt and Miss Mabel Mack. The "Spiral" and "Bridge" figures were especially pretty. Seldom has such music been heard at M. A. C. as was furnished by Finzel's orchestra. The "Sleigh Ride Party" and "The Storm" were well done and much appreciated.

The patrons of the evening were Prof. and Mrs. H. K. Vedder, Prof. and Mrs. U. P. Hedrick, and Prof. and Mrs. C. L. Brewer.

There was some excitement in the evening when the "Sophs." tried to introduce a pig, but it, like all their previous attempts was unsuccessful and they were forced to content themselves with the easier and less hazardous amusement of "stacking" rooms.

The Junior Hop is a never-to-be-forgotten event, and those who attended this one will ever remember it as one of the happiest events of their college life.

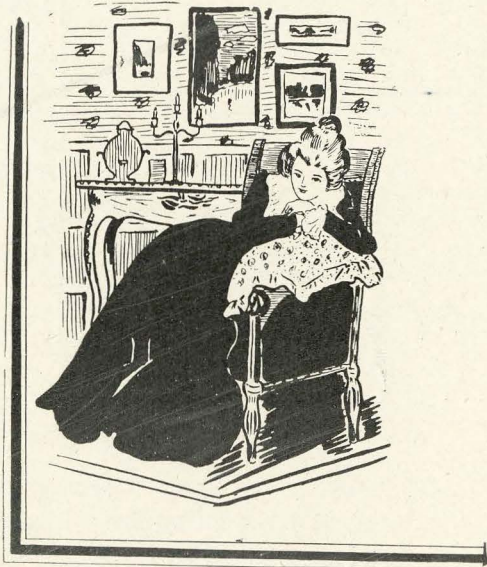
R. C. F.



ABBOT HALL.

Memories of a Junior.

As I sat at twilight listening
To the murmuring of the sea,
A little wave came whispering,
Bringing messages to me,
Leaving thoughts of joy, yet sorrow,
As it boundeth on its way,
For 'tis gently whispering memories
Of my good old college day.



My spirit all awakened
As I sat and pondered there,
I saw no mighty ocean,
Just my college bright and fair.
The faces all were glowing
With ambition, joy and fun,
The Cedar still was flowing
Ever in its ceaseless run,
The flowers still were blooming,
And my heart it seemed to glow
With the thought of all those memories
Of my college long ago.

One thought forever clinging
That thrilled my very soul,
I saw my class, when juniors,
And we listed on the roll.
How genuine our spirit,
How faithful to our stand,
With a loyal, dauntless courage,
True and noble was our band.

Ever seeking for just honors,
Ever working for a cause,
Ever struggling with life's lesson,
Never lingering first to pause.
And with mind and body weary
With the sharp and cutting pain,
But we saw our hearts made stronger
By the arrows as they came.

As the years roll swiftly onward,
Fading in the distant past,
When our weary hearts grow weaker,
And we reach our goal at last,
A halo 'round those memories
Will be ours, we need not fear,
For the brightest star of heaven
Shineth on my junior year.

Once more my memory brightens
As our campus glows so fair,
I see the good old armory,
And the Junior Hop is there.
I see the banquet, toasting, and
My classmates, ah! the thrill
That sends my heart fast throbbing
As I see the dancers 'til——

Then all is fading, fast the night
Falls as the ocean roars,
My little wave is bounding off
To hearts on other shores,
To leave that same sweet message
In every land and clime,
Where a lonely heart, a junior,
Waits to listen for its chime.

MAY BUTTERFIELD, '05.

The Story of the White Gloves.

The white gloves were laid away in their accustomed apartment in the little russet colored box, which had been their home ever since the lady with the pink cheeks brought them from the store. The house often seemed close and crowded, but now as the gloves settled down for a rest, they were forced to admit that home was the most comfortable place in the world, even for gloves. They were scarcely settled, however, when they heard a ring at the door and the black gloves, who lived in the next apartment, entered. Now the black gloves were very dear friends of the white gloves and the little russet colored house was soon filled with the most refined bits of glove gossip. The white gloves were very willing to tell of their adventures and the black gloves very willing to listen. Mrs. White, of course, did most of the talking while Mr. White simply nodded his finger tips at the most interesting points in the narrative, as a sign of his approval.

"We have had the awfulest time," said Mrs. White. You know we have been out on a hunt for nearly three weeks, and it has been the most interesting time. We hadn't the least intimation of what was before us the day we left. The very dearest lady in the world took us to a very large red building in which there were scores and scores of girls. Everybody was hurrying to and fro, and all talking about the Junior Hop. Of course we did not know what they meant but we knew we would be safe with the pretty lady. Soon some young men came and each young lady became quiet

and just waited until some young man came and walked away with her.

We were quietly watching the couples disappearing, when suddenly the door opened and a tall young man with dark hair and blue eyes entered. We felt the pretty lady's hands tremble as the young man came up. They made some remarks about the pleasant evening and said something about the Sophomores, but from what they said of them we decided that the Sophomores weren't nice people to know, so we stopped listening. Soon the pretty lady and the young man followed the crowd upstairs. We were very glad to know that this particular young man was to be ours for the evening, because he handled us so carefully whenever he touched the lady's hand. We all went into a large room, where we found all the people seated at a long table. Here we stayed a long time. The people ate a while and then our young man got up and talked and all the others laughed; when he sat down someone else got up and talked. This went on for some time and we were getting quite tired when finally the lights went out and everybody talked about the Sophomores again.

A little later we all went out doors and the young man held me a long time. At last we arrived at another large room where there were ever so many people. They all danced, and we grew tired watching them. Once during the evening they brought in one of those awful Sophomores. He looked dreadfully wild and savage. Some one said something about, "Tom, Tom the Piper's son. He stole a pig and

away he run." I didn't like his looks at all and was glad when they finally took him away. Then our young man came and he put us in his pocket and we did not see any more for a long time. I was glad of the rest, but I wondered if the young man would think to keep the pretty lady's hands warm when she went back to the big red building.

It was daylight when we came out of that pocket again. We were in a little room where there were just two men; but one of them was our young man so we weren't afraid. He put us in a box with a lot of neckties and there we stayed for nearly three weeks. Every day the young man would look at us the longest time, then smooth us out and put us back. One day when he was holding me he said something about "The hand that wore this glove is the hand that rules my world." I knew he was thinking of the pretty lady and

I almost laughed aloud, but I didn't and he put me back in the box.

At last one night he took us out and wrapped us up in a piece of paper, and folded us all up, then unwrapped us and put us in another paper and then in another and another until he got one that just suited him, then he folded us up again and put us in his pocket. Here we stayed a long time and when he again took us out we were in the big red building and he gave us back to the pretty lady. He said he had forgotten us but we know he hadn't because he looked at us every day. The pretty lady took us to her room and put us away for the night. This morning she brought us back to the lady with the pink cheeks."

It was time for the black gloves to go, so the conversation ceased and all was quiet in the little russet house.



PRESIDENT'S RESIDENCE.

De Manager's Mascot.

Talken 'bout de playen—
Didn't like it, not a bit
When de fust few games went sailen
Like a ball into de mit.

Thought dere certain was a hoodo,
Guessed de manager must be it
Cause when he was wid de players
Nary man could get a hit.

Felt so bad my head kept hummen
Wondered what it all could be
Dat de witches had agin us,
De manager, de worl, en me.

Den dey went down to de city,
Come back looken mighty glum
Some hows if dey'd been a prodden
Of a donkey wid der thumb.

Den de luck it took a tuhn
Beat de parsons 'leben to one,
Guess dat wasn't scrumpous
Maybe we didn't hab some fun.

Den I sit me down en think
Figerin hard en tryen to ketch
How it was dat dat ole hoodo
Come to be a whoppin' fetch.

En you bet dat I did holler
Like enough to split my froat,
When I picked a long red hair
Off de back ob de manager's coat.



DR. EDWARDS' RESIDENCE.



Athletic Association.

J. O. Greenway, President

G. E. Martin, Treasurer

J. P. Haftenkamp, Foot Ball Manager

G. R. Fryman, Base Ball Manager

R. F. Bell, Vice President

A. J. Anderson, M. I. A. A. Director

R. C. Graham, Basket Ball Manager

H. T. Ross, Track Manager

K. B. Stevens, Tennis Manager

L. T. Clark, Secretary

Prof. C. L. Brewer, Coach

The Athletic Association is a students' organization, which has control of all College athletics. The association receives its support through the collection of dues, which amount to \$1.00 a term, giving in return season tickets to football, basketball and baseball games.

The association is a member of the Michigan Intercollegiate Athletic Association, consisting of Albion, Alma, Hillsdale, Kalamazoo, M. A. C., and Olivet. Championships are awarded to the college having the best baseball, football and track teams; besides this banners, cups and medals are awarded winners at the annual field day, which will be held this year at Albion June 3d and 4th.

M. A. C. has made rapid progress in her athletics, and at present is recognized as the leading college in this work. It was not until 1902 that the association possessed an up-to-date athletic field, at which time through subscriptions from the students, together with an appropriation from the State, the erection of a grand stand was made possible. The bath house, erected in 1903, is thoroughly equipped, and is a valuable acquirement for the training of our athletes. The future for M. A. C. athletics is bright, and we hope she will remain leader upon the athletic field among the colleges of her class.

M. A. C. YELLS.

Rah! Rah! Rah!

Uzz! Uzz! Uzz!

M. A. C.

Rat-ata-thrat! ta-thrat! to-thrat!

Terrors to lick! to lick! to lick!

Kick-a-ba-ba, Kick-a-ba-ba,

M. A. C! M. A. C! Rah! Rah! Rah!

Osky wow wow!

Shinny wow wow!

Skinny wow wow!

Wow! Wow! Wow!

Yah Ha! Yah Ha! Yah Ha! Ha! Ha!

M. A. C! M. A. C! Rah! Rah! Rah!

Who can?

What can?

Can can?

We Rubes can.

Rah! Rah! Rah!

Rah! Rah! Rah!

Rah! Rah! Rah!

Tiger.

Hoop-la-ha to Hoop-le-he!

Walk up! Chalk up! M. A. C!

FOOTBALL, 1903.

The 1903 football team, which won the undisputed M. I. A. A. championship was the best team in the late history of the college. Starting the season under adverse conditions with but four old men back and the new material mostly green and unknown, it was by sheer pluck and work under the skilled coaching of Prof. Brewer, that the team reached the place it did. From the beginning the improvement was steady and consistent until the close; by defeating Olivet 45 to 0 the team stood in a class by itself among the state colleges. Every team in the inter-collegiate was met and all went down to defeat except one, who was fortunate enough to secure a tie, but who was in turn defeated by two M. I. A. A. teams which eliminated her from the championship reckoning.

Kalamazoo which, by defeating every other intercollegiate team, ranked second, was decisively beaten 11 to 0.

The secret of the team's success was the very fact that, starting the season without stars, the games were won by dogged and persistent team work, coupled with a plucky and "never quit" defense.

The record for all games played was 178 to 24. The record of M. I. A. A. games, 116 to 6, the six unearned but scored as a result of a fumble, stands without an equal in the history of the M. I. A. A.

R. F. BELL, '05.

FOOT BALL ELEVEN—1903.

Manager, Joe Haftencamp.

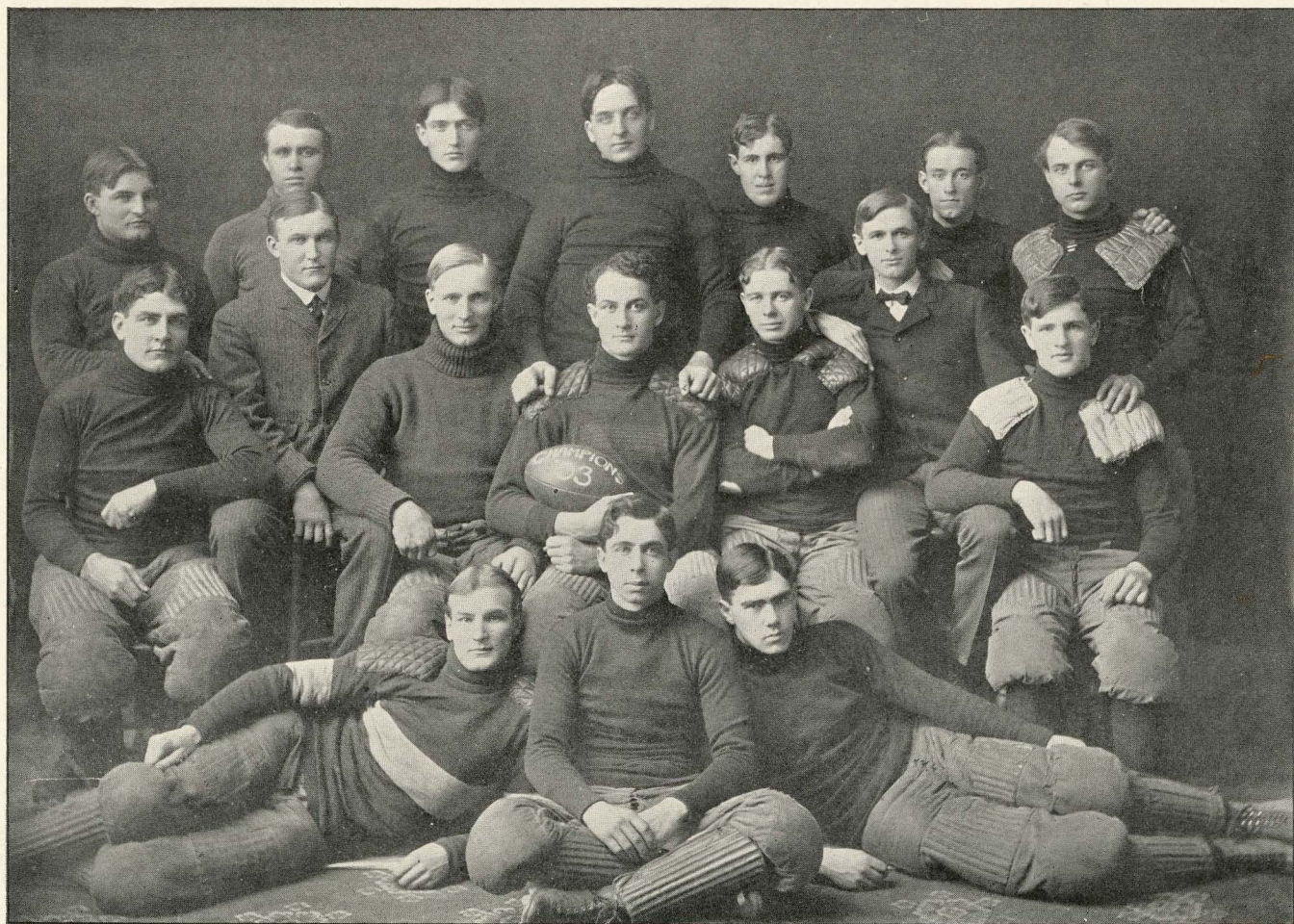
Captain, R. F. Bell

TEAM.

A. D. Peters, left end. Shaw and A. Ashley, right end.
 R. F. Bell, left tackle. F. J. Kratz, right tackle.
 John Decker, center.
 A. A. Case, left guard. W. H. Small, quarter-back.
 L. J. Lampke, J. E. Peck, right guard.
 W. F. Millar, left half-back. E. B. McKenna, right half-back.
 S. W. Doty, full-back.

SCHEDULE OF GAMES—SEASON 1903.

Oct. 2,	.	.	M. A. C. 0, Notre Dame, 12.
" 9,	.	.	" 11, Alma, 0.
" 16,	.	.	" 11, U. of M. All Freshmen, 0.
" 23,	.	.	" 11, Kalamazoo, 0.
Nov. 1,	.	.	" 51, Detroit College, 6.
" 7,	.	.	" 43, Hillsdale, 0.
" 13,	.	.	" 6, Albion, 6.
" 21,	.	.	" 45, Olivet, 0.
Total for M. A. C.,	178.		Total for opponents, 24.



BASEBALL 1904.

Baseball has always taken a prominent place in the athletics at M. A. C. For the past few years we have not been able to root for a winning team, but nevertheless the team has done creditable work, and has been well supported by the student body.

Our team for 1904 has shown wonderful development due to the efficient coach, Prof. Brewer, and the persistent and earnest work of each player. A part of our scheduled games have been played with exceptional success for our team. We have won the two championship games which have thus far been played, one from Hillsdale by a score of 11 to 2, and the other from our long time rivals, Kalamazoo, by a score of 3 to 0.

The game with Kalamazoo was an exceptionally fine exhibition, the best that has ever been played on our local diamond.

Our boys put up an errorless game and the pitching by Hyde was a feature of the game.

With this start, the outlook for a championship team for 1904 is unusually bright.

TEAM FOR 1904.

Manager, Geo. Fryman. Captain, Will Millar.

C. Hyde, pitcher; C. Chapman, catcher; Will Millar, pitcher, third base; O. Burke, first base; B. B. Ellsworth, second base, third base; R. Canfield, second base, center; S. Armstrong, short stop; J. Bowditch, left field; W. S. Towner, right field.

Substitutes, E. J. Gunnison and R. Rasmussen.

SCHEDULE OF GAMES FOR 1904.

April 9—	M. A. C.	vs. Howell	10 to 5
" 14—	"	vs. Detroit College	12 to 2
" 22—	"	vs. U. of M.	3 to 7
" 26—	"	vs. Albion	1 to 3
" 27—	"	vs. Kazoo	5 to 8
" 30—	"	vs. Detroit College	4 to 5
*May 4—	"	vs. Hillsdale	11 to 1
" 7—	"	vs. Alma	10 to 2
" 9—	"	vs. Olivet	16 to 7
* " 14—	"	vs. Kalamazoo	3 to 0
" 20—	"	vs. U. of Wis.	3 to 2
* " 21—	"	vs. Olivet	14 to 6
* " 26—	"	vs. Albion	9 to 0
* " 28—	"	vs. Alma	11 to 0
" 30—	"	vs. Oldsmobile	3 to 2

* Championship games.

RECORDS MADE IN 1904.

100-yard dash, 10 sec., Moon, M. A. C.

2-mile run, 10 min. 49 4-5 sec., Swift, Olivet

Shot put, 37 ft. 6 1-2 in., Betts, Olivet

Pole vault, 10 ft. 6 in., Millar, M. A. C.

Running broad jump, 22 ft., Moon, M. A. C.



BASKET BALL RECORD FOR 1903.

M. A. C.	43,	Detroit Y. M. C. A.	8
"	49,	Hillsdale	2
"	23,	Ypsilanti	7
"	19,	Governor's Guard	7
"	49,	Ypsilanti	5
"	42,	Grand Rapids Y. M. C. A.	7
Total for M. A. C. 230,		Total for opponents	36

BASKET BALL TEAM-1904.

Will Millar, Manager. Ed. Balbach, Captain.

POSITIONS.

Ed. Balbach, center, left guard.

Joe Haftencamp, right forward. Shaefer, left forward.

H. F. Tuttle, right guard. Millar, left guard.

W. W. Gill, center.

Substitutes, R. Bauld and H. Hunt.

BASKET BALL RECORD FOR 1904.

Jan. 7,	M. A. C.	13,	Chicago W. S. Y. M. C. A.	44
" 23,	"	52,	Alma	7
Feb. 6,	"	22,	Ypsilanti,	2
" 12,	"	14,	Grand Rapids Y. M. C. A.	13
" 27,	"	14,	Alma	22
Mar. 5,	"	64,	Ypsilanti	10
" 12,	"	41,	Grand Rapids Y. M. C. A.	10
" 25,	"	8,	Detroit Athletic Club	33
Total for M. A. C. 228,		Total for opponents	141	

TENNIS FOR 1904.

K. B. Stevens, manager.

GENTLEMEN OUT.

LADIES OUT.

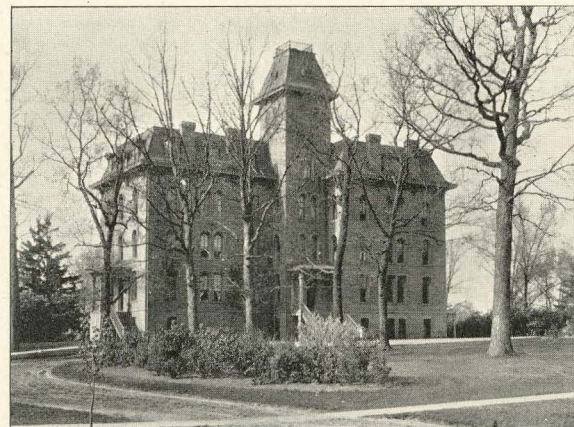
Ed Larned,	F. Case,	Belle Farrand,
F. A. Gould,	Ethel Adams,	W. E. Tyler,
K. B. Stevens,	C. Fisher,	R. N. Benham.
W. D. Hyatt.		

M. A. C. AT FIELD DAY-1903.

TENNIS.

Ladies' Singles, Miss Hadley won 2nd.

Ladies' Doubles, Miss Hadley and Miss Adams won 2nd.



COLLEGE HALL.

OUR TRACK ATHLETICS.

This department of our athletics was not organized sufficiently before the year 1882 to be of any importance, but in that year the first Local Field Day was held, the events being of the same nature as those of the present day. Previous to this time, only small contests had ever taken place, and very little interest had ever been shown. Since that time, track athletics have been very prominent in this College.

In May, '88, representatives from Albion, Olivet, Hillsdale and M. A. C. met at Albion, and formed what is now known as the Michigan Intercollegiate Athletic Association with this object in view: namely, of bringing these colleges together once each year to partake in athletic contests. Since then other colleges have been admitted, until now, the M. I. A. A. is composed of Albion, Olivet, Hillsdale, Kalamazoo, Alma and M. A. C.

On May 31, June 1 and 2 of '88, the first M. I. A. A. annual field meet was held at M. A. C.; the best athlete being Burnett of this College.

M. A. C. has always won a large portion of these and other meets, and since the year '96, with such athletes as Russel, Schultz and Moon, and good trainers and coaches like Beutner, Bemis and Close she has won every M. I. A. A. and Local Field meet, out doors and in.

In her wrestling teams which Coach Close has trained so ardently for the last three years, M. A. C. has something to be proud of. For, during these three years at the M. I. A. A. and Local meets we have won the majority of the medals given for wrestling. Last year with all new men on the squad, Close coached a team which won three firsts and two seconds in the M. I. A. A. meet at Albion.

This year we have very efficient coaches in Brewer and Close and prospects are exceedingly bright. If it is a winning team, it will win by hard straightforward work, which has always characterized the track athletics of M. A. C.

H. T. Ross, '04.

WRESTLERS, 1904.

Fred Close—Coach.

Heavy weight—H. B. McDermid, R. F. Bell.

Middle weight—C. I. Brunger, L. S. Sanborn.

Welter weight—Geo. Fryman.

Light weight—L. H. Belknap, — Wright.

Feather weight—R. C. Bird.

HORIZONTAL BAR—Ed. Balbach.

PARALLEL BARS—G. H. Manning, Ed. Balbach.

INDIAN CLUBS—Chas. Hach, G. H. Manning.



M. A. C. Point Winners at 1903 Field Day Meet, Held at Albion, June 5-6.

H. Moon, 1st, 100-yard dash.
H. Moon, 1st, 200-yard dash.
G. Verran, 3d, 440-yard run.
H. Meek, 1st, 880-yard run.
F. Phillips, 1st, one mile run.
B. Olin, 3d, one mile run.
G. E. Martin, 3d, 220 yard hurdle.
Farleman, 3d, hammer throw.
F. Kratz, 1st, discus throw.

Burrington, 1st, running broad jump.
H. Moon, 2d, running broad jump.
H. Moon, 3d, running high jump.
Will Millar, 1st, pole vault.
C. Blanchard, 2d, pole vault.
Burrington, 2d, football punt.
Burke, 3d, football punt.
Meek, Verran, Phillips, Moon—1st, relay.

WRESTLING.

W. Brown, 2d, feather.
L. T. Clark, 1st, light.
Geo. Fryman, 1st, Welter.
R. F. Bell, 1st, heavy.
Smith, 2d, special.
Charles Hach, 2d, Indian clubs.
Ed Balbach, 1st, parallel bars.
Miss Hadley, 2d, ladies' singles tennis.
Miss Hadley, Miss Adams, 2d, ladies' doubles tennis.

M. I. A. A. RECORD FOR 1903.

EVENT.	RECORD.	HELD BY	COLLEGE.
100-yard dash	10 1-5 sec	Nufer	Albion, '97
220-yard dash	22 1-5 sec	Moon	M. A. C., '03
440-yard run	51 2-5 sec	Stroebe	Kalamazoo, '97
880-yard run	2 min. 4 3-5 sec	Stroebe	Kalamazoo, '98
Mile run	4 min. 48 2-5 sec	{ Phillips	M. A. C., '03
Two mile run	10 min. 53 1-5 sec	{ Ward	Hillsdale, '03
Mile relay	3 min. 35 sec	Ward	Hillsdale, '03
*Mile walk	7 min. 45 sec		Hillsdale, '88
120-yard hurdle	16 3-5 sec	North	Olivet, '96
220-yard hurdle	26 2 5 sec	Church	Albion, '03
Shot put	36 ft. 10 in.	Church	Albion, '03
Hammer throw	133 ft. 10 in.	Maddock	Albion, '02
Discus throw	109 ft. 7 in.	Maddock	Albion, '02
Running high jump	5 ft. 7 in.	Maddock	Albion, '02
Running broad jump	21 ft. 9 in.	Hayne	Kalamazoo, '99
*Standing broad jump	10 ft. 4 in.	Burrington	M. A. C., '03
*Running hop, step and jump	44 ft. 11 1-2 in.	Carpenter	M. A. C., '02
Pole vault	10 ft. 4 in.	Weydemeyer	M. A. C., '99
*High kick	9 ft. 4 3-4 in.	Millar	M. A. C., '03
*Quarter-mile bike	35 4-5 sec	Hoxie	Normal, '98
*Mile bike	2 min. 27 sec.	Brown	M. A. C., '99
*Five mile bike	12 min. 21 sec	Peck	Albion, '97
		Brown	M. A. C., '98

*These events have been dropped from M. I. A. A.

Mechanical Warming.

C. A. Goodenough.

Something like a half-century ago Lord Kelvin first suggested the possibility of mechanical warming and pointed out its advantages from a purely thermodynamic point of view. Kelvin's proposed warming machine is simply a reversed heat motor, that is, a heat motor operated in a reversed cycle. When run in this way the machine acts as a sort of heat pump; it takes heat from a body of low temperature and delivers this heat with an additional amount, the equivalent of the work of the motor to a body of higher temperature. The compression refrigeration machine is in reality a warming machine as well, when viewed in another aspect.

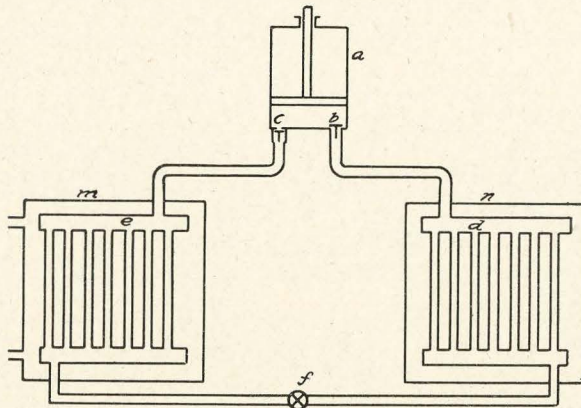


FIG. 1

The general arrangement of a reversed heat motor is shown in Fig. 1. 1. The compressor cylinder *a* draws in the working fluid from the

coils *d* and on the compression stroke drives it through the valve *c* and into the coils *e*. The compression raises the temperature of the fluid. The coils *e* are surrounded by some agent for absorbing heat, usually water. If the fluid in *e* is a vapor, the withdrawal of heat results in a condensation of the vapor. The liquid then flows to the valve *f*, trickles through a small opening, and passing into a space of lower pressure is immediately vaporized in the coil *d*. The evaporation in coils *d* causes the withdrawal of heat from the space *n*, while by the condensation in coils *e* heat is given up to the space *m*.

If the fluid used is a perfect gas, the expansion valve *f* is replaced by an expansion cylinder in which the gas expands and does work.

A mechanical warming system includes, therefore, the following features: 1. A source of power; 2. A reversed heat motor with a proper medium; 3. A vehicle to carry the heat to the warmed space—analogous to the brine in a refrigerating system. Assuming coal to be the ultimate source of energy, a warming system for a building would be arranged and operated as follows: The reversed motor would be driven directly by a steam engine, fed with steam from the boilers. The fluid of the warming machine would impart heat to the intermediate medium, probably water, and this in its heated condition would be circulated through radiators in the ordinary manner.

If the system were used for heating from a central station it would be necessary to include an electric generator and motor. At the station would be located the boilers, engines and generators; at the building, the motors, warming machines, tanks, etc.

Under existing conditions it seems likely that direct heating as exemplified in our ordinary steam and hot-water heating systems is, all things considered, more economical than any mechanical system that can be devised. Present conditions, however, may change. The

world's supply of coal, though vast, is not unlimited, and fuel is likely to become more and more expensive. The time may come when a large initial expenditure for machinery will be justified if a considerable saving of fuel is thereby effected. It is worthy of note that mechanical warming is possible without the consumption of any fuel whatever. The power required to drive the warming machines may be obtained from waterfalls, or eventually perhaps from ocean waves.

The mechanical system of warming may perhaps become an important factor in the problem of heating from central stations. It is recognized that in cities central station heating has distinct advantages over the usual system of separately heating individual buildings. The chief difficulty encountered is the transmission of the heating medium. Steam or hot water must be carried long distances through large underground mains, making the transmission wasteful and expensive. With the mechanical system the problem of transmission is greatly simplified. We have merely a transmission of power and that is easily effected by means of electric currents.

In this connection it may be suggested that the warming machine by slight modifications may be made a cooling machine. Referring to Fig. 1, it is clear that if valves *b* and *c* are reversed, the circulation of the fluid will be reversed and the space *m* instead of being warmed will be cooled.

The possibilities suggested in the preceding paragraphs are a sufficient excuse for an investigation of this problem of mechanical warming. In such an investigation the following are some of the points demanding attention:—

1. The theory of the direct and reversed cycles.
2. The ideal efficiency of mechanical warming under various conditions.
3. The media that may be employed in warming machines.
4. The actual cycles and their efficiencies.

These topics will be taken up in the order given.

In any heat motor a certain quality of heat is taken from a source of heat, or hot body, and is delivered to the motor. Not all of this heat can be used. A relatively small fraction is transformed into work and the remainder is rejected to a condenser or refrigerator. In Fig. 2

D

(a) the rectangular area ABFE may be taken to represent the heat absorbed from the source, area CDEF that rejected to the condenser, and area ABCD the heat transformed into work. The height EA represents the absolute temperature of the fluid entering the motor from the source, and height ED that of the fluid rejected to the condenser.

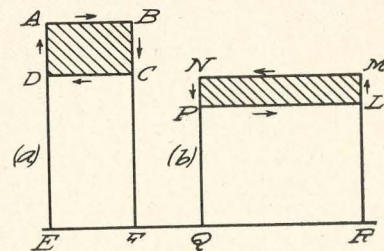


FIG. 2

It is convenient to imagine the state of the fluid represented by the position of a point so that a change of state is represented by the motion of the point. Thus motion from A to B indicates the absorption of the heat ABFE at the constant temperature EA, BC indicates the drop in temperature as the fluid expands in the motor, CD indicates the rejection of the heat CDEF to the condenser, and finally DA represents the rise in temperature as the fluid is compressed in the motor to its original state A. The four operations constitute a closed cycle. Students of thermodynamics will readily recognize in the rectangular figure ABCD the ideal Carnot cycle on the temperature-entropy plane.

When the describing point moves as shown by the arrows, that is in a clockwise sense, the cycle is *direct*. The heat imparted by the source is in excess of that rejected to the condenser, and the difference appears as mechanical work. The medium, which acts as a vehicle to convey the heat into and out of the motor, does work on the motor parts.

Now it is entirely possible to reverse all the processes of the cycle, in which case the moving point will traverse the cycle in the counter clockwise sense. Thus starting at D, the heat DCFE is absorbed from the colder body, the working fluid is compressed from C to B, the heat BAEF is rejected to the hot body from B to A, and from A to D the fluid expands in the motor. In this case the motor does work on the

fluid indicated by the area ABCD. A reversed cycle LMNP with different temperature limits is shown in Fig. 2 (b).

When a motor is operated in the direct cycle the object in view is to obtain work from the heat in the source. When, on the other hand, the motor is operated in the reversed cycle either of two things may be accomplished. Heat may be removed from some particular body, in which case the reversed motor acts as a refrigerating machine, or heat may be thrown into a body, in which case we have a warming machine. Thus consider the cycle LMNP. The heat represented by area LPQR is taken from one body (n, Fig. 1) at the absolute temperature QP and the large quantity of heat MNQR is thrown into a second body (m, Fig. 1) at the higher temperature QN. Now if the object of the machine is the removal of the heat PLRQ, while the addition of the heat MNQR to the second body is merely incidental, the device is a refrigerating machine; but if the heat MNQR is the main object while the abstraction of the heat PLRQ is incidental, the arrangement is a warming machine. Evidently it is quite possible to make the machine fulfill both functions, *i. e.*, it can cool one space and simultaneously heat another.

The area ABFE, Fig. 2, represents the heat placed at our disposal. Usually this heat is stored up in steam, and it includes only the heat in the steam, *not* the total heat of combustion. The efficiency of a heating system may be defined as the ratio of the heat actually delivered to the warmed space in some chosen interval of time to the heat that would be delivered in the same time if the steam generated in the boilers were used directly for warming.

With the aid of the areas shown in Fig. 2, the ideal efficiencies for various cases can readily be deduced.

Case 1. Let this heat be used at once for warming. There is practically no loss; the effective heating is represented by the area ABFE, and the efficiency is therefore

$$\frac{\text{area ABFE}}{\text{area ABFE}} = 1$$

Case 2. Let the heat be used in a heat motor, which drives a generator, and suppose the current produced to be employed in heating a resistance. Neglecting all losses, the area ABCD represents the heat

transformed into work in the motor and likewise the heat produced as the equivalent of the electric energy transformed. Hence, the efficiency of this arrangement as a heating device is

$$\frac{\text{area ABCD}}{\text{area ABFE}}$$

Case 3. Let the heat be used in a heat motor, and let this motor drive a reversed motor. The area ABCD represents the heat transformed into work in the direct motor and the equal area LMNP represents the heat equivalent of the work done by the reversed motor on the medium used by it. Area PLRQ represents the heat drawn from some source, say the atmosphere, and area MNQR represents the heat discharged into the space to be warmed. Evidently the efficiency in this case is

$$\frac{\text{area MNQR}}{\text{area ABFE}}$$

Case 4. Same conditions as in case 3 except that the exhaust steam instead of being wasted is used for heating. The effective heating is



BOTANICAL LABORATORY.

therefore represented by area MNQR + area CDEF, and the efficiency is

$$\frac{\text{area MNQR} + \text{area CDEF}}{\text{area ABFE}}$$

For the ideal cycles just considered it is easy to obtain simple expressions for the heating efficiencies. In Fig. 2, let T_1 , T_2 , T_3 , and T_4 denote respectively the absolute temperatures represented by the heights EA, ED, QN, and QP. For the direct cycle ABCD, the thermodynamic efficiency, which may be denoted by e , is

$$e = \frac{\text{area ABCD}}{\text{area ABFE}} = \frac{T_1 - T_2}{T_1} = 1 - \frac{T_2}{T_1} \quad (1)$$

For the reversed cycle LMNP, we may define the ratio

$$\frac{\text{area MNQR}}{\text{area LMNP}} = \frac{\text{heat delivered}}{\text{heat expended}}$$

as the *advantage* of the cycle when used for warming. Denoting this ratio by the symbol i ,

$$i = \frac{T_3}{T_3 - T_4} \quad (2)$$

The efficiency of the heating process, that is, the ratio of the heat delivered to the heat supplied, in the first instance, we shall denote by n .

In the first case, that of direct heating, obviously, $n = 1$.

$$\text{For case 2, } n = e = \frac{T_1 - T_2}{T_1} \quad (3)$$

$$\text{For case 3, } n = \frac{\text{MNQR}}{\text{ABFE}} = \frac{\text{MNQR}}{\text{LMNP}} \times \frac{\text{ABCD}}{\text{ABFE}},$$

since area LMNP = area ABCD. Hence

$$n = \frac{T_1 - T_2}{T_1} \frac{T_3}{T_3 - T_4} = \frac{T_3}{T_1} \frac{T_1 - T_2}{T_3 - T_4} \quad (4)$$

$$\text{or } n = e i \quad (5)$$

For case 4,

$$n = \frac{\text{MNQR} + \text{CDEF}}{\text{ABFE}} = \frac{\text{MNQR}}{\text{ABFE}} + \frac{\text{CDEF}}{\text{ABFE}} \\ = \frac{T_3}{T_1} \frac{T_1 - T_2}{T_3 - T_4} + \frac{T_2}{T_1} \quad (6)$$

$$\text{or } n = e i + 1 - e = 1 + e(i - 1). \quad (7)$$

In order to better appreciate the significance of these results, let us take a numerical problem. Let $T = 800^\circ$ (corresponding to a steam pressure of 120 lbs. per sq. in.), $T = 680^\circ$, $T = 560^\circ$, $T = 460^\circ$. It is assumed that heat is absorbed from the atmosphere at a temperature of 0° F. and is delivered at a temperature of 100° F. = 560° lbs.

$$e = \frac{800 - 680}{800} = .15, \text{ and } i = \frac{560}{560 - 460} = 5.6$$

For case 1	$n = 1$
" " 2	$n = e = .15$
" " 3	$n = e i = .84$
" " 4	$n = 1 + e(i - 1) = 1.69$

If the temperature of the atmosphere is 30° F., $T = 490^\circ$, $i = \frac{560}{560 - 490} = 8$, and for cases 3 and 4 the values of n become 1.20 and 2.05 respectively.

While the conditions assumed are purely ideal, and the calculated results for cases 3 and 4 cannot be realized in practice, still important conclusions may be drawn.

1. Heating under the conditions of case 2 is extremely inefficient, and such a system should not be adopted except under unusual conditions, as for example, the heating of trolley cars. In practice not more than 11 per cent of the original heat in the steam is utilized for warming.

2. Under the conditions of case 3, the ideal efficiency approaches more or less closely to unity, that is, a large part of the heat furnished is utilized. The inherent inefficiency of the direct cycle is partly or wholly neutralized by the "advantage" of the reversed cycle. Evi-

dently a system might be operated under these conditions with fair results, and might possess distinct advantages over direct heating. This is especially true where water power is plentiful and cheap.

3. Heating under the conditions of case 4 must, in any event, be more efficient than direct heating; for from equations 2 and 7, i must always be greater than l , and consequently e ($i-l$) must be a positive quantity. By using the heat motor and warming machine it is theoretically possible to add from 40 to 100 per cent to the heat distributed to the warmed space. Or in other words, a given space may be warmed with an expenditure of from 50 to 70 per cent of the fuel that would be required in direct heating. This system could readily be installed in large buildings and might also be arranged for heating from central stations. In the latter case, the exhaust steam would be used for heating buildings near the station and the reversed motors for buildings at a distance. Electric transmission would of course be used.

4. It is evident that the efficiency of the mechanical systems of heating depends in a large measure on the value of the "advantage" of the reversed cycle. A large value for i indicates high efficiency, and vice versa. From equation 2 it is evident that i is made large by making the temperature range T_3-T_4 as small as possible. Now the maximum value of T_4 is fixed by the temperature of the reservoir from which heat is drawn, viz., the atmosphere, and is beyond our control. The temperature T_3 at which the heat is distributed to the warmed space is, however, subject to control within certain limits. The minimum value of T_3 is, of course, the temperature of the air in the building, which may be taken as 530° (70°F.). The medium carrying the heat must of course have a higher temperature in order that there may be a flow from the medium to the air. In direct steam heating the temperature in the radiators is something over 212°F. , and in hot water heating it is usually 160° or 180°F. ; thus T_3 varies from, say, 620° to 720° . The large drop from 720° to 530° permits the use of relatively small radiating surface, and for this reason is an advantage. But if mechanical warming is employed, this high value of T_3 means a low value for the advantage i and a corresponding sacrifice of efficiency. For the best results it is evident that the drop from the radiating surface to the air of the building must be reduced materially. In-

stead of a drop of 100° to 200° , we must be content with perhaps 20° or 30° and increase the radiating surface accordingly. Possibly if mechanical warming is ever introduced commercially, some improved form of building construction will be adopted, such that a part of the wall of a room can be used as radiating surface.

This point may be made clearer by a hydraulic analogy. Suppose a reservoir is to be filled with water from a source at a lower level. The water is pumped from the source into an elevated tank and from the tank flows through a main to the reservoir. The greater the elevation of the tank, the greater the head producing the flow through the main, and to produce a given flow per hour we may use a high elevation and small main or a lower elevation and a larger main. But to make the work of pumping a minimum, the elevation of the tank should be only sufficient to cause a flow towards the reservoir. Likewise, in order that the work of pumping the heat of the atmosphere into the building shall be a minimum, the temperature level of the medium in the radiators should be just sufficient to cause a flow of heat from the medium to the air in the room.

5. Evidently the advantage i is greater as the absolute temperature T_4 of the source of heat is higher. Thus as the atmospheric temperature rises, less heat is required for warming and this smaller amount of heat is supplied with a smaller expenditure of work per unit of heat. All calculations must of course be based on the lowest atmospheric temperature that is likely to occur. But it is well to note that at low temperatures the warming machine makes its poorest showing.

The ideal rectangular cycles shown in Fig. 2 are never reached in practice. The actual direct cycle must lie wholly within the rectangular cycle ABCD, the actual reversed cycle lies wholly without the cycle LMNP. The form of the actual reversed cycle will depend largely upon the medium used in the reversed motor.

The fluid suitable for a warming machine must have certain properties. If a vapor, it must be volatile at low temperature, and its pressure at 0° or -10°F. should exceed that of the atmosphere. On the other hand, at the desired upper temperature 100° to 160°F. the pressure should not be so high as to render the construction of cylinders and fittings difficult. Evidently the latent heat should be high. The

medium acts simply as a carrier of heat, and it should carry as much as possible per unit of weight.

Instead of a vapor a perfect gas, as air, may be used. Air has the advantage of cheapness, has no odor, and has no ill effect on attendants in case of leakage. The great objection to air and all perfect gases lies in the small amount of heat carried per unit of weight and the consequent bulk of the compressing machinery. This objection may be partly obviated by using a dense air cycle, as in the dense air refrigerating machines.

The cycle when air is used as a medium has the form shown in Fig. 3. The line aa represents the temperature of the radiators, bb the temperature of the room, cc that of the outside air from which heat is drawn. The shaded rectangular area shows the minimum limit of the work of the machine; the work that would be required if all the heat were absorbed by the medium at the temperature cc of the atmosphere and were given up at the temperature bb maintained within the building, conditions obviously impossible.

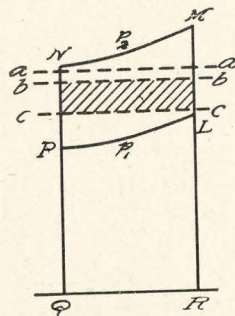


FIG. 3

The line MN shows the lowering of temperature as heat is abstracted from the medium at the constant upper pressure p_2 , and line PL shows the rise in temperature as the medium, which at P has the low temperature QP , takes heat from the atmosphere at the constant lower pressure p_1 .

Let H = heat delivered to warmed space (= area $MNQR$):

W = work required to deliver H ;

M = weight of air required for H . B. T. U.;

V = volume of M lb. in the state represented by point L ;

i = advantage of cycle;

C_p = specific heat of air at constant pressure.

We have then

$$H = M C_p (T_M - T_N),$$

$$\text{whence } M = \frac{H}{C_p (T_M - T_N)}$$

From the general equation of a perfect gas $pV = MRT$, we have for the volume of the air in the state represented by point L ,

$$V = \frac{MRT_L}{p_1}$$

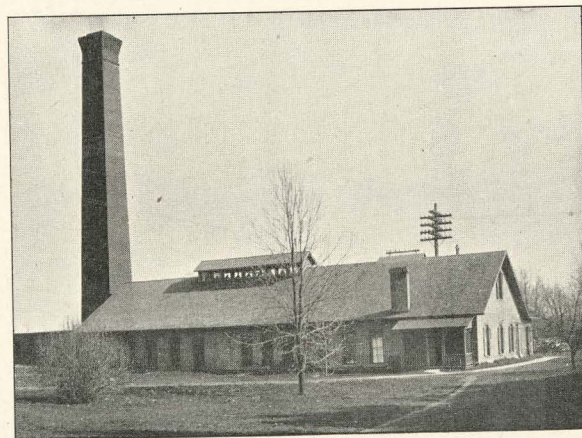
It can be shown that for a cycle of this form

$$i = \frac{T_M}{T_M - T_L}$$

$$\text{hence } W = \frac{778 H}{i} = 778 H \frac{T_M - T_L}{T_M}$$

The preceding equations are useful in finding the volume of air circulated and the work required for a given quantity of heat delivered. The following table gives the results of such a calculation and shows the effect of varying the upper temperature T .

$$H = 1000 \text{ B. T. U.}; T = 460^\circ; T = 560^\circ; p_1 = 200 \text{ lb. per sq. in.}$$

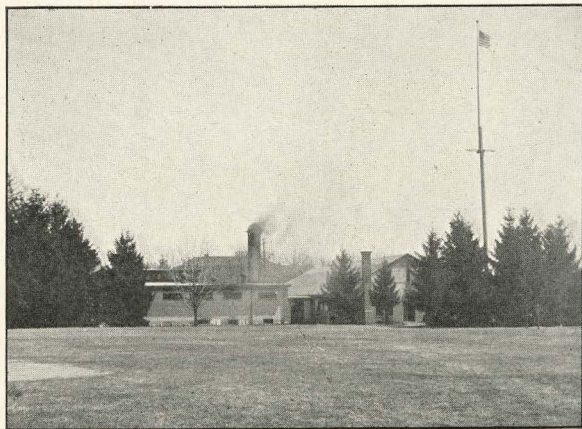


BOILER HOUSE.

T_M	760	710	660	640	620	600	590	580	570
$T_M - T_L$	300	250	200	180	160	140	130	120	110
$T_M - T_N$	200	150	100	80	60	40	30	20	10
i	2.54	2.84	3.30	3.56	3.88	4.28	4.54	4.83	5.18
W in 1000 ft. lbs.	306	274	236	218	200	182	171	161	153
V cu. ft.	17.3	26.9	36	44.7	60	89.4	120	173	360

It appears that as we reduce the drop $T_M - T_N$, we increase the advantage and decrease the required work W . But the reduction of W is accompanied by an increase of V , that is, an increase in the cylinder volume necessary. It may be noted that the volume required per 1000 B. T. U. is in the vicinity of 50 cu. ft. for a drop of 80° .

The two vapors that have at all suitable properties for a warming machine medium are ammonia and sulphur dioxide. With ammonia the upper temperature is limited to about 100° F., for above that point the pressure is too high for safety. Lack of space forbids an analysis of the vapor cycle. The following data may, however, be given:



ARMORY AND BATH HOUSE.

For ammonia: With temperature limits of 0° and 100° the advantage is about 4, the cylinder volume required per 1000 B. T. U. is 16 cu. ft., and the upper pressure is 215 lb. per sq. in.

For sulphur dioxide: Under the same conditions the volume of SO_2 is about 3 times that of ammonia, while the pressure is about .4 that of ammonia. The value of the advantage i averages about .9 of the value for ammonia.

The following table shows a comparison of the three fluids:

	Maximum pressure lbs. per sq. in.	Vol. of compressor cyl. per 1000 B. T. U. cu. ft.	Advantage i
Air at 200 lb. back pressure.	625	44.7	3.56
Ammonia.	215	15.35	4.13
Sulphur Dioxide.	84.9	46.00	3.75



MECHANICAL BUILDING.

A Fancy.

A knight rode homeward from the west,
And saddened by a fruitless quest,
His head drooped low upon his breast,
While about him shadows drew.
He 'woke to find the light grown dim;
He looked upon a castle grim
And palaces, with spires all slim;
In lands all strange and new.

But while he gazed at this strange sight
The misty shadows' fading light
Had deepened into darkest night.
Then he looked for shelter near.
At last he found a hermit old,
And cheered by a gift of gold,
Many strange tales, the knight he told,
About the castle drear.

There children, wrathful parents sent,
Their youthful fancies to repent,
And many plans they did invent.

But alas! they planned in vain.
For from the windows, maidens glance
To where the sunbeams seem to dance
Upon each knight's fire-flashing lance.
And shyness only feign.

Though guarded well with constant care
These knights and maidens do and dare
And never efforts do they spare
Every desire to obtain.
Although exiled a length of years
Unto the land of hopes and fears.
They waste no time in idle tears,
But strive their way to gain.

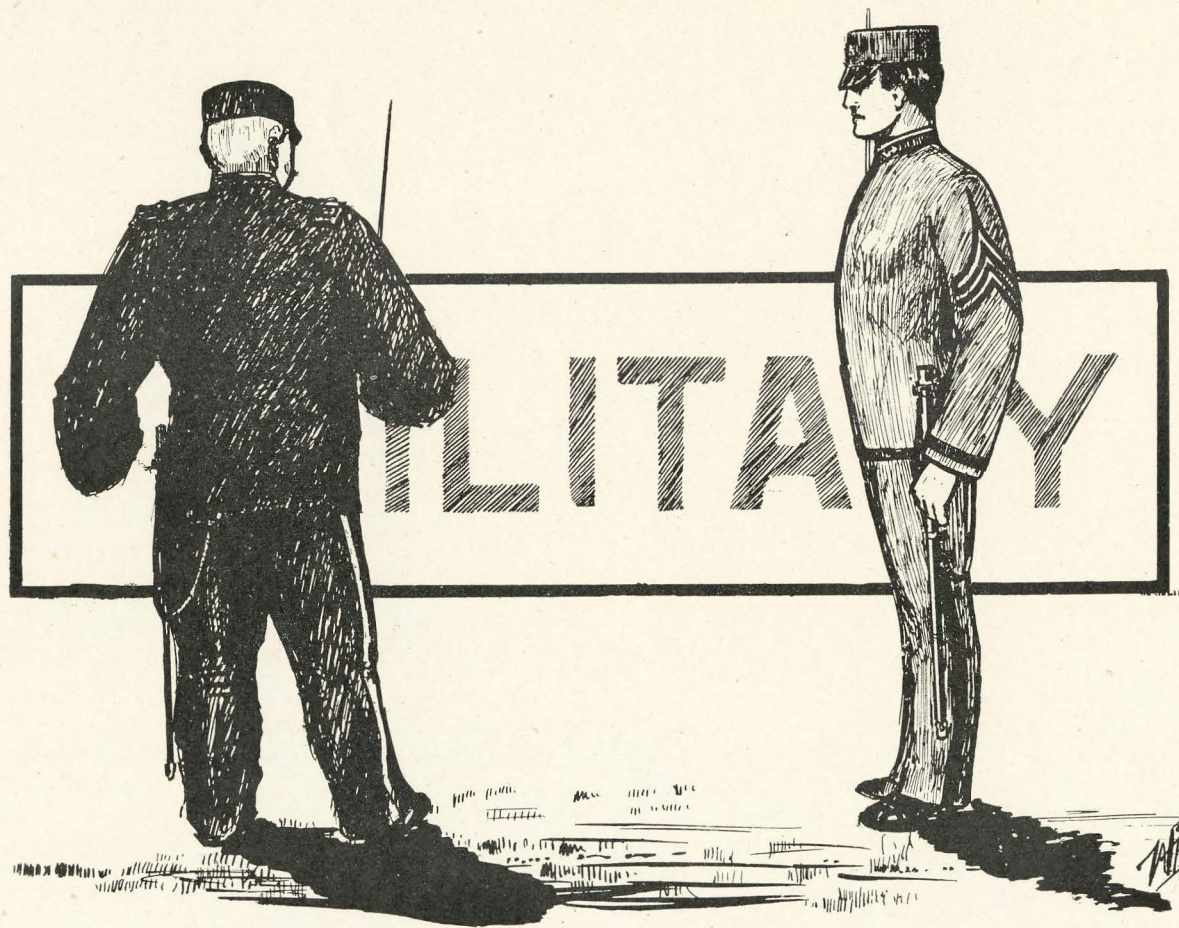
And oft' at some unearthly hour,
When shades of darkness seem to glower
About the mouldered castle tower,
 (Sleep should soothe both man and beast.)
From out the palace windows drear.
And often wakening others near,
The sounds of mirth and right good cheer
 Proclaim a midnight feast.

In days gone by, a maiden fair
Descended by the iron stair
To meet a knight awaiting there.
 They had planned it all before.
The youth came from the pine tree hedge,
And when beneath the window ledge,
Solemnly they gave their pledge.
 She climbed the stair once more.

Along the bank of winding stream,
Where rippling waves with sunlight gleam,
There always comes some strange, sweet dream
 That bids all hearts be light.
A voice is borne upon the breeze,
Scattering wide the falling leaves
That flutter from the mirrored trees,
 Commanding sorrow's flight.

The time of exile soon is o'er
And fleeting days they all deplore,
For well they know there'll come no more
 Such days of joy and sorrow.
In coming days may there be yet
No backward glances of regret,
But bygone days never forget
 In the yet unseen "Tomorrow."

—ZOE WIMPLE.



W. Wilson
1904

ROSTER.

COMMANDANT.

Major William H. Kell, U. S. A.

ADJUTANT.

George N. Cardozo.

SERGEANT MAJOR.

George W. Nichols.

DRUM MAJOR.

Clarence A. Reed.

QUARTERMASTER.

Herman Schreiber.

QUARTERMASTER SERGEANT.

Albertus R. Carter.

COLOR SERGEANT.

Fred L. Johnston.

SIGNAL SERGEANT.

George B. Martin.

CO. A.

Captain—M. W. Taber.

Lieutenants.

J. G. Palmer. Silas Champ. Richard Fowler.

1st. Sergeant—H. J. Schneider.

Sergeants.

Robt. B. Maltby. V. R. Gardner. J. C. Button. E. N. Bates.

Corporals.

R. L. Newton. A. A. Fisk. W. B. Allen. W. D. Carpenter.
F. S. Dunks. M. L. Johnson.

CO. B.

Captain—A. C. Dodge.

Lieutenants.

Albert A. Wright. Jesse B. Knickerbocker. Chas. A. Hach.

1st Sergeant—Newell L. Snyder.

Sergeants.

Archie L. Alger. Rollo S. Davis. W. P. Wilson. W. E. Wilson.

Corporals.

George A. Talladay. Eugene Robinson. Gordon Dudley.

H. H. Crosby. F. N. Grover. E. C. Pokorney.

CO. C.

Captain—Arthur Adelman.

Lieutenants.

E. A. Seelye. Henry T. Ross. Walter B. Robinson.

1st Sergeant—Bruce McAlpine.

Sergeants.

G. V. Howard. A. A. Cameron. F. E. Mangold. George McMullen.

Corporals.

L. B. McWethy. H. J. Mastenbrook.

G. P. Boomsliter. H. L. Francis. J. R. Lambert.

CO. D.

Captain—Wendell Merrick.

Lieutenants.

H. F. Sanford. D. A. Gurney. H. G. Walker.

1st Sergeant—Horace S. Hunt.

Sergeants.

George W. White. Walter E. Stanton. C. W. Stringer.

H. H. Yarrington.

Corporals.

Van R. Zimmerman. Christ M. Granger. Don. M. Stayton.

F. W. Tufts. J. H. Taylor.

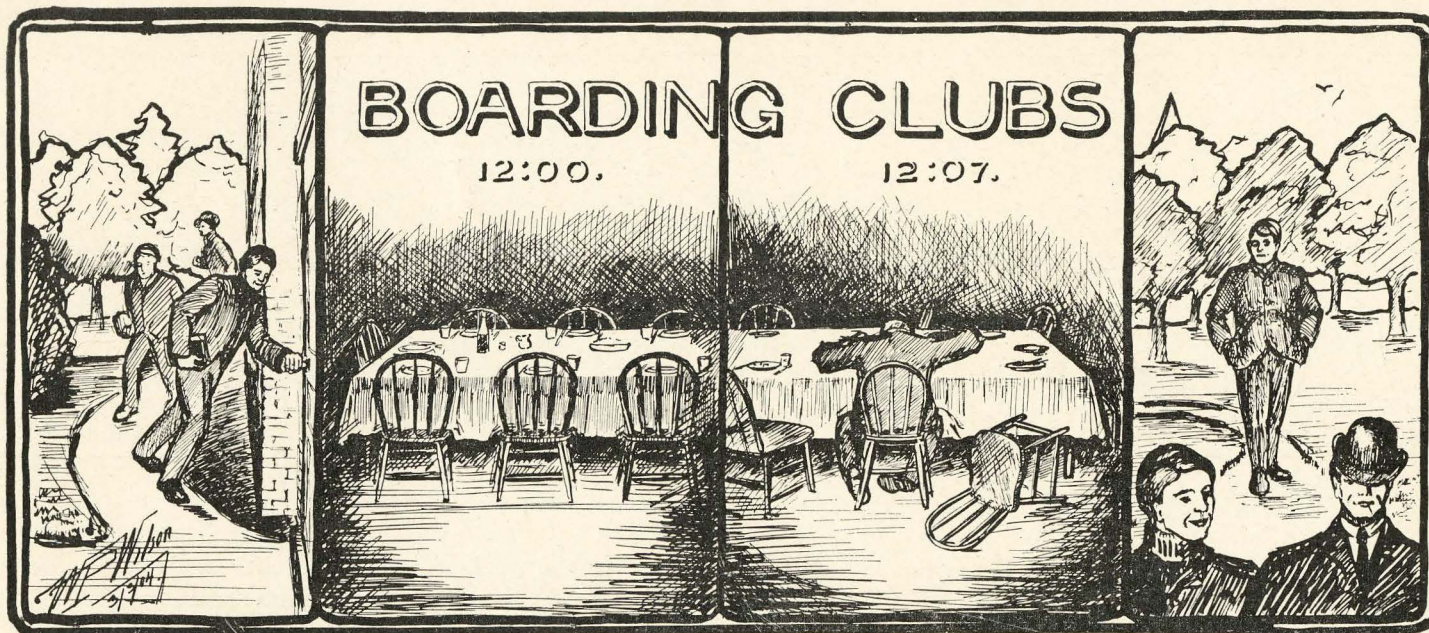


Photo by
Le Clear

BATTALION OFFICERS.



M. A. C. BAND.



George W. Nichols, President Club Boarding Association.

Clarence A. Reed, Secretary Club Boarding Association.

STEWARDS.

Club A, Scott Armstrong.

Club B, Oliver Burk.

Club C, Miss Lyford.

Club D, A. J. Anderson.

Club E, Ward Carpenter.

Club G, C. I. Auten.

Club H, J. E. Shaefer.

DIRECTORS.

Club A, D. A. Guerney.

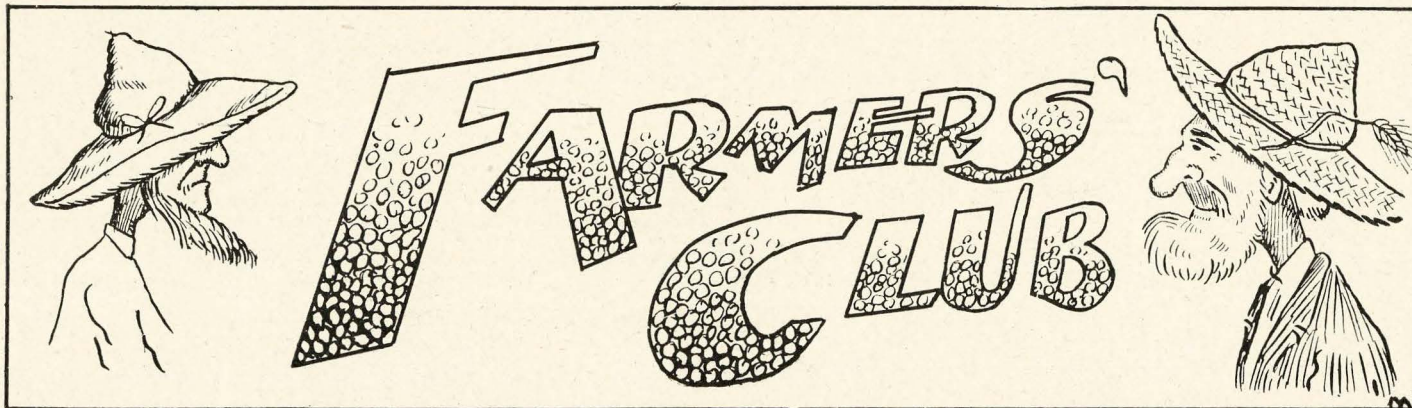
Club B, Bruce W. McAlpine.

Club D, Fred Johnston.

Club E, George W. Nichols,

Club G, Clarence A. Reed.

Club H, A. E. Seelye.



The Farmers Club was organized under the auspices of the State Association of Farmers Clubs in the fall of 1899. The first regular meeting was held on Dec. 6.

"The object of the Club is to inculcate a broad intelligent ambition among the students, that more beneficial results in Agriculture and Horticulture may be secured together with a working knowledge of the organization and management of Farmers Clubs."

The active charter members numbered about thirty; there are now about twenty-five workers. The formation of the Horticulture club has slightly decreased the number of members

Regular meetings were to be held every other Wednesday evening, alternating with the Natural History Society.

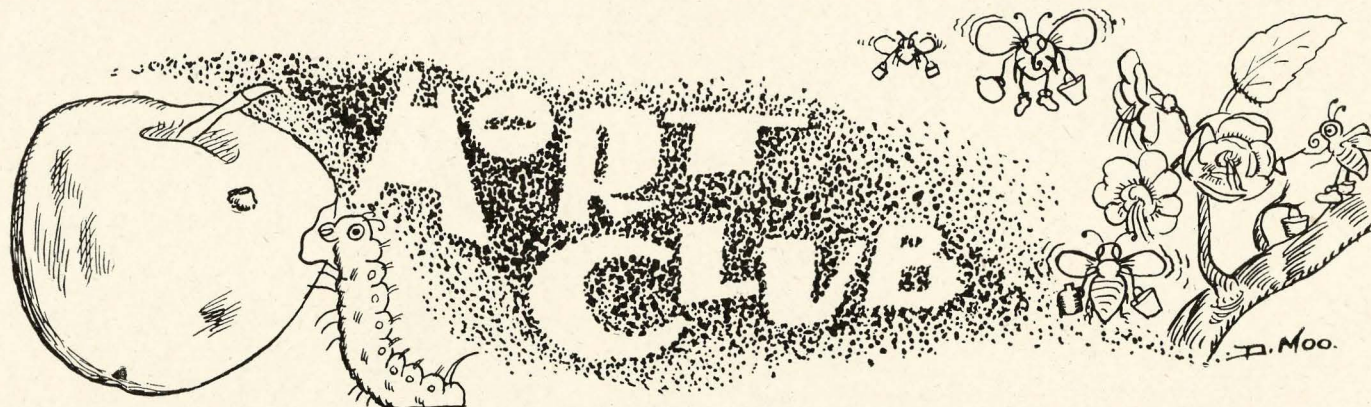
During the past term the interest shown by the short-course men has made weekly meetings desirable. The attendance has been good this winter, but the interest shown in the club on the whole has not fulfilled the hopes of those who organized it.

Programs consist chiefly of talks given by Professors and Instructors or papers by students. These are followed by discussions. Subjects chosen are mostly along agricultural lines.

C. I. BRUNGER.

Officers for present term are:

President, C. I. Brunger; Vice President, L. T. Clark; Recording Secretary, G. A. Shaffer; Corresponding Secretary, R. D. Maltby; Treasurer, G. S. McMullen.



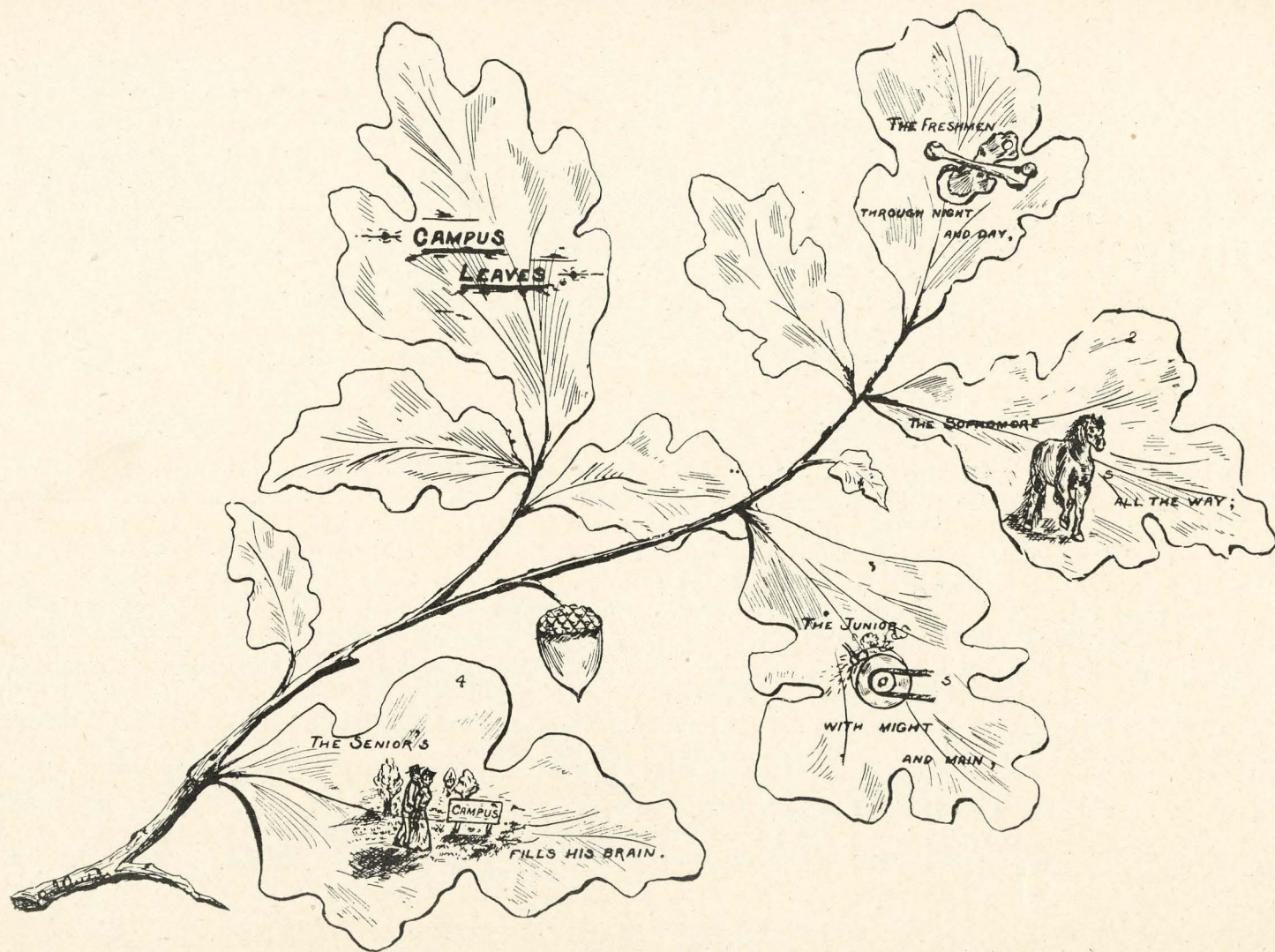
The "Hort." Club as it is familiarly known, is the result of a movement set on foot by the seniors during the fall of 1901. There was a good deal of opposition displayed by the head of other departments who were fostering clubs of a like nature, but on Nov. 5 the first meeting was called and an organization perfected. The first officers were Pres., T. G. Phillips; Vice-Pres., S. B. Hartman; Sec., O. L. Ayers; Program Committee, W. K. Wonders and L. D. Rudolph. Meetings, at first, were held every alternate Wednesday evening, but they were soon so well attended and so much interest was shown that they came to be held every Wednesday evening.

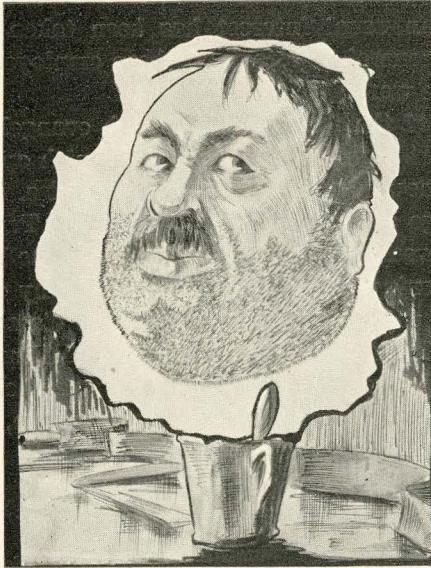
The programs at the club have always been of a practical nature. Matters concerning fruit growing and floriculture, which are being discussed throughout the country, are also

discussed here. Talks are given by members of other departments upon such phases of horticulture as may fall within their line. Old graduates who have gone into the raising of fruit and flowers on their own account are frequently asked to give their experiences. Juniors and seniors here give reports on experiments they are performing. Prof. Hedrick and Mr. Gunson are frequently called upon to give accounts of horticultural meetings and market reports. And at the conclusion of the program different kinds of fruit are shown, name and distinguishing features given, and then sampled by the audience.

The officers for the spring term are: D. B. Button, '04, Pres.; J. E. Schaefer, '05, Vice-Pres.; H. C. Oven, '05, Sec.

D. B. BUTTON, '04.





M. A. C. Foresters

In the fall of 1903, all of the men who were in any way interested in forestry met in the Dairy building and formed a forestry club under the name of M. A. C. Foresters.

It has the regular quota of officers elected each term, and has regular meetings every two weeks from 6:30 to 7:30 P. M. The dues are fifty cents a term. The club has for its object the promotion of the interest and knowledge in forestry among the students at M. A. C. Articles are given out and work is assigned to its members in much the same way as in the Literary Societies of the college. The attendance has been very good so far this year and a bright future seems to be in store for the M. A. C. Foresters.

G. F. T.

Y. M. C. A.

OFFICERS.

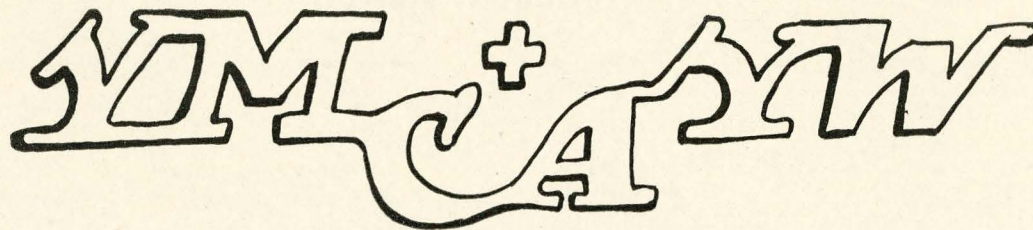
President, C. C. Ford, '05.
Vice President, H. H. Barnett, '06.
Recording Secretary, E. A. Towne, '07.
Corresponding Secretary, R. E. Haines, '07.
Treasurer, C. D. Stearling, '05.

CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES.

Membership, R. F. Bell, '05.
Bible Study, J. Fisk, '06.
International Work, R. E. Haines, '07.
Missionary, E. M. Bates, '06.
Devotional, A. A. Fisk, '05.
Advisory, C. C. Ford, '05.
Social, L. M. Kingsley, '05.

The Young Men's Christian Association of M. A. C. was organized in 1881, and is the only organization at the college for Christian work among young men. The Association has gradually grown with the institution. During the past year more than usual interest has been taken in it, and as a result a general secretary has been employed to devote his time to the work.

The policy of the Association is both evangelistical and educational. It endeavors not only to furnish opportunities for gaining knowledge of Christian principles, but also to invite and urge all to seek the higher life. Two meetings are held each week—one in conjunction with the Y. W. C. A. on Sunday evening and the other on Thursday evening for men only. Three mission, and nine Bible classes are now conducted with an aggregate attendance of about two hundred. Other features are Christian personal help, visiting sick or discouraged students, helping new men, etc.



Young Women's Christian Association

The Y. W. C. A. was organized at this college, seven years ago, by Miss Seymour, soon after the Women's Course was installed. The history of the society has been one of slow but steady progress from the small society without enough members to fill all of the offices to the strong society which it now is. Nearly all of the young women in the building are either active or social members.

Weekly prayer meetings are held on Thursday evenings, and union meetings with the Y. M. C. A. on Sunday; also a Bible study class is held Sunday afternoons. Dr. Edwards had charge of the class during the fall and winter terms. Delegates were sent to Lake Geneva last summer, and to the state convention at Grand Rapids last fall.

It is the aim of the association to get all girls interested in the work as soon as they enter college, so that they will not lose the religious influence which they have had at home.

OFFICERS 1904-1905.

President, Eva Keeney.
Vice President, Bernice Black.
Secretary, Mae Louise Reed.
Treasurer, Paulina E. Raven.

PAULINA ELONA RAVEN.

IN MEMORIAM

The College was shocked again by the loss of another Senior girl, Miss Bessie E. Cordley, of Pinckney, Mich., who was taken sick June 2d and after a brief illness, died at the College hospital on June 8th, 1904.

She leaves a brother and sister and a host of friends and loving classmates to mourn her loss.

Miss Cordley was a member of the Class of 1904 and would have graduated with honors. She was also a member of the Themian Society and was loved by all for her kindly sympathetic nature and utter sincerity to all.

The Prohibition League

Harry S. Warner, National Secretary of the Inter-Collegiate Prohibition Association visited the college in December, 1900, and at a meeting with some of the students who were interested, organized what was then known as the M. A. C. Prohibition Club. April 1, 1902, a new constitution was adopted and the name changed to the Prohibition League.

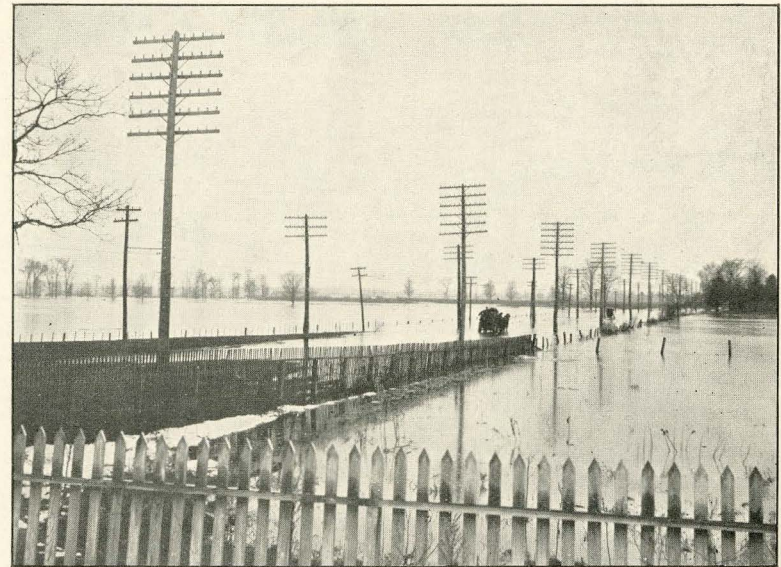
The object of the League is to promote a broad study and discussion of the questions arising from or connected with the liquor traffic. The first year of its existence, W. W. Wells, '01, represented the club in the State Prohibition Oratorical contest.

At the beginning of this year, the membership being small, the League failed to hold two or three of its regular meetings, and it was reported in the *Record* that the League had died for lack of spirit (s). About this time Mr. D. Leigh Colvin, National President of the Inter-Collegiate Prohibition Association appeared upon the scene, bringing with him a great quantity of spirit (s) the stimulating effects of which were wonderful. The League at once awoke to action and the enrollment swelled from six to twenty-six. The League meets every two weeks at which time a program is given, consisting of papers, talks, etc. on different phases of the liquor question.

E. A. SEELYE, '04.

OFFICERS.

H. N. Hornbeck, President.	E. A. Seelye, Secretary.
E. L. Smith, Vice President.	A. B. Rogers, Treasurer.



THE FLOOD

The M. A. C. Oratorical Association

This organization is one of the strongest at M. A. C. It is composed of the following literary societies of which the first three were charter members: the Union Literary, the Eclectic, the Olympic, the Hesperian, the Columbian, the Feronian, the Phi Delta, the Themian, the Sororian, and the Sigma Mu Beta. The association was organized in 1887, and for the first twelve years was merely local with the M. A. C. In 1897 a state association was formed and M. A. C. became a member. The other colleges that are members at present are Adrian, Albion, Alma, Hillsdale, Hope, Kalamazoo, Olivet and the State Normal college at Ypsilanti.

The local contests are held on the fifth Friday evening of the winter term, in preparation for which the various societies select their representatives and the work on the orations is begun months beforehand. The winner of the contest becomes the representative in the state contest which is held on the first Friday evening in March, and the winner at this contest becomes the competitor in the Inter-State Association of which the following are members, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan, Iowa, Nebraska, Colorado, Minnesota, Missouri, and Kansas.

WINNERS.

1902. Burt Wermuth, Columbian Society.
Lyman Carrier, Union Literary Society.
1903. Frank J. Fillips, Union Literary Society.
Glen Sevey, Olympic Society.
1904. Miss Elva Davis, Themian Society.
D. A. Guernsey, Olympic Society.

The present officers of the association are as follows:

President, J. P. Knickerbocker, Hesperian Society.

Vice President, Miss Bess K. Paddock, Feronian Society.

Secretary, W. P. Robinson, Columbian Society.

Treasurer, Robert J. Maltby, Phi Delta Society.

" J. P. Hoftenkamp, Union Literary Society.

" H. G. Walker, Olympic Society.

" H. H. Hague, Eclectic Society.

" Miss Dora Skeels, Themian Society.

" Miss G. R. Braham, Sororian Society.

" Sigma Mu Beta.

Representative to State Oratorical League, J. W. Bolte,
Eclectic Society.

CLARENCE A. REED, '05.

Mephitis and Erethizon

(A TALE OF THE WOODS)

By W. B. B.

The shades of evening gently fell
On tree, and vine and snag,
And up and down the lonesome dell
The silent bats played tag.

Across the glade, amid the sedge,
The stream ran swiftly by,
Hastening to reach the forest's edge
Whose trees shut out the sky.

On either hand the shadowy wood
Lay silent now and dim,
Save when there broke the solitude
The Veery's evening hymn.

From side to side across the stream
Lay stretched a slender tree,
Forming a bridge which forest folk
Might traverse easily.

And now appeared at either end,
Ready to cross the trunk,
A pompous, portly porcupine,—
A prosy, placid skunk.

"What dost thou here," the hedgehog cried,
"Blocking my private path?
"The wolf himself had turned aside
Ere he had risked my wrath."

"Tis hard to think what useless trash
Thy striped noddle fills,
If idiotic, foolish, rash
Enough to dare my quills."

"Why, I have strength enough to roll
Thy puny body flat,
Or twist thee to a barber's pole,
Thou saucy, striped rat."

"Now hold thy breath" the skunk replied,
"And let me have a word.
To wrinkle thus thy prickly hide
Is really quite absurd."

"Most of thy points are plain enough,
As thou thyself art plain.
Thine outside envelope is rough,
Thy language gives me pain."

"Yet thou shouldst never fail to note
A point or two of mine
In that same striped overcoat
Thou callst a barber's sign."

"Couldst thou but read, there lies thy doom
In lines of black and white;
For at my helm I wear a plume
Like every valiant knight."

"And by that token one might know,
Had he but common sense,
That in the face of any foe
That were a strong defense."

"I give you notice once for all,
Beware that snowy sail!
One sudden gust, one heavy squall,
And thou'lt recall my tale!"

Midway upon the narrow oak
The two stood nose to nose,
And with each word Mephitis spoke
The hedgehog's anger rose.

Slowly he drove his spiny crown
Against the polecat's face,
And he, compelled to yield or drown,
Reluctantly gave place.

Backward he moved with steady feet,
His face still toward the foe;
Effecting thus a wise retreat,
While warding off the blow.

But as his enemy passed by,
Giving him scanty room,
He partly closed one glittering eye
And waved his mocking plume.

Then turning toward the open way
Across the brimming brook,
He shrugged his shoulders saucily
With just one backward look.

And Erethizon turned again,
With victory's honors flushed,
And throwing caution to the winds
After the skunk he rushed.

"My greeting may have failed to tell
The joy that filled my breast,
But take at least a warm farewell
To speed the parting guest."

Suiting the action to the word
He sped the lagging foe,
And 'spite of cautions all unheard,
Dealt him a coward's blow.

What happened then, no one may tell,
But one may surely guess:
There came a muffled howl, a yell
Of agonized distress.

The air grew close, the atmosphere
Was charged with choking death,
And all the forest far and near
Made haste to hold its breath.

And Erethizon, smitten now
As by the lightning's flash,
Withdrew to bathe his fevered brow
In one terrific splash.

Then from the bank, with mock dismay,
Mephitis waved his plume
To Erethizon borne away
Into the gathering gloom.

"Oh, poor, misguided porcupine,
How couldst thou be so dense!
With all thy points so strong and fine,
Thou didst lack common sense."

"Go, seek some burrow, far from kin,
And rack thine aching head,
Remembering none but fools rush in
Where angels fear to tread."

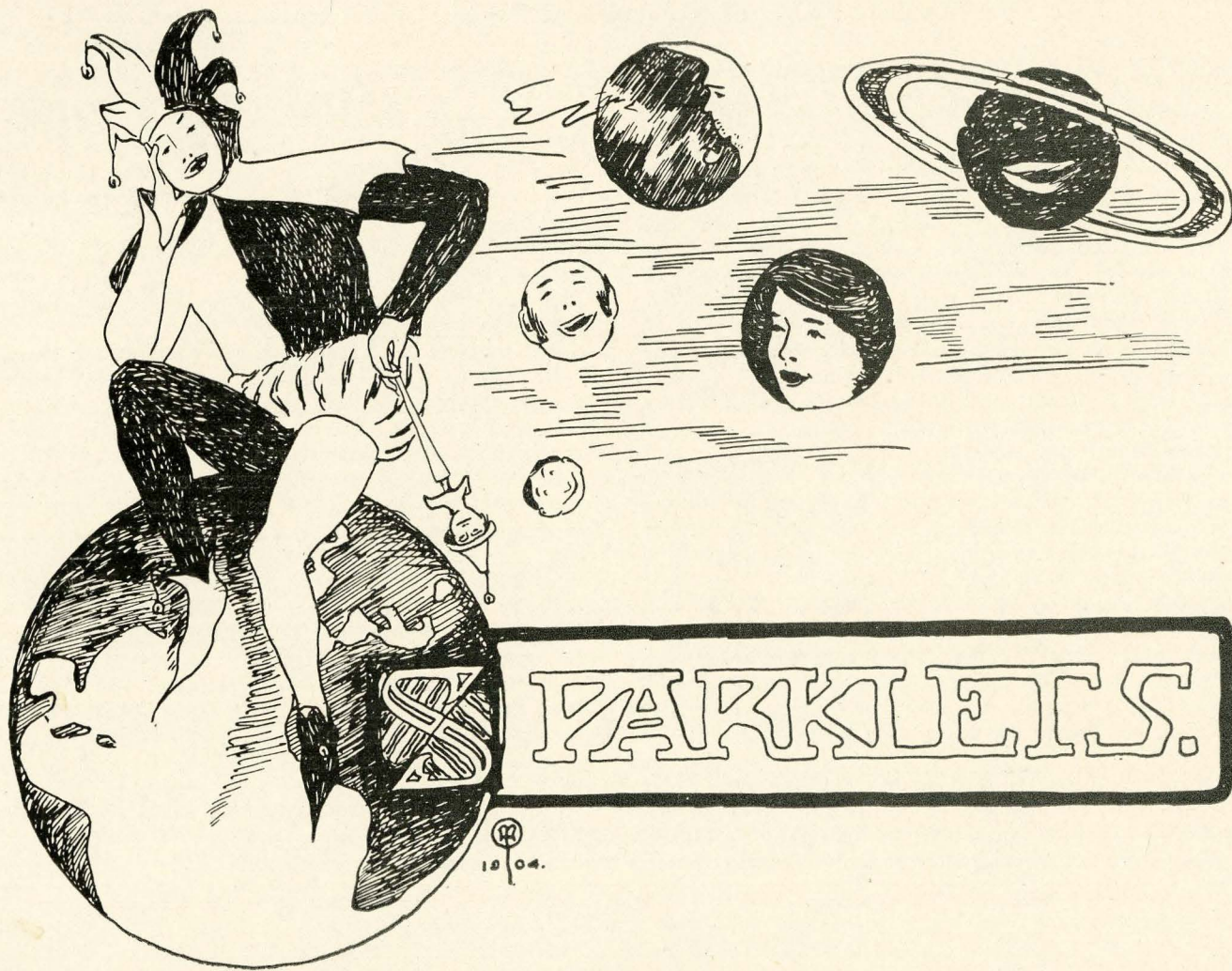
"Thou hadst not sense enough to last,
Nor brain enough to know;
Thou heldest thine opinions fast,
When really they were slow."

"But we've improved thy case at last,
No mortal power prevents;
Where e'er thou art thou shalt hold fast
The most uncommon scents."

"Thou wast so very strong and brave.
Yet scorned my warning tale;
And now from fast receding wave
Comes faintly back thy wail."

"Tho' thou didst pay a goodly price
For what was learned at length,
Thy friends, unless they're overnice,
Will recognize thy strength."

"And should this lesson fail to kill,
And shouldst thou reach the shore,
Pray write with one superfluous quill
That thou wilt brag no more."



Ye Modern Fable of Ye Ancient Agricultural College

In the time of certain Democrats, when Political Quiet held the land, lived certain Progressive People in this State.

And these Progressive People cogitating long and Collectively evolved the firmly fixed Idea of an Agricultural College to teach their Sons the use of their Hands in connection with a Hoe.

And the State Legislature, being largely Coerced, adopted the idea with Enthusiasm and gave a Sandy Knoll on a creek bank for its location, besides appropriating 23 dollars for a Catalogue.

And Sunday Students came to the College, and, being so poor they could Not get away, had, perforce to stay and work, Building Buildings, and grubbing stumps.

And more students came, and more stumps were grubbed, and more bricks were made with straw.

And all was Well.

But the students became so many that all could not grub stumps, so They said, "We must find something to Amuse our students, since the stumps are run out and the ditches are dug and the buildings built.

And this was their Undoing.

For the Devil entered unto a Progressive Person and tempted Him, saying, "Make It co-educational."

And forth with, straight way the Progressive Persons raised a great hue and cry, saying, "Let us send our Daughters to This our noble Agricultural College, to be educated into Sensible Wives for our young men."

And they did.

And they set a Motherly Lady to be Mistress over Their daughters, and she, having been a Wife and knowing the qualifications of a good One, sought to bring the Girls and Boys together, and let them get acquainted, and Used to one another.

And all was well.

But this Motherly Dean of Women, being as Good as she was Wise, was in large demand Elsewhere and Left.

And another came From the East.

And she introduced a System from the Cannibal Isles, called "Tabu," meaning, "Do this and die," [or be put under restrictions].

And it worked like a Charm. She had 89% of the girls "Tabued" in One week.

And the assortment of girls grew larger, and younger and much homelier.

And the Bonds were so Narrowed that all the Campus not in view of the Dean's Office was labeled "Tabu." And the most effete custom of the effete East, called the Chap-erone, was saddled onto Them, and they were liable to Mid-night inspection of their caves.

And the Co-eds grew yet younger and Homelier and they Scurried to class in Bunches casting terrified glances at the Boys. And They had to get a license to receive Letters from Home.

And Things progressed like wise in the Masculine school. And They said, "Let us agree to Disagree, lest this school becomes too popular, and its graduates have but one clear Idea upon Important questions.

And they did.

And each department withdrew from the Other and Hated it, and Reviled its teachings, and things were Mixed, until the only Wise student was He who Withdrew afar off and Gazed at the Vista of the Women's building.

And they finally raised the Incidental fee and the president's salary.

And All was Well.

Class Room Doingskis

W. O. H.—“Miss Rounds, what was the method of the Roman warriors dress?”

Miss R.—“They wore feathers in their helmets to scare the enemy.”

Wessels.—“I understand that you’ll excuse anyone who wants to attend the Oratorical?”

Gunnison.—“Yes.”

Wessels.—“Well, I want to attend awfully bad but I haven’t got the money.” Exit.

Dr. Edwards.—“Goldsmith wandered about England with only a fife and a shirt.”

Prof. King.—“Mr. Oven, express an attitude of love?”

Oven.—“I don’t know how.” Then Oven tried, but before he succeeded the Prof. had to interfere and showed a more polished mode. King always did tell us that practice made perfect but the Dean doesn’t believe in the practice.

Miss Gunnison’s “excuse” read, “Excused to attend her brother’s wedding.” When she showed it to W. O. H. he remarked, “Very well, don’t let it happen again.”

Dr. Edwards.—A conclusion is a difficult thing to manage. I remember several years ago a young man came to visit me. He staid till ten, ’till eleven o’clock. He didn’t know how

to take leave. He was suffering, so was I. Yes, on the whole, a conclusion is a very difficult thing to manage. I had to help him out.

Kenny in debate.—The loss of life in R. R. accidents is comparatively less than what it was in the days of the stage-coach. What kind of engines were used then?

Dr. Edwards.—If a child asks the meaning of evaporate, you tell him to dry up, don’t you?

Dr. Edwards.—Some 18 people ate ice cream from a freezer and suffered from ptomaine poisoning, now how would you tell if it was the cream or not that poisoned them?

Zoe Benton.—Feed it to other people.

Howard in Hort. exam.—I never got a taste of a Maiden Blush.

The girl translated.—“Ich bin dein.”

Sawtelle.—“Nein, Du bist mein.”

W. O. H.—Rhetorical pause is good but if it comes before anything is said it loses its effect.

Prof.—“Next subject we take will be clover-sickness.”

Robinson, ('06)—“Is that the same as hay fever?”

Major Vernou.—“A bullet reaches its highest point just before it begins to descend.” *

Prof. Babcock.—“I’ll break somebody’s neck if they don’t quit dumping their white chalk in my red chalk box.”

In attic of Botany Lab.—Prof. Holdsworth, I’m so cold I can’t tell whether the room is cold or not.

Prof. Holdsworth.—“Mr. Burk, will you kindly delay your jaw?”

Roy Potts.—“Prof, are you sure?”

Bennett.—“Prof. Babcock, haven’t you got that line too long on the right end.”

Dr. Edwards.—“I’ve seen a good deal of hen scratching that went for German script lately.”

Miss Adams in Kingology, got stuck, and repeated seven times: “My heart is full of this subject.”

Callers on Lady Sub-Faculty

They never came at seven
In the middle of the week,
For the “other boys” were always gone
If they waited until eight.

And then they didn’t have to go
At any special time,
But could linger in the building
Until long after nine.

And they didn’t have to sit
In the parlor stiff and straight,
But could have a cozy little fire
In the old fashioned grate.

For there always was some kindling
Up there on the second floor
At just a pleasant little walk
From the big parlor door.

Or in the private office
Where the chairs are broad and stout,
And the lights around that corner—
Well they always would go out.

For in the morning when we went
To pay our bills for board,
The big settee all striped with green
Was always in the road.

There’s Case and Ferg. and the captain
Whom we’ve all known very well,
For they’ve been to call at the building
More times than I can tell.

And then there are others besides
Who came at a later date
But because of limited space
Their stories will have to wait.

B. B.

Regulations for the Women's Building

I. Upon deciding to come to M. A. C. please notify the Dean, and the College Bus will meet you with suitable chaperons.

II. Emigrants and new students may not land until they have passed a rigid physical and moral examination.

III. There is a heavy duty laid upon pictures of young men and such knowledge of the world as is improper for ladies to have.

IV. Care of rooms. Screens must be left nailed over the windows in order to prevent the young ladies from ducking the nightwatch or escaping in case of fire. Keep the shades drawn all of the time.

V. Illness. No young lady may be ill without permission from the Dean.

VI. Regarding young men. Students must do nothing to excite comment.

Students must meet their fathers and brothers in the reception room in the presence of a suitable chaperon. It is not proper for a girl's father to enter the privacy of her rooms.

A special set of rules will be made for each young man who visits the Woman's Building.

If a student appears in public with the same young man twice in succession she must tell the Dean whether she is engaged or not, and her mother will be notified of the answer.

Proper discrimination will be exercised in regard to out-of-town friends.

When entertaining callers, bid them good-night at the foot of the stairs. They should be able to put on their own overshoes.

The aim of this women's course is to fit students to be good wives. We propose to do this by cutting off all contact with young men.

VII. House rules.—The bearing of students should be demure and impassive.



HORTICULTURAL BUILDING

Keep the eyes cast downward and the thoughts upon studies or some comforting part of the Bible.

No young man under forty who is unmarried may attend any gymnasium class. It distracts the girls' attention and is highly deleterious to the man's mental and moral equilibrium.

Whistling in a young lady is the height of immodesty and ill-breeding.

VIII. Any person who will lay information against a student in regard to a breach of these rules will receive a proper and munificent reward.

IX. Keep the floors clean.

X. The Dean of Women will always be a person who has successfully withstood the wiles and temptations of mankind. She is your natural guardian and will advise as to the proper handling of your affections and the refrigeration thereof.

XI. Dr. Waterman's Sad Eyed Spavin Cure will be furnished to all who suffer from sleeplessness, bad complexion, and lack of food.

XII. Students will be fed a maintenance ration and must not eat between meals as the brain works best when the body is lean.

XIII. All mail to and from the students will be opened and censored. Money will be seized and held in trust for the student until graduation.

XIX. The fire escapes will be removed from the building as they are of no use and are not ornamental.

In case of fire, those on the second floor may jump. The inmates of the third floor are mostly freshmen and are of little value to anybody.

XV. When cold and hungry read the M. A. C. Record.

XVI. Students may not entertain when there is a Y. M. C. A. function going on as it is well to encourage these events.

XVII. The Dean will hereafter designate whom shall be taken into the membership of the girls' societies.

XVIII. When crossing out your name on the register use one neat line.

XIX. It hurts the Dean to punish you more than it hurts you, but justice must be done.

XX. Room doors will be locked and bolted from the outside at 10 P. M. each night and armed guards will patrol the Woman's Building all night.

Ain't It So ?

A measly shame,
Parker was on the outside,
The microbe was within
The gas came through the keyhole
And quickly settled him.

Authors note.—To whom does “him” refer.

Reference.—Dr. Marshal, Butts & Co., undertakers.

The memorable thing in a boys life.—His first pair of pants.

How many inches of water fell the night of the Ypsi debate?

Only three people know.

A sub-Freshman.—“Well I’ll be allright if I ever learn to keep my mouth shut and my feet down.

I’d rather die than be President.

Albion.—“You can’t play that man Bell.”

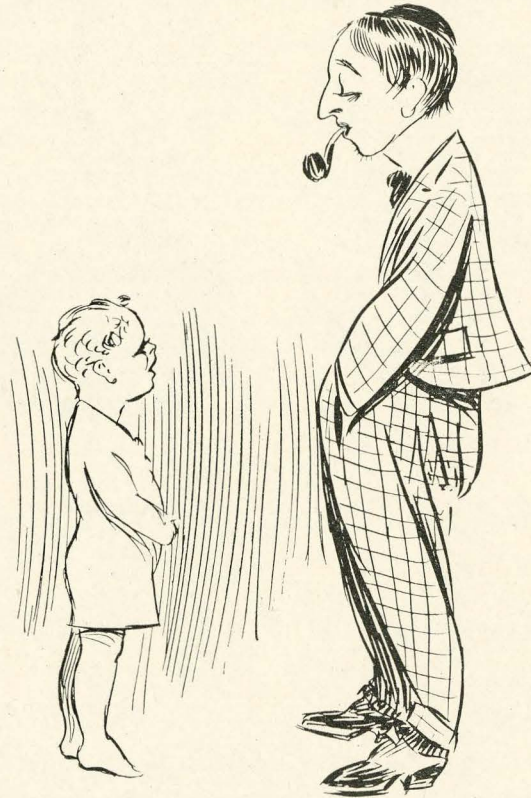
M. A. C.—“Why?”

Albion.—“He’s a ringer.”

Fisk was one of the few Sophs at the J. For a while he had all the floor to himself.

Team at Alma. Cooper as he pounds the cover to the sugar bowl.—“Why don’t the darn thing ring. I want some more cakes.”

Prof. Smith.—“Wanted a new walk, also something to spring.”



SMALL BOY—“DOES YOUR MA USE WOOL SOAP?”



MUMPS

Sayings that Sounds Queer in the Dark

Say your nose is cold.
How much do you weigh anyhow.
What is the matter? Got a hair in my mouth.

Co-ed expression.—“I’ve got a crush on him.”
Some of them could certainly make a fellow gasp allright.

Lady to clerk in Sec’s office.—“May I please be admitted to the museum.”

Freshman girl to her Freshman partner.—“Why how nice you look in your new union suit.”

Prof. Smith.—“I’ve a new joke that won’t choke.”

“Say any of you fellows know an experienced man to fire a furnace for Mrs. Kedzie.”

Junior.—“Yessir, Prexie.”

J. Brown.—Morning after lecture on Love, Courtship and Marriage.—“Why I didn’t hear anything more than mother’s always told me.”

Dot S.—Before the same lecture—“I don’t care to go to that lecture. I’ve experienced the first two and have no desire to try the latter.”

Why is Joe always carrying books to the Woman’s Building for Sub-Faculty members.

Chapman.—Explaining why he was fired from the drawing class: “Well you know when I blow my nose I make a lot of noise. I can’t help it. Guess I’m built that way. You see Uncle Billy blows his nose that way too, and I guess he thought I was rubbing it in.”

“Mamma I know how to spell Hedrick.”

“How.”

“W. O.”

The students were here before the faculty, because ever since the faculty have tried to be next.

Some students must go home by freight since they find it difficult to express themselves.

M. A. C. is a college of laboratories. It’s surprising how much the students derive from the orchard.

Boots; or How Did Bessie Get Across

A melodrama in two scenes with an Act between.

Dramatis personae:

Ikey, the Daring.

Bessie, the Willing.

Time.—P. M. of the first day of Spring Term, 1904.

Scene I.

South side of a flooded area of the Farm Lane, just north of the bridge. No boats in sight. Enter Ikey, the Daring, with rubber boots, and Bessie the Willing, without rubber boots.
[Curtain falls].

I Got Mine

A miller 'tis said, one summer's day
Played about the flames of a candle this way
While out strolling with others this Sunday, clear
Dropped far behind with the one he called "dear."

Light hearted they roamed down wide gravel roads
As if the whole puddle contained only two toads.
She prattled so sweetly, his heart strings grew tense
He hoped they would hold 'til she mounted the fence.

She stood high above him on a slender fence post
And looked to poor "Bill" like a product of Yost
With out-stretched arms he stood as cool as a clam
She faltered, but jumped, right on his diaphragm.

Act I.

[The curtain will not rise because we have no stereopticon to show a moving picture].

Scene II.

North side of a flooded area of the Farm lane, just north of the bridge. Enter Ikey, the Daring, and Bessie, the Willing.
[Curtain falls].

P. S.—For lack of space the dialogue has been omitted.

FINIS.

Rubs

Auten is studying history,
'Tis Phillips we recommend;
Campustry goes with it,
And darkness is a friend.

Victor wants a pardner,
One without a "con,"
Bernice wants a Gardner,—
The rest of us "catch on."

Our "Record" certainly is a newsy sheet,
It contains everything that's late;
The only thing you see that's new,
Is the printing and the date.

Facts and Fancies

If red hair shows iron in the blood, what shows brass?

How much of a rattle snake is tail? *Ans.* All that you hear.

Facts from the Record:—

"Cholera still raging. Fourteen new cases in the piggery."

"Higgs, of the firm of Higgs & Burton, again fakes suicide by throwing himself in front of a car when within a mile of him."

"Narrow escape from a frightful death." Instructor Bostonian Riggs, while snipe hunting escapes from the Crazy Man of Dusty Gulch by plunging beneath the surface of a murky pool. Doubtless the presence of mind thus shown was a result of infantile pursuit of wisdom at "Hahvahd."

Notice in the Woman's Building.—"Young men will please remember the furniture will not stand two heavy persons."

Goss's favorite song: "Rock 'a 'bye Baby."

"Mr. Ray Tower has left for the M. A. C. where he will assume the professorship vacated by the late Dr. Kedzie."—Belding Chronicle.

The editor evidently didn't know that Janitor Scott vacated his position about the same time.

The walks were one long sheet of ice,
And appeared like a looking glass;
I wonder if that's why so many stopped
When on the way to class.

Money is so tight in the pockets of some men that it sounds like uncorking a bottle when it comes out.

Something peculiar—those "'06" monograms.

Something new—those "'07" caps.

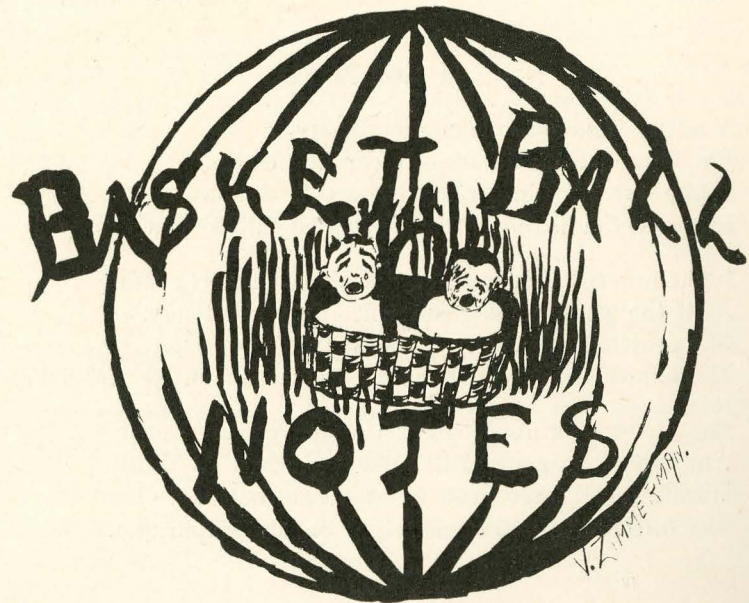
English "Hash."

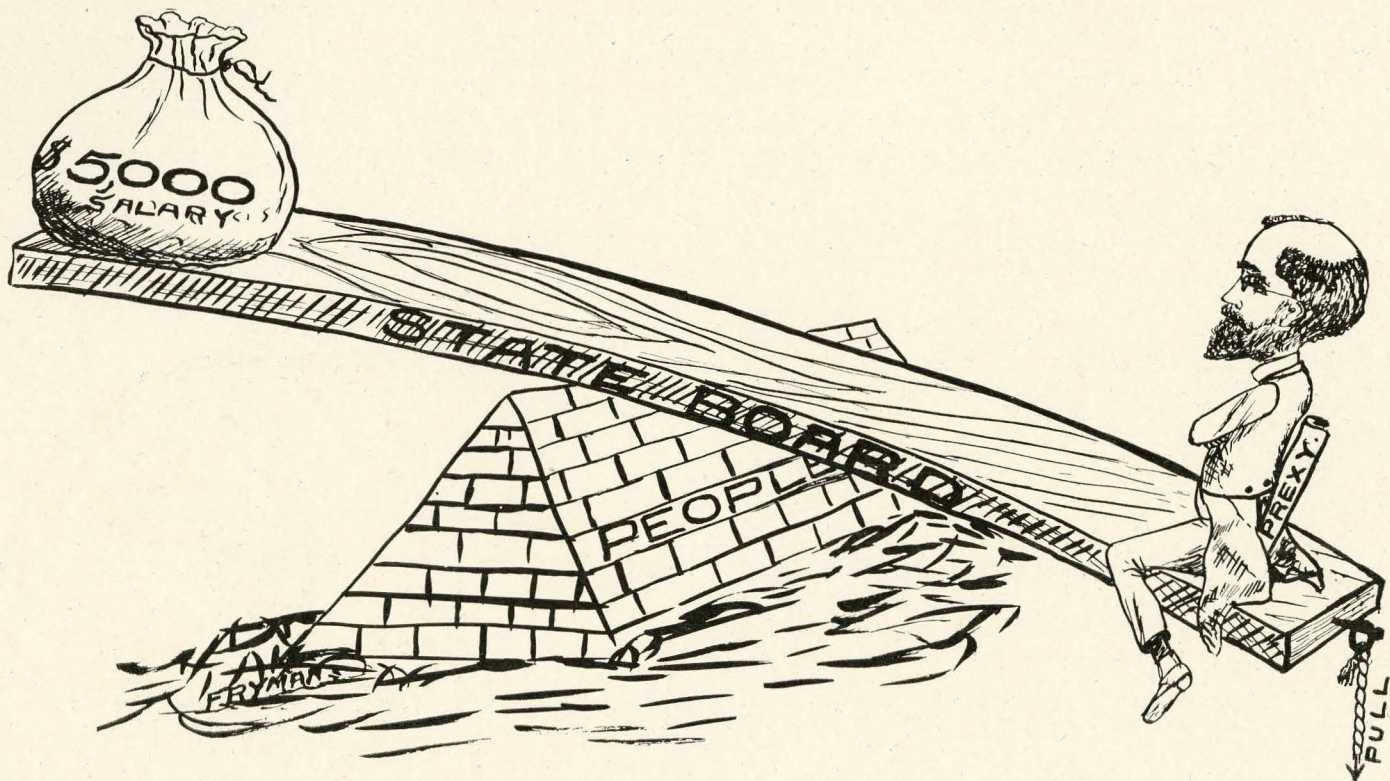
French "resumé."

Review of Reviews.

Balance brought forward.

Essence of things sought for, evidence of things not seen.





The only advantage of a large choir is that the preacher is sure of certain sized crowd.

"Oh, for something invested," cried the D. D. as he clutched his empty waistcoat pocket.

Abbreviated: Those basket ball pants.

Did you see that on the Olympic tennis court? It's rich!

Too bad there's not an age limit on the Oratorical Contest. We wonder whose papa Ypsi. will enter next time.

Our Seniors were especially industrious throughout the winter term. For instance, Mr. Merrick took advantage of all his spare time improving his faculties.

Even the Dean rubbers.

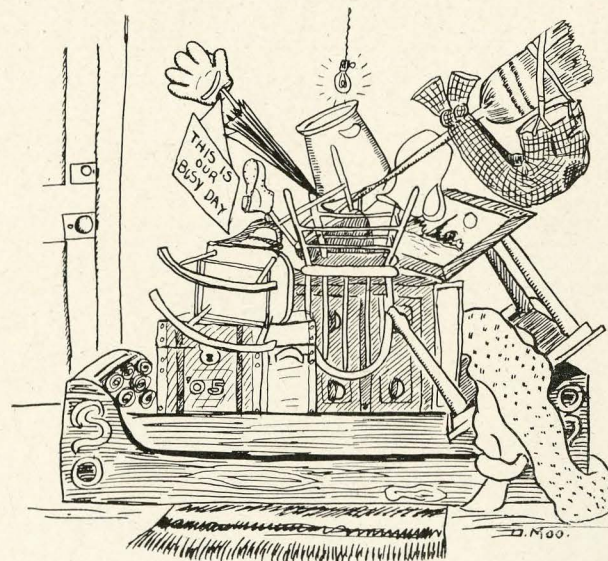
In Y. M. C. A. a student was called upon for a prayer. He started, "Oh, Lord! What shall I say?"

The refreshments at the Women's Building consist mostly of peaches and lobsters, a la tete-à-tete.

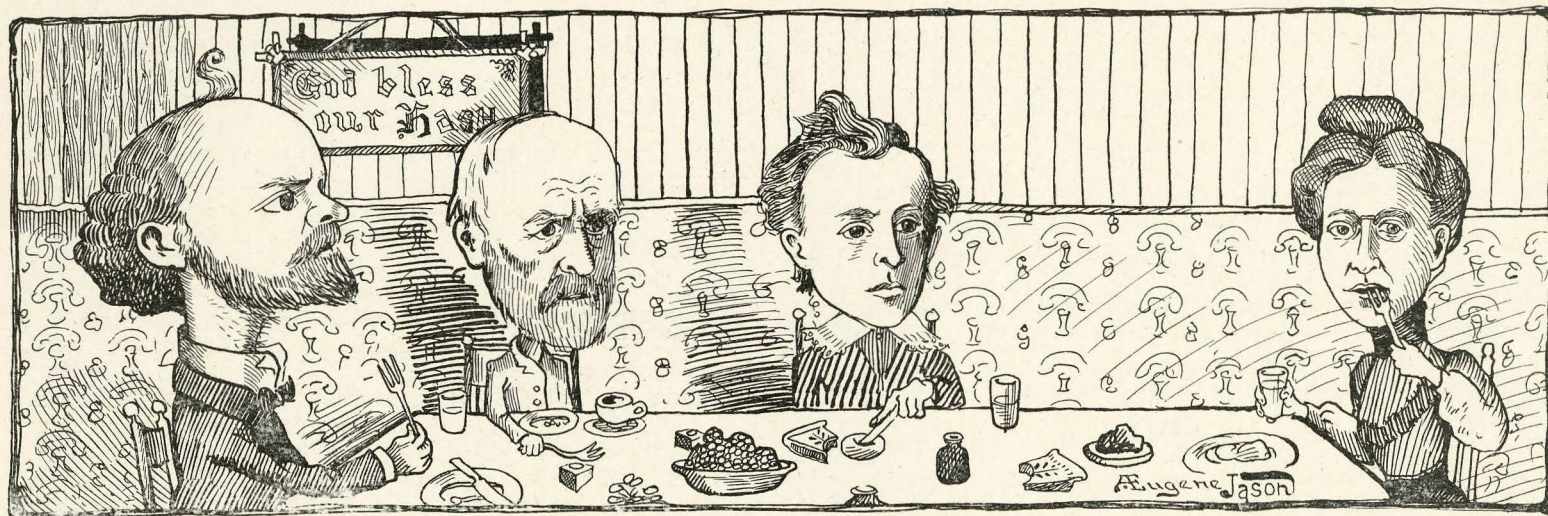
This state does not tolerate cannibalism. What does it do with a man who lives on his father-in-law?

The Faculty—The rulers of our destiny and over-rulers of our plans.

The Faculty fire students with enthusiasm.



STACK



Hash

Great excitement is prevalent in Club C. at present over the price of board. Heretofore board has never been higher than \$1.65 per week, but, of late, it has been steadily rising, and now has even reached \$1.70, and fear is entertained for the outcome.

However, club life at M. A. C. may be said to be ideal, and especially is this so at Club C. The food which might be said to have been predigested is served with an eye to the artistic, and is planned according to Prof. Atwater's standard dietary. From their study of dietetics, those in au-

thority have come to the conclusion that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," in the matter of indigestion. Hence, Club C. follows the plan of slow eating and of a period of rest after the food has been taken into the system. With this in view, slow eaters are placed at the head of each table, and the young ladies are asked to remain until the entire table has finished. In this way, proper mastication is secured, and the enzymes are given opportunity to act. By following this rule, complete digestion is secured before leaving the dining room.

Scene, Club C.

Young ladies lightly tripping down the corridor toward the dining room doors which stand invitingly open. They enter the dining room, and wend their way to their respective places. Period of from five to ten minutes elapses when the official creak of the Dean's rubbershod chair announces that the time for being seated has arrived. The exhausted young ladies with one accord follow the example set. Profound silence follows, during which grace is spoken. Before the echo of the Grand Amen has died away, there is a wild stampede for the serving room. The buzz of conversation in the dining room becomes deafening with conjectures as to the nature of the dainties of which they are to partake.

Gail—"Oh, girls, I do hope we will have some of that delicious 'fish-eye pudding' today!"

Lucile—"Oh, I don't like it; I think its horrid."

Mae K.—"I love it. It requires so little effort to swallow it."

Ethel—"I think it is about time for us to have Farina à la Date again."

Connie—"Yes, I know what you mean, that flax-seed poultice, made of left-over cereals and one or two stray dates."

Enter girls staggering under huge platters of hash. Each individual is scantily and slowly served by the head of the table. A pause ensues during which they all view the substance before them with contempt. Presently Bess B. grasps her fork with a determined look, and prepares to attack the mystery.

Joe—"Bess, what are you going to do? You aren't going to eat that?"

Bess—"Yes, girls, for hunger makes me bold."

At this time the closed doors of the dining room open, and, instinctively, one hundred and fifty pairs of eyes are turned

toward Mae L—— R—— and her gentleman friend as they appear in the doorway. Louise, conscious of all the glances which are being bestowed upon them, leaves her friend leaning against the wall for support, and under the withering glance of the Dean, advances toward the stewardess. Her excuse for tardiness is accepted, and she returns for her friend who follows her down the dining room with flushed face and glances neither to right nor left. After the formality of a second excuse from the head of the table, they take their places "side by each." The excitement over the late arrivals subsides, and a familiar manly voice is heard. The girls eagerly scan the dining room, and discover an elderly divine seated beside Miss E——.

Flo C.—"Girls, girls; can it be that he is buzzing Ikey, now?"

Maude—"Ethel, did you see in the Owosso Press American last night that Mr. D—— had been doing some reckless speculating of late?"

Ethel—(in her usual frank manner)—"All I can say is, that if my father-in-law fails, I shall give up my lover."

Jessie P.—"Mabel, are you going to the military?"

Mabel—"No, I haven't been sufficiently urged."

Belle F.—"I'm not going either. Mr. T—el—d—y asked me, but all of my 'eleven o'clocks' are taken."

Margaret K.—"Why, when did he ask you, Billy? He asked me, too."

May B.—"Well, you girls needn't think you have a monopoly there. I was also favored, and Connie said he asked her for the same party Sunday night when they were walking home from chapel."

Dell K.—"Grace, what are you going to wear to the military?"

Grace—"I guess I'll wear that blue tucked shirt waist suit of Anna's or that one of Irene's."

Dell—"Oh, good! Then may I wear that flowered challie of yours with the pink velvet straps on the skirt? Of course, you and Ethel and Pudge and Anna and some of the other girls have worn it, but I don't believe the boys will remember it, do you?"

The sound of the bell at the Dean's table causes silence to reign. "The mistress of the situation" rises, and with a sweeping glance which includes every one in the dining room, makes the following announcement:

"Young Ladies, owing to our inability to arrange for a House meeting or special session with you this evening, as I had hoped, I wish to take this opportunity to call your attention to a few little matters which I fear have escaped your attention of late. Girls—I am referring to what might be termed barbaric vandalisms which have been brought to my notice. In the first place, I wish to remind you that many or all of you are improperly shod. Now, girls, this element has prevailed too long, and it is beginning to look like insubordination. You must know that in a community of this size, such overstepping of the rules should not, and can not be tolerated. So I will—let me see; shall I say this must be checked—immediately? Yes, indeed! Tomorrow morning every young woman is expected to report at my office with rubber heels, that I may see that this growing tendency has been checked.

Let me call your attention, also, to the lecture this evening. I feel it necessary to speak again, as I so often have before, about taking the most direct route home after the lecture, and in connection with this, that you must come directly in. I wish I might not be compelled to speak about

this, girls, but it is out of sympathy for the young men. I can so adjust the shades in my office that without the least effort I can gaze upon—what shall I term them?—*maneuvers*—for such they are, especially on the young man's part. He stands first on one foot, then on the other; thrusts his hand into one pocket, and then into the other, and casts eager glances towards Williams Hall until I would fain go out and call the young lady in, so that he may depart without being seemingly rude. Now, girls, I hope you see this in its proper light, and that you will all cooperate with me in making this one of the unwritten rules of the House. In conclusion, it seems fitting that more attention should be given to table etiquette. Of course, girls, none of you would consider it genteel to eat with your knives, or to flourish your handkerchiefs at the table. I wish, girls, that we might pay more attention to the topics of conversation at the table, that we may offend no one of sensitive nature."

After these few brief remarks the hum of conversation is resumed with renewed vigor.

Frieda—"Girls, wasn't it slippery coming home from the Lit. party last night? Zoe, did you slip on the ice?"

Zoe—"No, but I did fall on Glazier."

Notwithstanding, that at first the girls had seemed reluctant to partake of what was set before them, by this time every morsel of food had disappeared. Table by table, they leave the dining room, and the usual "boistrous conduct" is evident in the corridors. At the first peal of the door bell, however, each girl expectantly rushes to her room, and there awaits the tap which summons her to a five minute (?) chat in the reception room.

St. Louis

The college sent me to St. Louis—that is prexy decided to dispense with my presence for a time and I decided to go to St. Louis. You see I was looking for a fair deal. Well, I left in a hurry, didn't have time to pack a trunk or hunt up my suit case, so I was going without any baggage. It was a wet, cold day, however, so I took the grippe. I hustled down to the car station and got there just as the car started. I signaled to the conductor and he stopped the car to find out what I wanted. I told him I wanted to take that car. He said I had better not try to take that car as several people had missed cars lately. I explained that I really only wanted to get aboard. He says, what do you take this for, a lumber yard? I told him I took it merely as a matter of necessity. Then he asked me to pay up, so I gave him a dollar. He took it and put it in his pocket and walked on. I yelled at him, "Change." He said, there is no change, this car goes through to the Downey. When he came back I told him he was robbing me. He smiled and said: "I take only what's fare."

Just then an old man got up and motioned to the conductor to stop the car. The old man did not seem to know which end of the car to get out of, so a young boy across from him said, "Either end will do, mister, they both stop."

I looked at the ads. stuck along the car and asked the conductor if such literature wasn't a little above the average person. He said it was, but was put up there so people could understand it. I guess he had the right idea but his English was poor.

Then he went on to tell me of a narrow escape he had from an accident the day before at a spot in the road we were just coming to. He said that there was a lady on the track and she nearly lost her head—just got off in the nick of time. I didn't know whether to believe him or not but just then the car ran over the switch, so I suppose it must have been true. That conductor was a most remarkable man. He had been everywhere. I said I thought his present job must seem rather monotonous. He said it was, but at present he was drifting. I asked him how he could say he was drifting when he had held the job as long as he had. Oh, he said, you see I am just carried along by the current. It was an electric boat before, but as we approached Pennsylvania avenue I saw several ladies standing on the crossing—wrong side of the street, of course—signalling to us; yes, I saw the waves—and the motion of the car made me feel seasick. Just then the Con. came along and said, Pennsylvania avenue; all cars going down stop here 20 minutes in full view of the reform school. It struck me that a reform in the schedule might be a good thing. I offered to bet the conductor that I could beat the car, walking. He said he thought it possible, as he had never seen the car walk. His idea was that the car ran, but if it did it was the slowest running I ever saw. I wanted to make some other bets but he said he had no money. However, he told me if I wanted to bet so badly, to go to the Hollister block and the elevator boy would take me up. He did, too.

Well, I took a fast train. Couldn't see the telegraph poles.

I rode in a box car, that's why. Say, we stopped at a junction where there were seven trains. A couple of ladies came along and one of them pointed at a train and said, "That's my train." The other said, "My train is over there." Say, they must have been pretty rich.

I don't know how far they call it from Chicago to St. Louis, but some one said it was 400 miles. I don't believe it, because I crawled in under a box car and rode a rod and found myself in St. Louis. The First thing I did was to hunt up a place to stay. Finally I arranged to room at a private house. After a stroll I returned and began to tell of what I had seen. The landlady wanted to know if I was working. I said no, and asked her why she asked such a question. Well, she said that I had been telling some pretty good stories, and she wanted to know if I worked because she couldn't put much faith in an idle roomer.

Say, that woman's eyesight must have been awful poor, as she often took a street car for the depot.

Well, I went to the exposition. I met a man who went up in balloons. I asked him how he liked the business, and he said it was pretty good but it was full of ups and downs. When he went up in the balloon he wore a pair of trunks, and when he walked around I noticed his trousers were checked and I guess he must have been quite a traveller. I went to see one of the shows on the Midway. They told me that the strong woman had just been arrested for shoplifting. Then I asked them if the people drank much. The manager said the fat woman was a heavy drinker, but the ossified man was certainly the hardest drinker in the lot. Just then the

orchestra stopped. They had come to a bar in the music. They didn't invite me up, so I left.

I went to see the Horticultural exhibit. Say, they had some grand vegetables. They had beets so big that two policemen could sleep on one at the same time. They had corn stalks that were deaf in the ear and potatoes with watery eyes. One gentleman sent in some samples of corn from the foot of his garden. He said it was a small garden but it looked as if there must have been several achers in it. I met an old M. A. C. student. I asked him how he was getting along and what he was doing. He said he had just finished pulling some stumps. I told him I was surprised to find that he was farming. He said he was not farming. He was a dentist. He was looking real well, though, for a man who is supposed to look down in the mouth frequently. But I went back to the Horticultural exhibit again. It had quite an attraction for me; I suppose it was because I had got so much out of the orchard at M. A. C. while studying fruit raising. I took a short course in melon raising while at M. A. C. It was short course but we covered quite a bit of ground by going rapidly. It seems as if the owner took offense at our studying his melons. Why, we took a fence about every five minutes in leaving and thought nothing of it.

Well, a man at St. Louis saw that I was interested in Horticulture and so he tried to sell me a remedy to remove moles from the face of the landscape. I asked him if he could remove the furrows from the brow of a hill if there were two acres of corn at the foot, and if his remedy would

cure splitting headache in a cabbage patch and whether it would remove creeks from the back of the farm. He said it might; but I told him that unless it would revive corn that had been shocked, and cure rheumatism in the limbs of apple trees I had no use for it. What I wanted was something that would untie knots in a cord of wood.

Then I went and had my fortune told. The lady who looked at my hand said that some day I would have lots of clothes. I asked her how she knew that and she said she could tell that by the clothes line. Down in the Chinese village I was told that the people in China threw little girl babies into the river and let the lobsters get them. How dreadful. Over here we let them grow up, then the lobsters get them.

The collection from the Smithsonian Institute was fine. I went in to see the fossil. I met several M. A. C. professors in there. The exhibit was good, but one part of it was pretty rocky. That was the part given up to the Geological department. But the Dairy department had a strong exhibit. The Mechanical Building advertised an anvil chorus but the mem-

bers of the orchestra had just been arrested for forging notes so I didn't hear that.

Say, I had a good job there for a while. My boss raised my wages every Saturday night. One week he couldn't make the raise so I left. I couldn't work for nothing. I was working down cellar and two of us were working on the same job. The boss came in and said, What's the use of one doing what two can do, the three of you tackle that job, I'll be down and help you in a minute. Then he went for me for not working and said he didn't hire me for nothing; I said that was all right, but as long as he hired me for next to nothing he couldn't kick. Say, he was a cheerful man, anyway. He lost both his legs in a railroad accident,—that's why he couldn't kick.

I met a fellow by the name of Van Haltern down in St. Louis. He said that St. Louis wasn't laid out as nicely as Lansing. I told him that when St. Louis was as dead as Lansing it would probably be laid out properly.

EZRA KENDALL, JR.

Rubs

Some teachers say that no person deserves an A in their subjects. But do they stop to think that the student may write an A examination on what he has been taught? Looks bad for the teaching method.

Haftenkamp, as he taps a supposed Freshman on the shoulder, "Say, come out and try for the team tomorrow." It turned out to be the new instructor, Hopkins.

Belle Farrand thinks there should be one more member on the annual board. She objects to being third on the way home and on reaching it to have May say, "Now, Belle, you may go right up."

"I got only 84 on my geology exam. and made my pa give me A. That's working him some, isn't it? Kee!"

Turner, blowing out Freshman's candle, "I didn't touch it."

"Well, the biggest part of you did."

I wonder if those folding chairs that Buck sends out here are to increase his patronage in the undertaking line. Dr. Beal thinks so.

A Record joke—"Stars on the basket ball team."

The Sophomores were to give a play, "The Lady and the Lion." Guess the lion bit off the lady's head. Anyway, there was no play.

Auten stopped Miss Butterfield and asked, "Say, have you seen our folks?"

Belle Farrand, after annual meeting one night: "O, look at the moon! Isn't it beautiful! Now, if I only had a lover."

May Butterfield and George Nichols were talking with another Junior, when May exclaimed, "You want to come up and see us now. We are all settled."

Joe after taking notes on dairying at the Institute, "Say, fellows, what is a cow's udder, anyway?"

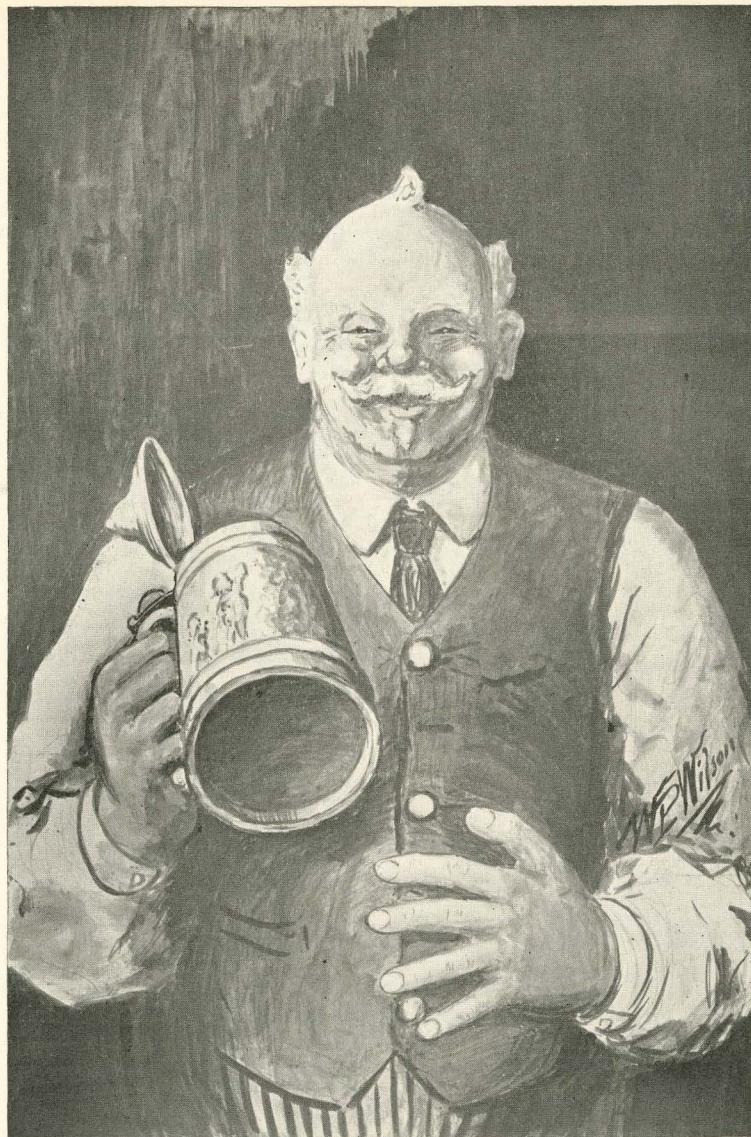
Overheard between two Professors, "Why didn't you come over this noon? We waited at dinner until one o'clock."

"O, I felt as if I needed something to eat, and went down town."

A sign is to be put on the desk in Prexy's office, which reads: "Miss Yakely is behind this desk."

Co-ed at "J" hop—"Doesn't Mr. Robinson treat his girl nice. He looks so happy."

The Junior drawing class had struck a sentimental streak, and were talking of love-sickness. Joe had just said, "We ought to have some medicine for it," when Nichols entered and overhearing the last remark, said, "Yes, give me some of it."



"THE END"

S T U D E N T S A N D A L U M N I
O F T H E
M I C H I G A N A G R I C U L T U R A L C O L L E G E

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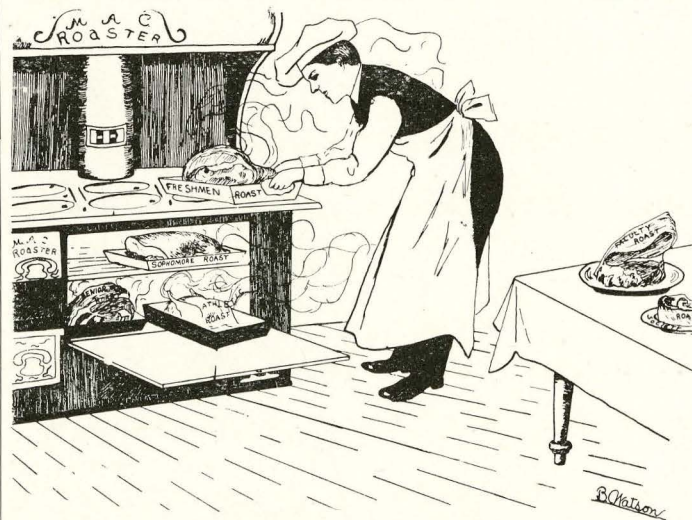
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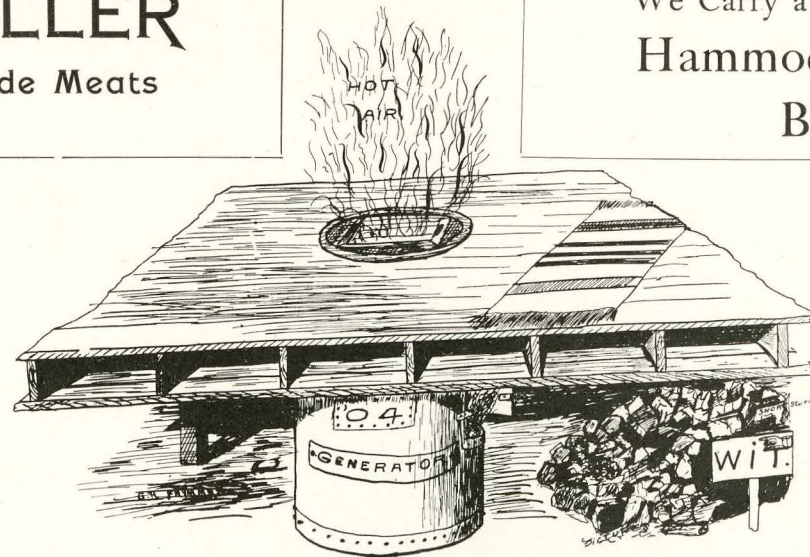
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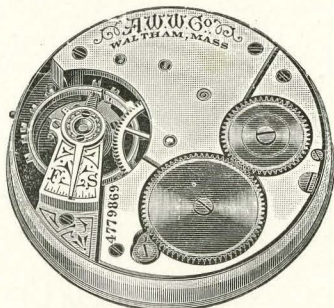
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