

The M. A. C. Record.

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Military Hop.

The military hop held in the armory Friday evening was the third of the series and was the most successful yet held. At eight o'clock the music began, and in a short time more than fifty couples were gliding over the smooth floor of the large hall. Prof. Roy Bristol, with violin, and Dr. Jesse Hull, at the piano, furnished excellent music, and the fourteen numbers on the program and eight extras were so enjoyable that we could hardly believe that it was eleven-thirty when the last strains of "Home, Sweet Home" died away. Quite a number of guests were out from Lansing, and also several from outside, including Miss Pixley from Toledo, Ohio, Miss Carruthers from Owosso, Miss Russell from Kalamazoo, H. M. Howe and E. M. Kanter from Detroit, T. W. Denton from Saginaw, H. L. Arnold from Constantine, Representative Gustin from Bay City, and Lieut.-Col. Smith, assistant quartermaster general.

Sugar Beets from Edmore.

A. E. Curtis of Edmore sent specimens of German Imperial sugar beets to the College for analysis. The beets were so dried by exposure and keeping that it was impossible to determine their content of sugar when they were taken from the ground—the condition under which analyses are usually made for the purpose of comparison with other sugar beets. So much water was lost by evaporation and the richness of the juice in sugar so increased that the results of analysis would be too high, and misleading in consequence. There is therefore little use in sending withered beets for analysis for purpose of comparison.

The Edmore beets contained 17.6 per cent of sugar, unquestionably more than they held when first taken from the ground and before they had dried so as to wither.

R. C. KEDZIE.

Botanical Club Notes.

At the weekly meeting of the Botanical club Mr. Johnson made some remarks on the peculiar development of a fungus on the roots of a hyacinth bulb he has growing in a glass bottle in his room. He showed that the fungus, after destroying the tender roots of the bulb, checked the activity of growth for some time, but owing to its exhausting itself, or to some changed condition not suited to its development, the hyacinth has renewed its effort to complete its cycle and is, so far, free from fungus growth. The agricultural juniors are having the same experience with some experiments they are conducting in growing certain cereals and clovers by the waterculture method.

Mr. Barlow, on behalf of the committee appointed at a former meeting "to examine the various methods by which plants distribute their seeds in winter, and report to the club from time to time what might be of interest," gave a very interesting report of the work done. He illustrated his talk with specimens of plants, and with the aid of a fan showed several ways by which seeds could be distributed by the wind. Some plants have developed certain characteristics by which their

seeds are suspended in the air for an indefinite time, or have some part to aid their buoyancy, and thus secure a better distribution. Many plant seeds like catalpa have "wings" to aid their flight, while others have "pappus" like the thistle. Some have a mechanical device by which the pericarp suddenly bursts open and throws the seeds with some force to newer hunting grounds. Others are dependent upon the hard frozen crust of snow to scatter their seeds, while some plants growing near streams have learned to develop small balloon-like bags around their seeds, so that they can be carried to other shores.

The following officers were elected for the spring term: President, Thos. Gunson; vice president, C. Townsend; secretary, W. R. Kedzie. T. G.

Notice.

Those who expect to take the course in Plain Trigonometry during the coming term will please place their orders for the necessary text-books with the manager of the Co-operative Association at once. Jones' Trigonometry and Jones' Tables will be required.

This request is also addressed to those who will begin Plane Geometry next term, using Beman and Smith's text-book on the subject.

C. C. PASHBY,
Instructor.

Joint Meeting of the Hesperian and Union Literary Societies for Debate.

One of the most delightful functions we have ever attended was the meeting held on the evening of March 13, for a joint debate by representatives of the Hesperian and the Union Literary societies. The meeting constitutes a new departure in the annals of society work at the College, and sets an example that we should like to see followed more largely in the future.

The members of the two societies assembled at the rooms of the Union Literary Society at 7:30 p. m., and were called to order by Pres. Parker of the U. L. S. Responses to the roll calls were made with quotations from Carlyle, after which Pres. Cartland of the Hesperian Society was called to the chair.

The exercises of the evening consisted of a debate on the question: Resolved, That the provisions of the Civil Service Act should be extended to all departments of the Government Service.

In order to exclude as far as possible all feeling of society rivalry, there were two debaters from either society on the affirmative and the negative sides of the question, as follows: For the affirmative, Messrs. Richmond, Rigterink, Stone and Hale; for the negative, Messrs. Sanderson, Hammond, Warren and Munson. Each man was given eight minutes for argument, with eight minutes on the side for closing the debate.

All through, the debate was characterized by earnest and thorough preparation, entire good humor, and a tone of conviction. Each debater made a good appearance on the floor, and manfully played his part. The judges, Messrs. Mumford, Van Norman, Robinson, McLouth and Woodworth, decided in favor of the negative. It seemed to us that the good points

scored, the readiness and resourcefulness displayed and the weight of argument advanced were very evenly divided.

The training obtained in this form of forensic effort is second to none in value and importance. The necessity for clear logical thinking, for thorough grasp of the subject, for subordination and discipline, for coolness, readiness and self-control is just the same that exists in public life, and as preparation for the actual business of life in the community, in contact with men and things, such debates seem to us the very best line of helpful work to which the societies can devote themselves. Real excellence in this form of work can result only from severe and well directed effort, and it should be the ambition of our societies to see to it that the good name of the College shall not suffer when drawn into rivalry, as it inevitably will be, with other colleges in this increasingly popular form of competition. H. E.

Wheat and Live Stock in Good Condition.

Wheat in Michigan was not materially damaged during February. In answer to the question, "Has wheat during February suffered injury from any cause?" 129 correspondents in the state answer "yes" and 613 "no."

The ground was well covered with snow during the month. The average depth of snow in the southern counties February 15 was 6.48 inches, and at the end of the month, 3.60 inches. In the central counties the average depth February 15 was 3.79, and at the end of the month, 4.69, inches. In the northern counties there was about 6 inches of snow February 15, and nearly double that amount at the end of the month.

Correspondents this month have undertaken to answer the question, "What per cent of the wheat crop of 1896 is the wheat now in farmers' hands?" It will be noticed the question calls for an estimate of all wheat on hand, no matter when raised, the estimate to be based on the crop of 1896.

The returns indicate that there was an equivalent of 17 per cent of the crop of 1896 in farmers' hands on March 1. The estimates for the southern counties range from 11 per cent in Hillsdale and Jackson to 23 in Berrien, Lenawee, Oakland and Wayne.

The total number of bushels of wheat reported marketed in February is 571,668, and in the seven months, August-February, 6,877,443. This is 170,325 more than reported marketed in the same months last year.

Live stock is in good average condition. The figures for the state are 96 for horses, cattle and sheep, and 98 for hogs.

Bird Notes.

PROF. W. B. BARROWS.

The birds of the campus have been reinforced during the past week by arrivals from the South. At intervals all through the winter single robins or small parties of them have appeared about the College, and on clear, bright mornings even in January and February they were heard singing with more or less enthusiasm. But last Monday they were seen in considerable numbers

and these increased on the two following days, when the crow-blackbirds and red-wings also appeared in numbers, so that the campus was fairly musical with bird voices if not with songs. The penetrating call of the killdeer mingled with the chatter of blackbirds and robins, and here and there a modest song-sparrow repeated its simple chant at regular intervals, one of the simplest but heartiest bits of bird-music which always comes with the opening spring.

This month, for the first time in several seasons, the bluebird has appeared again, several single ones and a number of pairs having been seen in the near vicinity of the College. Their scarcity for two years past has been a matter of very general comment and the explanation, though well known to most bird-lovers, may be repeated here for the benefit of those who have not seen it elsewhere. For a decade or two the English sparrow has been steadily crowding out several of our beautiful native birds and particularly those species which habitually nest in hollows of trees or in boxes or other artificial retreats provided by man. Thus the blue-bird, the house-wren, the white-breasted swallow, and the purple martin, each spring, on their return from their winter quarters at the South, have found their nesting places in possession of the ubiquitous sparrows, and possession being nine points of the law, have had to content themselves with less favorable places, usually further from the dwellings of man, and more exposed to the numerous enemies from which they were largely protected by nearness to him. All these species have been materially reduced in numbers in this way, and the decrease of the bluebirds was noteworthy even a dozen years ago. This species, as is well known, retires southward in the autumn with most other birds, but unlike the other species just mentioned it goes only far enough south to escape the severest winter weather, apparently undaunted by mere cold so long as it can reach a place where the ground remains uncovered by the snow, for almost all its food is taken from the ground. So we used to find large numbers of bluebirds spending the winters in Missouri, southern Illinois, Virginia and North Carolina, and smaller numbers even much farther north. In case of heavy snowfall they could subsist for a day or two on the berries of the red-cedar, sumac, bitter-sweet, smilax, and a few other shrubs and vines, until a bright day had melted off the snow in sheltered spots and they could replenish their larder with the dormant grasshoppers, beetles, and other insects which they so well know how to find.

But the winter of '94-'95 was exceptional in its severity, and particularly so in the extension southward of the area over which the heavy snowstorms occurred and where the snow lay unmelted for many days at a time. The unsuspecting bluebirds struggled along for a time on half fare and perhaps some of them whose wisdom was sufficient for the emergency managed to move far enough south to find a land of bare ground and comparative plenty; but by far the greater number seem to have waited passively for the warmer weather which for them never came. Doubtless hundreds of thousands of these poor bewildered migrants per-

ished miserably from hunger during the few weeks of that memorable winter which blighted and almost blotted out the Florida orange groves, and turned the spring market gardens of the South into wastes of frozen vegetables. During the summer of '95 few of us were fortunate enough to see even a single bluebird, and even last summer very few were seen, and the fear was very generally expressed that the beautiful bluebird, with its mellow warbling notes and confiding habits was a thing of the past, another species gone with the long procession of which the great auk, the Labrador duck, the Carolina parakeet and the passenger pigeon have been the latest to fade from view. But it seems fair now to hope that the bluebird is not to be numbered with these at present, and that, with full protection during the nesting season, and a series of milder winters, combined very possibly with the dearly bought experience of the past few years, it may again increase in numbers and become once more a familiar bird about our orchards and homes.

Zoological Department.

At the College.

Prof. Smith is receiving a visit from his mother.

Mr. H. L. Arnold of Constantine visited Lieut. Bandholtz several days last week.

E. R. Russell, '99m, has been entertaining his sister from Kalamazoo for several days.

Mr. H. B. Brown, White Pigeon, visited his son, E. D. Brown, '00, Saturday, March 6.

Miss Fannie Carruthers of Owosso has been visiting Miss Pearl Kedzie for several days.

The King's Daughters will meet with Mrs. Snyder tomorrow. Text, "Hope." Leader, Mrs. Krentel.

Miss Florence Greening of Toledo, Ohio, will spend the Easter vacation with her sister, Mrs. Westcott.

Prof. Barrows' office and laboratory have been thoroughly repaired,—plastered, painted and papered.

Mr. Hoyt took the sophomore mechanicals down to the Bement foundries Saturday afternoon to see a heat taken off.

Mrs. C. J. Monroe and Mrs. A. B. Chase are spending a week with their daughters, Miss Lucy Monroe and Miss Hattie Chase.

The floor of the lecture room of the physical laboratory has been covered with linoleum. The noise caused by walking in the room is much lessened.

Miss Jessie Pixley of Toledo, O., and Miss Mary Humphrey of Lansing visited Mr. and Mrs. Westcott Friday and attended the military hop in the evening.

Prof. Woodworth will lecture in the physical lecture room next Friday evening on "The History of the Röntgen Ray—Illustrated." All are invited to attend.

The Red Cedar river has been very high for nearly a week. Friday the water covered the flats and came within six feet of the grape house. We have not had such high water since June, 1893.

Twigs containing the San José scale were received from the southern part of Kent county last week. Prof. Pettit spent several days in Kent and Allegan counties and found the scale in two places.

While working in the greenhouse one day last week A. M. Patriarche sev-

ered one of the tendons of the second finger of his left hand at the first joint. Dr. Watson dressed the wound and hopes the parts will unite without an operation.

The officers elected by the Eclectic Society, Saturday evening, are: President, Clinton D. Butterfield; vice president, W. J. Merkel; secretary, W. A. Bartholomew; treasurer, W. H. Flynn. The Feronian Society elected: President, Amy Vaughn; vice president, Fay Wheeler; secretary, Katherine McCurdy; treasurer, Lucy Monroe.

The Sunday afternoon services were conducted by Rev. F. G. Cadwell of the First Presbyterian church, Lansing, whose theme was "Divine Discontent." This was Rev. Cadwell's first appearance at the College and his sermon was thoroughly enjoyed by those who heard him. Mrs. Robson, accompanied by Miss Stedman at the piano, sang two pleasing solos.

The Shakespeare club is now reading Tennyson's "Becket." Last Wednesday evening the club met with Prof. Hedrick. The ladies of the club surprised the gentlemen by introducing Shakespeare's ghost scene from "Hamlet," with variations. Their kettle, however, was filled with sandwiches, pickles and cakes, and their caldron with lemonade.

The senior mechanical students made a street car test on the College line last Wednesday. During the test readings were taken, every two hundred feet, of the time, voltage, amperes and watts, from which will be calculated the speed per hour and the electrical horse power. A graphical sheet is to be prepared showing the curves of the grade, the volts, the amperes, the watts, the electrical horse power and speed.

The Last Horning at Hiram University.

"Ha-HA-HA-RAM! ho-ho-ho-ram! hi-hi-ram Uni-ver-si-ty."

The cheer rang blithely out upon the frosty air. Rob Grant threw up the front window of the third story study, which he and his sister Nell used in common, and thrust his flaxen head out over the sill.

"Ugh!" shivered Nell, snatching with an indignant hand at her brother's coat tails.

Rob shut the window hastily and stood, framed by the red curtains, a picture of indecision.

"The fellows want me. Something's up. But—but it's almost supper time."

"Oh, run along and bring us back the news!" cried Nell, tossing him a ruffled fur cap. "Supper will wait, and so will Polly Con."

Rob cast a reproachful glance upon the laughing girl curled, lexicon in lap, among the cushions of a well-worn "sleepy hollow," crowded his long arms and stalwart shoulders into the overcoat which had fitted him better as a freshman, and dived down the narrow stairway with an impetus that nearly upset Polly Con, whom he encountered on the first landing.

Nell had hardly rescued her classmate, registered as Mary Conner, but known in university circles, ever since taking the sophomore prize for the best political economy paper, by the diminutive Polly Con, when another guest rarer but no less welcome, appeared in the open door. It was Floyd Wilson, as slender, straight and dark as Polly Con was fluffy, dimpled, pink. Nell, strong, glad and glowing as a young Aurora, with frank, unclouded eyes, and hair like threaded sunshine, gave them both jubilant greeting; for these three girls were friends through thick

and thin. They had trod no easy path together.

Hiram University had bent a critical regard upon them, searching for blemishes, watching for trips; for they had been the first of womankind to gain admittance as students within the sober sandstone walls. All manner of evil had been prophesied as a result of this experiment in co-education, but here in the winter term of their senior year the three invaders stood in buoyant health, near the head of their class of some two hundred men, with a bearing of undisputed dignity and grace.

Their fellow-students, at first skeptical, resentful, suspicious, had come to yield them cordial respect and liking. Polly Con, for all her rose-colored ribbons, took to statistics—so Tompkins said—"like a swan to water." Nell Grant skated and coasted, rode a horse or sailed a boat with the same fresh energy and alertness of every sense that won her success in laboratory and museum. Ted Tompkins again was responsible for the saying that the geology professor could not have been prouder of her if she had been a megatherium. And Floyd Wilson, who paid her own way through the university, partly by doing housework in Professor Gilbert's family and partly by writing for country newspapers, had twice, in the annual examination, carried away the mathematical honors from Arthur Rayburn, the son of the mathematical professor. Hiram University, democratic, non-sectarian, independent, could resist much, but it could not resist scholarship. The cause of woman's education within those ponderous iron gates was won during that first year of probation by the monthly records of three brave, bright girls.

Polly Con was smiling gleefully over the remembrance of Rob's scarlet, horror-stricken face. Floyd was white and tense, her head erect and her dark eyes flashing as if, Polly Con suggested, they would burn holes in the wall paper.

"Which shall it be, tragedy or comedy?" asked Nell, merrily, divesting her guests of hats and shaking the snow from their skirts.

"Both," replied Floyd, in her quick, incisive fashion. "To begin with, Professor Gilbert has conditioned James Hamilton. That's tragedy."

Nell's frank eyes, blue when she was glad, saddened to gray, and all Polly Con's dimples, except the incorrigible one in the middle of her chin, disappeared.

"Was he?"—she began and hesitated. Floyd nodded fiercely.

"I met him in the drug store the morning of the Greek examination. He tried to lift his cap and dropped it on the floor. He couldn't pick it up. I handed it to him. He was very grateful. He cried and wanted to buy me the soda fountain."

"How do the men take it?" asked Polly Con, anxiously.

"They mean to horn Professor Gilbert tonight. That's the comedy," answered Floyd with bitterness in her tone. "He's on the brink of nervous prostration already. He has overworked for ten years past. His brother died in October. He has two families to support now. That means more private tutoring and more lecturing trips. The private pupils always come at meal-times, and he always catches cold on the lecturing trips. The children have been ailing lately, besides. If they are startled out of their sleep, they'll cry half the night. And Mrs. Gilbert—that's the worst of all. She is so proud of her husband, just because he's a scholar and a gentleman and a christian, that she supposes the university is proud of him, too."

"And isn't it?" queried Polly Con, softly. But Floyd tossed her head like a restive horse and hurried on with a husky utterance.

"Mrs. Gilbert hasn't a collegiate sense of humor. Public insults do not strike her as amusing. Her husband was never horned before—and—and!"

To the dismay of her companions, Floyd's voice broke in one great, choking sob. She loved the Gilberts. Beneath their roof, which sadly needed shingling, she has washed dishes, dusted furniture, tended babies and done whatever her dexterous, swift young hands could find to do for nearly four years, carrying on her studies meanwhile with unflagging vigor and delight. Of recreation, she had allowed herself almost nothing. It was seldom that either Nell or Polly Con could coax her to their rooms. But Mrs. Gilbert, fragile little lady tho' she was, took the heavier tasks upon herself, exerting a queenly authority that not even Floyd dared defy, while the gentle, wool-gathering Greek professor, "Old Jack-a-Dreams" in the irreverent parlance of the university, soothed the silent hurt of poverty and transformed the girl's prickly pride and independence into something far nobler by the wistful, delicate deference with which he treated her, especially if she chance to be engaged in any household service.

Harold Leonard, to whom, as the son of a New York millionaire, all this was amazing enough, declared that one morning Old Jack-a-Dreams, starting out for his Plato lecture and passing a broom which Miss Wilson had left tilted against the piazza rail, took off his hat, bowing profoundly, and walked uncovered across the campus to his classroom. But "Gilded Hal" had what his classmates politely styled "an obliquity in his veracity," and certainly neither Floyd, the professor nor the broom ever confirmed his story. While Polly Con dropped a sympathetic but cautious kiss upon Floyd's cuff, frayed on the under side by overmuch contract with the writing desk, Nell sprang to her feet with a flush of resolution.

"Girls," she exclaimed, "it's time we put an end, once for all, to this barbarous practice of horning!"

"We!" tittered Polly Con. "I don't believe the faculty could. Horning is as old as Hiram University. The boys regard it as the charter of their liberties."

"We stopped rushes, when we were nothing but freshmen," said Nell.

Polly Con's blue eyes danced at the recollection.

"That was easy," she said. "All we had to do was to get in the way."

"And there has been no hazing here since we were sophomores," Nell continued.

"The lower-class girls keep up our glorious example there," chimed in Polly Con. "Whenever there's a sophomore hazing affair afoot, some sister or cousin gets wind of it and all the girls go just as we went that night the men had planned to put little Wilkins under the pump."

"And last year we were invited to the class banquet, and not a glass of wine was to be seen—not even a cigar," added Nell, her eyes brightening again to blue. "Don't you remember Mr. Hamilton's speech?"

Once more the trio fell silent, while on memory flashed the long table of the supper hall, the ranks of merry youths, and blurring the rest the graceful figure and radiant face of the class president, beginning his address of welcome by the half voluntary words: "Ladies, we have no champagne in

which to pledge you. How our mothers would bless you for that!"

The love cherished by Hiram University's senior class for the brilliant, daring, joyous fellow whom they had proudly chosen as leader in the first term of their course, was touching in its stubborn faith and troubled hero worship. For poor Hamilton had met the enemy and was proving himself no conqueror. His friends shielded his weakness all they could, but it had become an open shame. Yet that he, the senior president and once the star scholar of the university, should be visited by the academic disgrace of a condition, was more than his comrades, hurt and humiliated as they were, could bear with patience.

While the girls still sat in silence, grave and thoughtful, a trampling was heard on the much-enduring boarding house stairs. The study was dusty with twilight as Bob, Will Franklin and Bert Squire trooped in, each with strange protuberances under his coat. After briefest greetings, Bob pushed his companions into the small adjoining apartment which served him for bedroom.

Clink!

"A pillowcase will do well enough."

Bob's whisper was almost more penetrating than a shout—"I'll run up for them after astronomy lecture."

Clink! Clink! Clink! Clink! Clink!

The evening course of stereopticon lectures on astronomy was so exceptionally fine that many of the professors attended. Chairs were reserved for them which, on this particular occasion, Ted Tompkins had industriously rubbed over with flour. When, at the close of the lecture, the lights were turned on, and the professors, for whose exit the students respectfully waited, walked with due stateliness down the aisles, their broadcloth backs were a derision and an astonishment.

This was naturally gratifying to Ted's friends, and it was in the best of spirits that Rob, a few minutes after nine, came bounding up for his loaded pillowcase. Nell, drowned in a notebook, paid slight attention to her brother, while he hastily expressed surprise at her absence from his lecture, and suggested, a trifle awkwardly, that she should not sit up for him, as he might be late. Nell responded, in an absent-minded fashion, by the remark that he had chosen an unlucky time to take supper at the club-house, for Floyd and Polly Con both stayed to tea, and afterwards Mrs. Reynolds gave up her kitchen to the three of them for an old-fashioned candy-pull, Rob, who had a sweet tooth, of which, as an athlete, he was ashamed, turned about expectantly, with his hand on the knob of his bedroom door.

"Yes, we've saved some for you," replied his sister, too much preoccupied to raise her eyes; "but I really can't stop to get it now. You shall have it—a little later."

As Rob emerged from his chamber, the contents of the pillowcase rattled at every step; but Nell, her white brows knotted over a page of diagrams, took no heed. Rob admired her power of concentration. His own supreme talent lay in cunning, as more than one silver cup on the mantle bore proud witness. Freightened as he was the clock tower had but just pealed the half-hour when he joined his mates on Professor Gilbert's lawn. The snow crust bore up the full masculine contingent of the senior Greek class—dignified Arthur Rayburn, roguish Ted Tompkins, "Gilded Hal," tall Ranklin, chubby little Squire and the rest save Hamilton himself.

The young faces grew darker and

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sterner when the word was whispered about, from Sidney Bell, Hamilton's devoted chum, that their conditioned president had not been seen nor heard from since the unhappy examination, four days ago.

Silently they crowded around the pillowcase which Rob, breathless from running, dumped on the snow.

Clink!

At the sound every man glanced nervously toward the peaceful gleam of Professor Gilbert's study windows. While the long tin horns were being distributed, Franklin went up to the house and reconnoitered. His report was given gruffly.

"Old Jack-a-Dreams is on the lounge, head in his wife's lap. She's bathing his forehead with camphor or cologne or something of the sort, and there's a kid trying to reach up and bathe hers. There's another kid lying on the rug before the fire, patting a sulphur-colored old cat. Cat seems to like it. And the room is all still and shiny."

George Hovey, known to university fame as the senior class poet, deliberately drove his horn into his pocket, but not a man followed his example. Sidney Bell grimly gave the signal and in an instant a score of horns silvered by the moonlight, pointed towards the quiet home with the bright windows. A score of seniors swelled their manly breasts and puffed their cheeks like so many misguided cherubim. But instead of the insulting blare expected to strike confusion to the heart of the offending professor, there came—nothing. Blow as they might—nothing.

One after another the horns, not without mysterious difficulties, were withdrawn from the mustached lips.

"Plugged! And with molasses candy, as sure as I'm a fool," ejaculated Ted Tompkins, and sank in a dislocated heap upon the snow.

Rob gave a hollow groan: "Those girls!" and dropped beside him.

Twenty minutes later a troop of sulky young men were tramping along the sidewalk in front of Mrs. Reynolds' boarding-house. At the gate they hesitated rather than halted, while Rob slowly swung it open.

"If you fellows would like to have

me look after your horns," he began, in a deprecatory tone.

"You had better let us take charge of yours," replied Cyril Waters, sternly.

Waters' father was a judge of the supreme court, and the son had borrowed from him a certain severity of manner which made poor Rob, on the present occasion, feel as if he had been stealing melons—his blackest experience of crime.

A door flew open, and Nell Grant, with eyes like happy stars, came running down to the gate.

"Oh, come in!" she exclaimed, drawing her brother by the arm—"come in, every one, and see what a surprise we have for you!"

"Humph!" ejaculated Rob.

But his classmates, even Waters and Rayburn, melted like snow men under a burst of sunshine. They held back for a moment; but Nell, starting with a merry exclamation of cold toward the house, slipped a little on the icy path, and instantly a score of gallant lads sprang after her to render aid that was quite unneeded. Polly Con's rippling laughter guided them through the gloomy hall, which Mrs. Reynolds, for economy's sake, regularly forgot to light, to the cheery kitchen beyond, where Floyd Wilson was showering sugar into a huge pitcher of lemonade, while beside her, lemon-squeezer in hand, stood—James Hamilton. Gilded Hal, obvious of those New York manners which were his special pride, tossed his cap into the air. Sidney Bell dashed at his recovered chum and fairly hugged him for delight.

Hamilton's face was haggard; but his look was clear and resolute as it had not been for months, and the grip of his hand, as he greeted his friends, was firm.

"My dear fellows," he said, in his old cordial fashion, "the condition is made off. I've worked day and night to get in the papers Professor Gilbert set me, before the Mid-years should be over. I took them to him early this evening. It was the eleventh hour, and he was down sick with a neuralgic headache; but he read them, like the old trump he is, and accepted them, and had

my marks in at the record office just four minutes before closing time."

Some of the men started applause; but Hamilton checked it by a peremptory motion of his hand and went bravely on, a wave of crimson surging from throat to temples.

"Boys, Professor Gilbert has done me the best turn of my life. For the Greek-into-English paper he set me a list of readings on temperance from Plato, and gave me the drinking scene in "Othello" to put into Attic prose. He knew what he was about when, instead of letting the faculty loose on a fellow, he handed me over to Plato and Shakespeare. They did the business."

"I told the professor tonight that I would sign the pledge. I mean to do it Monday, at senior class meeting, in presence of all our two hundred men—who—who—have stood by me—so generously—when I"—

For all Hamilton's pluck he could not get any further. It was not necessary. Sidney Bell, standing with his arm over his chum's shoulder, turned and looked him in the face with glad, affectionate eyes. Bob impulsively lifted his horn, whose plug still held, and poured in a stream of lemonade.

"I give you Old Jack-a-Dream!" he called. "Who says we shan't horn him, one way or another?"

The toast was drunk with enthusiasm, the boys joyously draining their horns like young heroes in Valhalla.

Yet the pitcher was not empty. "Lasses, and Mo'Lasses!" proposed Ted Tompkins, and the toast was honored with elaborate bows and scrapings, while Hovey, hanging his horn (with difficulty) on the stovepipe, in default of a willow, significantly whistled "The Lost Chord."—Katharine Lee Bates in *The Independent*.

Prof.—"How many feet have insects?" Mr. Dickens—"They have one for each leg."—*Ex.*

A western student has discovered that there is one thing he knows about trigonometry and that is, "the logarithm of laziness plus the logarithm of procrastination equals the logarithm of flunk."

The M. A. C. Record.

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For various reasons THE M. A. C. RECORD is occasionally sent to those who have not subscribed for the paper. Such persons need have no hesitation about taking the paper from the postoffice, for no charge will be made for it. The only way, however, to secure the RECORD regularly is to subscribe.

The Agricultural Problem.

The industrial situation of the farmer during the last part of this century has not only perplexed and mystified himself, but it has become the concern of all persons interested in our social welfare. "Why the Farmer is not Prosperous," "The Farmer's Discontent," "The Farmer on Top," and "The Embattled Farmer," are typical titles of recent magazine articles illustrative of the peculiar condition of the agriculturist. More positive proof of an agricultural problem is found in the discontent of the farmer, the appearance of aggressive farmers' associations, the decline in value of farming lands and the decreasing importance in wealth and population of the rural as compared with the city community. The literature upon this subject has been recently added to by contributions from two former students of this College—Mr. C. F. Emerick, postgraduate '91, of Columbia University, and Prof. L. H. Bailey, '82, of Cornell. The essay from Mr. Emerick is entitled "Agricultural Discontent," and was called forth by a prize offered for the best discussion of this subject from a university student by a Mr. Lupin of California. Mr. Emerick won the prize, and has allowed the publication of his study in the Political Science Quarterly of recent date.

Mr. Emerick in discussing the remedies for agricultural depression contends that "any measure capable of promoting the per capita consuming power of the masses, or diverting energy now expended in food production to some other profitable field of employment would afford some relief. The curtailment of production through the development of a taste in the community for other than productive employment would also have a favorable influence. The unfriendly influence of climate can to a small extent be overcome by irrigation or by the adoption of a system of agriculture better suited to climatic environment. By increasing the diffusion of information, so that the farmer can expend his energy with a better knowledge of what his fellows are doing, the evils of disproportionate production may be slightly diminished. But here the prospect of amelioration ends." These remedies are clearly non-political in nature, would deny that legislation can help the farmer, and while implying ill-adjustment to modern economic conditions as the chief cause of agricultural distress, they necessitate the farmer's dependence largely upon his own efforts to secure relief.

The industrial conditions most closely

ly associated with modern agriculture our author thinks, are first, the relatively greater increase in population and wealth in cities than in the country; second, the new dependence of agriculture upon transportation, and third, the growth of tenant farming and of mortgages.

Regarding the force of these conditions, he concludes that the superior attainments of the cities in wealth and numbers during the past few years has not been at the expense of the country to any degree, but has been caused by changed industrial processes—by the larger use of steam.

The improved means of transportation has been the chief cause of the decline in value of farming lands in the older states. As this decline came about through reduced demand for these lands, agricultural interests suffered in these states to the same extent that farm values declined.

There is no tendency, in Mr. Emerick's opinion, toward the formation of a distinctive tenant class of farmers. "The increasing numbers of our population, the exhaustion of the desirable portion of the public domain, the prosperity of farm owners, the rise in the standard of living, and in some instances agricultural disaster, are the facts that largely explain the comparative growth in numbers of farm tenants."

Mr. Emerick's essay abounds in apt quotations to sustain his conclusions, and in interesting facts from his own observation or study. It bears the marks of a careful search for truth among the multitude of causes given for our agricultural discontent.

The contribution from Prof. L. H. Bailey discussed the question "Is there a Distinct Agricultural Question?" and was read before the members of the American Economic Association at their annual meeting recently held in Baltimore. Briefly stated, Mr. Bailey claimed that "the absorption of small holdings by wealthy landowners" was in progress and would be beneficial to farming interests. The efflux of young people from the farm has been due to a desire to work under supervision. Unvaried cropping of land has been detrimental to the mental aptitude of the farmer, making him an unskilled laborer. The farmer is ready for a better education. Mr. Bailey was unable through illness to present his paper in person—an abstract, only, being read. This together with the discussions called forth are published in the current handbook of the Economic Association.

W. O. H.

Debating.

PROF. A. B. NOBLE.

The debate Saturday evening between chosen members of the Hesperian society and the Union Literary society indicates a growing interest in debating as a feature of society work. It is only within recent times that the College societies have recognized debating as worthy of a place on the formal weekly program, and I doubt if its place is yet as secure as that of the oration and the essay, its most worthy competitors. But that it has been rapidly advancing in favor is shown conclusively by this joint debate, constituting, as it did, an entire evening's program for two societies.

Elsewhere, also, there has been a similar growth of interest, or more strictly speaking, a revival of interest. An excellent article in the January *Forum* on "Intercollegiate Debating," traces this revival of debating in the leading colleges and universities of our

country, from the Yale-Harvard contest of 1892, down to the present time. The writer of the article, Mr. R. C. Ringwalt, was a member of the Harvard team in the contest with Yale in 1895, and is now completing his second year as assistant in rhetoric in charge of debating in Columbia University. His experience, therefore, enables him to write understandingly, and his description of the methods of preparation, the choosing of contestants, the diligent search for everything that bears on the subject, the extensive reading, the planning of the brief, or outline, the dividing of the work among the members of a given team, the practice debates,—and then the final contest with the excitement and rivalry necessarily accompanying such an event,—this description is one well calculated to arouse the enthusiasm of every college student who has enough life and vigor to enjoy a contest. And now that debating is established as a form of intercollegiate contest, we may expect it to grow in power and influence. The *Sunday Free Press* of a week ago reported the arrangements for such a contest between the State Normal School and Albion College. How soon may we expect it to strike nearer home?

Accompanying this revival of interest there have appeared several books on debating, notably "The Principles of Argumentation," by Asst. Prof. Geo. P. Baker of Harvard University; "Public Speaking and Debate," by George Jacob Holyoake, a new edition of which has recently appeared; and "Briefs for Debate," by W. B. Brookings of Harvard and R. C. Ringwalt of Columbia. The rhetorics, of course, all contain chapters on argumentation, of which the best treatment is to be found, probably, in Genuing's "Practical Rhetoric," A. S. Hill's "Principles of Rhetoric," and D. J. Hill's "Science of Rhetoric." Mention should also be made of Higginson's "Hints on Writing and Speech Making," and M. Bautain's "Art of Extempore Speaking," in both of which may be found many excellent suggestions.

But how long is this interest in debating likely to continue? Will it soon fade away, or will it endure? The only safe answer is, Wait and see. But, considering its new function as a form of intercollegiate contest, there seems good reason to believe that it will not soon disappear. Its give and take, its thrust and parry, make it more exhilarating to the participants and more interesting to an audience than the oratorical contest, and that has endured for many years. But a much stronger claim to a continued existence is in its disciplinary value. As compared with the oration, it requires a fresher, more vital, more practical subject. The *real* oration, it is true, deals only with vital topics; but the average contest oration shuns such a topic, lest perchance some judge should hold an opposite opinion. But debate cannot flourish on dead questions; it must have something fresh and living, something practical.

Moreover, the thought basis of the debate is better than that of the contest oration. The would-be orator sees no skilled opponent watchful to detect the slightest misstatement, quick to expose any and every fallacy, no matter how plausible, and alert to turn aside every argument that does not drive straight home. The oratorical contestant is apt to care little how weak the thought, for if he can dress it up so as to make it "sound well," he stands a good show of winning the prize. Not so the debater. His speech

must not only "sound well," it must also be logical, and consistent, and true; at least, it is hazardous for it to be otherwise. The debater must not consider himself above the use of evidence, and he must treat that evidence fairly. If there is an exceptional case, more striking, or thrilling, or dramatic than other cases belonging in the same class, this exceptional case is to the orator more valuable than all the others put together; to the debater it is practically worthless, for the rule or general principle is determined by the cases that are not exceptional. In brief, the debater must seek to base his conclusions on facts that are unquestioned and on arguments so logically constructed that they cannot be shaken. If he does not, it is the business of his opponent to expose every fallacy, to lay bare every weakness.

In the method of presentation, also, the debate affords a better discipline than the oration. The orator does his work in the quiet of his study, with nothing to distract his attention. In choosing words, in constructing sentences, in marshaling his thought he has time for deliberation. If all is not arranged to his satisfaction at the first sitting, he is at liberty to lay it aside and come back to it fresh the next day or the next week. The debater, on the other hand, must learn to test and analyze arguments on the spur of the moment, to decide at once what is to be done and how to do it, to coin his thought into words and cast the words into sentences while standing before his audience, and all the while to keep clearly in mind the course of his argument and an estimate of the amount of time he can afford to give to each point. An afterthought as to a better word, a more telling sentence, a more effective arrangement of thought, is without value. He must cultivate readiness. He must think on the spot and speak immediately.

Practice such as this is valuable not only as discipline, but also as direct training for the practical duties, or at least opportunities, of life, especially the life of an educated man. Every community, be it large or small, is constantly confronted with problems pressing for solution. The right solution is based upon facts, and the method of reaching that solution is, first, to find out the real facts, and secondly, to draw correct inferences from them. This is no easy matter, and many there are that fail. He who reasons on practical problems must learn to look beneath apparent resemblances, to search for fundamental principles, to guard against fallacies, and to test patiently and carefully every step in the course of reasoning. Moreover, he must learn to think at once and to speak at once. He must be ready when the occasion arises, must "strike while the iron is hot." Men need practice in dealing with such problems, and I for one know of no better training for the forcible discussion of the practical problems of life than long continued, faithful practice in debating.

To be sure, these real problems are not always dealt with in formal debate. Many a time the work is done by informal discussions in the field or shop or street; sometimes the discussion gets into the papers, and sometimes upon the platform. But however or wherever done, the man trained in debating has an advantage, and the community soon learns of his power, and pays him for it, too, by advancing him to a higher rank in its estimation. Indeed, if we are unwilling to be set down as nonentities, we

must show the community that we have opinions and that we can set them forth and defend them, and that is virtually debating. Moreover, if our defense of our opinions is weak, we get little credit for them, however good they may be. The real debaters in any community are, after all, few in number, and the community knows who they are. Fortunate is that community whose leaders are trained to careful, logical reasoning.

Debating, rightly conducted, is a search for the truth, an attempt to reach just conclusions; and upon the finding of truth, and the reaching of just conclusions, depends the welfare of each and all; or, in other words, the progress of the world. This view, it is true, comes only when we look at debating as conducted ideally. It is well, perhaps, to admit that it is not always a disinterested search for truth; that the rivalry of the contest frequently brings forth trickery and deceit and cunning. Grant it all. But if the debate has been ably conducted on both sides, after it is over every unprejudiced man, whether debater or listener, ought to be able to approximate somewhat more nearly that he could at the outset the real truth of the matter. Or if, in extreme cases, all or the majority have not caught a clearer glimpse of the truth, some at least may be expected to have done so, and that is a gain. The main argument for freedom of speech and of the press is that this freedom helps to bring out the truth. If, then, it is well to have freedom of discussion, let college men train themselves to be skillful in debate. It will give them a better standing in their community, and at the same time will help somewhat in reaching right conclusions.

Debaters, we welcome you. Do your very best. The task you attempt is great, but great also is the reward.

Department of English.

A Glimpse of Railroad Life.

Read before Phi Delta Fraternity by Eugene Price, '00.

What boy is there who, watching the swift express train come flying into town, does not wish that he were in charge of the throttle and brake-valve which control the train; and does not register a solemn vow to be an engineer or conductor "When I'm a man"? Perhaps he holds the plow or the hoe on a sultry day in July or August, and watches a heavy freight train plodding leisurely along; the locomotive puffing and snorting as though impatient because it cannot go faster; the engineer seated in the cab, his elbow resting on the window sill, head and shoulders outside the window as he watches with pride the work his engine is doing, responding quickly to the slightest touch of the throttle.

The fireman occasionally puts in two, three or four shovelfuls of coal, which causes clouds of smoke to rise from the stack and float slowly back over the train.

Perhaps a couple of brakemen are seated on the roof of a car and seem to have nothing to do but view the country and be fanned by the breeze created by the moving train. The conductor is seated in the cupola of the caboose and, like the brakemen, is getting the benefit of the refreshing breeze.

The boy looks at this train and says: "What an easy life these railroad men lead."

He little realizes the great responsibility resting upon them as a whole and as individuals. They are contin-

ually in a position perilous to life and property. As a whole, they must exercise great caution as regards the safety of the train and all railroad property. As individuals, each one must be very careful as to his own safety and that of his fellow workers. Many a trainman has bravely met death in an attempt to save the lives of employes and passengers when he might have saved his own life and been unmindful of others.

Imagine, for a moment, the engineer of a heavily loaded passenger train starting out on a long run of 150 or 200 miles. He has the time-table before him and knows that if he does not make the required time he will have to answer frequent messages from the train dispatcher, explaining why he does not do better.

Perhaps the night is pitch dark, and if so he cannot see more than 150 to 200 yards ahead, depending on the nature of the headlight. Or, worse still, if there is a dense fog he cannot see 10 feet ahead of the pilot, and no one realizes more fully than he that a broken rail, a washout or an open switch will hurl them down an embankment or into a sidetrack probably filled with cars. He knows that trains are approaching him, as there always are on busy roads, which he has orders to meet at certain stations or sidetracks.

When the engineer cannot see familiar landmarks, such as fences, trees and buildings, is it not hard for him to tell just where to shut off steam to prevent running by the switch? He must keep his eyes riveted on the ten or twelve feet of rails and ties ahead of him and dares not look at steam-gage or water-glass lest some familiar culvert or crossing be passed unheeded.

Added to this great strain on his nerves is the continual jar and sway of the swiftly moving engine, which he must overcome. True, his position offers a great variety of scenery and surroundings, unlike the office, store or schoolroom; he also receives good wages, but is \$3 or \$3.50 per one hundred miles just compensation for a man's health, when we consider that there are very few trainmen whose health is not seriously impaired in one way or another at the age of 35? This decline in health is caused, in most cases, by irregular and insufficient sleep and cold meals. His lungs are affected by coal gas and by becoming heated in the warm cab and then coming in contact with the cold air.

Railroad men experience the most trouble when the snow is deep. Of course snow-plows are run over the road frequently, but if the snow is light it soon drifts back upon the track.

If an engine is running at the rate of 30 miles per hour or faster, and strikes a drift, the snow is raised, sometimes in large chunks, above the cylinders and strikes the front of the cab, often with force enough to crush the windows; and then the men inside encounter a storm that would surprise even a resident of Dakota. The jar of an engine will, in a short time, loosen the joints and windows of a cab, through which the fine snow sifts and, settling on the boiler head, fills the cab with vapor that will drench a person as thoroughly as a water bag thrown from a third-story window. When the snow is deep, engineer and fireman cannot see each other for long distances at a time. When the fireman opens the door to put in more coal, all he sees through the thick mist which envelopes him is a pale, glimmering

light, just the size of the door, toward which he aims his shovel, which often contains more snow than coal, and low steam pressure results.

Some officials are unjust in their treatment of employes. For example, on a railroad in Michigan is situated a busy city, which lies in a river valley about one and one-half miles wide; there is always an engine switching about the yards, which are quite extensive. On either side of this city trains must climb a steep incline about five miles in length, and ten loaded cars is a full train for an ordinary engine, so it takes three engines to get a full-sized train up this hill. About half way up is a gravel pit, at which a train was loading gravel one morning. For unloading gravel they use a steel plow which weighs a ton or more. The brakeman placed the car which held the plow on the main track, intending to leave it there, when the brake chain broke and away went car, plow and brakeman down the hill with rapidly increasing speed; he might have jumped off when it started, but he thought of the car passing through the city with nothing to warn the people of its approach, so he stayed on. Down the hill they went, nearing the city at a furious rate of speed, over crossing and crosswalk, he yelling like a madman, warning people to keep off the track. Had the engine at work in the yard left a car on the main track his chances of life would have been very slim, but fortunately there was none, and he passed safely on. A short time after he was "fired" for a slight infraction of the company's rules.

These are but a few of the things with which railroad employes must contend, and although their work seems pleasant, yet a great many men find it disagreeable after they have been thoroughly initiated.

An old bachelor, who is evidently trying to square himself with the girls, gives the following definition of an old maid: "An old maid is a woman who has not been fool enough to be fooled by every fool who has been fool enough to try and fool her."—*Ex.*

"Your heart," said the rooster, bitterly, "is as hard as adamant!" "Well," answered the hen, testily, "you must remember that I am a Plymouth Rock hen."—*Press.*

When Stanford University receives its final share of the Stanford estate it will be three times as rich as Harvard.—*Ex.*

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ATHLETICS

Rub down after exercise.

There is talk of moving the diamond to the northwest.

Don't overdo! Sore muscles, sprains and bruises mend slowly.

Arrangements are being made for a training table for athletes.

The boys tried the diamond a little Saturday, but found it pretty muddy.

The track is to be improved by grading up the outside and adding cinders.

There is room to practice where you will not break windows or valuable instruments.

Have you kept up your standings and made up your conditions? You can't play in our yard if you haven't.

Local-field-day Manager Elliott wants those who intend to enter athletic contests to begin dieting and room training.

Some good base ball material is showing up. It looks as though the infield positions would all be strengthened quite materially.

No man, unless practicing for first base or behind the bat, should allow himself to become accustomed to a large mit. Such mits can't be used in intercollegiate games.

Professionalism in the M. I. A. A.

There are two reasons why the directors of the Michigan Intercollegiate Athletic Association do not accomplish much toward eliminating professionalism from the intercollegiate contests. In the first place, they haggle too much in a half-hearted way at the rules; and secondly, they do not rigidly enforce the rules after adopting them.

As an example of the first weakness we have but to look at the amendment proposed at the last meeting of the board "to do away with professionalism." It provides that a student must be in college twenty weeks before entering an intercollegiate contest. Good, so far as it goes; but it does not go far enough. What is there in this rule to prevent Albion's "south-paw," who played in the Canadian league last summer, from pitching in the intercollegiate games; or who shall say that Kalamazoo's star twirler, who spent part of the summer with Muskegon and part of it with an inter-state league team, can not occupy the box at field day; or who can restrain Hillsdale's "high school boy," who pitched all over southern Michigan, if he wants to be an amateur when the colleges come together again to test their skill on the diamond?

So, then, how far does this proposed amendment go toward establishing purity in the intercollegiate athletic contests? It shuts out the young man who has been out of school, teaching or engaged in other legitimate employment, to get money to continue his struggle for an education; but it does not shut out the young man who attends college for the money he can get in athletics, or who plays for money outside of college.

A word about the enforcement of rules. The last field day furnishes an example familiar to all at the time and still fresh in our memories. If there was any reason for throwing Ypsilanti out of the contest for the silver cup after she played M. A. C., there was as good reason for throwing her out before that game. All the facts were known before the game. It looked to

many observers as though the directors hoped that M. A. C. would win and thus relieve them from the responsibility of deciding. But Ypsilanti won, and then the directors, after the M. A. C. boys had rendered themselves unfit for playing by spending the night at the indoor sports, had a meeting and decided that Ypsilanti, by playing a man who did not come within the time limit, had forfeited her right to contest for the cup. I submit that such an action at such a time was unfair to both Ypsilanti and M. A. C. Other examples might be cited, but this is sufficient for illustration.

Now, what do we need? Why simply an amendment to the M. I. A. A. constitution that will shut out all professionals; and then, impartial enforcement of that amendment. I am aware that such an action would be somewhat of a hardship to several colleges this year, but it is the only fair way, and we must be fair if we would preserve harmony in the association.

D. J. C.

"That the M. A. C. may continue to hold the deserved support of the citizens of this fair state and that she may continue to maintain the honorable rank she has won through the untiring efforts of those who have had her well being in charge, is the earnest desire of."

—T. A. Stephens, with '61.

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Y. W. C. A. regular weekly meetings for all ladies on the campus Tuesday evenings at 8 o'clock, in the ladies' parlors. Meetings on Sunday evenings with the Y. M. C. A.; Miss Edith F. McDermott, President; Miss Alice Georgia, Cor. Secretary.

Natural History Society—Regular meeting second Friday evening of each month in the chapel at 7:00. H. C. Skeels, President. W. R. Kedzie, Secretary.

Botanical Club—Meets every Monday evening in the Botanical Laboratory at 6:30. T. Gunson, President. W. R. Kedzie, Secretary.

Shakespeare Club—Meets every Wednesday evening. Dr. Howard Edwards, President.

M. A. C. Athletic Association—C. B. Laitner, President. G. B. Wells, Secretary.

Columbian Literary Society—Regular meeting every Saturday evening in their rooms in the middle ward of Wells Hall, at 7:00. T. A. Chittenden, President. A. J. Weeks, Secretary.

Eclectic Society—Meets on fourth floor of Williams Hall every Saturday at 7:30 p. m. D. C. McElroy, President; T. H. Libbey, Secretary.

Feronian Society—Meets every Friday afternoon at 1:00 in Hesperian rooms. Miss Pearl Kedzie, President. Miss Hattie Chase, Secretary.

Hesperian Society—Meetings held every Saturday evening in the society rooms in the west ward of Wells Hall at 7:00. A. T. Cartland, President. D. E. Hoag, Secretary.

Olympic Society—Meets on fourth floor of Williams Hall every Saturday evening at 7:00. W. R. Goodwin, President. E. R. Russell, Secretary.

Phi Delta Theta Fraternity—Meets on Friday evening in chapter rooms in Wells Hall, at 7:00. H. A. Hagadorn, President. C. M. Krentel, Secretary.

Union Literary Society—Meetings held in their hall every Saturday evening at 7:00. G. A. Parker, President. A. E. Wallace, Secretary.

Tau Beta Pi Fraternity—Meets every two weeks on Thursday evening in the tower room of Mechanical Laboratory. G. A. Parker, President. E. H. Sedgwick, Secretary.

Club Boarding Association—I. L. Simmons, President. H. A. Dibble, Secretary.

Try and Trust Circle of King's Daughters—Meets every alternate Wednesday. Mrs. C. L. Weil, President. Mrs. J. L. Snyder, Secretary.

M. A. C.

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News from Graduates and Students.

R. E. Doolittle, '96, Lansing, is ill with grip.

H. B. Cannon, '88, rejoices over the arrival of a son.

T. W. Denton, with '98m, is farming about ten miles east of Saginaw.

E. M. Kanter, with '96m, visited in Lansing and at M. A. C. several days last week.

H. R. Parish, '95m, is a draughtsman in the hull department of the Chicago Ship-building Co.

H. B. Gunnison, with '98, visited his brother at M. A. C. Saturday. He has been teaching since he left college.

Harry A. Martin, '89, Lawrence, Mich., in renewing his subscription to the M. A. C. Record, says: "It and the *Chicago Record* are the best papers that I read."

Six members of the class of '93 were at the military hop Friday evening: Mrs. Woodworth, Miss Lillian Wheeler, Roy C. Bristol, Fred P. Clark, V. J. Willey and D. J. Crosby.

J. E. W. Tracy, '96, visited at M. A. C. a few days last week. He is visiting friends and relatives before starting east to accept a position with E. B. Clark & Co., seedsmen, at Milford, Conn.

H. M. Rich, with '92, is editor-in-chief of the *Inlander*, which is a monthly magazine published by the students of the University of Michigan. He recently contributed the prize song for *The Michiganee*.

H. M. Howe has been spending several days at College. He and A. S. Eldridge, '99m, left yesterday for Detroit, where they are going into the real estate and insurance business, with offices in the new Majestic building.

We have received from Prof. C. P. Gillette, '84, two contributions for the alumni library—"A Monograph of the Genus *Synergrus*," by C. P. Gillette, and "A Preliminary List of the Hemiptera of Colorado," by C. P. Gillette and C. F. Baker, '91.

Edmund Schoetzow, '83, superintendent of Marcellus schools, is the democratic and populist candidate for commissioner of schools in Cass county. The *National Democrat*, Cassopolis, devotes a column to the good qualities of Mr. Schoetzow.

W. J. Goodenough, '95m, stopped at M. A. C. Wednesday on his way from Chicago to Flint. He has accepted a position as draughtsman with Horace See, consulting naval architect and marine engineer of New York city, where he begins work this week.

H. R. Smith, '95, is editor of the *Tilford Student*, a new eight-page monthly published by the faculty and students of the Tilford Academy, Vinton, Iowa. Volume 1, number 2, of this paper is a bright, newsy, well-edited little sheet. In the list of academy officers Mr. Smith's name appears with "Professor of Science and Mathematics" after it. One of the items in the news column says he is now spending three weeks in visiting a sister in Leavenworth and cousins in Topeka, Kansas.

From an Old Student.

At the end of the last summer term of school, H. H. Rhodes, with '97, gave up school work for the time and went west to recover his health. We take the liberty to quote portions of a letter from him to President Snyder, dated Greeley, Colorado, March 5, 1897:

"I am thankful to say that I am

much better than when I came; have gained some in weight and a good deal in strength.

"Enjoyed crossing the Mississippi river by moonlight; also the ride from Colorado Springs to Denver, which gave me a good view of the mountains. I arrived in Denver August 21 and the next day secured rooms in that part of the city called 'The Highlands.' The room was a very pleasant one, and I made it my home during the six weeks that I was in that city. I enjoyed visiting the points of interest and breathing Colorado air. I called upon Rev. J. W. Rankin the day after I arrived, but found that he was visiting in Omaha.

"I visited a week at Palmer Lake with a second cousin of mine whom I had never seen before. Enjoyed it very much, and there, for the first time, climbed the mountains.

"Returning to Denver, I remained during the 'Festival of Mountain and Plain,' then came to Greeley, near which place I lived on a ranch for nearly three months. I moved from there into Greeley, where I am now living, about two blocks from the State Normal School. * * *

"I went to Denver again February 15, and this time found Doctor Rankin. Enjoyed the visit with him very much. Wednesday morning, February 17, I met Miss Riggs (from Lansing), and we were married at 4:30 that afternoon at the home of Rev. J. W. Rankin. * * *

"We remained in Denver nearly a week, then came to Greeley, where we are now living at 1536 8th avenue.

"It seems to me that we have almost no winter at all here, the weather has been so pleasant."

Miss Riggs was well known to many of the College people and was highly esteemed by all. The Record extends congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Rhodes, and wishes Mr. Rhodes a speedy return of health.

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Sub-Stations.

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South Haven, Van Buren county, 10 acres rented; 5 acres deeded.

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