

# The M. A. C. Record.

VOL. 5.

LANSING, MICHIGAN, TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1899.

No. 9

## President Angell's Lecture.

An unusually large audience heard Pres. James B. Angell lecture in the armory last Friday evening on "The European Eastern Question." It was the first time he had spoken at M. A. C. since he gave our commencement address 28 years ago.

Pres. Angell began by stating that there are at least four eastern questions: The question of the partition of China, the Philippine question, the Boer question, and the question involving the never-settled complications arising in and around the Ottoman empire, which he called "The European Eastern Question" and of which he spoke at length.

There are many reasons, he said, why this question is always so acute and why it is so difficult to settle. In the first place, there are in the Ottoman empire at least 22 different races and six or eight religions—all so distinct from each other that the population seems to be made up of several strata that can never become homogeneous. If the Sultan had the wisdom of Solomon he could not give satisfaction to all.

Secondly, the Balkan States, comprising some half dozen kingdoms and principalities, owe their existence as separate states to the great powers of Europe—to the action of the Congress of Berlin in 1878. There is constant war on the frontier of these states, and all the elements necessary to a condition of unrest.

A third source of trouble is found within the Ottoman empire. The European powers have undertaken to say how the Sultan shall control. In 1878 they prevented Russia from absorbing Turkey, and in return for the favor done the Sultan, demanded religious freedom and justice to the Armenians. The Sultan promised both but has failed utterly to carry out his promises.

The speaker then gave a review of the Armenian difficulties. For 600 years the Armenians have been in a condition of servitude. They were not allowed to carry or even own fire arms, hence they could not become soldiers but instead engaged in industrial pursuits. They became the commercial people of the empire and acquired the Turks' property. The trouble that arose, then, was not a religious but an economic one. The Turks persecuted the Armenians; some of the latter left the country and mingled with the nihilists of Europe; later they returned, bringing their nihilistic ideas with them, and terrorized the Turks with threats of using dynamite. Then began the series of massacres in which not less than 200,000 Armenians were brained with clubs much as seal hunters dispose of their prey in Alaskan waters. Nearly all of the victims were entirely innocent; they were slaughtered to terrorize the Armenians.

The condition of affairs in Turkey can hardly be conceived by an American. The Sultan is fearful for his own life; he leaves the confines of his own palace but once in a year. In Constantinople, a city of over a million inhabitants, there is

no local mail service; you cannot send a letter from one part of the city to another except by messenger. The customs regulations of the empire seem to be made to destroy trade rather than promote it; spies watch everybody; nobody feels safe.

Another great peril to the peace of southeastern Europe is the condition of Austria. The Austrians are not a success at self government, and when the present emperor dies a great war is almost sure to result.

And finally, the attitude and policy of Russia are disturbing elements. The Russian foreign policy is not known but there is no doubt that Russia covets Constantinople, which she has only been deterred from taking through fear of the great powers. What Russia may do is only a conjecture. She may move an army into Constantinople to keep the peace and then keep it. Whatever else may happen it is highly probable that sooner or later the Turkish empire will be pushed over the Bosphorus where it belongs. The Turk is out of sympathy with European civilization; he is a nomad and ought to be roaming the plains of Asia.

## Loss of Moisture by Evaporation.

The class in Soils recently concluded an interesting experiment showing the effect of cultivation upon the losses of moisture from soils. Cylinders filled with soil, and having the water table two feet below the surface were used.

Where the soil remained uncultivated, the losses by evaporation for twenty-five days averaged 8.3 tons per acre daily. In every case where the soil was cultivated, the loss was less than where it remained uncultivated, the saving increasing with the depth of cultivation. Cultivation to the depth of four inches reduced the losses to 4.53 tons per acre daily for the twenty-five days.

Had the cylinders been placed out of doors in the sunshine and where the winds could move freely over them, the losses would no doubt have been much larger.

## Weddings of the Week.

The marriage of Ernest V. Johnston '94 and Miss Bessie F. Brownell, occurred on Tuesday evening, Oct. 24, at the home of the bride's mother in Detroit. After spending a few days in Detroit and elsewhere, Mr. and Mrs. Johnston will go to their home at Springfield, O., where the former is in the employ of the Springfield Gas Engine Co.

Morris W. Montgomery with '97 and Miss Ruth J. Shank with '98, both of Lansing, were married Tuesday noon, Oct. 31, at the Church of Our Father in Lansing. At home at 509 Michigan avenue west, Lansing.

Kirk W. Towner with '01 and Miss Ruby E. Calkins with '00 were united in marriage Tuesday, Oct. 31, at the home of the bride near the College.

On Wednesday evening, Nov. 1, at the Industrial School in Lansing, Charles Johnson '99 and Miss Marie

Belliss '99 were married. A large number of College people attended the wedding. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson have assumed charge of Cottage No. 2 at the Industrial School.

On the same evening at Fowler, Scott J. Redfern '97 of Maple Rapids was married to Miss Corda C. Sage of Fowler. Mr. and Mrs. Redfern will live on the old Redfern farm near Maple Rapids.

Fred M. Murphy with '02 and Miss Ada V. Becker were married Wednesday evening, Nov. 1, at Berrien Center.

## Football Notes.

There has been talk of canceling the Thanksgiving game with De Pauw, but this will hardly be done.

The first eleven were sorely disappointed at not having a game Saturday. At the last moment the Hillsdale manager wrote that his team was all broken up and he could not keep his engagement.

Our next game will be with the Normals at Ypsilanti next Saturday.

Alma tied Kalamazoo Saturday. Score: 5 to 5.

A sharply contested football game was played Saturday morning between the senior and the junior teams. In the first half the juniors kept the ball in senior territory most of the time but neither side was able to score. At the opening of the second half Beebe, for the juniors, kicked to the senior 5-yard line, where the ball was fumbled and allowed to roll across the goal line. A senior picked it up and started but was downed a yard from the goal line. Three trials by the seniors netted but four yards. The juniors were no more successful, losing on downs a yard from the goal line. Again the seniors lost the ball after gaining three yards. The next play, however, put Leavitt, a junior, over for a touchdown. No goal. After the next kick-off the juniors pounded the line and skirted the ends for long gains until another touchdown was secured, but again failed to kick goal. The game ended with the juniors in possession of the ball on the senior 32-yard line. Score: Juniors, 10; seniors, 0.

## At the College.

Miss Edith Wilson of Mason is visiting Miss Kate Butterfield '02.

John Pratt, of bus fame, shook hands with friends at M. A. C. last week.

Miss Blunt has been ill during the past week and is now in the hospital.

Prof. Bemies entertained the football players at six o'clock dinner Friday evening.

W. J. McCune of Petoskey, called on his son, N. A. McCune '01 last Tuesday.

Miss Jennie Shaddick of Grand Rapids has been visiting at the College since Friday.

Prof. Weil is planning to take the mechanical juniors to Chicago Thanksgiving day to spend the next

two days in visiting the Illinois Steel Works and other manufacturing concerns in the city.

W. T. Barnum '06 visited the College Tuesday. He is still farming near Howell.

Miss Alice Kinyon of Grand Ledge is visiting her sister Miss Bessie Kinyon '03.

Sign your name to contributions for THE RECORD. We do not print anonymous contributions.

Hon. C. W. Garfield '70 was at the College Friday on business for the State Forestry Commission.

Miss Elean Rich '02 spent Saturday and Sunday at her home in Ionia. Miss Ella Phelps '01 accompanied her.

Hon. H. T. Marsh, chairman of the building committee of the state board, spent Wednesday at the College on business.

Curtis Simpkins '02 has returned to College after an absence of four weeks caused by the illness of his mother and sisters.

Ray R. Tower of Otisco, a brother of G. E. Tower '01 has entered College. The number of his classification card is 544.

The ground was covered with snow Friday and Saturday. This snow-fall was six days earlier than the first heavy fall last year.

Do not forget the burlesque to be given in the armory next Friday night. It will cost you but to see "see yourself as others see you."

Pres. and Mrs. Snyder entertained Dr. James B. Angell, Prof. and Mrs. Vedder, Prof. and Mrs. Smith and Secy. and Mrs. Bird at six o'clock dinner Friday.

A freshman who had just received his half-term standings edged up to Dr. Beal in the postoffice and inquired: "Say, Mr. Beal, how do you mark; on a scale of ten or five?"

Supt. Lohman requests all parents to keep their children away from the site of the new women's building. Children will be in danger of injury there whether or not workmen are present.

We had the usual Hallowe'en stacks to take down last Wednesday morning; also fifteen or twenty pure-bred fowls in College Hall class rooms to return to the poultry house. While carrying the chickens back in a bag the poultryman smothered four, and now he is looking for someone to pay him \$1.50 each for dead chickens.

## Kazip is Dead.

The following characteristic statement from "Dick" Harrison explains itself: "I am sorry to have to announce both to the College population and the people at large that the celebrated Scotch Collie dog, Kazip, is dead. In my daily work, with him by my side, I felt perfectly free from harm. With the least motion of the hand or by the word of mouth he was ever ready to be directed. I feel I have lost a valuable companion."

# THE M. A. C. RECORD.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE

MICHIGAN AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

EDITED BY THE FACULTY,

ASSISTED BY THE STUDENTS.

SUBSCRIPTIONS SHOULD BE SENT TO THE SECRETARY, AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, MICH.

SUBSCRIPTION, - - 50 CENTS PER YEAR.

Send money by P. O. Money Order, Draft, or Registered Letter. Do not send stamps.

Business Office with LAWRENCE & VAN BUREN Printing Co., 122 Ottawa Street East, Lansing, Mich.

Entered as second-class matter at Lansing, Mich.

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.

## Official Directory.

Y. M. C. A.—Regular meetings Sunday evenings at 7:00 and Thursday evenings at 6:30. C. H. Parker, President. D. S. Bullock, Cor. Secretary.

Y. W. C. A.—Weekly meetings for all ladies on the campus, Thursday evenings at 6:20, in Abbot Hall. Sunday meetings with the Y. M. C. A. Mable Brigham, President; Elizabeth Johns, Cor. Secretary.

KING'S DAUGHTERS—Meet alternate Wednesdays. Mrs. C. L. Weil, Leader. Mrs. M. L. Dean, Secretary.

NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY—Meets alternate Wednesday evenings at 6:30 P. M., in the Zoological Lecture Room. B. Barlows, President. W. K. Wonders, Secretary.

BOTANICAL CLUB—Meets Tuesday evenings at 6:30 in the Botanical Laboratory. G. M. Bradford, President. W. S. Palmer, Secretary.

ADELPHIC SOCIETY—Meetings every Saturday evening at 7:00, Class room A., College Hall. F. D. Linkletter, President. A. M. Gibson, Secretary.

COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY—Meetings every Saturday evening at 7:00. Fourth floor, Williams Hall. W. T. Parks, President. C. W. Kaylor, Secretary.

ECLICTIC SOCIETY—Meetings every Saturday evening at 7:00, Fourth Floor, Williams Hall. L. L. Appleyard, President. F. Carpenter, Secretary.

FERONIAN SOCIETY—Meetings every Thursday afternoon at 4:00. West Ward, Wells Hall. Harriette Robson, President. Fleta Paddock, Secretary.

HESPERIAN SOCIETY—Meetings every Saturday evening at 7:00, West Ward, Wells Hall. I. R. Thompson, President. F. W. Owen, Secretary.

OLYMPIC SOCIETY—Meetings every Saturday evening at 7:00, Fourth Floor, Williams Hall. J. G. Aldrich, President. S. Marsh, Secretary.

PHI DELTA THETA FRATERNITY—Meetings every Friday evening at 7:30, East Ward, Wells Hall. H. B. Clark, President. A. Trebilcock, Secretary.

THEMIAN SOCIETY—Meetings every Friday afternoon from 5 to 6 Phi Delta Theta Rooms, East Ward, Wells Hall. Harriet O'Connor, President. Kate Nichols, Secretary.

UNION LITERARY SOCIETY—Meetings every Saturday evening at 7:00, U. L. S. Hall. Paul Thayer, President. T. H. Spindlo, Secretary.

TAU BETA PI FRATERNITY—Meetings on alternate Thursday evenings, Tower Room, Mechanical Laboratory. William Ball, President. C. H. Bale, Secretary.

CLUB BOARDING ASSOCIATION—H. L. Chamberlain, President. Geo. Severance, Secretary.

M. A. C. ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION—W. T. Parks, President. H. P. Weydemeyer, Secretary.

## The Abuse of Dialect.

PAPER READ BY PROF. H. EDWARDS BEFORE THE MICHIGAN ASSOCIATION OF ELOCUTIONISTS, AT ADRIAN, OCTOBER 27, 1899.

The word dialect is used in two quite distinct senses. In one sense a dialect is one of a number of cognate forms which a great language takes. Inside of its own territory it is not confined to high or low, rich or poor, educated or uneducated. It has a known pedigree and history; it frequently has a literature all its own, and in fact is differentiated in rank from the predominant form of the language only by some accident of political prestige or transcendent genius. In this sense French, Italian, Spanish, etc., might at one time have been called dialects of Latin. In this sense Provencal is a dialect

of French, and in fact came near to being the great literary dialect. With this distinction in mind, the dialect poetry of Burns is no more to be classified with that of Bret Harte than the door-step foundling with the children to the manor born. It is not this class of dialects that I shall animadvert upon today; with them I have no quarrel; what they gain in intensity they lose in the smallness of the number to which they appeal. The inherent limitations of these dialects must inevitably form a sufficient corrective, and there is associated with them nothing essentially narrow or ignorant, much less positively vile. I have sometimes felt that the Windows in Thrums, the Little Ministers, the Stickit Ministers, and a few dozen others of like form and vesture were over numerous and were giving us a surfeit of the cannie Scot, but there is in all this nothing more than the tribute of imitation which is always offered to success, and which, when it does not pander to something low in human nature, soon regulates itself.

Very different, on the other hand, is the mass of verbiage designated as dialect under its second meaning. It includes the language more or less exactly reproduced, of some class; as the frontiersman, the negro, the creole, or the mountaineer. It is generally compounded of bad grammar, bad pronunciation, and slang, mixed in proportions varying largely according to the whim of the writer. It has no parentage but ignorance, no law of structure but the needs of the moment, no literature but the work of some literary adventurer who shamelessly parades its naked deformity in the pitiless glare of pages of print.

These dialect reproductions have no criterion for testing their correctness. Mr. Cable writes an ancient Creole dialect (or rather several of them). New York and Boston critics pronounce it perfectly delicious and so exact as a reproduction. The native Louisianian says he never heard it (or them). How is one to determine? I have personally often been amused at discussions about the fidelity of some writer to the (so-called) negro dialect. Now I have known the negro in time from my earliest years, and in place from Virginia to Arkansas; yet I should not know on what basis to carry on such a controversy. In no two parts of the South does the negro speak alike, except as he approaches the recognized norm of English speech. At no two interviews is he under any compulsion from within to use the same forms, and in fact the same negro will in the same hour's talk use different locutions more or less nearly approaching the correct. Nor is his vocabulary at all fixed. I never heard a negro say, "Massa"; but I should not care to affirm that the word was never used. The one uniformly characteristic peculiarity of the negro dialect lies, not in locutions more or less accidental, but in his elusive pronunciation, his tendency to broaden and lengthen vowel sounds and to soften or elide sharp consonant sounds in the middle or end of words. But even this can be reduced to no law. What useful literary purpose can be served, then, by constructing laborious dialect conversations according to some little code of one's own?

There is no argument against slang that cannot be employed against these dialects. In fact, dialect of this sort would lose half

its body, if the slang composing it were taken away. Our schools and our homes are constantly on guard against vulgar and inelegant language, and much of our teachers' time is taken up in correcting the dialect of the children and trying to form their language on recognized models; yet how many school-rooms are there in our country that have not echoed to lines like these,—

I'll hold her nozzle agin the bank,  
T'll the last galoot's ashore!

Why should we thus admit the insidious enemy we have all along been fighting?

I would not be understood as desiring always or absolutely to exclude dialect of this kind from literature. It frequently is necessary, for the vivid and realistic presentation of a character, to give his thoughts and opinions in his own words. Sometimes peculiarity of mental attitude can be reproduced only by peculiarity of expression, and in all cases language is very closely intertwined with thought. Yet in all such cases a noble reticence should be observed, a sharpened and carefully exercised sense of propriety, a skill to pervade the story with the personality of the speaker, without parading his rude barbarisms over whole pages. That this is possible is proved by the example of our greatest modern writers.

Observe, for instance, how tenderly George Eliot handles the linguistic shortcomings of Nancy Lammer; contrast this treatment with that of Marcella by Miss Muffree, and tell me which is the more artistic. Does it not seem that in the latter the dialect is steadily brought forward for its own sake and not to illuminate the character-work? Sometimes, indeed, the accentuation of dialect is distinctly hostile to the character-impression the author desires to make. I cannot, for instance, retain the picture of the refined intelligent lady whom Frowenfeld desires to make his wife, while I have persistently thrust in my face the stupid, silly, babyish dialect which Cable says Aurora Nancanou uses.

The rule about dialect, it seems to me, may be formulated as follows: Dialect is to be avoided unless for some ulterior artistic end it seems a necessary means. Even then it is to be used sparingly and with good judgment. I should say that those writers abuse dialect who, having ransacked heaven and earth to find novelty of some kind, and having fallen upon some especially ignorant and corrupted form of speech, proceed to invest old plots with the new phrasing, and to clothe the smart ideas with totally incongruous expression, until the public finally rebels and the "vein" is worked out.

Among these dialect-writers are some who possess real facility of expression and brilliancy of thought. These, unwilling to trust their wares on their own merits, proceed to trick them out with ungrammatical and slangy verbiage in order apparently to create, by the contrast between the brilliant thought and its rude setting, a heightened effect. This trick seems to me lacking in dignity and unworthy of the highest powers. Certain it is that such work has never put a man among the immortals. The work that survives is not of the dialect kind.

On the other hand, dialect is sometimes used to hide utter inanity of thought. Take as an example the following from an author who,

along with some good work has filled whole books with such as this:

"'Er take a tromp some Sund'y, say, 'way up to Johnson's hole,  
And find where he has had a fire and hid his fishin' pole;  
Have yer 'dog-leg' with ye, and yer pipe and 'cut-and-dry'—  
Pocket-ful o' cornbred, and a slug er two o'rye,  
Soak yer hide in sunshine and waller in the shade,  
Like the Good Book tells us—' where there 'er none to make afraid!'  
Well! I never seen the ocean, ner I never seen the sea—  
On the banks o' Deer Crick's grand enough fer me!"

Does it not become apparent, if one does not let his attention be drawn off by the strange expressions, that a dangerously vague and silly idea or else no idea at all has here been presented?

Worst of all, however, is the fact that the abuse of dialect seems to foster or to hide loose morality. The act of casting off the wholesome restraints of legitimate English seems to induce an equally lax attitude toward the higher, sterner virtues. Take the example above; is its tone not gross to a degree? Does not the word "waller" in spite of the er at the end seem too strange to pass without some help from the "slug o'rye?" And is not the biblical quotation especially offensive when used to justify unrestrained indulgence in drinking on a Sunday fishing excursion? Does not the whole passage at its very best confound communion with nature with gross bodily contentment and well-being? Take the redoubtable Jim Bludso himself; could anything but dialect blind either author or reader to the patent irreconcilableness of bigamy and truthfulness? Or does any man care to say in plain unequivocal language that there is a sequence of cause and effect between a riotous life and an heroic death? The apotheosis of "cussedness" is possible only through the intervention of an imaginary third person, the man of the dialect, but through its glamour, the average unthinking young reader, captivated by the easy ideal of allowing full swing to one's brutish instincts today on the promise of great and heroic action tomorrow, adopts as his creed the words

I ain't no saint—but at jedgment, I'd run my chance with Jim,  
'Longside o' some pious gentlemen that wouldn't shook hands with him.

Candidly, I think we have had an oversupply of dialect work. The really great authors, who have saturated their dialect with brains, and have succeeded because of truthfulness of thought and vividness of conception, are almost buried under the great mass of those who, with no ideas to express, have harried creation in order to find some outlandish lingo with which to challenge attention, until much of contemporary reading matter has lost all the elevating and stimulating associations of literature. Simple, pure, refined expression, like simple, pure, elevated thinking, is still today, as it ever was, a beautiful thing, and as rare as it is beautiful. It exercises a reflex influence on thought, and tends to purify and refine and elevate that which it clothes. Let us never forget that there is no excuse for literature in our schools or in our homes other than its cleansing and uplifting power upon thought and expression.

**Two Vacation Experiences.**

BY H. C. WEATHERWAX, '01, HESPERIAN SOCIETY.

The time of the adventures which I am about to relate is last summer; and the place is my father's ranch on the banks of the noble Grand River.

Being on the farm, my opportunity for study and original investigation was much better along agricultural than mechanical lines. I had excellent chances to investigate the various natures and temperaments of the gentle poultry, the spirited cows, and other animals that infest a well-regulated farm.

My experience with a certain boisterous "tom-calf" will serve as a typical example. Father sent me out one morning to feed the calves. I deposited the skimmed milk and sawdust in the trough with due precision and made a few gestures of welcome to the little creatures. The heifers evidently understood me and accepted my cordial invitation, but the "bullet" hesitated. Maybe I had the wrong kind of an expression upon my countenance, or perhaps he mistook me for a menagerie, he is quite near-sighted.

I got a little piece of a tree and climbed over the fence into the pasture to persuade him to take some nourishment. I went on the other side of him and drove him toward the trough, and from what he did just then, I am sure he was near sighted. He did not stop for the trough, but jumped over it, and disregarding all physical and medical laws, went through a barbed-wire fence. I think that, in his excitement, he forgot about the fence or he would not have done so rash a thing.

Just then father inserted his important presence upon the scene of action. I apologized profusely for the condition of the fence and the conduct of the calf, and offered to run him down so that we might bring him back on a stone-boat, but all the answer I got was:

"Yes, you'd like to run about forty pounds of lard off o' that calf, wouldn't you?"

One real nice afternoon, when the weather was too hot for one to work, but scarcely too hot for one to enjoy himself, I betook me to my row-boat for a stroll down stream to the place where a large dredge was working. Someone had told me that the government was dredging out the river, but I afterwards learned that it was only an ordinary gang of hired men like myself. But I am wandering from my subject.

The dredge is quite a dirty boat, all covered with mud, and river bed, so I did not put on my store clothes and low-necked shoes preparatory to visiting it. Little did I think that I would meet any of the nicer sex on my way. What was my surprise when I had got about half way, to see a sail boat with three occupants in it, one boy and two girls. If there is anything that will make my stale blood thrill with its old time youthful ardor and enthusiasm it is a handsome sail boat.

But I remembered that I had on my old clothes, and hastily changed my course to N. 37° W., so as to pass them as far to starboard as I could. How gracefully that sail boat glided before the gentle zephyrs! How I wished I owned one like her! Pretty soon they began to tack, and then the exercises opened up. The jib boom struck

into the water which tipped the boat to starboard. Then the gentler part of the crew sprang to the other side, causing her to list badly to port. Perhaps they wanted to make her list clear into port so they could land.

The crew consisted, as I have said, of the captain, a boy and a first and second mate. Although the crew was small it would have been better if it had been comprised of the captain alone, as it was the first mate who caused most of the disturbance. As soon as she (the boat) began to career and ship water, the second mate (a minister's daughter) gave some high toned danger signals that would have done credit to a steam boat or a phonograph.

The sight of so fair a crew in such dire peril is enough to demand the immediate and active assistance of the most prosaic nature. Therefore I bent to the oars with prodigious energy, heading my skiff straight towards the unfortunate craft. The captain had lost all control of the second mate, who was two-stepping around on the gun-wale and displaying very annoying insubordination. Slowly the sail boat kept sinking and nearer and nearer approached the rescuing party. Things began to look as if the crew would get into the foamy waves. It was an exciting scene and I was sorry my position in rowing compelled me to face in the opposite direction. However, I arrived just in time to rescue the fair crew from a watery-bath.

As soon as they were in my boat, I cast anchor, got out, and helped the captain to empty the water out of his boat and collect his scattered wits. This was not so difficult as may be imagined, as the water was only three feet deep. As soon as this was done, the captain went his way and I accompanied the rest of the crew to their homes, a half mile distant.

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### News from Graduates and Former Students.

F. E. Skeels '78 came to the College Wednesday on business.

Arthur J. Beese with '94m visited the College Tuesday, Oct. 31.

E. L. Thompson with '99 is in Rochester, N. Y., taking lessons in engraving.

Miss Marion M. Clute with '01 is attending Washington University, St. Louis, Mo.

Yesterday F. B. Ainger, jr. with '99 became managing editor of the Niles Daily Sun.

Miss Axie Warren with '02 visited friends at the College and in Lansing Friday and Saturday.

W. A. Quick with '97 after engaging in mercantile business a year, has returned to farming near Nashville. He is married and has two children, a boy and a girl.

E. D. Gagnier '99m writes that he enjoys his work at the University of Illinois. He says, however, that the arrival of the M. A. C. RECORD makes him wish for a look about the old campus.

A. C. McKinnon with '95m recently presented the mechanical department with a most interesting relic—a piece of metal from the boiler of the first steamer used upon the waters of Lake Superior.

V. V. Newell '94m left Holyoke, Mass., the first of September, spent a short time in Schenectady, N. Y., and then accepted a position with Lane and Bodley in Cincinnati. Address, Hunt's Hotel, Cincinnati, Ohio.

On the first of January H. C. Skeels '99 will go to Joliet, Ill., to superintend the converting of 300 acres of woods into a private park, which shall contain all native American plants that will grow in that latitude.

O. W. Lowell with '61 has lived since '68 on his farm in Watertown township, Clinton county. He says: "I moved on my farm when it was nothing but a wilderness; woods on all sides of the clearing where I built my house, and the only way to see out was to look up. \* \* \* My farm has been a favorite camping ground for the Indians, and at one time old Okemos lived here."

This is the party that sat down to dinner at 123 S. Park Ave., Chicago, Sunday, Oct. 29: Prof. and Mrs. P. B. Woodworth and son Paul; Misses Fay Wheeler, Pearl Kedzie and Stella Ward; Messrs. C. E. Hoyt, G. N. Eastman, F. W. Robison, Max Beutner and D. J. Crosby. C. F. Coda and W. V. Robison had been to dinner but remained within speaking distance of the dining room.

#### The Rogers Brothers.

Alex R. Rogers with '90 is now located at Morenci, Mich. He writes that "our football center, McLouth, is an old acquaintance" and adds: "I have lots of confidence in 'Allie.'" He also says that his brother, J. R. Rogers with '90 "is each year going more extensively into shorthorns. The head of his herd was purchased of B. A. Bowditch with '96, and was the prize bull calf of Lenawee and Hillsdale counties in 1897. There is no better animal in this part of the state today. All my brother's salable stock was contracted long ago."

### Ratio of Students to Teachers.

The following table shows the ratio of the teaching force to the number of students in ten of the largest universities of the country. The third column shows the proportion of students to teachers:

	Fac.	Stud.	Ratio.
Johns Hopkins . . . . .	123	631	5.2
Cornell . . . . .	328	2038	6.2
California . . . . .	265	2391	9.0
Northwestern . . . . .	222	2391	10.7
Columbia . . . . .	303	2185	9.2
Harvard . . . . .	411	3901	9.4
Yale . . . . .	255	2500	9.7
Chicago . . . . .	212	2307	10.9
Pennsylvania . . . . .	258	2832	10.9
Michigan . . . . .	222	3192	14.4
Total . . . . .	2599	24368	9.4

—U. of M. Daily.

At M. A. C. the proportion of students to teachers is 12.4, a higher ratio of students than in any of the above universities except Michigan.

Jack—That shows how a girl can be distant without being cold.

Tom—What does?

Jack—That picture of a Philippine belle—*Cornell Widow.*

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