

The M. A. C. Record.

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Our Matrimonial Mobile.

BY FLOYD W. OWEN.

Joseph Bates and I had finished at the same college nine years ago, and had been fortunate enough to secure employment in a large chemical works in Detroit where we had each attained positions of trust and influence. Joe, having established a home, had very kindly extended its hospitality to me, and he and I were spending this evening in my apartments. "Joe," I said, "you ought to be a very happy man with such a pleasant and paying occupation, good health, and such a home as this wife of yours makes for you." "Yes," he replied, "I know, and believe I am. This home and wife are everything to me. And you, John, with such a start as you have and at your early age too, you also ought to enjoy yourself."

"But yet," I replied, "I have no home that I can call my own, and no—." "Letters!" interrupted the mail-carrier, and Joe ran down to the door, but came back directly with a letter for me. "Oh! from Bertha Dixon. You remember her?"

"Do I? Well I guess so," replied Joe. "What an elegant lunch she set up for us that time at Put-in-Bay. She is a thoroughbred lady too." "And do you remember how thoughtful she was when I was laid up in the hospital?" I added.

"She writes that they have returned from Europe, and that her mother has lately died, and she also asks me to spend my vacation with them on their Colorado Ranch." "She's a lovely girl, John, and you ought to go." "Do you think so?" I asked.

Miss Dixon having been a class-mate of Joe's and mine, we had occasionally corresponded with her during her travels through Europe.

Several weeks passed, and the beginning of my month's vacation found me at the town of Trinidad in Southern Colorado, from whence I was driven to the large ranch of Judge Daniel Dixon. The Judge I found to be a very jovial and gentlemanly person for a western ranchman, and his only child, Miss Bertha, was the same sweet-mannered young lady I had known nine years before, except perhaps, that she had grown a little more womanly. But she and her father had a certain polish that only travel and education can give. I must not neglect to mention that I also found a rather elderly, and unpleasant maiden lady, who, though no relative of the family, was known as "Aunt Susan," and whose disposition was clearly visible in her countenance. She appeared to exercise so much authority over the affairs of the premises and those of the young lady, especially since the mother's decease, that I marvelled at the cheerfulness of the household.

Bertha and I spent much of the time around the farms of the ranch on horseback, and had many a good talk while our horses grazed by the river, or rested in the shade of some small wood; occasionally, too, I accompanied Judge Dixon on some business trip to Trinidad. Alto-

gether, I found myself enjoying such a delightful out-of-door vacation, that it was with much regret that I took my leave to resume my work in Detroit.

The evening I reached home Joe came into my little parlor and stood inquiringly before me. "What now?" I asked. "Well," he replied, "I had hoped for as much." "As much what? I don't understand." "Why," he went on, "and so there's a happy understanding between you and Miss Bertha Dixon, is there not?" "Oh! well—ah—I—ah—guess so. Yes, Joe." "Glad to hear it John, very glad, and here's my congratulations. You couldn't have chosen better, excepting of course, my wife." "But—ah—don't tell anyone, Joe. Who told you?" "Mr. Grose, the superintendent, a few days ago, but I guess everyone in the works knows it, and I'll bet you'll catch it from all sides tomorrow."

In the morning as I was going to my work, I was accosted on the car by Mr. Grose, who said: "Good mawning, John, a pleasant outing at Judge Dixon's? They ah acquaintances of ouahs, you know. The wife, I believe, died, leaving the Judge an only dauter, who we are shuah will make you a most cha'ming ah—." "Yes,—ah—Mr. Grose, the Judge is a very—." And—oh—how are things at the works now?" "And so you ah really to be married, John?" "Ah—so I have understood, er—." "Permit Mrs. Grose and myself then, to extend ouah congratulations." "Ah! thank you," I stammered. Before we had quite reached the works I had regained my senses enough to say: "Mr. Grose, may I inquire how you happened to learn of this little —." "Oh, yes. Ah! Miss Susan Peck, who resides with the Judge's family, wrote Mrs. Grose that she had overheard you two young people talking near a vine-covered spring, one evening." "Ah," thought I, "that scarecrow of an Aunt Susan has overheard some of my talks with Bertha, and mixing herself in our quiet affair, has caused me these embarrassments." I entered the door alone, and was greeted with a large smile at the desk of Mr. Hemel, who, rubbing his hands, said: "Glad to see you back, John; and so is it true that you have really formed an engagement?" "Well—er—ah—yes; so they say." "My best wishes for your future then." "Oh, thanks, Mr. Hemel."

Over five hundred people were employed in the works, and one of my duties was a visit throughout the building each day. As I entered a large room in which there were four hundred operatives, dozens of smiles and glances were cast toward me, and the old Irish janitor shuffled up to shake hands, saying: "We's glad to see ye bock, Mr. Johnie; und yes un to know ye's goin to have a wife, ha! ha! Lucky is the one ye be after choosen." Just at this point, seeing a number of workmen coming toward me, I jumped upon the corner of a vat and said: "This is the fourth man, who has asked me if I'm to be married, and I'll tell you all now that I am, and

that hereafter if I'm only let alone on this point, I'll finally set up something better than cheap cigars." With this I hurried out of the room and was bothered but little more.

In a few months, Bertha visited Detroit for a week, and we found a house that corresponded to our plans, excepting the location, and I was to take it if I could find nothing better. A month before my next vacation, however, the time for the wedding, Mr. Grose said that the company had taken on a debt a remodeled and furnished house that I might secure very reasonably if it suited. I examined it, finding the house to be a large old brick one in good repair, and the furniture all new and well chosen. Its being only a short distance from Joe's, too, made it all the more desirable and I decided to take it and surprise Bertha, who still thought I had found nothing better than our first choice.

My next vacation found me again at Judge Dixon's where our marriage occurred very quietly and the morning for our return to Detroit had arrived. The Judge, Aunt Susan, Bertha and I were at breakfast, when Aunt Susan said: "Daniel, I heard peculiar noises around the yard and barns considerable afore sunrise, an ye better look aroun', fer I 'spec somethin's amiss." "No, guess not, aunt," he replied, "Another cup of coffee if you please." "Judge Dixon, whenever you take coffee twice, somethin's up, and I have always know'd it. Now you'd better just tell me as quick as —." "Clang," sounded a large gong, and Aunt Susan hurried to the door, with a "My Lordy! What's that? Daniel, quick!" she called, and we all hurried out just in time to see a vehicle stop and suddenly back up on the cellar doors against the house where it remained while the rear wheels continued to turn. The judge soon had the wheels stopped, having read something from a little book, which he took from the hired man, who crawled off the seat pretty badly frightened. This man had evidently been experimenting and got himself into trouble. "Daniel, I know'd somethin' was up, and now I say, what in the world is this." "Now," interrupted the judge addressing us all, "before sunrise this elegant steam carriage, called the 'Mobile,' was brought here for Bertha and John, as a wedding present from the employees of the chemical works in Detroit, and in it they are to make their homeward journey. Now, Susan, are you satisfied?"

[To be continued.]

Dormitory Life.

BY M. B. STEVENS.

Man's life where ever you find it
Has customs and rules that are new
To the one who has changed his location
And tries other ways to pursue.

When a boy leaves his home and his parents
And enrolls in our college out here,
He will find that his life on our campus
Is like that of a different sphere.

A house with good rooms he's deserted
For a stuffy old "box" in a hall.
Where he studies and shares with a "pardner"
The space that is ever too small.

The first week he enjoys without hindrance
The freedom and newness of scene,
And feels as he did when out "larking"
Or away on the wings of a dream.

There comes then a time when he's settled,
For his work seeks a refuge from din—
Yet no matter how tight be the transoms,
The "racket" and clatter come in.

At night o'er his books he is poring,
When he hears the loud voices outside,
And—list! 'tis of freshmen they're talking!
So out goes the light and he hides.

On his cot hard and narrow he'd slumber
And in sleep find relief from all care;
But he starts from his bed in a shudder,
When a dust-box goes bang! down the stair.

On his door rules of conduct are posted:
They tell him in words that are plain,
How the things in his room he should care for,
How himself he should guide in the same.

When the first bell shall ring in the morning,
He must rise, make the bed, sweep the floor;
He must order things well in the closet,
He must dust well the furniture o'er.

All his clothes must be hung in the closet,
Both his wash-bowl and pitcher keep clean;
And the shoe brush, the broom, and the dust
pan,
Must range where they cannot be seen.

The slop pail each day must be emptied,
And the shoes have their heels to the wall—
But the bell for half-past just then jingles,
Which to him means a glad breakfast call.

From seven until eight life is peaceful,
For then the inspector comes 'round;
And since to the lawless he's fearful,
They must all hold themselves within bound.

Thus you see how to him it appeareth,
Who has not yet got used to the place,
And still keeps a fondness for home folks
That only swift time can erase.

Each year quickly follows the other;
The ties that once bound him so strong,
Are all shattered and now with composure
He lists to the noise of a throng.

The dormit'ry life of a student!
There's nothing on earth that's so free,
Unless it be Robinson Crusoe
On his island far out in the sea.

For here in these many broad hallways,
We roam at sweet will up and down
Make merry with all of our fellows,
Nor fear o'en a hard word or frown.

Each "box" is a snug little bower,
Where men live and do just as they will;
Have chums in to banquets at midnight,
Play rough-house or try to be still.

Our sisters are not here to bother,
Nor mothers with nerves all unstrung,
No fathers, excepting "our Prexy,"
Reprove for the water that's slung.

We're a family enormous of brothers,
Four short years we live in this home,
And we loathe the catastrophe coming,
To cast us 'mong strangers alone.

For then there will be no more ducking,
No stacking an absentee's "box,"
No hazing or joking of freshmen;
— Mere pecking away with hard knocks.

When our course in life's school house is ended,
And the last hard exam. then is o'er,
If no "think" shall appear in our standing,
We'll be passed to that far distant shore.

And then in those grand dormitories
Where brotherly love holds full sway,
We'll all get a "box" in one hallway
And live in the old college way.

A Former Member of the Faculty.

We note the following in the Detroit Free Press: "Washington, November 15.—Capt. John A. Lockwood, Fourth Cavalry, has been retired, having been found incapacitated by an army retiring board." Capt. Lockwood was professor of Military Science and Tactics at M. A. C. from 1884-87. He has been with his regiment in the Philippine Islands for some time.

The Sophomore girls consider themselves especially favored in that they were royally entertained by Mrs. Gunson and Miss Blunt at tea, a week ago Saturday.

Miss Knaggs of Bay City is visiting her sister Miss Mary S. Knaggs.

THE M. A. C. RECORD.

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MICHIGAN AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

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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.

We have among our students each year a large number who are, or have been, teachers. They naturally take it for granted that the text-books put into their hands by the various departments at the College here are the best obtainable, and they use these books as authorities in their subsequent work. Now it frequently happens that the books, while for one reason or another, generally a good and sufficient one, they are retained in the course, are seriously defective or inadequate, and other and better ones, though at the time unavailable, are known to the teacher. Why would it not be wise to review in THE RECORD such books and thus give the student an opportunity to canvass the merits of the other text-book himself when he comes to make a selection later on? It seems to me that it would be interesting and helpful in many ways, if we could have at the adoption of a new text-book by a department, a review of that text-book, stating frankly points of excellence, defects (if any), and reasons for special availability. I think, too, that such a review department would gradually draw the attention of publishers, and bring us a wider range of books for review. The value of a series of such articles from the various specialists in our teaching corps cannot be estimated. Will not some one of our teachers take the hint and start the department by sending in a review of some book now in his hands?

In a recent issue of this paper I alluded to the fact that a large number of our students are not members of any literary society and I suggested that the problem is one for the students to handle. Nothing, however, has been done; and yet I feel that it is wrong to let matters drift without an effort to remedy present conditions. It is really a serious matter to let a student go through even a year of his course at college without the training that a good literary society gives. Now this training does not lie in the furnishing of the rooms, or in the pleasant chat with one's fellows, or in the giving of social entertainments, attractive and even helpful as all these are. It must be borne in mind that the fraternity is not primarily a literary society; indeed, if the truth must be told, the atmosphere of the fraternity is distinctly hostile to the largest and best activity of a literary society. The bosom of the family is a good refuge from the cares of life, it is not an arena for training the faculties or testing one's powers. The training

from a good literary society lies in the stimulus to mental activity found in the clash of mind against mind, the widening of horizon through exchange of views, the thorough knowledge won through patient and careful investigation under the alert eyes of an opponent, the address and success in handling human nature that comes through debate, and the wide range of information brought to the attention through a series of exercises. The necessities for such a society consist of a good large meeting-room, heated and furnished with seats, and a company of earnest, alert, ambitious minds. The first may be had in the College chapel or in one of the classrooms, and of the other no better examples can be found than among our students not now in any society.

I have a proposal to make. Why can we not organize a good debating society for the coming winter term? I will go in with any number of students to organize and keep up such a society for the coming term, and if at any time it is felt that my presence is constraining or for any reason I become an undesirable member, the gentlest hint will serve to remove me. The only things that I should insist on are, first, that there should be no exclusiveness, no arbitrary limitation on numbers; secondly, that the members should be really in earnest, and 'thirdly' that in debate all should stand on an equal footing, with no restrictions except the ordinary parliamentary rules. I am quite anxious to know what demand there is for such an organization, or for any organization in the form of a literary society; and so I am going to ask those who would like to help start such an organization to speak to me or to any of the English teachers about it, so that if there is sufficient demand we may call a meeting. Of this I am sure—that if there is a good large body of earnest men anxious for this work, all material requisites will soon be provided. Let the student body make known its needs. H. EDWARDS.



W. M. R. FRENCH.

Opening of Students' Lecture Course

Mr. French, the estimate of whom as an entertainer is given below by one of his former art students, opens our series of six entertainments on Friday evening, Nov. 23d, at 8 p. m. This series of entertainments has been provided by the students and faculty, and is to be held in the College Armory during this school year. The number of entertainments scheduled is not very large, but the quality is of the best obtain-

able. And, as this is the first combined attempt of students and faculty to provide for themselves a means by which they may enjoy the benefits to be derived from a popular lecture course at the least possible cost; it behooves every person connected in any way with this institution to do all in his power to make it a success.

Season tickets, \$1.00.

Admission to single entertainments, 50c.

Season tickets for sale at the library. COMMITTEE.

It was my good fortune to be for a year an art student under the supervision of Director French of the Art Institute. The memory of several pleasant talks with him—his fascinating lectures on art subjects—and humorous talks on the usually dry subject of anatomy, is still fresh enough in mind to warrant some enthusiasm over his coming lecture here; also to cause the feeling that the College is indeed fortunate to have selected for them a man so much thought of by the thousand or more art students in Chicago, and so well known both as a lecturer and as a brother of the famous sculptor Daniel French.

However, Mr. French is not only the brother of a famous man but is himself an artist of no mean ability, so that he lectures with sympathy and understanding. Combined with this artistic ability are the unusual accompaniments of a well trained intellect and a keen appreciation of humor, so that in listening to him one enjoys an artist, a humorist and a thinker. His lecture on the caricaturists which he once gave to the students and teachers of the Institute he cleverly illustrated by imitating the styles of the caricaturists from remote times down to the present. No little rivalry was developed among the students after the lecture to secure these drawings as prizes.

"The Wit and Wisdom of the Crayon," on which he lectures here on Nov. 23d, promises to be a good exhibition of his great resourcefulness and will probably combine much of what is best in all his lectures.

MRS. W. O. H.

Farmers' Club.

There was an unusually large crowd present at the Farmer's Club last Wednesday evening to listen to Dr. Kedzie on the subject of "Farmers and Fertilizers." As nearly everyone knows, Dr. Kedzie has labored faithfully for quite a number of years, to protect the farmers from being defrauded by the agents of adulterated fertilizer companies. He said his first encounter with fertilizer agents was at the time of the State Fair in 1883, two samples of fertilizer were presented, but the ones to whom the judges awarded second, were dissatisfied and demanded an analysis. The samples were sent to Dr. Kedzie with the result that the decision was reversed. Another encounter which the Dr. related in his peculiarly interesting way, was with a company which was selling a fertilizer at \$20 per ton. He analyzed it and found it to be actually worth only 34 cents per ton. He published this fact in a Detroit paper and the company's business stopped at once. The encounters gave rise to state inspection of fertilizers.

Speaking of the farmer, Dr. Kedzie said, that there were only three

things which were of value to him as fertilizer, viz.: potash, phosphoric acid, and nitrogen. Samples of soil from twenty-eight counties showed, that in clayey soils there is plenty of potash present in the form of silicate of aluminum, called feldspar. This is continually decomposing and if the soil is skillfully managed will be entirely sufficient. Phosphoric acid is the one thing which the farmer may be compelled to buy. The source is bone and it is found deposited in the form of phosphates. He said the farmer must raise his own nitrogen by raising crops which contain it, viz.: clover, beans, pease, or other leguminous plants. Nothing is of more value to the farmer. Nitrogen may be purchased in the form of sodium nitrate. Farmers cannot afford to sell clover hay, for the nitrogen contents, if purchased would cost twice the value of the hay. At the close of the lecture, the boys gave Dr. Kedzie three hearty cheers.

Mr. Wright and Mr. Whitney were elected delegates to the state meeting, which is to be held in Lansing.

Botanical Club.

Prof. Wheeler gave the Club a very interesting talk on the "Role of water in plants." He began with the seed and the absorption of water for the purposes of germination. When the young roots form they serve to fix the plant as well as to absorb the water in which is dissolved its food elements. The stem is merely a support for the leaves that they may be spread out to a greater advantage. The leaves of the plant are covered with an epidermis the cuticle of which is thick and heavy, or thin, depending much upon the native habitat of the species. Water plants have no cuticle, so they absorb and give off water from all parts. In land plants the cuticle is thick and usually covered with a waxy glume, or plant hairs, so that except in young or very thin cuticled plants no water is absorbed into the leaf. In fact the leaf seems protected for the purpose of keeping in the material it needs and for keeping out what is out. It is true that a large amount of moisture is transpired by the plant as of no further use, but the absorption, if any, is very slight and insignificant. Two instances were cited to illustrate the amount of water transpired. The first was of a cabbage having 19 square feet of leaf surface that gave off two pints of water in 24 hours, and the second of an elm having an estimated leaf surface of five acres and giving off seven tons of water on a clear, dry day. When corn is rolled during the day and a dew at night causes it to become turgid, it is because of the absorption of moisture through its roots from the soil, and not through the leaves.

Prof. Hedrick then took the floor and gave the horticulturist's view of the subject. He said in part that plants require greatly varying amounts of moisture, depending upon the time, age, vigor, season, etc.

Transpiration of water is not a mechanical process but a physiological one used to throw off waste products. When a plant is in ill health a rise of temperature will generally decrease its transpiration, while in health a lowering of the temperature will produce the same effect.

The amount of water transpired by a plant depends much upon its

native habitat; those from a dry section necessarily transpiring less than those from a moist one, which require a thicker cuticle and less leaf surface. Plants must have air in the soil and from lack of it will suffocate by excessive production of acids and oils in the roots. All plants require a resting stage and to water extensively at this time is to do them injury. House plants excessively watered run to vines, while those scantily watered flower more readily.

During the discussion which followed Prof. Wheeler explained the refreshing of cabbage plants and wilted celery by burying them for twenty-four hours, as the result of air equalizing of moisture throughout the plant rather than absorption through the epidermis.

Several brought in observations, among which were a number of specimens of shrubs brought from the northern part of the state by Mr. Kaylor on his recent trip home. The specimens were mainly new to this locality and proved very interesting.

Dr. Beal exhibited a large specimen of the wild cabbage from which our common cabbage is descended.

The talk next week will be given by Mr. Ferguson.

Value of Domestic Art.

What is domestic art? The making, and making artistically, of all the accessories that accentuate the loveliness of the "human form divine," that of the high priestess of the home, woman; and the creation of beautiful needlework which can be used to ornament the home.

When should this education begin? "A hundred years before birth," said Oliver Wendell Holmes, upon being asked when a child's training should begin.

Why should not the germs of domestic art be absorbed along with other practical subjects during early training. * * *

Young girls may not have talent for becoming great mathematicians, they may not be able to become even fair linguists, and yet if they are to be fresh and dainty maidens, their inalienable birthright, they must be able to sew. This branch of their education is usually neglected in the home, and the public schools give it the slightest possible recognition, yet they must ever continue to sew and have sewing done to the end of the chapter.

Selected from "Needlecraft."

Notice.

Gymnasium classes have started in the Armory with an enrollment of about seventy-five.

The general exercising hour is from 4 to 5 on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday afternoons, when systematic exercise of a body building and straightening character is given.

Special classes in wrestling, boxing, basket ball, and other indoor athletics have been formed, with opportunity for others who have not already joined.

There are no fees of any kind, and only a pair of heel-less shoes required for the systematic exercise.

The armory will be open on Saturday afternoon from 2 o'clock for miscellaneous work.

It is not too late to join any of the classes.

How Tuckerman Happened to Marry.

At the June meeting of the A. A. A. S. held at Columbia University, the botanical section devoted one session to reminiscences of the late Dr. Torrey, and incidentally to his associates, one of whom was Dr. Tuckerman, who was then about the only earnest American worker on *Lichens*. Dr. T. C. Porter said, one season not seeing or hearing anything of Tuckerman for some time, they wondered what he could be doing. On inquiry they learned that he had been getting married to Miss —. Some one inquired how such a man happened to marry, and the reply was, "Oh, he took a great liking to her."

Exchanges.

Interesting statistics have recently been collected and published relating to the marriage rate of college bred women as compared with non-college women. It has been found that while college women do not, on the average, marry as early in life as non-college women—the average difference being two years—yet, when they do marry, they much more generally marry men who are better off financially than do non-college women. In this particular the college woman seems to have an enormous advantage. This is a point that has not been brought forward, we think, in previous statistics and it ought to prove a great incentive to young ladies with college inclination. — *The School Record*.

"A well-known fact shows that few college graduates permanently go wrong. Find a graduate of an American university anywhere and you are nearly sure to find a pillar of society, a man or woman who is upright, trustworthy, public-spirited, philanthropic, a good example for youth to follow. This fact is explained in part by the large proportion of college graduates who are married."

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tion of vice-proof characters among the young people who enter upon advanced study; but the generalization could not be so sweeping as it

is did not university influences themselves reinforce morality rather than break it down."—Chancellor E. B. Andrews, Univ. of Neb.

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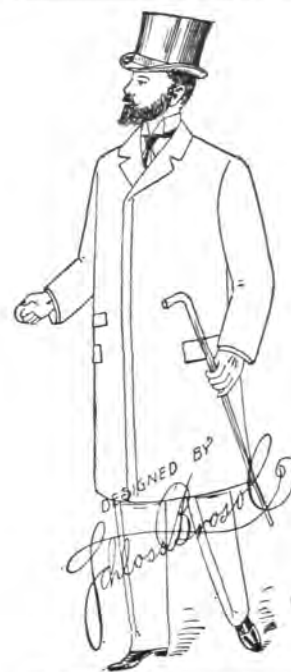
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Former Students and Graduates.

Mr. F. V. Warren, '98, is quite sick with typhoid fever at his home in Philadelphia.

B. A. Nevins, '75, of Otsego, has been elected for a second term in the Michigan legislature.

E. F. Law, '83, (L. L. B. '92, U. of M.) of Port Huron, Mich., has been elected prosecuting attorney of St. Clair county.

F. H. Yapple (sp. '94-'95) visited the College last week. He has been stumping the State during the past campaign for the Republican party.

W. F. Wright, '94, writes to friends at the College that he has begun his work in the Department of Botany in Washington, and finds both his work and surroundings very interesting.

Miss Jean E. Dawson (sp. '95-'96), is teaching in the public schools of Fond du Lac, Wis. She has recently written to Dr. Beal for information to be used in the preparation of a paper on "The Value of Science in the High School," which she will read before the Wisconsin State Teachers' Association.

We quote the following from the *Daily Journal* of Ithaca, N. Y.: "Dr. W. C. Bagley of the Department of Psychology (Cornell University) has been commissioned to prepare the articles on American Education for the new 'Encyklopædisches Handbuch der Pädagogik' edited by Professor Rein of the University of Jena."

Geo. W. Davis, '92, is a farmer at Tekonsha, Mich. He still keeps up his interest in botany, and has recently sent a list of plants found in his vicinity to Prof. Wheeler. He writes: "I am very glad the College is doing so well, and trust it may keep on in the good way. I am not surprised at anything now in regard to M. A. C."

We have recently received from C. C. Georgeson, '78, (M. S. 1882) a Report on Agricultural Investigations in Alaska. Mr. Georgeson has been working since 1898 in Alaska, having been sent thither by the U. S. Government as special agent in charge of Alaska Investigations. The report is neatly gotten up and finely illustrated. C. H. Robinson, '95, was one of Mr. Georgeson's assistants in Alaska.

M. H. Lapham, '99, is visiting his parents near the College, and renewing old acquaintanceships at the College. He is Scientific Aid in the Division of Soils U. S. Department of Agriculture, and is just returning from a trip with a party sent out by the Department to make a survey of alkali soils in Southern California and Utah. He had a pleasant time, learned a good deal, and met J. L. Horne, with '96, who is teaching in the Provo Academy, and also C. P. Close, '95, who is Prof. of Horticulture and Botany in the Utah Agr'l College, Logan, Utah.

Campus Notes.

Mr. Gifford Warner was called to his home in Doster, Mich., last Friday by the death of his father.

Rev. Mr. Chase, pastor of the Central M. E. Church of Lansing conducted the chapel exercises Sunday morning. He used as his text John 10:24.

As preparation for the play, King John, which was given in Lansing Thursday evening, Dr. Edwards gave a sketch of the play and the principal characters in the English room from four until five o'clock of the afternoon preceding, to quite an assemblage of students.

It would have been very difficult for a person, who heard Dr. Edwards Sunday evening in the Y. M. C. A. rooms to have left without carrying away some thoughts or misgivings as to his or her own course in life. It seemed imperative that each must ask him or herself, "will it pay me to follow my present course?"

The next general meeting of all the teachers of the College will be held at 7 p. m. Tuesday, Nov. 27, in the zoological lecture room. The meeting will be under the direction of the English department, and the methods and purposes of all the work in that department will be explained. These meetings in the past have been found very helpful, and it is hoped that all members of the teaching force will attend.

A more social time has not been had this term than was enjoyed by Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. members last Friday evening in the Y. M. C. A. rooms. Some of the features of the evening were: conversations of five minute duration; two unique selections by Prof. King; a vocal solo by Mr. Hayes; and, as refreshments, apples and pumpkin pie served on cedar shingles. A soap-bubble contest, in which all took part, was the closing feature of the evening's enjoyment.

The College has another organization called the M. A. C. Electrical Club. The club was organized last Friday evening by a number of mechanical students. E. D. Searing was elected president; F. K. Brainard, vice-president; G. E. Martin, secretary; and A. Strong, treasurer. A program committee, consisting of G. W. Stroebel, Burr Wheeler and N. D. Edwards, was also appointed. The club will meet every Tuesday evening from 6:30 to 7:30 in the physical laboratory lecture room.

From the Women's Building.

The work thus far in physical training has been principally preliminary. Most of it has been posing, with some running. Eighty-seven students have been measured and there are still others who intend to take the work. Four basket ball teams have been organized, one of the upper classmen and three of the freshmen.

Miss Keller was in Ann Arbor during part of the past week assisting Dr. Mosher in two receptions.

During the present term each member of the class in senior cookery is to serve, at a maximum cost of eighty cents, a luncheon to four guests. On last Thursday afternoon the luncheon was given by Miss Deborah Garfield. The table was laid in the private dining room of the Women's Building, and was decorated with a centerpiece of ferns and with English violets. Place-cards painted with little knots of forget-me-nots, and favors of violets marked the seats for the guests. The four courses were furnished at a cost of seventy-one cents and we hear that several feasted from what was left.

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