

# The M. A. C. RECORD.

MICHIGAN STATE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

SPECIAL LITERARY NUMBER.

VOL. 14.

LANSING, MICHIGAN, TUESDAY, JANUARY 5, 1909.

No. 14.

## THE CHRISTMAS BOX.

Mrs. Waldron stood in the kitchen window of a little cottage situated in the outskirts of the thriving North Dakota town, watching the sun as it slowly sank behind the snow, which, as far as the eye could reach, lay white and glimmering over the level plain. But, glorious as the sunset was, she did not see it, for her thoughts were some two thousand miles behind her, and she was wondering how the folks in the big white farmhouse among the pines of the old Massachusetts homestead were going to spend Christmas. She knew there would be rows and rows of good things on the old-fashioned pantry shelves; she knew that there would be a log fire in the big fire place in the hall, and she knew that there would be a brilliant tree in the dimly lighted colonial parlor, as there always had been; but would it seem just the same to them, without her and Rodney and the babies?

Just then the door opened and she turned to see Rodney pick up the baby and toss him high in the air, and then, as he placed him laughing and crowing in his swing, turn to her and say cheerily, "Well, Coe, our first Christmas in the new home promises to be rather cool to us."

"Well, I hope it will be cold, so as to seem a little like home," she answered slowly, and then added "Any mail, Rod?"

He shook his head soberly. "No," he said, "Nobody has any mail tonight, not even a Chicago paper, for there's a big blizzard raging in Minnesota and there hasn't been a train in from St. Paul today."

Without replying, Coe hurried into the dining room to put the finishing touches to the tea table and to hide the tears that would force themselves into her eyes. She did so want to be brave for Rodney's sake, but not a ghost of a letter from home this week (let alone anything else). This was almost unendurable. Rodney's gaze followed her wistfully. "Poor little woman," he thought, "It is hard, but she's a trumpery."

After supper Coe seemed to have forgotten that it was so far to that white farm house, and as they trimmed the tiny tree and filled the two little stockings, she talked gayly of the morrow and of the good dinner in store for them at their friends', the Palmers, on the other side of town.

Christmas morning dawned bleak and gray, with a few snowflakes flurrying in the air. It was eight o'clock before the usual Christmas morning excitement had calmed down enough for them to have breakfast, and even then Floss would wear her tiny gold thimble to the table. But as Rodney said, "It was Christmas."

Knowing that his wife's one wish now was the home letter, since one of his gifts to her had been the much-longed-for ormolu clock, Rodney

## ANNUAL STATEMENT.

### BUSINESS OF "CO-OP" SHOWS LARGE INCREASE OVER LAST YEAR.

The following is a statement of business done by the M. A. C. Book Buying Association for the year closing Sept. 1, 1908:

#### CASH STATEMENT.

##### RECEIPTS.

Sept. 1, '07 Cash on hand	\$6 22
Sept. 1, '08 Mdse. sold	19,412 28
" " " nor in cash acct.	20 19
Certificates sold (419 at 75c)	314 25
Cash with treasurer	316 83
	\$20,069 77

##### DISBURSEMENTS.

Sept. 1, '08 Amount paid for merchandise	\$18,274 13
Insurance	\$50 00
Freight	350 65
Salary	847 53
Exchange	17 50
Telegraph	19 25
Rent	175 00
Furniture	36 50
Cash on hand	50 27
Cash with treasurer	248 94
	\$20,069 77

#### MERCHANDISE STATEMENT.

Sept. 1, '07 Inventory stock	\$2,671 48
Sept. 1, '08 Amount paid for merchandise	18,274 13
Total expenses	1,496 43
Net gain	415 90
	\$22,857 94
Sept. 1, '08 Merchandise sold	19,432 47
Certificates of membership	314 25
Inventory stock	3,111 22
	\$22,857 94

#### COMPARATIVE STATEMENT.

	1906-7.	1907-8.
Merchandise sold	\$16,048 65	\$19,432 47
Expense	1,132 26	1,496 43
Inventory	2,671 48	3,111 22
Membership tickets	206 25	314 25
	\$20,058 64	\$24,354 37

#### EXPENSE.

	1906-7.	1907-8.
Insurance	\$38 40	\$50 00
Freight	305 67	350 00
Salary	588 65	847 53
Exchange	14 60	17 50
Telegraph	9 26	19 25
Rent	175 00	175 00
Furniture		36 50
Electric light	68	
	\$1,132 26	\$1,496 43

The merchandise sold during the year shows an increase of \$3,464.81 over the last year and necessarily increased the expenses by \$364.17. During the year a large amount expended was for salary, as shown by comparative statement of expenses during the past two years. The expense for 1906-1907 is about 7% of the sales, and the expense for 1907-1908 is about 7.7% of sales, an increase of 0.7% in expense in proportion to sales.

Four hundred and nineteen membership tickets were sold during the year, an increase of 144 over the prior year.

ney Waldron, clad in his new gloves and scarf, set out for the postoffice immediately after breakfast, and as his wife called after him, "Hurry back," he laughed his promise of "I will" over his shoulder at her.

But an hour wore on and no Rodney. The snow came thicker and faster; the wind howled around the chimney. Another half hour went by; the clock struck half past ten. The children had been made as sweet and clean as heart could

wish and Coe herself, ready to go, waited by the front window. But they could never venture out in such a storm! Why didn't that boy come? Didn't he know that there wasn't a thing in the house suitable for a Christmas dinner? Ten more minutes dragged by and the windows rattled dismally. Where was that boy? Suddenly she realized that this blinding snow storm must be a blizzard—the first she had ever seen—and that Rodney must be lost.

(Continued on page 2.)

## ALUMNI

In the Record office there is kept a card catalogue of all students who have ever been connected with the college. In order that this may be kept up to date, please notify us of any change of address or occupation.  
W. J. WRIGHT, Editor.

'02.  
A letter from D. S. Bullock of Chili, S. A., informs us that he has changed his address and should now be addressed Mission Araucana, Temuco, Chili, Casilla 75. He hopes to visit M. A. C. next year. Mr. Bullock went to Chili immediately after his graduation in 1902 as missionary instructor in agriculture, his work being largely among the Indians. He incloses a description of a species of fish, *Galaxias Bullocki*, which he has discovered, and which has been named for him.

'07.  
G. H. Ellis, '07, as a result of civil service examinations, was recently promoted to be U. S. Engineer in the Reclamation Service. He will probably remain at Williston, N. D., another year. He is taking a vacation of one month including holidays, most of which at his home in Flushing, Mich., called at college Dec. 18.

Prof. Vedder has been asked to nominate eligibles recently graduated for several kinds of civil engineering work at good salaries for beginners. If there are any such unemployed they would find it to their interest to communicate with him.

'08.  
Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin J. Miller, 820 Capitol Ave., N., entertained twenty-four guests Saturday evening in honor of their daughter, Miss Nella Florence Miller, whose engagement to Mr. Ernest J. Shassberger of Harvey, Illinois, was announced. The wedding will take place in June.—*State Republican*.

M. E. Hall spent the Christmas vacation at his home at Chesaning, Mich. He is teaching at N. Y. Mills, Minn.

The marriage of Mr. Ray Arthur Small and Miss Ruby May Delvin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Delvin, took place Thursday evening, Dec. 24, at 8 o'clock, at the home of the bride's parents, 111 Bingham St., Lansing. They will make their home at San Francisco, where Mr. Small has received an appointment as assistant engineer.

Henry M. Conolly, '08, and Miss Ruth Foster, granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Cook of East Lansing, were united in marriage Dec. 24. Mr. and Mrs. Conolly will reside in Chicago, where Mr. Conolly is employed by the park commission.



## The M. A. C. RECORD

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TUESDAY, JANUARY 5, 1909

A few weeks ago a student at the Iowa State College was arrested on the charge of stealing apparatus from the laboratories, convicted and

**The Spirit of Larceny.** sentenced to the penitentiary for a term of five years. Whether or not the penalty imposed in this particular case is excessive is a matter of judgment but the principle that thieves of public property should be held no less responsible than thieves of private property deserves commendation.

There is a peculiar temptation attaching to public property. Persons who would never think of taking the property of a private individual feel no compunctions of conscience in "running-in" property belonging to the State when the loss affects no one particular person and where, in many cases, less effort is made to discover the guilty parties. Even our own college is not free from this practice. Every year more or less apparatus is missing which in most cases is traceable to a section of a class, often to one of three or four individuals, and sometimes to a single individual, in which case suspension or expulsion is the usual punishment. Prosecution and imprisonment, which follows usual cases of larceny, is not insisted upon. Last year several cases of theft of private property from the bath house were reported, and only last term money was abstracted several times from student rooms in the Womens' Building.

Unfortunately the slight inconvenience caused the college by these depredations is small as compared with the self-inflicted injury to the character of the perpetrator of the crime. A habit once formed is not easily broken, and, once a habit is formed of "running in" small articles, it is but a step forward to the theft of private property, or the misappropriation of large sums should the victim of the habit be sometime placed in a position of trust.

In justice to the individual as well as the student body, the college, and the State, the action above referred to must be commended. No doubt other institutions will be forced to follow the example.

## THE CHRISTMAS BOX.

(Continued from page 1.)

He was probably freezing to death at that very moment! She couldn't even see the gatepost now. And while all this was passing through her mind, little Flossie, the gold thimble still on her finger, slipped her hand quietly into her mother's and whispered "Where is papa?"

Five minutes more, a shuffling on the porch and the white faced woman threw open the door to admit a half frozen man, a large box, and several brown paper parcels.

To Cora Waldron that was the most thankful moment she had ever experienced, and she was not ashamed of the tears in her eyes as she drew forward an easy chair and gently placed her husband in it. But that is not all. In half an hour, after a drink of something warm and soothing, Rodney was himself again, and after producing three fat letters from his coat pocket, which he read with as much interest as his wife did, he proceeded to open "the box from home."

The Waldrons dined on oysters, beef steak and custard that noon; but it was Christmas, nevertheless, for the box had come with the first blizzard.

ALICE E. JEFFERY.

## THE LOST WATCH CHARM.

The country fair was in full blast and Frank was going into town to spend the day. He had dressed himself for the occasion in his best suit, which he had carefully pressed the afternoon before. He was about to jump into the buggy to start away, when his father called out:

"Hold on, Frank. Mr. Jackson was over here yesterday and paid me for the calves he bought the other day. I guess you'd better take the money and deposit it in the bank for me. There is fifty dollars in this roll. I don't like to have so much laying around. Be sure and be careful with it."

"Sure, dad. You can trust me. I'll deposit just as soon as I get into town."

"Well, be sure you do. You know there are a lot of sharps in town on a day like this, on the lookout for honest farmer boys."

"Don't you worry, dad. I'll see that it's taken good care of," laughed Frank as he placed the money and book in his inside coat pocket and hopped into the carriage.

Reaching town he left his horses at the Methodist church hitching sheds, and went to the bank. However, he had been rather ambitious since leaving home, and found the bank was not yet open.

"Oh, well, it won't matter," said Frank to himself as he turned and started down the street. "I'll take a little look around and come back later."

He had proceeded but a short distance when someone touched him on the shoulder, and turning, he found Charlie Carter standing before him.

Charlie was known to everybody in town and was a friend of Frank's father. He had been a gambler, but had now reformed and was leading an honest life. Like all reformed criminals he was a relentless enemy of all confidence men and grafters, and had frequently saved the young men from being fleeced by this class of men.

"Hello! Frank," he said, shaking the young man's hand. "I saw you passing and thought I would stop and say good morning. You are in town for the fair?"

"Yes," answered Frank. "I couldn't miss that, you know. I guess we are going to have a big time too, by the looks of the people that are driving into town."

"It's going to be a big day, all right," answered Charlie. "There's a big bunch of grafters here too, so if you have any loose change, you want to keep a tight grip on it, and don't let any strangers rope you into their confidence."

"Thanks for the advice, but I guess I'll be able to take care of myself all right," laughed Frank as he moved on down among the many husky farmers. He watched the busy carpenters erecting the booths for the street stands. Walking on he came to the depot. He noticed a string of yellow cars on a side track, from which some blanketed horses were being unloaded. Frank, being a lover of horses walked up to one which had just been unloaded.

"Well, what are these beauties for?"

"Them horses? Them's for the races this afternoon. This one's Salina Pearl, b'longs to old man Smith down tew Webber's crossing. Yep them are sure daisies. Say, Bub, yew seem like a good sort. D'you want to earn a half a cart-wheel?"

"How?" asked Frank who was willing but cautious.

"By leading this yer nag, Salina, up tew the grounds. We're short a man, an' if yew'll take this un up, I'll give yew a half a buck, an' get yew on tew the ground free."

Frank could see nothing wrong in this and assented. Half an hour later he found himself safely inside the fair grounds with an extra half dollar in his pocket. His conscience was beginning to trouble him about his neglect of his father's money.

"It won't matter," he told himself again. "I'll take a look around and then go down to the church for dinner. I'll put the money in then." And with this resolve he straightway forgot the money. He moved toward the stock, that part of the grounds where the stock exhibit was being held, and spent a long time looking over the prize cattle. He was crossing over to the sheep exhibit when his attention was suddenly arrested by the sight of a well-dressed elderly man, who was poking about in the grass with his cane. He had evidently lost something of value as he was quite agitated.

Frank paused a moment, and then asked, "Have you lost something, sir?"

"Yes, yes," replied the man without looking up from his nervous prodding. "I have lost the charm which was attached to my watch chain. In whirling my cane I struck the charm and it flew off. It dropped in the grass somewhere about here." The man straightened up and showed Frank the broken fob.

"Was it a valuable charm?" asked Frank.

"Very much so, to me. It is a solid gold locket, set with a two-carat diamond, and is worth nowadays about two hundred and fifty dollars; but it has a personal value of much more than that, to me, as it contains a picture of my wife and

little daughter, who is dead. It is the only picture I have of little Maud and I must find it."

The man then continued his frantic search for the missing locket, Frank sympathetically joining in the search; getting down on his hands and knees in order to cover the ground the more thoroughly. After they had searched for some time without result the man looked at his watch, gave an impatient exclamation, and then turning to Frank, said:

"Would you be willing to stay around here and watch for awhile, young man?"

"Why, I wouldn't mind if it will do any good. But I haven't very much time. Would you be gone long?"

"No, not very long. I own several horses that are entered in the races today, and as it is nearly time for the first race now, I'll have to hurry to the track. If you'll remain here and keep a lookout for the locket until I return, I'll give you ten dollars for your trouble. I am Mr. Black, from Kentucky."

"Why, certainly, sir; I will be pleased to oblige you." And Frank hugged himself for pure joy. Here was ten dollars coming to him as easily as the fifty cents and entrance to the grounds.

"Very well. I'll be back as soon as I can, and I am going to trust you to remain here until I return. I would not lose that locket for money. And, by the way, if you should happen to stumble onto the locket, bring it right over to the judges' stand and ask for me; any of the judges will point me out to you, and I'll gladly give you a hundred dollars if you succeed in finding the locket."

Frank's eyes widened. A hundred dollars was a larger sum than he had ever possessed, and he began searching for the locket with redoubled vigor. He had been thus occupied for about fifteen minutes when another man strolled by with his eyes on the ground. As he passed near Frank he suddenly paused and picked something up from the ground at his feet. He examined the object, which he held in the palm of his hand, very closely. As he turned the object over in his fingers, Frank saw that it was the locket.

Frank thought fast. He was not going to let that money slip through his fingers if he could help. The stranger, unconscious of any observer, continued his examination of the locket. After a moment's thought, Frank approached. "Have you found something, sir?" he asked innocently.

"Yes," replied the man holding up the locket for inspection. "Rather a valuable find, too, I should judge."

Frank eyed the trinket hungrily, and tried to think of some plan by which he could get hold of the locket. The one hundred dollars looked pretty good to him.

"Somebody lost it," continued the man, as he sprung the locket open and examined the pictures inside. "They must value it highly, too. I wish," continued he looking carefully around, "I wish there was some one to whom I could give it. I have not got time to look up the owner. I must hurry to the train."

"You might give it to me, and I'll try and find the owner," suggested Frank eagerly.

The man laughed. "If this



thing is worth a hundred, it's worth five hundred. And yet, you, a perfect stranger, ask me to turn it over to you. Oh, no, young man, I'm not so easy as that. There'll probably be a big reward offered, and I can sell my chance in the thing to someone who will watch for me."

"What'll you take for it?" asked Frank, remembering his father's money.

"Well, if you want to take the chance, I'll let it go for a hundred. The owner will probably advertise, and offer two hundred dollars at the least for a reward."

Frank's face fell; he didn't have that sum with him, and, anyway that was all the reward Mr. Black had offered him. Thinking it best to risk his father's fifty dollars for the promised one hundred dollars reward he said:

"I haven't that much with me, but if you'll call fifty dollars a fair price I'll take the locket off of your hands."

The man did not wait to argue but said, "All right, here's the locket. Give me your money, for I'm in a hurry."

Frank promptly produced the fifty dollars without a twinge of conscience. He had reasoned out that it was his duty to double the money. The exchange being made, Frank hurried at once to the race track. Reaching the judges' stand, he inquired of one of the judges for Mr. Black.

"Mr. Black? Who in thunder is he?" said the nearly crazed judge.

"Mr. Black—Mr. Black of Kentucky," replied Frank. He has a lot of horses entered here and he said I would find him here at the judges' stand."

"Hey! Ward," sang out the judge, "look after this fellow will you? He's looking for a Mr. Black."

"Mr. Black? What were his initials or what horses had he entered?" inquired the more polite Ward.

"Why, I'm sure I don't know. You see he lost a very valuable locket and offered me a hundred dollars reward if I should find it. While I was looking for it, another man, in passing, picked up an object near me. I was on my feet in an instant. As he turned the object of his find over on his hand I saw it was a locket. On looking at it more closely I saw it was set with a very handsome diamond. I knew at once that it belonged to Mr. Black. The stranger let me see the inside and to my joy I saw there were two pictures, a sweet faced lady and a small child, just as Mr. Black had described to me."

"Well, well, quite a coincidence," murmured the judge whom they had addressed as Ward.

"As the man would not trust me with the locket, and had no time to get it into proper hands, he sold it to me for fifty dollars. So here I am looking for Mr. Black. Surely he must be around here. See, here is the locket; you can see for yourself that is a very valuable one."

"My poor young friend," said Ward after he had examined the locket closely, "You have been made the victim of a couple of sharps. You will never lay eyes either on your money or those men again."

"But look at that diamond—you must be mistaken."

"Did you happen to notice

whether this locket had any name of a firm on its inside rim, young man?"

"Why no I didn't think it could be anything but a real good locket. Are you sure it isn't worth anything," gasped Frank as he realized the extent of his loss.

"It isn't worth fifty cents. You have lost your money my boy, and the only thing left is to report the matter to the police. They may catch them, but it is doubtful," said the judge kindly.

Frank took the locket and walked blindly away. Grown boy though he was, large tears began to fall unheeded on his nicely pressed suit. He did not worry so much over the amount of money lost, but over the cause of losing it. He had betrayed his father's trust. How could he explain his foolish actions? With his mind filled with all sorts of bitter thoughts he stumbled through the noisy crowd to the exits. Paying no attention to directions, once outside the hated fair grounds, he continued his burdened way. Suddenly a hearty voice hailed him. "Why, Frank Orchard! what on earth has happened to you since I saw you last?"

Frank lifted up his head to see Charlie Carter before him. He was so grateful to find a sympathetic friend that he told him his troubles at once.

"Phew," whistled Charlie, "that's tough. What did they look like? Can you give me some more details?"

Frank described the men as best he knew.

"Hold on—did you see he had a peculiar twitching in his left eye?"

"Yes—I mean Mr. Black had this twitching in his left eye."

"Hooray, we've got 'em pinched already. The sheriff, on my advice, has just run them in as suspicious characters. Hurry up and we'll see if we can match up. The Mr. Black you describe is a smooth one. He is Snookums Wad in the gang. I can't make out who the other one is unless it's Pete Gamble." And he did not have to hurry Frank toward the cheerless grey stone jail.

On reaching the jail Charlie Carter explained the situation to the sheriff, and the men were brought out.

"That's him! That's him!" shouted Frank, when "Mr. Black" alias "Snookums Wad" was brought in. After hearing the story once again the sheriff without any hesitation produced a roll of bills from the safe. He carefully counted out a roll of fifty dollars, then turning to Frank he said:

"My son, I think you have learned your lesson. You were fortunate however in having learned it with no loss of money. But I think you are an honest lad, in fact I know it from your actions. Here is your father's money."

### JERRY'S REWARD.

"Have a shine, sir?"

A tall, fairly well-dressed man of perhaps 40 years of age, who was standing on the dock of Forty-third street, New York city, turned his gaze from down the bay and looked down at a typical "street crab," who eagerly awaited an answer to his question. The man stood motionless, but the boy did not urge him with words as most of his kind would have done, but there was a look in his big blue eyes that spoke more forcibly than words.

Finally the man smiled and addressed the boy with:

"Well, sonny, who are you, and why do you wish to shine my shoes?"

"Au, quit yer kiddin' and sit down on the box here so I can earn a nick," answered the boy. "How d'ye s'pose I know who I be. Me pals call me Jerry; so I guess that's who I be."

"How old are you?" questioned the man.

"Huh, I don't know nothin' 'bout that," came the ready reply.

The boy had been working so deftly in the meantime that he had neatly finished his task, and as he arose he spied the steamer "Fairfield," which plies between New York and Richmond, about to pull in at the dock. This meant a rich pull for the boy and he was anxious to get away, but he stopped short, however, with his mouth agape, when the man slipped a crisp two-dollar bill into his hand with a slap on his back, a chuckle, and "keep the change."

This was beyond the boy's wildest dreams; it meant so much in his meager life. His breath was too far gone for speech, and he could only look first at the bill then at the man.

"Take it home to your mother," suggested the man.

"I hain't got none," replied the boy. The man was touched deeply as the boy continued, "I can't take your coin, sir, 'cause when me mother died I told her I wouldn't take nothing that didn't belong to me."

He laid the bill in the man's hand and turned his tear flecked cheek away quickly.

The man took a step toward the boy, and, laying his hand upon his shoulder, told him how the boat would carry them to his beautiful home in Virginia, while the boy listened intently. It was soon arranged that Jerry should make him a visit at once, and if he liked it he could stay as long as he wished. His sole earthly possessions—his shoe-box and papers, he left on the dock.

"What you want me to call yer, sir?" said the boy as they clambered aboard. "Well, you might call me Mr. Long, if you like, Jerry," answered the man with a laugh.

Many things were talked about on the way, mostly new and wonderful to Jerry. While he knew all the intricacies of our great metropolis and many things about men in general unknown to boys of his age, his knowledge of the most simple things of life was absurd. After two days of extreme happiness for Jerry the boat whistled for Richmond. Jerry and his companion landed with the rest, and Jerry again found himself amid familiar surroundings. He was picking out would-be customers on every side.

The pair entered an automobile, and soon broad fields opened up before Jerry's wondering eyes, the like of which he had never seen. An old homestead welcomed him as one of its own. He liked it all, and roamed about over the wide acres of the old farm day after day, entirely free to go and come whenever he chose. Soon a nearby school opened and Jerry attended his first class.

Years sped by, and Jerry grew and developed into a young man of more than ordinary ability in both a physical and mental light.

He had long since been adopted by the "Long" family. Every acquaintance was a friend, now he had completed his high school career with honor and was leaving for college.

His college course began with a triumph when he was elected president of his own freshman class. Jerry showed his worth and proved his prowess in athletics by making the varsity football team the first year. No one loved the game better, nor took defeat worse.

Jerry was playing his second year on the Varsity when the incident occurred which made him forever a hero at his college. His own Alma Mater was playing Knox University, their old-time rival, for the championship. The teams were evenly matched, and after 50 minutes of fierce play the score stood a tie of 12 to 12, with 10 more minutes to play. Each player was straining his every nerve, while in the stands the excitement was intense. Jerry, from his position as full-back, found a weak hole in the Knox line and plowed through, on repeated plunges, to within striking distance of their goal. At last a scant two yards lay between the ball and victory. It was "third down" and the goal to make. The backs held a brief consultation, and the ball was snapped to Jerry. A crash! The line wavered, and a few seconds later Jerry was lying beyond the goal line at the bottom of a pile of grimy players with the ball hugged tightly to his breast. In an instant the Knox captain was seen wildly gesticulating to the referee. Something was wrong. Time was called, the game was over. Would the touchdown hold? The Knox captain claimed the ball had been stopped for an instant in its forward course, and therefore claimed a "hold," one foot from the goal. The referee was fair and just, but undecided; however he was not anxious to overexcite the now frantic crowd. A strange hush fell on both players and spectators, while the opposing captains argued and explained. The Knox captain was wild, but at last he turned and told them all that if Jerry Long would give his own opinion he and his team would be satisfied to accept it as final.

Jerry, breathing hard from his so recent exertions, came slowly forward. Every eye was on him. Suddenly his thoughts returned to a death-bed and a pale face looked into his while the words came slowly but clearly to him: "Never take anything which doesn't belong to you, Jerry!" His jaws set in their characteristic way, and his eyes grew moist, but the words came firmly: "It was a hold; we did not win."

Knox was jubilant, while Jerry's team-mates and friends were silent from the force of the reaction. However, they soon realized what a noble thing it was to do in the heat of a battle like that, and Jerry was lifted from his feet and carried to the dressing rooms amid deafening shouts and cheers.

That evening the team met for its annual banquet. The captain for the following season was elected. When the big center got up and nominated Jerry Long, "the squarcest man in school," no ballot was needed. Again and again that eventful evening "Hip, hip, for Jerry!" was heard, and the nine yells rang out with a will. Jerry, at last, had his reward.

I. J. CORTRIGHT.



## WHEN A COOKING DEMONSTRATOR WAS APPRECIATED.

"Hello, Central. Please give me 4079 J."

"Is this Mr. Richard Grant's office? Oh! is it you Dick? It didn't sound like your voice. Yes, I got your note, but I called to tell you I cannot be at home. Why, Miss Mac Donald chose me to demonstrate at Frankfort tomorrow. Don't say that; I consider it quite an honor to be the one to go. No I shant forget the note. I'll write you from Frankfort. Well, Dick, I wish I could give you the answer you want, but while your parents object I can't. What? On the Michigan Central—Please do not cut us off Central—Yes at 4:30. The carriage is waiting, so good-bye."

The passengers on the Michigan Central line had been looking doubtfully from the windows for an hour or more when the conductor opened the door with a bang and announced, "Well, you may as well make yourselves as comfortable as possible for we're in for it now for several hours at least. The rails are all ice, and even if they weren't the snow's drifted here so high that we couldn't pull through. I guess you can all hear and see for yourselves what the wind is doing."

The passengers squirmed uncomfortably. A portly gentleman got up and walked to the door and started to open it, but a driving blast of snow caused him to use all his strength to close it again. "Well I guess we're in for freezing and starving from the looks outside," he muttered as he walked back to his seat.

A child in the rear of the car whimpered fretfully. The passengers grumbled out criticisms of the road. Then there was silence while everyone turned towards the windows to watch the storm.

Suddenly the man behind the portly gentleman said, "Well, Judge, old man, how much would you give for a good square meal?"

At this, everyone turned from the windows and eyed the speaker. Across the aisle the girl in brown, with eyes that matched, raised her head with interest.

"See here Mac! why do you ask such an outlandish question. Why I'd let the other fellow set his own price of course, that is with my present feelings at least," said the Judge.

"That's too good to be passed up, Judge. I think I'll advertise this interesting want. Who knows what may be hidden under these seats?"

As Mac finished speaking he arose and addressed the passengers: "Ladies and Gentlemen, here's the chance of your lives. This gentleman here, who is well able to keep his promise, offers any of his possessions to the one who will give him a square meal."

The girl in brown, across the aisle, now got up and with flushed face walked to the front of the car. From a suitcase she took several packages and a chafing-dish. Using an empty seat for a table, she placed the chafing-dish upon it, and then in a quiet tone asked the conductor to bring a panful of clean snow. The snow was brought and soon melted. The contents of several packages were emptied into

the chafing-dish and soon an appetizing odor filled the car.

The storm was becoming a secondary thing now, for the figure in brown was the central attraction. But listen! She is speaking—"Fellow passengers, at this minute I am due to give a cooking demonstration at the Farmers' Institute at Frankfort. But since I am delayed you all may as well get the benefit of the food that I was going to use in the demonstration. First, bring that hungry baby here and then I shall serve the rest in order."

A silver drinking cup and a spoon were the only available articles to serve with, but everyone awaited his or her turn patiently as the girl passed among the hungry crowd.

The Judge came last, and after emptying the third cupful remarked to Mac, "Well I'm thinking that if this young lady hadn't of come to our rescue we'd all be cannibals by this time, and ready to devour each other."

"That's about right, Judge, but it's high time you were settling your obligation," laughed the man from behind.

"You scoundrel," muttered the Judge, but turning to the young lady he said, "Miss, I really do feel greatly indebted to you, and any service that I can do for you would not half pay my debt."

The brown eyes looked straight at the Judge, then in hesitating tones came the reply, "You are welcome, sir, but since your title leads me to think you a person of very great judgment I am tempted to ask you one favor. I have no father nor mother, and would you please advise me on a very perplexing matter?"

"Just in my line," responded the Judge. "Nothing could give me more pleasure."

So an appointment was made for the following day.

It was late the next day when the train reached Frankfort, but at the appointed time the girl in brown met the judge. She drew a letter nervously from her bag and handed it to him.

"I am wanting advice as to the answer I ought to make to this letter," she said.

The judge's eyebrows lifted suddenly as he glanced at the writing. After reading the letter to the end he said, "According to custom all evidence must be in before the court decides a case. What has the plaintiff to say for herself?"

"Only this, sir, I care for him a great deal."

"Well, then, sit right down and write that young rascal, that having submitted the matter to the court a verdict was given in his favor. And here's the seal of my office to seal the whole affair."

Glancing at the seal she noticed that the judge's name was Grant, and it was with a flushed face that she thanked him.

DORA L. SLOAN.

## THE INIQUITY OF THE FATHERS.

"Do hurry, Ellen! My curls look all right. Now please let me go, for I want to hurry and wake mama, 'cause we're going Christmas shopping this morning; mama promised me we would." A strange light of pity shone in the nurse's eyes as she gently tied the big bow

on the brown curls and caressingly patted the soft cheek.

"I wouldn't wake mama yet, Miss Virginia. She was out at the ball last night, you know. Your papa left word that you were to come to him in the library as soon as you were dressed. So hurry along, dear, and see what he wants." As the child went out of the door she murmured sadly, "Poor lamb, it's little she knows what is ahead of her, and she so innocent."

The child skipped merrily down the corridor. When she came to her mother's door she softly pushed it open and cautiously tiptoed up to the bed. It was empty. "Maybe mama is waiting with papa and we're all going shopping together. Oh, goody, goody!"

With flying feet she ran down stairs and into the library. Her father sat alone by the window, with such a gray, stern look on his face that she hesitated in sudden fear. He held out his arms without a word, and with instinctive understanding she suddenly threw herself into them and began to cry bitterly. Motionless the two sat until the child's crying became more subdued, when the man began to talk to her in a curiously strained, husky voice. He told her as gently as he could how her mama had left them last night because she no longer loved them, how she must never speak of her again to anyone but him, and last of all how she must try to be a good girl, better than ever before, to make up for the wrong her mama had done. The child, suddenly grown strangely mature, nestled closer in his arms and whispered, "We'll be good together, won't we papa, and we'll never, never forget mama."

From that time the two became the closest of companions. Tears would often spring to people's eyes as they passed the two walking together hand in hand, and heard the child quaintly talking of the mother whom they never were going to forget.

One day she was invited to a party at the house of the little girl who had always been her chosen friend. She was having such fun in a game of Blind Man's Buff, when she suddenly heard whispers behind her which sent the crimson to her face.

"I'm not going to be Virginia's chum any more, 'cause she's got an 'evil heritage,' I heard my mama say so."

"I'm not going to play with her either," said a little boy's voice. "'cause I heard my father and mother talking 'bout something awful that her mother had done, so I don't think she is a very nice girl."

When Virginia went home that night her father noticed her flushed cheeks and unnaturally bright eyes. Finally, with gentle questioning, he learned the entire story, and throughout his whole being he quivered with the pain of it. He soothed the little girl as best he could, and when she gave him his good-night kiss their friendship was cemented firmer than before.

So Virginia grew into a sensitive, reserved girl, with no close companion except her father. They often talked of her mother, of whom at long intervals they heard, and who was apparently well and happy. At such times the girl would say: "She doesn't need us now, daddy, but when she does we must not fail her." And her father, without answering, would stare fixedly at the fire.

At last it came time for her to go away to college. It seemed as if they neither could undergo the ordeal of parting, and the only comfort for either was the hope that Virginia would at last have a chance to make young friends who would be unprejudiced, for the people among whom she was going would know nothing of her mother's shame.

The first few weeks were a revelation to her. Barring the sorrow she felt at leaving her father, she had never been so happy since the great sorrow had come into her life. The girls were so dear to her and she was already beginning to love them. One afternoon she danced down the hall to get some of them to share with her a great box which her father had sent her. As she stopped at Helen's door a voice, clear and girlish, came to her over the transom:

"No, girls, I like Virginia awfully well, but I would never be willing to take her into the sorority knowing what we do of her mother. You never can tell,—and I believe we ought to first consider the good of our sorority and the girls who have made it what it is."

Once more Virginia became quiet and reserved, and now she no longer had her father's companionship to help her. She would not hurt him by telling what had happened, but at the first vacation he read it in her face, and though neither said a word each knew that the other understood.

In her last year at college came the hardest blow of all. Her father was killed in a railroad accident. A distant cousin came to live with the lonely girl, and so her life went on, painted in darkest colors. She began to think herself one of the chosen few who were never to know happiness, and so when the love of a man came into her life it seemed to her nothing less than a miracle, especially when he seemed to love her the more after hearing the story of her mother. The morning after he had told her of his love, for the first time, she awoke with a thrill of joy. To-night he was coming for his answer, and she knew in her heart what this answer was to be.

As the servant ushered him into the library where she stood waiting, he thought she had never seemed so beautiful before. He was almost afraid of her, she was so cold and white, but with confidence in what her answer was to be, he at once asked the question which meant so much to them both. She was still for a moment, and then in a voice she herself scarcely recognized as her own she uttered the single word, "No." Impetuously he started to speak, but she motioned for him to be silent. Then in the same quiet, unemotional voice, "My mother came this afternoon. She is ill and needs me. Since I was a child I have always vowed if this time ever came I would not fail her." As he again started to speak, "You must understand. It would be impossible now. Oh, please, please go and don't make it any harder for me." As the door closed behind him she sank into a chair before the fire and hid her face, as sob after sob shook her slender body.

E. CHAMBERLIN.

With '02.

Mr. H. H. Whitely, with above class, is located at Millersburg, Mich., where he edits the *Presque Isle County News*.



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**ABOUT THE CAMPUS**

There are several additions to the  
teaching force this term.

Two pleasant vacation parties  
were held in the Union Literary  
Building.

LOST.—A silver hunting-case  
watch. Finder please leave at sec-  
retary's office.

So far the enrollment in the short  
courses promises even larger classes  
than last year.

Familiar faces serve to liven up  
the campus again after a couple of  
weeks of loneliness.

Capt. Fuger was called to Detroit  
Sunday by the death of his father-  
in-law. He will be back the last of  
the week.

In this week's RECORD we print  
a few of the many good stories pre-  
pared and handed in in English  
work last term.

M. L. Ireland, '01, now with the  
United States army at Frankfort  
arsenal, Philadelphia, writes: "I  
am much disappointed to learn from  
the review of the football season  
that the best team we have ever had  
has failed to receive the enthusiastic  
support that it deserved. If this is  
the situation don't ask 'why?' some  
day when you find that we have a  
poor team. As an example of what  
support can do, look at the victory  
of the army over the navy this year,  
just because every man at West  
Point and all of the army were be-  
hind the team, and they knew it,  
although the navy had been picked  
to win."

The soft weather has spoiled the  
skating rink on the athletic field.

There was good skating on the  
river above the dam during vacation.

Prof. and Mrs. Newman are now  
living in their new home on College  
Heights.

C. S. Williamson, former instruc-  
tor in chemistry at M. A. C., is  
now proprietor of the Williamson  
laboratories at Columbia, Tenn.  
He does an analytical and consult-  
ing business.

The Lufkin Rule Company, of  
Saginaw, Mich., has donated to the  
Forestry Dept. a complete exhibit  
of their log rules, measuring tapes,  
dip rules and lumber gauges. The  
same will be placed on exhibit at  
the Forestry Department.

The four hospital cottages back  
of the Bacteriological Building are  
now well toward completion. Each  
one will contain four nicely fur-  
nished rooms and will contain all  
modern conveniences for treating  
communicable diseases. They will  
be connected from the college heat-  
ing system.

Professor Pettit of the Entomo-  
logical department has received  
from Francis Kiefer, Forester '08,  
with the U. S. Forest Service,  
stationed at the Arkansas National  
Forest, Mena, Arkansas, several  
very good samples of short-leaf pine  
infested with dendroctonus frontalis.  
The specimens have been placed in  
cages to mature the insects. These  
will be used for experimental pur-  
poses.

**EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL  
MEETING.**

Michigan Improved Livestock Breeders'  
and Feeders' Association

AT THE COLLEGE JAN. 12-13.

The eighteenth annual meeting of  
the Michigan Improved Livestock  
Breeders' and Feeders' Association  
will be held at the college Tuesday  
and Wednesday of next week.  
Tuesday afternoon will be given  
over to the sectional meetings  
which will hold their sessions at 2  
p. m. in the various college build-  
ings.

At five o'clock, Tuesday, a union  
meeting of all sections will be held  
in the college armory, at which  
Dr. Marshall and Prof. Shaw will  
speak on topics of interest to all  
livestock growers.

At 7:30 p. m. a luncheon will be  
served in the dining hall of the  
Women's building.

Wednesday's program will be as  
follows:

MORNING SESSION 9:00 A. M. IN COL-  
LEGE ARMORY.

President's Address ..... Robert Gibbons.  
Report of Secretary  
Report of Treasurer

Address, "The Improvement of Live  
Stock," ..... H. H. Dean,  
Professor of Dairy Husbandry,  
Ontario Agricultural College.

Address, "Bovine Tuberculosis and Its  
Economic Bearing,"

Dr. C. E. Marshall,  
Michigan Agricultural College.

Address, "Methods of Eradication of  
Bovine Tuberculosis," J. J. Ferguson,  
Animal Food Department, Swift & Co.

Discussion on Tuberculosis.

Led by H. H. Hinds, President State  
Live Stock Sanitary Commission.

AFTERNOON SESSION, 1:30 P. M.

Address, "Beef Production in the Corn  
Belt," ..... Director E. A. Burnett,  
Nebraska Experiment Station.

Address, "Benefits of Improved Blood  
to the General Farmer,"

G. Arthur Bell,  
U. S. Bureau of Animal Husbandry.

The following associations will  
hold sectional meetings Tuesday  
p. m.: Mich. Horse Breeders'  
Ass'n; Mich. Shorthorn Breeders'  
Ass'n; Holstein Friesian Ass'n, of  
Mich.; Mich. Jersey Cattle Club;  
Mich. Guernsey Cattle Club; Mich.  
Red Polled Breeder's Ass'n; Mich.  
Merino Sheep Breeders' Ass'n;  
Mich. Oxford Down Sheep Breed-  
ers' Ass'n; Mich. Berkshire Ass'n;  
Mich. Duroc-Jersey Breeders'  
Ass'n and the Mich. Poland China  
Breeders' Ass'n.

Mr. E. I. Wilcox, of the class of  
'08, and at present manager of the  
Beaver Valley Farm, Cedar Falls,  
Iowa, was a caller at the college last  
week. Mr. Wilcox is filling a re-  
sponsible position on this farm, and  
is being entrusted with the entire  
oversight of the farm work as well  
as the management of the Holstein-  
Friesian herd of cattle kept thereon.  
He says he likes his work and is get-  
ting along well.



## SOCIETY OFFICERS.

The following society officers have been elected for the coming term:

## PHI DELTA.

President—L. C. Smith.  
Warden—L. T. Burrett.  
Secretary—J. A. Miller.  
Treasurer—E. H. Gunnison.  
Marshal—R. S. Colby.  
RECORD Editor—C. Lemmon.

## EUNOMIAN.

President—A. L. Sobey.  
Vice President—W. G. May.  
Secretary—W. R. Walker.  
Treasurer—C. C. Waterman.  
RECORD Editor—J. W. Chapin.  
Marshal—Jas. Brody.

## ENGINEERING SOCIETY.

President—W. H. Hartman.  
Vice President—F. F. Burroughs.  
Secretary—C. C. Waterman.  
Treasurer—A. P. Pulling.  
Press Reporter—A. M. Miller.  
Member of Executive Board—L. W. Dougherty.

## ECLECTIC.

President—B. B. Pratt.  
Vice President—W. N. Moss.  
Secretary—R. L. Taylor.  
Treasurer—V. G. Anderson.  
Marshal—C. H. Dickinson.  
Librarian—G. G. Cover.  
RECORD Editor—G. H. Collingwood.

## UNION LITERARY.

President—J. S. Welles.  
Vice President—J. W. Knecht.  
Secretary—M. V. Cogsdill.  
Treasurer—F. S. Barrows.  
RECORD Editor—A. M. Berridge.  
Registrar—H. R. Bates.  
Janitor—G. S. Dimmick.

## ALPHA ZETA.

Chancellor—G. A. Gilbert.  
Censor—C. H. Spurway.  
Scribe—J. A. Mitchell.  
Treasurer—R. W. Taylor.  
Historian—W. Postiff.

## SORORIAN.

President—Mary Allen.  
Vice President—Ethel Childs.  
Secretary—Mae Walker.  
Treasurer—Lucile Stout.  
Marshal—Marjorie Atchison.

## THEMIAN.

President—Florence Hall.  
Vice President—Lucile Carney.  
Secretary—Evelyn Kopf.  
Treasurer—Virginia Langworthy.  
Corresponding Secretary—Harriet Weston.

RECORD Correspondent—Avis Lilly.  
Marshal—Grace Bacon.

## DELPHIC.

President—George Brault.  
Vice President—H. H. Barnum.  
Secretary—D. F. Fisher.  
Treasurer—A. G. Bovay.

## ERO ALPHIAN.

President—Catherine E. Koch.  
Vice President—Minnie Johnson.  
Secretary—Elizabeth Schneider.  
Treasurer—Catherine Benham.  
Marshal—Marjory Hoyt.  
RECORD Editor—Barbara Van Hulen.

## OLYMPIC.

President—R. C. Rudzinski.  
Vice President—R. S. Wheeler.  
Secretary—F. E. Barlow.  
Treasurer—W. F. Raithel.  
RECORD Editor—I. D. MacLachlan.  
Marshal—H. S. Peterson.

## COLUMBIAN.

President—A. J. Hutchins.  
Vice President—O. L. Snow.  
Secretary—S. A. Martin.  
Treasurer—O. G. Anderson.  
Marshal—E. G. Potter.

## NOTICE

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Vice President—Ruth Minogue.  
Secretary—Missie Bennett.  
Treasurer—Ruth Moore.  
Janitress—Mary Pennington.

## HESPERIAN.

President—Chas. Dunlap.  
Vice President—Nelson B. Hubbard.  
Secretary—R. H. Gillam.  
Treasurer—R. W. Sloss.  
Registrar—W. I. Millar.  
RECORD Editor—Raymond R. Pailthorp.

## MR. SMITH.

Harry Smith, junior at Yale, was exceedingly bored. His room mate had gone home for the holiday vacation and left him, with several other fellows whose families were traveling or otherwise occupied, to spend a lonely Christmas at the Fraternity house. He knocked the ashes from his pipe, yawned, thrust his hands into his pockets and sauntered to the window.

Outside, the snow was falling lightly, covering roof, tree and shrub with a soft blanket of down. At the street corners the arc lights were beginning to come on, flashing suddenly and then subsiding into a steady glow. People were hurrying past with their arms full of bundles. A shivering messenger boy pulled his book from his pocket and paused under the light to read the address. Harry watched him hurry past the window.

Suddenly a sharp ring came at the door. "Telegram for you, Smith," called someone from the next room. Harry hurried out into the hall, welcoming any interruption of the monotony. He tore open the envelope and read the contents.

"Come to New York tonight 8:11 for Christmas. Can't meet you myself—will send machine. Signed, James Bettes."

"Rah! Rah! Yale!" shouted Harry. "Isn't Jim a prince? But I wonder how he is going to manage it, with his sister's house party coming off at the same time. Gad! I have less than an hour to get ready in," and he rushed off to fling a dress-suit, tooth brush and his three favorite pipes into a suit case.

Harry stepped out of the depot and across the walk. A solitary man stood beside a machine.

"Mr. Smith?" he said, raising his hat.

"Yes," said Harry giving him his suit case and stepping into the car.

(Concluded in next week's issue.)

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## PHYSICIANS.

DR. H. W. LANDON. Office and residence M. A. C. Office hours from 7 to 8:30 a. m. and 12:30 to 2 and 6:30 to 8 p. m. Sunday office hours, 4 to 5 and 7 to 8 p. m. New phone 1500.

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