

THE SPECULUM.

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The Class Scrap.

[EXTRACT FROM CLASS POEM WRITTEN BY M. G. KAINS.]

'Tis only a fragment 'bout a scrap
Twixt ninety-five and six,
Where sophs and freshmen pitted met
And mud and glory mixed,
At eight P. M. the air was still—
A calm before a gale—
But a yelling, surging, struggling mob
Soon filled the little vale
Before Wells Hall, where scraps are fought
From the nature of the ground.
A hollow—trees upon the north,
Upon the south a mound.
The fresh rushed down with yell and hoot,
But sophs are little fluster'd.
They peppered and assulted them
Where e'er the sophs were muster'd.
In deadly lock, like battle shock
The combatants united.
They rent their waistcoats, tore their shirts
And thus their bodies lighted.
But in the heat, and dust and noise,
That from the combat grew,
Some freshmen hied to the hydrant
And its cold stream brought them to.
"Get up and dust," the sophs command.
Was there a soph left bucking?
No! Each one went to grab the hose
And give the fresh a ducking.
But why dilate on this dire event,
In '93 they struck it,
Its participation turned them pale,
Though no one "kicked the bucket."
Some sophs were off that awful night,
I don't know why they strayed,
But if they shunned the fray, alas!
They must have been afraid.
Now both the classes live in peace
And quarrels ne'er are picking,
And though each boldly says, "We beat,"
Each knows it had a licking.

Patriotism for America.

FIRST PRIZE ORATION AT ORATORICAL CONTEST, OCT. 25, 1895.

Every man leads a duplicate life—a public and a private. In his domestic relations he owes certain bounden duties to

the family; as a citizen, certain specific obligations to the country are his incumbency. All civic virtues exercised in fulfilling these obligations are included under the generic name patriotism.

Patriotism means love of country. "Fatherland," says Cicero, "is the common parent of us all." It is the paternal home extended, the family reaching out to the city, the province, the country. We love the soil in which our fathers sleep, the land of our birth. When Dom Pedro died in Paris, he was laid to his last rest on Brazilian soil which he had carried away with him for that purpose. We have a peculiar affection for our fellow countrymen. Let a citizen from Maine meet another from California on the shores of the Bosphorus or on the banks of the Tiber, and they will, at once, forget that at home they lived thousands of miles apart. State lines are obliterated, party differences laid aside, religious antipathy disregarded. They warmly clasp hands, unmindful of all save that they are fellow Americans, compatriots of the land over which floats the star-spangled banner.

Yet, public spirit embraces not only love of soil and fellow citizens, but also attachment to the laws, institutions and government of one's country; admiration for the authors, statesmen and heroes who have contributed to its renown. It includes farther, earnestness in the maintenance of those sacred principles that secure to the citizen his freedom of conscience, united with determination to consecrate his life, if necessary, to the defense of his native land.

Such a spirit finds outward expression in respect for the flag that symbolizes the nation. It has been said that it is only when an American travels abroad that he realizes how deep-rooted is his love for

his native country. The sentiment of patriotism which may be latent at home is aroused and quickened in foreign lands. The sight of an American flag flying from the mast of a ship in mid-ocean or in some foreign port awakens unwonted emotion and enthusiasm.

Although at times dormant, patriotism is an universal sentiment.

"Breathes there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
'This is my own, my native land!'"

In the soldier, patriotism has inspired the most heroic deeds of courage and self-sacrifice. The victories of Deborah, Judith, and Gideon, achieved for God and country, are recorded with praise in the sacred Scripture. The stand of Leonidas in the pass of Thermopylae with his three hundred Spartans against the million Persians of Xerxes is a commonplace of history.

To the patriot, success in war does not, as might be supposed, create a desire for higher honors. The three calls of Cincinnatus to the dictatorship from the cultivation of his Sabine farm, his three triumphs over the enemies of the republic, kindled not in his breast the fire of political ambition. When the foe was repelled and his country needed him no longer, he laid down the sword of command for the plow, left the duties of camp for the quiet of his rural homestead, just as did in later times, he whose grave hallows the hillside of Mount Vernon.

A certain philosophical school has taught that love of country has its origin in physical comfort. But is it not true that one's country becomes dear in proportion to the suffering endured for it? Have not the sacrifices of our wars developed the patriotism of the American? In fact, it is the most suffering and persecuted races that are endowed with the deepest patriotism. We may even go so far as to say, the rougher the soil, the harsher the climate and the greater the material privations of the land, the more intense is the love of the inhabitants for it. Witness the Irish peasant, the Scotch on their rugged highlands,

the Swiss in their narrow valleys and on their steep mountain sides; are not they the classic models of patriotism? Nay, the Esquimau, amid the perpetual snows that hide from his eyes every green spot of earth, "loves his home nor dreams of fairer."

So patriotism is not a sentiment born of material and physical well-being; it is a sentiment that the poverty and the discomforts of life do not diminish. The truth is, it is a rational instinct placed by the Creator in the breast of man. When God made man a social being, he gave him a sentiment that urges him to sacrifice himself for his family and his country.

Love of country, which is fundamentally an ethical sentiment, existed as such in all nations even before Christian revelation was given to the world, but has been elevated, ennobled and perfected by Christianity. Patriotism, in non-Christian times and races, inspired heroism even to death. Christian patriotism may not do more, but Christianity has given to patriotism and to the sacrifices it demands nobler motives and higher ideals. If the virtue of patriotism was held in such esteem by pagan Greece and Rome, guided only by the light of reason, how much more should it be cherished by our Christian nation, instructed as we are by the voice of Revelation. As Gibbon has said: "The founder of the Christian religion has ennobled and sanctified loyalty to country by the influence of his example and the force of his teaching."

Impressed as we are with a profound sense of the blessings which our system of government bestows upon us, we have a corresponding dread lest these should be withdrawn. But the greatest blessings are liable to be perverted. Our republic, while retaining its form and name, may sink into most odious tyranny, and the irresponsible despotism of the multitude is the more terrible because the more difficult to shake off.

History teaches by example. Note the Roman republic and the cause of its downfall. That republic prospered as long as the citizens practiced simplicity

of life and the civil magistrates administered even-handed justice. Avarice and ambition proved its ruin. The avarice of the poor was fed by the bribery of the rich, and the ambition of the rich was gratified by the votes of the poor.

The history of the Roman republic and of the Roman empire should be a warning to us. Our Christian civilization gives us no immunity from political corruption and disaster. Even now we hear echoed from every hand the ominous cry of election frauds, ballot pollution, legislative corruption.

The ballot-box is the sacred fountain-head of our civil freedom and of our national life. He who pollutes this fountain is only less criminal than the traitor who fights against his country with a foreign invader. We are too prone to look upon the privileges of voting as an inherent and inalienable right. But it is more than this. It is a solemn and sacred trust to be used in strict accordance with the intentions of the authority from which it emanates. When a citizen exercises his honest judgment in casting his vote, he is making a legitimate use of the prerogative confided in him. But when he sell or barter his vote, when he disposes of it to the highest bidder like a merchantable commodity, then he is clearly violating his trust and degrading his citizenship.

The result of the purchase of votes is evident: the sovereignty is no longer vested in the people, but in wealthy corporations and political demagogues; money instead of merit becomes the requisite of success; the election is determined, not by personal fitness and integrity of the candidate, but by the length of his own or his patron's purse; and the aspirant owes his victory, not to the votes of his constituents, but to the grace of some political boss.

Great as these evils appear, yet it becomes much more serious when the very fountains of our legislation have become polluted. When the hand of bribery is extended to our municipal, state, and national legislators; when our

law-makers become the pliant tools of some selfish and greedy capitalist, instead of subserving the interests of the people: then, indeed, all patriotic citizens have reason to be alarmed about the future of our country. Under such conditions there is danger that the better class of citizens will lose heart and absent themselves from the polls; that they will despair of carrying out a popular form of government; and there will result political disintegration or revolution.

I say, there is danger that such a deplorable state will ensue, and deep indeed would be our concern were it not for the fact the American people are not easily discouraged; neither are they prone to political stagnation, or to revolution outside the lines of legitimate reform. They are cheerful and hopeful, because they are conscious of their strength; and well they may be when they reflect on the century of ordeals through which they have triumphantly passed. They are vigilant because they are liberty loving, and they know, "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." They are an enlightened and practical people, therefore quick to detect and prompt to resist the first inroads of corruption. They know well how to apply the antidote to the political distemper of the hour, and have elasticity of mind and heart to rise to the occasion. They will never suffer the stately temple of the constitution to be overthrown, but will hasten to strengthen the foundation where it is undermined, to repair every breach and to readjust every stone of the glorious edifice.

But while America never called for defenders and found them wanting, while there are today men who would willingly sacrifice themselves upon the altar of devotion to country to uphold America's freedom, greatness, and glory, yet it is no less the duty of every citizen, even in times of peace, to foster this spirit of patriotism and to uphold and defend our national institutions. Our nation needs more of this passionate spirit of patriotism. The remedy for our political

troubles lies in the intelligence and the conscientiousness of the people. Amendments to constitutions and laws may do much, but they will not reach the root of the evil. As the disease is partly political and partly moral, so must be the cure. It is the hearts and minds of the electors that must be appealed to; so that, "With our individual hearts, strong in love for country, strong in faith for God, shall our nation," as Curtis has said, "leave to coming generations a heritage of freedom, and law, and religion, and truth more glorious than the world has known before."

A Plea for the Single Tax.

SECOND PRIZE ORATION BY M. W. STUTZ.

Before any policy that will produce a change in existing conditions is adopted, it is the duty of every person in any way responsible for the adoption of that policy, to enquire into and to thoroughly understand the effects which that policy will produce upon the community over which its influence extends. It should also be the duty of such persons to ascertain if existing conditions are wrong, also if the proposed conditions are right, and finally whether the effect produced will be great enough to warrant an interference with present conditions.

In accordance with this principle let us enquire into the nature of the single tax. What is the single tax? It is a tax on land values irrespective of improvements. In other words it is a rent demanded by the government for the use of land. The government thus becomes the virtual land holder, the user of the land, the virtual tenant. If any third party comes between these two, it will be as the owner of the improvements on the land, not as the owner of the land itself.

Leaving now the discussion of the proposed method of taxation, we will enquire into the present method, to see if there is any need of a change in these methods. Most assuredly there is. The tariff question is as far from being settled to-

day as in the days of nullification. No tariff schedule, be it ever so carefully constructed, can be so made as to fulfill (for more than ten or fifteen years at the very best) the purposes for which it was designed. Not only would the progress of the nation materially change the conditions, but the law itself would become so haggled and mutilated by evasions and loop holes, that its own author would be unable to recognize it. It necessarily follows, therefore, that at the end of certain periods the law must either be revised or replaced by a new one. It also follows, if the theory of protection has any value at all, that every change or attempted change in the tariff laws will produce a feeling of uncertainty in the industrial interests of the nation, until it is definitely known what the change will be and when it will take effect. This feeling of uncertainty is productive of great loss and disaster in the industrial and business world, directly proportioned to the radicalness of the change proposed. Do what we will, we still unavoidably have, under the present system, these recurring periods of uncertainty, and their consequent distress and activity.

But there is a still more important reason for abolishing the present method. It is manifestly unjust. The inevitable effect of all tariffs is to throw the burden of government where it can least be borne. It is impossible to frame a tariff so as to throw the burden of government upon the millionaire and the workingman in just proportion, much less to apportion it equitably among the laboring classes. Where then is the justice of longer continuing it?

The single tax on the other hand presents no such injustice. For, starting with the principle that all land belongs to the people, not to sell or dispose of, but to have the use of while they live, it follows that the rent of the land over and above the cost of maintaining the government, should go back to the real owners, the people. And the task of distributing this amount among the people so as to equalize the cost of government, would

be a comparatively easy one beside the attempt to do so under the present difficult and imperfect methods of putting a higher tariff upon luxuries than upon necessities.

Nor would this require any radical change in the present system. Herbert Spencer says regarding such a change, "The change required would simply be a change of landlords. Separate ownership would merge into the joint stock ownership of the public. Instead of being in the possession of individuals, the country would be held by the great corporate body,—society. Instead of leasing his acres from an isolated proprietor, the farmer would lease them from the nation. Instead of paying his rent to an agent of Sir John or his grace, he would pay it to an agent or deputy agent of the community. Stewards would be public officials instead of private ones, and tenancy the only land tenure."

This system is not only practicable, it is economical as well. Under it, all our taxes could be collected by but a few more officers than is now required to collect the taxes levied by the individual states alone. Thus our whole system of custom house officers could be dispensed with. Again, owing to the easier access to be had to the use of land, wages would advance to the amount which each laborer could make by working independently. It is a well known economic principle that the country in which the highest wages are paid, can manufacture relatively most cheaply. We would therefore have no need of protecting our manufacturers, or if such protection would be thought necessary, it could be given far more equitably by the bounty system than by the tariff system.

But the greatest evil of our present system is the private ownership of land. How can all men be free and equal as long as a portion of them are allowed the possession of that upon which our very lives depend, while the remainder are deprived of it entirely? Is it not apparent to all that when men are cut off from the means of subsistence which nature has

given them, that they are compelled to struggle for the work which the capitalist or the land owner is willing to give them? Can we not see that when the whole of the land is monopolized by a portion of the people, that the rest are virtually their slaves? If we cannot see this, let us read the pages of history and there see the fate of those nations who did not see it.

If then our system is so unjust, is it safe to longer continue it? Was there ever any system founded on injustice that custom could make right? By no means. If so, the system of human slavery would have far more claim to be right than the system of private ownership of land. For slavery has been in existence ever since the earliest dawn of history, while private ownership of land has been the product of civilization. Is it consistent in us, who aim to make justice and liberty the very essence of our government, to build our whole fabric on an unjust foundation? Is it not at least unwise? Know we not that upon justice and justice alone depends the permanency of our institutions? That without justice or government no justice can stand? The great work of all our noblest men has been to secure justice and equal rights to all. Let us follow in their footsteps and destroy this greatest of all unjust systems, a system which is at the very bottom of all the social evils which so perplex our statesmen, and yet a system that has been so instilled by custom into the minds of the masses as the very essence of justice and equality, that until recently but very few ever thought of questioning its equity or its usefulness.

The single tax is not a system directed against the interests of the majority, it is quite the contrary. 'Tis true that if this system were to be put into effect to its fullest extent, the land holder would be the losers. But the farmers who are not land holders, the workmen, the manufacturers, all would be benefited. The value of land would immediately fall to the value of the improvements upon it. As there would be no incentive to specu-

lation, land that is now idle would be thrown open to improvement. Farms that are now too large to obtain the greatest benefit, would be reduced in size. Thus the laborer who is out of employment would have much easier access to land, while the manufacturer could more easily gain a place on which to build his factory. Thus the number of laborers who are out of employment would be reduced from both sides, while the vast amount of money accruing from the rent of the land could be distributed among the people or invested for the common good. Who can say that he would not be benefitted by this change? No man need starve under these conditions. Every man who is willing to work would be able to find employment and would receive the full compensation for his labor. Even the land holder who was at first the loser would be a sharer in the general welfare.

But we turn from this picture of national prosperity, and look at our nation as it is today. In spite of our free institutions, our fertile land, our broad extent of territory, our diversified climate and industries, the same dark cloud of social troubles is rising over our fair land, that is now overshadowing the countries of the old world. Across the face of that cloud the hand of doom is writing poverty, crime, disloyalty, socialism, anarchy. These are not the vague fears of a pessimist but realities. Some of them are here now, some of them are coming. Men and women are starving, not only for lack of food but for the lack of God's fresh air and sunlight which he has made for all. Frail girls are compelled to work away their lives in our sweat-shops, for a mere pittance. Delicate women are compelled to rub their fingers to the very bone in washing filthy garments that could just as well be washed by steam. The industrial armies that a little more than a year ago were marching to Washington, are but the signs of the growth of paternalism. Strikes and riots are but the impulsive action of oppressed men against a tyranny which they can

feel but not see. And anarchy will ensue if justice is too long withheld.

But must this be? Must it be that as civilization advances, poverty must increase, and the struggle for existence become keener and keener? Must there be starvation in sight of the palace, want in a land where famine is unknown? Must this government established by our fathers dedicated by their prayers and consecrated by their blood, be swallowed up in anarchism, and the name of the greatest nation on earth become a word of mockery and of scorn? No! we will grant to men their rights. We will establish a system founded on justice and thus make all men, in deed as well as in name, free and equal. Then the clouds which hang over us so threateningly will roll away and the sunshine that will follow will be all the brighter for their having o'ershadowed us.

From My Wanderings in Europe.

JOHN M. BARNAY, DELTA TAU DELTA FRATERNITY.

In describing my experiences during my wanderings, I shall give them in the same order in which they presented themselves to me.

Budapest is our starting point. It is a city of half a million inhabitants, situated on the banks of the Danube river. On the west the river is skirted by a line of wood fringed hills, rising close to the water's edge; while on the east there is a level stretch of land affording ample space for the city to spread. The river itself is large, and deep enough here to admit of being navigated by smaller ocean steamers, such as may come up from the Black Sea.

Budapest being the capitol of Hungary the king resides here during part of the year. His palace stands on the summit of a hill rising from the edge of the water, and commands a fine view of the surrounding country.

The city is an industrial center of no small importance. Immense quantities of grain are constantly being handled by

the numerous flour mills and grain elevators, and the facilities for storing and shipping grain and flour are a constant source of admiration to all travelers.

Budapest is a modern city in more than one respect. It has had an electric street car system in operation since 1888—a system using underground feeders exclusively, thus avoiding the unsightly and dangerous trolley.

The site on which the city is built was once occupied by the Romans. Remains of a city built by them, are at present being excavated just outside the city limits, at government expense.

There is an old, imposing looking fort on the summit of the steepest hill by the river, a remnant of the fortifications of olden times. It is of little use now, except that it shelters a detachment of soldiers stationed there. Speaking of soldiers, the hussars are not to be passed by without mention. The hussar regiments are composed of the most splendidly built men of the nation, and it is a thrilling sight to behold them dashing forth on their fiery steeds, dressed in the full splendor of their dazzling uniforms. Petted as they are by the people, it is no wonder they look down somewhat disdainfully upon their comrades of the infantry.

Before leaving Budapest, we learn that it is now just one thousand years since the Hungarian nation migrated from Central Asia; conquered the countries then existing within the present boundaries of Hungary, and established a kingdom on European soil. In commemoration of this event, there is an international exhibition to be held in Budapest in 1896.

We will now take one of the commodious steamers plying between Budapest and Vienna. Swiftly we pass on, gazing with interest upon the many points of historical interest, pointed out by the obliging officers of the steamer. Often our eyes rest with admiration upon some beautiful bit of scenery, ever changing until, after a trip of about twelve hours we arrive at the landing in Vienna.

Until a few years ago Vienna had been

surrounded by a strong wall, outside of which there was a deep trench. This trench could in case of necessity be filled with water, making it impossible to enter the city otherwise, than through one of the gates over a heavy drawbridge. On account of the rapid growth of the population, and the corresponding extension of the city limits, these relics of troublous times had to give way to buildings serving a better purpose.

There are other works of a respectable age in the city. The emperor's palace was built in the seventeenth century; new additions, however, are built to it periodically. St. Stephen's cathedral, whose tower is one of the highest in Europe was built even before the former.

But let us look at some of the new buildings. Let us walk along the "Ringstrasse," that famous boulevard and take them in succession: The Rathhaus, the Parliament, the Burg-Theater, the National Art Gallery, and the Royal Opera House, as many masterpieces of architecture fit to adorn one of the grandest boulevards of Europe.

There is a large number of soldiers garrisoned in the city, and with soldiers in abundance the gayety of the capital is assured. For, not unlike university students, they are a jolly set. There are some classes of establishments in the capitals of Europe that owe their existence almost exclusively to officers of the army. The cafes are largely supported by them. Here they congregate generally after dinner, to spend some hours in playing billiards, a game of cards, or perhaps discuss the latest ballet at the opera house, the races, taking a sip of black coffee or some iced drink occasionally. For the summer months, tables and chairs are set out on the sidewalk. Sitting at one of these tables one has the best possible position for viewing the surging tide of humanity continuously passing to and fro.

The most popular park in Vienna is the "Prater," and no better place could be selected for studying the people of Vienna than this. Sunday afternoon is the time when the "Prater" can be seen

at its best. Then you can see the common soldier in faultlessly fitting uniform, out for a walk with some nursemaid of very impressive appearance, as regards dress. German nurses in general would be regarded as a perfect sideshow, if seen on the streets of our American cities. A stiffly starched eccentric head-dress, a flaring skirt showing part of the blue stockings, a dazzlingly white apron, and high heeled shoes are parts of the make up of a nurse.

Vienna is famous for its trim and neat looking hacks, and not less for the smart looking fellows that dominate over them. In no other city have I seen them wear white shirt fronts, patent leather shoes and silk hats, as these noble sons of the city do. Indeed in most of the capitals of Europe hackmen wear uniforms, things utterly incompatible with the proud spirit of a Viennese charioteer.

Except where the river forms its boundary, Vienna is surrounded by wooded hills, affording the natives ample opportunity to find recreation in midst of the beauties of nature.

Taking the railway, we now pass on into the Alps. Who has not heard of this mighty range of mountains with its magnificent snow capped peaks and its views of unequalled grandeur and sublimity. The railway train slows down as it gets further up between the mountains, as though it were cautiously feeling its way along the edges of abysses and over countless waterfalls, occasionally describing a complete circle and thus rising on higher, till the mouth of the St. Gotthard tunnel, one of the greatest triumphs of modern engineering skill is reached. The tunnel penetrates the mountains dividing Northern Italy from Central Europe. It is nine miles long and the train takes about twenty minutes in passing through it.

Further north we pass through the the pretty town of Salzburg on the border of Austria, and enter Bavaria. Munich, the center of German art is also the center of the beer-brewing industry of Germany.

The natural attractions are few, but lovers of art will find in the four great art galleries where many of the works of the greatest painters are kept, and in the many valuable collections of sculpture, never failing sources of interest.

The present king of Bavaria is king only by name. He is under confinement in his palace, having been pronounced insane. His predecessor Otto IV., drowned himself in a lake adjoining his castle, having been left unobserved for a moment while walking out in the garden. He, also, was insane.

Speaking of castles, does not the mere word set your romantic sensibilities vibrating, the heroic maid, the armored hero, deadly assaults and repulses, indomitable lovers, revelry, all the tremendous pageantry of brutal and glorious feudalism, do not they sweep majestically upon you from the dreamland of your youth? But no, these are not the castles you will find here. They are indeed castles worthy of a king, for in them is hoarded up the wealth of two kings. Priceless treasures of sculpture and painting, luxurious appointments and the most expensive articles, such as only the fancy of an insane king could produce, are accumulated in these royal castles, of which there are three in different parts of the kingdom.

It is believed that after the death of the present king, Bavaria will cease to be a kingdom and will be made a state of the German Empire.

SCIENTIFIC.

Grasses and Other Forage Plants Best Adapted to Endure Severe Drouth.

DR. W. J. BEAL.

In 1873, twenty-two years ago, I began the cultivation of small plats of grasses and other forage plants varying in number from time to time from one hundred to three hundred kinds. During all these years they have been grown in four or five different places with a variety of soils and exposure and some of the most promising have been duplicated in larger

quantities on several other portions of the college farm.

In central Michigan the rainfall from June, 1894, to August 1st, 1895, has been much less than usual.

During all of this period of thirteen months, there was no rain of sufficient quantity to fill the swamps or raise the streams to any appreciable extent. To add to the test there were an unusual number of days with a very high temperature. Grasses and clovers in most places suffered much and those which survived went into winter in an enfeebled condition. The continuation of the dry weather in 1895, still taxed the resources of the survivors to a remarkable degree. In no previous year, really a great part of two growing seasons in succession, have the losses been so many as during the period just mentioned. In Michigan it has been the best time, during the past fifty years at least, to make trials to determine the relative value of forage plants for enduring dry weather. It is not likely that we shall again have so severe a drouth—in many years to come,—and for this reason the results about to be given may be of little worth. The most striking result is that forage grasses love a cool and moist climate and not a hot and dry one.

The test of forage crops for dry regions has been repeatedly made on a greater or less scale in the central portion of the United States and westward, also in Algeria, South Africa, Siberia, Australia and Russia.

To start with, for comparison, let us consider the condition of the grass best known to farmers, namely, timothy.

On the college farm where this grass is used in all mixtures for hay and pastures and where about one hundred tons are mowed annually, not a load was secured during the past summer.

With rare exceptions, the timothy was less than a foot high, very thin, with only now and then a small spike to be seen and at the usual time of cutting the short small leaves were dead and curled up. Red clover and mammoth clover,

two plants that have stood so long the test of time need not be considered here, further than to say that only an occasional feeble plant could be found. This is to be attributed mainly to the ravages of the clover root borer, added to the dry weather. Alsike clover is but little sown and, as everyone knows, thrives only in moist seasons or on moist soil.

In many places June grass (*Poa pratensis*) was much killed out leaving open spots a foot or more in diameter which were left bare or occupied by some annual weeds. Italian rye grass sown in the spring failed to come up till the arrival of a light rain late in July. On September first it was two to three inches high.

Orchard grass for pasture was much ahead of any of those above mentioned, while tall oat grass was much the same. *Bromus inermis*, awnless brome grass, looked quite green putting forth panicles, though the height was considerably less than usual. The quality seemed to be poor and harsh.

Two grasses from the west were noticeable for their endurance. *Agropyrum glaucum*, glaucous wheat grass, about the same. There are two objections to using the latter species, the rootstocks spread through the soil much like those of quack grass and ergot is rather common. For several years past another grass very unexpectedly to me has thrived well at our college. It is *Agropyrum dasystachion*, a wheat grass found growing sparingly in thin patches in the barren sands on the shores of the Great Lakes. It spreads by rootstalks to some extent in ordinary cultivation, but unfortunately fails to produce any seeds.

A wild grass known as *Panicum Virgatum* by the last of August had made a very fair growth, but the quality is of a low rank.

Spartina cynosuroides, cord grass, also made a fair growth but it has for a long time past borne a poor reputation for quality.

Bermuda grass remained green and made a slow growth. But little has been tried. For our dry weather it is certain-

ly much superior to June grass but it starts late in the spring and ceases to grow on the arrival of early Autumn. I think fall plowing in Michigan would cause most of it to perish during our ordinary winters.

In exceptional cases, wild rice has been cut, floated away on rafts used for hay which is of good quality, but this cannot be relied on for agriculture.

The American cereal *Zea Mays*, has thrived remarkably well in 1895. The ground was rather dry when the grain was planted. It came up very well and at once began sending its roots down for moisture. A few light showers in its early growth would have changed this habit and surface roots would have multiplied. But the deep roots saved the crop which will fill many gaps during the coming winter and spring. If we were to prepare for a succession of such years as 1894 and 95, the farmers need look no farther than Alfalfa or lucerne. It stands the dry weather and the heat most admirably. June grass and other grasses and clovers were kept back by the peculiarities of the seasons referred to, and left the field to Alfalfa; but, on a return of moist seasons, June grass may be relied on to rally all its forces and Alfalfa, as in the past must dwindle and in most cases retire from the field.

Soja bean for several years with small tests has promised well. The large leaves would make it difficult to cure for hay. The same may be said of some of the earliest sorts of cow peas which have not been tried as much as they should have been.

Equal to Alfalfa has been grown for the past three or four years a small patch of *Lespedeza sericea*, a hardy perennial received direct from Japan.

I fear the quality may be against it, judging from the test of my horse which may be too fastidious. It does not produce seeds in our short seasons.

Some twenty years ago, I selected seeds from a single plant of *Festuca elatior arundinacea*, the seeds of which came from the Kew gardens. I fancy

the English would consider it too coarse where they can grow without difficulty, meadow foxtail and others of fine quality, but for our precarious seasons for general use for pasture and perhaps for mowing, it ought to be found on every farm in the northern United States, though in some places it might not prove very valuable. For dry weather or for wet weather it is excellent for pasture. The leaves are long, flat and rather thick. It resembles meadow fescue, though it is more robust. I do not claim that it will revolutionize agriculture.

The only seed that I know of in this country is now in possession of the agricultural department at our college.

Diligent inquiries should be made of the professor in charge (Clinton D. Smith) till he takes especial pains to see that the grass is extensively propagated. It is a perennial, seedling well, and is no more difficult to manage in a rotation than timothy or orchard grass.

Killing Canada Thistles.

"New England, to Michigan" is the range given in a recent bulletin of the United States department of agriculture for the Canada thistle in this country. Its total range, however, is almost world wide, since it is now found in nearly all countries where the crops of temperate climates are grown. In the United States its actual presence extends much beyond the limit above mentioned, and eighteen states, all those which have weed laws, have legislated against it. The region indicated, however, is that in which it is most abundantly distributed in this country and in which it finds its most congenial home. This weed came to us from England by way of Canada and is still more abundant in lower Canada than in the United States. In Michigan it has for a number of years been on the increase, especially in the northern and western counties. Two years ago several small patches were found upon the college farm and a systematic effort was begun to exterminate them. The work

was placed in the hands Mr. C. A. Jewell of the class of '96. Several methods of treatment were begun, including spudding, mulching, plowing and the application of salt. All were successful but some were more effective than others.

Salt was especially effective where sheep or other stock were present, as their continued tramping where the salt was placed did much to prevent the thistles from starting again. Mulching also proved successful. One patch, covered with barn yard manure in May, was uncovered on the first day of August, when the thistles were found dead and decayed root and top. About fifty patches were killed that year, others not known at first being reported from time to time from the various fields. Several patches remained alive at the close of the fall term, chiefly those found late in the season. When spring opened the work was taken up by Mr. L. S. Munson of the class of '97. New localities continued to be reported, several of them from fields upon which the timber had been cut during the winter. The largest patch found this year was in a new field cleared last spring and covered nearly half an acre. It was given repeated plowings during the summer and was completely killed by the first of September. Ten small patches, most of them single plants, were this year and last dug out by the roots. In only one of these did the thistles again make their appearance. Spudding was most effective in dry situations and heavy sod, and was mainly useful where it was not convenient to use a team. One of the most satisfactory treatments was the planting of the field to corn. Where this was done a much smaller amount than usual of hoeing or spudding was required in order to kill all the thistles. The close of this season finds the total number of reported patches increased to 101, several of which are likely to require further treatment another year.

An examination of other farms in the vicinity shows numerous patches of these thistles in all directions from the college,

where they are gaining a strong foothold, chiefly on the low lands. This thistle spreads by the root rather slowly and only a small proportion of the plants produce seed, so that where it is not thoroughly established it is well worth the effort to get rid of it.

A. A. CROZIER.

THE SPECULUM.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
BY THE STUDENTS
OF THE MICHIGAN STATE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

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AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, NOV. 15, 1895.

Do you owe for THE SPECULUM?

OUR next issue will appear March 15.

THE fall term closes November 8.

A large percentage of our students will teach this winter.

DON'T forget to read the winning orations published in this issue.

MANY of the seniors are inclined to question the value of the educational labor that is given them. How is this?

AT a meeting of the Students' Organization, held November 8. THE SPECULUM constitution was so amended as to allow the Peronian Society a representa-

tive on THE SPECULUM board, this is the last society connected with the college to be allowed a representative. They have long represented a factor in the student body that had no voice in the students' paper. The ladies at all our neighboring colleges have done able work on the editing boards and the lady students here have always been proficient in classes and patriotic to the college, and we are confident they will not be found wanting in this new work. THE SPECULUM extends them a hearty welcome.

In these days the spirit of progress pervades everything, and a backward glance shows us that it has been present with us here as is manifested in the general improvements about the campus. Numerous valuable books have been added to the library. Two of the class rooms have been supplied with new seats, and now a second telephone line has put in its appearance. The landscape gardeners has been adding beautiful touches to various parts of our campus and the electricians have been throwing their light upon it all, extending even to the barns and stables. We would urge that the library be more thoroughly lighted from five o'clock till six as this is an hour when nearly all of the students are at leisure, and would it not be well also to light the club rooms in this manner at supper time?

THERE will probably be one or two vacancies on THE SPECULUM board to be filled next spring: the vacancies being a result of "the late unpleasantness" which has arisen between the faculty and the senior class, and kept all on the campus in a ferment for the last two weeks of the term. There has been a feeling of dissatisfaction rife among the students for some time; and this spirit broke out when the faculty expelled E. E. Gallup for absenting himself from classes while working on an oration for oratorical contest; the discontent found expression in a petition to the faculty signed by almost every member of the class. The seniors did not think Mr. Gallup innocent, but

deemed his penalty too severe in view of the fact that other similar cases had continually gone unpunished; and they asked that the penalty be lightened and the rule under which he suffered, and other ones subject to similar criticism be revised. The faculty refused to respect the petition on the grounds that it was not respectfully framed, although the petition was subjected to the criticism of some of their members, and those parts to which they raised objections were expunged before it went before the faculty. Several seniors have left college as a result, and several others would follow were it not so near the close of the term, or, in some cases, a desire to please their parents. This is not the first time our faculty has been subjected to criticisms, and perhaps this episode might deserve some consideration at the hands of the investigating committee appointed from among their number some time ago; perhaps if they would not send so many circular questions abroad throughout the State, and turned their attention to objects nearer at hand, they would be given a clue to the solution of the questions propounded to them. At all events it is to be regretted that any such misunderstanding should be occasioned, and it is to be hoped that some good candid thinking will be done on both sides as we sit by our cosy fires during the long winter evenings that are to follow.

THE faculty have often been justly criticised for their bearing toward the student outside of the class room. The instructor's duties to the student are well begun when he has set down in cold black figures the student's worth for the term; and it will be well done when they meet him at their homes as the genial, broad-minded, talented, men of the world that they should be. It is no idle dream that demands our attention. We who have been here two and three years can recall more than one night of the week when the bus came in after midnight with a load of rollicking, bawdy young men. We have seen boys come here

from homes of refinement and before they learned the names of the buildings on the campus they had started on the down grade and left before the course was half done under a cloud of uncertainty or disgrace. They crave society in the relaxation from study and if they cannot get the best, they will be content with something less. It may be urged that it is the province of the literary societies to look to the social and moral as well as the literary natures of their members; but "The fountain cannot rise higher than its head;" nor can much help in this line be given by the ladies who are most frequently brought out from the city, they sit with ill-concealed impatience through the literary exercises while they wait for the dance. In some of the societies special evenings are set apart for the entertainment of the faculty, while in others every evening is "faculty night," and some of the faculty have reciprocated by entertaining some of the societies and conditions are now much better, but that is not laying the ax to the root of the evil. It works to the advantage of those who are least in need of such consideration and totally ignores the "under crust" who are looked on by literary societies with eyes askance. We are glad to note that one professor and his wife have taken a step in the direction of a closer union of interest between faculty and student. In behalf of the readers of THE SPECULUM we would express thanks for this start. We hope that in the coming term more may be found offering "open house" and would urge the students to be prompt to avail themselves of these new interests in their welfare.

ATHLETICS.

In reviewing the past year of athletics each student should consider carefully whether or not it has been a successful one.

On the whole we think it has but we should look at it in a very skeptical way. Prominent among the points which we should consider are: 1. Expenses. 2. Our success at field day. 3. Disadvantages under which we labor.

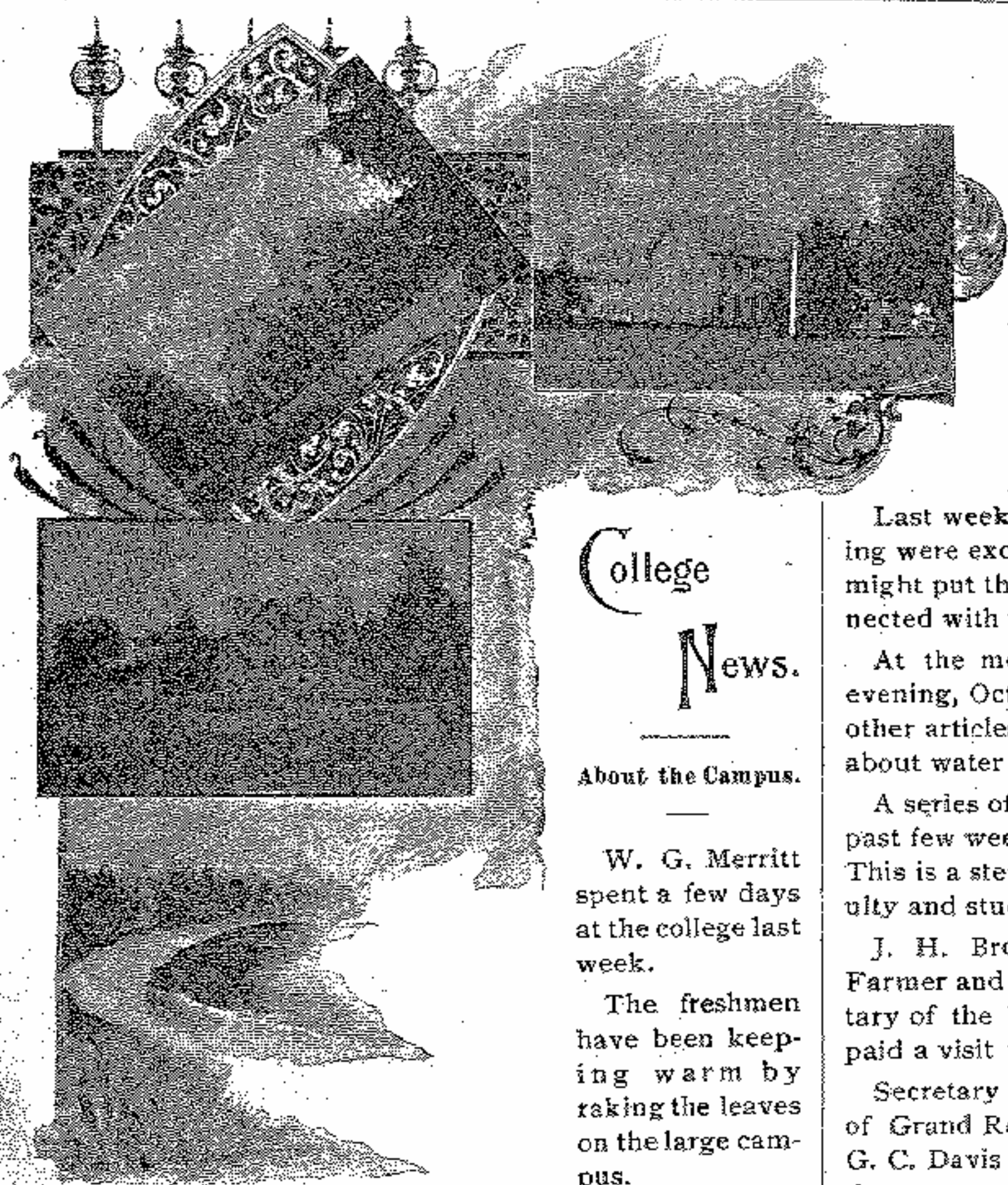
In round numbers about \$500 has been expended. The cost of having a trainer here for the five weeks prior to field day was about \$125. This item is one which need not necessarily come every year. Mr. Dryer's work will show probably two years hence. It cost about \$375 to support our base ball team [a large part of which was subscribed by the faculty. This amount also includes \$100 which was expended for new suits. The suits are second to none in the Inter-collegiate association.

As far as our athletic success is concerned we can speak well of our athletic team. Excluding the Relay Cup, over one-half the valuation of all the medals contested for was won by M. A. C. including the first and second all-around. Our base ball team, however, did not do so well. Of the college games played four were won and three were lost. Comparatively speaking our team did very well but the objective point (viz. the cup) was lost.

The disadvantages under which we labor are many. We understand the sentiment of the State board is against athletics at this college. This has a very harmful effect. Our very appreciable lack of enthusiasm, true athletic spirit, and college spirit has also a very harmful effect. No matter what the race, color, or denomination we should encourage athletes who give promise. They will win a name for themselves and the college. Last but not least among the disadvantages which we labor under are some faculty rulings. Base ball should not be allowed to die after field day. Your editor has always said and still maintains that under favorable circumstances, M. A. C. can organize a team which shall be superior to any in the M. I. A. A. Our athletes should be given more time to train. In this matter we desire to say that the military department has been very kind and indulgent but we do think that the athletes and students have not appreciated, as well as they might, the advantages offered. On the whole we think we are badly in need of a gymnasium and a physical director. Were the faculty authorized to govern athletics without the "power behind the throne" we think that athletics would be benefited, and the college would be benefited manifold. Modern universities and colleges realize the attraction that athletics has on the minds of young students. The interest of the college is the interest of the student and the interest of the student is the interest of the college. Athletics like other things cannot be throttled. President Schuman, of Cornell said that we should indulge in sports for the sake of sporting.

With this issue we hasten the departure of this year and hope that students, faculty and all will hail the new year as one during which sincere efforts will crown the work of loyalty, obedience and honor in every undertaking.

Dr. — Why a man must associate with ladies, it elevates a fellow, and they ought to know it.—*College Chronicle.*



College News.

About the Campus.

W. G. Merritt spent a few days at the college last week.

The freshmen have been keeping warm by raking the leaves on the large campus.

A few of the college people spent a pleasant evening at Professor Smith's Oct. 21.

The farm house has received a coat of white paint by painters Rice and Woolhouse.

The Eclectic Society orchestra gave a two step hop at Liederkrantz hall in Lansing, Oct. 18.

Miss S. W. McNeil, of Lapeer, Mich., visited Secretary I. H. Butterfield and family last week.

The college painters are giving the residence occupied by Dr. Edwards a fresh coat of red paint.

The issue of the *Michigan Farmer* of Oct. 19 contained a cut and a sketch of the life of Prof. C. D. Smith.

New heating furnaces are being placed in the residences of Professors Vedder and Barrows by Gordon & Black of Lansing.

Mr. and Mrs. Nelson VanDeventer of Detroit spent last week with President L. G. Gorton and family, as did Mrs. Cornelius and Mrs. J. E. Safford of Spring Lake.

Besides repiping the library building, part of the basement in the building has been partitioned off for use as a storeroom and as a mailing room for the increasing bulletin list.

About fifty of the faculty and students saw Walker Whiteside as "Richelieu" at Lansing, Oct. 24.

R. C. Bradley writes from Newberry, Mich. that he is enjoying himself, and as he gets more outdoor exercise than here, likes his work better.

The coldest weather we have had here this fall was 10° above zero, the lowest point reached during the night of Oct. 20, as registered by the chemical laboratory thermometer.

Last week the agricultural juniors in stock-breeding were excused from class duties in order that they might put their time on essays on some subject connected with that study.

At the meeting of the Faculty Club Wednesday evening, Oct. 23, at Prof. W. S. Holdsworth's among other articles presented, Professor Holdsworth told all about water color painting.

A series of socials to students have been given the past few weeks by Prof. and Mrs. P. M. Chamberlain. This is a step in the right direction to bring the faculty and students more together.

J. H. Brown, associate editor of the *Michigan Farmer* and Hon. S. J. Wilson of Flint, Mich., secretary of the Michigan State Dairyman's association, paid a visit to the college Oct. 23.

Secretary I. H. Butterfield, Hon. Chas. W. Garfield of Grand Rapids, G. H. True, K. L. Butterfield and G. C. Davis have been in the Northern Peninsula for the past two weeks attending institutes.

The American Schools, a monthly magazine published at Saginaw by M. T. Dodge, for October contains a most excellent cut and the sketch of the life of Merrit W. Fulton, assistant to Director C. D. Smith.

Mrs. G. C. Davis, accompanied by her mother left for California week before last where she will spend the winter. Mr. Davis will go to that state as soon as his institute work is over and remain till the opening of the spring term.

Miss Josephine Greening of Toledo, Ohio, who has been spending the summer with her sister, Mrs. A. L. Wescott, returned home week before last. Mr. and Mrs. Wescott and little son Nelson, will spend the winter at Toledo, leaving for there sometime this month.

The Faculty Club held a meeting at Professor Smith's Oct. 30. Mr. Gunson told of the fertilization of flowers by insects and Mr. Crozier of the fertilization by the wind. Refreshments were served and games and amusements furnished by Mr. Crosby were the order of the evening.

Hallowe'en was a somewhat tame affair this year, only minor pranks and jokes by the boys being perpetrated. The faculty "kids" were however out in full force and many times during the early part of the night

were the faculty disturbed by the continual ringing of the door bell, and upon going out after the offenders found a rope from the knob to a post.

Dr. Edwards gave an interesting talk to a large number of students and others Wednesday evening, Oct. 23, in the English class room on Bulwer-Lytton's famous drama, "Richelieu" which was presented at Grand Rapids' opera house the next evening by Walker Whiteside. Dr. Edwards' talk was very instructive and those present obtained a good idea of the characters in and the plot of the play.

The seventh annual oratorical contest was held in the Central M. E. church at Lansing, Oct. 25th, and was considered one of the best ever held. The church was fairly well filled. R. E. Doolittle of the Hesperian society won first prize and M. W. Stutz of the Columbian society second medal, subjects, "Patriotism in America" and "A Plea for the Single Tax" respectively. E. E. Gallup represented the Union Literary society and C. A. Jewell the Olympic. Music was furnished by the Eclectic orchestra.

Bulletin No. 128 by Prof. F. B. Mumford is given up to the matter of feeding lambs. The experiment is a part of a series of experiments, and the results arrived at will prove of interest to all who raise or deal in mutton as well to the consumer of the flesh. Sheep are more economically fattened when more or less closely confined, and wheat seems a better food than corn. Self-feeding troughs are a very expensive means of fattening on fat. The animals that are pastured on rape in the autumn seem to take on fat from the first to the latter advantage.

The first series of farmers' institutes began Oct. 28 at Stephenson, Menominee county. There are four in the series each institute of two days at Stephenson, Norway, Iron River and Ontonagon. The institute workers left Oct. 26 for Stephenson, where the first institute was held. The "crew" is composed of Hon. W. Garfield of Grand Rapids, and I. H. Butterfield, G. C. Davis, G. H. True and K. L. Butterfield of the college. Mr. Garfield talked on "Apple and Plum Culture," and on "Small Fruits." I. H. Butterfield on "The Value of Improved Live Stock" and "Grasses and Clovers." Mr. Davis gave a talk on "Insects that Trouble the Farmer." Mr. True gave a talk on "The Breeding and Feeding of Dairy Cattle" and an illustrated talk on "Making Good Butter." The party were absent about ten days.

Bulletins Nos. 127 and 128 for the month of September from the farm department have just appeared on the press. The first is by Prof. Smith and is devoted almost entirely to the dairy work at the college, and gives in full the records of the three dairy cows that have made local dairying something of a record. The bulletin reveals the facts that the individuality of the cow is an all important factor, both as to quality and quantity of the milk. Much depends on the frequency and regularity of feeding and watering, so on the composition of the many feeds. Cows give a greater amount of butter fat per pound of milk

in cold weather. Change of food seems to be of consequence in keeping up the flow of milk. The matter of managing a creamery is discussed as are the subjects of milk testers and the care of milk, cream and butter.

PERSONALS.

We desire the earnest co-operation of every person who has ever been connected with the college in trying to make this department an interesting one. Let every alumnus and every person who has been with classes here send in news to the editor of the department, often, thus making his work much easier and the department more interesting to all.

The insane asylum of northern Michigan at Newberry, was formally opened last week. R. C. Bradley is steward and treasurer of the asylum.

'63.

Hon. E. M. Preston has been elected Grand Master of the Free and Accepted Masons of California. The honor is worthily bestowed on the distinguished gentleman. (*Daily Morning Union, Grass Valley, Cal.*)

WITH '69.

Mrs. Prof. A. J. Cook is in a private hospital fronting on Central Park, New York, under the care of Dr. Cole for treatment for cancer.

'76.

Robert E. Caine is closing out his business at Battle Creek, Mich., and is going to Colorado.

'82.

W. L. Snyder has just come out ahead in a controversy with some Chicago Ph. D's. The question was over the analysis of bone ash from the Michigan Carbon Works at Detroit, involving a contract between those works and a Chicago Sugar Refinery of a considerable amount of money. Mr. Snyder is chemist for the Michigan Carbon Works.

'84.

W. D. Barry is assistant engineer of the Yazoo, Miss. Delta Levee district in Mississippi.

'86.

W. A. Kinnan of the patent office received his M. D. from the Columbian Medical University last June. —*The Union Lit.*

'88.

J. N. Estabrook of the Wolverine Box Co., 32 La Salle Ave., Detroit, was here recently. He reports business as very encouraging.

'89.

The personals editor is in receipt of the following letter from W. S. Palmer who is in the weather service at Chicago:

Personals Editor, Speculum, Agrl. College, Mich.

DEAR SIR—The following may be of interest. I quote from a letter from Victor E. Phillips, Olney, Ill.

"In 1858 I planted more than 1,000 evergreens at the Mich. Agri. College farm. I occupied room 15 and my bed-fellow was Charley Lewis, better known as M. Quad. After the "Wah", for I soldiered nearly three years, I engaged in the drug business, and after studying chemistry eight years, took up geology as a diversion, but became something of a "crank" on that subject. I have a fine geological library, and have collected over 46,000 illustrative specimens."

Mr. Phillips is one of the best of the voluntary observers of the Ill. State weather service.

Yours very respectfully,

W. S. PALMER.

Geo. J. Jenks has a scheme for a summer resort at Sand Beach.

W. E. Davis is a special student in physics at the U. of M. He is doing very fine work in that line.

G. C. Davis, while on a tour with a stereopticon in northern Michigan, became so much interested in a kindergarten exhibit at Stephenson that when he left that town for Norway, Mich., he took his lantern but forgot his slides. He will furnish particulars upon application.

'90.

R. Bruce McPherson of Howell is going to make his home on the Pacific coast.

H. G. Bunce is traveling for a Cleveland firm.

Mrs. B. K. (Beak) Bentley of Denver, Colorado, is visiting her parents in Lansing.

WITH '90.

Paul Woodworth is about to locate at Pigeon, Mich. He is practising law at that place.

'91.

Jay K. Tindall was married Oct. 9th to Miss Jessie Walls of Davidsburg, Mich.

R. A. Holden rode from Hastings to M. A. C. on his bicycle to call on friends here. He has a splendid school and is enjoying his work. He took back some chemicals with him for experiments.

Prof. F. B. Mumford writes that he is much pleased with his new location. He is professor of agriculture in the University of Missouri.

'92.

Bert Peet is teaching an evening class in chemistry for drug clerks in the Grand Rapids Y. M. C. A. during his leisure hours.

WITH '92.

W. F. Lyon has invented a substance that he calls carameline. It is for use in the manufacture of caramels. He has made a good thing of it.

'93.

W. G. Smith, Jr., is engaged in dairying near Howell. He has some of the finest animals in the State.

W. L. Cummings is thinking of preparing himself for the U. S. weather service. He is at present an inspector of the Miss.-Yazoo Delta Levee District.

W. W. Parker is living with his mother on a farm. He claims to be a farmer, for he eats three square meals a day from the farm yet.

John Rittenger is home on the farm near Dayton, Ind. He has struck a gold mine of iron pyrites and is getting rich.

Bert Cook was here recently. He rode from Owosso on his wheel.

'93.

Chas. Leipprant is the engineer for the Pantasota Leather Co. of North Woburn, Mass. He has charge of the mechanical and electrical equipment.

'94.

John Nies of Holland, Mich., visited his Alma Mater recently.

'95.

J. G. Veldhuis has begun a three years' course at the Detroit Medical College.

G. H. Trace has also entered the Detroit Medical College.

Peter Ross is canvassing for an encyclopedia. He will teach school near Williamston this winter. (The Union Lit.)

Gerritt Masselink, principal of the Cass City school, was given a couple of weeks' vacation recently by the advent of typhoid fever in his school.

Royal Fisher is going to leave "Ypsi" to teach near his home in "Old Oceana" very soon.

WITH '95.

W. F. Bernart is at the Detroit Medical College.

Dan G. Smith visited M. A. C. recently.

COLLEGES AND EXCHANGES.

The following was received by a church committee from an applicant for the post of organist: Gentlemen—I noticed your advertisement for an organist and music teacher, either white or colored, having been both for several years I wish to offer my services.—*American.*

As a mere matter of dry statistics—The exchange editor finds that in examining the college publications of twenty-five colleges ours is the only one which does not support a foot ball team.

New class yells are coming out.

Bree Ke Ke-Rex, Ko-Ax, Ko-Ax,

Bree Ke Ke-Rex, Ko-Ax, Ko-Ax.

Whoa up. Whoa up.

Paraballu. Paraballu.

Ninety-nine, Kazoo, Kazoo.

—*Index.*

The Wesleyan Advance has this yell of their freshman class,

Boo hoo. Boo hoo, 1902.

We just left papa and mamma too,

Rah. Rah.

The first Ph. D. given by the Chicago University was conferred upon a Japanese.—*The I. A. C. Student.*

The State University (of Kansas) boasts of having eight colored students.—*The Industrialist.*

A firm has been organized in Boston for the sale of sermons for the use of those persons who do not go to church.—*Index* (Baker University).

Simply another matter of dry statistics—almost all other college papers say something about a lecture course. Why does not our own?

The ringing of the college bell at all times in the evening can hardly be called an original joke any longer.—*Index* (Baker University).

DON'T SPEAK ENGLISH.

He: In Massachusetts there are thirty thousand persons, all natives of the United States, who cannot speak the English language.

She: Impossible.

He: It is true.

She: And native Americans?

He: Certainly, and all under two years of age.

—*Student Record.*

The exchange editor has found in looking over our exchanges some things in which our own paper excels, and others in which it does not. The discouragement of poetic genius is noticeable in our paper.

This little stanza attracted our attention:

I rose with great alacrity
To offer her my seat.
'Twas a question whether she or I
Would stand upon my feet. —*Ex.*

In a somewhat different vein is the following:

That love is blind the poets cry,
But sweetheart mine (twixt thee and me.)
There are a thousand charms I see
In thy dear self none else espy.
Not that they do not in thee lie,
But I've ta'en loves sight thus may it be
That love is blind.
And should envious wights for blemish pry,
To lovers turned, they soon agree,
Since his beauteous eyes are lent to thee
Thy gentle face to glorify,
That love is blind.

—*Notre Dame Scholastic.*

I have noticed several poems from the pen of this author who styles himself D'trist, and they seem to me especially good:

A woman's heart I ween
To be a mystic thing;
The boudoir of a queen,
A palace for a king.
A balm for sorrows smart,
A shield against envy's smiles,
A sheath for cupid's darts,
A labyrinth of wiles.
Sometimes a noisy pen
For hatred's tireless hounds,

Or pool of filthy sin
Close by to virtue's grounds.

A watcher by the bed,
Where loved ones lie in pain,
A fount of tears unshed,
That soon may fall like rain.

A rose beneath one's feet
That dies and dying breathes,
Its soul in perfume sweet
To him who crushed its leaves.

An answer to one heart,
That sings the song of love,
It has the motive art
To lead that soul above.

Thrice happy him I deem,
Who finds himself within
This boudoir of a queen,
Its noble, love crowned king.

—*Index Kalamazoo.*

HUMOROUS HAPPENINGS.

The Angelic Prof.

There are Profs. who are witty, and Profs. who are pretty,
And Profs. who in classroom are smiling as the morn;
But the real angelic creature, Utopian in every feature,
Has not yet been discovered for he never has been born.

Some can use their *cerbellum*, or can put their thoughts on vellum
To harrow up the feelings of their classes so forlorn,
And some whose mental fabrics, resemble old time bed ticks,
But the real angelic Prof.? Oh, he hasn't yet been born.

So the student who is fated to learn from a Prof. who's rated
As "pretty fair," should cherish him forever and a day.

For the real, angelic creature, perfect, quite, in every feature,
Has not yet been discovered—and won't be, so they say.

—M. G. Kains.

A SPORTY FRESHMAN.

Freshman to senior. (after foot ball game at Lansing)—"That was the first foot ball game I have seen."
Senior—"It is a very exciting and interesting game."
Freshman—"Yes. I wrung my hands and almost had the spirit to bet."

Prof.: We started off on a "Gallup." We found we were going too fast. We will have to slow our pace.

Mother Goose.

Oh! if my eggs would only hatch,
 In the roll book there's an excellent batch;
 One every day, one every day,
 How they mount up—they've come to stay.
 And the stern Prof., with pencil firm,
 Sets all these eggs (without a germ),
 To my credit, or rather debit,
 And when incubation, (twelve long weeks),
 Draws near vacation, the roll book he seeks,
 He adds up my marks to see if I'll pass
 But he finds my eggs addled and says I'm a *donkey*.
 So he totals them up and hands them to "Sec.,"
 Who keeps *strict account* of each student's wreck,
 And thus my eggs all fail to hatch,
 In spite of all my jostlings,
 A batch of goose eggs every term
 But, as yet, no sign of goslings,

—M. G. Kains.

Gymlets Soliloquy.

To flunk, or not to flunk; that is the question:
 Whether it is nobler in the mind to feed
 Upon decayed albumen from eggs of an outrageous
 goose,
 Or take up athletics against a farm of troubles.
 And by opposing end them? To bone; to flunk;
 No more; and by a flunk to say we end the head-
 ache,
 And the thousand natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to—'tis a "farmation"
 Lastly to be wished. To bone; to flunk;
 To flunk; perchance to train; ay, there's the
 time,
 For in this training no time does come.
 When we have shuffled off this "college" coil,
 Must give us pause. There's the foot ball,
 That makes the student for so long life;
 For who would bear the taunts of a people
 Because his form is weak and crowded mind,
 Make him shrink in shame at the sight
 Of a fine physique from another institution,
 Where the faculty do not say: reach perfection first.
 Then we will give you time and equipments
 To enjoy the golden afternoons of your life,
 Who'd these impositions bear.
 To grunt and sweat under a miserable life
 In trying to transform drudgery into easy routine.
 The undiscovered "gym" from under whose roof,
 No student ever struck the bag or rode the horse,
 But in "my office" is taught to bear those ills he has,
 And so this system makes cowards of us all.

Student: The prodigal calf has returned and they
 have killed the fattened son.



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