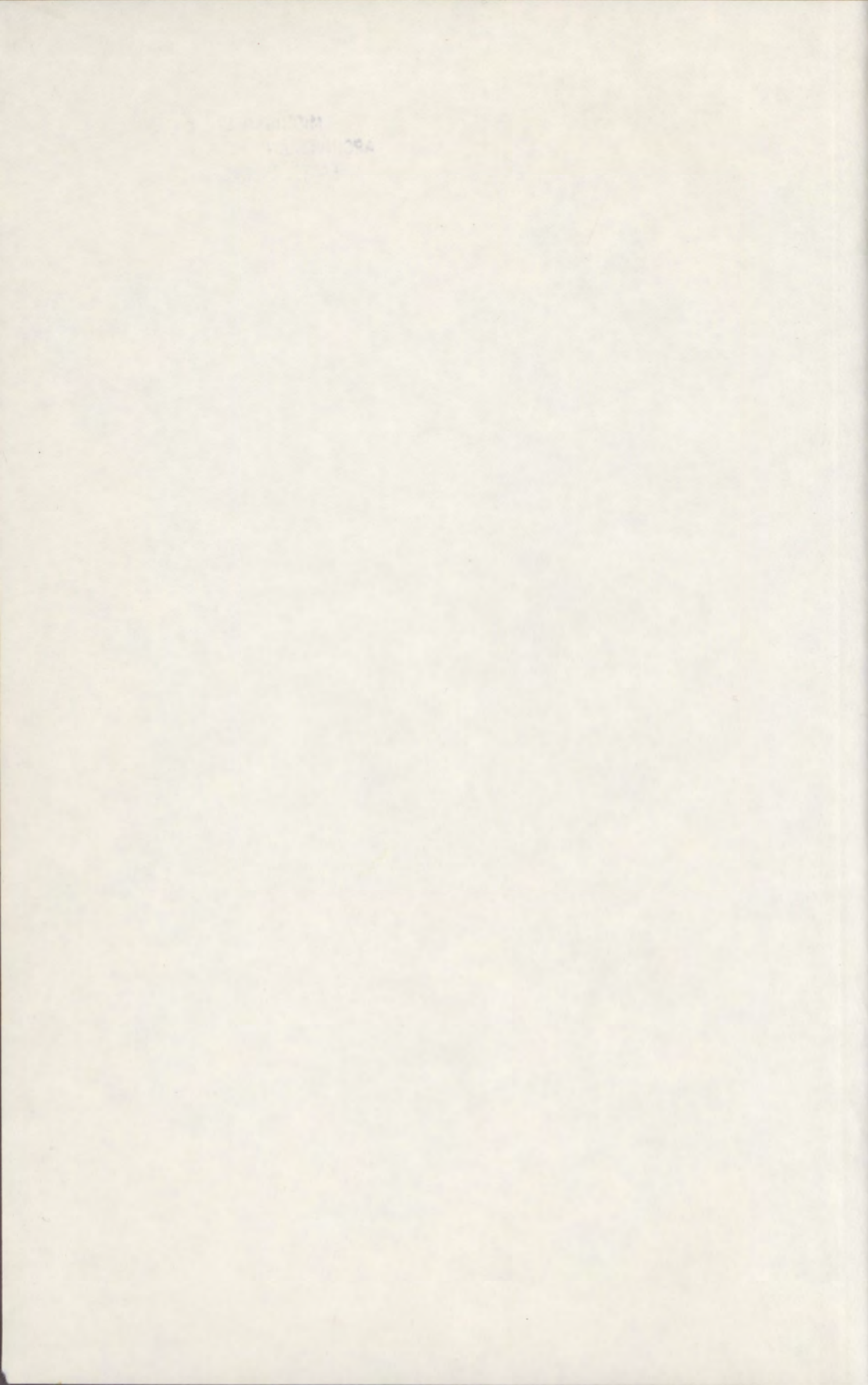
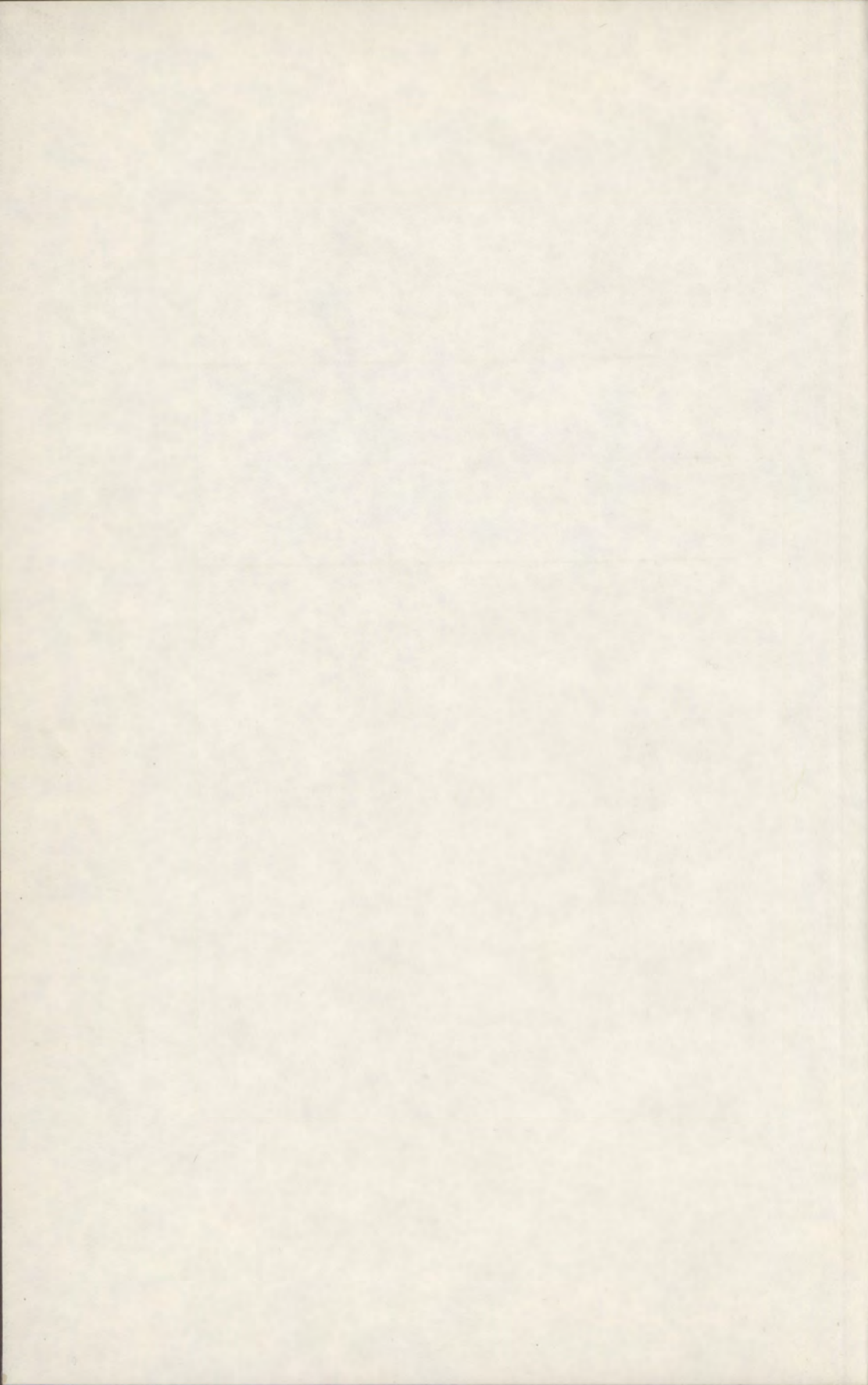


THE
HARROW
FOR 1888



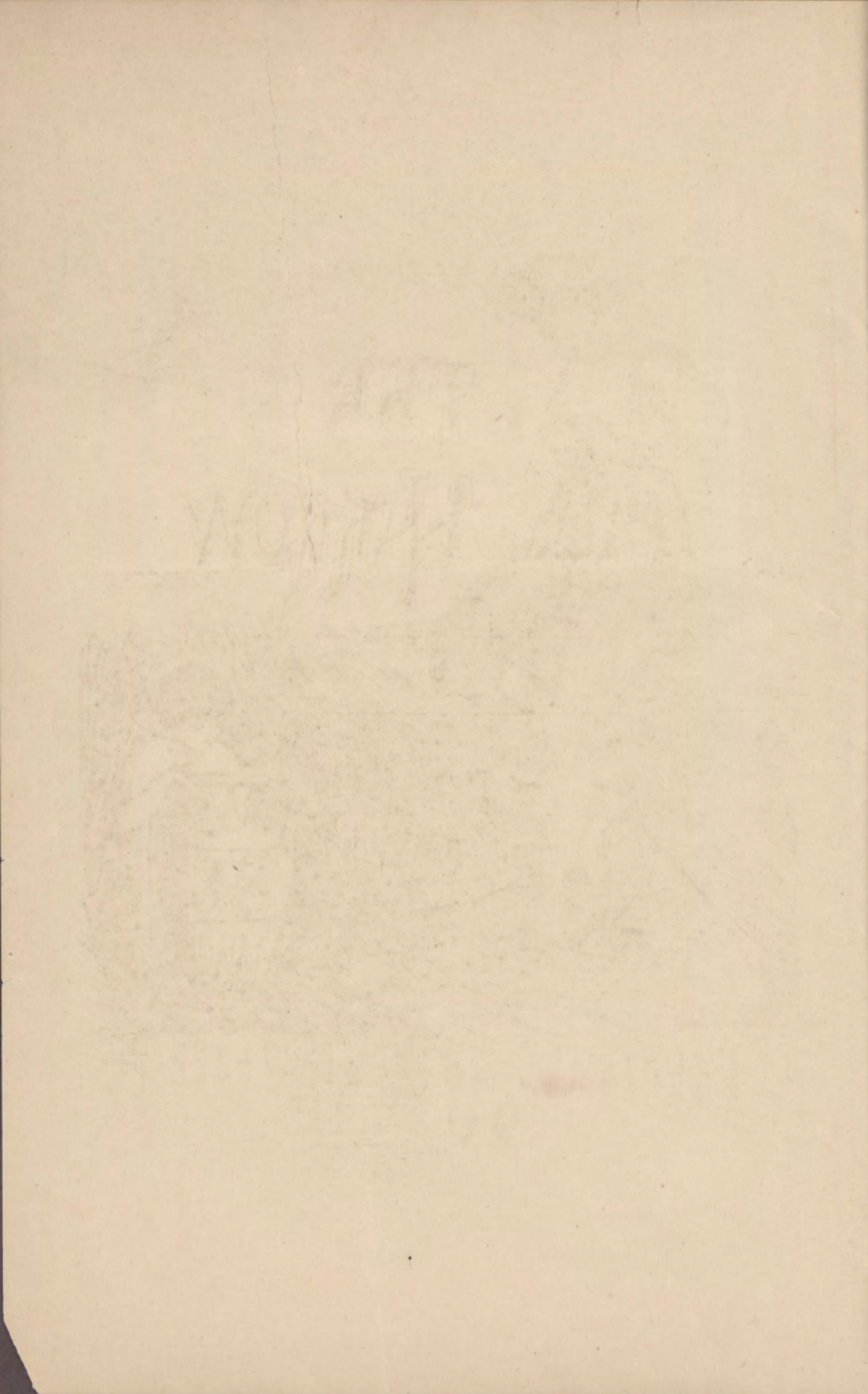
MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY
ARCHIVES AND HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS
EAST LANSING, MICHIGAN 48824





Donated to the Alumni Office of
Michigan State College
by

Arthur B. Holman, with Class '90
2505 Geddes ave. Ann Arbor
September 10, 1945





Presented to M.S.C. by
Arthur B. Holman.
With class of 1890.

LAUNT THOMPSON,
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LANSING, MICH.

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Preface.

I.

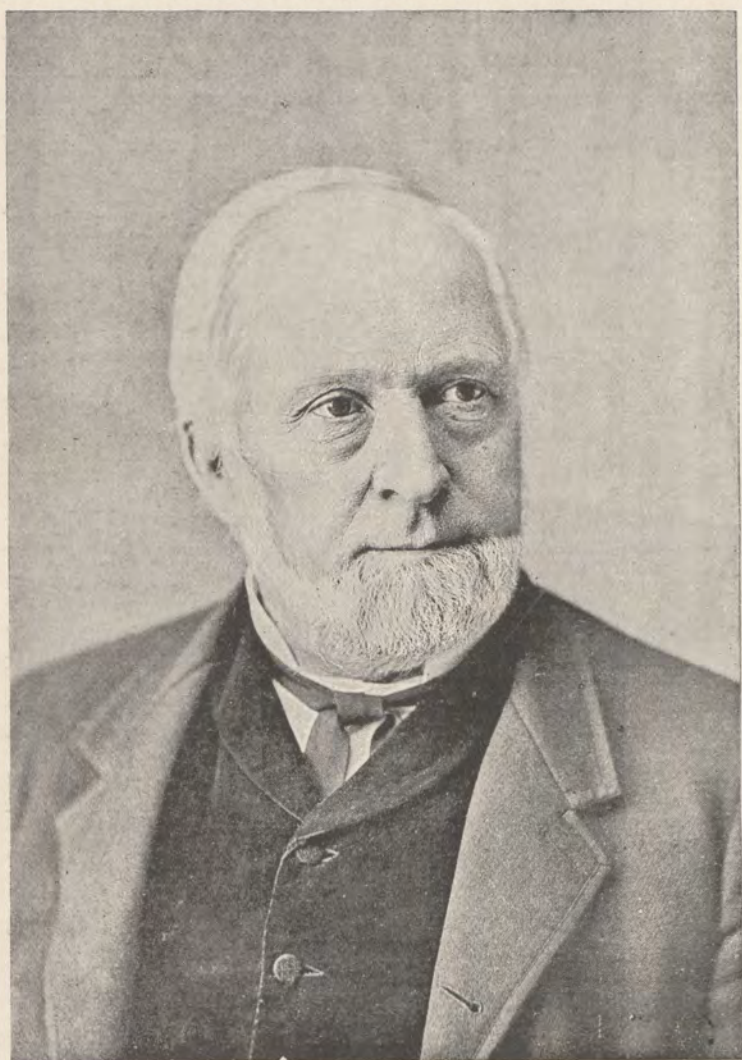
The drawbacks to genius are far from few,
 (Though the vulgar world does n't know it,)
For it don't see the work that geniuses do
In preparing an effort to make its debut,
 So that critics will bow as they show it
 The door to the temple of fame.
 The genius may delve till he's lame,
 Mid moth-eaten volumes of lore,
 Ere he find inspiration to soar;
And then if his flight is the style
 That attracts the critics and crowd,
He may perch by his garret awhile,
 And may hear his name shouted aloud.

II.

But you take the great number of men
 (And women as well, if you choose)
Who wield the poetical pen,
 And think of the time that they lose
 In their effort to better mankind.
 Then think of the wear on the mind;
Of the fear that they constantly feel,
 Lest a sore-headed critic condemn
 Not only their effort, but them.
Is it not a most trying ordeal?

III.

And a critic will never retract,
Though the genius be conscious of worth;
Though he use most excellent tact,
In his effort to prove it a fact
That the muses rejoiced at his birth;
If the critic once turn up his nose,
It will stay so, wherever he goes.
Oh! be not a critic I pray you,
But let your kind sympathy stay you
From over-strong words of abuse,
Which surely would crush with their weight,
Or drive to unhappy recluse,
A genius, no matter how great.



Robert C. Kedzie, M. A., M. D.

We take pride in presenting you with this number an excellent likeness of Dr. R. C. Kedzie, and we feel sure that it will be received with pleasure by every alumnus. Dr. Kedzie's career as professor in this institution covers more than four-fifths of its existence. Of the total of about 400 graduates all except the first ten have been in his classes. As an instructor his services have always been of a pronounced character and value; yet this is but one of the many lines of activity in which he has done good service to the college, its graduates, and to the general cause of education. At the age of twenty-four he graduated at Oberlin College, receiving the degree of Master of Arts; also four years later from the medical department of the Michigan University. In 1850 he married his Oberlin classmate, Harriet E. Fairchild, of the famous Fairchild family, and the same year began the practice of medicine at Kalamazoo. Two years later he removed to Vermontville, Michigan, remaining there until the breaking out of the civil war. During the war he was surgeon of the 12th Michigan Volunteers, and in 1867 was a member of the Michigan Legislature.

Dr. Kedzie is a member of the State Medical Society, of which he was president in 1874; of the American Medical Association, of whose section on State medicine and public hygiene he was chairman in 1876; and a member of the American Chemical Society. He was president of the Michigan State Board of Health for a number of years until he declined renomination; also president of the American Public Health Association in 1882; and was last year elected president of the American Association for the Advancement of Scientific Agriculture.

He has published various papers on public hygiene and other subjects, all of which have been extensively copied, several having been translated into European languages. He will probably always be

remembered as the founder of the present successful method of holding and conducting Farmers' Institutes, which has spread from this State into almost every State and into Canada; also as founder of the Sanitary Conventions which are operated on the same plan, that of mutual benefit derived by the meeting of professional and lay workers.

In the consciousness of the graduates the two ideas, the College and Dr. Kedzie, are inseparable. He has been to the College a steadfast friend and servant; has been identified with the College in all that it is at the present time; and has known and worked with the self-sacrificing men who stood by the cradle of our *Alma Mater*. Year by year he has watched the growth, from old College Hall and one small dormitory, to our present commodious and pleasant surroundings. He probably knows its history and embodies its spirit more than any other living man. He has seen a complete change in the corps of instructors and the enlargement and modification of the course of instruction.

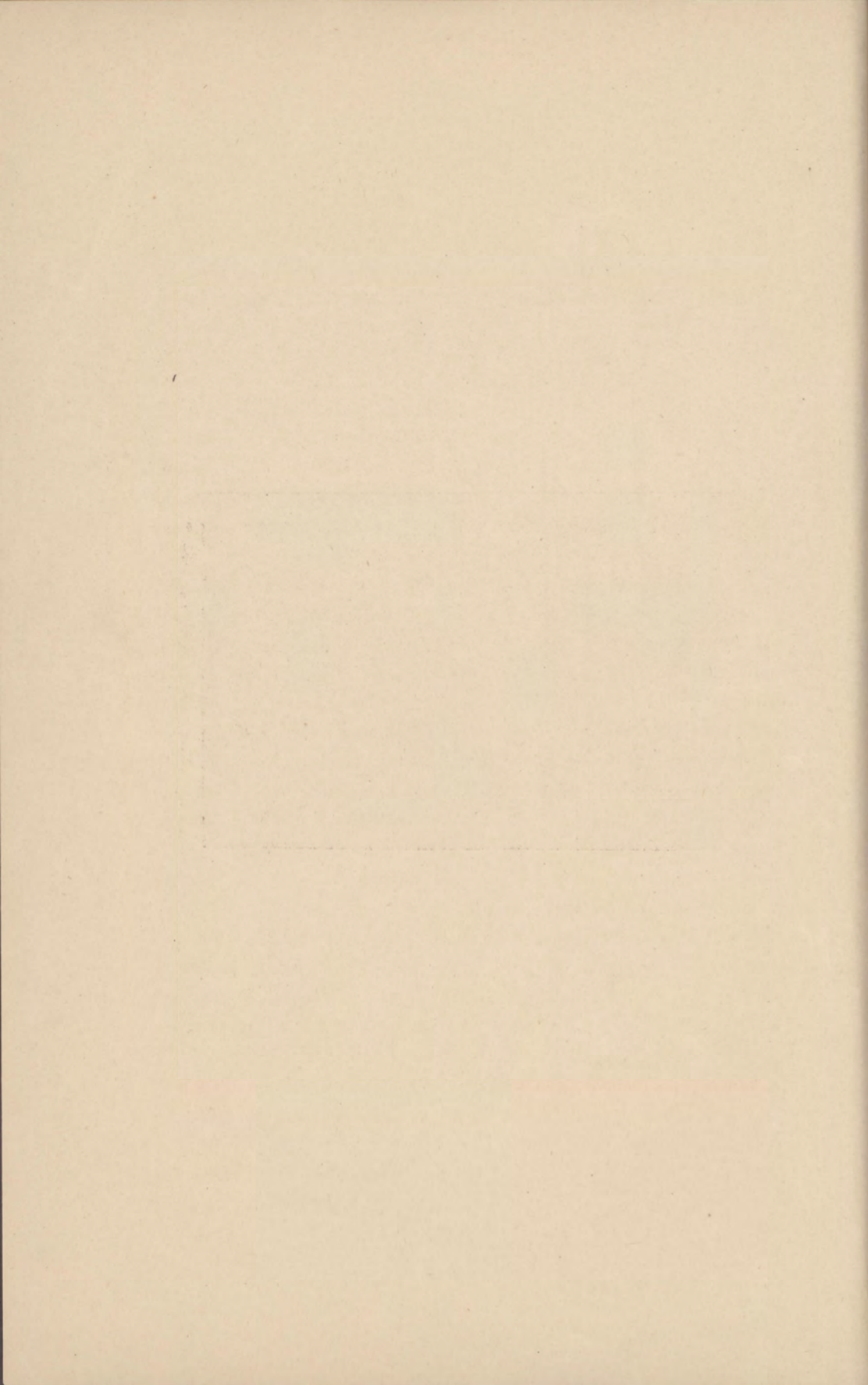
When Dr. Kedzie entered upon his work, the Chemical Department occupied incommodious and poorly furnished quarters in old College Hall. The old quarters were nothing when compared with the existing Chemical Laboratory, with its spacious work and lecture rooms. On account of its convenience of arrangement, it has been a model to many other institutions. His own thorough work and original investigations have made his lectures interesting and of permanent value. He has always been one of the first in all scientific enterprises, and has been recognized as a leader, as is evident from the positions held. His having been offered a professorship at each of the schools from which he graduated speaks well for his reputation, as a student. While a student at Oberlin the Professor of Chemistry was heard to remark, "I expect Robert Kedzie will be my successor." The position was filled by his oldest son, the late William K. Kedzie.

The locks have whitened and the strength abated, while the judgment has matured, in the quarter century of life given to the College. But it is not fitting that we should write a eulogy in this short fragmentary sketch. What has been said will serve to start many pleasant lines of thought. Long may the sons of M. A. C. enjoy the privilege of studying under the guidance of Dr. R. C. Kedzie!



Chemical Lab.

Printed by E. C. M.



History of Chemical Department.

In September, 1856, Rev. Lewis R. Fisk, A. M., then Professor of Natural Science in the State Normal School, now President of Albion College, was appointed Professor of Chemistry in the Agricultural College, and entered upon his duties at the opening of the College in May, 1857. He held the position until January, 1863, when his resignation was accepted.

Dr. R. C. Kedzie was appointed to the vacant chair of Chemistry, January 28, 1863, and entered at once upon his duties. The Chemical Laboratory at that time was the north half of first floor of the main College Hall, which was afterward the Library, and is now occupied by the Professor of Practical Agriculture. The lecture stand and pneumatic cistern were in the space just north of the folding doors of the chapel—afterward “the freshmen’s heaven,” and now a part of the hallway. The lecture room was the chapel, and when the folding doors were rolled back, the Professor faced his class in the chapel, the rostrum then being in the north end of the room. The class in elementary chemistry was not large enough to crowd the chapel the first term; the maximum attendance for the term was five, the minimum, one, and a reasonably full class, three. Lectures were written and elaborate experiments prepared, often for a class of only two, and occasionally for only one. When the attendance fell below this, the lecture was omitted. The class in chemical analysis for the summer term numbered six. Of this number one is Professor of Chemistry, in Wisconsin University, one a leading lawyer in Chicago, and President of the Alumni Association three years ago, and one is a wide-awake doctor in Lansing.

The Laboratory remained in its old quarters till 1871, when the north wing and analytical room of the present Laboratory were erected,

at a cost of \$11,500. The lecture room was the northeast room on the main floor, but it was soon found to be too small and poorly lighted. The south wing with lecture room and suite of rooms for quantitative analysis was erected in 1883.

ASSISTANTS IN CHEMISTRY.

W. W. Daniells, of '64, was appointed Assistant in Chemistry in 1866, and Assistant Professor of Chemistry in 1867, but resigned in 1868 to accept the Professorship of Chemistry in University of Wisconsin.

In 1871 W. K. Kedzie was appointed as Assistant in Chemistry. Two years after he resigned to fill the chair of Chemistry in Kansas Agricultural College.

In 1873 R. F. Kedzie was made Assistant in Chemistry, but in 1880 he resigned to accept a Professorship in Mississippi Agricultural and Mechanical College. F. S. Kedzie was then appointed Assistant, but in 1887 he was promoted to be Assistant Professor of Chemistry.

Dr. Kedzie says that much of the success of the Chemical Department has been due to the faithful and earnest work of his Assistants, and its growth from a small beginning to its present position has been largely the fruit of their faithful work.

State Board of Agriculture.

	RESIDENCE.	TERM EXPIRES.
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HENRY W. BAIRD, B.S.,

Assistant Secretary.

HIRAM T. FRENCH, B.S.,

Director of Farm Experiments.

LOUIS KNAPPER,

Florist.

CHARLES S. CRANDALL, B.S.,

Foreman of the Horticultural Department.

JAMES WISEMAN,

Engineer and Foreman of Iron Shops.

H. CAMPBELL,

Carpenter and Foreman of Wood Shops.

College Calendar for 1888-9.

1888.

Monday, February 20, Spring term begins at 8 p. m., the first week continuing through Saturday.

Friday, March 30, Examinations on the half-term studies.

Thursday, May 10, Examinations begin.

Friday, May 11, Spring term ends at noon.

Monday, May 21, Summer term begins at 8 p. m., first week continuing through Saturday.

Friday, June 29, Examinations on the half-term studies.

Thursday, August 9, Examinations begin.

Friday, August 10, Summer term ends at noon for all but the graduating class.

Sunday, August 12, Baccalaureate sermon.

Tuesday, August 14, Commencement.

Wednesday, August 15, Triennial alumni meeting.

Monday, August 27, College year begins at 8 p. m., the first week continuing through Saturday.

Friday, October 5, Examinations on the half-term studies.

Thursday, November 15, Examinations begin.

Friday, November 16, Autumn term ends.

1889.

Monday, February 25, Spring term begins at 8 p. m., the first week continuing through Saturday.

Friday, April 5, Examinations on the half-term studies.

Thursday, May 9, Examinations begin.

Friday, May 10, Spring term ends at noon.

Monday, May 20, Summer term begins at 8 P. M., the first week continuing through Saturday.

Friday, June 28, Examinations on the half-term studies.

Thursday, August 8, Examinations begin.

Friday, August 9, Summer term ends at noon for all but the graduating class.

Sunday, August 11, Baccalaureate sermon.

Tuesday, August 13, Commencement.

Monday, August 26, College year begins at 8 P. M., the first week continuing through Saturday.

Friday, October 4, Examinations on the half-term studies.

Thursday, November 14, Examinations begin.

Friday, November 15, Autumn term ends.

1890.

Monday, February 24, Spring term begins at 8 P. M., the first week continuing through Saturday.





© Class of '88. ©



The Senior



History.

The class of '88, in appearing before the readers of the Annual for the last time, beg leave to humbly make our bow. Though young, yet we are confident that the past four years have seen such a growth that we are able to keep abreast of the times. The years which we have spent at the College have not been disturbed by any great phenomena nor marked by any unusual disturbance in the upper world. The sun still continues to give forth light and heat, and the earth to bloom and fructify. When in the Freshman year the untiring attention paid to us by the higher classmen; the cool and refreshing precipitations from upper regions—exceptions to meteorological laws—so influenced our actions that we have since been regarded as the friend and adviser of the Freshman—a position which has been fraught with many cares and anxieties.

From the first we were aware of the position to be attained in life, and have shaped our course accordingly. No subject has been so broad, and no thought so deep but that the divers members of the class have followed it. The tiny sting of the "busy bee" and the pet theories of Darwin have been carefully investigated and the results will in due time appear. So, also, the long lost connecting link between birthday and surprise parties has been discovered, and the validity of that ancient rule to drown the cries of suffering with the sound of voices and stringed instruments has been exemplified in this, the nineteenth, century.

Class Roll.

COLORS :—BLUE, WHITE AND PINK.

MOTTO :—"WHERE DUTY LEADS."

Officers.

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D. A. SMITH,	-	-	-	Vice President.
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A. B. GOODWIN,	-	-	-	Treasurer.
W. F. STALEY,	-	-	-	Marshal.

LITERARY OFFICERS.

N. S. MAYO,	-	-	-	Orator.
HENRY THURTELL,	-	-	-	Poet.
H. E. HARRISON,	-	-	-	Historian.
A. B. CORDLEY,	-	-	-	Prophet.
J. C. STAFFORD,	-	-	-	Statistician.
W. J. HINKSON,	-	-	-	Toast Master.

COMMENCEMENT ORATORS.

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MARY L. CARPENTER,	W. M. MUNSON,
L. C. COLBURN,	W. A. TAYLOR,
F. H. HALL,	GEO. L. TELLER,

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L. A. Bregger,	ILLINOIS,	Quincy.
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R. H. Cary,	Ingham,	Lansing.
L. C. Colburn,	Van Buren,	Lawrence.
C. B. Cook,	Shiawassee,	Owosso.
A. B. Cordley,	Livingston,	Pinckney.
P. M. Chamberlain,	Berrien,	Three Oaks.
L. H. Dewey,*	Lenawee,	Cambridge.
J. N. Estabrook,	Saginaw,	East Saginaw.
F. J. Free,	Barry,	Middleville.
A. B. Goodwin,	Ionia,	Ionia.
Mary L. Harrison,	Ingham,	Lansing.
H. E. Harrison,	Ingham,	Lansing.
F. H. Hall,	Lenawee,	Tecumseh.
F. H. Hillman,	Ionia,	Lyons.
W. J. Hinkson,	Sanilac,	Amadore.
Clark Hubbell,	Livingston,	Fleming.
C. H. Lawton,	Van Buren,	Lawton.
N. S. Mayo,	Calhoun,	Battle Creek.
W. M. Munson,	Livingston,	Howell.
G. D. Perrigo,	Ionia,	Portland.
D. A. Pelton,	Hillsdale,	Hillsdale.
C. H. Redmond,	Gratiot,	St. Louis.
G. F. Stowe,	Clinton,	Fowler.
J. C. Stafford,	OHIO,	Lenox.
W. F. Staley,	Ionia,	Lyons.
D. A. Smith,	Ionia,	Portland.
W. A. Taylor,	Allegan,	Douglas.
G. L. Teller,	St. Joseph,	Colon.
Henry Thurtell,	Leelanaw,	Oviatt.



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The Junior



History.

The history of the class of '89 dates from the beginning of a new era at the college. As the great numbers flocked to this institution of learning, from their respective homes, laden with paternal advice, the whole community stood aghast with astonishment to see what the harvest would be.

But after they had met, organized and begun their work, the President informed the community that all was well. So the farmer returned to his plow, the carpenter to his bench, the blacksmith to his anvil, and the Sophomores to their rooms.

On the part of the college ample preparations had been made for our arrival. New professors had been engaged for our instruction; new departments were created for our edification, new buildings erected for our accommodation, and strawberries raised for our moral culture—pears, melons and goose eggs disappearing with the previous class.

By our united and determined efforts the interests of science have been advanced, art has been improved, grounds beautified, the standard of the college raised, and red peppers harvested. Although at times our forces have become thinned, yet the beginning of each term sees us with closed ranks, and the simple, harmonic motion of our determined advance upon the enemy astonishes the Faculty, upper classmen, Freshmen, bees and tadpoles.

Our long and continued success in the past leads us to expect that our efforts will culminate in a great victory to the class, all being able to carry home sheaves of honor earned by faithfulness to duty. Already in Junior work we have far outstripped any previous class, and capture the admiration of the upper classmen, as well as the moths and Hemiptera that roam our grounds and halls.

Thus, through hard and diligent work we have reached the height from which the goal is in view, and now all before us looks as smiling as does Todd in the class picture.

Class Roll.

MOTTO—"How, Not Who."

Officers.

WILLIAM LIGHTBODY,	-	-	-	President.
GEORGE J. JENKS,	-	-	-	Vice President.
E. N. PAGELSON,	-	-	-	Secretary.
WILLIAM L. ROSSMAN,	-	-	-	Treasurer.

LITERARY OFFICERS.

R. S. BAKER,	-	-	-	-	Orator.
L. W. RICE,	-	-	-	-	Poet.
E. N. PAGELSON,	-	-	-	-	Historian.
GEORGE J. JENKS,	-	-	-	-	Prophet.
D. F. ANDERSON,	-	-	-	-	Statistician.
D. A. GARFIELD,	-	-	-	-	Toast Master.

Members.

NAME.	COUNTY.	POSTOFFICE.
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David F. Anderson,	Van Buren,	Berlamont.
Grant M. Axford,	Oakland,	Orion.
Warren Babcock,	Monroe,	Milan.
R. S. Baker,	WISCONSIN,	St. Croix Falls.
A. D. Baker,	Ingham,	Lansing.
Birtley K. Canfield,	OHIO,	Cleveland.
George L. Chase,	Wayne,	Detroit.
Lemuel Churchill,	Berrien,	Three Oaks.
Fred N. Clark,	Oakland,	Highland Station.
Rolland J. Cleland,	Ottawa,	Coopersville.
Will Curtis,	WISCONSIN,	Patch Grove.
L. A. Clinton,	Kent,	Grand Rapids.
R. C. Clute,	Ionia,	Ionia.
W. E. Davis,	Clinton,	Wacousta.

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D. A. Garfield,	Calhoun,	Albion.
E. A. Holden,	Benzie,	Oviatt.
P. G. Holden,	Benzie,	Oviatt.
John J. Howard,	Livingston,	Iosco.
O. C. Hollister,	Shiawassee,	Laingsburg.
H. G. Jackson,	Oceana,	Hart.
George J. Jenks,	Huron,	Sand Beach.
William Lightbody,	St. Clair,	St. Clair.
Theodore R. McClure,	Ingham,	Lansing.
Thomas McGrath,	Ottawa,	Dennison.
Donald S. Mead,	St. Joseph,	Three Rivers.
Alexander Moore,	St. Clair,	Port Huron.
Bert Mulliken,	Ingham,	Lansing.
W. J. Myers,	Kent,	Caledonia.
Harry A. Martin,	Van Buren,	Lawrence.
F. J. Niswander,	INDIANA,	Brimfield.
J. W. O'Bannon,	INDIANA,	Terre Coupe.
W. S. Palmer,	Jackson,	Napoleon.
E. N. Pagelson,	Ottawa,	Grand Haven.
Frank M. Paine,	Kent,	Rockford.
L. W. Rice,	Ottawa,	Coopersville.
Waldo E. Rohnert,	Wayne,	Detroit.
Orla J. Root,	Ingham,	Mason.
Wm. L. Rossman,	Ionia,	Portland.
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Mary Smith,	Ingham,	Agricultural College.
Frank J. Stahl,	Ingham,	Lansing.
Hobart A. Stewart,	Genesee,	Flint.
F. E. Seman,	Allegan,	Allegan.
J. W. Toan,	Ionia,	Maple.
Charles H. Todd,	OHIO,	Wakeman.
James W. Toumey,	Van Buren,	Lawrence.
William H. Van Devort,	NEW YORK,	Phelps.
H. E. Weed,	Ingham,	Lansing.
A. G. Wilson,	Ingham,	Mason.
R. H. Wilson,	Ingham,	Mason.

IN MEMORIAM.

HENRY F. KEYS.

CHARLES PRIEST.

GEORGE THOMPSON GRIDLEY.

GILBERT U. SIMONS.



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THE
SOPHOMORE



History.

Out in the open fields of nature we see the beautiful contrasted with the ugly. By our association with the many diversified forms we unconsciously form a taste for variety. Because of the repulsive we love the attractive more. Clouds leave the sunshine brighter. Failure mingled with success has a greater hold on our interest. To some, then, the history of '90 may seem monotonous, so unattended is it with failure. Although ours is sandwiched between two other histories, which if rightly interpreted would tend to supply the deficiency, yet space will allow only a few of the minor facts concerning our extraordinary career.

We admit that at first we did assume a verdant appearance, in order to establish ourselves favorably in the minds of our inferiors. Not only at first did we thus humble ourselves, but we have continually held ourselves in restraint, painfully conforming to all the steps of a methodical development, not for our own edification, but gratuitously, to place a model before subsequent classes. Although we labor under great disadvantage in thus subjugating our pent-up talent, yet, so successfully have we concealed it that few of the professors, even, have discovered that we were more than ordinary. It has been our sworn principle not to divulge our great capabilities by wonderful achievements, though we fear the way we acquitted ourselves in surveying, chemistry and foot-ball will prove a discouraging precedent to our followers. Occasionally, then, our ability and genius, unable to be subdued longer, will find vent, showering upon us the admiration of all present. Thus it has come that some regard us as indeed a mighty class, though we endeavored not to disclose the secret.

To check this exposure of our true qualities we have occasionally introduced into our course a few slight errors. These, though they can be attributable only to lack of entire familiarity with all the pecu-

liarities of the college and authors in vogue, have in some cases been effective in their work. For instance, in the class room, when our knowledge was unlimited and our eloquence could have put Demosthenes to shame, how often have we modestly said we did not know, rather than confuse and discourage our kind instructor with a deep and elaborate treatment of the subject.

Unmistakable signs of our superiority are constantly showing themselves. Before our appearance enough material could not be obtained for a College Annual. Even with the abundance supplied by our entrance, it would not have been attempted, had it not been known that we followed with the next number to complete the work and perpetuate the custom. Since we entered it has been found expedient to institute a gymnasium, in order that the other classmen, under our careful supervision, might have the advantage of a physical training. Seeing a lack of social advantages, we not only installed a Freshman class day, feebly attempted by our predecessors, but we introduced a Sophomore class day also.

Thus we have taken a partial insight into two of the most spotless years ever experienced by any class at the M. A. C. As the morning tells the day, so our future promises to be uninterrupted in success.

Class Roll.

COLORS :—HELIOTROPE AND LIGHT PINK.

MOTTO :—"BY PERSEVERANCE."

CLASS YELL :—GREAT AND MIGHTY, 'RAH ! 'RAH ! NINETY.

Officers.

F. B. STOCKWELL,	-	-	-	President.
J. H. HOOPER,	-	-	-	Vice President.
CHARLES FERRIS,	-	-	-	Secretary.
E. G. COONEY,	-	-	-	Treasurer.
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LITERARY OFFICERS.

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R. B. LEDERLE,	-	-	-	Poet.
H. J. HALL,	-	-	-	Historian.
F. S. ROBINSON,	-	-	-	Prophet.
B. L. JENKS,	-	-	-	Statistician.
W. W. MORRISON,	-	-	-	Toast Master.

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Jessie I. Beal, ✓	Ingham,	Agricultural College.
Edward Bradford,	Ingham,	Lansing.
George F. Bristol,	Kalamazoo,	Augusta.
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IN MEMORIAM.

'90.

FRANK M. STODDARD.



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A Forecast.

And in those days it shall come to pass that a new world shall be discovered—a world inhabited by a race of people hitherto unknown. The revealers of this new world shall be no other than our own descendants, who shall become restless under the stringent laws of the day, and shall seek happiness under the lofty mountains and among the sparkling lakes which only that country can afford.

They that shall settle in the region of the great lakes of that country shall become a mighty people; and they shall gain their livelihood by the tilling of the soil, and they shall make many and curious implements for their use. They shall be an ambitious people, and shall aspire to high and noble things. Every man shall desire that his sons know the occupation of the father. And as this people shall be a nation of gigantic feeders, it shall be the desire of every woman that her daughters shall know on what it shall be best for the men of this people to be fed.

Thus it shall come to pass that this people shall talk of these things much together, and they shall build a mighty school in the wilderness, and shall send to this place their sons; (but the curse of this people shall be, that for many days they shall not see that their daughters need also to be instructed in the school.) Then the wise men shall teach the youth of the land in all the craft of agriculture and of building, and the youth shall go forth from the school wise in the art of tilling the soil, and the keeping of many and divers cattle.

In this wise there shall go to this institution, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred eighty-seven, a company of youth who shall excel all others in scholarly and muscular attainments,

Listen, oh, ye, unto my cry, and heed ye my warning. Oh, '90! ye shall indeed be a mighty class, but when ye stand pitted against '91 in the tug of war, what shall it avail ye? And '89 will rise up only to fall on the advent of '91 to the field of base ball: but of '88 what can be said? She shall strive at tennis, but what is she then?

While this class shall excel in manly sports, so shall it excel in the accumulation of geometry goose eggs, for its sons shall be the favored of the city, and shall hie them there on many Sundays.

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—The above fragment was found in a copy of the Red line edition of the poems of Anacreon, published by himself, B. C. 475, and was translated by our historian.

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MOTTO:—"LABOR, THOUGHT, SUCCESS."

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Beta Delta, - - - - -	-	University of Georgia.
Beta Epsilon, - - - - -	-	Emory College.
Omicron (Grand Chapter),	-	University of Iowa.
Omega, - - - - -	-	Iowa State College.
Xi, - - - - -	-	Simpson College.
Beta Kappa, - - - - -	-	University of Colorado.
Beta Eta, - - - - -	-	University of Minnesota.
Beta Beta, - - - - -	-	De Pauw University.
Phi, - - - - -	-	Hanover College.
Beta Zeta, - - - - -	-	Butler University.
Beta Alpha, - - - - -	-	Indiana University.
Delta (Grand Chapter),	-	University of Michigan.
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Chi, - - - - -	-	Kenyon College.
Psi, - - - - -	-	Wooster University.
Zeta, - - - - -	-	Adelbert College.
Beta, - - - - -	-	Ohio University.
Eta, - - - - -	-	Buchtel College.
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Upsilon, - - - - -	-	Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute.
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Yeiji Ekeda.	

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New York Delta,	-	-		Columbia College.
New York Epsilon,	-	-		Syracuse University.
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Pennsylvania Beta,	-	-		Pennsylvania College.
Pennsylvania Gamma,	-			Washington and Jefferson College.
Pennsylvania Delta,	-	-		Alleghany College.
Pennsylvania Epsilon,	-			Dickinson College.
Pennsylvania Zeta,	-	-		University of Pennsylvania.
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Pennsylvania Alpha Alumni,				Pittsburg, Pa.
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Virginia Beta,	-	-	-	University of Virginia.
Virginia Gamma,	-	-		Randolph Macon College.
Virginia Delta,	-	-	-	Richmond College.
Virginia Epsilon,	-	-		Virginia Military Institute.
Virginia Zeta,	-	-	-	Washington and Lee University.
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South Carolina Beta,	-	-		South Carolina College.
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Dist. of Columbia Alpha Alumni,				Washington, D. C.
Virginia Alpha Alumni,	-			Richmond, Va.
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Georgia Beta,	-	-	-	Emory College.
Georgia Gamma,	-	-	-	Mercer University.

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Tennessee Beta,	-	-	University of the South.
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Alabama Beta,	-	-	State College of Alabama.
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Texas Beta,	-	-	University of Texas.
Texas Gamma,	-	-	Southwestern University.
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Georgia Beta Alumni,	-	-	Atlanta, Ga.
Tennessee Alpha Alumni,	-	-	Nashville Tenn.
Alabama Alpha Alumni,	-	-	Montgomery, Ala.
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Ohio Beta,	-	-	Ohio Wesleyan University.
Ohio Gamma,	-	-	Ohio University.
Ohio Delta,	-	-	University of Wooster.
Ohio Epsilon,	-	-	Buchtel College.
Ohio Zeta,	-	-	Ohio State University.
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Kentucky Delta,	-	-	Central University.
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Ohio Beta Alumni,	-	-	Akron, O.
Kentucky Alpha Alumni,	-	-	Louisville, Ky.
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Indiana Beta,	-	-	Wabash College.
Indiana Gamma,	-	-	Butler University.
Indiana Delta,	-	-	Franklin College.
Indiana Epsilon,	-	-	Hanover College.
Indiana Zeta,	-	-	De Pauw University.
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Michigan Beta,	-	-	Michigan Agricultural College.
Michigan Gamma,	-	-	Hillsdale College.
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Illinois Delta,	-	-	Knox College.
Illinois Epsilon,	-	-	Illinois Wesleyan University.
Illinois Zeta,	-	-	Lombard University.
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Illinois Beta Alumni,	-	-	Galesburg, Ill.
Missouri Alpha,	-	-	University of Missouri.

Missouri Beta,	-	-	-	Westminster College.
Iowa Alpha,	-	-	-	Iowa Wesleyan University.
Iowa Beta,	-	-	-	State University of Iowa.
Minnesota Alpha,	-	-	-	University of Minnesota.
Kansas Alpha,	-	-	-	University of Kansas.
Nebraska Alpha,	-	-	-	University of Nebraska.
California Alpha,	-	-	-	University of California.
Missouri Alpha Alumni,	-			Kansas City, Mo.
Minnesota Alpha Alumni,				Minneapolis, Minn.
California Alpha Alumni,	-			San Francisco, Cal.



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Officers.

LIEUT. W. L. SIMPSON, - - Commandant.

BATTALION.

R. S. BAKER, - - - Adjutant.

G. J. JENKS, - - - Sergeant Major.

COMPANY.

Co. A.

J. N. Estabrook, Capt.
E. A. Holden, 1st Lieut.
A. D. Baker, 2d Lieut.
F. M. Siebert, 1st Serg't.
D. F. Anderson, 2d Serg't.
F. N. Clark, 3d Serg't.
George Chase, 4th Serg't.

CORPORALS.

W. E. Davis.
F. B. Stockwell.
F. M. Paine.
H. J. Hall.

Co. B.

D. A. Smith, Capt.
L. Churchill, 1st Lieut.
D. A. Garfield, 2d Lieut.
J. W. O'Bannon, 1st Serg't.
L. W. Rice, 2d Serg't.
B. K. Bentley, 3d Serg't.
H. A. Stewart, 4th Serg't.

CORPORALS.

A. G. Wilson.
W. E. Rohnert.
R. J. Cleland.
Thomas McGrath.

T. R. McClure, Quartermaster.

Students' Organization.

COLLEGE YELL: Uzz! Uzz! Uzz! M I A I O!

Officers.

L. A. BREGGER,	-	-	President.
F. M. SIEBERT,	-	-	Vice President.
J. R. ROGERS,	-	-	Secretary.

LEGAL BOARD.

Harry Thurtell.	J. C. Stafford.
J. N. Estabrook.	Harry Williams.
D. F. Anderson.	

EQUALIZATION BOARD.

J. H. Hooper.	W. H. VanDevort.
H. B. Cannon.	F. B. Stockwell.
G. L. Teller.	

AUDITING COMMITTEE.

W. J. Meyers.	G. S. Jenks.
J. W. O'Bannon.	

Natural History Society.

Officers.

L. H. DEWEY,	-	-	President.
F. H. HALL,	-	-	Vice President.
R. S. BAKER,	-	-	Secretary.
J. W. WHITE,	-	-	Treasurer.
C. B. COOK,	-	-	Curator of Museum.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

Prof. A. J. Cook.	Prof. W. J. Beal.
H. B. Cannon.	F. M. Paine.

Resident Members.

IN FACULTY.

W. J. Beal.	R. C. Carpenter.
L. H. Bailey.	E. J. MacEwan.
A. J. Cook.	H. T. French.
R. C. Kedzie.	P. B. Woodworth.
F. S. Kedzie.	C. B. Waldron.

1888.

J. N. Estabrook.	F. J. Free.
A. B. Goodwin.	D. A. Pelton.
L. A. Bregger.	J. C. Stafford.
H. B. Cannon.	George F. Stowe.
C. B. Cook.	W. A. Taylor.
A. B. Cordley.	George L. Teller.

1889.

R. S. Baker.
L. Churchill.
L. A. Clinton.

F. M. Paine.
C. H. Todd.

1890.

G. W. Kinsey.
J. H. F. Mullett.
E. J. Rowley.
H. Z. Ward.

Paul Woodworth.
J. W. White.
A. Latcha Waters.

Y. M. C. A.

Officers, '88-89.

D. F. ANDERSON, -	-	-	President.
R. S. BAKER, -	-	-	Vice President.
H. J. HALL, -	-	-	Corresponding Secretary.
EDWIN GREESON, -	-	-	Recording Secretary.
J. H. F. MULLETT, -	-	-	Treasurer.
M. O. HEDRICK, -	-	-	Janitor.



Board of Editors.

Phi Delta Theta.

R. S. BAKER, - - - Editor-in-Chief.

Union Literary Society.

W. J. MEYERS, - - - Personals.

Eclectic Society.

ALEX. MOORE, - - - Colleges and Exchanges.

Delta Tau Delta.

W. L. ROSSMAN, - - - Athletics.

Olympic Society.

P. G. HOLDEN, - - - College News.

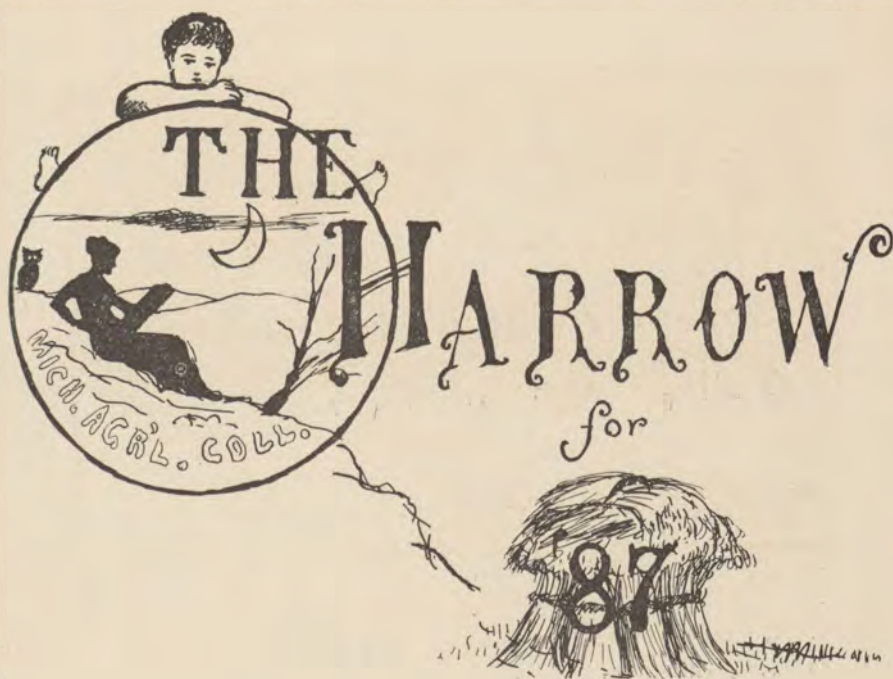
Natural History Society.

C. B. WALDRON, - - - Science.

G. J. JENKS, - - - Business Manager.

G. S. JENKS, - - - Asst. Business Manager.

PROF. W. J. BEAL, - - - Treasurer.



Editorial Board, '87.

P. G. HOLDEN,	-	-	Editor-in-Chief.
WM. LIGHTBODY,	-	-	Literary Editor.
CHAS. HELMORE,	-	-	Historical Editor.
CHAS. M. HEMPHILL,	-	-	Statistical Editor.
B. K. CANFIELD,	-	-	Art Editor.
J. H. WHEELER,	-	-	Business Manager.

Published by the class of '89.

College Alumni Association.

Officers.

E. M. SHELTON, '71,	-	President.
W. L. CARPENTER, '75,	}	- Vice Presidents.
C. E. HOLLISTER, '61,		
D. C. OAKES, '74,		
F. S. KEDZIE, '77, -	-	Secretary.
G. A. FARR, '70, -	-	Orator.
J. W. BEAUMONT, '82,	-	Orator (alternate).
FRANK HODGMAN, '62,	-	Poet.
J. B. COTTON, '86, -	-	Poet (alternate).
C. P. GILLETT, '84, -	-	Historian.
Mrs. H. T. FRENCH, '87,		Historian (alternate).

History of the Alumni Association.

When five classes had already gone out from the Agricultural College, and the sixth class, that of 1868, was about to go, the question of an Alumni Society was first discussed.

Samuel M. Tracy of the class of 1868, and at present director of the Mississippi Experiment Station, is the person to whom, more than any other, the organization owes its existence. Mr. Tracy first thought of the association and did all the writing necessary to bring the matter to the attention of the Alumni, and to his efforts more than to those of any other person must be attributed the preliminary meeting on November 11, 1868.

Starting in 1868, but little else than preparation could be done that year; so that it was November 10, 1869, before the body met and adopted a constitution.

This constitution was a simple statement of purpose, with nine articles upon name, object, membership, time of meeting, officers, fees, and committee of arrangements, and this constitution has stood the wear of years with only slight alterations, principally relating to time of holding meetings and some changes in the provisions for expenses.

The purpose of the organization is to perpetuate college friendships, to promote the prosperity of, to increase the influence of, and to broaden the work of the College, our *Alma Mater*.

All Alumni and the members of the graduating class are considered members of the society, which, since 1870, meets triennially. In 1869 and 1870 there were annual meetings, but as numbers increased and business cares began to take up the time of the earlier graduates it was thought wiser to widen the intervals and urge attendance upon the triennial meetings. The plan has worked well, and the greatest interest and pleasure are taken in the home-comings.

While the Alumni Association has always shown the heartiest interest in the welfare of the College, putting itself on record as opposed to any change in the school sessions which would interfere with the fullest development of the labor system, and desiring, in the interest of the students, the appointment of Alumni upon the State Board of Agriculture, yet it is as a social body that its influence always

has been and always must be most felt. Students return after years of absence and experience; they meet old friends, talk over old times, compare the past with the present, and compare this institution with others which they have seen, and insensibly their influence is felt, and in a measure they direct, without seeming to, the course of the schools for the intervening period of three years. Older men catch the enthusiasm of the youths just going out, and the youth is inspired with a determination to approach the excellent examples of his predecessors; so that, in many quiet ways, at the College and in the outside community, sentiment is made for the kind of instruction which is given in this school; and it is a sentiment which always demands more and better instruction rather than less or indifferent training.

The association, with the class of 1888, numbers over 400 living members, and with the intimate acquaintance and harmony of action of its members it cannot but promote the welfare of the College in many ways.

The officers for the past years have, whenever possible, fulfilled the duties consequent upon their election, and many able papers have been presented by men holding honorable positions in schools, in the public service, or in the chosen profession of law, or farming, or whatever it might be.

Years	President.	Orator.	Poet.	Historian.	Secretary.
1869...	F. Hodgman, '62.	Prentiss, '61, Millard, '64.	Clute, '62.	Daniells, '64, D. S. Strange, '67	G. W. Harrison, '66.
1870...	D. S. Strange, '67..	F. Hodgman, '62.	A. J. Cook, '62.	Guy Johnson, '69, A. J. Cook, '62.	A. J. Cook, '62.
1873...	C. E. Hollister, '61	Daniells, '64, G. A. Farr.	L. F. Burton, '68.	W. W. Tracy, '67, P. Felker, '71.	Farr, '70, Cook, '62.
1876...	J. S. Strange, '69.	Prentiss, '61.	Clute, '62.	J. A. Kerr, '71.	A. J. Cook, '62.
1879...	W. W. Tracy, '67, Beasley, '68.	Daniells, '64.	W. K. Kedzie, '70, Wm. Cook, '74.	B. D. Halshead, '71, R. C. Carpenter, '73.	A. J. Cook, '62.
1882...	J. Satterlee, '69.	W. K. Kedzie, '70, J. P. Finley, '73.	F. Hodgman, '62.	H. A. Haigh, '74.	R. C. Carpenter, '73.
1885...	S. M. Millard, '64	E. M. Shelton, '71, S. M. Millard, '64	O. E. Angstman, '75.	C. L. Ingersoll, '74, E. Davenport, '78	R. C. Carpenter, '73.
1888...	E. M. Preston, '62	C. W. Garfield, '70, F. E. Robson, '78	H. W. Collingwood, '83, W. W. Remington, '80.	M. J. Carpenter, '81, C. C. Lillie, '84.	F. S. Kedzie, '77.

The Alumni have had painted, by Reed of Kalamazoo, portraits of the first graduating class, and by Conely of Detroit, a portrait of Dr. Abbot, both of which pictures are prized as parts of the early College history.

First Hop
Given by the
COLLEGE SOCIAL
CLUB



April
20
1888

At the Governor's Guard
Armory

Boarding Clubs.

CLUB A.

R. S. BAKER,	-	-	-	-	Steward.
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CLUB B.

W. S. PALMER,	-	-	-	-	Steward.
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CLUB C.

E. G. COONEY,	-	-	-	-	Steward.
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CLUB D.

F. M. SIEBERT,	-	-	-	-	Steward.
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CLUB E.

ALEX. MOORE,	-	-	-	-	Steward.
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Oratorical Association of M. A. C.

Officers.

F. H. HALL,	-	-	-	President.
W. J. HINKSON,	-	-	-	Vice President.
A. B. CORDLEY,	-	-	-	Secretary and Treas.

Competitors in First Contest.

W. A. Taylor.	N. S. Mayo.
H. B. Cannon.	D. F. Anderson.
L. C. Colburn.	

First Prize, H. B. Cannon—"An Ethical Solution of the Labor Problem."

Second Prize, W. A. Taylor—"The Misuse of Money in Politics."





Base Ball Association.

Officers.

PROF. R. C. CARPENTER,	-	Manager.
J. N. ESTABROOK,	- -	Ass't Manager and Treas.
A. E. BULSON,	- - -	Secretary.
O. C. HOLLISTER,	- - -	Scorer.
G. J. JENKS,	- - -	Umpire.

College Nine.

NAMES.	FIELD NAMES.	POSITION.
B. K. Canfield,	- "Can," - -	Pitcher.
N. C. Smith,	- "Swell-Head," -	Catcher.
C. F. Rittinger,	- "Rit," - - -	First Base.
A. E. Bulson,	- "Bulse," - -	Second Base.
L. A. Burnett,	- "Burny," - -	Third Base.
G. L. Chase,	- "George-el," -	Short Stop.
A. B. Cordley,	- "Corilary," - -	Left Field.
F. B. Stockwell,	- "Freddie," -	Center Field.
J. L. Morris,	- "Chicago," - -	Right Field.
C. F. Weideman,	"Broidy," - -	Substitute.
D. P. Yerkes,	- "Don," - -	Pitcher.



N3359

Records.

NAMES.	No. Games.	BATTING.			FIELDING.			
		A. B.	B. H.	Per Cent.	P. O.	A.	E.	Per Cent.
Chase, - - - -	11	51	18	.353	18	17	10	.777
Cordley, - - - -	11	52	19	.365	13	5	3	.857
Burnett, - - - -	10	49	22	.489	19	23	9	.823
Smith, - - - -	10	48	18	.375	63	27	4	.957
Canfield, - - - -	10	46	19	.413	24	39	4	.940
Stockwell, - - - -	9	37	15	.405	15	3	3	.857
Bulson, - - - -	6	29	5	.172	11	11	1	.956
Morris, - - - -	6	27	6	.222	32	0	5	.865
Rittinger, - - - -	5	24	4	.166	45	0	7	.865
Yerkes, - - - -	4	15	2	.133	33	2	1	.972
Stack, - - - -	4	19	6	.315	6	13	6	.760
Weideman, - - - -	3	13	4	.307	5	2	2	.777
Thurtell, - - - -	3	14	7	.500	1	0	3	.250
Frost, - - - -	1	7	3	.428	1	0	0	.1000

Games Played.

Where Played.	Score.	Where Played.	Score.
Fowlerville, M. A. C.	17, Northville 6.	M. A. C., M. A. C.	10, Albion 8.
M. A. C., M. A. C.	24, Aurelius 8.	M. A. C., M. A. C.	5, Ann Arbor 13.
Lansing, M. A. C.	5, Kalamazoo 10.	Howell, M. A. C.	23, Owosso 3.
Kalamazoo, M. A. C.	3, Kalamazoo 7.	E. Saginaw, M. A. C.	2, E. Saginaw 5.
Lansing, M. A. C.	38, Lansing 3.	Lansing, M. A. C.	11, Lansing 14.
M. A. C., M. A. C.	12, Olivet 2.		

Browns.

W. F. Staley, Captain.

W. F. Staley, Pitcher.	J. Begole, Jr., Third Base.
A. F. Foster, Catcher.	W. Rossman, Short Stop.
H. B. Thurtell, First Base.	G. D. Perrigo, Left Field.
C. F. Weideman, Second Base.	H. C. Perrin, Center Field.
W. F. Johnson, Right Field.	

Grays.

J. W. Toan, Captain.

M. S. Stack, Pitcher.	H. F. Hall, Third Base.
C. F. Rittinger, Catcher.	R. J. Cleland, Short Stop.
E. G. Cooney, First Base.	E. J. Frost, Left Field.
R. H. Stanley, Second Base.	J. W. Toan, Center Field.
J. F. Clemons, Right Field.	

Class Nines.

SENIOR.

W. F. Staley, Captain.

A. E. Bulson, Catcher.	F. H. Hall, Third Base.
W. F. Staley, Pitcher.	G. D. Perrigo, Short Stop.
H. Thurtell, First Base.	C. Hubbell, Right Field.
A. B. Cordley, Second Base.	C. H. Redmond, Center Field.
W. J. Hinkson, Left Field.	

JUNIOR.

B. K. Canfield, Captain.

B. K. Canfield, Pitcher.	W. L. Rossman, Third Base.
G. L. Chase, Catcher.	R. J. Cleland, Short Stop.
D. A. Garfield, First Base.	T. R. McClure, Left Field.
T. F. McGrath, Second Base.	J. W. Toan, Center Field.
F. M. Siebert, Right Field.	

SOPHOMORE.

N. C. Smith, Captain.

N. C. Smith, Pitcher.	H. T. Hall, Third Base.
C. F. Rittinger, Catcher.	J. F. Clemons, Short Stop.
E. G. Cooney, First Base.	E. J. Frost, Left Field.
F. B. Plimpton, Second Base.	F. B. Stockwell, Center Field.
H. Z. Ward, Right Field.	

FRESHMAN.

L. A. Burnett, Pitcher.	J. Begole, Third Base.
M. S. Stack, Catcher.	R. H. Stanley, Short Stop.
J. N. Clark, First Base.	V. H. Lowe, Center Field.
C. Weideman, Second Base.	W. F. Johnson, Right Field.
A. C. Perrin, Left Field.	

ALUMNI.

J. B. Cotton, Captain.

J. B. Cotton, Pitcher.	C. B. Waldron, Third Base.
H. W. Baird, Catcher,	W. L. Simpson, Short Stop.
E. R. Lake, First Base.	E. Davenport, Center Field.
R. C. Carpenter, Second Base.	P. B. Woodworth, Left Field.
W. S. Holdsworth, Right Field.	



Foot Ball Team.

PAUL WOODWORTH, Captain.

P. WOODWORTH,	-	-	-	Quarter Back.
R. H. STANLEY,	-	-	-	Goal Keeper.
G. PERRIGO,	-	-	-	Half Back.
F. B. STOCKWELL,	-	-	-	Half Back.
L. BURRITT,	-	-	-	Snap Back.
J. STAFFORD,	-	-	-	Rusher.
L. CHURCHILL,	-	-	-	Rusher.
E. G. LODEMAN,	-	-	-	Rusher.
H. THURTELL,	-	-	-	Rusher.
A. L. MARHOFF,	-	-	-	Rusher.
P. P. CHAPMAN,	-	-	-	Rusher.



The Racquet.

OFFICERS.

E. R. LAKE,	-	-	-	-	Chief.
G. S. JENKS,	-	-	-	-	Recorder.
B. L. JENKS,	-	-	-	-	Scorer.

UMPIRES.

A. L. Waters.	D. A. Garfield.
---------------	-----------------

CONTROL COMMITTEE.

Miss Chippie L. Harrison, '88.	Miss Mary Smith, '89.
H. F. Hall, '90.	C. F. Weideman, '91.

MEMBERS.

E. R. Lake.	G. S. Jenks.
R. B. McPherson.	D. A. Smith.
P. P. Chapman.	G. M. Fish.
R. J. Cleland.	C. F. Weideman.
D. A. Garfield.	Y. Eked.
R. C. Smith.	R. B. Lederle.
R. H. Stanley.	C. L. Crandall.
F. B. Stockwell.	A. B. Cordley.
B. K. Canfield.	O. C. Hollister.
C. J. Obert.	S. K. Boyd.
F. W. Ashton.	E. E. Gregory.
H. H. Doty.	J. N. Estabrook.
Jessie I. Beal.	Susan Anderson.
Fred Hoffman.	H. A. Stewart.
H. F. Hall.	A. L. Waters.
W. R. Hawkins.	A. C. Perrin.
V. S. Hillyer.	H. W. Baird.
E. G. Lodeman.	W. Petrie.
J. R. McColl.	J. H. Freeman.
G. W. Kinsey.	G. A. Manning.

Clubs.

COLLEGE CLUB.

A. B. Cordley.	H. F. Hall.
R. H. Stanley.	G. S. Jenks.

T. P. S. CLUB.

OFFICERS.

G. S. Jenks,	-	-	-	-	-	Ruler.
H. F. Hall,	-	-	-	-	-	Scribe.

MEMBERS.

A. L. Waters.	P. P. Chapman.
R. B. McPherson.	B. L. Jenks.
H. F. Hall.	G. S. Jenks.

FACULTY ROW CLUB.

Miss Chippie L. Harrison.	Miss Jessie I. Beal.
Miss Mary Smith.	R. H. Stanley.
A. B. Cordley.	D. A. Garfield.

MILITARY CLUB.

Lieutenant Simpson, U. S. A.	Captain Smith.
Captain Estabrook.	Lieutenant Baker.

Class Clubs.

SENIOR.

A. B. Cordley.
J. N. Estabrook.

G. D. Perrigo.
J. C. Stafford.

JUNIOR.

R. J. Cleland.
D. A. Garfield.

H. A. Stewart.
G. L. Chase.

SOPHOMORE.

G. S. Jenks.
B. L. Jenks.

R. B. McPherson.
H. F. Hall.

FRESHMAN.

C. F. Weideman.
F. W. Ashton.

R. H. Stanley.
E. E. Gregory.

Society Clubs.

UNION LITERARY.

R. J. Cleland.
D. A. Smith.

D. A. Garfield.
F. H. Hall.

ECLECTIC.

F. W. Ashton.
J. W. Begole, Jr.

B. L. Jenks.
R. B. McPherson.

OLYMPIC.

A. D. Baker.
V. S. Hillyer.

L. Churchill.
W. E. Davis.

DELTA TAU DELTA.

I. N. Estabrook.
N. C. Smith.

G. D. Perrigo.
J. L. Potter.

PHI DELTA THETA.

A. B. Cordley.
W. R. Hawkins.

P. Woodworth.
R. H. Stanley.

Michigan Inter-Collegiate
Athletic Association.

E. A. BARRINGER, Hillsdale,
President.

D. W. SPRINGER, Albion,
Vice President.

CHAS. E. MCKINNEY, Olivet,
Treasurer.

J. N. ESTABROOK, M. A. C.,
Secretary and Manager of Field Day Sports.

The Records.

CONTESTS.	WINNERS.	COLLEGE.	RECORD.	PRIZE.
RUNNING.				
One hundred yards dash.....	Van Fleet.....	Hillsdale	10¾ sec.....	Gold medal.
Fifty yards backward dash.....	Ward.....	Hillsdale	8½ sec.....	Memento.
220 yards dash.....	Van Fleet.....	Hillsdale	23¾ sec.....	Silver medal.
Half mile run.....	Ward.....	Hillsdale	2 min. 12 sec.....	Gold medal.
Three legged race, 100 yards.. }	Burnham..... }	Albion.....	15 sec.....	Memento.
Running bases.....	Critchett..... }			
	H. F. Hall.....	M. A. C.....	16½ sec.....	Memento.
College relay—one mile..... }	Carnahan.....	Hillsdale	3 min. 35 sec.....	Cup.
	Randall.....			
	Van Fleet.....			
	Ward.....			
LAWN TENNIS.				
Singles.....	Carter.....	Olivet.....		Gold medal.
Doubles.....	Carter & Field	Olivet.....		Silver medal.
JUMPING.				
Standing broad jump.....	Burnett.....	M. A. C.....	12 ft. 7 in.....	Gold medal.
Broad hand spring jump.....	White.....	Albion.....	16 ft. 5½ in.....	Silver medal.
Running broad jump.....	Gale.....	Albion.....	19 ft. 6 in.....	Silver medal.
Backward jump.....	Burnett.....	M. A. C.....	9 ft. 8 in.....	Silver medal.
Standing high jump.....	Gale.....	Albion.....	4 ft.....	Silver medal.
Standing hop, step and jump.....	Rockafellow ..	Albion.....	32 ft. 5½ in.....	Silver medal.
Running high jump.....	Carnahan.....	Hillsdale	5 ft.....	Silver medal.
Running hop, step and jump.....	Burnett.....	M. A. C.....	41 ft. 4½ in.....	Silver medal.
High hand spring jump.....	Toan.....	M. A. C.....	4 ft. 6 in.....	Memento.
THROWING.				
Throwing hammer—16 pounds..	Hooper.....	M. A. C.....	68 ft. 10½ in.....	Silver medal.
Throwing base ball.....	Chase.....	M. A. C.....	338 ft.....	Silver medal.
Putting the shot—17 pounds....	Hooper.....	M. A. C.....	32 ft. 2 in.....	Silver medal.
Passing the Rugby.....	Snell.....	Albion.....	123 ft. 6 in.....	Silver medal.
KICKING.				
Drop kick for Rugby.....	Critchett.....	Albion.....	129 ft.....	Silver medal.
Standing high kick.....	Westberg.....	Olivet.....	20¼ in.....	Gold medal.
Running high kick.....	Gale.....	Albion.....	8 ft. 8 in.....	Silver medal.
Hitch and kick.....	Gale.....	Albion.....		Silver medal.
High kick with both feet.....	Burnett.....	M. A. C.....		Memento.
High backward kick.....	Westberg.....	Olivet.....	6 ft. 7¾ in.....	Memento.
WRESTLING.				
Side hold—light weight.....	Williams.....	Hillsdale		Silver medal.
Collar and elbow—heavy.....	Hooper.....	M. A. C.....		Silver medal.
Catch as catch can—light.....	Woodworth....	M. A. C.....		Silver medal.
Side hold—heavy.....	Barringer.....	Hillsdale		Silver medal.
Catch as catch can—heavy.....	Hooper.....	M. A. C.....		Silver medal.
Japanese wrestling.....	Murata.....	M. A. C.....		Memento.
BOXING.				
Feather weight.....	Cleland.....	M. A. C.....		Silver medal.
Light weight.....	Carnahan.....	Hillsdale		Silver medal.
Middle weight.....	Ward.....	Hillsdale		Silver medal.
MISCELLANEOUS.				
Half mile bicycle race.....	Williams.....	Hillsdale	1 mi. 45 sec.....	Silver medal.
Indian club swinging.....	Barringer.....	Hillsdale		Clubs.
Horizontal bar.....	Bregger.....	M. A. C.....		Silver medal.
Parallel bar.....	Carnahan.....	Hillsdale		Silver medal.

History of Field Day.

And it came to pass that in those days a mighty edict went forth, even to four tribes and all their people.

And it resulteth in that three of these tribes did assemble together and go over unto the fourth and mightiest, which dwelt even near unto the gates of the city called Lansing. And behold the youth of these tribes did boast exceedingly that they were strong of limb and fleet of foot, and they spake unto one another of their own tribe, saying, Let us gird up our loins and perform great feats of strength, and show our speed, for of us was it not written, on them shall be found no flies whatsoever, not even a flea?

Then did all the four tribes rejoice thereat, and each said to the others, Cease your babbling, for we will show you that not of us was the prophecy written. Behold even now the wind blows through the ciliary protuberances of your nether organ of mastication.

And about the sixth hour of the day two of the tribes did mate their strong men together, even nine of one against nine of the other. And when these had assembled, a certain man with a voice of thunder proclaimed, "PLAY BALL." Then said each nine unto itself, Behold we are built that way, let us proceed!

But they wist not of what they were to do, for they tried and could not. Then spake the man with the loud voice saying, Woe is me, would that I had told these mummied sons of Ahab to play pedro or play horse, that they might not have been off their nest so exceedingly.

Then spake the multitude saying, It is easier for a sophomore to pass in the eye of a goose egg than for these defunct acrobats to pass over the home plate. And the multitude mocked them, saying, Oh, ye of little batting ability, go whittle your bats into a hen roost, and beat your mask into a goose nest, that your fouls may have where to lay their heads. And when they had done so, others did run and

jump and perform many strange things. And when it was dark the three tribes that came from afar said unto the other, Behold we have not food nor shelter. Let us partake of your meat and sleep in the houses of your parads. Then they of the mighty tribe said, Be it so, and if the man who sleeps on the front side offend thee shove him out, for it is better to go unto thy slumbers with only three bedfellows, than to let a stem-winding freshman snore in the hollow of thine ear. And when the even was come, they laid them down in threes and fours, and some there were who had a full house and others a flush.

And when they had slept, the young men did gird up their loins, saying, Of this day was it written: There is a time to run forwards and a time to run backwards, a time to jump high and a time to jump broad, a time to groan and a time to ooze, ooze, ooze, a time to be wise and a time to talk with the co-eds, a time to get hungry and a time to rustle for cake; behold we will do all these things.

And from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same there were performed all manner of feats and they of the large tribe did excel in most. And when the man with the loud voice again cried "play ball," nine of the big tribe did play against nine of the other, yea and showed them some tricks that they knew not of. For among those of the great tribe were those that did pitch strange balls that puzzled the enemy sorely. And the champions mocked them, saying, Narrow and crooked is the way the ball comes from the pitcher's box, and few there be that find it.

But when the champions did bat, they knocked the ball afar off, even over into Macedonia, and they of the weaker tribe are seeking for the same even to this day.

And when the even was again come all the people did assemble unto a great feast. And thereat were the patriarchs and wise men assembled, and likewise a host of maidens.

And at these last many did marvel exceedingly, saying, Behold, these defects of nature can make no record whatever, whence cometh they. But one of the scribes rebuked them, saying. Suffer them to come and forbid them not, for they are come to fulfill the words of the prophet who said, Behold how great an amount of ice cream a little girl swalloweth.

And they that saw them eat marveled much at the wisdom of the prophet.

And that night there were many that were sore sick even near unto death.

And when a good Samaritan said, What afflicteth these, they replied, saying,

Even now our ice cream is a melting and it giveth us much agony. And when the night had passed away in weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, they that were assembled did pack their collar boxes and depart each to his own vine and figtree.

Then all the people knew that of the great tribe was the prophecy written:

Over by a great river shall dwell a mighty people, whose flesh shall not be weak, neither of grass, and unto them all men shall be even as a tired dog to a roaring lion, and the same shall endure forever.



Hares.

H. H. Hunter.
H. F. Hall.
G. Sanford.

F. B. Stockwell.
E. J. Rowley.

Hounds.

R. J. Cleland.
P. P. Chapman.
R. B. Lederle.
G. M. Fish.
J. L. Morris.
N. C. Smith.
J. O. Bettinger.
B. L. Jenks.

R. C. Clute.
P. Woodworth.
H. E. Bunce.
F. B. Plimpton.
J. R. Rogers.
R. H. Stanley.
T. F. McGrath.

Archery Club.

H. J. DeGarmo,	-	-	President.
W. Will Morrison,	-	-	Vice President.
H. E. Bunce,	-	-	Secretary and Treasurer.

D. A. Smith.
Miss J. I. Beal.
Miss M. Smith.

Miss C. L. Harrison.
Miss M. Carpenter.



W. H. VanDevort,	-	-	-	President.
D. A. Pelton,	-	-	-	Vice President.
O. J. Root,	-	-	-	Secretary.
B. K. Canfield,	-	-	-	Treasurer.
D. A. Smith,	-	-	-	Recorder.

Bicycle Club.

F. G. Clark,	-	-	-	Captain.
F. B. Stockwell,	-	-	-	Lieutenant.
Y. Ekeda,	-	-	-	Secretary and Treas.

H. W. Baird.
B. K. Canfield.

F. E. Mills.

Pine Lake Fishing Club.

D. A. Garfield, Dictator.

R. B. McPherson, Asst. Dictator.

J. R. McColl.

G. L. Chase.

P. P. Chapman.

B. L. Jenks.

G. L. Flower.

R. J. Cleland.

F. M. Siebert.

W. J. Hinkson.

F. J. Stahl.

N. C. Smith.

L. W. Rice.

J. R. Rogers.

T. R. McClure.

J. H. Hooper.

Thirteen Club.

W. Will Morrison,	-	-	President.
G. S. Jenks, -	-	-	Vice President.
N. C. Smith, -	-	-	Secretary.
F. B. Stockwell,	-	-	Treasurer.
J. H. Hooper, -	-	-	Sergeant at Arms.
H. L. Bunnell,	-	-	Story Teller.
B. K. Canfield, -	-	-	Minstrel Man.
J. L. Morris, -	-	-	Bold Bad Man.
H. F. Hall, -	-	-	"Fiddler."
F. G. Clark, -	-	-	Clog Dancer.
G. J. Jenks, -	-	-	Orator.
R. C. Clute, -	-	-	Poet.
A. L. Waters, -	-	-	Toast Master.

Pi Tau Pipe Club.

Geo. J. Jenks,	-	-	-	Presiding Elder.
B. K. Canfield,	-	-	-	Tobacco Sponger.
J. L. Morris,	-	-	-	From Chicago.
G. L. Flower,	-	-	-	Silent Smoker.
N. C. Smith,	-	-	-	Pipe Cleaner.
A. E. Bulson, Jr.,	-	-	-	Story Teller.
R. H. Stanley,	-	-	-	Just Initiated.

Lazy Club.

B. L. Jenks,	-	-	-	President.
P. Woodworth,	-	-	-	Secretary.
Mr. Cupid,	-	-	-	Five members.
R. B. McPherson,	-	-	-	Two members.
J. C. Stafford,	}	-	-	One member.
C. A. Udell,	}	-	-	
P. P. Chapman,	-	-	-	One member.
C. J. Crandall,	-	-	-	One member.
O. C. Hollister,	-	-	-	A member.

—*Thirteen members.*

The above members were selected for this year by a committee of four—one from each class.

Harrison Club.

Officers.

W. A. Taylor, '88,	-	-	President.
Geo. J. Jenks, '89,	-	-	Secretary.
Clark Hubbell, '88,	}	-	Vice Presidents.
J. W. O'Bannon, '89,			
G. S. Jenks, '90,			
H. H. Hunter, '91,			
H. L. Bunnell, '90,	-	-	Treasurer.



College Band.

H. H. Hunter,	-	-	Drum Major.
I. E. Hill,	-	-	Leader and 1st Cornet.
D. W. Bradford,	-	-	Second Cornet.
F. B. Plimpton,	-	-	Third Cornet.
F. H. Hillman,	-	-	E ^b Cornet.
S. K. Boyd,	-	-	E ^b Cornet.
G. D. Perrigo,	-	-	Piccolo.
W. E. Chapman,	-	-	E ^b Clarionet.
B. K. Canfield,	-	-	B ^b Clarionet.
L. Burnett,	-	-	First Alto.
C. F. Averill,	-	-	Second Alto.
H. F. Hall,	-	-	Solo E ^b Alto.
J. L. Morris,	-	-	First Tenor.
G. M. Fish,	-	-	Second Tenor.
H. W. Baird,	-	-	Trombone.
E. Bradford,	-	-	B ^b Bass.
O. C. Hollister,	-	-	E ^b Bass.
R. C. Clute,	-	-	Bass Drum.
F. C. Stone,	-	-	Snare Drum.

Orchestra.

F. H. Hillman,	-	-	Leader and First Violin.
W. F. Enders,	-	-	First Violin.
H. F. Hall,	-	-	Second Violin.
R. C. Clute,	-	-	Second Violin.
I. E. Hill,	-	-	Cornet.
J. A. Foster,	-	-	Cornet.
H. W. Baird,	-	-	Bass Viol.
W. E. Chapman,	-	-	Clarionet.

String Band.

BANJOS.

A. E. Bulson.
W. S. Witt.
N. S. Mayo.
B. K. Canfield.
J. W. Begole.

GITARS.

H. H. Hunter.
W. W. Morrison.
V. S. Hillyer.
G. A. Sanford.
W. A. Graves.

Mandolin Club.

H. W. Baird,	-	-	Mandolin.
E. G. Lodeman,	-	-	Zither.
B. K. Canfield,	-	-	Guitar.
H. H. Hunter,	-	-	Guitar.



College Glee Club.

FIRST TENOR.

W. J. Hinkson.	G. D. Perrigo.
L. A. Burnett.	D. A. Garfield.

SECOND TENOR.

A. E. Bulson, Jr.	B. K. Canfield.
W. A. Taylor.	H. A. Stewart.

FIRST BASS.

D. A. Smith.	F. M. Seibert.
H. H. Hunter.	J. N. Clark.

SECOND BASS.

H. F. Hall.	W. W. Morrison.
P. M. Chamberlain.	R. H. Stanley.

College Quartette.

L. A. Burnett,	-	-	First Tenor.
W. A. Taylor,	-	-	Second Tenor.
D. A. Smith,	-	-	First Bass.
R. H. Stanley,	-	-	Second Bass.

College Choir.

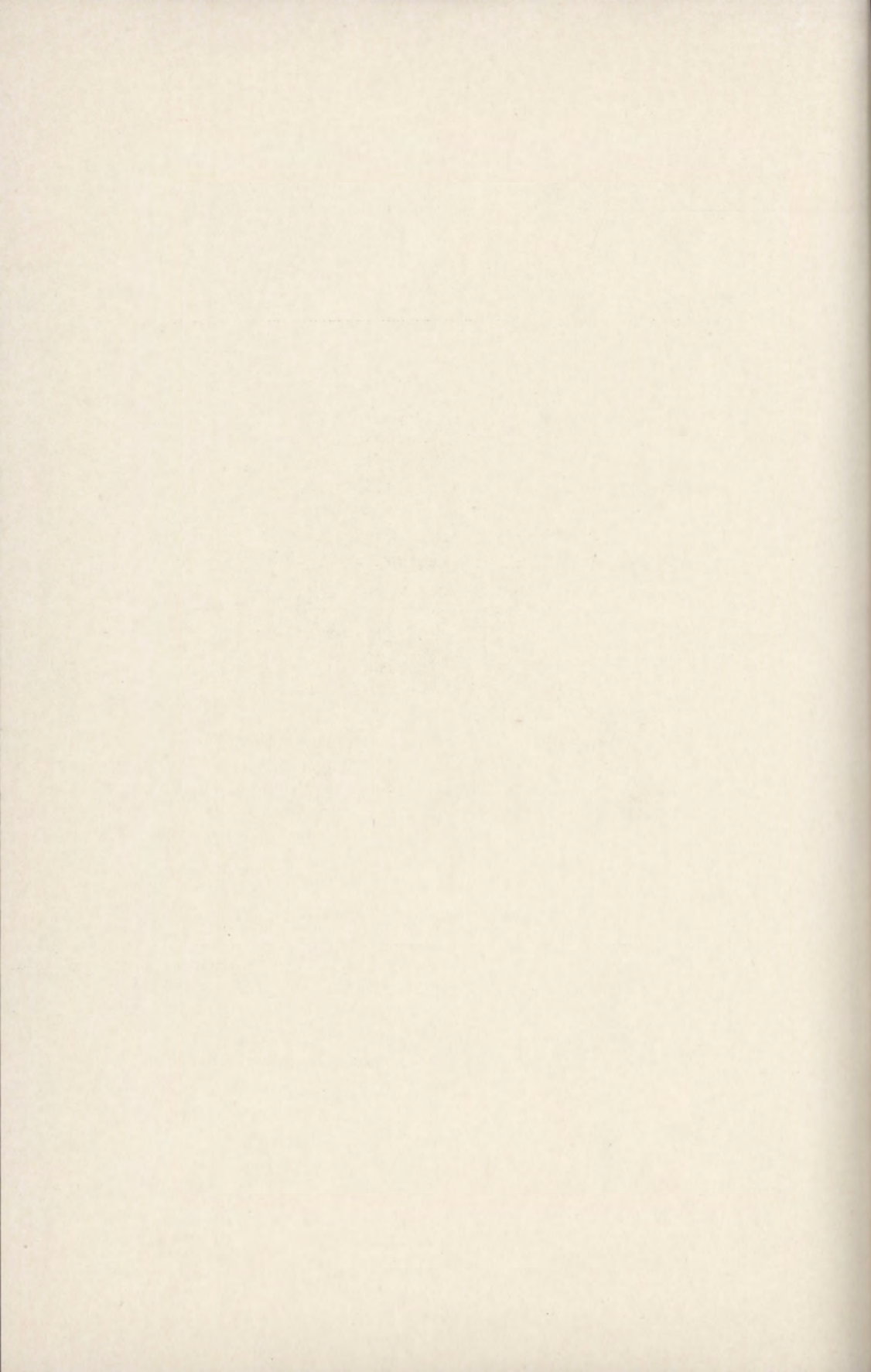
R. H. Stanley,	-	-	Leader.
Miss M. Smith,	-	-	Soprano.
D. A. Garfield,	-	-	Tenor.
F. M. Seibert,	-	-	Bass.
Miss S. Anderson,	-	-	Organist.



Ye Poetical Editor, Manged A. D. 1888.

(BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.)

*All the above were friends
of mine. A.M.*





The March of Liberty.

O'er all, the shades of night are gathering fast;
The western sky, from whence went down the sun,
Its tinsel rays has lost—the day is past,
And evening's cheerful calm has now begun.
Up from old earth comes low the voice of peace,
And nature all is fraught with sweet perfume;
Tired man and weary beast their labors cease,
While happy youths the evening sports resume,
And day, now gone, sleeps safe within its silent tomb.



The plowman's ceased to turn the narrow furrow,
The reaper's scythe lies helpless on the ground;
And sought erstwhile the busy mole his burrow,
While droning bees the voice of nature drown.
The forest leaves by evening's breeze are stirred,
The cricket's chirp breaks harsh upon the ear,
The plaintive note of cooing dove is heard,
And hour of quietude and rest is here—
And evening, too, is laid upon her darkened bier.

And darkness now proclaims the birth of night,
 Black shades and shadows gather 'round man's home;
 Fantastic forms appear upon his sight,
 And sleeps the weary world where'er you roam—
 'Tis time for reverie and wholesome thought:
 From whence is man, and why his transient stay?
 What is his life, and what great lesson taught?
 What is his hope, and the effulgent ray
 That lights to immortality, the only way?

Once might was right, and love was not the law,
 Ere man had learned his duty to his brothers;
 There in his hut, the savage lived and saw
 No wants save his, nor cared to toil for others;
 'T was fear and want drove him to hunt the game,
 And selfishness that dealt the cruel blow
 That felled to earth his rival—laid the claim
 The human to enslave, in want and woe,
 And make of earth, a hell where bloody rivers flow.

This was a world in darkness and in gloom,
 Then life was naught, and no real meaning had;
 And man slew man to make for self more room,
 And all the earth was pensive, dismal, sad.
 A gleam of light fell on the cheerless ways,
 Sprung up, methinks, from patriarchal birth;
 Then came from roaming tribes full brighter rays,
 And liberty arose to rule old earth,
 And show primeval man in life some little worth.

But law began and order soon obtained;
 Man tilled the soil, and wholesome living found,
 And hence to nobler purposes attained;
 With years, he climbed fame's ladder, round by round,
 And grew in soul, in mind and higher aim.
 Thus change, imperative, was surely wrought
 In his condition. Through the mists there came
 More light. Upward arose man's living thought,
 By Nature's God and Nature, being more and nobly taught

Arises now the grand and glorious song
 Of liberty and peace among all men,
 Those glad refrains, like billows, surge along;
 Exultant nature echoes long, "Amen!"
 Now dark to light, gives way on hill and dale;
 Fraternal hate expires, and years of woe
 Are past. And progress real on sea sets sail,
 And Hope beholds her star above the bow,
 The glorious bow of Promise, cheering man below.

Then kings arose, and crimson, rivers ran;
 Were bound on men, the clanking chains of slaves,
 And tyranny, its history began.
 Still with those stifled shrieks the wild air raves!
 Then sought the murderer his human prey,
 Then died for glory's sake, the aping fools;
 To burn and rob, to ravish and to slay,
 Were sports of kings and pastimes of their tools:
 Thus war's a vice, the only study in monarchs' schools.

But crime gave birth to love. In passion's rage
 A gentle calm comes sure to turn men's hearts
 To mercy, seeking out good deeds in knave and sage
 To gladden life, before the soul departs
 This earth. The weak, the poor and the enslaved
 Grew strong, and rising, tide-like, in their might,
 O'er came their masters, and their fury braved,
 And turned on earth, King Freedom's searching light
 Gave peace, taught law and sought the sunken road to right.

But forms that wear the kingly crown rise up
 Amid the glare, and then lie down to die,
 Taste once the bitter potion in fame's cup,
 Then mouldering in their narrow homes, they lie—
 Thus perish kings. But tombs remain, up-piled;
 Unsightly monumental heaps "mark well"
 Their lonely burial place, abrupt and wild,
 And where the regal circlet, broken, fell—
 Of kingly vanity, these crumbling ruins tell.

Then Greece arose, when liberty awoke
 Within her rich domain, and in disdain
 Removed the Prince, and broke his galling yoke,
 While happiness began her glorious reign;
 Was born a race, who sought to reach the sky,
 Whose men sang first Equality's refrain.
 Yet Greece did'st drive her heroes forth to die
 In distant climes, and left a lasting stain
 Upon her land, that doth e'en now belie her name.

When Greece declined, her art was lost to man—
 That which had made, in part, her fame—
 And, too, her science fled beyond his scan,
 And that pure ray which from her bosom came
 Its virtue lost, and Freedom fled once more—
 Thus Hellas died, where greatness once was found;
 Nor can the wisdom of this age restore
 Those glorious works for which she was renowned,
 Nor e'en surpass her once philosophers profound.

And Rome was once proud mistress of the world—
 Ambitious land, thy fate a truth instills!
 And on all seas, her Eagles gold unfurled
 And ruled the earth from those eternal hills—
 No land is there that she can not destroy!
 Before her throne the nations bend the knee:
 Where are Palmyra, Carthage and brave Troy?
 Yet Rome must fall, be slaves who once were free,
 And fades from mortal view, the nation by the sea!

Yon gathering lines of Frank and Goth and Hun
 Are met to 'compass her, and knell her fate;
 Barbaric hordes the struggle have begun!
 Beneath the cruel waves, Rome's ship of state
 Sank down from sight. - Why did'st the Roman fade?
 Sold he to slaves the priceless earthly crown
 Of virtue and of purity. Nor staid
 The reign of guilt, and awful plagues came down,
 Until the purple fell in city and in town.

Then all was dark and gloom of blackest night
 Hung o'er the earth—a world in weeds of gray—
 And save in Nature's glow, there was no light,
 No searching beam, no bright, effulgent ray;
 Art too and science perished in the dark;
 Grim savagery with all its hateful pride
 Dashed down religion, but left a single spark,
 And bore the work of ages on its tide,
 And strewed the land with ruins in its awful stride.

When beggars swarmed the way and thought no shame
 Their souls for glittering gold to sell,
 And crimes were set for pelf and gain and fame,
 Then Evil stalked abroad, and seeming hell
 Was Earth. Decay was writ on earthly things,
 And dark the ages were. The earthquake came
 That 'woke the human conscience, pierced the springs
 Of human will, and touched the earth with flame
 Till all the proud, barbaric pile, black ash became.

And lo! full in the East a star appears
 To pierce the gloom and lift the awful veil,
 To raise man's hope, remove his horrid fears—
 'Twas Reformation's star, that men now hail,
 And science spread again her gilded wings;
 Art too rushed out, upon the land and wave,
 And Reason leaped up from her fountain springs;
 Philosophy came forth from out the hermit's cave:
 Now came to rule the world, the true and just and brave.

Beyond the range of superstition's chain,
 Men built for all earth's wanderers a home;
 And reared a state beyond the trackless main,
 Where Freedom sat upon its loftiest dome.
 Oppression sought to lay its chilling hand
 Upon its form, and stay its growth, in vain;
 Its heroes fell and bled on sea and land,
 And Tyranny fell dead upon the plain;
 And Liberty arose, to bless mankind again.

The Stars and Stripes now flutter in the breeze—
 Sweet flag of liberty and our happy land—
 Streams o'er the world and floats upon the seas,
 An emblem of our virtuous Pilgrim band.
 Peace smokes her pipe on every blooming plain;
 The Summer spreads the feasts, and Autumn brings
 The harvest time. In sunshine and in rain,
 The work of nature's done. And bubbling springs
 Gush forth from rocks, while glorious blessings Freedom
 brings.

Turn but the page of History and behold
 What she has traced of man's unsteady steps;
 Read long the story of the ages told;
 See how her sight can penetrate the depths
 Of vice and human shame. There learn to know
 That wealth and gold, the souls of men inspire,
 That virtue dies and evil tides begin to flow,
 Where man is slave to passion's awful fire,
 And cruelty obtains, and hate and brute desire.

'Mark well" the truths the past has plainly taught:
 Once Persia reaped the harvests of the Nile;
 From India's fields, rich diamonds she brought
 To fill Kings' coffers—heap the golden pile.
 But teeming wealth, ill-got, is certain to debase,
 And moral growth retard and progress stay,
 To despotism reduce the toiling race.
 True wealth from labor must arise—and pray
 What greater truth lies 'long man's dark, uncertain way?

Greece faded and Rome fell. For sure decay
 Is in the road of luxury. States tread that path,
 And hence they fall and vanish, e'en to-day,
 To 'pease their all-wise God's most righteous wrath.
 This age a better tendency can boast,
 This hour is better than the hateful past;
 A gleam of light to dazzle men, at most,
 Appears, and Labor seeks its crown at last;
 Industrial arts are meanwhile rising fast,

Prosperity is not mere worldliness,
 It is the crucial test of human life;
 True progress marks the hour of happiness
 And glorifies the world in earnest strife.
 To-day the fields are rich with golden grain,
 And nature decks in bright and verdant hue
 The spot, where lay the dying and the slain,
 In slavery's final strife. Now falls the dew
 Upon the sunken graves of both the Gray and Blue.

And now 'tis Freedom tunes her merry chime—
 Equality of men has come to stay—
 And rings our nation on the stage of Time,
 While white-winged commerce takes her way
 To Asia's farthest shores. The golden beam
 Of higher weal has shot across the plain,
 And realized is now the poet's dream
 Of honored labor and that happy reign
 Where every man's a king—a link in Freedom's chain.

Untrammelled labor is the golden key
 That ope's the mine, the scythe that reaps the field,
 The hand that gleans the corn of every lea,
 The maid that weaves the wreaths of Freedom's shield.
 Toil is the nation's perfect corner-stone,
 The drive-wheel in the progress of the world,
 The fortress where is reared the walls alone,
 And battlements of Liberty, was hurled
 From whence the kingly foe—and fell his flag, unfurled.

Invention marks the age, and proves that man
 Is subject still to growth in thought and mind,
 His noble work but shows the wondrous plan
 Of the First Cause. Intelligence's behind
 The freeman's throne. And genius proves full well
 That governments exist to make men free,
 That Love was Law, when clanking chains but fell,
 That Might gave way to Right on land and sea,
 When cradled lay the God-like child of Liberty.

Go on! oh man of toil, and spread the feast
To higher aims, and rib the mountain height,
And span the stream, unite the West and East
In one most happy people. See that Right
And Justice are guardians at the gate,
Where Liberty sits crowned upon the tower.
Behold for you a Democratic state,
Where Labor has reward, and in this hour,
The moral draw — a happy thought of Freedom's power.

JOSEPH BELL COTTON.

Albion, Ind., August 30, 1888.



Venus and Adonis.

Lecture in Forestry.

DELIVERED BY WILLIAM J. BEAL, M. S., PH. D., B. A., M. A., B. S.,

*Member of State Forestry Commission, of American Association for the
Advancement of Science, &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c.*

This morning I will first take up the distribution of the flora of Michigan. There is a little plant, *Cornus Canadensis*,—so high—which follows the white pine. Now we are just at the southern boundary of the pine region; a few scattering pines are found down as far south as Holt. There are 90 species of trees in Michigan, and but 10 species in Great Britain, though Michigan has but two-thirds as much area. The effect of the Gulf Stream is to modify the conditions of growth found in England. The oaks there have thick, short trunks and very large, spreading tops. Up north of here, through Crawford and Oscoda counties, we find the jack-pine plains. The Forestry Commission is studying how these plains may be made productive. We are just at the northern edge of the growth of the Kentucky coffee tree, the pawpaw and the tulip tree, *Liriodendron tulipifera*.

The glacial period, which took place some thousands or hundreds of thousands of years ago, had a surprising effect upon the distribution of plants through Michigan. Greenland at that time was warm and the glaciers crowded the flora farther and farther south until the most of it perished at the edge of the sea. There are found some twenty species of arctic plants on the top of Mt. Washington, the Rocky Mountains and in Labrador, which retreated there when the glaciers melted. The glaciers once covered Michigan; which must have made it cold for plants.

It is queer how people got fooled by the vegetation they found when they emigrated to Australia. They thought all of the pears were of wood and had their stems attached to the big end, and that

the cherries had pits on the outside. They didn't know much about Botany.

In this locality we have 42 species of trees large enough to take account of. Our oaks are very large and we find poplars springing up in abundance after forest fires. But I see I am rambling.

It is a curious fact that as we go towards the equator the number of species becomes rapidly increased. We find only a few stunted lichens in Greenland, with some willows, while along the Amazon there grow 6,000 species of trees. There is much rain present in the latter regions; this accounts for the large growth of forest. Spain has but few forests. Professor Sargent claims that the amount of rain fall is completely independent of the extent of the forest. Where we find an annual rainfall of less than twenty inches no forest exists. I don't subscribe fully to what he says. It is in direct opposition to the theory advanced by Dr. Marsh. Dr. Marsh didn't pretend to be a scientist but was an observer and wrote what he saw.

The island of St. Helena has had over twenty species of plants not found in any other portion of the world; this may be owing to its distance from Michigan and the rest of the world.

There are a few things, which we cannot explain in this discussion of the geographical distribution of the sylvia of Michigan from the data before us. We don't know why the true heaths do not exist here; we don't know why oranges were native to China alone.

The jack-pine has a neat contrivance of its own to prevent its being exterminated by forest fires. Its cones are hard and—the bell rings and I will go on from here to-morrow.

george's pants



Farmer's Almanac.

FEBRUARY.

- Monday, 20—College Term begins.
Tuesday, 21—Freshman gets “ducked.”
Wednesday, 22—Freshman has the temerity to again stand under Soph’s window. Gets ducked again.
Thursday, 23—Freshmen encounter goose eggs.
Friday, 24—Co-eds try to charm Freshies. “Joe” Cotton is asked how he passed.
Saturday, 25—Great precipitation of moisture in the evening.
Monday, 27—Freshmen buy Agr’l Reports.
Wednesday, 29—Freshman borrows 50 cents of Prex.

MARCH.

- Thursday, 1—Geese begin laying abundantly. Faculty gives reception to third floor (rather sloppy).
Friday, 2—Elsworth Holden practices a drawl to use at his daily recitation. “It may —ah be due—a—ah to—the—a wi—n—d—ah but ah—ah—ah—”
Saturday, 3—Cannon grows agitated—he squirms, he writhes, he whispers, he begins to talk, he talks loud, he bellows, he thunders, he fulminates, he faints. (Cannon writes to Buck’s sister.)
Sunday, 4—O’Bannon recites the 24,899th chapter of his extemporaneous memoirs at the dinner table.
Monday, 5—Ned goes to visit Mollie—at 7 o’clock; at 8 o’clock; at 9 o’clock; at 10 o’clock; at 11 o’clock; at 12 o’clock; at 4 o’clock; at 6 o’clock; at 8 o’clock; at 9 o’clock; at 11 o’clock.
Tuesday, 6—do do do do do do do do do do do.
Wednesday, 7—Mollie is visited by Ned.

Thursday, 8—Ned carries Mollie's books. Same is followed by a visit to the Wild Garden. Ned and Mollie go to town in the afternoon.

Friday, 9—Ned and Mollie go riding to Pine Lake. At 8:15 P. M., Ned tears himself away to attend "Frat." Ned calls on Mollie after "Frat."

Saturday, 10—Mollie lends Ned a dollar. Ned and Mollie go to town. Ned takes milk shake and was carried home by Mollie. Ned buys $7\frac{5}{8}$ yds. of white flannel at auction. Ned and Mollie visit "Lits" in the evening. Returns to box after 4 A. M. Snow storm—proof, tracks.

Sunday, 11—Ned and Mollie have daylight communion; 8:30 visit chapel; 9:00, Ned hears Mollie sing; 12:00, Ned takes dinner with Mollie; Ned takes Mollie to supper; Ned takes Mollie home; Ned takes Mollie to Y. M. C. A.; Ned takes Mollie home (many rests). Ned takes Sal—(ammoniac for complexion). And Mollie is jealous.

Tuesday, 13—Dr. Beal thinks of having following label put on door of Bot. building: "This is the Botanical Building—The finest of the kind in the United States. It contains a large number of Microscopes, a large Museum, a large class room, Dr. Lake and Mr. Beal.

Wednesday, 14—A page of last year's almanac is found, no date: (Sam draws Webster's Elementary Spelling Book from Library. Sam procures a compound microscope, tries to examine a hay-cock with it. Sam quotes from Virgil's Iliad and Homer's Aeneid. August 25, 1887—Sam sits up all night vindicating his record. September 1, 1887—Great interest taken in editorial department of Michigan Farmer. Sam buys advertising space in State paper to glorify himself in.)

Sunday, 18—Choir *sings*.

Friday, 23—Senior tries to make up a Sunday School story in class: A man had two sons, one was a good son and the other was a mean son. Good son, dead, went to Heaven. Mean son living, goes to Congress. Thinks how he will make mean son become good; adopt him, as it were. Comes to himself and finds Carp trying to find by spherical tangents how far it is to the mean sun. Carp adopts mean sun (as favorite expression). Story goes to the wind.

Sunday, 25—Choir warbles.

Friday, 30—R. J. Cleland spends the evening in Lansing.

APRIL.

Sunday, 1—The Choir fools them (i. e., it makes some music).

Monday, 2—Hillman plays in corridor.

Tuesday, 3—Hillman fiddles for his own amazement—and Susie's.

Wednesday, 4—Hillman furnishes music for a corridor hoe-down.

Thursday, 5—Hillman plays for practice—with Susie.

Friday, 6—Hillman plays solos for his society.

Sunday, 8—Hillman plays for S. S. and Y. M. C. A., with Susie.

Monday, 9—Refuses to play for beer garden, as requested to do by his German friends—"all on account of Susanna."

Friday, 13—R. J. C. goes to city.

Saturday, 14—Bulson takes examination in English Lit. In evening he takes mint julips.

Sunday, 15—Choir croaks. Has another rebellion. Perrigo sleeps over chapel time.

Thursday, 19—"Dick, I do wish you wouldn't smoke just before coming down to supper."—"Chip."

Sunday, 22—Choir yells.

Saturday, 28—Bulse takes "English Lit," in evening, "Rock and Rye."

MAY.

Wednesday, 9—Elephantine kick on butter by Bulson, Jenks and Stow.

Saturday, 12—Bulse takes "English Lit;" in evening takes Toledo Lager.

Thursday, 17—Paul says water is sour. Paul sends up five times for brown bread.

Friday, 25—Hink plays pede. Hink displays feet in the window. Hink wears slippers. Hink wears high pants. Hink comes down to supper.

Saturday, 26—Bulse takes "English Lit;" evening, "40 rod."

Wednesday, 30—Hod, Pete, Cupe, Bob, Jay, Chap, sleep in one bed in the same tent. Field Day night.

JUNE.

Friday, 1—Stack puts on skin tights and enters everything. J. L. M. is relieved by Stahl.

Sunday, 3—Choir laughs during prayers.

Friday, 8—Staley bets wildly on Chicago; Staley thinks Detroit will win; Staley makes a base hit; Staley fouls out; Staley writes a characterization of Brouthers; Staley scoots to Detroit; Staley yells his lungs out, inverts his thorax on Ganzell's four-bagger. Staley dreams all night of a Baseball Heaven filled with Staley, Brouthers and Anson. Staley speaks of the daily game before his daily prayers, and calls down blessings on Detroit. Staley goes out on three strikes at Chem. Physics.

Saturday, 16—Certain members of one of the Coll. organizations become violently agitated on account of undue familiarity with—out the cork in. Score, Coll 2, E. Saginaw 5.

Monday, 18—Faculty gives a reception to Baseball Club. No liquid refreshments.

Wednesday, 20—Dr. Lake grows sarcastic in Freshman Botany. 124 runs in the Hall Lamp.

Thursday, 21—Mayo attends choir practice. Choir practices the "last waltz."

Sunday, 24—Choir can't sing a little bit.

Thursday, 28—Mayo attends choir practice, and they practice polka and an anthem.

Saturday, 30—"You know!!"

JULY.

Sunday, 1—Choir chuckles during prayers.

Monday, 2—Taylor says that budded trees are hardier than seedlings. "Guess you are a nurseryman, Taylor. Eh!"—Dr Beal.

Friday, 13—Eclipse of Michigan Central brakeman.

Saturday, 14—"Bulse" takes examination in "English Lit;" in evening, mixed.

July, 15—Cleland runs seven blocks to catch Sunday night 'bus.

Monday, 16—Great forest fires. Dr. Beal reads bulletin number 23 to the class. Kind friends send Hink a little green parasol.

Tuesday, 17—Beal re-reads bulletin No. 23 in connection with his lecture. Dr. Beal quotes "Paradise Lost" on Forest Fires. 124 runs in the Hall Lamp. Reported to Ward Capt. Has to put it back. Capt. gets "red headed."

Wednesday, 18—Class in Forestry learns the 10th Census report. Dr. Beal gives exhibition of log-rolling to class. Learned how up north.

Saturday, 21—Four Lansing ladies on the grounds looking for Cleland and Stahl.

Sunday, 22—Ditto.

Monday, 23—Same.

Tuesday 24—Eclipse of moon was observed by Seniors from Howell, Juniors from North Lansing. Co-eds from Wild Garden. Totality occurred at 12:25 A. M.

Sunday, 29—Geo. J. Jenks kicks on board in Club C. at 6:30; also, at 12 A. M.; also, at 6 P. M. Carp's class request him to go before a notary to take oath to his sun statements. Co-eds work up "Class Day" smiles.

Monday, 30—E. G. C. goes to Lansing. E. G. C. takes booze. E. G. C. gets hit, first blow. E. G. C. hits second blow. E. G. C. comes home, says 'rah for Grover Blaine, sleeps the sleep of the just (full enough).

AUGUST.

Wednesday, 1—"Bulse" passes English Lit. Evening takes mint julips, Toledo lager, "40 rod" straight, "Santa Cruz sour," tangle foot, etc.

Tuesday, 2—Unknown female visits Dan Pelton on the grounds. Supposed to be his niece as too small to be a "cousin." A. E. Bulson and R. J. Cleland have a slight misunderstanding at dinner table, A. E. steps on a fly in the melee and slips down.

Friday, 3—J. I. B. says she remembers when the greenhouse was built.

Saturday, 4—Capt. O'Bannon stops Freshmen playing ball in front of Wells Hall.

Monday, 6—Capt. O'Bannon allows Seniors to play ball in front of Wells Hall. A certain Prof. says greenhouse was built 20 years ago. How old is J. I. B.

Tuesday, 7—Capt. O'Bannon objects to burning bed tick in front of Wells Hall, as it is a violation of Rule V., Sec. X., of O'Bannon's laws.

Wednesday, 8—Cobb has an attack of delirium Trumans.

Tuesday, 9—Everybody gives Seniors advice. Dick Smith "runs in" Morri's little red hat. Herb's "mustn't touch it" adds one more hair to its number. Waters starts his zoological collection. Hunter snores.

Wednesday, 10—College term closes.



A Senior's Reverie.

What will become of us on leaving college, I mused. Surely we cannot always stay here. A few short weeks and we shall leave the spot where four of the pleasantest years of life have been spent; and leave associates and associations that have been, perhaps, the most intimate of our lives, and step out alone into the world. It will seem like leaving home forever, for to some of us it has become more than a home, after having spent four of the brightest years of the morning of life in it, such a pleasant place, with such beautiful and cultivated surroundings. Years in which we have seen only the bright side of life; years in which we have builded palaces of crystal and gold for our after lives; years in which we have planned and anticipated how Fortune would smile upon us, have been spent here.

But the time is coming when we must leave, and with a final grasp of the hand, which means much more than words, for the eyes fill with tears as old recollections crowd upon us, we realize that they have closed forever. No, not closed forever, for in the long years of the future, when the day of our life grows late and the sun glows golden and sinks low in the West, and the shadows of old age begin to creep in upon us; when the hoar frost of time has tinged our hair with silver, then we will look back to our college days. Days that stand out clear and distinct as among the first milestones of life. Then we will clear away the cobwebs of dust and time from our brains. Memory will bring back again the days of our college life, and we will live over the happy years that long, long ago we passed on our journey of life. Then old scenes will come again, when we left our *Alma Mater*, bidding good-bye to classmates and all, and started out on the sad reality of life; when we met the first rough knocks and buffets of the world; of the years of toil and of trials, for trials will come many, many times too often; when friends desert us; when foes press hard against us and the mists and clouds of sorrow and tribulation will shut from us the sunshine of life. We think of the toil and pain of those days and then of the

brighter days that follow as surely as sunshine follows storm ; for it is said that no matter how threatening and black the cloud, there lies somewhere back of its dark covering a beautiful lining of silver. There old familiar and happy faces will appear ; faces we have not seen since that last parting at college, and some we never shall see until we meet them in the beautiful valleys of Paradise. We follow the lives of some that are left with us, bound on the same varying and eventful journey of life. Some have written their names high in the gilded halls of fame and some have fainted by the wayside ; all we shall meet. Their heads are white, and eyes that were once bright and merry are now dimmed by Time's merciless hand. Boys that were once young, supple and athletic are now old and stiff with age. What beautiful pictures memory then will paint for us. We see the old college campus and the boys playing games ; perhaps the same games we were playing, forty, fifty, sixty long long years ago. How often, oh how often have we wished for their aid and advice on the hard problems of life—and then we long for the time to come when we can cross the mystic river of Death and meet the boys beyond, and feel once more their royal, hearty grip. If it should be my lot to reach Heaven, I shall feel far more contented if I could hear ringing and echoing again and again, from the hills of Paradise, "Uzz, Uzz, Uzz, M. A. C."

In the firelight she is sitting

While her hands are busy knitting

Happy hours are these to her,

As her kittens softly purr.

In her lap

Her every look is full of grace,

As she turns her pretty face.

'Tis such a smiling one tonight

As o'er its softness
plays the light.

Offender words she
now is saying

To the kittens softly
playing
in her lap

I hoped to have her some sweet day.

Alas! we meet no more. 'Tis hard to say,

But, methinks, I shun her rather,

For she was seen—by her father

In my lap.

Quotations.

- "I'll curse the fates that served me thus."
C—PM—N.
- "His arm encircleth me as if I were in pain."
J. R. R.
- "With what longing I am waiting for a larger hat."
SM—TH—E.
- "I will go to my father's house."
W—RR—N.
- "How sweet it is to love."
D. A. G.
- "For even though vanquished, he will argue still."
UD—LL.
- "And the windows of heaven were opened."
"SENIOR."
- "The smoke that lulls the brain to rest."
"ICHABOD."
- "And silence now is brooding like a gentle spirit o'er a dull and pulseless world."
O'B—NN—N.
- "E'en thus I looked for a match."
F—SH.
- "My length surprised him."
"MONKEY."
- "One bushel of fine imported English crabs."
H₂O's.
- "He was long and lank and brown, even as the ribbed sea sand."
"SAM."
- "Oh, for a banjo to soothe the troubled waters."
"B—NC—.
- "Now I lay me down by the still Waters."
S—HL.

"And still they gazed and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew."

"TRICKS."

"A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty and love was law."

N—D & M—LLY.

"A man who could make so vile a pun would not scruple to pick
a pocket."

CH—R—LL.

"My papa is coming."

"BENNIE."

"You are forlorn in your head."

M—L—K—N.

"I tell you I am going to amount to something."

SP—LD—G.

"What a beard thou hast got. Thou hast got more hair on thy
chin than Dobbin, my fill horse, has on his tail."

B—R—CH.

"Boys, there were just two Blows struck. What a glorious victory!"

C—N—Y.

"Then she will talk."

—CL—RA.

"Away! To me a woman bring."

"CAN."

"Oh, why did God at last create this novelty on earth."

D—N—RE.

"Bring on your God that will show me a stick with one end."

L—Z—LE.

"I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth, nor actions, nor utter-
ances, nor the power of speech. I only ask questions and ask and
ask and ask."

GR—S—N.

"I'll meet you in the sewer."

"DUKE" M—RH—FF.

"A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a 'pony."

B—LS—N.



Oh, Why Should the Soph or the Junior be Proud?

O, why should the Soph or the Junior be proud?
Like a swift fleeting meteor, a fast flying cloud ;
The years of their virtue will pass by unseen,
They'll become as the Seniors before them have been.

The leaves of their note books will crumple and fade,
And in classes, more goose eggs than tens will be made ;
And the old and the young, and the low and the high,
Will twirl the mustache as the Freshmen go by.

The Freshmen who needed a mother's kind love,
The Sophs with consciences pure as the dove,
The Juniors by Johnson and McEwan blessed,
Will one day, as Seniors, be bad as the rest.

The rosy red color now seen on the cheek
Will then by hard drinking show up on the beak.
And the interest in lessons and lectures will be
Like the wind-blown chaff, or the spray of the sea.

The hands that once worked with the hoe and the rake
Will shuffle the cards and dice boxes shake.
And the boys who to-day seem so very well bred
Will oft paint the city of Lansing quite red.

The Freshman, whose lot is to study and work ;
The Sophomore, even now tempted to shirk ;
And the Juniors, whom Johnson so badly abused,
Will do as the Seniors all do—get excused.

They all will wear tiles, and swell with their pride ;
 They'll ride the same ponies that all Seniors ride.
 And the cheek of the Senior, to which they'll fall heir,
 Will make them do things that no drummer would dare.

So the Seniors will go like the flower and the weed.
 They'll take their degrees, and let us succeed ;
 We'll run the same course as the Seniors of old,
 And tell the same stories that always are told.

We live in the boxes where they used to stay,
 And throw slops from the windows the same as they.
 The dreams that affright us, them, too, did affright ;
 The bed bugs that bite us, them, too, did bite.

The thoughts we are thinking, they, too, did think,
 The fate we are shrinking from, they, too, did shrink.
 The life we are clinging to, they, too, did cling,
 But it speeds from the earth like a bird on the wing.

Our actions are good as a preacher could ask,
 We shrink not from the most difficult task ;
 We stay in our boxes and study all day,
 And spend our spare time in a most righteous way.

But ere we can notice Time in his flight,
 The Senior year will be here in its might ;
 And we will not work nor study a thing,
 But spend all the cash that the mail bags bring.

For we'll be the same as all Seniors have been ;
 We'll see the same sights that the others have seen ;
 We'll drink the same stuff, have the same kind of fun,
 And come home at night like the others have come.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
 And the Senior will pass from this life to death ;
 From the gilded saloon, with its beer, to the shroud,
 Oh, why should the Soph or the Junior be proud ?



The Freshman's Greeting.

Within a palace car so bright
Sat one, who in the hazy light
Looked like Conrad so famed of yore,
Who wandered by the British shore,
Destined yet o'er the seas to roam,
While still a thousand miles from home.

A youth of sixteen years was he;
His face was pale as pale could be;
His hands still kept their rustic hue
Of bone and sinew plenty too;
Half hidden in the seat was he,
A carpet-bag across his knee.

The caller came around once more
And yelled "Trowbridge" from door to door.
How shrill the whistle's blast that eve,
The trembling Freshman's heart to grieve;
It chilled the marrow in his frame,
But he must leave; for this he came.

Just see him going up the road
And blinking like unto a toad!
He breaks for college at a gait,
Although not fast perhaps the rate
Would put McEwan's horse to shame
Or time made in a base-ball game.

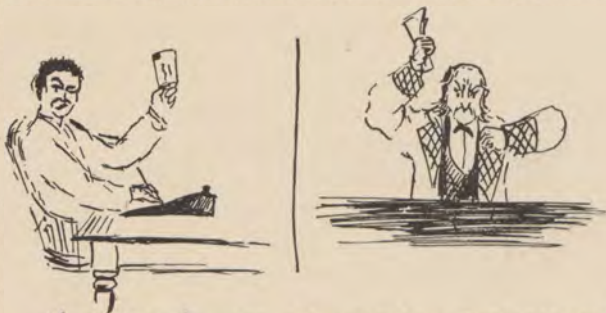
There came an eve when all were out
Upon the lawn trying a bout
In various sports, light tricks and games;
The Junior laughs, the Senior flames,
While Freshy's foremost in the rout
And he began to yell and spout.

How he, the smallest Freshman there,
 No Soph to him would be a scare,—
 That sealed his fate. A Sophomore
 Proclaimed the doom for him in store.
 The frightened Freshman thereupon
 Darted down across the lawn.

With yell and whoop and wild halloo,
 No rest the college echoes knew.
 The grounds were lined with Sophomores
 As well as windows, stairs and floors;
 Each in the games and tricks well skilled,
 Or sacks with H₂O well filled,
 (Or paper sacks with water filled.)

The Freshman got the dose complete,
 Was drowned and thumped and kicked and beat.
 From that time forth he grew quite tame
 And said the Sophs were not to blame;
 Longed for the time, the simp'ring elf,
 He'd be a Sophomore himself.

Translated from the Hebrew.



X Letter to pa concerning money matters.

Society for the

Prevention of Flunking and Bolting.

Hooper, who had to sweep his room yesterday (sweeping jack pots) and didn't have time.

Clute, who says, "Well, yes," then talks at random.

Bradford, who had to submit to the inevitable.

Woodworth, who sits down and ruminates upon it.

Dr. Heard, whose mind has n't been prejudiced by "Bloxam."

Cooney, "—— ———, I don't know."

Smithy, who was down town the night before.

Nis., who hadn't got that far.

Stahl, who has all his knowledge under his coat.

Plimpton, who had a headache last night.

Lazell, who couldn't burden his mind with formulæ.

Lord William Curtis, who can give only the "thubstance" of it.

"Tug" Wilson, who rides a horse that never bolts.

Fish, who gets in deep water.

"Cupid," who says "Why, you know what I mean."

Dr. Kedzie, "Ahem, ahem," winks his left shoulder, and the result—o.

Prof. Cook, "Alas, all seems an aching void!"

Dr. Beal, "I guess ye can't play baseball and pass botany too, ken ye?"

Prof. Johnson, "Where DUTY leads, I goose."

Prof. McEwan, who is so funny, "don't you know?"

F. S. Kedzie, "'straordinary recitation, 'sficient."

Class Room Smiles.

Prof. "Mr. Hall, with what velocity will a barrel roll down an inclined plane?"

Corporal Hall (eagerly). "That depends on whether the inclined plane slants or not."

Prof. "Mr. Cook, what is the difference between Freshman rhetoric and this rhetoric?"

Cook. "Why, Professor, this is harder."

Prof. in Eng. Lit. describing an author:

"She had biscuit lips and a grin like the average Co-ed waiting for an invitation to the Sophomore Class Day."

Prof of Ag. "A nutrient is a simple chemical compound."

Inquisitive student. "But, Professor, is H_2O a simple compound?"

Prof. "I will abstain from discussing the subject with the chemist of the class."

Dr. Kedzie (absently twirling a pint bottle of nitro glycerine in his fingers, to student reciting). "If I should drop this, you may stop—there."

Prof. Taft—Subject, Greenhouses. "If you wish to open the window do it with your hands, and if you wish to keep it up put a stick under it. In order to fasten clapboards on a greenhouse fasten them securely with nails."

Prof. of Ag. (upon discovering a descendant of the tempter of Eve in the class room). "Mr. L. do you recognize that snake?"

Bob (demurely). "No, Sir, I never met him before."

Miss A. (while surveying). "Professor, what causes the needle to point toward me when I approach the compass?"

"Young Carp." (blushing). "It must be a—a—ah—personal attraction."

Prof. of Eng. Lit. "Mr. R. can you tell me what a wizard is?"

Mr. R. "A wizard is a female witch."



Over the banister leans a face,

Tenderly Sweet and fair,

While below her

He watches

with tender

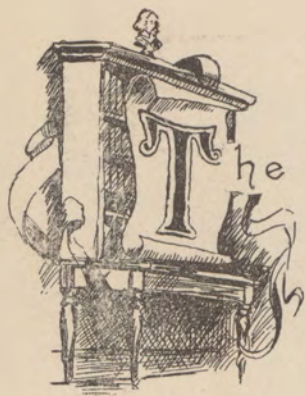
grace,

The picture

Smiling.

Yes

Yes



The Old Secrétaire.

What a tender recollection
Will after years recall,
When in pictured retrospection
I see it 'gainst the wall.

Its outlines have no beauty,
It shows no carver's art;
But well performs the duty—
Acts well its useful part.

How fond it holds my books,
How life-like it does seem!
A friend indeed it looks
As down on me it beams.

* * * * *

At last has come the end,
The happy race is run,
And friendship's ties we rend
And leave these joys and fun.

Old college, I must leave you,
And you, my dear old room,
With the secretaire so true,
To dust and to the gloom.

* * * * *

Sold are those shelves for filthy gain,
Is it possible that I have been,
By study's wear, diseased of brain?
No! Thou hast paid for my sheepskin.

REFRAIN: \$5.00, \$5.00, \$5.00, \$5.00.



THE CLASS
of

90

HAS ITS

CLASS

DAY

At Pine Lake July 13, 88.

Mr. Stack;

Or, The Moon-Eyed Marquette.

He must have had a beginning, but in what land we know not; he came, but from whence we cannot tell; alas! he dwells among us, but for what purpose is unanswerable.

Far, far away in the northland, in the land of copper and iron and jasper, in the heart of the forest primeval there exists a tradition, which runs thus: "Many, many moons ago a band of warriors, returning to their village from beyond the Great River toward the setting sun, halted in the forest and lit a fire, after much toil, and cooked and ate and slept. But as the fire grew dim he who watched heard in the sky a mighty sound, as of great birds in flight, and looking, saw a lustrous light afar off. He awoke his companions who thought the sound was the whisper of the Great Spirit, and they bowed and worshiped it. The sound increased, the light grew until within their midst was heard a dull, sickening thud, and gazing they in horror saw a protoplasmic mass of flesh glistening with phosphorescent radiance begin slowly to take shape. Its face was pale and white, but in form like to that of the red man. The scalp lock was white and stiff, standing upward full the length of a man's good arm. It was wonderful and the simple children of the forest made deep reverence, but were horrified to hear the beautiful apparition ask in a pathetic whisper, "Got any chewin'?" They took him with them toward the setting sun and at last left him with some traders where Marquette now stands. They called him "Stack," from his peculiar head covering, which for months was the wonder and admiration of all who saw it, but which since has been much abbreviated—be it said with sorrow. From this legend together with the fact that he has been frequently heard to assert that "there are whiskers on the moon," and that he has a marked fondness for anything round, be it ball or top of beer mug, we are forced to the conclusion that he is the

son of the man in the moon. Of his subsequent history we know but little until something more than a year ago, when one morning he was discovered by our President, who after much coaxing induced him to enter his office and the College. The winter was spent by Mr. Stack in Ann Arbor, where he filled some exalted position—he told us what it was but memory fails us now. Last spring, with the birds and other wild things, he came back to us again, but owing to the ignorance and malice of the professor who examines candidates in English grammar he is not taking a regular course. During the summer he has been kept in the rooms of various students and scientists who wished to study him. This term the Harrow Board, recognizing his great value, secured him for the sanctum. To regulate his system he is allowed to play ball and to keep the sanctum and editor-in-chief's office in order. A bright cuspidor and something to put in it are his chief joys.

Mr. Stack is remarkable for his large and expressive nose, to which is attached a pleasant face, his almond-shaped eyes, his white hair, the word Marquette, his executive ability in a baseball game, his self control, his power of producing fiction, his gift of adapting himself to circumstances—even stayed with Clute and Hooper two nights—and his high ambition which is to get a Ph. D. after his name, when we expect he will vanish into the etherial ether of infinite space from which he came.

There is a floor of peaceful rest
Where Stack is always seen,
To fight for "Harrows" in distress
He takes the floor unto his breast
And lies there—in "19."

There were two feet with no socks on,
The nails looked sharp and keen;
And o'er the blanket just beyond,
A characteristic face so wan,
As he lay there—in "19."

Here is a home for blasted hope,
For backache's never seen;
He makes a speech or writes a note,
Wonders how he'll cast his vote,
But stays there—in "19."

He then uplifts his downcast eye;
 Says "Jim" to Stack "It's not so mean
 To feed you plug and apple pie,
 Pay you a cent for every fly
 You catch—in old '19.' "

With joyful smiles his face does bloom,
 For he must not grow lean,
 With firmer grip he takes the broom,
 Cleans up, dumps pail, and cleans spittoon—
 Oh, this is heaven!—in "19."

But "Jim" and "Dick" got pretty rough,
 And out of Stack made a machine;
 He was to fire out every tough—
 Time proved he was not big enough—
 He's fired—from old "19."



J—k—sie takes her out for an airing.

Choice Statistics from the Class of '90.

NAME.	HABITAT.	RESEMBLES	FUTURE OCCUPATION.	FAVORITE EXPRESSION.	FAVORITE DRINK.	FAVORITE AMUSEMENT.	FAVORITE THOUGHT.	FAVORITE DEITY.
Averill.....	Puddlesville.....	Fat man.....	Druggist.....	I'll do you.....	W	Wandering by the brightlight	Drugs.....	Hercules.....
Beal.....	Agricultural College.....	Red red rose.....	Love.....	Gracious.....		Sewing.....	"College" Hall.....	Adonis.....
Bond.....	Backwoods.....	Angel.....	Prof. of Ag.....	I hope I'll pass.....		Pleasing Prof of Ag.....	Ethereal hence.....	Prof. J.....
Bradford.....	Pa's Farm.....	Hedge fence.....	Farmer.....	We must submit to the inevitable.....		Guying Instructors.....	Rhetoricals.....	Medusa.....
Burritt.....	Wild West.....	Calf.....	Drinking whey.....	The old cuss.....	A	Grunting.....	Plimpton.....	Pluto.....
Campbell.....	Lansing.....	Grover Cleveland.....	Blackguard.....	I am cute.....		Going down town.....	Faculty Row.....	Siren.....
Clemons.....	Same.....	Nothing.....	Shearing sheep.....	Goosed again.....		Smiling.....	Campbell.....	Siren's sister.....
Cooney.....	Cork.....	Prize fighter.....	Married life.....	Hey, let up.....		Scrapping.....	Wine.....	Mars.....
Fish.....	Egypt.....	Ace of spades.....	Missionary.....	I can lick that — dude.....	T	Bucking the tiger.....	His oration.....	Vulcan.....
Frost.....	Club Room.....	Hollister.....	Justice of the peace.....	I should sausage.....		Necking.....	Club Room.....	Venus.....
Greeson.....	Indiana.....	Ben Harrison.....	Bar tender.....	Say, Professor.....		Smoking.....	Y. M. C. A.....	Jupiter.....
Hawkins.....	With Papa.....	Cupid.....	Poet.....	I'll pay you to-morrow.....		Rolling cigarettes.....	Love.....	Apollo.....
Lederle.....	DETROIT.....	Sporting man.....	Sport.....	It's worsen'll.....	F	Reading Police Gazette.....	Fruit.....	Bacchus.....
Mullett.....	No. 16.....	Scholar.....	Bohning.....	That's so.....		Getting 10 spots.....	Hard work.....	Mercury.....
Rowley.....	Runnerville.....	Race horse.....	President of U. S.....	Get there.....		Running.....	Greatness.....	Fame.....
Spaulding.....	In a Hollow Tree.....	Small boy.....	Minister.....	I am great, I am.....		Swearing by.....	Jesus.....	Atlas.....
Woodworth.....	Caseville.....	Chinaman.....	Millionaire.....	Well —.....	Whisky	Ruminating.....	Lessons.....	Morpheus.....

Why?

1. Why did the Co-eds wish to look at the big bitibus at midnight on Stanley?
2. { Why does "Barney" love Jessie?
Why does Jessie love "Barney"?
3. Why doesn't Mc. tear his hair?
4. Why do the boys in Club C take flies in their milk?
5. Why doesn't Jack Morris's mother come?
6. Why can't "ye editor" be funny?
7. Why do the boys recognize the picture of Smithie's girl?
8. "Why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"
9. Why is Pa hard up just now?
10. Why does Hunter have a M. I. S. T. mat under his cuspidor?
11. Why doesn't Chase stay at home next term?
12. Why does n't Jenks hear from Port Huron?
13. Why did the pretty Co-eds all graduate before we came?
14. Why is n't "Block 71" nearer the College?
15. Why do the boys say "one, two, three" to "Bannie" Jenks?
16. Why do they call "Can" wh-wh-iskers-s?
17. Why did the Lord make Burritt?
18. Why does Jones wish his sister was a boy?
19. Why has no chemical composition. (Dr. K.)
20. Why does Garfield hold court with Miss S—— in the choir?
21. Why doesn't THE HARROW come out?
22. Why is n't the Chemical Laboratory enclosed by a fence and called Dr. Kedzie's College?
23. Why does not the State Board buy a new choir?
24. Why is THE HARROW called the drag?
25. Why do me and Jim Blaine have colds just alike?—*Prex.*



Song of the Terms.

THE FALL TERM.

I come with the first of September,
On the fresh Autumn breeze blowing sweet,
Oh, long do my patrons remember
The treasures I lay at their feet.

My trump sounding loud in the morning,
Brings dozens of "Fresh" to the scene;
Their beauties sans any adorning,
Resplendent in emerald green.

They come when old Sol is appearing,
Or in glitter and blaze of high noon;
Or when night clouds their masses are rearing,
'Cross the face of the jubilant moon.

They come from the strangest of corners,
From Wayback and Podunk and all;
From Brownville and Goattown and Horner's,
And Meekville and Crudeville and Gall.

They come with their hearts all abeating,
With pride and with hope and with fear;
And perhaps a stray thought of retreating,
As entrance "exams" draweth near.

They hear the wild Sophs talk of ponies,
And their boast of equestrian skill;
But the Freshie's sad heartrending moan is,—
"I must hoof it," oh, terrible pill.

But not without great consolation,
 Oh no, for the Co-eds are near;
 Not of beauty the great consummation,
 But their scarcity makes them so dear.

Think not they're for ornament wholly,
 Or their time in our midst is all lost;
 For they make—oh ye chemists bow lowly—
 Good face powder way below cost.

Though they can't gather grapes and ripe peaches,
 By the glim of the dim shining moon;
 They can sing in delectable screeches,
 Enchantingly far from the tune.

A pony they never would own, sir,
 "Such a sin and a horrible trouble!"
 But think not to ride him alone, sir,
 If they find that *your* steed carries double.

Oh, the fall term am I, ha ha, tra la la,
 No diptera are found upon me,
 While the zephyrs are cracking my coat tails, ha ha,
 I'll sing out my song unto thee,
 I'll sing out my song unto thee.

My stars are all right and my moons not too bright,
 And I know when the pear trees hang full.
 So fill up your trousers and skip, you young rousers,
 Ere Prexy gets into your wool.

If cider you love take a milkpail and rove,
 While I with my shadows protect thee;
 For the blissfulest bliss is no more than this—
 A straw in a barrel project thee.

The days of hard labor by me are made short,
 While the nights of gay pleasure I lengthen, you see.
 Old Sol shines on goose eggs and eight cents an hour,
 But Luna, dear creature, knows nothing but glee.

Then fill up your glasses and drink all around,
 To sweethearts, or fathers who shell out the pelf;
 But forget not the fall term, oh drink to him deep,
 The best term's the fall term, the jolly old elf.

THE WINTER VACATION.

Let me now proclaim, and all ye lesser ones keep still.

Depart unto pauciloquy and betake thyself unto obmutescence while
 I break silence with euphonius profundity.

Your colloquial confabulation exceeds the garrulity of the magpie.

The contents of the cranial portion of your debilitated anatomy is
 fraught with incogitable vacuity.

When the mighty elements are abroad and weaker wights yield
 to their incontestable puissance, then I supervene and hold high car-
 nival.

At my first breath all College boys obsquatulate.

To their paternal domicils they take themselves and live upon the
 old man's flapjacks, while I hurl my killing blizzards in awful maj-
 esty around.

THE SPRING TERM.

Shake the snow flakes out of your mantle,
 Break the icicle off from your nose,
 Come back in the glow of my steam pipes,
 And thaw out your frost-bitten toes.

For thou art the muse of the spring term,
 That during the long winter wild,
 Hast wandered like grief over the landscape
 A starving and frost-bitten child.

Then thaw out, ye muse, for I am the Spring term,
 For the "Harrow" I must sing a sweet song,
 Oh shell out some ready-made verses, my muse,
 All wool and about a rod long.

Ha, ha, and ho, ho, then listen to me,
 While I bring all the gay fellows back,
 The winter vacation is up his last tree,
 I'll bend his old bones to the rack.

His toes he now turns to the upspringing daisies,
 The green grass grows over his head,
 His forehead is clammy, his fiendish eye glazes ;
 Old fellow, your triumphs are fled.

Then wake up my muse with a laugh and a shout ;
 Make the welkin to ring with thy jingles,
 Your crusty old tyrant has gone up the spout,
 With Satan's black imps he now mingles.

If you're one of the nine that gave a great poet
 Some practical hints about spring,
 You'll make yourself useful by trying to show it,
 While I tune my horse fiddle and sing:

In the spring the fairy snow ball lights upon the Senior's ear,
 In the spring the Junior's feline leaves this frozen landscape drear,
 In the spring the frigid steam pipes make the great north pole seem hot,
 In the spring the icy door step meets you at a burning spot.

In the spring the festive choir invents some wilder form of trills,
 In the spring the blushing Co-ed takes her share of bilious pills,
 In the spring the prowling steward taps you for a roll of cash ;
 In the spring the ancient canine plays his part in warmed up hash.

In the spring the hungry bed bug comes from out his winter's lair,
 In the spring the mud profundo lies around you everywhere,
 In the spring you pawn your arctics and your overcoat you soak,
 To get a summer ulsterette and something mild to smoke.

THE SUMMER TERM.

Oh I'm a rare creature, rare creature most blest,
 Found only at old M. A. C.,
 While all her fair sisters are taking a rest,
 I sit on her motherly knee ;
 Of all her fair patrons you'll see I'm the best,
 When I sing my gay song unto thee,

I smile and the orchards turn wonderfully white,
 The hedges take beauty untold,
 I laugh and the song birds trill back in delight,
 Their tales of glad love to unfold ;
 At my blush the red roses in glowing tints bright,
 Bow low to the buttercup's gold.

At my beck the gay insects come forth in great glee,
 The moth and the butterfly gay ;
 The hornet, the cricket, the roving old bee,
 And bugs, that are not seen by day ;
 But when the grim midnight spreads forth like a sea,
 They chant a wild blood-curdling lay :

CHANT.

"Oh know ye the hayfield way back in "11,"
 Whose fragrance is borne through the air,
 'Tis I, the bright summer term, made that sweet heaven,
 With Zion it well may compare.

"For you revel in gladness and fragrance and bliss,
 Like a bee in a great pumpkin flower,
 But think not your pleasure stops only at this,
 For you salt down eight cents every hour.

"Because of this lucre dealt out in large masses,
 The Seniors like Cræsus become,
 They strut in high glory, this great class of classes,
 And chew astronomical gum.

"I love these bright Seniors with love deep and wide,
 None other is nearly so rich,
 So when they are ready to get up and slide,
 I dig them a beautiful ditch.

[The same may now speak for itself.]

SONG OF THE COMMENCEMENT DITCH.

"I travel over college ways,
 Through many pretty places,
 Now in, now out, with dirt and rout
 Despoiling many graces.

"I scatter havoc as I go,
 And dirt and rocks and gravel,
 And manage to intrude myself
 Where many people travel.

"Some men can jump my yawning gulf,
 And some fall in to sound me,
 While some uplift the nose of scorn
 And walk a mile around me.

"All night I lie with gaping sides,
 In charity most true,
 But still the thankless caller oft
 My atmosphere makes blue.

"As Seniors' friend I long have posed,
 And I shall leave them never ;
 For classes come and classes go,
 But I go on forever."

Oh cease now your warble my flourishing friend,
 Your right to exist is well told,
 But mark ye, the year is approaching its end,
 The Seniors pass now from the fold.

Ring out, ye bells, to the classic sky,
 The coming strife, the parting class,
 Old Time still flies though Seniors pass,
 Ring out, ye bells, and let him fly.

Ring out the "tug" that tries the mind,
 The goose-eggs that we 'll get no more,
 Ring out old shapes of clouded lore,
 Ring in a greeting to mankind.



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
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