Changes in the Mechanical Course.

The State Board at its last meeting approved the plan of work in the mechanical course, by which candidates for admission to the College who are not far enough advanced to enter the four-year course now offered can pursue a five-year course. A four-year course will be offered by which candidates for admission to it will be higher than the requirements for admission to the present four-year course. While graduates of first-class high schools will be able to enter the revised four-year course, it is probable that the great majority of applicants for admission will be required to take the longer course.

The relation of the two courses to each other will be such that the last two years of one will be almost identical with the last two years of the other. The only difference will be in the shop work. Thus it will be found that the student in the five-year course will advance the student as far as the first two years of the course.

It now remains to compare briefly these two courses with the course now offered. Here 6 hours of English, 30 hours of shop work is simply spread out over a greater length of time, but in most instances the result will be a distinct advantage and a demonstration of excellence. As the two new courses are supposed to come out even at the end, it will be seen that the new four-years course will be more advanced than the one now offered.

We hope for at least two good results from this revision. It is expected, in the first place, that such students as now fall behind and become discouraged in the first two years of their course will be able to take advantage of the opportunity of having the work on a slower basis. In the second place, that we shall be able to graduate students better prepared to take up work along mechanical lines.

Reunion of the Chicago M. A. C. Association.

In spite of the inclemency of the weather, twenty of Chicago M. A. C. graduates gathered at the Victoria Hotel on the evening of Saturday, February 25th, with Dr. Edwards as the host. This was the annual reunion of the Chicago M. A. C. Association.

An informal gathering in the hotel parlors, a short time was spent in renewing old ties of friendship, after which dinner was served. Dr. Edwards led the way to the banquet hall, where all were seated in royal style at a Victoria, nearly two hours being consumed in doing justice to the menu.

Theinner man being satisfied to his fullest capacity, the chairs were pushed back, and while the disciples of the weed recalled old fancies from their clouds of smoke, all sang gleefully to the strain of "Fair Harvard." And so it should be. I sit by and listen, and am glad that so much is done and said; but let us look back on the work done for them in and through them, and be glad, and say, It is good that we sat under the men of this day and associated with the boys of our time!" Your thoughts carry you back now to the years of your youth, to the work, the hopes, the pranks, the disasters of school-boy days. Also, to the talks of M. A. C. boys, the assembly, the action of the days, the days, the days, now and then, the earnest, earnest work of youthhood; the output of a far-off past. You will say, no doubt, if my memory here is somewhat earnest, if it points to the present and the future, than to the past. I may illustrate:

Did you ever see a street car pulled by a mule? The car is filled with passengers anxious to get to the journey's end. The mule, an earnest conscientious mule, long eared, lean, rump, a prancing sockety's mule, is stung by the fact that he does not have the strength to make the grade; he feels that his work is not up to his ability; he feels that he has not got to his place. The passengers go out by two threes and single, and in a hurry away. The street car goes on, it becomes madly impatient of the delay, becomes even idealized and beautified by distance and time; but to the sad-eyed mule it is still a present, the work is there, he latches on to the other end of the car and goes back for another load of passengers. He thinks only of the grade just before him, and looks forward only to the rest and the feed when his day's work is ended. The street car is M. A. C. The passengers are you—that sad-eyed mule and—oh, others like me.

But only in one sense. In another we

"Work at the sounding bow of time, Armory of the Godhead hath its work on!" We are makers of destiny. We shape and fashion souls; yours and ours, and ours and ours and ours. Hand in hand, hand in hand,

"In an awkward thing to work with souls; And man enough to save one's own, and the question often comes to men like me, What are we doing for the men and women we send out?" We must be in the eternal business of life with goods that we have furnished. What do they find the fare to be and how do they feel towards their goods? Here and now is not the time to ask of you, or expect an answer from you to questions such as these. But in the short time I speak with you I want to present the subject in one of the great pictures of the life of the world, in such a way that when you look into the great enduring characters of the great fair for which we furnished goods, and the nature of the goods that we think will sell best there.

As I would have you conceive the world tonight, then, it is not a world so large, so wide, so deep, so far away and over and away from which one has as swiftly as possible; nor is it a world where debauchery, pollution and crime reign supreme, and where honesty, sobriety and happiness must conduct themselves pilgrims and strangers. It is a great mart of trade, where every man is both a buyer and a seller. There is much more of confusion, some wild laughter, some mad orgies of crime, but the vast majority of the people are intensely earnest, and if they are fulfilling the purposes of their nature, if they are buying and selling in the marts, if they are finding a wider reach of vision, if they are doing for themselves and each other the best they can, you may say that the fair where the staple article is vanity.

The vast majority of men are not like us, but only so, but the great vices of cruelty, intolerance, class-exclusiveness, and mean, silly things to say to each other, the masses of humanity there remained a very small man and womanliness is stronger and the price paid for them is more nearly commensurate with their true value than ever before in the history of the world.

We hear much talk about progress of a character which self-gloration because we can move a little faster over the surface of the world than our ancestors. We can annihilate time and space by means of telegraph and telephone; we can have the world at our finger-tips; we can know our streets with the brightness of the sun, and read at midnight what has been done during the day. And truly these are great possibilities for progress. They furnish swifter means by which one may tell the world of great deeds; they give quicker feet with which one may run in acts of kindness and mercy; they banish crime with darkness and render man less the playing of chance. Every forward step of maaterial progress means released from some form of slavery, means a lever placed down among the masses of society and the whole structure slowly raised.

But, in and of itself, this progress means nothing good. We may be pitifully small men yet rush like the wind across the continent on a passing car. We may hear the mean, silly things to say to each other, yet hasten to say them over a telephone and even with a derision. There is more to progress than this.

In the old days of the fair, birth and favoritism controlled all the business of the place. For the vast majority of the people there remained only abject poverty and feudal slavery. Now, if you ask a certain

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 2]
Some good will result is my feeling, and that to make the two twelfth grade or four years farther eighth grade while the students supposed to take students from the other colleges and the University?"
which permits wealth to buy limitless power without an iota of responsibility. The system that allows the possessors of large amounts to crush the life of thousands and disorganize the industries of sixty million people is absurd, just as absurd as the feudal system and just as sure to be reformed. Louis XIV's "L'état c'est moi!" is no more dangerous, no more pregnant with evil, woe, and anarchy, than is Vanderbilt's "the public be damned."

But even here we are making progress. In the days when we couldn't buy public respect, it couldn't buy public love and admiration; it can't buy immortality on earth. Things that this nation loves to have on its lips are not the names of its rich men; nor are those who after a long line of hardiness, injustice and greed, have at the end thrown off decorum and decency in the shape of a school, a library, or a hospital. The public respect to be bribed or bought is no longer after this fashion. The names it has chosen for immortality are names that stand for brains, unselfishness, character, heroism. They are singularly free from the meanness of a Marlboro, the ambition of a Napoleon, the morbid pugnacity of a Cromwell.

There is another thing that has a great purchasing power in vanity-fair; whether for good or for evil, you shall say. I just stated that wealth can't buy public respect, but I, and I have no doubt often does, purchase a whole original package of virtue; but the in-numbered-failures debacle of some years ago very clearly succeeded in demonstrating that love and marriage are no mean Siamese twins. Now, I can tell you something that has in vanity-fair the virtue of inimitably purchasing love. Oh, no! it is not the careful, middle part of the hair that the young man about town has developed, nor his eyeglass screwed into one eye, nor the heavy-weight cane that he uses to cut his wisdom teeth on, nor the limp, tired air of the concentrated wisdom bought by the old mother up there on the Cedar has cause to be proud of her sons and daughters. She gave you the goods—strong character, sturdy, moral brawn, earnest devotion to truth, trained brain and child and hand, and with it you are buying the love of wife and child; the cozy nest that you call home; the riches of the world; honor and dignity in your chosen vocation; the gratitude of the young men who look on you, busy for honor and for right in this same Vanity Fair, and their adoration of the girls that can do this; and, in short, perambulating the woman who is-marriage-a-failure.
News from Graduates and Students.

F. P. Clark '53 was in Lansing last week.
J. B. Tarbell is one of the M. A. C. contingent at Ann Arbor—a good law.
C. H. Piper with '52 is sojourning at Colorado Springs for his health.
We have received for the alumni library a pamphlet on "Spraying for Profit" from H. E. Weed '89.
Paul Woodworth with '90 called at the College on his way home from the Republican State Convention last Thursday.
"Object Lessons in Parks," by R. J. Coryell '52, is the leading article — "Canadian Horticulturist for February."
S. H. Fulton '79 writes from South Haven that the effects of the recent cold weather on fruit trees was not so bad as at first thought.
H. B. Andrus with '80 read a paper at Middleville Institute on "Free Text Books." He has been conducting a private school in Hastings.
F. A. Golling with '57 divides his time between prospecting and electrical engineering at Dawson City. He is manager of the Yukon Pioneer Telephone Co.
L. A. Wilson '94 was a member of the U. of M. debating team that won from Pennsylvania at Ann Arbor last Friday night the first debate between East and West.
F. M. VanAsken with '58 was in the late war as a sergeant in Co. K, 34th M. V. I. He is now engaged as electrical engineer with the Harrison Electric Co., of Allegan, Michigan.

A Word of Thanks.
The young women of Abbot Hall are to be congratulated on the earnest appreciation of Dr. Kedzie's kindness in presenting them fifteen books as a nucleus for a library, and to tender him their hearty thanks for the same.

Honor to Professor James Iroquois 78.

Knowing Professor Troop as we do and considering the training he had at M. A. C., the following is no more than we had reason to expect:

"The Dancing Plain Dealer" of North Vernon, Ind., in giving an account of a recent meeting of the jealousy of farmers' institutes, paid Prof. Troop a nice compliment in the following language: "Prof. Troop of Purdue University was the instructor, and in a most pleasant and clear manner filled his mission. Prof. Troop is the most thorough instructor we have ever met in the different institutes and Sciapo may congratulate herself in securing him."

Our Literary Societies.
The Union Literary Society entertained the faculty last Saturday evening. The following program was given:

Quotations from John Ruskin.
Oration—"The Maine Disaster," M. H. Lapham.
Reverie, C. A. McCue.
The society gave a dancing party on Friday evening. Delicious refreshments were served at 8:00 a.m. after which all again indulged in dancing for a time. A good social time was enjoyed by all. Mr. Bristol and Miss Meech furnished music.

Basket-ball—Olivet vs. M. A. C.

An exceedingly interesting game of basket-ball was played in the Armory, on Monday afternoon last week, between M. A. C. and Olivet. The teams were so evenly matched that at the end of two 20-minute halves the score was a tie. In the third bout—ten minutes—Olivet scored after eight minutes of hard playing, on a free trial at goal for a foul. The game was hard and fast from start to finish but was characterized by entirely too many fouls that were not noticed by the referees. Interference with the ball when it was clearly in the hands of an opponent was an unusual occurrence. The most brilliant play in the game was a long goal from Sneed by Rainey. Following is the line-up of the teams:

Olivet—Wilson, J. H. Mr. B. and M. A. C. D. F. Davis, D. F. "Steady John," D. D. Sneed

If a man is cowardly, he is always quoted "Discretion is the better part of valor."

Furniture Headquarters.

Chas. A. Sella, Locust, Lansing, Mich.

Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Clocks, Silverware, Art Goods.

Employees of M. A. C.

Desiring to build should not purchase their material before consulting with Hiram Rikerd, Lansing, Mich.

Lumber of all kinds.
Interior finishing a specialty.

PRICES RIGHT.


The Davis Store.

Removal Sale!

DAVIS CLOTHING STOCK

Will remove to our new store, 103 Washington Ave. South, next to Lansing State Bank, about March 1st. We wish to close all of the old stock but to start with a new stock.

Do Not Miss Our Removal Sale.

Furniture Dealers

M. J. & B. M. Buck.

DIRECTORY

Lansing Business and Professional Men.

The names in this Directory, as well as those of all our other advertisers are of reliable persons. We hope that the faculty and students will take pains to patronize those who patronize us.

ARCHITECTS.


BOOKS AND STATIONERY.


BOOTS AND SHOES.

D. Woodbury—Boots and Shoes. We serve the students. See ad.

BICYCLES AND MUSIC.

D. S. Ford—Dealers in Furnishing Goods. See ad.


JEWELLERS.

P. R. Richmond—Watchmaker, Jeweler and Engineer.

INSURANCE.

A. C. Poe, Proprietors—Insurance, Cor. Washington and East Street.

J. J. Foster, Proprietor—Insurance, East Washington and East Street.

LUMBER DEALERS.


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Special Prices to M. A. C. Students.

SIMON DRY GOODS COMPANY—Dry Goods and Carpets. See ad.

FURNISHING GOODS.


The Davis Store.

Furniture Headquarters.

Cots at $2.50, $1.50, $2.00 and $2.50
Wire Springs at $1.50 and $2.00
Mattresses from $2.00 up
Tables, Rockers, Bureaus, Iron Beds.

All goods delivered free to College.

For the Next Week

All of our 80.00 and 60.00 Derby Hats will be Removal Price, 986.

All of our Men's Caps 25c

All of our Boy's Caps 15c

All of our Child's Caps 10c