Death of Ex-President Oscar Clute.

Word comes to the College that Rev. Oscar Clute, president of the College from 1889 to 1893, died at Los Angeles, California, Jan. 27, of pneumonia. It has been a shock to those who knew him. Dr. Clute was in failing health, but the announcement of his death came as a shock to many, for he was a man that they loved and who loved him in the earlier days.

Dr. Oscar Clute was born near Allishan church, at Kossus, Iowa, 1837. He was of Dutch decent. Up to the age of 17 he divided his time between the farm and school, but at that age he began teaching, his first work being done as principal of the Binghamton schools. Two years later he entered the Susquehanna Seminary as both student and teacher. In 1857 he came to Ionia, Michigan, as a teacher, being chosen the following year as principal. In 1859 he resigned to become a student at the College, entering the sophomore class. While yet an undergraduate he was appointed as teacher in the preparatory department of the College, and immediately upon graduation, '62, he was chosen tutor afterwards professor of mathematics, holding that position till 1866. As a teacher he is said that he was exceedingly popular, possessing a rare power of getting the best work out of his students.

After leaving the college he entered Medadile Theological Seminary, where he graduated the following year. Upon graduation, he accepted a call to the First Unitarian church at Vineland, New Jersey. While at Vineland, Dr. Clute helped to organize, and was elected president of the famous Vineland Farmers' Club, which during his presidency, gained a reputation not limited to the United States. In 1868 he was married by Pres. Abbot to the President's sister-in-law, Miss Mary Merrylees. He remained at Vineland for six years, and from there was called to the First church at Newark, N. J. Two years later Dr. Clute received a call to the First Unitarian church at Los Angeles, California, and it was while engaged in building up this church, that he was called to the presidency of the College.

He remained as president until September, 1893, when he accepted the presidency of Pomona Agricultural College. From this state he returned in 1897 to Michigan, broken in health, and, for a short time, lived in California in the hope that the climate might restore him. Here he engaged in preaching and writing. The cause of his health he has not dared to leave California, and for the past year he has been in such poor health that he has not ventured to leave Los Angeles, and for the past year he has been at a hospital receiving treatment for kidney disease. Recent letters indicate that he was comparatively comfortable and felt that he was in competent hands. Rodney Abbot was with him.

Dr. Clute was a prolific writer and an enthusiastic student of agriculture. While at Vineland he edited the agricultural department of the Vineland weekly. While in Newark he was for a time editor of the Liberal Christian of New York City. His book, The Blessed Bees, went through four editions, and he wrote largely and helpfully for various bee journals. He was president of the Iowa Bee Keepers Association and editor of the Iowa Bee for the most scholarly men the College ever knew among its officers. To the writer of this he was always a kind, considerate friend, a wise and safe adviser, a just and courteous superior in office.

He leaves a widow and six children. Mrs. Clute, Oscar, Edward and Marion are in St. Louis, Mo. Katharine has charge of domestic science at Greely, Colorado; Mrs. Lucy Clute Woodworth is the wife of Prof. P. B. Woodworth, of Lewis Institute, Chicago; and William M. Clute is superintendent of a copper mine at Tezuiola, New Mexico.

Friday Evening's Entertainment.

The entertainment given by the M. A. C. Chorus in the armory last Friday evening deserves favorable comment. The well-prepared program, the manner in which it was carried out, and the good attendance on the part of the students and College people made it a success.

The favorable comments and the general approval of the program is a great many, if not all, of those present, gives evidence that the Chorus Class did itself credit the other evening in furnishing a very enjoyable program. The work showed the earnest effort put forth on the part of the members under the able direction of Mrs. C. E. Marshall.

Those who assisted with the instrumental numbers were fully appreciated. It is to be regretted that owing to Miss Bee's illness one number had to be omitted. The number was nicely supplied, however, by Miss Topping with her violin. Since the work of the few who take an interest in the Chorus Class has always been so enjoyable and successful, and since their work has always been so much appreciated, we can only wonder why a greater number of the students do not avail themselves of the opportunity it offers in the way of developing the musical tastes of our lives.

Geo. C. Humphrey.

Dr. D. F. Bradley, Mr. C. W. Gard, Mr. David F. McFarland, as often spoke, has been elected to the presidency of Iowa College, Grinnell, Iowa.
Thursday evening prayer meeting was led Albert G. Craig. The theme was, “Our Goal Line.” The Christian has reached the goal line and has his life’s work laid away with Christ in God. It is then that the life comes to Christian service.

The Sunday morning chapel services were conducted by Rev. W. H. Pound, pastor of the Plymouth Congregational church. Mr. Pound chose for his subject, Matthew 20, 33, “Lord, that our eyes may be opened,” and it is with thoroughly open eyes that we feel we are to open the doors of opportunity all around us for making the love known to our Master a real blessing to those who do not know Jesus.

Saturday’s Basketball Games.

Saturday afternoon the Junior basketball team met defeat at the hands of the sub-faculty, by a score of 12 to 39. Considering that the former team practised only three times, and only two of their members had ever played the game before, this good showing, but little small team work.

The line-up follows:

**FACULTY.
Juniors.

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At 2:30 Alva and M. A. C.

Y. M. C. A.

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A Trip to Muir Glacier.

[Article read before Natural History Society Wednesday evening January 22, by R. T. Stevens.]

About four years ago I had the good fortune to accompany a friend of mine, a young Englishman, on a trip to Alaska, it was my first trip to that country. We made for a couple of months of the year beginning with the last of June.

We rode by rail as far north as Tacoma, Oregon, and there went aboard another train for "Large City," which was to be our home for the next two weeks or more. We stepped into the pleasant places on the way,—Victoria, the capital of British Columbia, Fort W'Range, and others, many of the gold stamping mills in the world are located, Skagaway and Dyes the entrance to the Klondyke gold fields—and on the fourth morning we were winding our way among the icebergs of Glacier Bay. As we advanced the views became more and more numerous, until it was with difficulty that the ship could be steered clear of them.

On our right were immense perpendicular cliffs, descending straight into the water, without any break for sizelication. To the left could be seen a high range of snow-capped mountains with glaciers, Chrylison and many others reaching 14,000 feet or more above the sea.

Above them tufted sharply to the right entering an arm of the Bay, and beheld before us the object of our trip to this locality, the fabled Muir glacier. It was probably three miles away extending from side to side of the inlet we were in. Muir, with the perhaps not the largest of the seven glaciers that discharge into the bay, it is the most accessible and hence the most visited by excursions. It was discovered by Prof. John Muir while on an excursion of this sort in a canoe. The cabin in which he lived while exploring the glacier is still to be seen.

Seen from the inlet at a distance of a mile or more the glacier appears mass and comparatively round and large, but as we approached we saw that it was far from smooth. Deep rifts and hollows alternated with broad plain of the glacier is divided. As we approached we saw that it was far from smooth. Deep rifts and hollows alternated with broad plain of the glacier is divided. As we approached we saw that it was far from smooth. Deep rifts and hollows alternated with broad plain.

The Muir moves from 5 to 10 feet per day in its more central part. Soundings have been made at the base showing that the bottom of the ice is broken down into the mud and rock of its bed. As this wall extends from 250 to 500 feet above the surface, were the water and rocky debris removed there would be presented a sheer precipice which would be 1,000 feet wide and 1,000 feet high.

It has been observed that more icebergs or bits of ice come from the Muir than from any other glacier. The reason for the theory that the water washes away the ice a little below the surface, leaves the fragments behind, and when these pieces of ice above, having less support, breaks often when uplifted by the wind and waves, the icebergs are formed. The thickness of ice comes up from the bottom of the wall. Muir says these come from that part of the wall that is below the effect of the waves,
and having no ice above them rise to the surface by their own buoyancy. He calculates that bergs large enough to be heard from one to two miles away break off of the glacier in an average of one in every 5 to 6 minutes. Some of them can be heard at a distance of ten miles or even more. When these immense masses of ice weighing hundreds of tons, fall from a height of perhaps 500 feet into the water below there is at first a keen piercing crash; then a deep deliberate dance in the waves about the new comer as if in welcome; and these again are followed by the roar of the berg-waves as they reach the shore and break among the boulders. Some of these even rock our ship anchored a mile or more down the inlet. But the largest and most beautiful bergs instead of falling from the exposed upper part of the wall rise from the submerged portion with a still grander commotion; heaving aloft nearly to the top of the wall with awful roar, tons of water streaming like hair down their sides while they heave and plunge again and again before they gain their equilibrium and are as blue crystal islands after being held in captivity as a part of a slow crawling glacier for centuries.

In order that we might visit the glacier we were taken ashore in whale-boats and landed near Muir's hut. We had to climb over small rocks between it and us. Its color was dark green and black. Seeing no shades of blue and pink were present. The rock it contained which had been pulverized by the glacier. The color was caused by the crushed and powdered rock it contained which had been pulverized by the glacier. The color of the ice was super white. All shades of blue and pink were present intermingled with streaks of dark blue and black. Seeing no way to cross the stream and scale the perpendicular wall before us we started inland. We soon came to a place where we could cross over. The part of the wall we succeeded in mounting was comparatively smooth on top, for the sides do not move as rapidly as the center and hence are not as badly broken up. But what a sight lay stretched out before us. A thousand square miles of dazzling white. A grand lake of water 6 miles wide and 50 miles long, containing more ice than all the 1,100 glaciers of the Swiss Alps combined. It was like a great white sheet sagging in the middle, while the edges were upheld by lobe peaks between which the ice seemed to be pouring in immense white rivers, sweeping in majestic curves around their butresses and at length joining the main part or trunk of the glacier. These last are the glacier's tributaries, of which there are several principal ones from 2 to 6 miles wide where they join the trunk, and 20 or 30 miles long, running away back in the mountains and probably lost in the perpetual snow.

Walking out over the level portion we often came across great holes seemingly filled with a clear crystal blue making them appear bottomless to extend. Water could be heard trickling in them a thousand feet below us for aught we knew. Then we would come to small blue lakes resting right on the ice, while farther out were much larger ones surrounded by crystalline peaks and pyramids. We soon came to the broken part of the glacier. It is impossible to describe this wilderness of peaks, cones, bottomless fissures, and gulches. The whole vast expanse is torn and crumpled into a bewildering network of ridges, blades, and rough, broken crevasses, impossibly beautiful and awful. Here and there are immense black streaks running away up the slope and disappearing behind some rugged peak or ridge, the medial moraines. Right in the center of this whirlwind of irregularity is a solitary peak rising dark and forbidding against the blinding white background, as if scowling at being compelled to jostle and elbow these unruly ice-rivers all its life instead of among its more fortunate brothers on the outskirts.

We were rudely brought back to civilization and reality by the whistle of our steamboat signaling our return. That whistle was the deepest I had ever heard and it sounded double in the crystal islands after being held in captivity as a part of a slow crawling glacier for centuries.

I have since heard that Muir Glacier has been all but destroyed by an earthquake so that excursion boats no longer put off from it. We were all more or less glad to reach the ship and steam away on our journey to Sitka.

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