Clothes with Indefinite Reputation

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never clipped finer materials than those to be found in the good outing clothes which we show this season. These comfortable suits, these rough-and-ready suits, these ready-to-get-into suits, give you immediate satisfaction. Sole agent for the celebrated Stein Bloch Co.'s make.

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is to offer our customers the best fitting, best wearing and most stylish shoes that can be found at $3.00 and $4.00. We think we have hit the mark this season in the goods we are showing, for Men and Women: Base Ball, Tennis, Bicycle and Athletic Shoes of various kinds.

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OUR STYLES ARE ALWAYS CORRECT
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By its use they are made quick and active; all soreness, stiffness or swelling is prevented, and the danger of taking cold on going out is avoided.

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Reduces redness. Checks bleeding. Leaves the face soft, white and smooth. Far superior to bay rum or any other lotion. FOR GOOD EFFECT you Must have the genuine Pond’s Extract. The weak imitations won’t do the work and are probably worthless and irritating to the skin.

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THE CATHODE.

JUNIOR CLASS,
KALAMAZOO COLLEGE.
1896.
SALUTATORY.

SHOULD you ask us how it happened,
Who proposed it at the outset,
Who it was that toiled and labored
Thought and wrote and talked and fabled,
That this book of college sketches,
Tales of students and of classes,
Grave professors, verdant freshmen,
Should present a truthful picture
Of Kalamazoo, our own dear college;
I would answer, I would tell you
'Twas the Junior class who did it,
Did it with their tubes and lenses;
Not for greater fame as scholars,
Nor to show their mighty genius,
Not to fill their empty pockets,
Are they present here before you,
But they come to sing the praises
Of their college, dear old college,
Of the life as students live it,
Of the fun and of the frolic,
Of the battle and the conflict,
How they fought and how they won it,
Following closely their wise leader.
Should you find upon these pages
Marks and footprints of some sages
That have wandered from their calling,
Be thou gentle, good, and kind,
'Tis the mills of the gods that "grind"
While the editors do the toiling.
Issuing this little book, the Junior class feel that they have the sympathy and commendation of their friends. The "Cathode" is the first publication of its kind ever issued from Kalamazoo College; we are the pioneers in this line, and, like pioneers along any line, we have found many difficulties to overcome.

We do not presume to know it all, but beg your indulgence as you peruse these pages. Kindly look for the good, remembering the maxim, "We find what we look for." If you find error, you may speak to the next year's Junior class, that they may profit by our mistakes.

The two main objects in publishing the "Cathode" have been, that we might leave a lasting monument to the class of '97, and that we might draw closer the bond of fraternal union between the college and its graduates and ex-members. If this book shall awaken tender recollections of college life, if it shall stimulate and impel to nobler thoughts and actions, if it shall lead some young man or woman to decide for a higher education, that may eventually lead them to honor, success, and happiness, then the editors will feel well paid for all their toil.

We are able to publish the "Cathode" through the liberal advertising of Kalamazoo's best business firms. We have solicited only the best and can heartily recommend them to your patronage. We desire to acknowledge the help received from the trustees of the college, also the kindly interest and support shown by the Faculty, students, and alumni.

Miss Kepp of the college art department, Mark Hayne, A. E. Jons, and W. A. Reid have rendered valuable aid in the line of illustrations. The hearty co-operation and unity of the class, together with the encouragement of our friends, have made the task much lighter and brighter, and we feel that Kalamazoo College, at least the class of '97, will receive good from the publishing of the "Cathode."

June 10, 1896.

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A. B., College of New Jersey, 1891; A. M., College of New Jersey, 1896; Ph. D., Fellow and Instructor in Mathematics, College of New Jersey, 1890-94; Instructor in Mathematics, College of New Jersey, and Lafayette College, 1902-03; Student, University of Gottingen, 1892-93; Student, University at Leipzig, 1893-94; Kalamazoo College, 1894.

CLARK MILTON BROWN, Ph. D., Professor of English and History.
A. B., University of Rochester, 1879; A. M., University of Rochester, 1880; Graduate, Rochester Theological Seminary, 1880; Graduate student, University of the City of New York, 1906-08; Ph. D., University of the City of New York, 1904; Instructor in Religion and History, Brown University, 1902-03; Kalamazoo College, 1899.

MAURICE WYNN, A. B., Instructor in French.
A. B., Williams College, 1891; Graduate student, University of Chicago, 1891-92; Kalamazoo College, 1899.

LOY JOHNSON, Ph. B., Instructor in English and Latin.
Ph. B., University of Michigan, 1890; Assistant Principal of High School, Livonia, Ill.; Kalamazoo College, 1899.

CAROLINE HAROLD NORTWICK, A. B., Instructor in German.
A. B., Carleton University, 1892; Professor of High School, Mildredaun, N. Y., 1892-98; Public School, Yonkers, N. Y., 1898-94; Kalamazoo College, 1894.

GEORGE CURTIS GRANT, A. M., Instructor in Mathematics and Sciences.
A. B., Oberlin College, 1891; A. M., Oberlin College, 1896; Instructor in Elgin Academy, Elgin, 1891-92; Instructor Washburn College, 1892-98; Junior Fellow in English, University of Chicago, 1898-99-90; Professor Kalamazoo before National High School, Florida, 1894-95; Kalamazoo College, 1895.

Musical Director of the Beautiful Ladies' College, Grand Rapids, Agent of the Royal High School of Music, Berlin, Kalamazoo College, 1893.

FREDERICK CURRAN, Instructor in Vocal Music.
Music Department of Holland College, 1890-99; Chicago Conservatory of Music, Instructor in Vocal Interpretation, Kansas College, 1894-98; Kalamazoo College, 1899.

HELEN ELIZABETH KEET, Instructor in Art.
Fellow of the Chicago Art Institute, Kalamazoo College, 1893.
TO MERCURY.

Mercury, eloquent son of Atlas, whose wit didst determine
The manners of men first created, by gifts of language and practice
Which made them graceful and swift, thee do I sing, O immortal,
Messenger fleet of the gods and of Jove the omnipotent.
Crafty thee art to hide what it please thee is theft that is mischievous.
Long ago did even Apollo laugh outright in his scolding,
Though with menacing voice he bade thee return stolen cattle.
Leaving old Troy, by thy guidance rich Priam eluded all peril—
Haughty Atridae, Thessalian watch-fires, and camps of the Trojans.
Thou with thy wand of gold dost guide the spirits ethereal,
Even to their destined abode of happy hereafter,
Thou servant of gods supernal and of the utmost abysses.

COLLEGE YELL.

Hoo Rah, Hi Kah!
Boom Ah, Hoo!
Zip Rah, Hi Boom!
Kalamazoo.

Color.—Electric Blue.
THE early settlers of Michigan were largely from New England and New York, and regarded educational facilities, such as they had had in their former homes, a necessity.

The history of the founding of Kalamazoo College is intimately connected with the early educational development of the state, and is of especial interest, as this is the oldest classical educational institution within the borders of Michigan. The plans of founding such an institution originated with Rev. Thomas W. Merrill, a graduate of Waterville College, now known as Colby University, who worked and travelled continuously for several years to raise the necessary funds, and to obtain a charter. Most valuable assistance was given him by Hon. Caleb Eldred. The original charter for "The Michigan and Huron Institute," or, as it was later named, "The Kalamazoo Literary Institute," was granted April 23, 1833.

The French name, institute, was chosen instead of the English term, college, but the following extract from the charter makes the character of the institution sufficiently evident:

"Said trustees shall establish in said territory at such place as they may judge best, a Literary Institute, to promote the knowledge of all those branches of education usually taught in academies and collegiate institutions." The provisions for preparatory instruction was necessary, as there were few regular preparatory schools at that time.

In 1838, the citizens of Kalamazoo contributed $2,000.00 and a large tract of land in the southern part of the city to the new institution. The first building was erected in 1836. Later the school was connected as a branch with the newly founded University of Michigan, but the connection was soon severed.

The Baptists of the State, who had been from the first the principal supporters of the institute on, purchased the present grounds of the college in the western part of the city, and, in the years 1848-50, erected the main building, which is now used as a dormitory.

In 1848, Rev. J. A. B. Stone, pastor of the church in Kalamazoo, was appointed Professor of Biblical Theology. He also served as principal of the institute from 1843 until college powers were added by charter in 1850, when he was elected president and continued such until 1863, when he resigned his office and Prof. Anderson was made acting president. The next year John H. Gregory, LL. D., was elected president, and continued until 1863, when he lay down the work to be taken up again later by Rev. Kendall Brooks, D. D., who held the office nineteen years. Changes in the corps of professors during this period were as follows:

Samuel Brooks, elected professor of Latin, December, 1849, still serving; Henry M. Fish, instructor and principal of the preparatory department; Misses Catherine and Sarah Eldred, and Mrs. L. H. Townbridge, Professor William C. Moor and Instructors C. W. Bardeen, W. W. Roman, A. E. Broten, Mrs. Estelle E. Davis, and Mrs. Carrie H. Daniello, Professors William T. Scott and Lewis Greter; lady principal, Miss Kate Bertram; instructors, Miss Minnie Bertram, Mrs. Rebecca by, Miss Ellen Price; instructors, Howard G. Colman, Huron B. Colman, E. W. McEvoy, A. D. Armson, A. J. Teed, C. J. Teed, Mrs. V. A. Cadman, and Misses Sarah Howell, L. J. Newcome, Mary E. Clarke;
Arthur Gaylord Sleeum, LL. D., graduate of Rochester University, and for sixteen years superintendent of schools in Corning, N. Y., was the unanimous choice for the next president, entering upon his duties with the college year, 1892. With him have been associated Professors Brooks, Axtell, Putnam, Jenkins, Haskell, and Lankheet, and Instructors Karl Gud, Moses Elliai Hayes, Emma Shailer, and Lelia A. Noworn.

Later have followed Professors R. H. Tripp, W. N. Wilson and P. F. Trombridge, permanent Professor C. B. Williams, and Instructors Misses Maud Wilkinson, Mary Bollman, Lucy Johnson and Caroline H. Swartout. With this year Clark Mills Brink, Ph. D., instructor in Brown University, became professor in the college.

During the college year 1895-96, an agreement for mutual advantage was consummated between the trustees of the college and the University of Chicago. By the terms of this agreement the college will be known as a college affiliated with the University of Chicago. Students receive credit on the records of the University for approved work done in Kalamazoo College. Those who complete the course on the prescribed conditions can secure their degree from the University after twelve weeks' additional work there.

Three Fellowships are granted each year to members of the Senior class.
President, H. C. Jackson.
Vice President, Miss Pauline LaTourette.
Secretary, Miss Isabella Bennett.
Treasurer, Miss Fannie Barrett.

Officers.

President of Day, H. C. Jackson.
Salutatory, Miss Isabella Bennett.
Oration, F. E. De Yoe.
Class History, M. J. Newell.
Class Poem, A. E. Jenkins.

Senior Class.

Colors. - Nile green and Hunter's green.
Motto. - Ergatai anepaischouchai.
Yell. - Rattle, dazzle! Hobble, gobble! Ra, ra, rix!
Kalamazoo! Kalamazoo! Ninety-six!

Officers.

President, H. C. Jackson.
Vice President, Miss Pauline LaTourette.
Secretary, Miss Isabella Bennett.
Treasurer, Miss Fannie Barrett.

Class Day Headers.

President of Day, H. C. Jackson.
Salutatory, Miss Isabella Bennett.
Oration, F. E. De Yoe.
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HISTORY OF THE SENIOR CLASS.

Twelve seniors had been having one of those jolly class meetings for which they are famous, and the boys were straggling back to the dormitory from the various homes of the young ladies. One of them appeared to be in a revery. Forgetting to lock his door he sat down in the darkness to dream of the past. The scenes of four years were rapidly shadowed on the sensitive plate of his brain, but little did he imagine how the others reached home, for we do not know, but from this circumstance it is probable that each of them went home alone an sober freshman student.

Interspersed with these scenes, often in a strange and fanciful way, are pictures of the old man Cato, Greek roots, sines and tangents, midnight lamps and excited freshmen vainly trying to convince the doctor that their sight translations of Livy do ample justice to the one-eyed enemy of Rome.

The next scene take on the verandah of spring. There must have been some strange influence floating in the hot air of the spring of '80, for now we never see a freshman alone. Even in broad day on the well beaten path to the class room the girls seem to need the protection of seniors.

The first picture of senior life is the same as that of the first freshman scene,—watermelons in a back yard, but this time on Main street with a greatly altered appearance. Many of the old faces are missing, but several new ones have come in and some who had dropped out have reappeared, so that the year begins with fourteen learned and dignified seniors. The old greenness and timidity have given place to that self-control and heartily do they cheer their favorites; and the girls, if not eloquent, have their heroes. The old boy's bad habits have given way to the realities of life. Faint outlines of tennis and football appear at different places, mingled with pictures of boats and cottages at Crooked Lake. Venus' son is busy all this time shooting his arrows, and although many, many of them go wide of the mark, some of the shafts find a permanent lodgment in tender hearts. But Minerva has been the leading deity as the expanding brain and the large size of the junior caps infallibly prove. Another contest in which Mr. Fox and Miss Bennett are victors closest this part of their college life.

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terror and arming of the politician and the concentra-
tion of forces to escape a bath in Mirror Lake. But
it is a false alarm. The Jack-o’-lanterns, apples, and
ghosts in Miss Barrett’s attic receive due appreciation
from the whole class, and the revolver is fired into the
empty air of midnight, wounding nothing more tangi-
ble than the spooks to which the night is devoted.

But we come to the last scene. Many of the
others have represented the class in their times of
relaxation from regular work. Here we see them in a
different aspect. Not the boys and girls that we saw
at first, but men and women now, every face giving
evidence of their practical knowledge and earnest
purpose. Those five men with the grave, judicial
mien will evidently become lawyers, perhaps congress-
men or presidents. Who knows? The long coats
and clerical ties of these other five betray the fact that
they have given their lives to proclaiming the gospel.
The last one, with the learned, abstracted look, is to
teach mathematics where he has learned all there is to
be known on the subject. This young woman, who
has been charming her class and the whole city
throughout her college course with her sweet songs,
will continue to bless the world with “touches of sweet
harmony;” for she has music in her soul. That one
has a lancet and medicine chest—unmistakable signs
of her profession. And the last one, like the last of
the men, shows signs of knowledge that must be im-
parted, the infallible mark of a teacher. All of them
look like cultured men and women with an earnest
purpose to advance the cause of truth in the world.
As we put aside the pictures, many a college friend will
shed a tear to their memory, and all will join in bidding
them a hearty God-speed.
JUNIOR CLASS.

Colors.-Old Rose and Cream.

Motto.-Proposito tenax.

Skt.-Ninety-seven! Ninety-seven! On-a-way! On-a-way!

Eleven-man! Eleven-man! Me Cush-a-way!

Go! Fun on a Yab, with a Yab, Yab, Yab!

Officers.

President, Miss MURIEL MASSEY.

Vice President, GEO. MACDOUGALL.

Secretary and Treasurer, A. E. BROOME.

Harold Lucius Axtell, A. B.,
Albert Egbert Broene, A. B.,
Willard Fox Dowd, A. B.,
George Ellis Finlay, A. B.,
E. Elliott Ford, Ph. B.,
Paul William Tebrown Hayne, A. B.,
Lula May Hough, A. B.,

Kalamaoo
Kalamaoo
Hartford
Battle Creek
Kalamazoo

e

Amis Eliza Jerks, Ph. B.,
Florence LaTourette, A. B.,
George MacDougall, A. B.,
Muriel Annette Massey, Ph. B.,
William Lloyd Morser, B. S.,
Carlton Horner Snashall, A. B.,
Anna Louise Warwick, Ph. B.,
Marshall Cushman Warwick, B. S.,

Kalamazoo
Fenton
Kalamazoo
Fenton
Kalamazoo
Fenton
Fenton
Plainwell

West Bay City
Kalamazoo
Vicksburg
Grand Rapids
Kalamazoo
LFT the incredulous say what they will against the idea of a 'lucky star.' Let them remove every trace of astrological belief from their own theology. We, the class of '96, stand firm in our rock-bottom conviction that no class can hope to succeed without the guidance of this star, and we have reasons for such a conclusion.

Though till to-day we held it as one of the class secrets, yet for the sake of uninteresting clauses to come, we do not hesitate now to say something of our premonitions and the results. In the month of September, 1890, two days after college opened, each member of '96 had a vision. It worked powerfully upon the monotonous of each beholder. Haggard looks showed plainly an anxiety of mind. We resolved to share each other's woes. At dead of night, among the sacred trees on the borders of Manz Lake, we assembled in flight. When lo! in yon sky, directly above the lower college building, appeared a star of enormous size, having twenty-two points—corresponding exactly to our number. Dazzled at first, we dared, little by little, to gaze again; when, in a flash, appeared "Prospect Texax." With a low, whining sound the fiery thing circled toward us and we caught sight of the initials P. W. S. T. H. upon one of the points. Then it was gone. Again it appeared, but we saw only a mixture of letters in which were H. L. P. S. W. A. Nothing was plain. It entered the lower college building, lighted up the room in the southeast corner, fitted to the southeast corner on the second floor, burned upon the desks some Grecian characters, hurried down the corridor and escaped from a window in the Eudelphian Hall. This was the phenomenon from which we started. Had we not attached much importance to it, less would have been said of the matter, but since that night we have known what it is to be a star class.

The prebrevet period of our history, by which is meant the period immediately preceding our introduction to Kalamazoo College as an incorporated body, was an intensely exciting time.

Two young ladies lived in the same town. One autumn afternoon, on the way home from an exciting game of tennis, the conversation drifted to the subject of college for the coming year. It rested between Kalamazoo College and Harvard Annex. All at once the wind began to blow in fitful gusts. Dark clouds came up. Glints upon gleam of lightning flashed in the sky. Still they sat motionless upon the curbstones. The elements grew angrier. The struggle was long and terrible. Yet not a trace of fright appeared upon the face of either girl. Miss LaTourrette, who was skilled in astrology and witchcraft, was asked to tell the omens. A cricket being caught, she sprinkled Quaker oats upon it's back and it appeared, but we were yet a little green upon the outer edges, we crossed the year with a classic wreath in the shape of a Latin party given to all the college students and faculty at the Ladies' Hall. Now that it is all over we will confess that we feared, at times, lest the program would be unliminated. In other words, we felt that it might be "casting pearls before swine" to offer Latin food. But, happily, we were disappointed. For Mr. Friday was heard saying only a day or so ago: "O tempora! O mores! Professor base intelligens. Junior vidit. Hic tamen visit."

Pink carnations kept blossoming at our feet, even when we passed into Sophomore life. They fairly covered the campus in the spring, when ball games began and hall players were rise. Our star still shone. There was only one time when we feared that it had left us. It shone with double brilliance when we gave our tribunals of orations, in preparation for the chapel stage; it shone bright on Mr. MacDougall's pathway as he took flying trips to H—— it lighted Anna Warwick's study table after her taper had burned dim. But when eight youths sought a way for providing nine young ladies with an escort antique, it stayed behind a cloud. Those were troublous times! Besides discrepancies in quantity, there were some in quality. Silly measurements of heights and breaths used to be taken so that the incongruous might not appear.

To this concord we attribute much of that which college students call good times. Had we not every reason for being the happiest class beneath the chapel roof? These were triumpns in the realm of school matics, unearthing of the boxes of dead languages, and draughts from the springs of philosophy. We also looked to the development of our social natures; first at class meetings, then in the halls, on the stairs, all the way from one recreation room to another, and then in the drawing-room; and we congratulated ourselves that we could entertain the class of '96 very charmingly. In the spring of '94, while we were yet a little green upon the outer edges, we crossed the year with a classic wreath in the shape of a Latin party given to all the college students and faculty at the Ladies' Hall. Now that it is all over we will confess that we feared, at times, lest the program would be unliminated. In other words, we felt that it might be "casting pearls before swine" to offer Latin food. But, happily, we were disappointed. For Mr. Friday was heard saying only a day or so ago: "O tempora! O mores! Professor base intelligens. Junior vidit. Hic tamen visit."

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The historian is hardly in a position to state all the misery that those youths endured for a social evening. But they were brave lads! We still maintain that Philolexian Hall is the best possible place for the flow of reason and of soul. Like Stanley, we had to make our way out, but we were satisfied, since we gave that famous yell beneath the eaves of the dormitory. [By the way, the class of '97 hopes to issue a separate pamphlet, containing translations of our yell into sixty-three foreign tongues, with foot-notes to the original text.]

The second year of College life passed for these "wise tools." The Seniors say they doubt if a single week went by without a conquest of some kind. Either our champion tennis player won new laurels for himself, or our botanical-geological member discovered some new anemone-schist, or our literary members contributed something to the college world. It is not impossible for the undeveloped mind of a Sophomore to catch inpiration from an inspiring instructor. We have gone into classes dull and careless, but we have gone out with higher ideal of life. As a class we were closely confined to our books. Of course, some were more so than others. On one occasion, Mr. Finlay rose to translate—something was the matter, evidently, for he faltered and turned pale. Then in haste he took from his kind-hearted chum the only book that he could read from his own copy of Tacitus. But I might recall, without ceasing, jokes written on the margins and fly-leaves of old books, which we have almost forgotten about; or we laid them away when we put off childish things and became Juniors.

At first we did not want to be children of a larger growth, but we knew that until we reached that point, the discovery must be a secret. What discovery? Why, the X ray, to be sure. We knew all along that with the first burst of the junior butterfly from his chrysalis, some wonderful demonstration would appear. The X ray was only an off-shoot from our star. Prof. Jexkas called it transformation of energy. What could measure the difference between those two years better than X ray? No one could compute the value of that X. Professor Williams gave up the problem after the fifth week, but he said it was a mighty stride upward.

In the south-west corner, just off the chapel, is a reading-room. This we dedicated by our foot election of officers for the year of '96. No party strife—but a party at Vale-tide. Pink carnations were in bloom for us again. Again we shouted, "On a way!" You ask what we are working toward? To find out what we do not know, and then to find out why we do not know what we do not know. We shall do this by means of the ray. We shall first try to discover "Why is a mouse when it spins?" By this same ray we hope to discover our individual class standings at examination time, merely from reflections from the professor's brain. In fact, there is no limit to our plans for the ray's utility.

We hope that we are better Juniors than we were Sophomores. But the putting on of Junior dignity, and the assuming of a place among the powers of the earth, has made us look farther, so that we understand better what a college education means. Whether, therefore, we take the star—the ray—to be symbolical of a stride toward brilliancy, or as an actual guide for our future, we know that, in the main, success must rest with ourselves. Pray do not judge us altogether by this brief and unsatisfactory account of our three years' existence. If we have sometimes made dismal failures, we areadder and wiser now. If we have succeeded, we have a right to remember it. We hope we are not too egotistical—but it is our candid opinion that we are not far from perfection! If history is of service in the world in pointing out past blunders, let coming classes profit hereby.

But do you not see that we are weeping for these three glorious years that we have just buried? Turn not thy piercing ray too heartlessly upon the lass of '97!
President, G. D. Smith.

Secretary, Miss Helen Colman.

Treasurer, Miss Sarah Elder.

Alfred Halsey Bailey, Ph. B., Allegan
Ida Winona Bilby, Ph. B., Fenton
Frank Blanchard, A. B., Saline
Helen Rowe Colman, A. B., Kalamazoo
Sarah Elder, A. B., Kalamazoo
Alfred Curry Gilbert, B. S., Unisville
Moses Allan Graybird, A. B., Port Huron
John Andrew Howard, Ph. B., Kalamazoo
Charlotte Elizbeth Willmott, B. S., Kalamazoo

John Bert Jackson, A. B., Kalamazoo
Albert George Nordery, Ph. B., England
Wilbur E. Post, B. S., Lowell
Oren Gilford Quick, B. S., Manistique
Guy Delavan Smith, B. S., Mason
George Gottlieb Strebe, Ph. B., Ferrysburg
Frederick Bradley Thomas, Ph. B., Ionia
Arthur Clifford Tredway, A. B., Detroit

Colors.—Two shades of violet.
Motto.—Pulvis non sit pulvere.

Well,—Great! Great! Ninety-eight! Ninety-eight!
Great! Great! Ninety-eight! Ninety-eight!

OFFICERS.

Vice President, W. E. Post.

1910.

Two shades of violet.

Pulvis non sit pulvere.

Great! Ninety-eight!
HISTORY OF THE SOPHOMORE CLASS.

There is said to be still in existence an ancient volume containing records of the years 1923, when five members of the present Sophomore class were revelling in the delights of second year Prep-hood and beginning Latin. But most of the events of that period, like the tales of ancient Rome, are now mere traditions; therefore, as this is to be an authentic history of the class, we will begin with more modern times.

The present regime dates from the Fall of 1924, when twenty Freshmen met and perfected a class organization. By the following Spring their number had increased to twenty-four, but from some unknown cause, they find themselves now reduced to sixteen members, with the girls sadly in the minority.

History does not record that they, as a class, ever conferred any great benefits upon humanity. They have held numerous exciting class meetings with a view of doing something, but it is rumored that they never could agree as to what that “something” should be.

From time to time, social gatherings, which they maintain were delightful, have relieved the monotony of their daily toil. For the greater part of the present year they have sallied forth every other Wednesday night to attend the solemn orgies of the Sophomore Reading Club. Impertinent Juniors sometimes raise questions as to the extent of their literary work on such occasions, but there is no doubt, in their own minds, that it is most profound.

They have the fortune, or misfortune, to be a very uneven class in age and attainments. Perhaps it was through a feeling of responsibility for the more glibly members of the class, that one of the matter ones, last Fall, secured for them a chaperon—and for himself a wife. Be that as it may, they are nevertheless a very patient and industrious class, of which fact their motto is conclusive evidence.

Nowhere does their energy show more marked results than in their sports. They have a tennis court of which they are proudly bequeathed to themselves by the class of ’23. Never do they tire of recalling that day last summer, when two of their girls beat the Junior girls at tennis, and the still more notable day when they vanquished the Seniors. The class has always been well represented on the base ball team and furnishes also the best runners of the college. Several of the lady members are adept at bicycling.

If anyone ever had any doubts as to the mediocrity of this class, they must speedily have been banished when the yell “Great! Great! ’98 ’96” resounded in his ears. As to the future, it is not the province of this plain and faithful chronicle to speculate, but we cannot help thinking, from their marked idiosyncracies and other infallible signs of genius, that they will some day make the dust fly and perhaps win the palm.

Oh, when will you know,
Thou even as Sophomores,
You are not grown?
Look not with disdain
On the Freshmen so young.
But rather look up
To those who have won.
Much glory and honor,
By long years of toil,
Will come to you later.
When tilling the soil.
Then press nobly forward,
And let the world scorn,
You have found your vocation
In the raising of corn.
President, H. D. Schulte.
Vice President, Miss Agnes Powell.
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Herbert Roy Anderson, A. B.,
Leda Marion Angevine, B. S.,
Ira Rudolphus Bullock, A. B.,
Lottie Curtis Burgess, B. S.,
Henry Clay Calhoun, Ph. B.,
Ainsworth Whitney Clark, A. B.,
Orel Theodore Crissy, Ph. B.,
Eneas Anson DeWaters, B. S.,
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FRESHMAN CLASS.

Colors.—Crimson and Gold.
Motto.—Nequid non nimis.
Yell.—Bru-kick-ki-brick! Kwaas! Kwaas!
Bru-kick-ki-brick! Kwaas! Kwaas!
Whoop!-Whoop!-Whoop!-Whoop!
Paraballus! Paraballus!
Ninety-nine! Kwaas! Kwaas!

OFFICERS.
President, H. D. Schulte.
Vice President, Miss Agnes Powell.
Secretary, H. S. Mead.
Treasurer, J. W. Henn.
A MONG the pictures taken by our artist is one of such peculiar appearance and delicate structure, that it has thus far been impossible to get a copy which is anything like the original. Indeed, it is so vague in outline, and has such strange features, that only an expert can tell what it is like, and then only on closest examination. It gives one the idea of a great embryonic something, very much alive and with great promise of future development. Some of the parts seem to be perfectly formed, but most of them require close scrutiny before the beholder can get any meaning from them.

It would have been thrown aside in despair, but our philosopher happened to see it one day, and, thanks to his thorough training in psychology, phrenology and kindred subjects, he was able to interpret for us some of the main features of the picture.

"This," said he, "is not the portrait of a single person, but a Cuthbert picture of a type in embryo. It would evidently be classified as belonging to the genus, Homo; species, alumnus. In the present undeveloped stage it is known by the name of Freshman. It is not an uncommon creature, being especially abundant in the United States, where it seems to thrive better than in any other part of the world. As would be expected, different specimens vary with the location and environments, but the general characteristics are always the same. The brain of our subject has the decided protuberance common to the class, which indicates a great amount of self-confidence and an abundance of the quality known as "nerves." It shows also the usual marks of profound learning, dignity, and earnestness, all in a very elementary condition, but evidently developing rapidly. That peculiar formation in the front of the head indicates a fondness for constitutions and red tape, and prophesies the future lawyer and diplomat.

"Notice that lump over the left eye and the peculiar formation of those hands. Such a combination never fails to point out a baseball crank. There are many other peculiarities that you will notice on close observation, such as a very prominent bump for oratory and slight indications of a liking for classic lore and mathematics. But the most prominent feature is the one common to all members of the species at this stage of its existence, a feature suggesting an indefinite capacity for improvement.

"This specimen is unusually large and vigorous for this locality, and shows signs of very rapid growth in recent months. If it continues in its present environments for the next three years, and its growth is not interrupted by too severe an attack of love or examinations, it cannot fail to become a magnificent specimen of the Alumnus Kolomeneus."

THE LOST CAUSE.

I found a speech,
It suited me;
And also the instructor.
I studied hard,
It seemed to me
I'd make a fine orator.
Rehearsal came,
I tried to be
My teacher's inspirator.
Professor smiled,
"And now," said he,
"I'll be your educator."
I studied more,
Was bound to be
My class-mate' far excellor.
My day arrived,
All looked at me;
I was their sure detractor.
Oh! oh! I flunked,
And for my sad ancestor.
When Prof. Roentgen gave to the world his discovery of the Cathode Ray, or, as they are often called, the X Rays, he had no idea of the vast field of their usefulness.

Within less than a month of the time the discovery was published, his observations of the wonderful properties of these new found ether vibrations, scientists all over the world were experimenting along the same line.

A glance at the accompanying illustration will explain the method of producing the Cathode Ray by means of an induction coil, producing a discharge through a space of from three to five inches. The terminals of the coil are connected to a Crookes' tube, which, when in use for X Ray photography, occupies the position with reference to the sensitive plate as shown, and is placed at a distance of about twelve inches from the plate.

No extensive mention need be made of the various methods of obtaining these Cathodographs, as this subject has received such universal attention in the last few months.

CATHODE RAYS.

All the colleges and scientific possessing the needed apparatus have been experimenting and have given us their investigations through the daily press.

Some curious electricians have endeavored to procure the same results by means of electro-magnets, influence machines, and even artificial sources of light, but the results have not been very successful.

Substances have been photographed by means of these rays, of which it has hitherto been impossible to obtain pictures.

No less than two of the greatest physicists of America have been experimenting along the same line.

This announcement was received with some doubt by the majority of the medical world, but Prof. Hickman carefully prepared some germs and subjected them to the influence of the rays for two hours. His experiments demonstrated that the germs were killed, the microscopic examination showing that the diphtheria bacillus had almost entirely disappeared.

If his further investigations continue successful, the cure of diphtheria by the application of the Roentgen rays to the afflicted throat will become a most important addition to the medical practice.

Prof. Roentgen's discovery deserves to rank in the history of the medical world with the discovery of the antiseptic properties of ether, and with the discovery of the principle of vaccination.

We are, however, only on the outskirts of the field of possibilities of this discovery, and while we advance day farther and farther into the unknown, yet, in the future, when such men as Roentgen, Edison and Tesla shall have completed their investigations, what wonderful things may be accomplished by means of this one of Prof. Roentgen's contributions to the world of science?

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M. C. WARWICK.
RHyme of the Gods.

Olympic gods, in classic lore oft told,
Inspiring pae in hearts of mortal men,
Ye wielders of a mystic pow'r controlling,
Who long have reigned in majesty supreme.

As length, 0 salut' deities, is shatt'rd
The thrall of superstition's iron sway,
Inspiring awe in hearts of mortal men,
Who only can man's worship justly claim.

Ah, no! Modern science declares
That from truth-seekers naught shall be hidden.
To those precincts to mortal forbidden,
All honor fared they, no homage more to myths his blind cult e'er shall pay.

"But now scarce a sword can I crimson with gore,
Nor sadden with rage any nation.
Farewell, my supremacy!" Roared is Mars,
Supercized now by arbitration.

"Why cursed with the title 'barbarian' am I?"
He paused, overcome with emotion.
A silence of sympathy reigned for a time,
Then Cronus bewailed his misfortune.

"Undoubtedly, I have most deeply been wronged;
No traces of my pristine splendor
Are left me; men even contaminate to kill time
In every conceivable manner.

"All modern society's run against time;
E'en travel ignores my existence.
Thus fares the great Chronos, whose stately advance
Is characterized by far, slow and peremptory.

"But alas! Could it be that my vision beheld
In those gloomy, diminishing crevices
The gods of Olympus, de'il sovereign supreme?
No regal furniture in those features!

"Intent on divining what theme they discussed,
I raised my periscope, clearly
Their tones were conveyed; it was Zeus who first spoke,
And his voice sounded hollow and dreary.

"Ye gods of Olympus, ye victims of fate,
True, sure is a pitiful story,
Behold our condition! Enraged crowned with might,
Now barely deprived of all glory.

"The case may be fully expressed in a word—
'Tis progress—which slays supersession.
But let us consult, and together conclude
If ours is a hopeless condition.

"Then Mars, the bold war-god, in quivering tones,
Quite broken by age and desolation,
"My friends, you well know how of yore I maintained
In this whole earth tumult and commotion.

"While 1, by my crafty devices, contrive
To insinuate into men's fancies
My politic wiles; and to Cupid, at least,
Man's loyalty never shall waver.

"And yet even I find my power suspended,
For discord's slowly removing
The need of my arrows to penetrate hearts;
Cathode rays are successful in proving
"What once only I with my shafts could disclose.
This telepathy, too, is forever
Invading my precincts—'tis here, with a start,
I dropped from my hand the receiver
And fled in dismay, for toward me there sped
Winged Mercury, hast'ning to punish
The ruthless invader of that charmed shade.
With the justice gods only can furnish.

As down from those heights I descended with ease
In my arachneomata,
While thoughtfully pond'ring the scenes 1 had left,
With reverence those words did 1 utter:
"Farewell, O immortals!" Time's phœbus march
Has left you behind in it's progress;
But never, 'tis certain, while time shall endure,
Of your fame can man be quite regardless.

"For mortals have always high tribute to pay
To the powers that can rule the emotions;
So ever will homage be rendered the gods
Who so long have controlled man's devo'sions."

Anonymous, '92.
A CAMERA AMID THE WILDS.

Standing, one beautiful spring morning, upon a high hill on one of the numerous portages in the fur trading country north of Lake Superior, I looked down across the valley and saw a scene of wild, picturesque grandeur that moved me strangely. I was then engaged in the fur trade, and at the particular time of which I write, was returning with an Indian guide from a very successful trip among the Northern Indians. The bark canoe was fairly well filled with fur, as a result of success enabled me to appreciate the grandeur of that wonderful locality. There had been several days of continuous rain, a warm spring rain that seemed to start the vegetation into sudden life as though ashamed of the late Northern spring.

The warm spring morning was being softened in by the first rays of light that poured forth from the sun just peeping over the hills on our left. On the eastern side the long range of gray stone hills, almost mountains, extended until they faded away into the distance, while the river extended in a wavy line for miles, now at the very foot of the mountains and again wandering off into the valley, while away on the extreme edge of vision, could be seen the falls which marked our half day's journey. These falls, almost invisible on a dull day, shone out in full relief, aided by the level rays of nature's search light, so that the eye detected a faint dazzling brightness of the sun-rise alone told of any movement.

The change from rainy weather to that of warm sunshine, the grandeur of the morning, the wondrous beauty of the scenery, the delicate perfume of unknown flowers, combined with the keen physical enjoyment of health, and all these details, tinted by the roseate hued morning the green of the trees, so freshened by the rains, gave an impression of color so thick and heavy that it seemed to stand out from and separate itself from the trees of which it was a part. The change from rainy weather to that of warm sunshine, the grandeur of the morning, the wondrous beauty of the scenery, the delicate perfume of unknown flowers, combined with the keen physical enjoyment of health, and all these details, tinted by the roseate hued morning the green of the trees, so freshened by the rains, gave an impression of color so thick and heavy that it seemed to stand out from and separate itself from the trees of which it was a part.

In contrast with the steep, bare, rocky range of hills, the other side of the valley, which sloped gradually from the river's bank to the edge of the horizon, was densely covered with evergreens. One has to see the fantastic designs thatimpose the evergreens in a civilized cemetery in order to appreciate fully the peculiar sensation experienced on seeing a bank of evergreens extending upwards and away until it reaches the limit of sight—the clearly defined line of the horizon that separates the rich, heavy green of the tree tops from the dark blue of the morning sky. On this particular morning the green of the trees, so freshened by the rains, gave an impression of color so thick and heavy that it seemed to stand out from and separate itself from the trees of which it was a part.

That young, determined, would see our daily installed as an amateur photographer, for my readers understood that a fur trader works like a slave during the fall, winter and spring, but in the summer he can take life easy by doing little or nothing, with regal indifference to the petty troubles of existence. I will spare my readers the details, simply telling that I wrote to a New York firm for a camera and outfit. I transferred about sixty dollars, representing an equivalent amount of hardships and excitement in beaver skins and otter, to the possession of the camera-prize New York firm. I did time the camera and accompanying paraphernalia came, and I learned something of photography. I was as well fitted to manipulate a camera as I was to captain a man-of-war, but I read the book of instructions very carefully and then re-read it with equal care. I pondered over directions puzzled over technical terms, wondered at the seeming intricacies, worried over possible results, and then—I started to take pictures. Let us charitably draw a curtain over the first month. How well do I remember the first success. I had pressed my relatives and friends into posing as subjects for my omnivorous lens. I coaxed my cousin to take a short ride in the canoe to a neighboring trout stream but a half mile up the river, then drew the canoe partly

The words that involuntarily sprang to my lips on seeing such sublime scenery were, "Oh, that I were a painter!

At the noon camp fire I thought of that grand scene; at night it was still before my eyes, and finally I solved the problem by saying that I would take up amateur photography. I acknowledged freely that I could not paint, but a camera would do the work.
out of water in a very pretty cove, seated her on the stern of the canoe, placed a paddle in her hands, and after accompanying all with copious hints of advice and directions, and then took the picture.

Several days before developing at night, I visited my dark room, a Canadian Pacific railway caboose switched on an unused siding, and developed four plates, three of which were very good, and the fourth, the one previously mentioned, was a complete success. Every detail was as clear cut as life; the pose was good; the expression, all that could be desired. As a consequence, I was very excited and boasted among my friends, saying that photography was easy to learn if one were only careful and had good taste.

Now I look over my collection of photographs, of which I am very proud, and I am carried back to the days when I struggled with the mysteries of lights and shadows. I look back on those first pictures and I see the dimly defined or ill-chosen back grounds, the over exposed or out of focus plates, the startling objects taken from startling points of view; and I compare them with the neatly finished and more artistic work of my more experienced attempts with a great deal of self-satisfaction and pardonable pride.

After having experimented with objects and scenes near by, I decided to go, with a friend, after views of special interest some distance away. We planned a canoe trip up the river to a neighboring lake, then to climb the mountainside and obtain a view of the grand scenery of the valley. I accomplished the first, taking a day to do it, and then made this grand original discovery, that it is not every grand scene that can bear transferring to a photograph. Although the scene from the crest of the mountain was sublime, yet my photograph of it gave no suggestion of that beauty. The foreground had a couple of very prominent trees, while the mountain side and valley looked dim and unnatural, and the white glare in the centre of the view represented the lake, and the distant mountains gave the appearance of a fogged plate more than anything else. I then took the picture.

From this point I dated my real success in the art of reproducing the beauties of nature. I began to study what could be put into a picture, and how to place my camera to obtain the best possible results. I made a special study of the point of view. I studied the effect of different lights on the different classes of scenes; I experimented on backgrounds and foregrounds; the prominence of my central subject and the range of point attractions. I could look at a lake, framed in all the splendor of a Northern Autumn and decide at a glance whether it could be transferred to a negative or not. I could stroll along the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway and pick out the most picturesque views. I would stand upon a log house of the kind known as a shack, built during the time of the construction of the road, and I would readily see that the hastily constructed camera of the log house, the scop-rack, the chinks filled with moss, in fact, the last ensemble gave an object that would not only look picturesque in a picture, but would be a subject of wonder and of interest to my friends "in civilization." I organized canoeing or trout fishing parties, bringing back from each several souvenirs of very pleasant outings, that to this day move me strangely by the retrospect they so vividly call to mind.

I explored numerous trout streams, occasionally stumbling upon the most romantic scenery, while very often I would wander into the most out of the way places, that more than repay me for the time and labor expended by the wonderful beauty hidden away in solitude, without a single trace of the presence of man. From these trips I brought back many a trophy; now the picture of a charming mock along the bank of some trout stream, or a big fish with some small river tumbled subsides over the rocks into the basin below, with its framework of favorite mosses and underwater, untouched by the ax of man; and again, while wading down White River, come to the head of a rapids and find an old canoe with battered ends and broken ribs, lying stranded upon the rocks, bringing vividly to mind the days of railway construction in that locality, when the river was the highway of supplies, and in consequence, was thronged with canoes freighting provisions and other supplies from Lake Superior to the line of railway.

As the amateur photographer passes from the petty annoyances and troubles of extreme ignorance through all the different degrees of partial success until he attains the point of ordinary proficiency, he experiences all the various sensations of delusion and triumph. Noting as he does, the progress he has made and is making, his more aesthetic taste, his more cultivated habits of Nature's beauties, his keener perception of the splendor of what may be every-day subjects, he suddenly discovers that he is a photographic enthusiast. It is not that ridiculous objects alone tempt this camera, or that freak subjects become objects of wonder and of interest to my friends "in civilization." I organized canoeing or trout fishing parties, bringing back from each several souvenirs of very pleasant outings, that to this day move me strangely by the retrospect they so vividly call to mind.

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PHANTASIAE

O Muse, to whom I dedicate my carmen,
Dedicate to me the impassion eye poetic
E’en pen of rapture!

Crescendo in narrow vestibules included,
By sniffs of snowy creta-dust declined,
May I see visions in center twice.

Imagines of violets, odors dulce
Of benedictions halcyon!

When, matronas, we view in chapel,
Orations do our erudita audite invite,
But views versali, audite, depressour our sight.

For who amare schola, libera, sinis,
When pila, bike, et anima, with eis;
Are with them contenting, now in a class-
Advantage to the former?

We sumpsoe in walks smowia-nouveaux
Green, and of reticule which forum uses:
We wake—to hear how these small snares
Have caught smowia youth.

Some of our majors in those same paths strolling
Once met matura some of our familia beholding,
And justice deth their due fate prophesy,
Forlorn that we recant it!

Curse doloris nothing at this form end,
The hymn flat verida calls long brings to us the glad
Vision of a hill, reflected in a mirror.

Whose repercussion is marred only by confusion
Floating over, and with aide and pernicius clad.
Then the seniors, with farror and impiety negate,
Rising from the more of forms in chapel climax.

Defects with barriers’ tale of quicksand, or of Spartacus.
Or dedication of the war’s pugnacious field,
And my vision at the final presidential nod find.

Then my muse, with brow all corrugate,
Chides my ear harsh and endless, but too late—
It has crested already.

—Anna L. Warlock.

SENIOR CLASS SONG.

As down a dell a song’s clear singing
And echo, all its bright notes flinging—
So wish we each in music’s swell,
A joyous, earnest, sweet farewell.

While visions of the past are rising,
Regret for all its joys surpring,
Forsake that we in sadness dwell,
Classmates of ’96, farewell.

To memory’s halls, though thoughts are turning,
The future bright with hope is burning,
That coming years true fame may tell,
So full of hope we sing farewell.

Our motto’s words we sing with joy, friends,
Ergatai anepaischuntoi, friends,
In every good let us excel,
And to this end we sing farewell.

It has crested already.

—Anna L. Warlock.

JUNIOR CLASS SONG.

In the rivalry of classes, we, the Juniors, make the claim
That our class, of all past classes, has obtained the greatest name;
And our signature we’ve written on the scroll of college fame.

 Choirs.
 Now with a cheer, Hoo! Hurrah!
 Chorus again, Hurrah!
 Singing the song with easy swing,
 Eager and quite gay.
 Street song.
 Oh! Fal a la Yeh, with a Yeh, Yeh, Yeh!

Chorus.
When, as Fraternus, you remember, our reception made you stare;
We, the people, mocked the gooseberry in a way extremely rare,
And the students all united in a tribunal pair.

Chorus.
And that splurge was overshadowed by the ripper fruits of skill—
By the triumphs of our banquet, when as Sophs we gave a chill
To the College aggregation, in a way they feel it still.

Chorus.
How we entertained the ladies in a manner quite "aufait,"—
Not a hitch in all the program, feasting in a regal way,
As the gosshawks tried their finest to get on our "little lay."

Chorus.
Now, as Juniors, we are striving to keep up the pace we’ve set,
And our witty publication proves it all “write in it yet.”
While, as Seniors, we will exit with a flourish, you can bet.

Chorus.
D AVE, Lucas cleared the stair-case at three hours, and into the den of his fellow-stipend, Robert Fielding, he bounded.

"Hello, old man! Hurry at it, it's early. Suppose you can tear yourself away from the society of your beloved Blackstone long enough to get yourself elected to the track team? Come, hustle up—we've just three minutes to get over to the campus. Guess we can make it this afternoon, both of us."

"Campus? Track team? I don't understand."

"My friend, kindly shake yourself and return to earth. Allow me to remind you that the illustrious class of '98, of the University of—, convenes this afternoon at 4 P.M. for the purpose of electing its track team, which same is confidently expected to carry off the verdant palm for the next three months."

"But I don't know as I'm much interested."

"No, no, my dear boy. You had better hurry up!—Well, of all this—idiot!" was Dave's only remark on the subject, muttered under his breath as he strode down the street.

"I tell you you're a fool. That mail doesn't come in for over an hour yet, and you know very well that it won't take you more than twenty minutes to get to town, and you can't spend more than ten minutes on that little reading, and then you'll wait around in that cold post-office and make your rheumatism worse. You might just as well sit right here by the warm fire for half an hour yet."

"It was a sweet, motherly little woman who spoke, trotting around the tidy little kitchen as she talked, clearing away the remains of their frugal dinner.

"I 'sleep I am foolish, Mother—I 'sleep I am. But I don't know as I'm much to blame, either. Such a noble boy as our Robert is—who wouldn't be proud of him? And a week is so long! Sometimes I get so impatient towards the end of the week, it seems as if I couldn't wait for the next letter. Let's see, Mother—what was that he said in the last letter about what the professor said to him after his recitation that day? I can't think of just the words."

"And then the two went over again the discussion of the minutest details of the last letter from their college son, proudly repeating verbatim his accounts of his little triumphs in the class-room, unceasingly going over the same ground they have traversed every day for a week. When at last the father started for town, the mother seated herself at the window to await his return.

"You had better hurry up!—Yes, all of this."

"Well, Father, do listen to reason. That mail doesn't come in for over an hour yet, and you know very well that it won't take you more than twenty minutes to get to town, and you can't spend more than ten minutes on that little reading, and then you'll wait around in that cold post-office and make your rheumatism worse. You might just as well sit right here by the warm fire for half an hour yet."

"It was a sweet, motherly little woman who spoke, trotting around the tidy little kitchen as she talked, clearing away the remains of their frugal dinner.

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"You had better hurry up!—Well, of all this—idiot!" was Dave's only remark on the subject, muttered under his breath as he strode down the street.

"It was a sweet, motherly little woman who spoke, trotting around the tidy little kitchen as she talked, clearing away the remains of their frugal dinner.

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"And then the two went over again the discussion of the minutest details of the last letter from their college son, proudly repeating verbatim his accounts..."
ORGANIZATIONS.

STUDENTS' PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION.
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Vice President, J. E. Howard.
Secretary, W. D. Mc-Williams.
Transfer, W. F. Donn.

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CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS.

Y. W. C. A.
THE Young Women's Christian Association of Kalamazoo College was organized March 17, 1904, with a membership of twenty-six. Their main object was "the development of Christian charac­
ter and the prosecution of active Christian work among
the young women of the institution." Nearly every
year since then one or more delegates have been sent
to the State conventions, from which have been brought
back new ideas and inspiration.

Both Foreign and Home Missionary work has
been done by the society in a number of ways, but one
of the most interesting facts is that so many of the
members have consecrated their lives to Missionary
work. One member went to Japan, where she passed
away after a short, but fruitful, service. The first
secretary of the association, Mrs. Bunker, is now in
South Africa. India has three representatives from
this association; Mrs. Martin, Mrs. Curtis and Mrs.
Karto, all of whom are actively engaged in the work.
Some of the others are doing Home Missionary work
in Chicago and other places.

Much help has been received from this association,
as all those who have been members testify. in the
summer of '05, a delegate was sent to Lake Geneva for
the first time, and the good received has made the
young women desire of sending several this year.
The "fall campaign" was an interesting feature of
the work of the association last year. Special efforts
were made to welcome the new students to the college,
that they might feel at home among their new surround­
ings. Much has been gained from the visits of several
of the State Association workers, so that the prayer
meetings held every week are increasing in interest
and strength.

The young men of the college act on the same lines
as the women, chartering an organization for the work
of the college.

Y. M. C. A.
THE Young Men's Christian Association was chartered on
March 17, 1904, and has been for many years, the patent factor
in carrying forward religious work among the young
men of the college. The aim of this organization is to
keep alive and growing, the Christian spirit of the
students, to train them for faithful service, and to
strengthen all by the kindly influence of Christian fellow­
ship and mutual helpfulness. For this purpose the
various departments are in the hands of committees
appointed on account of special fitness for their particu­lar work. The pleasant rooms of the Association are
conveniently situated in the dormitory.

One of the prominent features of the work is the
college prayer-meeting held every Monday evening
in connection with the Y. W. C. A. Those meetings are
well attended and exert a wonderful influence upon the
Christian life of the College. The young men also
hold a meeting for prayer and conference every Sunday
morning, as a means of preparation for aggressive
Christian work during the day.

Clubs for Bible study are organized every year,
and by their means, systematic training for the work
of the Master is carried on.

At various times our Association has been repres­ented
at the summer school at Lake Geneva, and as a
result of the training there received, renewed vigor has
been imparted to our work, and a deep and earnest con­
secration is apparent in all branches of the Association.
Many of our members from time to time hold
meetings in neighboring towns; a number of them con­duct gospel meetings every Sunday at the county jail,
and in many other ways the influence of the Associa­
tion is brought to bear on the outside world.
LITERARY SOCIETIES.

THE EURODELPHIAN SOCIETY.

The Eurodelphian literary society, composed of young ladies, was formed in 1856. It was an informal organization until 1869, when a constitution and by-laws were adopted. The object of its work is well expressed by the society motto: "The strength of a cable lies in its strands."

The regular meetings are held weekly on Friday evenings. The work consists of debates, essays, orations, impromptus and readings, with music interspersed. The membership is about forty. It is customary for the society to give an annual open meeting, and frequently other public entertainments.

In addition to its pleasant features, the work is based on a system of self-control. Self-possession, in calmness and in overcoming timidity, and giving some practical lessons in simple parliamentary rules. In no other department of college life is found such a mingling of pleasure and profit as there is in society work.

SHERWOOD RHETORICAL SOCIETY.

The Sherwood Rhetorical Society of Kalamazoo College was the first organization for literary culture connected with the institution. It was founded in the year 1851 and was incorporated under its present name in the year 1860.

Perhaps the constant aim of the Sherwoods to carry out the spirit of their motto, "Per Aspera ad Astram," has given to the society its growth and influence. The Sherwood Society began with less than a score of members and no society home, and has since added to its roll over 200 members and occupies rooms whose improvements and furnishings have cost over $1,500. This year 90 of its members were in attendance, 44 of whom belong to the college department. On each Friday night of the school year the society assembles for the discussion of current topics and questions of interest, and frequently speakers from away address the society on important questions.

The society can well boast of its members and the influence that they have exerted upon the world, for many a man now in the professional or business world points with pride to the enjoyable and instructive hours passed in Sherwood Hall.

THE PHILEOLEXIAN LYCEUM.

The Philolexian Lyceum was organized in 1855. The work of the society, as its name indicates, has been the discussion of living questions, and thorough drill in parliamentary usage.

The aim is to give each member such self-control and power of expression, that he can play a creditable and influential part on the platform, in the pulpit, or on the floor of any deliberative assembly. To this end the debate and oratory and extemporaneous speech are made important features of the work. (Oratory of a more studied sort, however, and reciting and elocution are not neglected.)

The society is represented in all walks of life by men who ascribe much of their success to the training received in "Philos Hall.

At present the society is well equipped for effective work. A library of 200 volumes, a fine piano recently purchased, a pleasantly furnished room, and above all, a large and enthusiastic membership, make their future prospects bright indeed.

ATHLETICS.

It is a fortunate thing for the Athletic Association that the first Junior annual is issued this year. It is also a pleasure for the Juniors to have such a report regarding the condition of athletics. Never in the memory of the "oldest student" has there been such a splendid opportunity to do a little modest bragging as at the present time.

With the memory of the occasional victories of the past fresh in our minds, it is a pleasing task to write up the athletic department of Kalamazoo College, now that our athletes have awakened from their lethargy and are making a name and a record for themselves and for the college.

The impetus given athletics by our entry into the inner circle of the M. I. A. A. has proven sufficient to inspire, on the part of the boys, a desire for systematic training. It has also brought good material to the surface, that until recently was unknown, so that we have representative men in every branch of athletics.

LAWN TENNIS.

In lawn tennis, as in other sports, a very great interest is taken. Unlike the other games, the fair needs take part, and so attract the stronger sex. Early in the Spring, through the Summer, and again in the Fall, the courts are filled with players. The class of '96 even a fine clay court, while the two other courts are the property of the tennis association.

Kalamazoo College tennis experts have not had the opportunity to put themselves against other college representatives, but this year will have a chance to estimate the skill of other college players.

Local tournaments have taken place each field day, and the following held the championship:

GENTLEMEN.
- George Johnston, '93.
- George Johnston, '95.
- Miss Alice Brooks, '96.
- Miss Alice Brooks, '96.
- Miss Alice Brooks, '96.
- Miss Belle Bennett, '96.
- Miss Alice Brooks, '96.
- Miss Alice Brooks, '96.
- Miss Alice Brooks, '96.
- Miss Alice Brooks, '96.
- Miss Alice Brooks, '96.
BASEBALL TEAM.

H. C. Jackson, Manager.
E. J. O'Brien, Captain.

Catcher: H. L. Astell.
Pledger: J. W. Hoog.
First Base: G. D. Smith.
Second Base: W. O'Brien.

M. G. Waterbury.
G. McK. Johnson.
F. R. Thomas.
M. C. Warwick.
E. J. O'Brien.

Substitutes:
Short Stop
Right Field
Center Field
Left Field

SEASON 1894.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Opponent</th>
<th>Score</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>April 11</td>
<td>Kalamazoo vs. Albion</td>
<td>3-6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>April 25</td>
<td>Kalamazoo vs. Albion</td>
<td>9-6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May 4</td>
<td>Kalamazoo vs. Olivet</td>
<td>12-11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May 9</td>
<td>Kalamazoo vs. M. A. C.</td>
<td>18-16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May 16</td>
<td>Kalamazoo vs. M. A. C.</td>
<td>10-9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May 30</td>
<td>Kalamazoo vs. Otsego Giants</td>
<td>6-2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>1-3</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
W. HEN one considers the individual players that composed the football team of '96, it must be confessed that Kalamazoo College did not fulfill the expectations of the football enthusiasts, nor did the team do justice to themselves. However, Kalamazoo College learned its lesson; that good players without team work will not win; and henceforth will lay great stress on the coaching of the team.

SEASON 1895.

Sept. 18 .......................... Kalamazoo vs. Olivet .......................... 0-8
Oct. 19 .......................... Kalamazoo vs. Alma .......................... 12-8

FOOT BALL TEAM.

M. J. Nevill, Manager.

GEORGE MACDONALD, Captain.

O. P. Lister, Center D. C. Kinney, Left Half
G. D. Smith, Right Guard M. C. Warwick, Full Back
F. B. Starring, Left Guard F. I. Blanchard,
F. E. Miller, Right Tackle R. B. Boyden,
F. V. Kimme, Left Tackle E. W. Buckley,
Leroy Horshock, Right End L. C. Burgess,
I. R. Bullock, Left End J. W. Hoag,
W. C. Stripp, Quarterback H. S. Medcalf,
K. B. Wortzedge, Right Half Jas. McGee,

Substitutes
**Track Athletic Team.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Distance</th>
<th>A. C. Gilbert</th>
<th>George Stroebel</th>
<th>A. C. Tredway</th>
<th>C. L. Maxfield</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Mile</td>
<td>4:49</td>
<td>2:50</td>
<td>2:54</td>
<td>3:49</td>
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<tr>
<td>Half mile</td>
<td>2:05</td>
<td>1:46</td>
<td>2:14</td>
<td>2:19</td>
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<tr>
<td>Quarter mile</td>
<td>58</td>
<td>54</td>
<td>52</td>
<td>54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>300 yards</td>
<td>21 sec</td>
<td>24 sec</td>
<td>24 sec</td>
<td>24 sec</td>
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<tr>
<td>200 yards</td>
<td>110 sec</td>
<td>20 sec</td>
<td>22 sec</td>
<td>23 sec</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>100 yards</td>
<td>106 sec</td>
<td>106 sec</td>
<td>106 sec</td>
<td>106 sec</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Manager:**

E. A. DeWaters

W. C. Stripp

A. C. Gilbert

**Captain Relay Team:**

H. R. Anderson

L. L. Gilbert

R. B. Baydon

G. W. Schuck

**Records:**

- Running hop, step and jump: 40 ft. 6 in.
- Running long jump: 9 ft. 4 in.
- Running broad jump: 10 ft. 3½ in.
- Running high kick: 8 ft. 4 in.

**Relay Team:**

George Stroebel

A. C. Tredway

H. DeW. Girdwood

A. C. Gilbert (Captain)

C. L. Maxfield

M. T. Dodge

**RUNNER:**

Coe Hayne

Charles McHarnes: Sprinter

J. B. Fox: Shot put

C. H. Wyatt: Fencer

Coe, S. Hayne, as all round athlete, has the following records:

- Running long jump: 40 ft. 6 in.
- Running high jump: 9 ft. 4 in.
- Running broad jump: 10 ft. 3½ in.
- Running high kick: 8 ft. 4 in.
If he could only have known the depths of the soul he has wounded,
Tears of my heart, if he only could witness your passionate glow—
Ah! if this heart, all enthralled by the rapturous joy of his presence
Could but by look or by sigh utterance find—if he only could know!
If he could value the power of an ardor so deep and unwavering,
Stronger and surer than aught in this treacherous life here below,
Proud of the power to embody a flame of such infinite fervor
Surely he ne'er would have passed it with scorn—if he only could know!
What if my eyes in confusion did lower their lids and so hide it—
The yearning of tender affection that in their mute pleading would show;
Could he not see in their drooping the proof of a hidden emotion?
Keenest of minds in aught else, why so blind?—if he only could know!
Had I but counted the peril that lurked in his dark eyes irresistible,
Weaving a spell of enchantment that’s destined forever to grow.
I would have snatched from the charm of his glance my poor heart all reluctant,
I would have fled as from death to escape—if he only could know!
Silence, my heart! These complaining are cowardly, weak, vain;
 Tears, O ye tears, were your torrents though streams of life-blood they should flow.
Ever repelled by his coldness, the flames of mad love in my bosom
Prisoned, shall grieve at my heart-strings till death—if he only could know!
—Florence Latourette.
SENIOR SAYINGS.

Miss Bennett:—"I'm such a silly little goose."

A. J. Hvmens—"I rode to Augusta in 30 minutes."

F. B. Sencler—"In thinking such weather
With a positive little wind,
Just turn your head a little.
Until you'll be good."  

E. L. Yagle—"I don't have much use for the girls:
they are all right, but—"  

F. E. DeYoe—"I shall be so glad when I can enjoy
the comforts of married life."

S. J. Hall—"Wake me up, Fin, when it's time for class to
move,
but if you should forget it, be sure I'm up to eat."

M. J. Nevell—"Sure thing!
Lecture courses are all
right."

G. V. Pinet—"Hush-h-h! Hush-h-h! Go to sleep
now."

Miss Barrett—"Come early, Mr. DeYoe."

W. D. McWilliams—"It's dead straight! I don't care
anything for that girl any more. I've gotten all
ever it."

J. B. Fox—"Of course, the girls all like me."

H. C. Jackson—"I am a little handicapped as far as
distance is concerned, but I think I am making
pretty good headway."

A. E. Jens—"When a learner's all the go,
And I am a little slow,
If a Ford I have to take."

Miss LeDouxette—"Why, I always supposed chick-
een had four legs."

G. E. Finlay—"By his love of bread, tennis, sleep,
girls and procrastination.

H. L. Asbell (Budd)—"By his short stop—in growth.

C. H. Savall—"By his tailor-made clothes; by his
patent-leather shoes; by his skill in playing the
banjo.

Miss Mamby—"By her name, tall side blouses.
By her force and rapid rushes.

M. C. Warreck—"By his face.
Miss Warnock—"By her good opinion of every one
but herself.

F. W. T. Hayes—"By his name; by his much talking;
by the failure of all but
Miss Honor—"By her resemblance to Miss Frances
Willard.

E. E. Ford—"By his moustache.
A. E. Brodie—"By the placard on his back.

Miss LeDouxette—"By her—well, you would know
her anyway.

W. L. Merck—"By the place where he rooms.

Miss Jens—"By the proximity of Fox.

W. F. Dowd—"By his liking for the girls, and by his
banjo—quick shoes.

Geo. MacDougall—Listen and hear him talk.

HOW YOU WOULD KNOW THE JUNIORS.

FACULTY MEETING.

Listen! ye students, and ye shall hear
How the faculty meeting assembled near
To the Cathole staff on the fourth of May.
Never '111 senior forget that day,
Not the wonderful things recorded here.
It was "Kai Gir's" room, on the second floor.
We had entered by stealth just five minutes before.
Into "Proxie's" office, right below.
Were coming "Samnie" and "Seth," when lo!
On safety vehicles drew near,
A score of ladies, in habit so dear.
"Prexie's" office, right below.
"Kai Gar's" room, on the second floor.
"Sammie"'s glass with two fingers raised,
And perched through the window with startling gaze.
"That gals' quite neat," said the modern Greek.
Well—yes, I suppose," was replied with thought;
"But my mind to two things could never be brought,—
To that middle part for the girls' hair.
And suits with pants for the ladies to wear.
The floor, right below.
"Yes," he says, "I must believe it."
"More and more convinced" is he
That "when other things are equal,"
"As you very well can see,"
There's a "lack of fitness in this—"
"Oh! you're quite mistaken, Doctor,
That's not it at all," said he,
Who, with independant spirit,
Come to us from 'cross the sea.
"Hi! Hi! ka rah! He's speaking from the platform
From the dormitory hill!
How it breaks upon the stillness
Of that corner room below.
When our athlete take the lead.
"Sure thing!" he sure I'm up to
His glasses with two fingers raised,
"Kai Gar's" office, right below.
"Sammie"'s glasses quite neat,
To that middle part for the girls' hair.
And suits with pants for the ladies to wear.
The floor, right below.
"Who, with independant spirit,
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How it breaks upon the stillness
Of that corner room below.
When our athlete take the lead.
"Sure thing!" he sure I'm up to
His glasses with two fingers raised.
"Kai Gar's" office, right below.
"Sammie"'s glasses quite neat,
Now the funny-man, but slow man,  
"Might have come as well, before,  
Had he but remembered only  
That 'twas Monday, but no more  
Could be hear a bright young Freshman  
For his Sherwood prize rehearse,  
Then he'd quite forget all meetings,  
Rapt by eloquence of verse.  
Then three follow long discussions;  
Thrilling things we listen to—  
Much we must forbear relating,  
For we know 'twould never do.  

"Shall all absent marks be erase;  
Shall the tardy marks be, too;  
Who are doing well in studies,  
Will the Senior class get through;  
Should they have a week's vacation;  
What is thought 'in best to do;  
May they the less "make up a credit,"  
Should one in three years get through;  
If some students should be careless,  
Still what others should be pastured;  
How the standing of the college  
May not lowered be, but raised?"  

Thus they reason 'til evening,  
Till by growing hunger stirred,  
All do quickly leave the meeting;  
And along the hall are heard  
Sounds of swift, departing footsteps,  
Hastening home to meals deferred.

MY IDEAL.

I will call her my ideal—this charming little girl,  
For she ruffles me, she fidgets me, she gets me in a whirl  
With the greatest little speeches emphasizing what she said  
By tantalizing glances and a nodding of her head,  
So I'll tell in simple language of this hearty little minx,  
Who is neither too ethereal, nor too lowly,  
But just as cute as can be, and as aggravating, too,  
All her life's combats to fight,  
O'er the mystery hung a curtain  
With a cutest little speech, emphasizing what she said  
It would never do.  

TRUTH.

She was a tall and fair and slender  
Maiden, towards whom all hearts turned, and tender  
Were the glances on her head, that rested  
In the Spring of life he stood.  

A. H. BALDWIN.—By contracting pecuniary debts,  
Miss BILLING.—By attending the lecture course.  
F. L. BLANCHARD.—By a "little behind hand."  
A. C. GILBERT.—"To his mind."  
M. A. GORDON.—"By an ex, thinking 'tis a pity,  
"O'! Of I'm sure!" and away he runs.  

MISS COLMAN—When Jupiter Flavio plav'd.  
A. G. NICHOLS.—To the Academian, by a peer,  
For which he got a world bust.  
W. E. PATTERSON.—When someone wouldn't hitch.  
J. B. P. JACKSON.—In trying to make an engagement with a cute man.  
O'! Quick!—Hastle, you've been fooled by being so slow.  
A. C. TRUEMAN.—Has been fooled so many times that space forbids enumeration.  
MISS WILLIAMS.—Why?—By—My—Shy...  
But—I—say—not to cry.  
F. B. THOMAS.—By the Faculty.  
G. S. STENBERG—Because of his brilliancy and patience has never been fooled.  
J. A. HOYT.—By Emerson's "brahms."

Miss ELIZA.—By the younger.

A. H. BALDWIN.—By contracting pecuniary debts,  
Miss BILLING.—By attending the lecture course.  
F. L. BLANCHARD.—By a "little behind hand."  
A. C. GILBERT.—"To his mind."  
M. A. GORDON.—"By an ex, thinking 'tis a pity,  
"O'! Of I'm sure!" and away he runs.  

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WHY THE FRESHMEN CAME TO COLLEGE.

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G. S. STENBERG—Because of his brilliancy and patience has never been fooled.  
J. A. HOYT.—By Emerson's "brahms."
The chapel bell was ringing and the hall was deserted. While chafing, I walked over the hillside, choosing my path with care. When I reached the summit, I stopped, admiring the view.

"I'll grant you all the pleasures, for the present, that are ever offered upon the assertion of this very charming hall.

"But I was not aware that it had ever been intended for me. By giving notice to my peculiar sense of beauty, I have been forced to risk the safety of my position.

"He's the sequel. She emulated, and there came one who dared pry into the privacy of the precinct. In her, the desire to laugh her planning, and succeed as she did it, triumphed in influencing her, much to our great distress.

"Twill be just another fancy, in the hall, and beauty learn for learning's sake.

"No wonder there is a rush upon her is a prank upon her is a joke upon her is a scheme to shun the awful fate; a trice.

"She was at ease, and promptly he jumps on their window, the dignity and grace of the Freshman did not exist at all; James to Flassey—"Your picture hangs in the gallery of my heart." Flassey—"We'll see about that." (Takes an X-ray picture of her heart and finds an art gallery hung with the faces of Josephine Vickburg, Mary Pontiac, Clara Farmington, and countless others, but no sign of her own image.) "How are the mighty fallen!"

"The head of the College, termed "Press," the soul of the Freshman cloth vest; when caught at their trix, win some, lose some; and promptly he jumps on their rear.

"Junior—"Don't you ever expect to fall in love?"

"Miss H. H.—"Well, I guess not; it takes two for that."

"Ladies' Hall, dark night—Two couples dim the light; Dox; a girl in white; Ladies scream—awful fright; Exit girl in robe of night; Miss Mansley—"Miss Wilkinson, how long are French hours?"

"Miss W.—"French hours are of the same length as ours."

Ducking.

One phase of College life.
Recurs in business strife,
So say the men who yearly leave these walls.
And this to bring back the latter
Of the water which they scatter
Upon us when emerging from the halls.

"I'll grant you all the pleasures, for the present, that are ever offered upon the assertion of this very charming hall.

"But I was not aware that it had ever been intended for me. By giving notice to my peculiar sense of beauty, I have been forced to risk the safety of my position.

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Lulu May Hough has won the inter-collegiate second for her graceful clamber through the transom window. The dignity and grace exhibited by her as she stumbled head first into Will's waiting arms would turn Deilarte green with envy.

X Rays.

MacDougall is sore on athletics because he could not make the base ball team. He ought to be ashamed of himself. He's worse than Uncle John. A bald-headed veteran ought to retire before old age scoops him.

The Soph, awed with naughty air,
And with business tryst to spout,
Came to his end in despair.
For he couldn't spit it out.

Marie Mansley told the logic class that she "never did know what to do with propositions." The Cortex warns her that she has only a year in which to learn.

After her senior year, propositions are serious things.

Queen Josie—"Give me a fierce north wind, will you that will send James shunning up the icy south pole until he drops off into space.""Avoca—"Awful sorry, marm; but Grassey has gone to Galesburg and we haven't got no wind to spare."

Now the fondest, bluest lover,
By Professor Roentgen's rays.
May with certitude discover
If his adoration pays.
A little one playing with a kernel of corn,  
Put it in his mouth the other more,  
And the corn flew down his wind-pipe.  
Said a bright young lady of the Senior Class,  
"Why didn't it swallow and let pass?  
That corn, down through his wind-pipe?"

"Professor, I had a head-ache,  
This excuse from reciting I'd make,"  
But the Prof. only smiled,  
He could not be beguiled,  
For he knew that excuse was a fake.  

Some students think they're cute,  
If they have a "little bout,"  
When avalanching, to be hanging on their arm;  
But the facts are simply these,  
That the folks are hard to please,  
While the Prexy thinks such chumming leads to harm.

Phyllis' cyclids, "little beaut,"  
Could e'er be gained—  
As I opened my heart and my story told  
Poured from the pen flowed  
This excuse from reciting I'd make.  

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PONY RIDING.

This is the way
He rode so gay,
A past the milestones in the college course;
But now that will not do,
For a bike geared seventy-two,
Is the vehicle that must supply the force.
LOST AND FOUND.

Lost.—By Crissey, the Freshman prize.
Lost.—By Moore, a heart, forget not to lock his Cole-box.
Lost.—By N. J. Hall, his afternoon nap.
Lost.—In a reverie, Ed. L. Yaple.
Lost.—On the morning of the seventh of March, '94, a complete story of dignity. Felde will receive reward by returning the same to Lulu M. Hough.
Lost.—365 days, presumably among my thoughts on my bed girl. Please return to Carlton Houser Snashall.
Found.—By A. C. Gilbey, nothing.
Found.—By Ross Reed, some biological specimens.
Found.—A Bullock wandering on Lovell St.; owner can have same by proving property.
Found.—By Ed. O'Brien, the secrets of the unexpected.
Stolen.—My affection; a liberal reward is offered for their return. John W. Ross.
Wanted.—By George Ellis Finlay, more bread.
Wanted.—By C. W. Hutchinson, a chance to make a record in a 100 yard dash.
Wanted.—By the dormitory boys, a new coal house.
Wanted.—By Moses Willmott and Billy, less of Moore flouting.
Wanted.—By H. L. ——sell, a good rich farm.
Wanted.—By the Senior class, harmony.

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THE ALUMNI

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Orin Bailey, Great Falls, Montana.

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John L. McClure, Real Estate Dealer, Glenwood St., Des Moines.

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Suber William Bean, Minister.

1857.

Brannan Star, Farmer.

1858.

Harry Smith, Theologian.

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Edward H. Judson Boynton, Editor.

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Alfred Michael. Attorney at Law.

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Alfred E. Clegh, Insurance Agent ........................................... 319 South St.
Charles A. Fricke, Prop., Bryza Stationers, Kalamazoo, Mich.
Andrew G. Fuller, Attorney-at-Law ....................................... 318 South St.
Fred S. Clark, City Treasurer ............................................ 317 South St.
Katherine, Mich.
Infant Visitations, Attorney-at-Law ...................................... 316 South St.
Grand Rapids, Mich.
Alice J. Vane, Secretary ................................................... 315 South St.

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New York, N. Y.

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Mrs. Jane Banzet Cleary ............................................... South Carolina St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Mrs. Hazel V. Day ..................................................... 415 Pearl St., Kalamazoo, Mich.

Eleanor D. Dewe, Pastor Second Baptist Church, Owasa, Wis.

Frank C. Mitchell, Writer .............................................. South Kalamazoo, Mich.

Mrs. Ellis M. Taylor .................................................... Pearl St., Kalamazoo, Mich.

New England Schoolteacher ............................................ Newton, Mass.

John E. Chivers, Play and Stage Director .............................. 47 Monroe St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

John E. Conner, Editor .................................................. Bay City, Mich.

Walter J. Merrick, Bureau Manager of Baptist Union, Chicago.

Leonard E. Seaver, Medical Student ..................................... Ann Arbor, Mich.

Miss. C. Taylor, Civil Engineer ......................................... Kalamazoo, Mich.

Loren H. Wood .......................................................... 185, South St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Chas. H. Hunston, Linen Printer ......................................... New Orleans, La.

Harry B. Jones, Travelling Agent, Miller & Seal, Detroit, Mich.

Mrs. Helen Scott-Kaye .................................................. Schenectady, Mich.


George W. Taylor, Missiary ............................................. Hill, Kobe, Japan.

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Romeo C. Porter, V. M. C. A. Secretary ................................. Evansville, Mich.

Mrs. Adam Richards Drake, Missionary ................................. New, South Africa.

1896.

Ernest A. Skellett, Student at Uni. of Chicago .......................... 47 Story street St.

Miss Ella A. Snype, Teacher ............................................... South Kalamazoo, Mich.

Louis A. Smet, Musician .................................................. Oguring, India.

Miss. Mary Vining, Teacher ............................................... Crystal Falls, Mich.

*DECEASED.

1897.

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John W. Smith, Singer .................................................... 18 Fullhart St., Warren, N. Y.

Mrs. Elizabeth Fricke St. Kate, St. Louis, Mo.

Mrs. Helena Smith, Visitation, Minneapolis, Minn.

Mrs. John Smith, Secretary ............................................. 312 South St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Harry H. Roman, Student at Ginn.

Leonard H. Stewart, Missionary ........................................ 311 South St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

John M. Missis, Missisairy .............................................. 310 South St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Elizabeth Fletcher Kurtz, Nile, Y. M. Missionary .................... 309 South St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Edwin S. Stujemy, Missionary ........................................... 308 South St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Mrs. Charles E. Dyer, Minister .......................................... 307 South St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

John E. Smith, Zionsary ................................................... 306 South St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Edwin S. Stylum, Missionary ............................................. 305 South St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Mrs. Charles E. Dyer, Minister .......................................... 304 South St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

John E. Smith, Minister ................................................... 303 South St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

John E. Smith, Minister ................................................... 302 South St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Walter E. Wight, Pastor .................................................. Kalamazoo, Mich.

1898.

Mrs. Soul Hendrix ........................................................ Middletown, Mich.

Mrs. Mary Hulda Stetson .................................................. Middletown, Mich.

1899.

Eugene Hansen, Student, Theological Seminary, Racine, Wis.

Steph A. A. Hansen, Principal of Schools, Bly, Mass.


Charles J. Kutis, Student, Northwestern Medical College, Chicago.

Charles J. Kutis, Student, Northwestern Medical College, Chicago.

W. A. J. Wallis, Theological Seminary .................................. Newton Centre, N. Y.

Lara E. Boyd, Reporter for Chicago Tribune ............................ 304 Prince Ave.

John E. Smith, Theological Seminary .................................... Newton Centre, Mass.


1895.

Alice M. Fosters ............................................................ Kalamazoo, Mich.

Nathaniel F. Foket, Pauper ............................................... Belzien, Mich.

Cleal W. Gable, Law Student ............................................. Marshall, Mich.

William C. Goff, Columbus Law School ................................ Washington, D. C.

Albert R. F. Nords, Student .............................................. Schoolcraft, Uly M.

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Frank E. Tal, Theological Seminary ..................................... Kalamazoo, N. Y.

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