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SHOULD you ask us how it happened, Who proposed it at the outset, Who it was that toiled and labored Though 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 Kazoo, our own dear college; I would answer, I would tell you T'was the Junior class who did it, Did it with their tubes and lenses; Not for greater fame as scholars, Not to show their mighty genius, Nor 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 Kep of the college art department, Mark Hayne, A. E. Jenks 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., Brown University, 1852; A. M., Brown University, 1855; B. D., Franklin University, 1867; Instructor in Greek, Brown University, 1864-68; Graduate, Newton Theological Institution, 1867, 1869; Professor of Hebrew, Newton Theological Institution, 1890-91; Kalamazoo College, 1899.

SETH JOSIAH ASTELL, A. M., Professor of the Greek Language and Literature.

A. B., Brown University, 1846; A. M., Brown University, 1852; Graduate, Newton Theological Institution, 1867; President and Instructor, Leland University, New Orleans, La., 1874-82; President and Instructor, Central University, Pella, Iowa, 1889-90; Kalamazoo College, 1899.

SYLVANUS GEORGE JENKS, B. S., Professor of Natural Sciences.

B. S., University of Michigan, 1882; Physical Science, Leland High School, 1895-97; Assistant in Geology, University of Michigan, 1896-98; Kalamazoo College, 1896.

SAMUEL HASKELL, D. D., Professor in the Department of Biblical Instruction.

A. B., Brown University, 1845; Harvard Theological Seminary, 1845-47; Princeton, Denver, 1915-23; Kalamazoo, 1895-97; Ann Arbor, 1923-24; Kalamazoo College, 1898.

CLARK BENJAMIN WILLIAMS, A. M., Professor of Mathematics.

A. B., College of New Jersey, 1901; A. M., College of New Jersey, 1906; J. S. K. Fellow and Instructor in Mathematics, College of New Jersey, 1906-07; Instructor in Mathematics, College of New Jersey, and Eastern College, 1925-26; Student, University at Gumpsburg, 1926-27; Student, University at Leipzig, 1927-28; Kalamazoo College, 1928.

CLARK MILLS BREEN, P. D., Professor of English and History.

A. B., University of Rochester, 1879; A. M., University of Rochester, 1883; Graduate, Rochester Theological Seminary, 1883; Graduate student, University of the City of New York, 1890-91; Ph. D., University of the City of New York, 1891; Instructor in Latin and History, Brown University, 1929-30; Kalamazoo College, 1930.

MAUDE WILKINSON, A. B., Instructor in French.

A. B., Wellsley College, 1900; Graduate Student, University of Chicago, 1902-03; Kalamazoo College, 1904.

LUCY JOHNSON, P. u., Instructor in English and Latin.

Ph. B., University of Michigan, 1901; Assistant Principal of High School, Livonia; Kalamazoo College, 1911.

CARROLINE HARDY SWARTOUT, A. B., Instructor in German.

A. B., Cornell University, 1907; Professor of High School, Middletown, N. Y., 1907-08; Public School, Yonkers, N. Y., 1921-23; Kalamazoo College, 1924.

GEORGE KURR GRANT, A. M., Instructor in Mathematics and Science.

A. B., Cornell University, 1905; A. M., Cornell University, 1907; Instructor in Dover Academy, Troy, 1914-16; Instructor, Waverly College, 1921-22; Junior Fellow in English, University of Chicago, 1930-34; Principal Eliada Indian Normal High School, Elizabethtown, 1934-35; Kalamazoo College, 1936.

GEORGE HUBERT FASCOULIC, Instructor in Piano, Organ, and the Theory of Music.

Musical Director of the Broided Lady's College, Combined Public of the Royal High School of Music, Berlin; Kalamazoo College, 1931.

FRANK FLANDERS CURZHEL, Instructor in Vocal Music.

Music Department of Hildreth College, 1925-26; Instructor of Music, Peoria, 1925; Peoria College, 1926-27; Kalamazoo College, 1928.

Helen Elizabeth KEEPER, Instructor in Art.

Pupil of the Chicago Art Institute; Kalamazoo College, 1927.
HORACE, ODE X, LIR. I.

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. 
Cautiously thou art to hide what it please thee to steal 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,  
E'en to their destined abode of happy hereafter. 
Thou servant of gods supernal and of the utmost abysses.
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, as a necessity.

The history of the founding of Kalamazoo College is intimately connected with the early educational development of the state, and is of special interest, as this is the oldest classical educational institution within the borders of Michigan. The plan 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 provision for preparatory instruction was necessary, as there were few regular preparatory schools at that time.

In 1833, 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, 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 1849, 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 until 1863, when he resigned his office and Prof. Anderson was made acting president. The next year John M. Gregory, LL. D., was elected president, and continued until 1865, 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. Morry and Instructors C. W. Bardeen, W. B. Romain, A. R. Bretzel, Misses E. E. Davis, and Miss Carrie I. Daniells, Professor William T. Scott and Lewis Stuart; lady principal, Miss Kate Beresley; instructors, Miss Minnie Bradley, Mrs. Riceby, Miss Ellen Price, instructors, Howard G. Colman, Hurton B. Colman, E. J. W. McEwan, A. D'Andremont, A. J. Teed, C. J. Teed, Mrs. V. A. Cadmus, and Misses Sarah Howell, L. J. Newcome, Mary E. Clark;
Dr. N. S. Burton, professor; Ernest D. Burton and W. K. Miller, instructors; professors, A. Hadlock and F. D. Haskell; instructors, C. L. Dean, Thomas C. Green, F. M. Hodge, Jacob Poppen, Z. S. Harrison, N. A. Anderson, Misses Alice M. Northrup, Marion Chase, Helen M. Brooks, Mary A. Swett, L. A. Beer, Mrs. C. Hascall, Professor J. Montgomery and Instructor Ignatz Mueller.

The Ladies' Hall enterprise was matured during this period, greatly aided by Miss Chase, Mrs. C. E. Conley, Mrs. H. B. Colman, Mrs. Kate B. Ford and many others who bore leading parts with untiring patience.

A year after the resignation of Dr. Brooks, Dr. Monson A. Wilson, of Oswego, N. Y., became president and continued until 1881, when at his resignation Rev. Theodore Nelson, LL. D., was called to become the head of the college. During this period the $100,000 endowment was raised through the liberality of the friends of the college, aided by $10,000 from the National Educational Society.

Dr. Nelson was in poor health when he took up the work. He performed his duties the first term, but the second term he was obliged to withdraw to the sick room, and on the 1st of May, in calm relinquishment of the work to which till then he had clung, he departed to be with Christ.

Arthur Gaylord Shecum, 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, Jenks, Haskell, and Lankheet, and Instructors Karl Ged, Moses Ella M. Hayes, Emma Shafter, and Lelia A. Stevens.

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 Relihan, Lucy Johnson and Caroline H. Swartzout. 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.
Salutatorian, MISS ISABELLA BENNETT.
Oration, F. E. De Yoe.
Class History, M. J. NEWELL.
Class Poem, A. E. JENKS.

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Isabella Grace Bennett, A. B.,
Frank Eugene De Yoe, Ph. B.,
James Butler Fox, Ph. B.,
Samuel Jasper Hall, A. B.,
Almon J. Hutchins, A. B.,
Herbert Clair Jackson, Ph. B.,

Kalamazoo
Kalamazoo
Richland
Seattle, Wash.
Mead
Paw Paw
Kalamazoo

Albert Ernest Jenks, B. S.,
Pauline LaTourette, B. S.,
Walter David McWilliams, A. B.,
Marquis Joseph Newell, A. B.,
George Vail Pickley, A. B.,
Francis Burt Sinclair, A. B.,
Edward Lewis Yaple, B. S.,

Kalamazoo
Fenton
Richland
Kalamazoo
Lemmon
Climax
Mendon
HISTORY OF THE SENIOR CLASS.

The senior class 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, each of them appeared to be in a reverie. 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 that another sensitive plate was making a permanent record of the same pictures in a form that everyone could see. Long he sat there with his recollections while our Cathode artist, who had stolen in unawares, stood behind him reeling off the yards of sensitive paper on which his visions were faithfully recorded.

The next scene is at a house on Main street. Behold twenty-two freshmen seated on the floor, with the basket of peanuts. The lights burn low and the pale, scared faces of the innocent young students tell of the excitement of the moment. They are just in time to escape detection from the dreamer, for at the close of the scene all that can be seen is a single solitary freshman, plodding his weary way homeward. How the others reached home we do not know, but from this circumstance and future ones it is probable that each of them went home alone as sober freshmen should.

Interpersed with these scenes, often in a strange and incoherent 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 Lucy do ample justice to the one-eyed enemy of Rome.

Now the scenes take on the verdure of spring. There must have been some strange influence floating on the breezes of the spring of '80, for now we never see a freshman alone. Even in broad day on the walk be counted to the class room the girls seem to need escorts. Awkwardness and diffidence have been vanquished by the mischievous little boy with his arrows, and for a time he reigns supreme. Never were innocent youths so smitten; never wereCupid so malicious in his treachery. But Apollo claims a share in their affections. At this very moment, the famous Senior Contest. One by one the twelve speakers appear and make the old church ring with the music of speech. Repeatedly they seek the decision, and heartily do they cheer when Mr. Jenks and Miss Wilkinson proudly mount the platform and receive the well earned prizes.

Here for some distance the pictures are very obscure. Whether this is due to some fault in the apparatus or to the dimness of the images in our subject's brain cannot be precisely determined. At any rate we shall have to pass over the next two years with a very few outlines.

Only thirteen of the original twenty-two are classified as seniors, and when we reach the junior year nine are left. During these two years we get faint glimpses of various individuals as they put the finishing touches on their Greek and Latin, or wander through the mazes of calculus and analytics. Logic and literature have their day, and the sciences exert their influence to hold the attention of these dreamers to the realities of life. For instance, tomato swatches and footballs 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 brains and the large size of the junior caps infallibly prove. Another contest in which Mr. Fox and Miss Bennett are victors closes this part of their college life.

By some strange coincidence, the subject of 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 company. 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 self-confidence which only seniors can maintain.

Election of officers is the order of the day, and the seniors for which the class is famous wax eloquent as they extol the merits of their various candidates for office. Just watch Mac hustling about as if he were managing a presidential campaign. Listen to Hutch and Jenks and Sinclair and Jackson as they plead for their favorites; and the girls, if not eloquent, have their way just the same. So with jokes and puns and eloquence, and a splendid array of senior caps they are launched on the final voyage of college life. But soon another picture presents itself to view.

Visions of frightened seniors on Halloween care fully selecting their best suits from the expected raid of the dormitory boys. Hurried consultations, the wild
terror and arming of the politician and the concentration 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 tangible 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 congressmen 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 when 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 imparted, 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.
Mattes.—Proposi texas.
Bell.—Ninety-seven! Ninety-seven! On-a-way! On-a-way!
Tally-mama! Tally-mama! Me Cash-a-nope!
O! Pat on a Yab, with a Yost, Yost, Yost!

Officers.
President, MISS MURIEL MASSEY.
Vice President, Geo. MacDougall.
Secretary and Treasurer, A. E. Broene.

Harold Lucius Axtell, A. B., Kalamazoo
Albert Egbert Broene, A. B., Kalamazoo
Willard Fox Dowd, A. B., Battle Creek
George Ellis Finlay, A. B., Kalamazoo
E. Elliott Ford, Ph. B., Kalamazoo
Paul William Tenbrook Hayne, A. B., Escanaba
Lulu May Hough, A. B., Fenton
Marshall Cushman Warwick, B. S., Plainwell

Amis Ella Jenks, Ph. B., Kalamazoo
Florence LeTourne, A. B., Fenton
George MacDougall, A. B., West Bay City
Marie Annette Massey, Ph. B., Kalamazoo
William Lloyd Mersee, B. S., Kalamazoo
Carlton Hesner Snashall, A. B., Vicksburg
Anna Louise Warwick, Ph. B., Grand Rapids
Plainswell

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West Bay City
Kalamazoo
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Grand Rapids
Kalamazoo
Let the incredulous say what they will against the idea of a lucky star. Let them remove every trace of horoscopic belief from their own theology. We, the class of '96, stand firm on our rock-bound conclusion 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 successive classes 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 '90 had a vision. It worked powerfully upon the mentality of each beholder. Haggard looks showed plainly an anxiety of mind. We resolved to share each other's woe. At dead of night, among the sacred trees on the border of Minne Lake, we assembled in fright. When lo! in you 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 Tenax!" With a low, whizzing 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. F. S. W. A. Nothing was plain. It entered the lower college building, lighted up the room in the southwest corner, fitted to the northeast corner on the second floor.

burned upon the desks some Grecian characters, hurried down the corridor and escaped from a window in the Eurodelphian Hall. This was the phenomenon from beginning to end. 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 prehistoric 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 day after another, 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 fiery gusts. Dark clouds came up. Glisten upon gloom of lightning flashed in the sky. Still they sat motionless upon the carbons. The elements grew angrier. The struggle was long and terrible. Yet not a trace of fright appeared upon the face of either girl. Miss LaTourette, who was skilled in astrology and witchcraft, was asked to tell the omens. A cricket being caught, she sprinkled Quaker oats upon it's antennae and then killed it, collecting the blood upon her tennis racket. Upon the altar were placed the thigh bones with double rows of fat around them, and the smell of burning cricket flash drove to heaven. Then the wind shifted directly from west to east, which was interpreted to mean that they were to go westward. So it was decided.

When we twenty-two decided our course, we agreed upon one thing, namely, concord. I refer, not to the latty, insipid sort of agreement where some have no opinions to express and some no desire to express a conformity to a deference to each other's wishes, a sort of working harmony. This was broken only once. I am sure, during the three years of which I write.

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? There were triumphs in the realm of mathematics, unearthings of the bones 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 '97 very charmingly. In the spring of '94, while we were yet a little green upon the outer edges, we crowned 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 experienced. In other words, we felt that it might be "casting pearls before swine" to offer Latin food. But, happily, we were disappointed. For Al. Fiala was heard saying only a day or so ago: "O, temporis, O, moris! Professor has intellect, Junior vidit. His tanon volt."

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 ball players were nio. Our star still shone.

There was only one time when we feared that it had left us. It shone with double brilliancy when we gave our rehearsals of seniuns, in preparation for the chapel stage; it threw light on our Madonnas's path-way as we took flying trips to H——, it lighted Anna Warren's study table after her taper had burned dim. But when eight youths sought a way for providing nine young ladies with an escort again, it stayed behind a cloud. Those were troublesome times! Besides discrepancies in quantity, there were some in quality. "Surprising measurements of heights and breadth used to be taken so that the incongruous might not appear."
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 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 ’95 hopes to issue a separate pamphlet, containing translations of our yell into sixty-three foreign tongues, with foot-notes to the original text.]

So 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 in inspiration from an inspiring instructor. We have gone into classes dull and careless, but we have gone out with higher ideals 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, 95 jokes written on the margins and fly-leaves of old books, which we have almost forgotten about; for 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. Jenks called it transformation of energy. What could measure the difference between these two years better than an 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 first election of officers for the year of ’96. No party strife—but a party at Yale-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 first try to discover "Why is a moue 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 blunder, 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 class of ’97!
### SOPHOMORE CLASS

**Colors.**—Two shades of Violet.

**Motto.**—Palma non sine pulvere.

**Slog.**—Great! Great! Ninety-eight! Ninety-eight!

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>College</th>
<th>City</th>
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<tr>
<td>Alfred Halsey Bailey, Ph. B.</td>
<td>Allegan</td>
<td>Kalamazoo</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ida Winona Hilby, Ph. B.</td>
<td>Fenton</td>
<td>Kalamazoo</td>
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<tr>
<td>Frank Blanchard, A. B.</td>
<td>Saline</td>
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<td>Helen Rowe Colman, A. B.</td>
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<td>Sarah Elder, A. B.</td>
<td>Kalamazoo</td>
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<td>Alfred Curry Gilbert, B. S.</td>
<td>Unionville</td>
<td>Mason</td>
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<td>Moses Allen Graybel, A. B.</td>
<td>Port Huron</td>
<td>Ferrysburg</td>
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<tr>
<td>John Andrew Howard, Ph. B.</td>
<td>Kalamazoo</td>
<td>Ionia</td>
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<tr>
<td>Charlotte Elizabeth Willmott, B. S.</td>
<td></td>
<td>Detroit</td>
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**Officers.**

President, G. D. Smith.
Vice President, W. E. Post.
Secretary, Miss Helen Coleman.
Treasurer, Miss Sarah Elder.
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 reveling 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 found 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 sailed forth every other Wednesday night to attend the solemn orgies of the Sophomore Reading Club. Important 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 matterer 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 justly proud, bequeathed to them by the class of '26. 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 adepts at bicycling.

If anyone ever had any doubts as to the modesty of this class, they must speedily have been banished when the yell "Great! Great! '98 '98" 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 idiosyncrasies and other infallible signs of genius, that they will some day make the dust fly and perhaps win the palm.

Sophomores, our Sophomores,
Oh, when will you know,
That even as Sophomores
You wiser must grow?
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 vacation
In the raising of corn.
FRESHMAN CLASS.

Colors.—Crimson and Gold.
Motto.—Nequid non nimis.
Bell.—Brook-brook! Koo-ah! Koo-ah!
Brook brook! Koo-ah! Koo-ah!
Whoa-up! Whoa-up!
Paraballou! Paraballou!
Ninety-nine! Koo-ah! Koo-ah!

President, H. D. SCHULTZ.
Vice President, MISS AGNA POWELL.
Treasurer, J. W. HAN.
Secretary, H. S. MEAD.

Lilian Delphine Alcott, B. S.,
Herbert Ray Anderson, A. B.,
Lula Marion Angivine, B. S.,
Ira Ralophus Bullock, A. B.,
Lantie Curtis Burgess, R. S.,
Henry Clay Calhoun, R. B.,
Ainsworth Whitney Clark, A. B.,
Orch Theodore Greene, Ph. B.,
Ena Anson DeWaters, B. S.,
Frank Colborn Dickey, A. B.,
Faustie Georgie Fisher, Ph. B.,
Alice Joanna Harrigan, Ph. B.,
Coe Smith Hayne, A. B.,
Edward Willcox Hitchcock, A. B.,
John Wellington Houg, B. S.,
Edward Rufus Houghton, B. S.,
Loney Wmberick, A. B.,

Chicago, Ill.
Kalamazoo
Mendon
Marlette
Brighton
Clinton
Kalamazoo
Midland
Kalamazoo
Ionia
Kalamazoo
Kalamazoo
Ionia
Kalamazoo
Kalamazoo
Ionia

Charles Wesley Hatchins, B. S.,
Harry Burnum Island, B. S.,
Guy McKeritt Johnson, B. S.,
D. C. Kinney, B. S.,
Russell Robert Latham, Ph. B.,
Oscar Paul Lienau, A. B.,
William Blois McCourtie, A. B.,
Hugh Sager Mead, A. B.,
Harry Adelbert Miller, A. B.,
Birdie Livia Moore Ph. B.,
Agnes Blanche Powell, Ph. B.,
Cora Elia Price, B. S.,
Henry D. Schultz, B. S.,
Frank Benjamin Starring, B. S.,
Lydia Floy Voorhees, B. S.,
Edna May Waterbury, B. S.,

Paw Paw
Plainwell
Middletown
Oshtemo
Kalamazoo
Kalamazoo
Kalamazoo
Kalamazoo
Augusta
Marshall
Mason
New Buffalo
Kalamazoo
Charlevoix
Mendon
Ionia
HISTORY OF THE FRESHMAN CLASS.

AMONG 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 Cthulhu picture of a type in embryo. It would evidently be classified as belonging to the genus, Homo species, anomus. 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—an abundance of the quality known as "serve." 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 bump over the left eye and the peculiar formation of those hands. Such a combination never fails to point out a base-ball crank. There are many other peculiarities that you will notice on close observation, such as a very prominent bump for sententious 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 Kolonomicus."

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-mates' 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, 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 the world over 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 machine, which, when in use for the purpose of an induction coil, producing a discharge which, when in use for this subject has been experimenting along the same line.

All the colleges and scientists 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.

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 microscopist 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 every day farther and farther into the unknown, yet, in the future, when such men as Roentgen, Edison and Tesla shall have completed their investigations, who knows what wonderful things may be accomplished by means of this one of Prof. Roentgen's contributions to the world of science?

M. C. Warnick.
Rhyme of the Gods

Olympic gods, in classic lore oft fabled,
Inspiring awe in hearts of mortal seas,
Ye widders of a mystic power controlling,
Who long have reigned in majesty supreme.

At length, O jealous deities, is shattered
The thrall of superstition's iron sway,
Who long have reigned in majesty supreme,
Thenceforward mortal man, emancipated from its
At length, The Star of Truth, of yore well-nigh
Gleams brighter now, its holder, God, revealing,
On Olympus, knowing no access could
more to myths his blind cult e'er shall pay.

I, inspired by a restless desire for exploring
The city of dreams!

I, at the summit I paused, filled with awe—
With reverence these words did I utter:

Of all fared they, no homage
can man's worship justly claim.

Apollo, Phoebus, and Mars,
Who fared they, no homage
can man's worship justly claim.

Thou city of dreams!

Thus fares the great Chronos, whose stately advance
Progress—which slays superstition

Can it be that this cherubic, complacent young god
In the oldest of all on
Of all fared they, no homage
can man's worship justly claim.

Zeus, who first spoke,
And fled in dismay, for toward me thcre sped

Cupid, the spirit of love,

But alas! ould it be that

Cupid, the spirit of love,

Farewell, my supremacy! Ruined is Mars,
Of all fared they, no homage
can man's worship justly claim.

Venus, your power to gain
And fled in dismay, for toward me thcre sped

Cupid, the spirit of love,

Arbitrarily, hence 'tis but vainly.

To the others despondent, ungracious?

Ye gods of Olympus, ye deities, plainly
Of all fared they, no homage
can man's worship justly claim.

The gods of Olympus, deign sovereigns supreme?
No regal hauteur in those features?

They who sat on the throne.

But alas! Could it be that my vision beheld
In those glories, discarnate creatures?

They who sat on the throne.

But alas! Could it be that my vision beheld
In those glories, discarnate creatures?

The Deities' sacred abode
To the inmost apartment that dread judgment hall,

I leveled the search-light upon

To the inmost apartment that dread judgment hall,

But great forces were in my possession.

looked down across the valley and 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 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 ushered 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 stretched 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 the rising sun, said: "Voila! Une merveille!" (Look! His sweetheart?) I discovered afterwards that the Indians, after a long spell of rainy weather, hailed the returning sun as "his sweetheart."

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 that mutilate 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.

The change from rainy weather to that of warm sunshine, the grandeur of the morning, the wonderful beauty of the scenery, the delicate perfume of unknown flowers, combined with the keen physical enjoyment of health, and all those details, tinted by the roseate hued glasses of a recent success, left an impression of wild, majestic beauty but rarely felt in a lifetime.

At the noon camp fire I found that the 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.

That summer, I determined, would see me duly installed as an amateur photographer, for my readers understand 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 enterprising New York firm. In due 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
out of water in a very pretty cove, seated her on the stern of the canoe, placed a paddle in her hands, accompanying all with copious hints of advice and directions, and then took the picture.

As a consequence, 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 minor 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 stumble 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 corners of the log house, the scoop read, the chimneys filled with moss, in fact, the _motif 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 canoing 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 repaid 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 nook along the bank of some trout stream, or a heavy frame of rich evergreen. Thus, in the quiet of your own room, one again lives over those former days, you take from their hiding place the trophies of your skill and for hours you wander amid the grandeur of Northern solitudes, peering into romantic moods, climbing the almost inaccessible sides of rocky cliffs, exploring the natural beauties hidden away in mossy ravines, strolling along some picturesque trout stream, now standing on the crest of some lonely mountain, and again at the edge of a quiet lake, almost hidden by a heavy frame of rich evergreen. Thus, in the quiet of your own room, one again lives over those happy days spent with a camera amid the wilds.

George N. Burges.

30
O Muse, to whom I dedicate my carmen,
Hate to me the insane eye poet
Et part of rapture!
Corns in narrow receptacles included,
By saucy of snowy creta-dust deluded,
May I no minus in certain race
Imagines of violets, odors dulce
Of breezes balmy!

When, matrons, we did in chapel,
Orations do our erotic suits audibly invite,
But noises, rather, depress our sight.
For who amores scholae, libris, vult,
When pile, pile, et solemnitatem, with et
Are with them contenting, now or a dis-
Advantage to the former?
We harena of walks oenobrius south
Arboreus green, and of reticula which tomis uses.
We wake—to hear how those small noises
Have caught wanton youth.
Some of our majores in those same paths strolling,
Once we fret lemma wheel of familiar beholding,
And Justice doth their dure fate prophesy,
Forbidding that we reveal it!
Cum dolorem sighing at this soma end,
The hymn Est viridis collis tonge brings to us
The vision of a hill, reflected in a mirror
Whose repercussion is marred only by confunge
Floating over, and with ars and paenunus clad.
Then the reeds, with trevor and imperitiae replete.
Rising from the mere of forms in chapel clausus,
Defects with harena’ tale of quick-neds, or of Spartaneus.
Or dedication of the wax’s pugnacious field,
And my vision at the final presidential ed finis.
Then my muse, with brow all corrugate,
Chides my nos harsh and adax, but too late—
It has crested already.
—Anna L. Warwick

PHANTASIAE

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 surprising,
Forbidding 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.

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.

Now with a cheer, Rip, Hurrah!
Chorus again, Hurrah!
Sing out the song with an easy swing,
Easily and gaily sing.

Oh! Fall in, Yeh, with a Yeh, Yeh, Yeh!
Whoa, as Freshmen, you remember, our reception made you stare;
We, the people, raised the greater in a way extremely rare,
And the students all united in a tribute true and fair.

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.”

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

DAVE: Lucas cleared the chair-case at three bounds, and into the den of his fellow-buck, Robert Fielding, he bounded.

"Hello, old man! Hard at it, as usual. 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—opportunity, both of us."

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

"My kind, 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 4:30, for the purpose of electing its track team, which same is confidently expected to be a splendid season. Iso, that my estimable friend Bobby Fielding, by a very small amount of wire-pulling in this same at long last, has ultimately got it. The election will be held here on the 1st of this month, and it's pshaw! You lose that election. Come to town, for the purpose of electing its—President, Father Fielding brought in the letter and deposited it in his wife's lap, as usual, then hovered about the chair in suppressed excitement, while she, her hands trembling with nervous pleasure, added the preparatory polish to her already shining glasses, carefully inspected the address and post mark, whose every feature she knew to them both, held the envelope up to the warm fire for half an hour confirming away the remains of their frugal dinner.

"I s'pose I am foolish, Mother—s'pose 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."

"I might as well out with it. Bee here—

it's just this way. You see, I always get off a letter to the folks at home on this train, so that father gets it when he goes to town Saturday afternoon. They count on it—I don't know, I'm sure, what would happen to Mother if it shouldn't come. That's all—I can't go. You had better hurry along."

"By the way"—the letter ran, "I shall not go in for the Sophomore track medal this spring. I am not altogether sorry, either. I really ought not to spare the time for training, and I know how mother always worries for fear I will over-exert." "I got a letter today," exclaimed the mother. "That was my only anxiety, and now I needn't fret about that any more."

"I was thinking about you last night just before I dropped asleep, about how patient mother always was with me when I was a small boy—a regular little sinner I was, too. I remember well enough—stubborn and generally unendurable. But mother has always been so considerate of my feelings, and father has worked so hard to give me a chance to amount to something—Oh, I tell you it makes a fellow feel like sobbing for all he's worth, just to show that he's not an ungrateful wretch. It is my dearest hope that I may be able to show to my noble, self-sacrificing parents some day that they have not lavished their love in vain."

"Hello, my dear old man! How is it going with you?"

"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."

"Oh, that's not the trouble—it's not the lessons—it's—polish! I might as well out with it. Bee here—

of his little triumphs in the class-room, uninteruptly 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 along." "Well, of all—and—are you coming, or are you not!"

"I don't mean to say anything, I only meant to say that I might as well out with it. Bee here—

Your weekly letters are to them at once motive and strength for existence."

"Oh, boy!" said the father in a voice filled with happy little quavers: "I was, too, I remember well enough—stubborn and generally unendurable. But mother has always been so considerate of my feelings, and father has worked so hard to give me a chance to amount to something—Oh, I tell you it makes a fellow feel like sobbing for all he's worth, just to show that he's not an ungrateful wretch. It is my dearest hope that I may be able to show to my noble, self-sacrificing parents some day that they have not lavished their love in vain."

"Bless his dear heart!" said the father in a voice that broke suspiciously, while the mother stealthily raised the corner of her white apron to her eyes."

Florence Latimer.
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CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS.

Y. W. C. A.

THE Young Women's Christian Association of Kalamazoo College was organized March 17, 1894, with a membership of twenty-six. Their main object was "the development of Christian character 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 faithful, service. The first secretary of the association, Mrs. Bunker, is now in South Africa. India has three representatives from this association; Mrs. Martin, Mrs. Curtiss and Mrs. Kurtz, 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 '95, a delegate was sent to Lake Geneva for the first time, and the good received has made the young women desire to send 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 surroundings. 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.

Y. M. C. A.

THE Young Men's Christian Association is, and has been for many years, the potent 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 fellowship 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. These 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.

Classes 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 consecration 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 Association is brought to bear on the outside world.
LITERAL SOCIETIES.

THE EURODELPHIAN SOCIETY.

THE Evanston Literary Society, composed of young ladies, was formed in 1856. It was an informal organization until 1868, when a constitution and by-laws were adopted.

The object of its work was to express 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, recitations, 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 social features, the benefits derived from society work are, that it gives facility of expressing thought, aids in attaining self-possession of manner and in overcoming timidity, and gives 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 1852 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 Aperum ad Areum," 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 occupants rooms whose improvements and furnishings have cost over $1,500. This year 60 of its members were in attendance, 44 of whom belonged 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 possessed in Sherwood Hall.

THE PHOLEXIAN 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 has been 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 extemporaneous speech are made important features of the work. Oratory of a more studied sort, however, and music and eloquence 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 "Phi Hall."

At present, the society is well equipped for effective work. A library of 700 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 hortatory thing for the Athletic Association than 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.

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.

Lawn tennis, as in other sports, a very great interest is taken. Unlike the other games, the fair co-eds 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 own 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.

'92—George Johnston.
'93—J. E. Smith.
'94—H. L. Astell.
'95—Alice Brooks.

LADIES.

'92—Miss Alice Brooks.
'93—Miss Belle Bennett.
'94—H. L. Astell.
'95—Miss Alice Brooks.

41
BASE BALL TEAM.

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

M. G. Waterbury, Catcher
G. McK. Johnson, Pitcher
F. E. Thomas, First Base
M. C. Warwick, Second Base
E. J. O'Brien, Third Base

H. L. Axtell, Short Stop
J. W. Hoog, Right Field
G. D. Smith, Center Field
W. O'Brien, Left Field
H. C. Calhoun, W. C. Stripp, Substitutes

SEASON 1884.

April 11, Kalamazoo vs. Albion 3 - 0
April 15, Kalamazoo vs. Albion 9 - 6
May 4, Kalamazoo vs. Olivet 12 - 11
May 9, Kalamazoo vs. M. A. C. 18 - 16
May 16, Kalamazoo vs. Otsego Giants 10 - 9
May 30, Kalamazoo vs. Otsego Giants 6 - 2

Substitutes
WHEN one considers the individual players that composed the football team of '95, 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.

<table>
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<th>Opponent 1</th>
<th>Score 1</th>
<th>Opponent 2</th>
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<tr>
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<td>Kalamazoo vs. Olivet</td>
<td>0-8</td>
<td>Alma</td>
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FOOT BALL TEAM.

M. J. NEWELL, Manager.
GEORGE MACDONALD, Captain.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Position</th>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Substitutes</th>
<th>Left Half</th>
<th>Full Back</th>
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<tr>
<td>Center</td>
<td>D. C. Kinney</td>
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<tr>
<td>Right Guard</td>
<td>M. C. Warwick</td>
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<td>Left Guard</td>
<td>F. I. Blanchard</td>
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<td>Right Tackle</td>
<td>R. B. Bayliss</td>
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<tr>
<td>Left Tackle</td>
<td>E. W. Bickley</td>
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<tr>
<td>Right End</td>
<td>L. C. Burgess</td>
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<tr>
<td>Left End</td>
<td>J. W. Hoag</td>
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<tr>
<td>Quarterback</td>
<td>H. S. Mende</td>
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<tr>
<td>Right Half</td>
<td>J. B. McGeer</td>
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TRACK ATHLETIC TEAM.

A. C. Gilbert. Long distance runner. Records:

- Mile: 4:48
- Half mile: 2:00
- Quarter mile: 58

George Stroebc.

- 100 yards: 101 sec.
- 220 yards: 241 sec.
- 440 yards: 52 sec.

A. C. Tredway.

- 100 yards: 105 sec.
- 220 yards: 243 sec.
- 440 yards: 520 sec.

Coe Hayne.

- 100 yards: 101 sec.
- 220 yards: 241 sec.
- 440 yards: 541 sec.

M. T. Dodge.

- 440 yards: 58 sec.

H. DeWitt Girdwood.

C. L. Maxfield.

No record.

Manager:

W. C. Stripp.

E. A. DeWaters.

Captain Relay Team.

A. C. Gilbert.

G. W. Schuck.

H. R. Anderson.

L. L. Gilbert.

R. B. Boyden.

Leroy Hornebeck.

Charles McHarness.

J. B. Fox.

C. H. Wyatt.

Sprinter. (Not training.)

Shot put. (Not training.)

Fencer.

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

- Running hop, step and jump: 40 ft. 6 in.
- Running high jump: 7 ft. 4 in.
- Running broad jump: 19 ft. 3½ in.
- Running high kick: 8 ft. 4 in.

RELAY TEAM.

George Stroebc. (Captain.)

A. C. Tredway.

A. C. Gilbert.

H. DeWitt Girdwood.

C. L. Maxfield.

M. T. Dodge.
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 love—
Ah! if this heart, all enthrall'd 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 unwav'ring,
Stronger and seer than aught in this treacherous life here below,
Pr'd of the power to enkindle a flame of such infinite fervor
Surely he ne'er would have passed it with scorn—if he only could know!
If he could only have known the peril that lurked in his dark eyes
Leaving 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 complainings are cowardly, weak, unraveling:
Vain, 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 gnaw at my heart-strings till death—if he only could know!“
—Florence LATOCHETTE.
How you would know the juniors.

G. E. Finkley—By his love of bread, tennis, sleep, girls and procrastination.
H. L. Atwell (Buck)—By his short stop-in growth.
C. H. Snashall—By his tailor-made clothes; by his patent-leather shoes; by his skill in playing the banjo.

Miss Mamie—By her ray, tall side blouses, by her force and rapid ravine.
Miss Warrick—By his face.
Miss Warrick—By her good opinion of every one but herself.
P. W. T. Haynes—By his name; by his much talking; by the failure of all but.
Miss Honig—By her resemblance to Miss Frances Willard.
E. E. Fours—By his mustache.
A. E. Brooks—By the placing on his back.
Miss LaTourrette—By her—well, you would know her anyway.
W. L. Merck—By the place where he rooms.
Miss Jeens—By the proximity of Fox.
W. F. Dow—By his liking for the girls, and by his toothpick shoes.
Geo. MacDougall—Listen and hear him talk.

Faculty meeting.

Listen! ye students, and ye shall hear
How the faculty meeting assembled near
To the Cathode taff on the fourth of May.
Never will junior forget that day,
Nor the wonderful things recorded here.

It was "Kai Gar's" room, on the second floor;
We had entered by stealth just five minutes before.
Into "Prexie's" office, right below.
Were coming "Sammie" and "Seth," when lo!
On safety vehicles drew near,
A wave of ladies, in habit so dear
To the wheel-woman's heart, this present year.
"Sammie" his glasses with two fingers raised,
And perched through the window with strapless gait.
"That girl's 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 young men's hair.
And suits with pants for the ladies to wear.
The door swung back, and in there came
The blithe "little lady" of Cornell fame.
Straight after her followed, with martial stride,
Her Williams—"the blunt"—whom the Seniors tried.
Then came kind Miss Johnson, the lonely Sir Grant,
Sweet Madamouillie, and Prof. Jenks with a plait.
The president wheeled about in his chair.
Saw the people assembled there,
Greeted them all with a gracious air,
And the faculty meeting was now begun.

We juniors with new cathospectophone.
Who established ourselves in the steward's room,
Were ready to look and ready to listen
For expressions grave and for words of wisdom.
Hush! he's speaking from the platform
Of that corner room below.
Hush, just listen as he's talking—
"Let us get this if we can."
"Yes" he says, "I must believe it."
"More and more convinced!" It 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 independent spirit,
Came to us front 'cross the sea.
"Hoo! rah! Hi! la!" Hear the echo
From the dormitory hill.
How it breaks upon the stillness
Of that room which teachers fill.
"Fraulins'" ear is quick to catch it.
"Kai Gar's" face the smiles o'erturn.
Then our paneer comes belated,
Tells them that by one was won.
"Toughy's" very glad to hear it,
Someone echoes, "yes, indeed."
"Pea'cock's" "sure we're very grateful!"
When our athletes take the lead.
MY IDEAL.

I will call her my ideal—this charming little girl.
For she fixes me, she jiggles me, she gets me in a whirl.
With the sweetest little speeches, emphasizing what she said
By tantalizing glances and a nodding of her head.
So I'll tell in simple language of this happy, little miss,
Who is neither too ethereal, nor too grave.
She's just as cute as can be, and as aggravating, too,
That to hate her or to love her, I don't know what to do.

TRUTH.

She was a tall and fair and slender maiden, towards whom all hearts turned, and tender glances were directed at her, that rested on her head.
How was it that she came?
In the Spring of life he stood.
For she knew his heart was good.

HOW THE WISE WERE FOOLEO.

A. H. BalleIT.—By contracting perpetual doctors' bills.
Miss Bell—In attending the lecture course.
F. I. Blanchard.—By a "little behind hand."
A. C. Gilkset—"To his mind."
M. A. Grady—By an evil thinking 'twas a Gee.
"O! O! I'm sho'!" and away he ran.
Miss Colman.—When Jupiter Flavious ploot it.
A. G. N. ewbery.—To the Academy by a part,
For which he got a turrid twist.
W. E. Pain.—When someone wouldn't bitch.
J. B. Jackson.—In trying to make an engagement with a cool man.
"O! Gi' Quick!" Hastily, that she was fouled by being so slow.
A. C. Trembly.—Has been fooled so many times that her pride has been reversed.
Miss Willmot.—Why? By—By—My—Shy—
But—I—cry—not to cry.
F. R. Thomas.—By the Faculty.
G. G. Sternek—Because of her brilliancy and patience has never been fooled.
J. A. Howard.—By Emerson's "Brainless."
Miss Euken.—By being the younger.
What Guy Delmore's Institute.
His French seemed all that needed, since he called over with Flavers.
And he thought it not a sin,
To write verse that he would publish;
by some means with Miss Mansey.

WHY THE FRESHMEN CAME TO COLLEGE.

Miss Alcott—Because she saw the College Index.
J. R. Buildou—To find new pastimes.
L. C. Brown—To be Rose Reed's wife.
E. A. DeWater—To escape work.
H. C. Calkins—To play sob, on the ball team.
R. R. Latham—Because he couldn't stay in the high school any longer.
Cor Hayne—To look after his brother.
Miss Harris—To learn.
H. B. Sclark—To wait on McWilliams.
W. B. McCoomie—To take social culture.
Miss Monroe—Because her ma sent her.
E. W. Hichcock—To add dignity to the class.
H. B. Ireland—In order to board at the Ladies' Hall.
Miss Waterhouse — To be wiped out.
J. W. Hoag—To keep out of the legislature.
H. A. Miller—To please his wife.
Miss Powell—To keep out of mischief.
F. C. Dicket—For the good of the College.
E. R. Houghton—To exercise his pony.
Cora Ella Price came because 'twas nice.
C. F. Lyle.—To look after the lunatics.
Ray Anderson—Because he couldn't get out of town.
Miss Vorhes—Just for fun.
Miss Ayersted—To chaperon Miss Vorhes.
A. W. Clark—To help sustain the institution.
O. T. Croheky—To escape the press.
H. S. Mead—To grow.
Laura Hornbeck—For a shower bath.
C. W. Hector—Because Pan Paw was too slow.
G. M. Johnson—To raise the standard of the college.
M. G. Waterbury—To keep time for the class.
F. B. Starks—For the shot of it.
Miss Fisher—For the long of it.
W. C. Staff—To win the Freshman prize.
In the Hall, where sit and beauty team for leisure's sake, not day. These chat a prime proposition, who is prime as prime can be. While chaffing at this pretension, the entire ward of beauty Enjoy the pleasuring episode I now relate to thee. The chapel bell was singing and the birds their songs were singing, As tripping down the pathway came a very winnian maid. While looking over the hillside, came "old Dave," the potman. An urgent invitation, putting all else in the shade. "This note will just remind you that this note will just remind you in a trice our friend is on the hustle, and more likely in the shade, Our friend is on the hustle, and more likely in the shade, Our friend is on the hustle, and more likely in the shade, Our friend is on the hustle, and more likely in the shade."

Here's the sequel. She smiled, and there's one who does presently Placed slips upon the getting of the freedom of the poem. Oh, By throns she located her planning, and succeeded as she laid it, And triumphed in suppressed it, much to our great distress.

"I'll warn you, 'woe is me, that I do not mention connections with a picture, but I do not mention connections with a picture, but I do not mention connections with a picture, but I do not mention connections with a picture, but I do not mention connections with a picture, but I do not mention connections with a picture, but I do not mention connections with a picture, but I do not mention connections with a picture, but I do not mention connections with a picture, but I do not mention connections with a picture, but I do not mention connections with a picture, but I do not mention connections with a picture, but I do not mention connections with a picture, but I do not mention connections with a picture, but I do not mention connections with a picture, but I do not mention connections with a picture, but I do not mention connections with a picture, but I do not mention connections with a picture, but I do not mention connections with a picture, but I do not mention connections with a picture, but I do not mention connections with a picture, but I do not mention connections with a picture, but I do not mention connections with a picture, but I do not mention connections with a picture, but I do not mention connections with a picture, but I do not mention connections with a picture, but I do not mention connections with a picture, but I do not mention connections with a picture, but I do not mention connections with a picture, but I do not mention connections with a picture, but I do not mention connections with a picture, but I do not mention connections with a picture, but I do not mention connections with a picture, but I do not mention connections with a picture, but I do not mention connections with a picture, but I do not mention connections with a picture.
A little one playing with a kernel of corn,  
Put it into 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 he 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 begged,  
For he knew that excuse was a fable.

There was a young man of Kazoo,  
Who thought that one girl wouldn't do,  
So he won the good graces  
Of Greek Annie Bass,  
And tried Annie Lyric's woo.

But now to this man of Kazoo  
Who thought that one girl wouldn't do,  
For an examination  
Brought him sad trepidation.  
And now he's no more at Kazoo.

A ROMANCE FROM THE BASEMENT.

Down in the basement, in a barrel old,  
Liz warble I primed to a love growin' cold.  
I thought, when I wrote them, that life's joys were mine,  
For you take to me that year, to the banquet fine.

White lay the snow on that starry night,  
As I went on my toilet with heart glad and light;  
Then the hack came up at a quarter of nine,  
To take me with you to the banquet fine.

Proud was my step as I walked by your side,  
For had you not told me I'd be your own bride?  
So happy I was, as I called myself thine,  
In that glorious preface, our banquet fine.

But soon, too soon, was that evening o'er,  
And softly you bade me good-night at the door;  
In that glorious preface, our banquet fine.

And now my heart and my story told  
Out my thoughts on the banquet fine.  
And now he's no more at Kazoo.

Some students think they're cute,  
If they have a "little fault,"  
When awaking, 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.

So this is love!  
Ah, poets of all ages,  
Hang up for aye thy lyre, unmeaning lyres.  
In vain you strive to sing in worthy measure  
The subtle burning of the heart's desire;  
In vain have I thy rapturous phrases pondered.  
No concept of love's power could e'er be gained—  
One glance 'neath Phyllis' eyelids drooping shyly,  
And presto! Here's the mystery explained!
PONY RIDING.

This is the way
He rode so gay,
Apart 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 Crissy, the Freshman prize.
Lost.—By Harbeck, a heart forget to lock his Cole-bin.
Lost.—By S. J. Hall, his afternoon nap.
Lost.—In a recrvery, Ed. L. Yopée.
Lost.—On the morning of the seventh of March, '94, a complete store of dignity. Finder will receive reward by returning the same to Lulu L. Hough.
Lost.—305 days, presumably among my thoughts in the Freshman. By J. A. Huffman.
Lost.—In a recovery, Ed. O'Brien, the secret of the equestrian art. By Maude.
Lost.—By Ross Reed, some biological specimens. By A. C. Worthington.
Lost.—By Lulu L. Hough, a heart; forgot to lock his dormitory door. By L. B. Hall.
Lost.—In a recovery, W. M. Yaple, a chance to make a fortune. By I. C. Clark.
Lost.—In a recovery, L. B. Yaple & Co., a large stock of efficient workers. By A. E. Jones.
Lost.—In a recovery, A. L. Yaple & Co., fine bigygles. By E. Jenks.
Lost.—A rope with which the '94-'95 Sophomores were to have tied in. The finder will save my credit by returning me before Commencement, '96. By A. E. Jones.

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Spring Address. Having passed from the Freshman to the Junior year, in the history of these three years, the greatest changes occur; but the fact remains that there is a something in every student which impresses the memory of something to be done. By J. W. St. John.
Chaplin Address. One of the sweetest gifts to me. "When we give of our lives to our fellow beings,"-Bright. By Miss A. B. Brownell.
Chaplin Address. The place of the man of to-day. By W. H. St. John.
Chaplin Address. The place of the man of to-day. By A. B. Brownell.
Chaplin Address. The place of the man of to-day. By M. Cramer & Son.

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