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I take this opportunity of thanking the faculty and students of Kalamazoo College for their very liberal patronage during the past year. Wishing all Success,

G. W. AUSTIN

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H. G. Colman & Co.
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MEN’S SHOES

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Dr. O. C. HOWSON
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The Junior Class
1902
TO

DR. A. GAYLORD SLOCUM,
OUR REVERED PRESIDENT AND FRIEND,
WE DEDICATE THIS BOOK.
ALMANAC BOARD.

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EDITORIAL.

Perhaps there has never been a time in the history of Kalamazoo College when a work of this kind could be more thoroughly appreciated than at present. We Juniors were the first to realize this, but were reluctant to undertake a task which demanded so much skill and energy. Our efforts, we thought, would call forth unpleasant criticism. At last, however, we decided to undertake it, hoping that the charity and indulgence of our friends and the friends of the College would lead them to accept it in the spirit in which it is sent forth, the spirit of hearty good will.

We know we have done many things which we should not have done, and left undone many things which we should have done. But we have put forth an honest and sincere effort. We shall feel compensated if this modest volume shall record something of the true college spirit as it exists in our beloved college today.

We have omitted most of the tiresome grinds that are so prevalent in college annuals, thinking it better to devote the space to things more worthy. The lamp of experience has shed no guiding rays on our pathway. We have picked our path alone. It may be that we have set up a few landmarks to guide succeeding classes. If so we are truly thankful. Once more, gentle reader, we ask your indulgence.

EDITOR.
OUR FACULTY.

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ARThUR GAYLORD SLOCUM, LL. D.
In Memory of
Professor S. J. Axell
who died
March twenty-third
1902
KALAMAZOO COLLEGE.
AN HISTORICAL SKETCH.

In the pioneer days of the early thirties, when the wolf and the stag were still familiar sights in our woods, when the smoke of a single log cabin coiled upward from the valley of the "boiling pot," Thomas W. Merrill pushed westward from Ann Arbor, following the old Indian trail, in search of a favorable location for "The Michigan and Huron Institute," for which he had obtained a charter. After a few transient settlements he transferred his school permanently to Kalamazoo, when in 1837, the name was changed to "The Kalamazoo Literary Institute." A considerable piece of ground was purchased to the west of the village and a two story frame building erected as the school edifice. This early structure stood upon what is now known as Walnut Street. In the absence of other equivalent institutions in the state, provisions were made for an academic or preparatory department in connection with the Institute. The fact that there was at that time no other such school reveals the fact, now indisputable that Kalamazoo was the first institution of classical instruction in our state, the university not excepted.

The first period of marked prosperity enjoyed by the institute, began with the accession of Dr. J. A. B. Stone to the presidency. President Stone was accompanied by his wife, Mrs. L. H. Stone, who became principal of the Female Department. The classes of this department met in a small two story frame structure, standing in a classic grove of burr-oaks upon Academy Square, now occupied by the Court House and the Jail. The accommodations...
rapidly becoming too small, plans were laid for the erection of a four story building upon a commanding site which had been purchased in the western side of the village. The plans provided for the use of the first floor for class rooms and chapel, leaving the remainder to be used as dormitories for the students, and such indeed was the first use to which the present dormitory was put.

In 1834-35 we find matters looking bright for the Institute. The enrollment entire numbering some 250 students, additions to the curriculum being made, and such names among the faculty as those of the President, Dr. Stone, Edward Olney, later professor of Mathematics in the University of Michigan, Daniel Putnam and Mrs. L. H. Stone. In 1855 the corporate name was changed to its present title "Kalamazoo College." It should not be forgotten that during these years the struggle for the admission of women to equal standing with men, in our institutions of higher learning, was at its height: The woman's department of the earlier Institute bears testimony to the fact that Kalamazoo College stood even then with open doors to the women of our state.

The Kalamazoo Theological Seminary started shortly after this time, and was more or less closely allied, unofficially, to the College for many years. Kalamazoo Hall, originally intended for the woman's department was dedicated in 1859. The funds from which the hall was erected were donated by the citizens of Kalamazoo with the exception of one thousand dollars given by Caleb Van Husen and some few lesser subscriptions. In 1863 President and Mrs. Stone resigned the positions which they had held for twenty years at a considerable pecuniary sacrifice. Those who record the story of this period pay highest tribute to them for the work which they accomplished. Six years later Dr. Samuel Brooks became professor in Latin, and so today holds the oldest faculty relationship of any of our professors.

It would be interesting to pursue in detail the trials and fortunes of the ensuing years. The College like all
Classes.
SENIOR CLASS.

COLORS—Lemon and Myrtle.

YELL.
Wah! wah! hoo!
Wah! wah! hoo!
Chingalacka! chingalacka!
Nineteen two!

OFFICERS.
PRESIDENT—Alanson W. Brown.
VICE-PRESIDENT—Kate Chamberlain.
SECRETARY—Priscilla Christman.
TREASURER—Charles A. Simpson.
CLASS MEMBERS.

ELIZABETH AXTELL
AMBROSE MOSCOV BAILY
CHRISTINA LOUISE BURNS
PRISCILLA CHRISTMAN
ALICE MARION HALL
FLOYD LEE HEWITT
OSCAR PAUL LERNAD
MONA IONE MACH
LAURA NICHOLSON
EDWIN GRIFFIN PIERCE
MAUD HARRIET STRUBLE

CLARENCE LEWIS AUGUST
ALANSON WATSON BROWN
ELLA RAYE CHAMBERLAIN
CAROLYN FOLEY EDWARDS
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MARTIN EDWARD KOSTER
DAISY DEAN LUCAS
WALTER THOMAS MRAD
NAOMI SUSAN NORTH
CHARLES ARTHUR SIMPSON
ADONIRAM JUDSON WEEKS
JUNIOR CLASS.

COLORS—Purple and Gold.

YELL.
03! Rah! Rah!
03! Nah! Nah!
Nah! Rah! Rah! Nah!

03! 03! Rah! Rah! Nah!

OFFICERS.

PRESIDENT—Belle Hermann.
VICE-PRESIDENT—Clarence Preston.
SECRETARY—Ruth Young.
TREASURER—Fred G. Hurnet.
CLASS MEMBERS.

MAUD EMILY BARKERUS
GRACE GLADYS CAMPBELL
EDITH GRAY COWGILL
BYRON WILLIAM DUNHAM
HORT ARLETON HATCH
MABEL KEITH HEMAN
FRANCES JEAN LARKED
CHARLES MOREE
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FLORENCE WHITE
EVELYN ALONZO WILKINSON

MARGARET JENNESS BRYDEN
JENNIE LOUISE CRY
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ROBERT GORDON
IZORA BEAUX HAYMAN
ANNELA ELIZABETH KIRKLAND
JOANNA LONGLEY
ROBERT A. MCMULLEN
NEWTON BENNETT STEELE
WASHINGTON IVING TRAVIS
LEWIS BALDIW WHITE
EDGAR ROBERT YOUNG
RUTH HAYES YOUNG
SOPHOMORE CLASS.

COLORS—Green and White.

YELL.
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Zip! Rah! Roar!
Kalamazoo College!
Nineteen Four!
Chingalacka! Chingalacka!
Chingalacka! Chingalacka!
Chingalacka! Hi! Lo!
Nineteen Four!

OFFICERS.

PRESIDENT—Torrance MacDonald.
VICE-PRESIDENT—Beatrice Cochrane.
SECRETARY—Letitia Steelman.
TREASURER—Harlan Rowe.
CLASS MEMBERS.

Ray Buhse
George Dawson
Fred Tschaktsche
Paul Judson Hewitt
John Emanuel Kalmbach
Carl Frank McDermott
Torrance Mac Donald
Cutler Thompson North
Ray Albert Palmer
Marion May Stancum
Ernest Charles Stoll

Flora Beatrice Cochrane
Owen Abbott Fleming
Laura Viola Hale
Ada Mary Hobbs
Marie Whitney Kellogg
Katherine Elizabeth McDonald
Wallace Wesley Wright
Irving John Palmer
Harlan Page Rowse
Lettitia May Stuckman
John Edward Tannus
FRESHMAN CLASS.

COLORS—Black and Crimson.

YELL.
Black and Crimson Long Live!
Kalamazoo College Nineteen Five!

OFFICERS.

PRESIDENT—Mark Sanborn.
VICE-PRESIDENT—Mary Phillips.
SECRETARY AND TREASURER—Jay R. Monroe.

We think that if this class survive,
This yell will change e'er nineteen five.
—Ed.
CLASS MEMBERS.

JESSIE HOYT AMES
MARCUS PHILLIS BAER
CLARENCII SPENCER BURNS
ALICE MAUD CHESTNUT
CLARA EMERY DAVIS
RAY WESLEY EDWARDS
SUSAN ELLISON
EDMUND HOGUE
AMOS NICHOLS
JULIA SEDGWICK PROCTOR
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HUBERT ZOR
ELEONE HUTCHINS
CLARE AGNES JEFFREY
MILFORD LEELAND HILBERT
CLARE AGNES JEFFREY
XENIA BLANCHE MASON
MARY ALICE MOORE
NELSON WILLIAM MUNGER
FRANCES MAE NEWTON
ARCHIBALD DEAN POLLEY
CARLEAD ROMAN ROWLAND
FRANK EDGAR SANGER
HERMAN HOWARD SMITH
JOHN HOWARD STOUTMYER
FLORENCE WINSLOW
SARAH LILLIAN YOUNG

THADDEUS HOYT AMES
REBECCA ALICE BLACKLEY
HELEN ALEXANDRA CAMPBELL
NELLIE CHROMIT
ANN WILLIAM CHISHOLM
ANNA ELIZABETH ELLISON
ALICE HARMY FLATCHEER
PAUL JUDSON HENWIT
WILLARD ALBERT HOOFNAGLE
ROD EULON HUTCHINS
CARY ADAMS ROWLAND
MARK FRANK SANBORN
FRANK EUGENE SANG
ER FRANK MILTON SHROYER
HIRAM HOWARD SMITH
DONALD ARGYLE STEWART
JOHN HOWARD STOUTMEYER
SHEPHERD DAVIS
FRANK WINSLOW
ROY HOWARD WITWER
SABRA LILLIAN YOUNG
Minnie Alinda Youngreen

To Whom It May Concern.

AND there dwelt in the land of Collegia many kindred and tribes. And it came to pass that in the year 1900, in the ninth month and on the seventeenth day of the month, that the Juniorines, a people from the land of the Highschoolities came in to possess the land. And when the people that inhabited the land saw that the Juniorines were fairer of countenance and fatter in flesh than themselves, they were troubled. And they gathered together the chief priests and the scribes and demanded how they might cast out the invaders.

Now Clearchus, King of the Juniorines, rose up early in the morning and all the people with him. And he put in every man's hands a badge. And he spake unto them and said, "Behold, it shall be that as I do, so ye shall do."

And King Clearchus and his forty men came into the outside of the camp, in the beginning of the first watch. And they pinned their colors on, and gave their battle yell and cried "'03, '03, rah, rah, rah." And no man was able to stand against them, and all the hosts of the enemy ran and cried and fled. And after conquering the neighboring tribes, the Juniorines settled in the neighboring part of the realm; and they grew and waxed very mighty.

And it came to pass that in the year 1901, King Clearchus was old and stricken in years. And he was succeeded by Edgar, Prince of the house of Romeyn, who being of extreme youth was called King Edgar Young. Now notwithstanding his youth, he was a mighty man of valor.
And word was brought that a vast host were coming on all fours to possess the land.

Now King Edgar was bold in strategy, and he stationed his troops beneath Faculty Hill to await the enemy. And what followed happened after this manner. As the multitude of the enemy came nearer, they heard their own battle yell borne on the winds of the morning from the camp of the Juniorines. And fear fell upon them all; their tongues clave to the roofs of their mouths; their voices stuck in their throats, and their knees smote one upon the other. And the whole army fell into confusion and fled. And the fame of King Edzar spread abroad through the land. And messengers of neighboring tribes came bringing presents and seeking treaties of friendship. And this was the most prosperous reign of all the Kings of the Juniorines.

Now it came to pass that in the year 1902, there came to the throne a queen of such wondrous beauty that "stars" strove, one with another, for her smiles, and common men did not dare to approach her presence. And she was greatly loved by all her people.

Now it came about that her hand was sought by the great of the land, for she was a belle as well as a queen. But to each and all she replied, "No, ties that make the lowly maiden happy are denied to her sovereign. Argue no more, I must be the mother of my people. Were I free to seek mine own happiness, then indeed—." 

Now during her reign, the Juniorines established a great code of literature, greater than any since the days of King Solomon. It contained a numbering and history of the tribes, and all the people that dwelt in the land. And great glory was added to the name of the Juniorines, and the good queen reigns even unto this day.

L. B. WHITE.

THE BELL(E)S OF LADIES' HALL.

Sing me the song of many bells,
What varied thoughts their music tells!
With manly tread and jingling peal,
What sounds on drowsy senses steal!
'Tis Mr. Burns with heavy heel,
To rouse us for the morning meal.
Sing me the song of many bells,
The bells of Ladies' Hall.

The study bell that says, "Be still,"
And plodding climb the weary hill,
Of knowledge vast and wisdom deep,
The bell so long, so rough, so steep.
Sing me the song of many bells,
The bells of Ladies' Hall.

The joyous bell that calls us down,
To church, to party or to town!
The telephone bell we know so well,
That thrills us with a nameless spell!
Sing me the song of many bells,
The bells of Ladies' Hall.

And here's one more before I pass—
The merry, winsome earnest lass,
Queen of our hearts as of our class.
But the dearest bell of any bell,
Is Mrs. Belle Brownell.
Sing me the song of many bells
What varied thoughts their music tells,
The Bell(e)s of Ladies' Hall.

E. A. W.
ORATION.

The boy stood on the chapel stage,
When every thought had fled,
And wrathful words be dared not speak,
Rushed through his whirling head.

He for this "opportunity,"
The faculty did bless,
Then said, "Dear friends my thoughts you see,
Lie too deep to express."

PAT'S PASSION.

I love her, yes I do,
I'm very sure of that,
And when she looks at me,
My heart goes pity-pat.

I'm going to tell her so,
And when she lists to that,
I wonder as she looks,
If she will pity Pat.

THE editorial staff feels that this book
would not adequately represent the in­
stitution if it did not contain some recogni­
tion of the celebrated Wah! Wah! Hoo! Quartet, the pride of the Senior Class. We
believe the above cut will convey a fairly
accurate idea of these distinguished
entertainers.

If when cutting up the wood
You find you cannot do it,
Just take your little hatchet
And try your best to Hewitt.
Societies.
Dear Tom,

In the College Grove today,
As when some twenty years ago,
They cut it down for hay.

The grass is just as green.
SHERWOOD RHETORICAL SOCIETY.

ORGANIZED 1853.

OFFICERS.

PRESIDENT—Oscar Paul Lienau.
VICE-PRESIDENT—Fred G. Burnett.
CORRESPONDING SECRETARY—Fred G. Hopkins.
RECORDING SECRETARY—Sidney Strong.
TREASURER—Harlan P. Rowe.
CHAPLAIN—Wesley Des Jardines.
A FRIEND.

What in the world so precious as a friend!
A heart that beats in sympathy with yours,
And loves you with a love that still endures,
When bitter sorrow doth your heart-strings rend,
And like a broken empty reed you bend.

Ah! then 'tis well to have one friend who cures
The broken heart, and so to joy allures,
One soul with whose all your emotions blend.
Then let us wisely choose and cherish friends,
And let us not ourselves unworthy prove,
For sure of all the many gifts God sends,
There's none that ought more gratitude to move;
For none of us can have one friend too many,
Nor can we well afford the loss of any.

E. A. W.
PHILOLEXIAN LYCEUM.

ORGANIZED 1855.

OFFICERS.

PRESIDENT—Robert Gordon.
VICE-PRESIDENT—Jo Alva Phillips.
CORRESPONDING SECRETARY—Paul Hewitt.
RECORDING SECRETARY—William Grover.
Treasurer—Andrew Lenderink.
CHAPLAIN—Harry C. Stevens.
LIBRARIAN—Newman B. Steele.
THE PAST.

In twilight hours, so sweet and sad,
Like drift of perfume in the air,
Come fleeting memories of the past,
Come pictures dainty, rich and rare.

We draw aside the veil of time,
And gaze on faces once so dear,
We see the friends of yesterday,
The echo of their voices hear.

These trooping shades of former days,
Bring song of birds and sweet toned bells,
Bring fragrant flowers and distant fields,
With murmuring brooks and shady dells.

Our vanished happiness returns,
On memory's page all bright and fair,
Our hearts shall be the case wherein
'Tis safely kept like jewel rare.

We'll close the case now reverently,
Bid gloom depart, make thought obey,
These take the joys within our reach,
Today will soon be yesterday.

GRACE CALKINS.
EURODELPHIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

ORGANIZED 1856.

OFFICERS.

PRESIDENT—Alice Marion Hall.
VICE-PRESIDENT—Flora Belle Hermann.
SECRETARY—Lydia Little Smith.
TREASURER—Mabel Whitney Kellogg.
CHAPLAIN—Anna Ellson.
EURODELPHIAN YELL.

Euree! Eurl! Euro!
We have no man,
We want no beau!
CENTURY FORUM.

ORGANIZED 1900.

OFFICERS.

PRESIDENT—Adoniram Judson Weeks.
VICE-PRESIDENT—Benjamin Edward Robison.
CORRESPONDING SECRETARY—John Emanuel Kalmbach.
RECORDING SECRETARY—Jay Randolph Monroe.
Treasurer—William Arthur Donaldson.
CHAPLAIN—Jabez William Burns.
Once to every college student,
Comes the moment to decide,
Whether he will cheat the Prof.,
And on his trusting pony ride.

Or with dates and facts and causes,
His poor head completely cram,
And without his little pony,
Flounder through a long exam.

ONE day Bella Snow was walking along Fort street on her way home from the Gutchess Business College of Detroit. She had graduated from the institution that same afternoon, and now she was hurrying home with a light heart. As she went up the steps of her home, humming a gay little tune, she stopped and picked the evening paper from the porch. Her eyes fell on the Want Ad. column, and sparkled with delight on beholding two advertisements for stenographers and typewriters. Bella felt sure in her own mind that she was a very good stenographer and could fill any position that offered. She had been told so a great many times.

When Mrs. Snow returned from the dressmaker's shop, Bella and her mother had supper at the restaurant in honor of Bella's graduation. These two were all who were left to each other out of a large family, and Bella was determined, now that her education was finished, to support her mother in comfort.

On their return from the restaurant, Bella reclined luxuriously in a hammock, absorbed in delicious reveries of the future. The vision of delight had so increased by bed-time that when she at last closed her tired eyes, she floated off into dreamland with vague plans for a trip to Niagara Falls and perhaps a journey abroad, all to be accomplished out of her own earnings.

The next morning found Bella on her way to answer the advertisements. She had dressed with her characteristic taste, and came down stairs looking like a tall, white
lily. Snatching up the paper she hastily took down what she supposed were the proper addresses and started on her way complacently.

Eleven hundred and seventeen Cass Ave. was Bella's first destination. It proved to be a large, gloomy but elegant residence, surrounded by giant oaks and evergreen trees. An old housekeeper let Bella in at the front door, muttering indistinctly to herself the while, and ushered her into the library, where the master of the house was busying himself with his morning mail.

Bella felt somewhat abashed at first but plucked up sufficient courage to say, "I saw your advertisement in the paper, sir."

The gentleman glanced up but said nothing. Bella waited a moment, then ventured, "Are you not Mr. Frost?"

"Yes," said the gentleman, "Mr. Zero Frost. What is your name, your full name, please?"

"Bella Snow," she replied.

At this Mr. Frost burst out laughing, and said as if to himself, "Snow and Frost, a cool combination and Zero Frost at that."

Bella herself smiled at the thought of signing Zero Frost per Snow at the end of business letters. The gentleman glanced at the fair face and white dress of the young girl and thought, "She is surely a white girl, I said no red, black, yellow nor purple ones need apply.

Then aloud, "Are you accomplished?"

"Oh, sir," said Bella eagerly, "I can work very fast under dictation."

"Wants to be dictated to, eh?" thought Mr. Frost; "must be a docile little thing."

"I can get down a hundred words a minute," continued Bella.

"Spare us," was Mr. Frost's mental comment, "I wish I had insisted upon a moderate vocabulary in my list of requirements." "Do you know," he remarked meditatively, "you are the first applicant I have had?"

"Oh, then perhaps you will take me," urged Bella eagerly. "I should like to if you are willing," said Mr. Frost. "I am satisfied."

Bella was delighted. "Shall I come tomorrow, or will you want me today?" she asked.

"Well, she is in a hurry," thought Mr. Frost. "I shall have to have time to see the minister, at least," he observed a trifle sarcastically.

After a moment of silence, she inquired, "When are my office hours to be?"

"You are not to have any office hours. I shall want you to stay at home."

"What, then, is to be the nature of my employment?" she asked, looking perplexed.

"Well, I should say," he observed reflectively, "you might begin with a wedding tour to the sea shore; after that your only duty will be to reign as queen of my home."

"Wedding tour! Queen of your home! I don't understand; there must be some dreadful mistake. I came here to apply for a position as stenographer."

"Plutarch's lives on Astronomy!" ejaculated Mr. Frost. "What do I want with a stenographer? I advertised for a wife."

"Could I have taken down the wrong address?" said Bella in dismay.

Blushing from confusion, she was a vision of loveliness just then, and Mr. Frost, looking at her, began to feel very sorry that his illusion was destroyed. "Very difficult," he said, "but since kind destiny has brought you here why not answer the advertisement as I published it? I should be satisfied."

"Oh, no, sir," responded Bella quickly; "that cannot be," and turning abruptly, she left the room.

It seemed as if Bella's fortune must have been cast under some strange star, for that afternoon, when she walked into a down-town office, whom should she see..."
sitting at the desk but—Mr. Frost. "Pardon me, Mr. Frost," she stammered in confusion, "I didn't mean to trouble you again. I was simply answering another advertisement."

"I am at a loss to understand you," he answered. "I cannot recall having met you before."

"Are you not Mr. Frost?"

"I am."

"Mr. Zero Frost, at whose house I called this morning?"

"No; my name is Zerubbabel Frost."

"Then who is Mr. Zero Frost?"

"He is my twin brother, and nobody can ever tell us apart."

"I should think not," was Bella's comment; "but did you not advertise for a stenographer in the 'Evening News'?"

"No; I advertised for a servant girl."

"Well, I know I have the right address this time," declared Bella, "because I took particular care in looking it up." She produced a clipping from the 'Evening News', and he read:

"WANTED—A stenographer; stout German girl preferred. Address No. 416 Woodward Ave."

"A mistake of the printer," he commented briefly. At this they both laughed. Bella's beauty appealed to Mr. Zerubbabel Frost no less than it had to Mr. Zero, and he suddenly decided he would need a stenographer.

It was nearly half past six that evening when Bella arrived at the little brick flat where she lived, and opened the door to the dining room where her mother was keeping the soup warm.

"Mamma," said Bella, "I have found a position," and she poured the whole story into her mother's sympathetic ear.

Bella acquitted herself excellently as a stenographer, and soon proved indispensable to Mr. Frost; so much so indeed, that by the time the June roses had blossomed the next year, Bella Snow had become Mrs. Zerubbabel Frost.

Mr. Zero Frost thinks now that he will advertise for a stenographer and trust to the mellowing influences of time to bring about that which his advertisement for a wife failed to accomplish.

FLORENCE E. WHITE.

Blow, blow thou cruel wind,
Thou art not more unkind
Than this old rain—
It gives me a pain.
It might as well pour dogs and cats,
For we can't wear our Easter hats.
SPRING.

Come, thou Spring, in all thy beauty,
Let thy gentle breezes blow;
Tired are we of winter's snow.
Welcome, fairest of the seasons,
Then of all the seasons Queen:
Let the grass that's long been withered
Find again its cloak of green.
Let the trees whose barren branches
Long have borne the winter's frost;
Find again their leafy costume
They in Autumn breezes lost.
Let the Butter-cups and Daisies,
Who have long in slumber lain,
Open to the world their faces,
And make sweet the woods again.
Thou art welcome, 0 thou Springtime,
How we love thy sunny days,
How we long to roam the woodlands,
And along the water ways.
Disappoint us not, 0 Springtime,
Hear the prayer we offer thee,
Come, and fill our hearts with gladness,
And the world with jubilee.

F. G. BURNETT.

WE WONDER

What makes the students of Kalamazoo College of such superior quality.
If the President's chair used its legs in getting out of the chapel.
Why two Seniors have so suddenly taken an interest in the formula KIS.
What makes our Sophomore boys so bad.
Why the Seniors like the Juniors so well.
Whence came the nocturnal visions, which Mr. Upjohn described in Psychology.
What one member of the faculty would do if the word "why" were not in the English vocabulary.
If the French papers passed in Chicago.
Where II Pensuero lost his tail.
Where the "Spirit of the Institution" is buried.
If all the Seniors are "signed" for the coming year.
If you heard "Bill" Pierce '02 in his world-famed entertainment at Comstock.
What makes every Professor think his class has nothing to do but prepare the lessons he assigns.
If the Juniors of next year will get out an "Annual."
Why people don't pay for the window panes they break.
How it happened that the Geology class procured such fine specimens of fossils.
If Luther II has nailed his Thesis on the entrance of the new building.
Whose spirit is "doomed to walk the earth" in room 9.
What was decided by the Biology class at its recent "Diet of Worms."
THE HEROISM OF A PRIVATE LIFE.

A DRAMA IN ONE ACT.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Miss Blank.
Several Very Naughty Girls.

SCENE.—Miss Blank's room—Trunk room.

SCENE I.

Miss Blank's room.—Enter several girls.
First girl—(excitedly) Oh Miss Blank, there is a snake up in the trunk room, on the floor.
Miss Blank—A snake! Why, dear me, how do you suppose it got there? Well, wait a minute until I get a cloth to catch it, and I'll come and throw it out of the window for you. I guess I'll just take my paper knife along, too.

SCENE II.
Second girl holding lamp; first girl holding her sides. Others stand just outside the door in terror (?) Miss Blank with cloth in one hand and paper knife in the other makes violent stabs at the snake.
Miss Blank—How do you suppose (jab) it got in here? (jab! jab!)
Giggle in the hall.
Miss Blank—(Breathlessly, stabbing with renewed energy.) Why, girls, do you suppose it's dormant with cold? It doesn't move.
Very audible giggle in the hall.
Second girl—Miss Blank, please don't be angry, but I'm afraid—the snake is rubber.
An awkward pause; girls quietly leave the hall.
Miss Blank—I don't mind a little joke, but I do mind climbing all these stairs for nothing. It is time you all were studying.
Exeunt all. [Curtain.
MURPHY'S SOLILOQUY.

To shave or not to shave, that is the question.
Whether the cheek and chin and lips shall bear
The growth of very unbecoming bristles,
Or with a razor keen and expeditious,
By one swift cutting end them? To shave, to scrape,
No more; and by a scrape to say we end
The heart-ache and the small humiliations
They make us heir to.—Were a good condition
Hilariously enjoyed. To shave—to scrape—
To scrape—perchance to cut—ay! there's the rub,
For in that scrape of hair what cuts may come,
While we are clipping off the stubby beard,
Must give us pause; there's the respect
That makes the whisker of so long life,
For who would bear the irony of friends,
The smiles and smirks of hords of pretty girls,
The jeers and jibes of whole conclaves,
The supercilious glances of old men,
Who better beards can boast because they're old,
When he himself might free himself from scorn,
With a sharp razor? Who would hideous be,
To look within the glass each morn and groan,
But that the dread of those unpleasant cuts,
Those ills which small but very grievous are,
And quite unbearable—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know more of.
Thus cowardice doth make hobos of us all.
THE CORNER STONE.

We gathered last October
About the new laid wall,
About the firm foundation
Prepared for Bowen Hall.
We watched the skillful workmen
Set firm the corner stone,
And saw the keen precision
With which the work was done.
The mammoth stone was hoisted
To its appointed place,
That all might know its mission
From the words upon its face;
'Twas but a block of granite,
And wrought by mortal hand,
For time—for time's short season
Our earthly buildings stand.

Then we in fancy pictured
The living temples fair,
That the sons of men are building
About us everywhere;
The daily, steady building,
The stone that makes a wall
More symmetrical and stately
Than thine, Oh Bowen Hall.
Oh busy martial builders,
Unerring should you be;
Know you not your temple
Lasts through eternity?
That day by day and silently
As the temple built of old,
With no't a sound of hammer,
These monuments unfold?
O Juniors, in our choosing,
Let naught but good suffice,
In laying each foundation
The Pearl of greatest price;
That when the Master Builder
Shall come to judge us all,
Our work shall stand accepted
Like the walls of Bowen Hall.

CLARENCE D. PRESTON.
RHYME OF THE ALMANAC BOARD.

Early and late, early and late,
We scratch and copy and plan,
Poems and prose,
That, goodness knows,
We wish were off in Japan.

Three times a day, five days a week,
In classes we're told that we're slack,
Classes we skip,
Three at a clip,
And its all for the Almanac.

We never joke, we never smile,
We never have any fun,
We haven't time,
'TwouId be a crime,
We can't 'til the Almanac's done.

Miss Kellogg, (translating Ovid)—"Behold the branches of the trees, laden with potatoes."

First Junior—"Charles had a diet of worms in 1521.
Second Junior—"They must have been grub worms.
Miss Chesney—"I'd rather be (W)right than president."

Mr. McCurdy is looking after his Wheat on the campus.

Mr. Preston—"I preached a sermon yesterday on the subject of punctuality.
THE DAWN

The dawn appears. It brings two messages. To one it brings hope, to another despair. To one man it comes after he has counted the long weary hours of the night; to another it comes only too quickly. Such was the experience of Romeo, when seeing the faint streaks of light in the eastern sky he cried:

"Night has burned her candles out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops."

But let us consider the subject because it brings a message of hope. The royal singer in a burst of spiritual ecstacy, after he had been long cast down, sings of his hope in God, and of his patience while waiting for His coming. And to express the full meaning of his eagerness, says that it is greater than the longings of the watches of the night. "More I say than they which watch for the morning."

One who has waited for the coming of the morning to start on some important mission, or because that hour will decide some important question, can well understand the figure. So in college amid the changing scenes we look forward to the dawn. Students and professors come and go, but whoever comes, or whoever goes, there is always the longing for the dawn.

The student who studies, who thinks, who dreams, who plans for the future, looks forward to the coming of the dawn because that will mark the beginning of a new epoch in his life. The president, the faculty and
friends of the college, too, look forward to the dawn of a better day; and from experience all can say:

"Dark, dark has been the midnight,
But day spring is at hand."

and seeing the blackness of the night slowly change to the greyish dullness of what the Frenchmen call "petit jour," we hail with gladness and rejoicing the rosy primrose of the dawn.

There were signs even in the night of this coming dawn and many of us can boast:

"I say the sun is a glorious sight,
I've seen him rise full oft, indeed of late
I have sat up on purpose all the night."

And while we sat up, while we waited, while we peered through the midnight darkness, we saw the realization of our hope:

"Among the crooked lanes on every hedge,
The glow-worm lights his gem: and through the dark,
A moving radiance twinkles."

But this did not come by chance, there was a cause behind it.

First of all the students believed in the school and its management. Every student went home in the summer full of enthusiasm, and told his friends that Kalamazoo College was the place. When he came back he brought another student with him. This student went home the next summer and did the same thing, until now we graduate classes of twenty-five and thirty instead of two and three as they did ten years ago. The men who graduated went away with a kindly feeling for their Alma Mater. They took with them tender memories of college friendships; they took with them sacred memories of the character of the noble men under whom they studied; and when they said good bye, and for the last time went down the stairs in the old dormitory, took a last fond look at the Campus, the surrounding hills, and other familiar scenes, and went out into the world; it was with a feeling of sadness. It was like leaving home, for they were leaving the place they loved. When on their different fields of labor success crowned them, they never forgot Kalamazoo. They told its story to their friends, and more students came, from the east and the west, and passed by many good schools before they reached ours; and we are proud of the fact, that no student who came to learn, ever went away disappointed.

The College in the last ten years has become popular at home. Kalamazoo High School is well represented in every freshman class. We have students from all denominations in the city—Methodists, Presbyterians, Catholics and Jews.

Our president and professors have gone over the state; they have preached and lectured, and now they are welcome visitors in any pulpit or before any audience. Soon the Baptists of the state began to talk about their College at Kalamazoo with a feeling of pride. And when Dr. Slocum went out and told them we needed another building he was kindly received. These were the signs of the coming dawn.

But in spite of all this there was the wait. The long, dismal, dreary, discouraging, disappointing wait; the hard work; the never ending struggle. But all things come to him who waits and works. Many times we students were discouraged; many times we feared our fond hopes would never be realized. But a man whose life is actuated by a great and noble purpose knows no failure. President Slocum never faltered in the struggle. If he was discouraged we never knew it. He stood higher up than we did. He had a broader view. Bowen Hall now stands on yonder hill because long ago its picture was in his heart. Like Edward Everett, who delivered his famous eulogy on Washington, time after time, and turned the money over to the Mt. Vernon Association, he loved the cause, and neither sacrifice nor hard work turned him from his purpose.

As a result of this, the support of our friends and the generosity of such men as the late C. C. Bowen, the long
night of Kalamazoo College is past. Now the aurora wafted through the air in her golden chariot dispels the mist and darkness and ushered in the dawn.

"The dewy morn
With breath all incense, with cheek all bloom
Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn
And living as if earth contained no tomb—
And glowing into day."

R. A. McMullen.

Toil on brave heart that sittest alone,
'Til the midnight glim;
The world keeps watch of the man who'll move,
'Til the heavy eyes grow dim.
'Til the oil runs low in the battered lamp,
'Til the clock stroke strikes one, two;
Old Fate has a prize with a golden stamp,
Laid up on the shelf for you.

THE LEGEND OF MIRROR LAKE.

Far away upon a hillside,
In a grove of ash and maple,
Flows a spring of pure cold water,
Gushing forth as clear as crystal,
Leaping onward down the hillside,
Laughing, dancing o'er the pebbles,
Murmuring, glistering in the sunlight,
Flowing onward to the river.

Now it glides along more gently
As it winds among the willows;
Now it listens to the robin
As he sings among the branches;
Listens to the sighing zephyrs,
To the whisper of the breezes.

On it flows until it lingers,
Where the oak trees cast their shadow
Far across the College Campus.
Here the streamlet broadens, deepens,
Mirror Lake the students call it.

But you wonder why the streamlet
Grew so broad and deep and quiet;
Why it lingers in the shadows
Of the tall and mighty oak trees.
Listen! and I'll tell the secret;
Tell you why this little streamlet,
Crossing o'er the College Campus,
Grew to be the Lake of Mirrors.

Long ago two lovers strolling,
Through the groves of stately oak trees,
Stopped to listen to the water
As it rippled o'er the pebbles,
Stopped to rest beside the streamlet,
On a moonlight summer evening.
And the lover asked the maiden,  
Asked her if she truly loved him;  
And the streamlet stopped to listen,  
Stopped to hear the maiden's answer—  
All the crystal drops of water  
Stayed to hear the maiden's answer.

Deeper, broader grew the streamlet,  
Till it overflowed the campus.  
But the maiden did not answer,  
Only smiled and kissed her lover.  
Years have passed, but still the water  
Lingers there beneath the oak trees,  
There reflecting all the shadows  
Of the tall and mighty oak trees,  
Ever glistening in the moonlight,  
Mirror Lake we always call it.

CHARLES G. MORSE.

A PICNIC.

ONCE a College class had a picnic. That is, a part of the class, for some had the measles and some had to write orations, so that only about half of the class were able to go. A married couple, named Mr. and Mrs. Jones, friends of one of the party, went along to see that no harm came to or from the picnickers. The chosen spot was in a beautiful wood near a crystal lake. When they arrived at this place, the Joneses remained to guard the well-filled lunch-baskets, lest some one should steal them, while the others strolled away to gather flowers. In a short time all returned and declared they were as hungry as rabbits. So a large cloth was spread upon the ground, and soon the lunch was ready.

"What shall we do for water?" asked one of the girls; whereupon Mrs. Jones said that Her mann had found a spring close by with a Go(u)rd on a stump near it, and immediately sent Mr. Jones after some water.

One youth sat apart from the rest, his handkerchief bound around his head and his hat pulled over his eyes. "What's the matter, old man?" asked a boy named John.

"Got a terrible headache," answered the youth with a deep Cy, "and I can't eat anything. Mor'as the pity."

"It's all my fault, for I broke his glasses," spoke up one of the girls hastily. "We were sitting on a big stone and I was holding his glasses while he got some dirt out of his eye. All at once I heard a dog bark right behind me. I jumped of course, and away went the glasses, smashed to Smithereens."
"Why, I never heard of a dog's Barkin' busting anything before," said Mr. Jones.

"You haven't heard of it now, that I know of," answered the girl.

"Well, never mind about arguing the question," put in the afflicted youth, "Just tell a fellow what's good for a headache. Does anyone know?"

"I do," said his chum called Mac, "mullen leaves are just the thing, and I saw a whole acre of the stuff just the other side of this wood. Shall I get some?"

"No, never mind, I'll be all right in a little while, I guess, but where on earth did you ever Hatch up that remedy?"

Just then a loud cry was heard in the direction of the lake.

"I saw a Young lad down there, with an old rickety boat. Maybe he's fallen overboard," said John. Again the cry was heard, and Up John sprang to his feet and was away like the wind. The rest followed after, the boy with the bound-up head bringing up the rear. In his excitement he forgot to take off the bandage and it kept slipping down over his eyes. He stumbled several times but Prest-on manfully, and reached the shore just in time to see John coming out of the water, carrying in his arms a little colored boy, whose head and limbs hung limp. The girls drew back with White faces as the boys worked over him. Presently he came to himself and looked around.

"Who are you, dear, and how did it happen?" asked kind hearted Mrs. Jones.

"I'se Mr. Wilkins' son, ma'am, an' I live over yonder," pointing with a little black finger toward a weather-beaten cottage a half a mile away.

"My boat begun to leak—guess the Caulkin's all come out—an' I didn't have nothin' to bail with."

"Poor child, what did you do?" again asked Mrs. Jones.

"Why, I jest hollered," said the Boy, "den jest as I was goin' down, I seed you 'uns comin'."

They carried the lad to his mother and then returned to their lunch, only to find it rapidly disappearing under the skillful maneuvers of three or four lean and hungry canines.

After frightening them away with sticks and stones, the party gathered up their belongings and started for home, declaring that they had chosen an unpropitious day for their picnic.

**RUTH YOUNG.**

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**EVENING STAR.**

O crisp, O thrilling skating time,
O wistful memory—haunted time,
When all the world lay sleeping.

'Twas winter twilight long ago,
The sunset sky was all aglow,
The skaters glided to and fro,
The bare boughs cracked, above and below.
Ahh! how my heart was leaping.

'Twas winter twilight, long ago,
(Once time ran swift, now time goes slow),
Ahh! how my heart is weeping.

The Evening Star sent forth its ray,
With trusting heart I heard him say,
"That star of Hope will light our way,"—
It is the star of Hope today,
When all my World lies sleeping.
TRES BIEN, MERCI, ET VOUS?

When the day is long and dreary,
When the lessons are hard and dry,
When the whole "grind" makes you weary,
And you feel as though you'd fly,
Oh! then it tries your mettle,
When a fellow says, "How do you do?"
Smilingly to answer, "Tres bien, merci, et vous?"

When a Freshy cuts up some caper,
When you know naught of the affair,
When the "Dr." thinks you did it,
And you get the Freshy's share.
Oh! then it tries your mettle,
When that Freshy says, "How do you do?"
Smilingly to answer, "Tres bien, merci, et vous?"

When "Madame" says "verbs for tomorrow,"
When your heart with anger is sore,
When the vous' and the nous' mix to your sorrow
And your mind will work no more,
Oh! then it tries your mettle,
When that lady says, "How do you do?"
Smilingly to answer, "Tres bien, merci, et vous?"

LYDIA SMITH.

THE human race is divided into two great classes:
those who wear squeaky shoes and those who
don't. It is with the first of these grand divisions
that we are concerned.
The man with the squeak in his boot always keeps
step with the music. It is as though his sole were crying
out against its very existence. He is an own brother to
the man who charms us in the night season, with sonor­
ous nasal detonations. But our friend is braver, in that
he dares to perpetrate his fiendish practices in the broad
light of day. In a crowd, his multisonous tread can be
heard above the tramp of the multitude. He is like the
peddler of fresh fish, who toots his horn to let you know
he is coming.
The owner of the musical boot is the man who ambles
down the aisle to the front seat while the minister is
praying, regardless of the ushers' strategic efforts to
side­track him into a rear pew. While he walks on a soft
carpet, the grandeur of the symphony is impaired by the
imperfections of the soundingboard; but when he reaches
the bare floor, the whole brass band breaks forth into an
ff crescendo two-step.
The squeaking shoe is a most marvelous stringed in­
strument. The music continues even though the strings
are broken.
It is perhaps justifiable for the man who buys a new
shoe only once in three years to advertise the fact with the
sound of the trumpet. We will rejoice with him over his
new found treasure. But we trust he will not be long for
this world.

L. B. W.
GLEANINGS FROM THE POETS.

Mr. P-r-se. "May Jove in his next commodity of hair grant thee a beard."
Mr. A-s-n. "A man I am, crossed with adversity."
Mr. H-t-h. "His faults lie gently on him."
Mark Hanna. "Another lean unwashed artificer."
Mr. D-n-d-n. "I am not in the roll of common men."
Mr. S-v-s. "But, Oh! ye gods to hear him sing."
Mr. McM-h-. "An Irishman, a very valiant man."
Mr. B-n-tt. "He's a daisy, he's a darling, he's a dumpling, he's a lamb."
Mr. McC-y. "Too much learning hath made him mad."
Mr. Up-h-. "Wisdom shall die with you."
Mr. McD-n-d. "I have an exposition of sleep come upon me."
Oom Paul. "Where did you come from, Baby dear?"
Sophomore. "I'm something of a liar myself."
Mr. R-b-s-n. "There is more innocent fun in me than a casual spectator would imagine. You have never seen me frolicsome."
YOUNG WOMEN'S
CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

ORGANIZED 1884.

OFFICERS.

PRESIDENT—Flora Belle Hermann.
VICE PRESIDENT—Russie DeYoe.
SECRETARY—L. Mabel Woods.
TREASURER—Anna Ellison.

YOUNG MEN'S
CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS.

PRESIDENT—Stewart Bates Crandell.
VICE PRESIDENT—Benjamin Edward Robison.
RECORDING SECRETARY—Raymond Frank Cashner.
CORRESPONDING SECRETARY—H. J. Stoutemyer.
TREASURER—Clarence Spence Burns.
THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION OF KALAMAZOO COLLEGE.

Is an organization of long standing, having been formed sometime in the '70's, but it held a very insignificant place in college affairs until application was made, in the spring of 1895, for admission to the Michigan Inter-collegiate Athletic Association. At that time the request was refused because the college had no record in athletics. Hard, earnest work was at once begun along several lines, and in the spring of 1896 application was again made and granted. Since then Kalamazoo has always been "in the game." Three times the Football Cup has occupied a conspicuous position at the Ladies' Hall. Twice have the Relay and Baseball Cups graced the piano in the reception room at the Hall. Since being admitted to the Inter-collegiate Association, Kalamazoo has been represented at Field Day every year, save one, by its Baseball team.

The secrets of our success have been, to a considerable degree, an interested Faculty and a hard working membership. The latter supported by the former, together with a sympathetic student body, has brought our Athletic Association to the exalted position which it occupies.

We have thus far received our share, and perhaps a little more, of the Inter-collegiate Athletic victories and honors; yet we are not unwilling to accept more, and so long as our representatives shall be able to prove themselves victors on the fields of contest we shall raise our voices in loud shouts of rejoicing.

That the Athletic Association may live and prosper with the increasing prosperity of the College, is the hearty wish of the class of 1903.

MEN WHO WEAR THE K.

W. M. Beckwith
A. W. Brown
C. R. Brown
M. Chaffee
S. B. Chadell
G. F. Daster
C. F. Dyer
K. Edwards
C. L. Haus
G. M. Johnson
J. E. Kalmback
J. E. Koster
A. Lenderink
O. P. Lienau
T. H. MacDonell
C. B. North
R. A. Palmer
F. Sanger
H. C. Schau
E. Schick
F. Sbrother
C. A. Simpson
H. A. Smith
N. B. Steele
P. Stimson
H. S. Upjohn
J. A. Van Dis
SONG OF THE EDITOR.

I've thought it over carefully,
And I hardly think it's fair,
I've stormed, complained and threatened,
I've torn my tangled hair.

When Professor Squires in Literature
To our class says "Now you must
E'er this hour on the morrow
Either poetize or bust,"

Why straightway every student,
Swears a poem he will write;
He reads it in the class next day,
And we say it's "out of sight."

But when the miserable editor
Of the Junior Almanac,
Declares a poem each must write,
They smile behind his back,

And think it's awful funny,
That he should e'er suppose,
That they could write a poem;
Why, goodness only knows!

They couldn't even write a line,
Why not a single word;
He ought not to expect it,
The idea is quite absurd.

I've thought it over carefully,
And hardly think it's fair,
For literature they all can write,
For the Almanac secure.
FOOTBALL.

E. R. Young, Manager.
M. G. Waterbury, Coach.
A. W. Brown, Captain.

F. Beboyer, Center.
J. E. Kalmbach, Right Guard.
H. R. Upjohn, Left Guard.
O. F. Lindag, Right Tackle.
C. E. Ricks, Left Tackle.
W. M. Buckworth, Right End.
A. W. Brown, Left End.
C. S. North, Quarter Back.
J. E. Koster, Right Half.
B. R. Cranwell, Left Half.
P. Stetson, Full Back.

SUBSTITUTES.
A. E. Lendberne, H. C. Schay,
R. Schoch, H. E. Smith,
E. J. Palmer.
At a football game she's always there,
With sparkling eyes and flying hair,
Her cheeks grow red with chill air,
Even though it blows she does not care,
A storm of rain or snow she'll dare,
This merry football girl.

With eager eyes and flag in hand,
Along the lines for hours she'll stand,
And when the ball they safely land
Across the goal, "Oh, isn't it grand!"
Excitedly she cries, "Just grand!"
This merry football girl.
BASKET BALL.

Coach—G. M. Johnson.

Center—J. E. Koster.
Forwards—J. A. Van Drs, C. S. North.
Guards—A. Lenderink, L. P. Appeldorn.
Substitutes—J. E. Kalmbach, N. W. Munger.
THE BRIDGE.

We sat on the bridge by moonlight,
As the bell rang half past nine,
And I knew but another half hour
Of happiness yet could be mine.

I watched, in the hazy shadow
Of that lovely night in June,
Her eyes, that gleamed with a radiance
Brighter than that of the moon.

And my heart grew hot and restless,
For my love was true and deep.
And the secret that made my heart throb,
Seemed greater than I could keep.

But now it has fallen from me,
It passed with the passing years,
Yet the memory of that June night
Still fills my heart with tears.

And I wonder how many others,
Of care-encumbered men,
Who have sat on the bridge by moonlight,
Sighing, wish for the old days again.

Forever and forever,
As long as the bridge is there,
As long as young hearts have fancies,
They will sit in the moonlight fair.

F. B. H.
E. R. Young—Manager.  C. S. North—Captain.
G. M. Johnson—Coach.

M. Chaffee—Catcher.
F. Sanger—Pitcher.
T. H. MacDonald—First Base.
C. S. North—Second Base.
C. L. Hauske—Short Stop.
G. F. Dasher—Third Base.
H. S. Ufer—Right Field.
J. E. Kalmbach—Center Field.
C. A. Simpson—Left Field.
R. Edwards
H. C. Marvin|Substitutes.
Oh why is a peninsula
Like rubber, dear? quoth he.
Because it is, the maid replied,
A neck stretched out to see.

"ROUND SHOULDERS."
Round shouldered? Well, maybe I am,
For all these years I've had to cram,
Bent bow-like over wisdom's book,
That I might gain that Senior look.

If you cannot on the grand stand
Shout above the loudest there,
You can get down on the side lines,
And help split the campus air.

Des J. (in history class)—That event occurred at the
beginning of our area.

Miss Millsapgh had a Schoch but retained con-
sciousness.
TRACK TEAM.

J. E. Koster—Captain. E. G. Pierce—Manager.

R. F. CASHNER.
C. G. HILL.
R. L. HOPKINS.
O. P. LIENAU.
J. R. MONROE.
O. W. MUNGER.
H. A. POLLEY.
H. P. ROWE.
R. SCHOCH.
P. C. STUTSON.
H. J. STOUTEMEYER.
J. A. VAN DIS.
"In the Spring
A young man's fancy
Lightly turns
To thoughts of love."

"Double method of agreement."
STUDENT'S PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION.

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Vice President—Clarence Austin.
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THE Oratorical Association of Kalamazoo College was organized in the fall of ninety-seven. Special attention has been given to this important branch of college training. The results in the past few years have been exceedingly satisfactory. Probably not a college of our size in the country can boast a better record along Oratorical lines than Kalamazoo. The following is our record for the past three years:

In 1900 the Kalamazoo debating team defeated the Ypsilanti team in an Intercollegiate debate. James McGee won first place in the State Oratorical Contest.

In 1901 Kalamazoo again defeated Ypsilanti in debate. A. N. DeLong won second place in the State Oratorical Contest.

In 1902 Kalamazoo defeated Franklin College of Franklin, Ind., in debate. A. W. Brown won second place in the State Prohibition Oratorical Contest.

ALPHABET.

A is for the Antic, played at the Hall,
The episode frantic that ended the call.
B is for Banner we wave at the game,
On diamond or gridiron we win just the same.
C is for Coed, light-hearted and gay,
Who often hath showed she'll have her own way.
D is for Ducking that's done at the Dorm,
You're always in Danger when weather is warm.
E is for Eatables Eagerly swallowed,
And the Evil Effects which afterwards followed.
F is for Freshman, addicted to Folly,
The Farmer, the Fresh and the red-hot Tomalie.
G is for Gallants who stroll in the Grove,
With Gay Graceful damsels they endlessly rove.
H is for Heartache that some people feel,
When a "con" or a "flunk" makes the warm blood congeal.
I is for Ice that grows on the pond,
That furnishes skating of which we're so fond.
J is for Junior so jolly, so wise,
Nowhere in the world you will find one his size.
K is for Knocking at Faculty Table,
With gossip and chatter that makes such a babel.
L is for Ladiness coming with Spring,
And Languishing Lovers Long Lingering.
M's for the Mystery that hangs in the air;
Oh! where have they carried the dear Doctor's chair?
N's for the "Nuisance" that bothers Prof. Squires;
He says he won't stand it, and straight up he fires.
O for Orations, the bane of all here;
Writ under protest and given with fear.
P's for the Pulpit the Sophomores stole,
And the Penalty "Prexy" down on them did roll.
Q's for the Questions that fill up the time,
'Tis so necessary, 'tis surely no crime!
R for the "Ruins", that far-famed Retreat,
Where lovers oft turn their slow-wand'ring feet.
S for the Sleighride, the Shout and the Song—
The Spread and hilarity lasts none too long.
T's for the Tumbles we take on the hill,
They Tumbled, we Tumble, and others will.
U's for the Umpire who dispels our doubt
With his joy-bringing "Safe" or dreaded "You're out."
V is for "Vandy", who broke through the ice—
In again, out again, all in a trice.
W's for Weather, which none can foresee,
There's no use in growling whatever it be.
X is for Xmas and home friends once more,
And the joys we remember long after they're o'er.
Y is for You, whoever you be,
If you think this easy, just try it and see.
Z's for the Zero we get when we're late,
No plea nor excuse can change our sad fate.

I COME to recount a few of the changes which Kalamazoo College has witnessed during the one thousand sixty-nine years of its existence. When it was organized Oxford and Cambridge had been centres of learning for hundreds of years. During its early days Yale and Harvard celebrated their centennial anniversaries. These colleges, once the foremost in the world, are now no more; nothing but heaps of ruins remain to mark the spot where once they stood. No chronicler ever committed to immortality the reasons for their decline. As truly as water removes stains from soiled garments so has time effaced all memory of the reasons for their downfall.

Though they fell, ours has kept pace with the rapidly advancing thought of the times and is now the greatest institution of learning the world has ever known; the centre from which radiates the governing influences of the intellectual life of the universe. Oxford, Cambridge, Yale and Harvard have disappeared, but Kalamazoo has taken their place.

One thousand years ago this would have been inconceivable as the only way to reach New York from Liverpool or Berlin was by means of slow-going steamships requiring five or six days to accomplish the journey. Think of such a state of affairs, fellow-students from England, who two hours ago were seated at your breakfast tables in London! Think of it, fellow-students from Germany, who, after completing your work for today, shall cross your thresholds in Bremen ere the chimes in the church spire ring out the hour of six!
I recently found in the library, among the carefully guarded articles of historical interest, a volume called the "Junior Almanac", published by the class of 1902. Therein is a description of what was then a magnificent building, Bowen Hall. In the rotunda of Slocum Hall, so named in honor of the man who was president of the College in 1902, and to whose activity was due the beginning of the marvelous growth of the institution, may be seen the corner stone of this building. Did the student then dream that ten centuries later the students of their Alma Mater would be increased ten thousand-fold; that they would gather each morning, not from all parts of Kalamazoo, but from all parts of the world? Could they comprehend that the time would come when students who desired one hour's recreation would go to the orange groves of California, or to the rocky confines of Yellowstone Park. Could they conceive that college classes would ever be held on the moon, or that exploration parties would journey to the sun to study those spots which formerly baffled astronomers?

In 1902 Kalamazoo was affiliated with the University of Chicago. You ask where was this University? Be not surprised when I say that it still exists, however, as a small portion of Kalamazoo. You all know the location of the homes of the leading literary societies. These old buildings, beautiful even in decay, are all that remains of the home of the University which inspired our predecessors to nobler thoughts and deeds and aided them in the accomplishment of that which we behold and enjoy. We look with reverence upon these ancient files and the hallowed associations which cluster about them have inspired many students to do literary work of unexcelled merit.

Why did our college grow while others perished? The countless massive structures reaching for hundreds of miles in every direction, which from the home in Kalamazoo, and the wonderful deeds accomplished here prove that the fittest survived.

May Kalamazoo College ever occupy the prominent place she holds in the thirtieth century. May she ever be the Mecca for pilgrims seeking knowledge! May those who shall be the future students here love our Alma Mater as much as do we and as much as did the students a thousand years ago! Let the glad shout arise and may it echo from the vast dome of the heavens:

"Long Live Kalamazoo College!"

ACH!

That little Dutch girl, oh that little Dutch girl,
Another like her "is ist keizer!"
With her fairy blue eyes and her bright bobbing curls,
And her quietly said, "ach," "ya" and "nein."

That little Dutch girl, oh that little Dutch girl,
Her cool ways my fondest hopes doom,
For whenever I ask her to love me, she says,
With a bright teasing smile, "und warum?"
And whenever I tell her I've something to say,
Every time without fail, on my soul,
She'll jump up and say, as she hastens away,
"I'm busy just now, "Lebe wohl."

Such treatment I say I'll no longer endure,
Of me fun no longer she'll "mach."
I'm patient as Job ever thought he need be,
But I'll no longer stand such a "sach."
OBSERVATIONS.

During Mr. Dye's recent illness at the Doctor's he says that among his many "callers" Paul Stetson was the most faithful. Mr. Dye is able to be out now, but the "gratuitous exercise" seems to have become a habit with Paul.

Mr. Austin recently took an offering at Englishville for Ministerial Education, and the sum he received was flattering, to say the least. It is plain that the people fully realize the need.

That a college education is an excellent thing for young ladies has become an established fact at Kalamazoo. It is very noticeable that at least two of the Freshman girls have become exceedingly Wiley this year.

There is a good deal of rivalry among a certain few in the Freshman class for honors. It is a question, however, as to who will be successful in obtaining her Ames.

French Teacher—Well, but Miss North, if you are going to use kisses, you must use the correct form.

Grimes:—What broke up the ice races?

Gromes—The last "heat" was too much for the ice.

O. P. L.—And many people wonder how such a small head can contain all he knows.

A number of two-legged chairs will be installed in the new building for the benefit of a few gymnastically inclined students.

Furnished Rooms to let in the upper story. Apply to Senior Class.

Died—Class spirit in the Senior class.

Miss Wiseman—Miss W—ds, what is the word for arm?

Miss W--ds—Bras(s).

Miss Wiseman—Quel Gendre?

Miss W--ds—Why, I should think it ought to be masculine.

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ALUMNI.

55
Orrin Bonney.
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Cyrus William Res.
Braund Slater.
Henry Silas Tubbs.
Sidney Walter Dunning.

57
Samuel Marvin Hubbard.
Charles Fenton Jacob.
James Preston Rexford.
William Henry Rexford.

59
Harry Church.
Joseph W. Hicks.
William Henry Porter.
Edward Strong.
Howard Bailey Taft.
George Martin Trowbridge.
Thomas Wells.
Frederick Wilkinson.

'60
Boardman Judson Boynton.
Allen Jeremiah Curtis.
Philip James Hoedemaker.
Thomas Gale Mervitt.
Alfred Gardner Pierce.
Luther Henry Trowbridge.

'63
James Piper Cadman.
James Ferdinand Hill.
Reedord Charles Hindale.
Nathan Pratt Barlow.
William Westall Huntington.
Chauncy Strong.
Joseph W. Caldwell.

'65
Detroit, Mich.
Grand Rapids, Mich.
Benicia, Cal.
Chicago, Ill.
Platnoll, Mich.
Kalamazoo, Mich.
Weston, Mich.
Santa Anna, Cal.
South Haven, Mich.
Amsterdam, Holland.
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Austin George, Granville, Ohio.
John Lord Gilpatrick.
Marshall Laban Howell.
William George Howard.
Joshua Smith Lane.

'67
William Harrison Davis.
LeGrand Alexander Copley.
Austin George.
John Lord Gilpatrick.
Marshall Laban Howell.
William George Howard.
Joshua Smith Lane.

'69
Robert Dale Clark.
Howard Gordon Colman.
Henry Marshall Fish.
Julia Carey Price.

'70
Catharine Eldred Copley.
Reuben T. Stiles.
Elizabeth Tribble Wilson.

'71
Ella Osborne Adams.
Arthur Andrew Bleazby.
Nancy Rough Bensley.
Gordon Lee Minor.
William Loomis Münger.
Greer Peace Osborne.
William Henry Smith.
Augustus Joseph Ted.
Judson Vradenburg.
St. George Cook.

'72
Julia A. McFarlane.

'73
Albert Charles Kingman.
Reuben Eliaua Manning.
Theodore Nelson.

Frank A. Miner.
Lewis Stuart.

'74
Mary Allen Brown.
Sarah Howell Colman.
Riner Lionel Griffin.
Alma Burr Marsh.
Ellen Jean Williams McRae.
Leonard Call Barnes.
Mary Clark Barnes.

William Low Eaton.

'75
Adrian Wilson Amen.
Norman Henry Brokaw.

Hedon Benedict Colman.
Alexis Lahey.

'76
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Ypsilanti, Mich.
Granville, Ohio.

Kalamazoo, Mich.

Eureka, Cal.
Kalamazoo, Mich.
Republic, Kansas.

Leaside, Mich.

S. George Cook.

Julia A. McFarlane.

Battle Creek, Mich.

Chicago, Ill.

Lake Forest, Ill.

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'79
Charles Warren Barber, Robert Winters Kane, August Kent.

'80

'81

'82
Willis Anselm Anderson, John Wesley Tanner, Hu Pham Sheldon, Jacob Popen.

'83
Henry Herman Barber, Agnes Barney Smith, Frank Lewell Hayden, Allen Everett Cough, Charles Angus Elschi, Andrew George Fuller, Charles Henry Green, Frederick Herbert Britton, Sylvan Wescott, Barton James Eaton.

'84
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Detroit, Mich.
Detroit, Mich.

Kalamazoo, Mich.
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Syracuse, Mich.
Kalamazoo, Mich.
Providence, R. I.

Muskogee, Ind. Ter.
Bozeman, Mont.
Benton, Mich.

Toledo, Ohio.
Washington, D. C.
Newton, Iowa.
Evansville, Ind.

Kalamazoo, Mich.
Detroit, Ohio.

Kalamazoo, Mich.
Detroit, Mich.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

Groton, N. Dak.
Albany, Mich.
Marmory, So. Africa.
Shakopee, Minn. Wn.

Pamplin, N. Y.

Kalamazoo, Mich.
ALUMNI—Continued.

Ella Carman Sondericker, John Elza Cheney, Walter Hoag Merritt, Miner Cole Taft, Lyman Horatio Wood, John Edwin Kinnane,

Ellen Adelaide Kapp.

Margaret Chesney, John Wayland Davies, Elizabeth Fletcher Martin,


Sara Hutchins, Mary Hopkins Shillito.

Eugene Haines, Grant Martin Hudson, Charles J. Kortz, David Trumbull McGill, Leon Edgar Reed, John Eliza Smith, Caroline Maria Taylor, Summer Allen Remington,


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Gaylord, Mich., Natai, So. Africa,

Detroit, Mich., Ongole, India, Kalamazoo, Mich.,

Onaga, Ill., Mason City, W. Va., Vinukonda, India.


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Candt Walter Oakley, Kalamazoo, Mich.
William Carey Oldfield, Kalamazoo, Mich.
Margaret St. John Christianson, Prescott, Ariz.
Erwin Brigham Taft, Kalamazoo, Mich.
Arthur Francis White, Kalamazoo, Mich.

'95
Fannie Elizabeth Barrett, Kalamazoo, Mich.
Isabella Bennett Kurtz, Kalamazoo, Mich.
Frank Eugene Dayes, Kalamazoo, Mich.
James Bulver Fox, Kalamazoo, Mich.
Samuel Jasper Hall, Kalamazoo, Mich.
Almon J. Huchins, Kalamazoo, Mich.
Erwin Brigham Taft, Prescott, Ariz.
Arthur Francis White, Mason, Mich.

'96
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