To Kalamazoo College, Faculty,
Students, Alumni and
Friends,

Greetings

To the Junior Girls,

To you who ever sway men's lives,
By subtle hook or crook;
To you, our future wives,

We dedicate this book.
SHOULD you ask us how it happened,
Who proposed it at the outset,
Who it was that toiled and labored
Thought and wrote and talked and fabled,
That this book of college sketches,
Tales of students and of classes,
Grove professors, verdant freshmen,
Should present a truthful picture
Of Kame, our dear old college;
I would answer, I would tell you
'Twas the Junior Class who did it,
Did it with their toils and tomes;
Not for greater fame as scholars,
Not to show their mighty geniuses,
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 toil 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 sage
That have wandered from their calling,
Be those gentle, good, and kind,
'Tis the mirth of the Gods that "grind"
While the editors do the telling.

Reprint from the First Kalamazoo Junior Annual.

The Board of Editors, representing the Class of
1906 of Kalamazoo College, presents
the "Kodak" for 1904-5

We believe that every Junior Class should consider it a duty to
publish a Junior Book; the Class of 1906 has considered it a
privilege. Our endeavor has been to present a true picture of
college life. If, in any way, we have failed, judge us with
charity. Believing that the true function of a College Book is
to entertain, we have not neglected that department of fun and
merriment—Snap Shots or Grinds. We trust that no tender
hearts are wounded by these exposures. Even so, knowing the
spirit which prompted them, we offer no apologies, but have
nothing but sympathy for him who cannot laugh with the rest
and admit with true frankness "that's one on me."

So, we trust that the reader will find within these pages
something to laugh at, if a student of to-day; something to
awaken pleasant memories, if a student of yesterday; and some-
thing that will reveal the true college spirit, if a student of
morrow.

In conclusion, we thank all who by word of suggestion
have evinced an interest in the Kodak, and we are especially
grateful to any whose interest has assumed the more practical
form of work.
THE FACULTY

PRESIDENT

ARTHUR GAYLORD SLOCUM, LL. D.

Professor of Moral and
Moral Philosophy

A. B., University of Rochester, 1874;
A. M., ibid., 1877; LL. B., ibid., 1892;
Principal, Rochester Collegiate Institute,
1874-75; Principal, Riverside Collegiate
Institute, Wellsville, N. Y., 1875-76;
Superintendent of Schools and Principal of
Free Academy, Corning, N. Y., 1876-92;
President, Kalamazoo College, 1892.

Continued on next page
SAMUEL BROOKS, D. D.,
Charles Willard, Professor of the Latin Language and Literature.
J. B. Brown University, 1882; A. M., 1892
B. B., Franklin College, 1893; Instructor in Greek, Brown University, 1892-93;
Assistant in Hebrew, Newton Theological Institution, 1892; Pastor, Beverly, Mass., 1892-93;
Professor, North Attleboro, Mass., 1893-94; Pastor, West Roxbury, Mass., 1895-98; Professor of Latin, Kalamazoo College, 1898.

STILLMAN GEORGE JENKS, B. S.,
Professor of Chemistry and Physics.
B. S., University of Michigan, 1891; Instructor in Physical Sciences, Lansing High School, 1897-98; Assistant in Qualitative Chemistry, University of Michigan, 1898-91; Professor of Natural Sciences, Kalamazoo College, 1891.

CLARKE BENEDICT WILLIAMS, A. M.,
Professor of Mathematics.
A. B., Princeton University, 1890; A. M., 1892; J. S. B. Fellow, 1890-91; Instructor in Mathematics, 1890-91; Student, University of Gottingen, 1892-93; University of Leipzig, 1892-94; Professor of Mathematics, Kalamazoo College, 1894.

HERBERT LEE STEETON, D. D., LL. D.,
Professor of Psychology and Pedagogy.
B. D., Baptist Union Theological Seminary, 1881; B. D., The University of Chicago, 1900; A. B. Franklin College, 1886; B. D., 1889; Professor of History and Philosophy, and President, Des Moines College, 1888-1903; Lecturer, Psychology, University of Chicago, summer, 1891; Professor of Psychology and Pedagogy, Kalamazoo College, 1908.
GEORGE ABNER WILLIAMS,  
Ph.D.,  
Boord Professor of the Greek Language and Literature.  
A. B., Colgate University, 1880; A. M., 1881; Ph. D., 1884. Principal, Hamilton Union School, 1880-82; Instructor in Greek and History, Cook Academy, 1882-83; Principal, Vermont Academy, 1883-85; Instructor in Greek, Brown University, 1885-86; Classical Master, University School, Providence, R. I., 1886-89; Assistant Professor of Greek, Brown University, 1889. Instructor in History and Latin, Phillips Exeter Academy, 1890-92; Professor of Greek, Kalamazoo College, 1892.

ELIAS JOHN MACLEAN, A. M.  
Professor of the English Language and Literature.  
Ph.B., Kalamazoo College, 1874; A. B., 1875; A. M., 1884. Principal, High School, Kalamazoo, Mich., 1875-76; President, Colby Academy, 1876-80; Professor of English and Modern Languages, Michigan Agricultural College, 1880-90; Fellow in English, Johns Hopkins University, 1885-86; Student, University of Berlin, 1881-82; Professor of English and German, Utah State College, 1885-90; Professor of English Literature, 1890-1902; Professor of the English Language and Literature, Kalamazoo College, 1902.

ORLANDO CLARKE CHARLTON, A. M.  
Professor of Biology and Geology.  
B. S., Hawaii College, 1877; A. M., 1878. Graduate Student, Sheffield Scientific School, 1878-79; Wood's Hole, summer, 1880; University of Chicago, summer, 1895-96; Teacher, Public Schools, Indiana, 1878-80; Professor of Natural Sciences, Occidental College, 1882-84; Texas Normal College, 1891-92; Baker University, 1902-1907; Professor of Biology and Geology, 1897-1902. Kalamazoo College, 1902.

PETER A. CLAESSEN, A. B.  
Professor of German and French.  
A. B., Kansas State University, 1886; Teacher Public Schools, Kansas, 1884-87, 1891; Student, Germany, 1887-89; Switzerland and France (summers), 1897-1900; Instructor in German, Kansas State Normal, 1884-86; Professor of Modern Languages, South West Kansas College, 1890-1903; Graduate Student, University of Chicago (summers), 1898-1900; Professor of French, Kalamazoo College, 1902.
LUCY HOWARD-JOHNSON, A. M.,
Instructor in Latin and History.
Ph. B., University of Michigan, 1895; A. B., Radcliffe College, 1901; University of Chicago, Summer Quarters, 1895 and 1896; Graduate Student, Radcliffe College, 1900-01; Instructor, Kalamazoo College, 1903.

ELIZABETH AXTELL, A. B.,
Instructor in English and History.
A. B., Kalamazoo College, 1901; A. B., University of Chicago, 1902; Instructor in English and History, Kalamazoo College, 1903.

ELLA LOUISE FULTON, A. B.,
Instructor in Mathematics and German.
A. B., Kalamazoo College, 1907; A. B., University of Chicago, 1901; Instructor in Mathematics, Kalamazoo College, 1903.

MRS. E. A. READ,
Instructor in Piano, Organ and Harmony.
College Colors
Orange and Black

Class Colors

SENIOR
Black and Crimson

JUNIOR
Maroon and Blue

SOPHOMORE
Blue, Blue and White

FRESHMAN
Green and White

KALAMAZOO COLLEGE

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH, By A. D. A., '06

In response to a call for competent Baptist workers in the mission field of Asia, numerous attempts were made throughout the breadth of our land to establish schools for higher learning. These were to be denominational. Men, filled with the enthusiasm kindled in the Eastern States, went into the wilds of the western region with the immediate purpose of missionary work and teaching. Mr. Merrill had been in charge of a private preparatory school in Ann Arbor. Finding the eastern part of the state unfavorable for his plans, he pushed toward the west and, following an Indian trail, came upon one lone cabin which was to him as a bright hope destined to be ever after that for Kalamazoo.

After many solicitations and much labor, he secured a charter which resulted in establishing "The Michigan and Huron Institute." The location was not permanently secured until 1885, then through the subscription of twenty-five hundred dollars by its residence, an end for the weary log buildings was granted by Bronson, now Kalamazoo. A considerable tract of land was
purchased in what is now the south part of the city. There are two things in connection with the establishing of this college which makes it especially noted in our state. First, its charter handed the list of all that were granted to schools of classical learning, the university included; and also because it very early made arrangements for co-education. It had been long desirous of having a theological department, and, since this was provided by the charter, arrangements were made for the purchase of forty acres of land and for the plan of a building four stories high. The site is that now occupied by the college and the plan was that of the present dormitory structure.

Thus "The Kalamazoo Literary Institute" and the Seminary worked along legally independent lines for a number of years. The two shared the same building and received instruction under the same teachers. Rev. James A. B. Stone, who was pastor of the Baptist church, was the principal of the Institute and an instructor of the Seminary. Under the new charter of 1832 he was elected president and continued to thus serve until November, 1852.

Mrs. L. H. Stone had been the principal of a private school for women during a period of ten years. As a female department was incorporated with the college under the new charter, Mrs. L. H. Stone was called to resume the duties as a principal. Under this new provision the first floor of the college building was devoted to class-rooms and the chapel.

Signs of happier times were apparent in the securing, as members of the faculty, Edward Obrey, who was afterward called to a chair of mathematics in the Michigan University; and Daniel Putnam who was the acting president for one year, and later became connected with the State Normal. The average attendance was greatly increased. In 1839 the new, commodious building, originally intended for a woman's department, and known hence-forward as Kalamazoo Hall, was dedicated. This structure was built from the funds given by the citizens of Kalamazoo, Mr. Caleb Van Horn and other friends of the institution. Four years later, in November, Professor Stone resigned his office and was succeeded by Professor Anderson as acting president.

Mrs. L. H. Stone also relinquished her duties as principal.

To the casual observer it seemed fitting that, since the college had been sanctioned and aided through the efforts of a Democratic government, it should at this time give some of its results to hollow the memory of those who had struggled for its existence. The war called seventeen students to an early grave while serving on the field. Many more shared the martyr's crown on account of wounds or contracted disease. The sweetness and bitterness in the college history during the following years becomes very interesting to us. The details, however, must be omitted. We have come to know that its stability has been secured and maintained through countless struggles and the faith and aid of its friends. The war brought financial depression. Disappointment after disappointment ensued.

The success lies, to a certain extent, as the result of heroic efforts of the presidents and those workers closely allied with them. In 1849 Dr. Samuel Brooks became professor of Latin and is now the beloved patriarch for he still holds the position on the faculty. Following Dr. Gregory's presidency Dr. Kendall Brooks held the office for nineteen years. These two were succeeded by Dr. Munson A. Wilcox, the Rev. Theodore Nelson, D. D., and Dr. Arthur G. Slocum. During Dr. Brooks' term of service the Ladies Hall was built, the success of which was greatly stimulated by the tireless efforts of Miss Chase and her fellow workers.

Dr. Slocum's devotion to the college is well known. The bare facts of his administration stand out as guides to even more glorious prospects. The finances have been improved, the endowment increased, the affiliation with Chicago secured and the average attendance enlarged. Bowen Hall stands as an evidence of Dr. Slocum's labors and love for the cause. It is very fitting that we, representing the oldest of Michigan's colleges, should ever lend its praises and freely offer our aid and support for its future.
THE Prizes and Fellowships which were awarded during the past year were as follows: The Sherwood prize is given for the best delivery of a declamation by a Freshman at a public contest. The first prize was won by C. L. Williams, Jr., of Orleans, Va.; and the second prize by Camp C. Thomas of Ovid, Mich. The Cooper prize is given for the best delivery of an oration at the Junior contest. Miss Stella Fisher of Tokio, Japan, was awarded the first prize and C. S. Horns of Bay City, Mich., the second prize. The L. C. Lull prize for the best oration at Commencement was won by Miss Minnie May Shew, Kalamaano.

Prizes were also awarded in four different departments for excellence in class work during the year. Two prizes in Mathematics, one for Freshmen and one for Sophomores, were offered by Mrs. Mary C. Miller of Kalamaano. These were awarded to D. C. Holton of Jackson, Mich., and Miss Edsel Shandrow, Kalamaano. The Marvin G. Hodge prize in Philosophy was won by Miss Alice Pomeroy, Kalamaano, and H. C. Marvin of Augusta, Mich. The German prize offered by Hon. Sam Fols was awarded to Miss Ora Scott of Oskalo, Japan. Mr. Joseph P. De Kans was given the Chemistry prize offered by Hon. Albert M. Todd, Kalamaano.

The University of Chicago grants each year three Fellowships to members of the graduating class. Last year these were awarded to Miss Ada Hoebke, Kalamaano, H. C. Marvin of Augusta, Mich., and Miss Alice Pomeroy, Kalamaano.

RULES AT LADIES' HALL

Carefully compiled for the Kodak by
R. L. L.

Miss Ella Louise Fulton
Mrs. Archibald Wheaton

MRS. ARCHIBALD WHEATON

1. Domestic Conduct

1. The young ladies will remain in their own rooms from 7:00 till 9:30 p.m. Every girl has a right to demand absolute quiet during study hours.

2. The young ladies are requested not to keep all stoves, or to use their lamps for purposes of cooking, as this involves unnecessary ex-
I. Social Duties

1. At Wednesday night receptions, the young ladies must endeavor to entertain as many young gentlemen as possible. A social group of only two is not in good form.

II. Public Conduct

1. The young ladies should avoid being conspicuous in any way, or exciting comment. They must not indulge in conversation with young gentlemen in the corridors of Bowen Hall.
2. The young ladies must not linger on the way home from church. This is to be expected only of nursery-maids and kitchen-girls.
3. The young ladies are not expected to leave the parlor during a reception by means of the windows on the front porch.
4. The young ladies, upon arriving home from church, must come immediately into the house. Groups of living stationary do not add to the landscape.
5. The young ladies must not embrace each other in the Reception Hall or in Chapel. This is exceedingly bad form and exerts a harmful influence upon the young gentlemen.

III. Social Duties

1. The young ladies should wear the young gentlemen having classes to the preceptress not to call at the Hall, unless they are so far gone as to be unable of their standings.
2. The young ladies should endeavor to be entertaining to the bashful young men sitting next them in the dining room. It is a mark of culture to be able to make stupid people talk.
3. The young ladies will notify gentlemen callers that the Hall is closed at ten o'clock. It humiliates the preceptress to be obliged to inquire if they expect to remain for breakfast.

IV. Pertaining to Co-education

1. The young ladies are considered able to attend church on Sunday morning if they expect to go with gentlemen in the evening.
2. Young ladies who make friends of men who seem undesirable to the preceptress will be promptly dealt with and their parents notified.
3. The young ladies must not accept the escort of men on the way home from their classes. There are enough other opportunities afforded for co-educational research.
4. The young ladies must remember that the Reception room is at no time to be turned into a study hall for the young gentlemen.
5. And the young lady who talks with a young gentleman on two successive days is desired to communicate with the preceptress, who will furnish her with a tract on "Trifling with the Affections."
6. The young ladies must never be seen on that declivity commonly designated as "Dorm Hill."
7. Young ladies from the north, when entertaining callers, should remember that it is seldom so cold in Kalmarano as to necessitate feminine assistance in pluming together a coat collar.
8. Any young lady who appears in public with the same young man three times in succession must present to the preceptress a certificate of her engagement, signed by the parents of both parties.
9. Young ladies should omit the preceptress in regard to the curbing of their affections. She will always be a person who has their interests at heart and who has herself escaped all masculine sures.
1. Hall lamps go out at ten. Men entering the dormitory after that time must stumble in the dark.

2. Outside doors are never locked. Freshmen getting in late will please pound on the stairs with a club provided for that purpose, so that upper classmen may know.

3. Nothing but nice clean water shall be thrown from the windows.

4. Ducking is encouraged in the spring, except that there must be no ducking on Friday nights nor Sundays.
   Notes: Although not prohibited, it is unwise to duck a "Prof."

5. No lamps shall be filled in the daytime.

6. No room work shall be done often than once a week.

7. Whenever stag parties are held in the first floor corner rooms, it is well to bolt the door.

8. No Euodolphin meetings shall be held in the dormitory.
A Freshman after His First Visit to Ladies' Hall

A dish of fudge, thyself so fair,
Thy tempting lips so near,
I wish no Paradise to come,
For Paradise is here!

EVEN'S NOTE. Written by the "Moon." Probably from experience.

CLASSES
ROLL

Jessie Hoyt Alen, A.
Clarence Spencer Burns, A.
Alice Mae Cressett, Ph.
Clora Emma Davis, A.
Susan Dorothy Ellison, Ph.
Stella Cornelia Fisher, Ph.
Arlie Naomi Fletcher, Ph.
Esther McIntyre Harvey, Ph.
Paul Jenson Hemeny, A.
Mary Elizabeth Honn, Ph.
Zoe Eileen Hutchins, Ph.
Florence Rowena Lovejoy, Sc.
Lena Lovett
Xenia Blanche Mason, Ph.
Margaret Morgan, Ph.
Frances May Newton, Ph.
Bertha Power, Ph.
Mark Francis Sadborn, A.
John Howard Stichter, A.
Sidney Davis Strong, A.
Sabra Lillian Young, Ph.

Kalamazoo
Bay City
Wellington, O.
Kalamazoo
La Grange, Ind.
Tokio, Japan
Goldsvile
Paw Paw
Grand Rapids
Almont
Fennville
Flint
Hamilton, N. Y.
Paw Paw
Pekagon
Kalamazoo
Fruit Ridge
Flushing
Omagia, Ill.
Kalamazoo
Ganges
OFFICERS

President: Mark Frank Sanborn
Vice President: Susan Dorothy Ellison
Secretary: Margaret Morgan
Treasurer: Sidney Davis Strong

COLORS
Black and Crimson

YELL
Black and Crimson, Long Live!
Kalamazoo College, Naughty Six!
KODAK

UNIOR CLASS

ROLL

Ada Dot Allen, Sc.
Florence M. Amos, A.
Marcia Phillips Baker, Ph.
Irene May Beam, Ph.
Helen Louise Bryant, A.
Harvey Garland Burns, Sc.
Raymond Prank Casper, Ph.
Clarke John Dot Jr., Ph.
James Bartlett Edmondson Jr.
Elizabeth Lotus Fairley, Ph.
Royal Hugh Fisher, A.
Lilian Fernley Gibson, A.
Allen Morgan Goddard, Sc.
Rachel Ann Harris, Ph.
Jessie Brown Hayne, A.
George William Helm, A.
Ralph Bowen Hopkins, Ph.
Bernard Lyman Johnson, Sc.
Ruth Lonnie Lamb, A.
Bruce Haynor Lashley, Ph.
George E. Sherrill Lowry, A.
Ernest McCabe, A.
Clarice Annes McEddy, A.
Jay Milton Minar
Elmer Lassford Moore, Sc.

Clinton
Kalamazoo
Lawton
Kalamazoo
Bay City
Wabash, Ill.
Walnut, Ill.
Knoxville, Ia.
Kalamazoo
Tokio, Japan
Kalamazoo
Augusta
Manlius, N. Y.
Lawton
Dayton Plains
South Bend, Ind.
Lapeer
Trenton, N. J.
Hopkins
Wabash, Ind.
Bay City
Kalamazoo
Mason
Wabasso City, Ia.
Conclusion of Roll

By T. T. P. (’06)

A coming years that cause the philosopher mind
To marvel over the deeds of all humanity,
This question fraught with great significance will rise,
"Why on the hill a Bowen Hall was built?"
In accents clear victorious voices will respond
That mighty Hall arose for naughty six's sake.

The brilliancy of genius seldom is perceived
When first its presence graces the sight of mortal men,
For modesty and conscious merit make it dumb.
Those, naughty six, far from the will of common man,
In nineteen hundred two prepared to occupy
That far famed sea-lf of learning, grand old Kalamazoo.
Both Rhaps and Seniors joined in scathing ridicule.
On hand to see what youthful impulse might attempt,
But surely we were much more scored against than—wrong.
And rarer, too, made many hearts with fear thump loud:
"Twas said, a straight laced Prof. in Math took great delight,
In peeling simple complex, finite infinite.
Shade leaves on a grain of sand, lines portly made,
Made Algebra look hard that it might easier see.
And oft we saw—great mystery beyond our ken—
While sitting passive, mental blackboards well erased.
And sometimes complete, we making right side up—
\[
\begin{align*}
4 - 5 &= 36 - 25 - 10 \\
4 &= 1 - 5 \\
\end{align*}
\]
The Prof. with perfect ease could make 4 = 5.
Perhaps by waiting just one flood of sunlight more.
Those lines would terminate with pouring in process.
Alias these chambers where a good man met his fate,
Where many there were called up, but few arose.
For always doors failed to bear them stilly up.
And often times would vocal chords their duty fail,
False arguing deficient gray within the brain.
Oh, pitiful fate! Why in vain the earnest search.
The student never in his resting hours
And ever but in time of direst need at hand.
Others were in our most needful hours would come
To us with sage advice and well intended aims.
And from whose kindly lips fell golden grains of truth.
With whom we walked in convivial lasting long—
Yet never can we their inspired words forget
So long as college days in memory remain.

The tree of wisdom with the inner life mounts up,
And thoughts that mend the inner man begin their growth
Deep down within prospective Freshman brain.
So from apparent worthless does greatness come,
Until the soph with comprehension deep grasps all.

But superstitions wisdom seems who interlopes,
And haughtily maintains its self sufficiency;
Adversely, however, proceeds the dust.
And oft in falling, easily may be removed.
The seeming greater from the newer doubled less.
Thus from our rival classmates once upon a time
Was planted their vanity—and from each a friend.
Festivities were sadly marred by clouds of gloom.
And confession was perceived on each sad face.
The visages were striking base—remarkable.
Resemblance to the colors of that godless class—
All black with ember, red—height crescent moon’s effect.
But useful heart—All hope that time may never reveal
Here we successfully prepared with brush and paint.
To harmonize and blend the dark red and the black.

Experience instructs us quickly to reform
All ill conceived acts. Again when autumn leaves
Had changed their tints from green to rust, purple, gold.
A wise hand returned to Screen Hall, resolved
No longer to confuse distinguished characters.
Consider Seniors members of the faculty.
Nor think with Shakespeare’s doom to write didactic plays.
Which would the thought of generations yet to come.

We would not pull our cars within the bow and float,
Nor blindly ply the tasks we could not avoid.
But rather declensions seemingly were made,
Viewed unadorned Freshman with disdain.
Appreciation fully college spirit true,
Regarded coming years with undisguised delight.
When on the chapel stage our thoughts seldom display—
And now behind their books exclaims—How soon the end?

But now delightful task to redeem the mind.
To show that man is worth only the record made.
But more pertinent resolve this—not he
Who’s first in rank, but foremost in capacity.
For joining in liberry and glories birth
With him who sets attention to his own applause,
Was recognized as brilliancy’s successful child.

Now earnest study did we properly pursue,
Applied one being wholly to all things required.
Resisted inclinations for delight with ease.
And always made each night joint laborer with day.
But oh! there night which makes or breaks one’s quills.
With maintaining three months’ work by one lamp’s blaze.
Ambitious, even aspiring, some forebode because;
And in the middle of the course they took exams.
Not mentioned in the catalogue, to pass— the time
Away—yet sometime pass to some another day.
But lives of students facility remind us still.
Of many slips in satisfying marks and fumbles.
And hardships inconceivable boast the path.
From middle term exams to highest for heights of A.
But he is not who always been in solitude,
Ignoring recreation's just demands.
Let Juniors tell men how to mingle both
The lesson with the event, hard labor with deeper
Those many happy evenings starting with a game.
A feast, concluding with a pull, well demonstrate
That Juniors stand for true constancy.
As well as scholarship and intellectual strength.
The world has seen the glory of this class, taught six,
And all have heard undoubtedly of deeds well done.
All land the honors of this greatest Junior class.
In aim, in being, in courage it is ever best.
On diamond and on golden its power felt,
But ever on class records shall its greatness rest.
The future saw confidant as reared in darkness deep.
To not to pierce the dim unknown beyond,
Whatever shall befall before the struggle's won.
For glorious advancement toward fame's rocky heights,
We are resolved to rightly manifest.
The spirit of the institution to all men.
Conclusion of Roll

KODAK

Class of Nineteen Hundred and Seven
Concluded

KODAK

Paul Clifford Stetson
Harry Brown Stevens
Gordon Little Stewart
Olive Persifore Stroutter
Gertrude Isabel Taylor
Ethel May Todd
Grace Helen Turner
Alice Elizabeth Vincent
John Earl Walker
Bernice May Warren
Charles Lewis Williams, Jr.
Winifred Winnett
William Henry Wright

Kalama7.oo
Bad Axe
Kalamazoo
Peru, Ind.
Kalamazoo
Kalamazoo
Kalamazoo
Coldwater
Kalamazoo
Orleans, Va.
Bay City
Okemos

OFFICERS

President: PAUL CLIFFORD STETSON
Vice President: VERA MILICENT MUFFLEY
Secretary: PEARL IRENE DAVIDSON
Treasurer: LEONARD APPLEDOH
Sergeant: MAURICE KATON POST

COLORS

Yale Blue and White

YELL

Rap a ham a! Rap a ham a!
Zip boom bah!
Hip a ham a! Hip a ham a!
Rap a ham a! Hip a ham a!
Rap a ham a! Hip a ham a!
Zip a ham a!
Rap a ham a!

Nineteen seven, Kalamazoo!
MR. P. C. STETSON presents
The Sophomore Vaudeville Company
In Its First Appearance on Any Stage
Continuous Performance from 9 to 9 daily

Stage Manager and Box Manager: MR. H. H. STEVENS

1. URL. M. FOX
CHARLES H. PROBERT
In their Great Double Combination Act

2. POST and PUFFER, Clowns and Burnt Cork Comedians

3. J. SAXTON COOPER
Assisted by Giovannina Daviess and Eugenia Kiddell, in a touching one-act tragedy, HE IS THERE

4. FAITH HUNTER DODGE, Oracle and Child Wonder
Will read an original Latin poem entitled Omnia Nostro

5. HOWARD WESLEY DUNN
In his soul-inspiring monologue, THE OASIS

6. TODDY TODD
WINCE WINNET
The Twins
Popular Songs, We Have a Show of Our Own

7. GERTRUDE TAYLOR
JABEZ BURNS
Pantomime, THE ONLY WAY

"BOLEROSE," Advertising Agent

WORKS

Marshall
Kalamazoo
Kalamazoo
Oshkosh
Malbon, Ill.
Kalamazoo
Bay City
Kalamazoo
Kalamazoo
Kalamazoo
Kalamazoo
Syracuse
Hershey
Midland
Tyre
Scotts
Scotts
Coldwater
Tecumseh
La Moile, Ill.
Waukegan, Wis.
Marceline
Plainwell
South Haven
Plainwell
Clinton, La.
Hicklin
Almont
Ganges
Conclusion of Roll

KODAK

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>City</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Dorothy Cecil Jewett</td>
<td>Richland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Raphael Kato</td>
<td>Osaka, Japan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grover Henry Kimmerle</td>
<td>Cassopolis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Howard J. Kimmerle</td>
<td>Cassopolis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jennie Susan Lane</td>
<td>Bloomington</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Louise Lamphurst</td>
<td>New Buffalo</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Winifred La Tourette</td>
<td>Fenton</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frank B. Lay, Jr.</td>
<td>Kalamazoo</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Swann Lundskold</td>
<td>Kalmazoo</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>James Ellis Napp</td>
<td>Kalamazoo</td>
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<td>Edward Leonard Woogans</td>
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<td>Maurice Young</td>
<td>Fensville</td>
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Class of Nineteen Hundred and Eight

Concluded

KODAK

OFFICERS

President: ELMORE W. PHELPS
Vice President: SARAH LOUISE HALLOCK
Secretary: WINIFRED LATOURETTE
Treasurer: HERBERT ELDRINGE

COLORS

Green and White.

YELL

Hah! Hah! Hah! Hah!
Hah, Hah, Hah!

Hah! Hah! Hah! Hah!
Hah, Hah, Hah!

Kalamazoo

Freshmen: Freshmen!
Naughty-eight

UNCLASSIFIED STUDENTS

MARY ELIZABETH BAXBY
JOHN HENRY CARSTENS
ALICE CHILD
WESLEY DAVIS CLAPP
JAMES HENRY GAYNOR
SOKUMI NOGI
FRANK FITZGERALD

Kalamazoo
Kalamazoo
Kalamazoo
Kalamazoo
Tokio, Japan
Kalamazoo

REPARATORY DEPARTMENT

PHILIP BADEN
WILLIAM EARNEST BALCH
VICTOR WILLIAM BERKNER
SUNNY DELOS BOOTH
JAMES THOMAS BURNS
FRANK MOSES BUSHOBUR
PAUL ASWORN DANIELS
PERCY LOUIS DAVIS
HORACE BROCKWAY DAVIES
FRANKLIN JAMES DEXMOND
LEXI MACK DE WATERS
JACK JOHN DIXSON
OLIVE ANN DURLEYS
FRANK ERNE GAUGER
PHILIP ADAM GLASS
THOMAS FRANCIS GLEASON
RAMONA PETER GRONOW
ANNIE NOBEL HODSON
HUBERT RAY HURSTON
HARRY HENRY IRISH
WILLIAM ALONSO JOSEPH
HALLIE NATHAN KENNEY
FRANK FAULX MCNAIR
HELEN FLORA MCMASTEN
JUDSON PERECK MOORE
LEWIS LORENZO PHILLIPS

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Kalamazoo
Pavilion, N. Y.
Preparatory Department

Conclusion of Roll

KODAK

JAMES GARFIELD PRESTAGE
JOHN SMALL
RICHARD GEORGE TAYLOR
HELEN MARIAN TAYLOR
CLYDE WARES
SOLROSE JEFFREY WILLIAMSON
RAY WILSON WOODARD
MAYNARD OWEN WILLIAMS

Kalamazoo
Detroit
Clinton
Kalamazoo
Kalamazoo
Wallingford, Jamaica
Kalamazoo
Kalamazoo

TIME

EXPOSURES

?? NINETEEN HUNDRED AND ??
KODAK

KALAMAZOO

College Kodak grinds the others, too.

---

POOR RICHARD

FOR THE LEAP YEAR, 1904,
AND THE NEXT YEAR THEREAFTER

A Philosophical Treatise on Contemporaneous Morals
Fully revised by the SMITHERJOHNSONS in Taeke No. 9 Dormitory*

GENTLE READER, whether student or instructor—we must
be honest and say that we have been remiss in our
outlook. There are some students who have fallen into
great errors, and we believe that these errors have
arisen from the fact that we have not been sufficiently
vigorous in our teaching. It is our duty to point out
these things as they are.

1. WHO so taketh offence, showeth a lack of sense.

2. *With the old always and the old year,
Leave thy old views, the' ever so dear.*

A S is very well known the class of 1904 has been characterized through-
out its course by a great unity of spirit. The fact is to be deplored that
this trait is sorely lacking in subsequent classes. Canst thou not discover
the cause?

The college course is divided into four parts. The first should be filled
with noise and mischief, with class Scrapes and class parties: the second
should be devoted to the confusion of the Freshmen and to the reformation of
the Faculty; in the third, class unity having been secured, the student
should

*Note: All suggestions or complaints should be addressed to President Rose of the
Prohibition League.

---
Poor Richard, for the Leap Year, 1904, and the Year Thereafter

appears to make up for the past and to lay in store for the future; during the
last nothing is needed but to wear the Dignity and to fall in Love.
It is a sorry fact that this program has not been rigidly followed. It
takes a strong and brave heart to persist in class strife in the face of faculty
discouragement and oft repeated threats of expulsion. Yet class strife is the
natural and proper outlet for the Animal spirits of the lower classes. It is
certainly far ahead of the Dormitory cards and house fighting of last year.
The discovery of the "Lunch Club" at that time should not have been a sur-
prise to the management; for it was but the logical outcome of the fixed
policy of repression. No class spirit was developed, none was permitted,
and what otherwise would have been mere innocent mischief, was perverted
into something more serious.
No class unity was built up, and without class unity nothing of value
can be accomplished, no matter how strong a class may be individually.
To sum up:
Class unity should be encouraged.
Class strife is necessary for class unity.
Class strife should be encouraged.

This to the Juniors:
"In success be moderate."

This to the Others:
"There have been as great souls unknown to fame as any of the most
famous."

A Few Questions a Friend of the College Might Propound
Would a true college man fail to develop his moral nature?
Would a broad minded ministerial student always wear a long face?
Would a true college man ever dirty athletics?
Would a broad minded Faculty ever discourage athletics?
Would a far-sighted Board of Trustees ever fail to support athletics?
Would a sensible literary society ever drag "politics" into other
branches of college life?
Would an ideal College Faculty ever show a pride in narrowness?

Now: This last is worthy of much more extended treatment.

Keep your eyes and ears open, your book closed.

Dormitory Ritual

From a hard master and a tough exam;
An empty mail box and a fireproof man;
From banquet fees paid from an empty purse;
From a long lesson and a bulky "fume;" From a locked room with its mandate "bed;"
From the morning "alter" with itsacking head;
From the grumbling girl, whether she be;
From each of these, good Lord, deliver me.

Freshmen and melons are hard to know.
Peaches are easily told.

Precie works wonders now and then;
Rebold! John Cooper a pious man.

Whoever would discuss problems with Hes may be prepared to go in
pursuit of vanishing fractions.

Make your date for the Banquet when you will; but clap your oppo-

tunity when you can.

It must be an honest man who would disregard or anticipate the psycho-
logical moment.

One may keep a secret, unless that one be a sorority girl.

"Reader, farewell! all happiness attend thee;
May each new year bette" and richer than this!"

"Poor Richard," '04
**SOME MORE TIME EXPOSURES**

**KODAK**

**Midnight's Wealth**

Oh, midnight's wealth!

Thy sky so thickly set with jewels fair,

Thy beauty we admire.

Yet, we'd be glad to see thy sparkling gems,

Yes, man would ever love them,

To hold them in his grasp,

To chain them fast to what he calls his own,

But God ordered not us.

He placed the stars beyond man's reach,

He set the heavens high.

To give their beauty and their light,

Till time shall cease to roll.

*Carl M. Fox*

X

There was a young man named Guignier

Who stalked down South Park every day

And the Doctor was wrath

That one of the clubs

Should pursue such a frivolous way.

X

**The Don't-Worry Club**

In these strenuous days it is imagined that people do not take life coolly enough. There is a bright prospect to the contrary, notwithstanding.

The normal mind would suppose that scarcely a living human being would feel himself eligible to join such a posthumous spasm of the imagination as a Don't-Worry Club. Some semi-freak of nature conceived the idea of organizing such a society. No one should be eligible except former college men who were meeting something in life besides that huge black monster called seriousness.

He advertised for members. Next day the mail was made a special trip to the freak's residence in a little automobile weighed down with letters. Nearly every man in that section, who had whiled away time in college halls, was anxious to be a member.

Suffice it to say, the society was duly formed and the first program followed:

---

**How Speedway Street was Named, . By Penfionos Noes**

"If there be any person who has no knowledge of that historical highway, Speedway Street, let him fall asleep. (Very few fell.) I was personally acquainted with its naming, therefore I speak with authority. In my younger years I attended a college situated on a high and beautiful hill in the low and beautiful city which contains Speedway Street. The premises of this college consisted principally of two divisions—the Freshmen and Sophomore classes. Three factions never loved each other in public any more than good etiquette would allow. Despite this apparent hostility they often got together.

One evening in the early autumn the Freshmen faction held a party to form more perfect unions. At that time I was strongly affiliated with the Sophomore. Several of us Sophomores were out strolling that evening for our health. On our way we happened to walk right up to the house where the Freshmen were gathered. Several of them we wished to see. They always looked to us. We stepped to the door and politely invited them to a little private interview outside. For the next few minutes nearly everything came our way. First, a horde of Freshmen, a society of peace-loving citizens, and finally the police. In the early part of our interview several intelligent Freshmen inaugurated a general motion. Psychologists have studied long to determine what thought currents turned this body of peaceful Freshmen into a seething, howling band of Savages. So that it may, our degraded ranks began retreating as fast as good physical form would allow. Some people speak of it as the Battle of the Brooms. I can see no analogy between the two conflicts, but one of our men started hot toward another part of the city before the general retreat began. He had an engagement over there which he had forgotten. Several Freshmen resolved to go with him. They followed him long as he kept in sight. When last they saw him he appeared like a little white streak jumping into the bottom. And, now, gentlemen, the avenue along which this class took place was ever afterward known as Speedway Street."

Next on the program was a discourse by Otto Pefferman, a noted relic of Down the Pike Days. He lectured long and earnestly on the immortality of the soul. He proved, by a carefully connected process of reasoning, that the soul is immortal and showed why it ought to be. He also depicted the grandeur of the life beyond. When he had done talking everyone doubted that the soul is immortal, and everyone hoped that his own, at least, was not.

Bruce Weighes gave an enjoyable discourse in French on the fruits of ten years spent in college. This was the classical number of the program. Everyone enjoyed it except two Freshmen.

Frank Flaskes gave a strong emotion that he had been more than twenty years in preparing.

Seven more short numbers completed the program. A business meeting was called. Nearly every one thought the new club had favorable prospects. A former professor of Greek, however, thought there was not enough dignity in the program. A former professor of English joined issue with him and said there was not enough hilarity. This started a sharp discussion and a few jamps were broken.

A former professor of mental and moral subjects, whose words bore great weight, said that he could express no opinion. He said that when the first
sleept.

They recommened that this one and that one be expelled who had already entered, and that many others be not permitted to enter. When they had done recommending there were not enough members left to furnish a program. Their recommendations will be voted on at the next meeting.

R. L. G.

A Sonnet

Oh, Larry, weak and gentle little beast!
Those lonesome ones, who pass along the way,
Would fan malcs, thy shaggy coat, and say
The few attractions long ago have ceased
To gladden hearts, and prove a beast.

For eyes to look upon; and yet the day
Is still to come when thou wilt not obey
The call of even him who loves thee best,
Thus dog! Thy wagging ears and wriggling tail,
Thy soft brown eyes and eager joyous look,
To me have ever brought a message gay,
Of trust and welcome that will never fail,
So I encourage thee, though all seems dark.
To hope, for every dog shall have his day.

R. L. L. '06

Old Kazoo

When I'm feeling rather homesick and I've nothing much to do,
I recall the college fellows and I think of old Kazoo.
Many times we sat the Doctor with our effrontery tricks:
Naughty class our Presy thought so—naughty class of naughty six:
Naughty class of naughty six
Class forever in a mix.
Those were always something doing in the class of naughty six.
We put in some telling links,
Quite of all of Presy's blinks.
Folks that stagnate in a college make us semi-beauties.
Can't forget the dear old Doctor and his ultra-morose cough,
When he’d clear his rusty harp like he’d clear a table off.

And we knew just what was coming—some nutritious mental food
To rebuild our starving brainlets and dispel the lethargy—
Serenade to renovate
Each colt-welsh student past.
Still see him in the chapel with the flag-top of fame,
Pointing at the anxious crew
Swooning or crying in.
Still see his finger leveled at the students of Kazoo.
Worry journey had the student when he burned the midnight oil.
Risky read the former placed something in the sweat of toil.
Less per chance he rode a palfrey through the dingy paths of Greek,
Or bore a Latin pony (Hindu and Nordic) passing meek—
Pleasant poet of the dorm—
How I lived his espiye form.

Still I hear those poet's wriggling in their stalls throughout the dorm—
Crazy dorm of old Kazoo,
Frizid housewifed through.

While the column dropped to zero and the heat went up the line.
Such a flood of haunting visions beating back on mem'ry's wall;
Visions of the maine angel who adorned at Ladies' Hall.
There were some that I made love to in an unsworthy way.
Oh, their names I don't remember—it was just a passing play.
Passed the open bookie would last.
Sweetest mem'ry mortal has.
But the curtain was descended and the comedy was past.
Mary loves of old Kazoo,
Tender grace, gentle eyes.
But the curtain has descended and the comedy is through.

See the ghosts of former pleasures trooping past you in the gloom.
Hear the ghastly echoes moving from the rooks of pines'v tomb.
Hear the shuffle of the past's boards, hear the gliding of the feet.
Hear the spectral huron's moving to the moist'syly-lined bent.

Note the license to our queen—
To our Lady Nefastus.
See her gypsy fingers beckoning through the years that intervene.
She is fearfully calling you
To your haunts to old Kazoo.
See her phantom fingers beckoning to the halls of old Kazoo.
So tonight I'm sadly yearning to return to old Kazoo,
Just to listen on the campus as I once was wont to do.
Just to wander through the buildings in the atmosphere benign,
Just to see old tryling places for the sake of "wild long yawn"—
Secret trim for only two.

Coveet place of reverie
To make the environs vigilant of our teachers in Kazoo—
Faculty, whom quite a few
Were compelled to interview.
And then depart for other places far removed from old Kazoo.

"The Monk of Patty Hill."
A Warning to the Tender Ones

He came to paint bright red, bright red,
The buildings of Kansas.
He soon departed sheepishly,
His face a somber blue.

So, Freshmen, don't begin, begin,
Shocking to the sky.
As sure as you live the powers that be
Will catch you now and defy.

You must become a man, a saint.
If you desire success.
And then, perseverance some day you'll be
As great a man as he.

Time "Monk" '06.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going to Latin, sir," she said.
"May I please go with you, pretty maid?"
"Not weal, sir, at," she said.

Freshmen '97, Sophomores '83

Class Championship decided on Oct. 32d

One of the most keenly contested games ever played on the local gridiron, the long winded Sophomores went down in defeat, before the strong lugged representatives of verdant '97. From start to finish it was a fight to the death, the wrangle never ceasing 'til every man was laid out, speechless, exhausted.

The Freshmen, bearing aloft their appropriate colors, green and white, arrived on the field two hours early - so as to be on time. The Sophomore were twenty minutes late. '97 advanced, bearing the class emblem of the knotted rope and singing the class song, "We have been to Puller Head-quarters." They halted in the center of the field; and the team lined up for signal practice. "Vain hope!" A strong breeze had set in from the south-west; and it was impossible to make any headway. After ten minutes of vigorous practice the Sophs. were literally blown back over their own goal line, for a safety.

Meanwhile the Freshmen, understanding better the science of class games, were reviewing their arguments and rehearsing their yells.

At 8:45 a moment's occasion of the confusen announced the beginning of the game. Strauseneyer kicked off with a spirited harangue on the valor of '97. Phelps returned the ball three yards (against the wind) by means of a strong personal argument. The controversy then became general. Vitreous trick plays alternated with straight abrasive line back. The points rolled in thick and fast, overwhelming the score keepers. Darkness, fatigue and hoarseness put an end to the slaughter. The final score, '97-83, is only approximate.

The teams lined up as follows:

'97

Phillips
Des Jardins
Wilder
Vanmeter
Gavin
Wailes
Manley
Wright
J. 0. Shock
Johnson
Kato
Carstens
Grover

'07

Stevens
Lindskold (Capt.)
Lowery

Freshmen Prize Orator, Elmore Phelps. Sophomore Prize Orator, Otto Stratuseneyer. Umpire, R. J. MacEwan. Referees, A. 0. Slovan.


Reported by "Bicolor," special Kodak correspondent.

The Senior Matrimonial Bureau

Now the Seniors held a council. Held a grave and serious council.

As which many brave were present.

For the question was a grave one,

And involved a costly number.

Long they pondered and debated.

Aye, and argued, almost unbridled.

Whether they should have a party.

Where they all should find amusement.

[10]
But at length they quite decided
To go riding on the street cars,
To a bonfire, not too far distant,
Where they'd get a hearty supper,
And could have a jolly time.
But the riding—ah, the riding:
For such fun should have a badge;
And there were so many ladies,
And so few—no few of ladles.
There would be so many benedicts
With their flowers and birds and lace.
And so few of shining, shapely pipes,
And of derbies and of slouch hats.

Then there were forth all the wise ones,
Who should find a way to makeseen.
Whereby all should have a partner,
A companion or a suitor.
And the plan was that the ladies,
Not should whisper to the wretches
The fair name of him she wanted;
Picked from out the college number.

But the girls declared they would not,
Blushing meanly, but and softly.
Never would they do it—never,
If they never had a suitor.

And the wise ones, for their wisdom:
Heedfully the girls did converse,
But they all flocked together
To the class room of the Seniors.
Where they sat upon the benches,
With a pencil and a paper.
And they named the men of college,
Who were jolly and were gracious,
Who would like to go among them,
And enjoy their Senior wages.

Then the list was handed over,
To a man both brave and tactful,
Who would dare to do the selecting.
And invite them to their party.
And he wrote the list so weighty
In his leather-covered note book.
And it was, that blushing note book.
Surely all of you have seen it.
Then he caught the startled Juniors,
Who were jolly and were gracious.
Some of them were more than willing,
Even anxious to assist them.
Others, being very busy.
Thought they really couldn't make it.

But for these there were inducements,
Extra fun and jolly feasts—
Senior girls are Candy Musette.
So, much be it to the glory
Of persistence and courage:
All the girls who were called Seniors
Had a suitor or companion.
Or a partner—as you like it.
Now to all the other classmates,
Who know not the way to do it—
Let this be a bright example.
Which shall help you to discover
How to even up your number,
How to get your pretty maiden,
On your brightly, find a partner,
On a suitor or companion;
Just as you may choose to call it.

This association state event was
Devolved to the editor by R. B. E., '06.

To the Freshmen
Freshmen with the glorious men,
Words can't tell our sorrow keen
Thou art such a virile green.

Thou, whose looks out-grown the grass,
Art a mark of that mass—
This year's verdant freshman clas.
Triping with a timid grace.
At the Soph, thou met precedence.
Thouwert held in a spacious tenion.

Hearst thou voices loud and bold
Sounding to thee—'as a bond?
To the naughty se'en's call?
Sleet thou shadows wave and wag
Like a prophet-distracted me?
To the ghost of Elmore's fair
Shout thou not longer repeat
Of the Soph's embarrassment
When you tried their president?

Little ones, we really now
Love thee, dearly, anywhere.
We're nearly green as thou.

Wait 'til thou canst hold all eyes.
Wait 'til thou must all advise.
Then thou'll be a Junior, wise.
Words of Wisdom by the Dormitory Philosopher

1. My brother if thou wilt receive my words and walk with me all things shall be unto thee as II.

2. Seek not to gain the knowledge of the world in a day. Thou dost not hope to attain in a minute what others have spent a life-time in finding out.

3. Strive not to become over-wise lest in the eye of the world thou become a mark, and eat cheese upon thy bread in place of better.

4. Neither put away all knowledge as useless.

5. Be not deceived in your greatness. Because you have graduated from the High School, the world will not stop in its orbit to observe you.

6. Waste no time trying to fool the professor. It is easier to let him fool himself.

7. When thou findest that which is difficult to understand, "Peruse it in all possible manners" and perhaps "A judicious manipulation will shed a whole flood of light upon the subject."

8. Mayhap thou art unable to master it alone, then seek other aid. But be not hasty in placing thy trust in geniuses. When thou hast ridden a peony and it hath not believed thee to the professor, thou mayest then say it is to be trusted.

9. Trust not thy neighbor who goes about for thy neighbor and a rat carry a tale wherever they go.

10. There be four things which vex the professor. The tardiness of the students and the poor recitations, the student who returns his jokes, and the student who fails to laugh at his jokes. Thou mayest be forgiven of the first three indiscretions, but beware of the last. The professor's jokes are ancient traditions and are near to his religion.

11. Be thou also discreet in thy social functions. Keep the utmost secrecy, even unto thyself. Let not the right hand know what the left hand doeth.

12. Remember also, that the Ladies' Hall must not know what the Auditorium knows, nor the pianist what the divan knows.

13. Neither seek the favor of a multitude of maidens in the same town, lest they meet and compare thy declarations and it be fatal unto thee.

14. When thou beholdest her whom thou deemest "Fair," consult not the Faculty, nor reveal thy desires into the preceptor. Go seek her out alone. But, I counsel thee, be not rash in thy setter lest she be astounded and thou meetest thy Waterloo before thy Austerlitz.

15. Howbeit, I confess that not having had experience, I speak only from observation on this subject. Wouldst thou delve deeper into this social problem, go to the Ladies' Hall.

Creeds of the Bells.

How dear the sound of the various bells! Each one its tale in music tells, In tones that ring upon the air, As sharp as sorrow, as dull as care.

And I will set in simple stanzas The language of the mingled climes, My wandering pen with transport charms Responsive to the bells, dear bells:

"For deeds of life, now hark thy bell!" Rang out at morning light, a bell. "This is the hour not made for dreams, Embodiment of life as it seems."

Its form and voice rise observe; Come, do not swear; come, do not swear. Away, away, and leave thy cell.

"Rang out the charging rising bell."

"Oh, heed ye ancient antiquarian well," Is solemn tones exclaimed a bell. "No progress made by mortal man Can change the old, the well tried plan" In moles there can be nothing new, So get to meals in time, ye few. While all is well, in well, in well," Poured out the kind "five minute bell."

"Not bluff alone, but works as well, Must test the brain," said a stern bell "Go in, just east side your home, And work your way along the rows, With bluff to start and bluff to end, And maybe lift from some kind friend; So well, do well, do well."

Rang out the earnest study bell.

"Ye mortifying passion dwell,"

In hurried tones rang out a bell. "Though silence deep alone can save, Yet in your rooms ye vainly rave,
A Dream of Inaction

TICK-TOCK, tick-tock, tick-tock; the little clock on my study table was telling off the minutes, in what seemed to me a most heartless manner. Ten o'clock, already, and the paper in front of me was still clean and white. A short story had to be written by twelve, and no plot had yet presented itself.

Ordinarily, after selecting wisely at the dinner table, I had been able to fall asleep and dream almost any sort of a story desired. For instance, hot mulloway produce melancholy characters of a decided religious temperament; shrimp salad forms itself into Hindu mysticism and occult phenomena while cherry pie and ice cream are usually productive of baneful lovers, shaded nooks and wedding bells. But on this occasion such a program was obviously out of the question, for it presupposes a rather elaborate dinner, which I had not had.

I pondered the situation, but nothing except the old reliable athletic contest or the farmer who had been to college, would come. I leaned forward, resting my head for a moment on the clean, white paper. I tried to wonder what it was I was thinking about.

All at once, it popped into my head that I had a very important engagement for that evening. Funny—too, I should have forgotten it—a telling matter to all creation, yet one of some importance to me, nevertheless! The bright-haired girl on the corner hall, in fact, proposed an elopement for that evening, to which I had weakly consented. The automobile was to be ready at eleven o'clock. I rested my head on the table and wondered if I might still be in time. In just a few minutes, I thought, I would look at my watch and see.

Even as I meditated, I found myself outside in the black night—far from my study. The neighborhood didn't seem exactly familiar; but in spite of that I felt sure of the location. Yes, certainly, there was the home of the Bright-Haired One, on the corner, and there was the automobile, ready, in front. I ran up the steps and loudly rang the bell, forgetting in my dazed condition that a romantic elopement should be stealthy and in secret. I did, however, feel a little shyness about making a formal call at eleven o'clock.

I was promptly admitted by a maid, who vanished down the hall before I had time even to present my card, and I was left standing in the half-light near the door. A few familiar objects reassured me as I glanced around, that being a very shy young man, I could see complications ahead, which, to say the least, were disconcerting. The uncertainty from the delay added not a bit to my peace of mind.

Presently, somewhere, a door opened and closed. There was a gentle rustling and foot fall on the stairs, and the subtle fragrance of violet came to me. From the half darkness of the leading into the half light where I stood glided a fair figure, all in fluffy white. In that moment my heart ceased to beat, and I knew not what happened next.

Consciousness at last returned, and I looked around me with a vague fear that something had happened. There, not very far away, was the familiar figure I had hoped to see. But no! Even in that semi-darkness there was a difference. Surely this one of the black hair and slender form was not the Bright-Haired One with whom I had consented to elope.

"Oh," I stammered, "I beg your pardon, I thought it was someone else.

"So did I," she murmured.

"We were going to elope," I whispered.

"So were we," she softly replied. "But I don't think I shall—now—unless—unless—"

A bell tinkelied close at hand. I understood and hurried away, to dream of the future. I cursed back and opened my eyes wide to get one last look at my new goddess, and I saw—the face of my little clock, that had just rung out the midnight hour. I looked down, and the paper in front of me was still clean and white.
The Dreamer

Each summer skioe, with spade in hand,
A fair-haired boy plays on the sand,
And builds, with many a moat and tower,
And banqueting hall and ladies' bower.

Eyes wistfully the setting sun,
Dreaming its daily rounds so soon:
Lament that years must come and go.

In college halls he ponders long:
Of future years, grand and strong.
Equipped with learning's boundless store,
He will unlock the pensive door.

That bars the way to wealth and fame,
Through which few passed though many came.

An aged man with beard of white
Wistfully the pathless light
That, from the hearth, tone, and cold,
Shines on the walls all bare and old.

And sags on the pinioned bat
Whose eyes, fixed bitterly on spare,
Years the anguish of his soul.
As Father Time exacts his toll:
The ruins of a wasted life,
No wounds received in noble strife.

So worthy mention of fame,
So poor to praise or bless his name:
No useful deed of service done,
No victory in field's battle won.

Only the record of a past
Whose precious hours from first to last,
Waste spent in resting here and there
In Fancy's realm so passing fair.

For he had walked in Fancy's glow
And chased her shadows in and out,
Till "Father Time," in passing by,
Had cast on him reproving eye.
But all too late, heart, soul, and brain,
Had lost their power to live again.

The Student's Plaint

The bane of the scholars is dying for dollars—
What makes you come again?
You used to call two times a month,
And now I'm sure it's too.
SHERWOOD
RHETORICAL SOCIETY

Organized 1953

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Marcus F. Baker
Clarence S. Burns
Henry G. Burns
F. Howell Colman
Walter H. Degenhagen
Howard W. Dunn
James B. Edmonson
Frank Fitzgerald
James H. Glazener
Allen M. Gudering
Dan C. Holton
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Secretary:  Bruce H. Leighton
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Wesley D. Clapp
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William A. Joseph
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"Like the eagle's flight, onward and upward."
MEMBERS
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Florence Ashcraft
Jane Bean
Maye Chesney
Pearle Davidson
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Stella Edger
Ethelyn Gibson
Rachel Harris
Jennie Hayne
Mary Hough
Zoe Hutchens

Eugene George
Kurt Land
Kena Mason
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Milwood Quick
Clara Rohrs
Elizabeth Rosney
Clare McEvoy
Oll Scott
Alice Vincent
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Maroon and Grey,
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KODAK

Organized 1900

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W. M. Fox
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J. H. Stewten
Richard Tantler
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Purple and White
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Member of Executive Committee: G. Wellman Hess

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Vice-President: Paul J. Hewitt
Secretary: J. M. Minar
Treasurer: R. Bowen Howard
The College Index
Thanksgiving Number

Vol. XXVI
NOVEMBER
1904
Number 2

Published monthly by the Students' Publishing Association of Kalamazoo College
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Tennis Manager A. B. Manley
M. I. A. A. Director W. K. Upjohn
Faculty Members
Basket Ball Manager P. C. Stetson

CAPTAINS OF TEAMS

For 1904

Football A. M. Giddings
Baseball T. H. Macdonald
Track R. R. Fisher

For 1905

Football A. M. Giddings
Baseball A. M. Giddings
TENNIS, Season 1904

The work of the Tennis Team has been the only redeeming feature of the year's athletics. The team has made an excellent record in dual meets with Albion and in the M. I. A. A. field meet. Last spring, for the first time in the history of the Athletic Association, tennis "Ks" were awarded. Those who wear the tennis "K" are:

W. K. Upjohn
G. F. Dasher
A. R. Maxley
A. LENDERINK, Manager  T. H. MCDONALD, Captain
ROGER GORTON, Coach

**LINE-UP**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Position</th>
<th>Name</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Catcher</td>
<td>M. E. Port</td>
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<tr>
<td>Pitcher</td>
<td>Leland Hurst</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>First Base</td>
<td>T. H. McDonald</td>
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<tr>
<td>Second Base</td>
<td>Lex. Noland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Third Base</td>
<td>A. M. Guinness</td>
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<tr>
<td>Short Stop</td>
<td>F. M. Rydberg</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Left Field</td>
<td>Wesley Clapp</td>
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<tr>
<td>Center Field</td>
<td>Ralph Terry</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Right Field</td>
<td>H. Anderson</td>
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<tr>
<td>Substitutes</td>
<td>E. Moore</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>C. Holmes</td>
</tr>
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<td>J. J. Kalmbach</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
FOOTBALL
1904

G. L. STEWART, Manager  A. M. GIDDINGS, Captain

LINE-UP

M. Young  Center
C. Pomeroy  R. Guard
J. T. Rooks  L. Guard
E. L. Moore  R. Tackle
C. Williams  L. Tackle
A. M. Giddings  R. End
W. Puffer  L. End
E. Phillips  Quarter Back
E. Abbe	  R. Half
O. P. Stratemeyer  L. Half
M. E. Post  Full Back

SUBSTITUTES

R. C. Casper  O. Fellows
G. Kimmell  R. Wilder
FOOTBALL RECORD

1904

Kalamazoo 28 Hillsdale 0
Kalamazoo 0 Michigan 95
Kalamazoo 6 Alma 12
Kalamazoo 0 Olivet 5
Kalamazoo 0 Albion 44
Kalamazoo 0 Olivet 17
Kalamazoo 0 M. A. C. 58

FOOTBALL SEASON

Student Support

In looking back over the football season just closed there is much to be proud of. It is true there have been disappointments—the team has been defeated in point of scores; and, if it had not been for the fighting spirit in the men who defended the orange and the black, we would look upon these defeats as humiliations. There was, once, a fighting spirit inherent in the whole student body of this institution which people throughout the Inter-collegiate chose to call the Kalamazoo spirit. This year there has been no Kalamazoo spirit, except that which has existed in the core of the football team and a few loyal students. In our home games the student support has been fairly good; but out of town the team has come to the realization that they are alone, and must fight the battles with no roosters to cheer them on to victory. Kalamazoo has had this year one of the most loyal teams she has ever had. Beginning the season with six of last year's men in the game, two soon dropped out and with seven new men made up of last year's reserves and Freshmen the team has put up one of the "greatest" exhibitions of football imaginable. Kalamazoo spirit has given way to the fighting spirit of the football squad. From the first call of the referee's whistle until the last minute of the last half the team has fought the uphill fight in splendid fashion. Outweighed from ten to twenty-five pounds to the man in almost every game, the team has fought on undauntingly; men have been severely injured and would not leave the game; they have gone into games when they knew that their condition made it impossible for them to play, and yet the thought that their presence might aid the team caused them to overlook all personal motives. The team has been more thoroughly representative of the student body of this school than any athletic team which we have had for several years; it should have been loyally supported by the whole student body. Of course this does not apply to all; for Kalamazoo has a few of the most loyal roosters in the Inter-collegiate; but those who read this article can answer for themselves the question, "Have I done my duty to the team?" Each student knows full well the answer to the question; and for those who must answer in the negative, I have no sympathy. The team was your team; if they won a victory that victory was yours, if they were defeated that defeat should have been yours—but alas, the team has had the feeling of being alone in the fight. They gave the best hours of the past term to practice, that your college might be represented honorably upon the gridiron; and you have not appreciated it. The team has felt it badly.

[9]
FOOTBALL SEASON IN THE M. I. A. A.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Standing of the Teams</th>
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<tr>
<td>Played</td>
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<tr>
<td>Albion</td>
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<tr>
<td>N. A. C.</td>
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<td>Alma</td>
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<td>Kalamazoo</td>
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<td>Hillsdale</td>
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The two teams in the M. I. A. A. are exceptionally strong for small college teams; and although their styles of play is radically different, they are about evenly matched. Albion had the heaviest team of the year; and perhaps the heaviest that ever represented a Michigan college. Albion defeated all the others except M. A. C. by large scores (Albion has an athletic director and splendid gymnasium). The former have the finest team and their team work is unsurpassed (M. A. C. has an athletic director and the best gymnasium in the M. I. A. A.).

It was a pretty struggle for third place. Olivet won out by defeating Alma (6-0) and Kalamazoo (17-0) in hard games. (Olivet has a director and a gymnasium).

The largest score rolled up by any Michigan team was that of M. A. C. upon Hillsdale (194-0); the closest game of the season was Albion's victory over M. A. C. (4-0). Albion was the only team not scored upon; and M. A. C.'s goal line was crossed but once, that time by Olivet.

As season follows season it becomes more and more evident that the crying need of Kalamazoo College is an Athletic Director. A base ball coach is hired for six weeks, a football coach for two months. They come and go, sometimes a success, sometimes a failure. The track team gets no attention at all. The football and baseball teams are built up with no regard for the permanent good of the college. With an Athletic Director all this would be changed. Athletics would be fostered the entire year. Until we have an Athletic Director our men will continue to be humiliated and beaten and the reputation of Kalamazoo College will continue to suffer throughout the state.

I

ALL M. I. A. A. FOOTBALL TEAM
for 1904

It would be difficult to choose an All-M. I. A. A. team to the entire satisfaction of every one concerned in intercollegiate affairs; but, after personal observation of the play, both offensive and defensive, of each man chosen, and consultation with authorities on athletics in the various schools, I would name the following men:

Center
Guard
Quarterback
Halfback
Fullback

Angell has earned the center position, as he has out played every man whom he has been against this year. He has had two years previous experience; and his great strength rests in his ability to break through the opposing line and spoil plays before they are fairly started. His passing is sure and accurate.

The guard positions are not difficult to fill, as Bair and Leonard are the only heavy men who have shown real class in this position. Bair is a man who "carries the ball and shoulders above the other Michigan tackles is Albion's aggressive giant, Conville. His line blocking ability, his defensive work and his strength as a punter and place kicker make him Michigan's strongest all-round football player. As Conville's running mate, Bell, M. A. C.'s veteran tackle and captain, has the preference. He has been a successful leader as well as a consistent player and I would name him as captain of the M. I. A. A. team.

Holdsworth and Schultz outclass the other ends; both are strong on stemming interference and getting down the field on passes.

At quarter, Small of M. A. C. has played the most consistent game; and his headwork and fierce tackling easily give him the place.
McKenna is without doubt the strongest half-back in the Intercollegiate and has been a steady ground gainer for the farmers. Post has been alternated at tackle, half and full back this year, but he is at his best at the half-back position, where his weight and speed count for much. His wonderful defensive game against Michigan, where he repeatedly broke through Graham and Tom Hammond, give him a place.

Bliss has been the best line-smashing full back of the year; and is a powerful man on defense.

Of course it may not be that this team as chosen could defeat either Albion or M. A. C. but it is made up of the eleven greatest football men the Intercollegiate ever held in one year. It is hard to choose a team and leave off such men as Betts (O), Frye (Albion) and Kratz (M. A. C.) but it only goes to show the excellence of the tackle material. Helmer and Schenk of Alma and Thacker of Olivet are splendid men behind the line, hard fighters and consistent ground gainers; but can hardly command a place.
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<th>ALUMNI</th>
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**KODAK**

- Frederick C. Willis, Chicago, Ill.
- George W. Beers, Eatonville, Calif.
- Charles M. Brown, Chicago, Ill.
- Alfred F. Boynton, New Philadelphia, Ohio
- Thomas P. Boynton, [Miss. O. D. Van Voorhis], Cedar Falls, Iowa
- Charles M. Brown, Chicago, Ill.
- John L. Glidden, Winona, N.Y.
- Marshall L. Howlett, Kansas City, Mo.
- Walter J. Hulbert, [Mr. A. L. Cooper], Kansas City, Mo.
- John H. Hardy, Battle Creek, Mich.
- Elizabeth T. Hulbert, [Mrs. J. H. Williams], Battle Creek, Mich.
- Arthur L. Hardy, Detroit, Mich.
- George W. Cook, Kansas City, Mo.
- Stanley A. Haas, [Mrs. J. A. Ramsey], [Mr. A. J. Ramsey], Kansas City, Mo.
- William H. Hager, Des Moines, Iowa.
- Hurley H. Hager, Des Moines, Iowa.
- Albert C. Kingman, Battle Creek, Mich.
- Robert L. Knutson, Des Moines, Iowa.
- Elmer B. Landis, Kansas City, Mo.
- Robert E. Landis, Kansas City, Mo.
- Albert C. Landis, Kansas City, Mo.

**ALUMNI**

- William T. Howlett, Lake Forest, Ill.
- "KODAK"
<table>
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<th>ALUMNI</th>
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<td>Kodak</td>
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IMPORTANT DATES AND EVENTS

September 21. School opens and Juniors "get busy."
September 22. Freshmen enter the "math" room with trembling pencils.
September 23. Usual term reception in Bowen Hall. Miss entertains a "friend" with music.
September 26. Des Jardins moans, "who stole my cake?"
September 28. Bowen Howard seen on a back street with a strange girl.
September 29. Junior Class meets at Miss Bryant's for a jolly evening. MacCabe and Miss Window occupy a rocking seat.

On the way out: "Don't be alarmed Miss Window you have my strong arm to support you"!!!
On the way back: Miss W. from the other side of the eig. "Have you had a good time Mr. MacCabe?"

September 30. Moses B.—thinks his hair is growing.
October 1. Kasso defeats Hilldale 27–0. Creed loyalty shown by large attendance. Six girls saw the game.
October 3. Dr. Slocom passes a restless night. Freshman flag goes up.
October 4. Prof McEwan tells an occult story in Rhetoric class.
October 5. Sophomores spend evening at Vars Medway's. Kirchner finds a Pearl.
October 8. U. of M. rolled up a score of 93-0 at Ann Arbor. D. W. Smith makes several informal calls and keeps up his reputation.
October 10. Rachel Harris and Bertha Porter are reformed of their wild and lawless ways.
October 15. Alma witnesses a good game, 13–6, to her credit. Capt. Gildings makes a "hind" and has to run to catch the train.
November 14. Junior boys plan a "mission" party.
Edmondson prefers to Wait for the event.

November 15. Fox in Sociology—"A man should shower all his affections on one woman."

November 18. Century Forums entertain the Kears.
You should have seen Fox Beam at the refreshments.

November 19. Offset again victorious, V-P.
Arnts is taken across country to Marshall by his "best girl."

November 20. C. J. Dye spends Sunday in Niles calling on "his friends.
November 21. Rhetoric class listens to a solo, "After the Hall," by the instructor.

November 22. Johnson advertises the "Kodak" in chapel.
He recites in his manuscript.

November 23. Jamie Hess proposes the proposition, "Marriage is a failure."

November 24. Thanksgiving Day. M. A. C. is thankful for a score of 58-0.

November 25. Invitations out for "Kodak Banquet" given by Junior boys.
Did B. L. J. belle the Matrimonial Bureau?

November 28. Concrete results of Senior diplomacy, a Senior party with enough boys to go around.

December 1. Kalamazoo Kodak goes to press. So does the Kodak Board.

---

**ARTICLES REJECTED**

"Life of the Willy O'lyman..."—Owen Scott.
"How I Visited the Normal School..."—Floyd B. Wing.
"How to Prevent Wrinkles..."—Park Davidson.
"How to Become a Great Scholar..."—J. S. Cooper.
"The Art of Making Rope..."—Paul Stimson.
"Essay on Burns..."—Reynolds Taggart.
"How We Kept Old Maid Hall..."—Mervie Romany. Widoweth, Dast and halo.
"Methods for Protecting Young Comets..."—Alice Frenits.
"The Financial Side of Matrimony or How Much Could I Do It On?"—Gilson Cline.
"Saturday Night—The Open Season for Dear..."—Fitzgerald & Leighton.
"Romancers from A Quiet Life..."—J. M. More.

---

**Debates I Have Won**

James G. G. Prentice

Written in his characteristic style, this last work of Mr. Prestage shows a marked advance over his two former books "Prestage, the Man" and "Prestage the Lad's Man." If such a thing could be possible, the tone is a little more modest than formerly. The subject is considered from the calm, dispassionate height of the Prep. Student's point of view. It will prove a valuable assistance to the experienced debater. There is also an appendix, of more than passing interest to the upper classes, on the value of cold water in the treatment of certain forms of pathological mentality.

---

**Love's Memoirs**

R. S. Brown

It is with a feeling of great tenderness that the Editor picks up this little volume. *Here is the spontaneous outburst of a full Heart.* This *is* love that must find expression. Disconnected, almost fragmentary, in such a Dunne book must be, the delicate sentiment and blissful ecstasy pervading all, is summed up in the exquisite, soul relieving, oft repeated sigh, "Oh Gee! I had a good time!"

---

**My Peculiar Genius**

W. K. Upsha

A record of brilliant achievement but one of contradictions and disappointments. Ternie genius appears out of a sea of indolence: just often enough to raise hopes that are never realized.

---

**Am I the Faculty Pet?**

Sir Dorothy Ellen

Answered in the affirmative! But such reasoning and such logic! Originally doesn't half express it. Never anything like it before or since! A bubbling outburst of incoherent nonsense!

---

**Only a Chestnut Blossom or I Cannot Spring the Old Joke Now**

Paul E. J. McSwain

Under this title the well known author has collected a number of extremely witty and amusing stories (almost new.). The book is very popular—among the girls—having, already, run through 300 editions.
KODAK

AS SEEN by DICKENS

Paul Hewitt: Handsome! He stands up to you like—a—why, I don't know what he does stand up to you like. He's so bold!

John Cooper: On the rampage and off the rampage—such is life!

Louise Bryant: The sweetest-looking, sweetest-tempered girl you ever saw.

Clarke Dye: He was as good as gold, and as true as steel.

G. W. Reed: Something quite out of the common.

D. W. Smith: Radiant with ingrained honesty.

J. H. Southerly: Such a fresh, blooming, chubby, rosy, easy, modest little lad.

Florence Winslow: You are always kind, and it is a pleasure to talk to you.

Ernest MacClellan: I have kept one secret in the course of my life: I am a bashful man. Nobody would suppose it, but I am naturally a bashful man.

Jessie Haynes: She is a favorite with everyone here, and deserves to be, I am sure.

J. H. Gantner: My attachments are strong attachments and never weaken.

Dr. Brown: As affectionate as heart is ever, so young, and so pleasant.

T. T. Pickens: Well, you are the strongest young man I ever knew in my life.

G. E. Lockhart: How spruce you are, too!

A. M. Giddens: A fine young man; a very fine young man.

W. J. Putney: His greatest merit was his love of learning.

Dr. Williams: But his deportment! His presence! His dignity! Something so stately, you know; so very wide across the chest; so upright!

How we spend the summer. — Courtesy Forrest.

I never met the famous men
Of any bygone land.
Heroes may have held the bridge,
But I've held Jazy's hand.

Drake may have circled 'round the globe,
Through stripes of storm and squall.
But let me seek a port of bliss
With Jazy at the Hall.

Though Shakespeare may have written plays
And sonnets not a few;
Yet, to my Jazy I have penned
A joyous little ditty.

Though Sterne may have had a march
From Alston to the sea,
A wedding march right up the aisle
Is good enough for me.

1905 NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS 1905

Frank Wiley: To devote more study to Scott.

Hort Laub: To give up Maling.

Faith Dodge: To do in future what I should have done in the past.

Ray Cashmere: To pull.

James Johnson: To occupy less space during class hours.

May West: To look my heart more severely against lavenders.

Sammy Schmeng: To remember that Faith Heart never won Fair Dorothy.

C. S. Bogy: To have nothing more to do with matrimonial business.

D. W. Smith: To cast the Bean out of mine eye.

Louise Bryant: To break no more hearts.
OUR TRACK TEAM

And the Cops made a Haul
There was a young fellow named Paul
Who hoped to arouse a town squall.
But, in spite of his hope,
He was tied with a rope
And the rope on the street made a haul.

"J. M. M. '06."

One on the Indian
They sat on the mound at midnight—
" 'Tis only one kiss that I crave,"
Then clouds obscured the rays of the moon
And the Indian turned in his grave.
A FRESHIE stood at Prexy’s door,  
His nerves were tense and wrought,—  
“Oh, Doctor, please, what shall I do?  
I almost think I thought.”

THE POWER OF EXAMPLE

The man reviled by Mirror Lake  
With the maid he did adore,  
The man he kissed the maiden fair  
And the waves kissed the shore.

The little frog out in the lake  
Repealed his actions over  
For as the man embraced the maid  
The lillie hugged the shore.

AT THE FRESHMAN PARTY

Even the policeman was shocked at what was done.
WANTED

A man - Ada Aban
PROJECTS - Henry Brown, a Taylor maid suit. Owner need not apply, as he intends to keep it.
WANTED - Some Money
RICHES: Hume
WANTED - For Ella Warren, a private trip to New York. Clara Dye
WANTED - Nothing. Kenny Evans
WANTED - To meet some of the Normal girls. Marion Baker
WANTED - The name of the young man who grew in the Rhetoric class. E. J. MacKwin
WANTED - A German club organized. 30 pills.
WANTED - Something to get me into good cheer from Friday night till Monday morning. R. Bowen Howard
WANTED - A quiet corner in the upper hall just after chapel every morning. Jim Glawn.

WE have a hard student named Hess, whose habits are queer, I confesse.
For the bread that he sees
He butters with cheese,
Which amuses us all more or less.

WANTED - A Freshman or a Senior to meet me just before chapel. Bring a hand saw. One who has worked in a chair factory preferred. Ella Louise Pikes.
WANTED - Information. Can anyone inform us of the date of the first of the series of parties planned for eight weeks ago? Some woman.
WANTED - Another chance to wear my rubber boots. Gene Schulz.
WANTED - Dead or alive - the student who was in my Rhetoric class in the fall of '20 and who has revealed all my jokes to those taking the subject since. Peace E. J. Mac.
WANTED - Sixteen girls to ask me to play a piano solo for them. O. Wielman Hess.
WANTED - Something to make my months look more like the Emperor's. P. A. Clough.
WANTED - Young men, Saturday evening. Hours, reasonable; food, good. Apply in person at the Ladies' Hall.

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WORTHY

Paul Stimson, running to catch the train for Cass City Thanksgiving day. T. T. Phelps looking for big words in Sam Johnson's dictionary.
The Junior Girls drawing cards for partners before they entertain the boys.
Le Grand Woodlands dealing in peppermint stock.
C. B. Burns telling stories of bygone days.
May Newton sending fables to "Telegraph."
Robert School in a ballet at last. (Dexter Brown).
Fitzgerald as silent partner in a duel.
H. B. Stevens stealing his voice.
Miss Ashcraft writing love stories for Rhetoric.
Bruce Leghorn studying French for a change.
Burdichs bound to Win it.
Sixty Freshmen struggling to keep their heads above the waters of Freshman math.
Gossen Stewart raising money for Athletic Association.
E. L. Johnson sitting up till three o'clock, preparing his Kodak speech for chapel.
W. J. Pepper giving his tuition slip to the Sec.
The Hall Girls going down the fire escape.
A Five Year Old Son of a member of the faculty reading Dumas' novels.

Nursery Rhyme
Old Father Johnson
Went to see
Just to take Miss L. B. home;
And when he got there
He couldn't find her home.

[131]
"True will is nature to advantage dressed.\nWhat oft was thought but never so well expressed."

The Freshman Girl

Beautiful as sweet!
And young as beautiful; and soft as young!
And gay as soft; and innocent as gay!

We hope you've had a jolly laugh,
And trust you won't feel blue.
If in this mass of random stuff
A little bit on you.

Just try to take it pleasantly,
And when you look about,
You'll see that you are better off
Than those that were left out.

B. L. Johnson (soliloquising): "I have had to do with honors, but never with this particular kinder." 1909: Kidder Board.

"Thus were our guide, philosopher and friend." Dr. Sherman.

Ether (on Saturday, morning): "Well tomorrow is Sunday night."

MacCle: "I believe in Close Communion and in the Freedom of the Press.

Ruby Leeke (in "Proposed" game at '08 Leap Year party—someone has just proposed to kiss): "Oh, I haven't done that since last term."

Prof. McEvans: "We will rash that growler."


Prof. McEvans (in Rhetoric): "Why that's just as easy as lying."

Lockhart: "Perhaps that is the reason I can't get it!"

Katsugi Kito (on spirit phenomena): "The personalization of the manifestation of an apparition in a man's imagination is a spook."

Leno Lovett: "Oh, it doesn't matter if it is cloudy—after dark."

Florence Askew (on Junior ride): "The answer is that one is a bumble, and the other is a bumb bug—but it isn't so!"

C. J. Bye (musing): "Nothing can bring back the joy of old times like looking upon a picture.

Cashner's Objectionable Pronunciation
I love tranquil solitude
And with society
As is quiet, wise and good.
— Tennyson

A bold bad man.
— Cicero

Daniele
Infinite clocks in a little room.
— F. Scott Fitzgerald

Love me little, love me long.
— Wordsworth

I cannot tell what the darkness his name is.
— O. Henry

Strangely
I have had a dream.
— R. L. Stevenson

Your heart's desires be with you.
— A. Bronte

I am slow of study.
— Dante

A lion among ladies.
— Horace

I would wish and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought.
— Subscriptions Managers

Sweet, grave-senapet.
— Eliza Shaw

Why then do you walk as if you had swallowed a mouse?
— Lookout

The very hairs of your head are all numbered.
— Gospel

For he by geometric seals
Could take the size of pots of ale
And wisely tell when hour of the day.
— The Dream that comes by night

All we ask now is to be let alone.
— Robert Burns

I love it, I love it, and who shall dare
To withhold me for loving his own child?
— Lord Byron

To be great is to be misunderstood.
— Shakespeare

She is so good she would pour overers a load.
— A. J. Fletcher

None knew him but to love him, none seemed him but to praise.
— Professor Judd

He's tough, no'man—tough is J. R.;
laugh and devilish sly.
— Coraor

Nothing comes amiss; so money comes within.
— The Stranger

Worth of a Numerous.
— Peacock

Another towering. That's his precious nose.
— Puffin

I do not die because I mean.
— W. K. Kellogg

It is with you; all is over.
— Governor Hobbs

They laugh that win.
— Hilde

Alas, woe makes the heart grow fonder.
— Beatrice Cook

An Angel as it were.
— An earthly passion.
— Ruth Wharton

If to her share some female errors fall;
Look on her face and you'll forget them all.
— Louise Bryant

But me discourse, I will enchain thine ear.
— Fitzgerald

The world knows only two—one who is Rome and I.
— James Gage

See George, he's a ladies' man—Hess.
Although I am a pianist man, I am near the less a man.
— Ethelred

Simple Simon met a pismire, going to the fair,
— Byrd

Well language Daniel.
— Holmes

Marriage is a dangerous thing.
— O. Wilde

The man that blushes is not quite a brute.
— Mencken

And the tears that we shed, though in secret, it melts
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.
— Helen W. Wright

What's in a name?
— Lady Mac

Let us have peace; Then translate us.
— Professor Channing

O, Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?
— Ruygar

He is not like the man we once did know.
— P. Sexton

The princess from the fairy land
The very pattern girl of girls.
— Holida

Shame fair.
We enjoy your dear wit and gay rhetoric,
That hath so well been taught by dwelling among.
— Selena Young

And thunders in the Indies.
— Strong

I shall cheerfully bear the reproach of having deceived to the dignity of history.
— Miss Johnson

I mourn no more my vanished years.
— Charles Mcllroy

The reason why so few marriages are happy is because young ladies spend their time making sets and not roses.
— Byron

But as you all know me a plain blunt man.
— Gordon Samuel

I have a dear familiar nose,
A loving hand Респ should my own, and
I end seems made for me alone.
— Field Wharton

He Greek and Latin speaks with greater ease
Than bags out across, and so pigeons press.
— Br. Whiting

Why is it so difficult to love wisely, so easy to love too well?
— Blaise

He reads much,
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men.
— Br. Stiles

He was never known to be in a hurry.
— Strutt

None but the brave deserve the fair,
— Sophocles

Are you not passing fast?
— Helen Stiles

The proper study of mankind is man.
— Plato

The most piercing, no doubt, is woman.
— Howard

'Tis true they are gone but there is a song among them.
— W.H. Auden

E'en a simple hair casts its shadow.
— Constable

The foremost man of all the world,
— C. S. Foreman

His back is worse than his bite.
— Longley

I have not slept one wink. Post in Physics chan, I was taking off.
— Demosthenes

I dreamt I chewed in marble halls.
— Pope in the Duchess

We are the voices of the wandering wind
Whose means for rest and rest can never find.
— Childe Harold

Some for renown, on screws of learning climb,
And think they grow immortal as they climb.
— Metaphy Fortles.

[188]
There's a funny little fellow with the cutest curly hair. Perhaps you know,
Some one bought him at a doll-shop thinking him a fagpin rare,
We all think so,
For he opens wide his eye with the dearest infant stare.
And says, "Hee-hee.

Prof. MacEwan: "I was once a lover of fast horses."

Class Room Flashlights

One on the "Grinds" Editors

Knott: "Don't you think that I'd make a good football player?"

Rexon: "I'm afraid you would be penalized too often for holding."

Hancock (the little one): "Books may be made of man, if he be taught young."

Saran L: "Foolish! No, He's crazy."

Foreman W: "I will go wash, and when any one is left, I shall perceive whether I blushed or no."

St. Young: "Twice optimist and pessimist.
The difference is: the optimist sees The pessimist the hole."

Miss MacCain (to Miss Chesney in an apoplectic): "Why, I didn't know this was a peach-ree."

Miss Young: "Yes, I think Englin's Bridge would be a nice place to live."

Mr. Swall: "I am just beginning to learn what life really is."

Mr. Moon (to Miss Lamb): "Good-night, Miss Harris."

Adieu, with a few words on next page
BEFORE bidding you a last farewell, we wish to express our thanks to the members of the faculty and of the student body for their good will and co-operation. We desire to thank the Junior Class especially for its unwavering support. We are indebted to John Gavin, Katsuji Kato, Vernor C. Finch and E. L. Moore for drawings, and to Austin for photographic work. Lastly, we desire to express our appreciation of the work done by the Royal Engraving Company and by Billing Bros. & Everard, publishers, to whom a large measure of whatever success we have gained is due.

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—Buffalo Evening News.

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**ANATOMICAL DETAILS**

The other afternoon made one non-believing a critical study of anatomy that had to lay broken in the hospital. It was rather that the hour the last of the party was amusingly over the bed again when one young woman, sitting up to perform the pressure, remarked: "Oh, why, the little thing we are using really on those legs!" As the other members of the party started to laugh, she said humorously: "Oh, certainly, it has only two legs! I was thinking it was really children." —Puck, Paris.

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Lord Bacon said:

"Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man; and, therefore, if a man write little, he need have a great memory; if he confer little, he need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning to seem to know that he doth not."

There are things you should not read, and things that you should Read; but of all things read

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A Kansas preacher undertook to give his listeners a vivid conception of eternity. This is the way he did it: "If a little sparrow were to dip its bill in the Atlantic ocean and take one drop of water, and then take one hop a day across the country and put that drop in the Pacific ocean, and then hop back to the Atlantic, one hop a day, until the Atlantic was dry as a bone, it wouldn't be nose-up in hell."

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WOMAN AND TIME.
She stood before the mirror,
And brushed up here and there.
He waited in the parlor.
She didn't seem to care.
Yet in her heart she loved him,
Although she did him wrong—
No woman time is nothing—
But art is very long.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

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Miss Locilt—"I know where
the gloves are that will keep my
hands warm this winter."

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The following paragraph appeared in a report of a superintendent of a bungalow camp at the Cape:

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—Housman (H. T.) Morise,

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LAZY MAN'S HANKERING.
I'd like to have a nice, soft job
Where I could simply be
A sort of weak, insipid creature
To draw up坐在...

And then, as that got burdensome
An' seemed to fatten to bore me,
I'd like to have some fellow paid
To go and draw it for me.

—Baltimore News.
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Kalamazoo, Michigan

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**TO BUILD OR NOT TO BUILD?**

They were enjoying a plunge in the surf, he and she. He of New York, she of Boston.

She of Boston suddenly got beyond her depth, and it looked like a cinch that she would never again view the "Hub" through her spectacles.

Yes of New York was there in the role of the animated life preserver.

She of Boston was making preparations for her third and farewell disappointment when he reached her side.

"Hold on tight," gaped he of New York as he felt a pair of arms about his neck.

"Pardon me..." gaped she of Boston, as she experienced a jolt of the seas...

"But you should say, 'hold on tightly."

And the waves rolled on and on and on.

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**KODAK**

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**THE**

Kalamazoo, Michigan
A... Newspaper Not an Organ

THE GAZETTE
All the News First

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Lying may be wicked, but it is still fashionable.

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A REAL LIMERICK

O'Toole was blown up in a quarry.
He yelled, while he rose, "You'll be as Busy.
O'we bet it me drill
An' O'll lay it until
O'm ready to come back, Varsity!"

THE RIGHT COURSE.

"If that son o' yours at college Goes' ter be a farmer when he gits through,"

Josh: "I "lov he be. He's takin' the pharmacy course."

"Tis said that little drops of ink Do not make contemptuous think: But what of more importance is, It makes them buy and leads to big.