NEVERMORE.
Not a word is known to human tongue,
Not a note by midnight fairy sung,
That tells the heart so sad a lore
As the soul-thrilling accent—nevermore.
In the midst of pleasure pure and sweet,
Fly the moments by with wings so fleet,
That sorrow enters and shuts the door,
And pleasure returns to us—nevermore.
At the bridal feast, when crowned love,
Gives a glimpse of Heaven, our home above,
Death strikes a blow at the fond heart's core,
And the twain are united—nevermore.
But a pause I ask, the strain is sad,
There's a brighter side to make us glad;
For when we reach the heavenly shore,
Its bliss shall leave us—nevermore.
E. E. D. '84.

THE BEAUTIFUL IN AMERICAN POETRY.
A beautiful thought enters the mind of a sculptor and he writes it out in marble. With his chisel he labors long and earnestly, and, at length, before him stands his ideal embodied in a form of wondrous grace and beauty.

At his easel, stands a painter striving to express on the canvas the thought of his heart. From under his brush come fresh leaved trees and springing grass, pure little flowers and sparkling water, sunshine and shadow, fleeting birds and fleecy clouds until we see the very picture of spring-tide glory.

A musician, touching the strings of his instrument, pours forth the song of his soul. First it is gay, then sorrowful, now coming softly as a summer breeze, and now as the dull roar of distant thunder.

Sculptor, painter, musician, all in one, the poet sitting at his table brings out upon the page forms as full of grace as those of the sculptor, word pictures as sweet and glowing as those of the painter, and music not less beautiful than that of the master of melody. His songs come from his very soul in tones joyous and pathetic, now lifting the reader to lofty heights by their sublime strain and now filling his heart with a note sweet and tender.

It is by his beautiful characters, descriptions, and thoughts that the poet makes for himself a place in the love of the people, which the proudest monarch might envy. As in Westminster Abbey there is the "Poet's Corner" where visitors love to linger longest, so in many a heart there is a corner sacred to the poet. Inscribed on the tablets there, appears many familiar names, wreathed in words of light, words which shed their lustre abroad to beautify and make pure. There the "Psalm of Life," inciting to earnest, noble effort, twines closely about the name of Longfellow. Beneath, are the words of the angel "Reaper" which fall like balm upon the torn and bleeding heart of the mother, mourning for the sweet "flowers she most did love." Here also shines out the name Evangeline, so full of sweetness and beauty. It brings before us the scene of the "forest primeval" and the thatch-roofed village, lying peacefully in the valley by the sea. At the doors of the quaint old houses matrons and maidens sit spinning, down the street walks the parish priest, blessing the children, who lovingly kiss his hand, homeward come the laborers, and softly sounds the vesper bell, as twilight settles upon them. It is a place simple, and happy, where all dwell in love without fear, or envy. As we look, something of peace comes stealing over our spirit and we feel that there the weary might go and be at rest. It was "the home of Acadian farmers,"
"Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the woodlands, darkened by shadows of earth but reflecting an image of heaven."

There dwelt the beautiful Evangeline with her father.

But lo, all is suddenly changed. Many sad pictures follow, yet the beauty of Evangeline's character lights up their darkness. We see her meek and lowly in spirit, patiently suffering, waiting and wandering, feeling her life incomplete, yet still hoping, in her own sorrow devoting herself to others until, at the end of life, she finds her beloved. Such are the beautiful scenes which come to us with the name of the gentle, loving Longfellow.

As the aroma of sweet flowers floats around them long after they have faded, so about the names of Alice and Phoebe Cary does fragrant memory linger. They bring to mind not only beautiful words, but the beautiful lives from which they sprung. The lives are so full of sorrow and constant struggle, and yet are so patient and brave. They tell so much of loving hearts and strong, pure womanhood. No wonder the poems of these "sweet singers" in which we see so much of themselves shining through, go straight to the heart of the reader. The name of the one is closely woven into "Pictures of Memory." Where can a scene be found more delicately drawn than that which Alice Cary drew of "the dim old forest," and the little brother falling "asleep by the gates of light"? From the name of the other softly the words are wafted—

"One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er,
I am nearer home to-day
Than I ever have been before."

From the bedside of the dying this precious hymn rises as pure incense, bearing the soul up to "the great white throne." From the lips of the living it falls with healing power, penetrating even to the remote ends of the earth to save a soul from death.

The name of Bryant rises before us bringing this solemnly beautiful scene. A rushing mighty wave sweeps by. On its bosom ride an artisan at his work, the student with his roll. Here are scenes of revelry and war, beautiful pictures of life and the solemn image of death. The orator, swaying a vast multitude with sweet toned words, the minister standing before his kneeling congregation. For a moment only are they seen, then the wave surges over them and they are gone. It carries away the sculptor, painter and poet, while their work is all unfinished; it sweeps the beautiful child from its mother, only to take her under in the next swell. It is the "Flood of Years," and it bears all away into "the silent ocean of the Past."

In every case there is

"A blighted hope, a separate history
Of human sorrows."

Farther on, where the Flood is yet to pass, a mist envelopes fair forms of Hope, and frightful shapes of Fear. But beyond that is the glorious Future, where the years roll more gently, and gather up all the good and pure who have been swept under. Now friend meets friend once more and all sorrow is turned into joy. Slowly this scene fades, as borne upon the air come the notes of an organist, telling the sweet story of Sir Launfal. Glittering in armor, the young knight starts upon his search for the Holy Grail; but his heart is proud, and in scorn he tosses a coin to the loathsome creature who asks an alms. In thin, spare raiment, an old man, bent, and frail he returns from the search, but in love and humility he gives to the leper now. "For Christ's sweet sake" he shares his crust, and the place is glorified, for before him stands, not the leper, but the One who said "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." In his Vision, Sir Launfal learns that the Holy Grail may be found even within his castle gates.

The names recorded on our "Poet's Corner" have brought many beautiful thoughts, and there are others only waiting for a touch to spring out in a flood of light, but we would linger last where this story of James Russell Lowell shines out, that its beauty may fill our souls.

S. J. B. '84.
EDITORIALS.

Through an unavoidable chain of circumstances, caused by the absence of the editors and business manager during vacation, this issue appears late. This, we trust will not again occur.

As the balmy springtime brightens all about us, bringing the sweet songs of birds to our ears, and renewed joy and gladness to our hearts, we are somewhat surprised that as yet it brings but few subscription dollars to our pockets. We have not hurried any of our patrons in this matter, but now, if it is convenient for you to send us a dollar for the INDEX which you have received during this school year, it will greatly accommodate your friend, the INDEX.

The closing lecture was given by Prof. Putnam of Ypsilanti, March 15, on the education of the ancient Greeks. In the introduction the speaker stated that "principle is immortal" and that "the past never dies but lives in the present, therefore if we wish to have a broad life we should search the dead yet living truths of the past." A deep religious spirit pervaded the minds of the Athenians and was the principal source of inspiration in all their greatest works of art. A passion for beauty led the wealthy to adorn their private dwellings, as well as public buildings, with paintings and sculpture. The education of the Greek youth began at home with the mother and nurse, the nurse sharing equally with the mother in the care of the child. At a later age the pedagogue, usually a slave, took charge of the child, attended him to all public places, attended to his wants and regulated his conduct. Early rising was inculcated. Corporal punishment was deemed very essential to education and was freely inflicted even by the pedagogic slaves. Education among the Greeks may be divided properly into two parts: musical, which included all which pertained to the mental training, and gymnastic, which included all that related to the physical training. Literary schools were established by the wealthy for the instruction of their own children. These, including the course of study, were regulated by law. The education of the Spartans was almost entirely physical. All refining or effeminating influences were rejected. Large gymnasia were erected and supported by the state in which athletic sports were taught and encouraged. Education began at the age of sixteen and continued to about middle life. In this way perfect physical manhood was developed, but morally and intellectually they were dwarfs.

The sixth lecture at the college by Rev. Z. Grinnell on "Telling the Truth" was one of the finest of the course, and while we cannot hope to do it justice, we will note a few of its many excellent points.

In the introduction the speaker showed that lying is a universal trait of mankind, that it is natural and easy, so easy in fact that Shakespeare makes the comparison, "as easy as lying." He also set forth the difficulty of telling the truth.

He quoted the familiar rule against lying.
"Tell what you know," and then asked, "What do I know?" clearly presenting the uncertainty of most knowledge.

It is common to say that the photograph must be just like the negative. On the contrary, this is seldom the case. There are analogous effects in perception, as the memory of our entire past experience enters into every conception. It is not a rhetorical device to say, "I think," but a wise practice.

If a man tell the truth, how should he tell it? It is not told aright when voiced for the speaker, but must be worded for the understanding of the audience. Requisites for telling the truth truthfully, are a full vocabulary, a knowledge of distinction of meaning in words. The truth should be told in its just relations. This principle is violated in placing Mary above Jesus. In view of the many difficulties, an oath to tell the truth is a heavy contract.

Truth is warped if its messenger is in any way unbalanced. Beside the mere fact of a high position seducing a man, three things work against the accuracy of truth telling.

1. The Desire for simulation. There is always a temptation for a speaker to make himself agreeable, often at the expense of truth. Ideas are orphaned when purely intellectual, yet feeling is powerful only when suppressed. Simulation results from the study of models. Impersonations are dangerous, a dramatic air unsafe, and, in short, simulation can serve only ignoble ends.

2. Desire of originality. This is that makes most of the false doctrines. Finding truth is not creating it, and the nearest thing to creating, is formulating it from facts. The office of originality is best filled when filled unconsciously. Individuality is a natural provision for originality.

3. Love of euphony. Under this was quoted from Carlyle, "Music and beauty are the accidents of truth." Intelligent honesty is the grandest honesty.

The large audience was deeply interested and went away wishing the lecture were longer.

The long awaited fulfillment of President Nelson's promise to deliver a lecture before the students was realized in the discourse on "English Life and Religion—Churchmen and Dissenters," given March 12th. The following will but poorly represent the excellence of the subject matter. So disparaging are the remarks of Englishmen concerning America, that it is hard for an American in England to retain his self-respect without getting angry. English compliments are mostly of the kind which the man gave Mr. Douglass when locking arms with him he said, "I'm not ashamed to be seen walking with a negro." English foibles hurt our national self-esteem when we remember that England is so near a relative. Yet even Americans are not entirely guiltless from these things. We have received many laws and institutions and other benefits, either in the germ, or full grown, from England, and the ideas of civilization are common to the Anglo-Saxon race. We have drawn from the store of English literature, and the history of the two countries verges indefinitely. There is some sympathy between religious institutions of the two nations, yet they are widely different, and these differences are largely political. All the English sovereigns since Henry VIII, except Edward II, have supported the English church. In turn the church has bolstered up the throne, and taught obedience to kings; in fact a democratic clergyman in England is a marvel. Half of the common people belong to the church of England, and a much larger per cent. of the nobility. The church in some things commands our respect. She is venerable for her history, notable for her educational interests, and powerful from her support of royalty, and from her vast wealth. She is built into the fabric of the government. The established church contains many different types of religion, as many as all the dissenters; yet why should not here-
sies of character be the only unendurable ones? This age is not one of levity of thought, but one of deep questioning, illustrating a reaction greater in the masses of men than in individuals. The lecturer spoke of the revision of the ritual to meet the growing skepticism. Pusey died universally mourned; yet Puseyism has made the services of the English church as weird and meaningless as those of the church of Rome. The broad churchmen believe in the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. Besides these there are the Ritualists and Evangelists. The church saved the reformation in the time of Elizabeth. The Non-conformists are a mighty force in England, at least one branch of which goes to a great extreme. The Salvation Army worships God on parade with the lighter musical instruments, has blood and fire on its banners, and instead of prayer-meetings has knee-drills. Organized fanaticism could not succeed in America. Spurgeon and Parker are representatives of other Non-conformist views. The former is doctrinal, the latter optimistic in his views. In England it is not considered unbecoming for a minister to be a citizen. The holy order's idea is the picture of a republican government. They do greatly err who say that the power of the pulpit has waned, and that the press has superseded. The lecture was delivered without notes, and with an ease and impressiveness of manner which cannot be reproduced upon paper.

EXCHANGES.

The Wooster Collegian (Wooster, O.) offers a year's subscription to that paper, as a prize, for the best poem submitted in time for the next issue.

We find the scientific department interesting reading. The other departments of the paper are also ably edited.

The Niagara Index, (Suspension Bridge N. Y.) has a biographical sketch of Wallace, the Scottish hero. It is especially interesting to those who have read the "Scottish Chiefs."

The editorial on "College Snobs" is timely and we say amen to the editor's view of the case.

The article "National Hymns," in The Adelphian, (Brooklyn, N. Y.) speaks of the way the love of country finds expression in simple national hymns throughout the world.

Among ancient nations the Hebrews had many beautiful hymns to the preserver and guardian of their country; the Greeks and Romans had theirs also. Turning to the modern nations France has her "Marseillaise" hymn while the German people sing their "Watch on the Rhine."

A woman reigns over that empire on which the sun never sets; and to her honor and glory the whole nation join in singing "God Save the Queen."

Here in our own country we unite heartily in singing:

"Land where our father's died,  
Land of the pilgrim's pride,  
From every mountain side,  
Let freedom ring!"

The University Quarterly, (New York University, New York City,) among other articles has one on "German Universities" and also one on American Glaciers.

When glaciers are spoken of Americans are apt to think of the magnificent ice-streams of Switzerland and Norway. But if they will look among the mountains only of their own country they may find glaciers almost at their own threshold that rival those of Europe.

New York university has lately been deprived of two of its professors by death. Sketches of their lives are given in this number of the Quarterly.

The following exchanges have been received since our last issue:

LOCALS.

Vacation over, now for business.

We are happy to see Stone about again after his attack of pneumonia.

Mr. Chas. Daniels, a former student, paid the College a visit in February.

C. H. Bramble has closed his school, pocketed the money, and started for Tecumseh happy.

Many are those afflicted with colds. Our Literary Editor calls it a "sounding-board to his voice."

Miss Alice Wattles, late of the college, is mistress of a school near Cooper. We regret the change.

J. C. Anderson, a former student, has returned to join the senior class. He receives a hearty welcome.

We learn that F. C. Marshall is permanently established as pastor of the Baptist church at Lawton.

'83 A. G. Fuller, assistant C. E., is squinting out the site for the prospective court house at Kalama

The regular meeting of the stockholders of Students' Publication Association occurs next Tuesday, April 8th.

The officers elect of the Sherwood Society treated the members to an oyster supper in Sherwood Hall, March 19th.

Prof. Montgomery has just recovered from a severe attack of moving, the house in which he lived having changed hands.

H. E. House is soon to depart for Chicago where he will remain during the summer. We all wish him success and hope to see him in school again next year.

Among the visitors at the college during the past month are Dr. Stimpson, Prof. Estebrook of Olivet, Prof. Putnam of Ypsilanti, and Mr. Davidson of White Pigeon.


Rev. Mr. Taft of White Pigeon, preached in the Baptist Church at both morning and evening service, March 16th. He also baptized three young men from White Pigeon, students at the college, one of whom is his son George.

Philolexian Society: Pres., M. C. Taft; Vice Pres., F. W. Stone; Sec., L. H. Stewart; Cor. Sec., E. H. Conrad; Treas., S. B. Tobey; Librarian, W. H. Merritt; Janitor, George Taft.

Eurodelphian Society: Pres., Miss Nellie Carman; Vice Pres., Miss Mabel Young; Sec., Miss Eva Daglish; Treas., Miss Nellie Clough; Librarian Miss Fan nic Hastings; Editor, Miss Mary Fuller.

Despite the rain on the evening of the reception at President Nelson's, Mar. 18th, there was a full attendance and a happy time. Not mentioning the other refreshments, we cannot but speak of the prime doughnuts and inspiring coffee.

The chapel essays and orations for the past term are about as follows: Miss Bennett, a Review of "Bitter Sweet;" Miss Davidson, Woman's Work; Dresser, Fitz-Green Halleck; Marshall, Possibilities; Merritt, The Koran, the Index of Mohammedanism; Miss Moxom, Joan of Arc; Miss Taylor, Antonio in the "Merchant of Venice;" C. H. Brownell, Mormonism.

Pres. Kendall Brooks sailed for Europe March 12th. He took a state-room in the Catalonia which plies
between Boston and Liverpool. He will go at once to Mentone, remaining there until May, thence to England, returning to his home sometime in the summer. On the morning of his departure prayer was offered in the College Chapel for his safe voyage and return, in which desire all his acquaintances can not but join.

March 17th, the ladies and gentlemen of the christian association of the college met in separate session and adopted respectively the constitutions of the college branch of the National Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. The officers elected are as follows: of the young men, President, F. C. Marshall; Vice President, J. E. Cheney; Recording Secretary, J. O. Heck; Corresponding Secretary, C. S. Lester; Treasurer, W. H. Merritt. Of the young women, President, Miss Jennie Bennett; Vice President, Miss Mabel Young; Rec. Sec., Miss Belle Richards; Cor. Sec., Miss Ida Moxom; Treasurer, Miss Mary Boyden.

PHILOLEXIAN.

According to the announcement in the previous issue, the Philolexian Society gave a public programme Feb. 29th. After a prayer by President [Nelson] and the order of regular business, came a piano solo by W. C. Byington, which was finely executed and heartily appreciated by the listeners. A declamation entitled "A Beautiful Allegory" was given by E. S. Faxon. The selection was excellently memorized. Oration by M. C. Taft on "Mummies" was well rendered, which furnished much satisfactory information concerning the antiquity, method, and purpose of putting of this variety of dried fruit. On account of the illness of F. W. Stone, the first part of the "Philox Accident" was read by H. H. Pettee, co-editor, as was also the supplement later in the evening. It consisted of a number of pointed personals, and an original poem on "My Old Pipe," written by H. E. House. The poem deserves further mention, which space will not allow. Next the "Minute Gun at Sea," by Messrs. L. H. Stewart and W. E. Hall, was well sung and received.

After an intermission a cornet solo by Mr. Tracy Wallo, and a supplement to the "Accident," H. E. House delivered an invective against Mormonism, much to the credit of the author. Next came a poem, "My Apology," by R. S. Abbott. It was a versified ramble in the company of a capricious muse who led in a variety of directions. The production was duly appreciated by the audience. The well executed programme closed with a song, "Good Night, Gentle Folks," after which the audience resolved itself into a social, which was a very enjoyable feature of the eve.

WIT AND WISDOM.

Sweet (K)night!

For a square meal go to Henika's.
The philosopher in mourning—Crosby.

For a good lunch call at M. Henika's.

"The highest pursuit, the truest study of mankind, is man."

The task of building fires becomes a pleasure when you use J. McSweeney's wood.

Philosophy is a good horse in the stable but an arrant jade on a journey. — Goldsmith.

He is really married now, and our college friend need no longer await his ultimate return.

"The landlady and Jam grew gracious, Wi' favors secret, sweet and precious."

A full assortment of men's fine and medium shoes now received. Prices to suit all. Bennett.

Kalamazoo is to have a street railway, and the Oscar will soon be running from here to Hastings.

Our vacation friends had an eye to the fitness of things when they appointed their wedding for April 1st.

Fine line of gent's shoes for spring. Gent's low shoes, kid and calf, sold at bottom prices by A. A. Hazard.

He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerve and sharpens our skill, our antagonist is our helper. — Burke.
You can always find the latest styles and splendid goods at Underwood's Shoe Store.

How some of our would-be rhymesters take it all in, when the President dwells upon the characteristics of a poet."

Unpleasant wasn’t it? "He engaged the hack, and then couldn’t find her home until he drove back and asked one of the fellows.

Soph. to lady ditto. "Er.—ahem! if you will go around to the washerwoman’s with me, I should be pleased to walk home with you."

Prof. in cold recitation room:—"If any of you fear to risk your health by remaining here, go (to )—where it is warmer. They mostly staid.

Is it because "Discretion is the better part of valor" that some of the not-too-old young men are so attentive to their prospective mothers-in-law these days?


It is a shame that our young men are not more gallant; if the young ladies are not provided for at the next lecture we shall be obliged to see to them ourselves.—Ex."

Satisfaction is happiness. Hence the James Mean $3.00 shoe, sold by Sprague, is happiness as it always gives satisfaction.

It is found on close examination that several of the Seniors do not have to buy ponies on the Greek this term. They are reading in the Testament, and some of them are supplied with copies.—Ex.

Why is a preacher like a printer? They are both after the devil. In what respect does a printer differ from a preacher? Printers make the devil work and the devil makes the preacher work.—Ex.

Scene in the recitation room of natural Philosophy: “Mr. D., have you ever put your head on any one’s breast and listened to the heart-beats, as ‘Huxley describes them?’ Mr. D. (blushing)—"Yes sir." Class wound up.

Carlyle, it gilds my heart to think of thee, Thou Titan, battling with the hosts of sham, Hypocrisy, and cant, which deeply damn The world, by breeding infidelity; And if, in the great conflict of thy age, Thy course was oft in error, if thy rage At hollow pretense led, at times, to sneers Against the living faith of former years, We can forgive these stumbles of the man. In spite of imperfections in the van Of those who fought for truth worth thou, great soul; And mighty are thy thunders as they roll From thine Olympian height into the ranks Of flabby unreality. All thanks To the brave heart that ever scorned a lie, That, in the slough of honest doubt, did cry ‘Gainst sophistry of fools, whose “snuff of doubt” Tried, from the universe, “to sneeze God out.”

INFORMATION FOR LADIES.—There is nothing a housekeeper would like but can be obtained by reading the Housewife, the best and cheapest paper for ladies published. Regular price $1, will be sent on trial one year free to every lady who sends immediately the names and addresses of ten married ladies or housekeepers with 12 two cent stamps for postage.

Address, THE HOUSEWIFE, Rochester, N. Y.

A Freshman learning to throw a paper wad with unerring accuracy is an interesting sight, but a scene that beggars description by both gods and men, is an innocent, unwashed Soph. struggling to acquire the manly art of “chewing.” The fine throes of agony depicted upon his countenance is worthy a master’s art. The valiant flight to keep his bread receptacle right side out with care, and its contents in status quo, is a sight that challenges description. And the final triumphal victory of the weed over revolting nature, the grand rush of all contents through the cardiac orifice, and final exit from the victim, is worthy the closing scene of the drama, in which the Sophomore James acted the star part. James will chew no more.—Ex.
Our Local Editor calls it a Thanksgiving visit, when he leaves town Friday afternoon to remain over Sunday.

**How to Make Candy.**—This book gives full directions to confectioners and others for making all kinds of plain and fancy candy. The recipes for making caramels, chocolate drops, French mixed and all other kinds of candies contained in this book are the same as used by the leading city confectioners. Any one can have these candies at home at less than one-third the usual cost. No housekeeper can afford to be without it. Sent postpaid for 30 cents, in one or two cent stamps. Address, THE HOUSEWIFE, Rochester, N. Y.

Rules for students: "Breathe nothing but pure air; if you can't get it, don't breathe at all."

"Get up the moment you rise."

"Avoid sitting suddenly or long upon the ice, as the undertaker —."

"Do not lie in bed any longer than you want to."

"Avoid all undue excitements, such as getting left."

"The moment you have found you have eaten a great deal too much, stop right there."

Senior to Prep.; "When you become a senior, all you need do is to go to class and hear a lecture." Prep.; "Humph! Don't have to be a senior to get a lecture in class."

"There is nothing so imprudent as excessive prudence."

Will be sold to the Highest Bidder, At the meeting of the Students' Publishing Co. Tuesday, April 8th, TWO NEW NOYES' DICTIONARY HOLDERS.

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ALUMNI CARDS.

Under the above heading it is intended to publish the cards of Alumni of Kalamazoo College. The space allotted is six lines nonpareil. The charge is $1.25 per annum. Scores of the Alumni ought to avail themselves of this means of giving their old college associates the knowledge of their whereabouts and what they are doing; besides they can help the society of which they were members, and, may be, help themselves.


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FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

In the front rank of my favorites I count Fitz-Greene Halleck. He was a real, although not a great poet. Paradox though it may be, it is because he was not great, as the world counts greatness, that I admire or rather enjoy him. The cold and stately lily may be the loveliest of flowers, the passionate rose with its hidden thorns may be the grandest; yet one cannot but turn from them and gaze with fondness on the delicate violet which is content to sweeten some obscure nook. So too in the realm of poesy, Tennyson, with cool nerves and steady hand, chopping a philosophic plummet into the deeps of humanity, may charm the mind; Byron, voicing every degree of passion, and his garments smirred with the vices in which he had wallowed, rising to the very height of sublimity, may stir the heart; but I turn from them to the humble, contented Halleck with a sense of relief.

"In common ways, with common men,
He served his race and time
As well as if his clerkly pen
Had never danced to rhyme.
"If, in the thronged and noisy mart,
The muses found their son,
Can any say his tuneful art
A duty left undone?"

This even tenor of his life, so well described by our Quaker poet, was not the result of a passive temperament: here and there in his verses are indications of turbulent passions held in subjection by a manly soul; accordingly he is satirical but not bitter, witty but not wicked.

If you have not read his masterpiece, Fanny, you have a rare treat in store for you. It breathes into the mind an elevating, restful hilarity as far from the coarse laughter of the sensualist as heaven from hell. I know that Lowell calls Fanny, "a pseudo Don Juan, with the wickedness out that gave salt to the true one." But I imagine that the world will not spoil for lack of such salt.

Nowhere in his poems, let me say it again, do we find the least bitterness of spirit, not even where he refers to the poet's lack of pecuniary reward. The passage is almost playful:

"Money is power; 'tis said; I never tried;
I'm but a poet and bank notes to me
Are curiosities as closely eyed,
As any meteoric stone would be,
Dropped from the moon on Dr. Mitewell's table,
Or classic brick-bat from the tower of Babel."

His verse is but the free, natural overflow of the joys and sorrows of his life. There is nothing feigned. He does not woo the muses with labored epithets, nor lash himself into a wordy war of passions. We see, illustrated in his writings, a principle which we are apt to forget, namely, that a scrupulously moderated statement makes a deeper impression than an exaggerated one.

Important as is this lesson obtained from his writings the lesson of his life is more ennobling. He did not play the spoiled child and sob himself to sleep, because, forsooth, the world gave him but stinted morsels instead of the full feast of hearty applause. He did not let the demons of unrest and envy make a hell of his heart, but yoked them to the triumphal car of his manhood and compelled them to obey him.

In Halleck I see exemplified the truth that duty can guide and happiness attend only him who is contented with what he is and can be. How strong, how noble is he who, trusting in Him who "doeth all things well," can say with Paul, "I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content." 

MISSPENT TALENT.

Oh, how much God-given talent is misspent!
It makes one pray, with agonizing soul,
That He, who doth the elements control,
Will send his Spirit forth, and thus prevent
The waste of power, which many souls has sent
To Hell, and still is sending to that goal.
Oh, let the torrent of thy truth still roll,
With renewed power, and make a mighty rent
In the dire dam, which holds the active good
In man pent up, that, with tremendous flow,
It flood the world with every noble form
Of true beneecence and brotherhood
In Christ the Lord! So every man will know
That God on earth directs both peace and storm,
CIVIL LIBERTY IN THE MASSACHUSETTS COLONY.

The Massachusetts colony like the Plymouth was the outcome of religious persecution in England. Who can trace the noble and far reaching results which have come to mankind through corporal punishment to make the acute warnings of conscience submit to ritualism?

Ritualism and forms of worship indirectly laid the foundations of a democracy unparalleled in the annals of history.

As an acorn dropped by some frightened squirrel takes root, grows and spreads abroad its arms in hospitable shelter, so the growth of the colony almost unobserved in its beginning grew in strength until all, regardless of rank or station, were welcomed to its genial and safe protection.

The London Company similar to other corporations received its charter from the King and was under the laws of the realm. Some of the privileges granted to the company were, the admission of all, unless prohibited by royal authority, punishment of those who desired harm to the colony, and the administration of its affairs which were entrusted to a governor, deputy, and eighteen assistants, all being elected by the stockholders. In the King's eye it was but a trading corporation and not a civil government. Not a single line alludes to religious worship, nor did the home government confer greater rights on a colonist than on any of her island subjects. No laws were to be made repugnant to the statutes of the British government. Who would seek a home in a wilderness under such a charter? Our pre-emption laws place enough hardships upon the first settlers but they are mild compared with the chartered rights. Under the charter the colonist was little more than a slave. For compelled to abide by the enactments of the corporation, he was deprived also of the right of franchise and had no voice in the administration of civil affairs. Sagacity and self-protection transferred the charter, or more pointedly speaking, the organization from England to America.

Representation in public affairs was now granted to the freemen of the colony. The colonist came to America not to found a democracy, but to possess the privilege of worshipping God as conscience directed. For years they did not indulge in dreams of civil liberty but rejoiced in their own seclusion. On account of the internal eruptions in the English government, the colonists planted better than they knew. Political freedom as well as religious toleration was indirectly the outgrowth of abhorrence of ritualism in the established church.

Knowledge rightly used is an instrument conducive of great good to mankind. The principal planters of Massachusetts were men of excellent ability, enlarged understanding and extensive ambition, and also strict adherents to the gospel truths. They were associates of those in England who were clamoring for liberal thought, freedom of conscience and equality of man. Freedom which produced civil strife in England, in America, unopposed by obstacles, has had a peaceful career.

The yearly changing of civil officials gave an impulse to political freedom. For the duties of governing fell upon the members of the plantation. The sovereign will was the will of the people. Laws are far more apt to be in accordance with the great principles of justice and for the benefit of the majority, if made by the people or their representatives, than by those appointed by the King. In the second year of the colony's existence the representative form of government was established and henceforth considered a priceless safeguard. The rotation of administration gave to them deep-seated love for the welfare of the colony. Next to his own hearth, nothing was so dear to the colonist as the commonwealth. The love of freedom grows by what it feeds upon and the nourishment given by self-government is very strengthening and as unlimited as human action.

Civil liberty in the Massachusetts colony relied upon its charter, stood upon the defense, was uncompromising and fierce yet in every action was controlled by reason.

Should unmarried editors say we?
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CALENDAR.
1883, December 21, Friday, First term ends.
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COMMUNICATIONS.

AN INCIDENT.

The poet sat thinking one evening,
In his hard, well-worn arm-chair,
With a sad and dejected appearance,
With brow deeply furrowed with care.
He sat in his study musing
O'er his hard and cheerless lot,
The weary years he'd been poet,
The happy years that he'd not.
Now fortuneless, friendless, forsaken,
But possessing honor and fame,
Overpowering his mind with sadness,
The thoughts of his happy youth came.

While musing alone with his feelings
He heard a low step on the floor
Of some one approaching his study
And opening wide the door.
Two visitors entered his study,
Two strangers from out of town;
But possessing honor and fame,
Overpowering his mind with sadness,
The thoughts of his happy youth came.
He heard a low step on the floor
Of some one approaching his study
And opening wide the door.
Two visitors entered his study,
Two strangers from out of town;
With a few muttered words of greeting
They each took a chair and sat down.
They were father and son in appearance:
The father tall, awkward and thin,
With a loose, ill-fitting garment,
And a stiff, stubby beard on his chin;
His son a ragged young urchin,
Perhaps in his thirteenth year,
And while in the poet's dominion
Clung close to his father in fear.
"Be you the poet?" said the father.
The poet nodded his head.
"Well, then, I have with you, sir,
A little business," he said.
"I live on my farm in the country,
But to-day, havin' nothin' to do,
I thought I'd improve the occasion,
And pay a short visit to you.
This here young fellow's my sonny,
The name that we call him is Jo,
He's the wickedest, rascally scoundrel,
Though 'tis his father that tells you so;
He don't work, and instead of helping,
As do all the rest of my boys,
He'll be up to some of his tricks, sir,
A-making of fun and noise.
But the curiousest of his actions;
He'll be singing through all of the day,
Of the handsome pink lips of the posies,
The delectable weather of May.
I thought the poor fellow was crazy,
And then asked the doctor; he said,
If I'd send him to the insane asylum
They'd soon take that stuff out of his head.
The worst kind of spring poet's fever,
The neighbors said that he had,
And if he'd not make a spring poet,
They certainly thought he'd go mad.
Now, what do you think, Mister Poet?"
He pensively scratched his chin.
"Now, sir, will you take my sonny,
And make a spring poet of him?"
Over the poet's worn features
Came a sad and sickly smile;
For a while he was silent; then speaking
To the stranger, father, and child:
"I'll take your son for a poet.
But 'tis a harder life than you think,
With scarcely a good meal per day,
From this life even the strongest wills shrink.
He'll be mocked, and laughed at in public,
His poems nobody will buy.
Then perhaps he'll be struck with a madness,
And write a few poems, and die."
"Is that so?" said the rustic old farmer.
"Well then, all I've got to say,
I'll send him to the insane asylum.
So, now, Mister Poet, good-day."
-- Pine Grove Echoes.

THE ESSENTIALS OF A GOOD EDUCATION.

What are the essentials of a good education?
We do not mean by this what an accomplished scholar must know, or what is necessary as a preparation for one of the learned professions.
But for a person who is to engage in the ordinary pursuits of life, not a teacher, not a professed scholar, what are the essentials of a good education?

We venture to answer the question as follows:

1. A knowledge of one’s own language, which will enable him to read correctly and easily, which will save him from serious mistakes in pronunciation and spelling, and from grammatical blunders, is the first essential.

2. Joined with this should be the ability to write clearly and readily. A fair penmanship is the second essential.

3. Next to these should be a full understanding of the principles of arithmetic, and skill in applying them;—not the ability to solve all the problems found even in our ordinary arithmetics, nor a comprehension of those rules which are rarely applied in practice, but a perfect mastery of the few fundamental principles, and ability to perform all fundamental operations quickly and surely.

4. The next requisite is a general knowledge of geography, particularly of one’s own country.

If a young person has these four requisites, he is fairly qualified for most of the service to which the majority of men are called. If he is destitute of any one of these, he must often experience great mortification in mingling with his fellows. Suppose that instead of being well grounded in these essentials, he has studied algebra and can solve some difficult propositions, or he has studied geometry and can prove some difficult propositions, or he has given his time to Latin and has read Cæsar and Cicero, but in the meantime has not become proficient in the use of his native language. He cannot spell correctly. He mispronounces words in common use. He disregards the laws of language in the structure of his sentences. He can neither read nor speak effectively, nor write a letter that will not betray gross ignorance. Has he spent his time and strength wisely? Is he half as well prepared for his work in life as if he had thoroughly acquired the four requisites named above?

We believe that many young persons make a great mistake in the way in which they seek an education. They are anxious to get a smattering of higher learning, when they are deficient in these fundamentals. And the result is that they never remedy the defects which are apparent to all, and which give them the appearance of uneducated persons. We have known men wearing the title of A. B. or A. M., who could not, if it were to save their lives, write a letter free from gross blemishes in spelling, punctuation, the use of capitals, and grammatical construction. They had studied philosophy, science and letters. Nevertheless they were very poorly educated, and appeared to great disadvantage when compared with a man, said to be uneducated, who knew how to speak and write his native language correctly.

These views seem to us to be of great practical importance. If we had control of the public schools of a city or village, we would insist on every child’s having these essentials before entering on any higher studies. If a young person is deficient in these things, however far advanced he may be in a course of liberal studies, he ought to make his first endeavor to remedy these fundamental defects; for he can not be a genuine scholar, or be fairly furnished for the work of life without these essentials.

ENDOWMENT.

At their meeting in June, the Board of Trustees decided to make an effort to increase the endowment of the college to one hundred thousand dollars.

The present productive endowment being about fifty-six thousand dollars, it was thought advisable to endeavor to secure an additional fifty thousand.

A committee was appointed to act in conjunction with the financial secretary, in making arrangements to canvass the State for the purpose of soliciting subscriptions.

This committee and several other brethren, met at Detroit on the 21st of last July. It was there decided to begin the canvass in Detroit the following week, and in Kalamazoo in September. It was also decided to hold, if possible, a few educational meetings in varied places before the October Convention, and to make an effort to have a large meeting in the interest of Christian education at the Convention.

A partial canvass of Detroit was made during the last week of July, and some further work was done early in September. The substance of the work cannot be estimated now. Ten thousand dollars have been subscribed, and many brethren have promised to do their part before the completion of the canvass.

The plan is, to secure subscriptions amount-
GLASS AS A SUBSTITUTE FOR IRON.

That glass could be made to take the place of iron and other materials for certain mechanical purposes has lately been exemplified in the manufacture of glass pulleys for cable railways. The advantage of glass pulleys are obvious. In cable railways, such as are in use over the Brooklyn Suspension Bridge and in the streets of some of the cities, the operation of the cables over metal pulleys has resulted in serious damage to them from the friction of the pulleys. When the pulleys are of a metal the friction is a maximum one, but no other substance hitherto could be found sufficiently strong and tenacious to take its place. Glass pulleys will reduce the friction to a minimum, and they will last for an indefinite time. Mr. J. J. Hardin, of Chicago, has a number of different sized pulleys made for experiment. They are about thirteen inches in diameter and about two and a half or three in width, with a groove in the center of the rim to receive the cable. However, the rim or tire is of glass, the interior part being composed of iron made in the form of a spider, which fully supports the glass exterior. In this spider is a hole for the reception of the axel upon which they run. The thickness of the glass from the surface of the rim to the iron part of the spider is only about three-quarters of an inch, but the glass is made extra tough and strong, and the pulleys have been proved capable of successfully resisting any pressure brought to bear upon them.—Philadelphia Press.

A man can often go around an obstacle a great deal quicker than he can fight his way through it.
After an absence of nearly a year our honored President has returned to us, in a measure restored to health and strength. During the time that he has been absent from us our best wishes have continually followed him, and all the students and true friends of the College will rejoice with us in seeing him in his accustomed place again.

Even during the time that he has been away his influence has been with the College, and teachers and students have labored knowing that news of the prosperity of the College would be one of the best of restoratives.

As is stated elsewhere Rev. Theodore Nelson Acting President of this College during last year, enters upon his work this Fall as Professor of Literature in the State Normal school. Prof. Nelson is a thorough gentleman, and during his stay here won "golden opinions" from all with whom he came in contact. The Normal is materially strengthened by this addition to its already able corps of teachers.

LOCAL.

Welcome back.

College opens with flattering prospects.

Heck and Saunders mourn the absent.

Everything wears a plug hat now.—Kalamazoo Gazette.

The Ladies' Dormitory looms up grandly—in the future.

The State Fair was held at Kalamazoo Sept. 15th to 19th inclusive.

Work on the new Court House seems to be going forward rather slowly.

There has been no lack of entertainments in town during the term so far.

Freshman wants to know if he gorge himself will he then become gorgeous?

Query. Why is one of our new students a bust? Because he is a Marblehead man.

The Pontiac Bill Poster is among our exchanges. Tall senior please take notice.

The local editor writes that he will paint the town a bright crimson when he returns.

Jay-Eye-See and Phallas have for the time taken the edge off the political contest.

Rev. Ignaz Mueller has been appointed teacher of German for the current year.

An American Standard Dictionary, and the INDEX for one year for $1.25 in advance.

Now the theological student returneth to College heavily loaded with the "wherewith."

J. E. Cheney returns to College with the results of his summer's toil visible upon his face.

Miner Taft made a flying trip to White Pigeon last week, somebody was going west they say.

Miss Pierson's pony will probably rejoice in the departure of one of the present junior class.

Our friend from Howell who saw the white elephant last spring, returns after a six months' vacation.

Most of the professors have spent the summer at Charlevoix, which is deservedly becoming a popular resort.

Entertainment for visitors to the State Fair consists in showing them how short a time their money will last.

House says he wishes M. would wear his coat unbuttoned so that he could tell which is M. and which is his cane.

Prof. Nelson has rented the house formerly occupied by Prof. Estabrook, one of the finest residences in Ypsilanti.

The opening social of the term held at the Eurodelphian Hall was well attended and a pleasant evening enjoyed by all.

Exercises were suspended at the College Wednesday, Sept. 17th to allow students and teachers to visit the State Fair.

A large number were present at the reception given in honor of Gen. Alger, at Col. F. B. Stockbridge's residence, Wednesday evening Sept. 17th.

New student says, "Who is that thick-set young man who is walking around speaking to those boys, is he one of the Professors? "Oh no, that is Mr. L. one of the students." "Oh, I thought perhaps he was assistant President."
The Grand Rapids Leader says that a gentleman of that city will soon lead to the altar Miss Laura Sterling of Plainwell, formerly of Kalamazoo.

Every new student should subscribe for the Index or take stock in the Association, for in this way he will more rapidly become acquainted with the College.

The building designed as a boarding house for students on the corner of Davis and Cedar streets, burned during the summer vacation. The loss was largely covered by insurance.

The lower building narrowly escaped burning this summer, catching fire from a burning house across the street. Great credit is due to our janitor S. G. St. John on this occasion.

When the present editorial board took possession of the spacious and elegant sanctum occupied by their predecessors, they found, among other relics, a basket of stale puns on the chapel choir.

Many of our boys have come back prohibitionists. However the editorial board is not troubled by any of them, the Board consisting of two Blaine men, one Cleveland, one foreigner, and one minor.

We notice some improvement in the College Grove, the trees being trimmed and some brush cleared away. Also the removal of the sand which had nearly filled portions of Mirror Lake, the work of Koli S. Thabue during vacation.

**PERSONAL.**

"'83 H. H. Barber, was recently in town.

Miss Fannie Platt has again taken up her studies here.

Miss Hattie Potter has a position in the Galesburg schools.

J. J. Crosby has gone to Morgan Park to pursue his studies.

"'83 S. Wesselius takes the stump for the Republican party.

L. E. Martin returns this year, bringing with him his brother.

Miss Ellen Ritter, formerly class '84, is in town visiting friends.

Prof. Montgomery spent part of the summer in Canada.

W. W. Andrus of this College, enters Madison University this fall.

A. W. Parsons goes to Amherst to enter the Freshman class there.

"'86 H. H. Pettee, has spent the summer traveling in Kentucky and Indiana.

W. H. Merritt attended the Illinois State Fair September 10th to 13th inclusive.

J. O. Heck preached his first sermon in the Tecumseh Baptist Church recently.

President Brooks has resumed his labors, and all are glad to see him looking better.

Rev. Theodore Nelson A. M., becomes Professor of Literature in the State Normal School.

The Conrad Brother's of Cheboygan are here, bringing with them three other students.

"'86 C. H. Brownell leaves here to enter the Northwestern University at Evanston, Illinois.

Miss Cora Cole has had success in teaching a select school at Tekonsha during the summer vacation.

"'84 Frank C. Marshall has been at Lawton during the summer, and goes to Morgan Park this fall.

F. W. Beals formerly class '84, and F. E. Britton of Ann Arbor, were recent visitors at the College.

"'82 W. A. Anderson has accepted the position of news editor on the Kalamazoo Daily Telegraph.

Henry M. Rose, a former student here, was in town visiting the State Fair. His home is now in Grand Rapids.

"'86 Miss Ida Moxom will not return and we learn that she will enter the Adelbert College College at Cleveland, O.

W. S. Corbin of Alamo attended the first meeting of the Sherwoods. He is teaching school at present, but will return in a few weeks.

C. A. Carroll was called away during the first few days of the term, on account of the death of his stepfather who resided in Canada.

E. A. Balch on his arrival home on the 12th inst, found that his father had died about an
hour previous. We tender him our heartfelt sympathy.

Dr. Clough, who lately returned to India to resume his labors as a missionary; was one of the speakers during the Commencement week at Madison University.

The regents of the University of Michigan at their meeting on the 25th of last June, voted to confer the degree of Master of Arts on Rev. Theodore Nelson, late of this College.

E. F. Osborn was married last month to Miss Bertha F. Judson of Galesburg, a student here last year, and begins his work as principal of the Ithaca schools this fall. May good fortune attend the happy couple.

Hon. Caleb Van Husen, of Detroit, who died August 20th, had been a member of the Board of Trustees of Kalamazoo College from its incorporation as a College, and among its most liberal supporters. Among his latest acts was a subscription of $5,000 to its endowment.

EXCHANGES.

At the opening of our school year, we find our sanctum well filled with old and tried friends of the Index waiting to pay their respects and renew old friendships. Also we find seven respectable looking strangers, whose acquaintance we are glad to make, and of whom we will speak more fully hereafter.

However, many of the exchanges at hand are the commencement numbers of last year, which, in their eagerness to show forth the glory of their commencement, have somewhat neglected their exchange departments. Others habitually give this department little consideration. As for us, we believe in a "vigorous Foreign Policy," and think that a free interchange of opinions and friendly criticism on college journalism is beneficial to all concerned, while at the same time it makes a very interesting feature of a college paper.

The Pleiad, of Albion college appears—conspicuous among other exchanges on account of its new dress—bearing on its cover an artistic cut which gives the paper a fine appearance, showing at the same time the important position that Albion occupies in

It appears that a very prominent feature is the entertainments given by the literary societies. These consist of a series of orations interspersed with music, occupying one evening for each society; and judging from the brief abstracts given the orations were of a high order.

The Hillsdale Herald is one of our most regular visitors, making weekly calls and persisting in those calls throughout the months of July and August, we are curious to know whether school keeps through those months, or if the Herald goes on whether school keeps or not. However, the Herald takes a high rank amongst our exchanges, and though amount of literary matter in each number is quite limited, the quality is good.

The College Speculum, Lansing Mich., appears with a long list of personals and a fine collection of general college news. The paper is published by the Literary societies of the College, each society furnishing one member of the editorial board and a portion of the literary matter, which by the way, scarcely ranks with the other features of the paper. The first article which unsparingly attacks the "marking system" in Colleges is unassuming, forcible and pointed, and on the whole a fairly good literary article. For the one on "extremes" however, we cannot say as much. The writer deprecates the tendency to go to extremes, and the lack of what he calls symmetrical development, by which he seems to mean mediocrity in all things, perfection in none. He says that history is replete with examples of this tendency as we commonly call it 'overdoing the matter,' and as illustration he gives Shakespeare in the drama, Fielding in the novel, and Hume in history. He goes on to say that in the liberal present we see less of this tendency than in the narrow past and notes this as a step toward perfection.

"The Sibyl" published by the young ladies of Elmira College, N. Y., contains a long and enviable array of literary articles. The one on Matthew Arnold is indeed, an excellent production. The article on "Foreign Travel" shows a pleasing narrative style, while the one on "Limiting the Acquisition of Wealth" by law, shows that the feminine mind can grapple successfully with deepest political questions of the day. The article on "Common Sense" shows that the writer pos-
College Index.

There are 40,000,000 acres of school lands in Texas.

The average age of the class of '84 in Michigan University was 20 years and 8 months.

President Durgin of Hillsdale has resigned, and will soon publish a work on Iceland.

During the last eleven years Yale has graduated 619, free traders and 34 protectionists.—Ex.

Dr. Mc Cosh of Princeton spent the summer in Scotland, and visited one of his former parishes.

It is a curious trait of mankind that when we imitate, we generally imitate faults instead of virtues.

Eighteen of the Prof's of the University of Edinburgh receive salaries of over $10,000 per annum.—Ex.

The single eyeglass is worn by the dude; the theory is that he can see with one eye more than he can comprehend.—Picayune.

The late H. C. Lewis of Coldwater, known to fame by his magnificent Art gallery, has bequeathed $2000 to Kalamazoo College. His Art collection goes to Michigan University.

The Vassar girls have discovered that eating onions not only keeps the lips from chapping, but the chaps from lipping.

Of eight of the principal colleges, Penn. University is the only one advocating protection. Yale, Harvard, Amherst, and Williams, are free-traders, while Columbia and Princeton are on the fence.—University Quarterly.

There is nothing so scarce as good nonsense. You may find a hundred owls who can sit on a dry limb, look wise, and say nothing, and be respectable, to one monkey who can play the fool, and do justice to himself and the subject too.—Century.

"Are you going to make a flower-bed here?" asked a young lady of her father's gardener. "Yes, miss; them's the orders." "Why, it'll spoil our croquet ground!" "Can't help it, miss, your papa says he's bound to have this plot laid out for horticulture, not husbandry."—Chicago Standard.

Morgan Park Theological Seminary has been presented with the library of the American Bible Union, the gift of Dr. T. M. Colwell of Lowell, Mass. This is a very fine library of five thousand volumes, consisting mostly of theological works.

The trustees of William and Mary College have decided to sell some real estate belonging to the College, and pay its debt of ten thousand dollars. The assets are about sixty thousand dollars, and they will try to build up the College again. This is a famous institution, and the oldest in America except Harvard.

The Elective System.

The elective system has frequently been discussed, and its advantages and disadvantages pointed out by men fully experienced with the requirements of the theme. That much can be said for and against this system any reasoning mind must admit. The subject is of vital importance, inasmuch as it has to do with the possibilities of the human mind. Years ago when colleges were first established, we had but one prescribed course, and this was the only means to the acquirement of the degree of A.B. Students struggled through a long curriculum of study, some of the requirements of which were odious and yielded little or nothing to them in return. At the present day our best institutions have adopted the elective system, which seems to find favor with the most enlightened minds. It it certainly difficult for a person to sit down to a task for which nature has not fitted him, and to such a mind, though laboring strenuously, the subject will never be clear. A mind will digest only that which it has capacities of receiving. A good memory is a valuable sieve; it sifts out that which is distasteful to it, and assimilates that which it likes and which is suited to it. You can prepare a sumptuous feast for a man, but only certain dishes will please him; if compelled to eat, he will become
nauseated. All minds have not the same capacities for metaphysics, languages, and mathematics, and when one faculty strengthens the other weakens; in fact, there are some studies which cannot be mastered at all. Why then should a person be subjected to studies which are but a punishment to him? Stoicism is an essential factor in a student’s life? A man’s discretion shows him his calling in life, to fit himself for which he should be allowed to select such studies as are necessary for his future business. A person can not be a “Jack of all trades,” and if he undertakes to be, he will find himself master of none. Another strong argument against a prescribed course is the destruction of health. An ambitious student wishes not to fall back in his class, and by close attention to studies that are hard and odious to him, he sacrifices all exercise for the position he desires to hold. His health gives way, and when the full bloom of manhood should appear, he is but a sere and leafless stock. It keeps in check certain faculties, which if he were permitted to use his own discretion in the selection of studies, would attain the proper degree of development like the muscles of the body: the body are trained by proper exercise, for in like manner, the body will not, and can not endure all kinds of gymnastic exercise. An unsuited study is a deadly canker-worm constantly gnawing. It irritates the mind, causes unrest, debilitates the system, diminishes the desire for study, causes neglect, and finally produces mental and physical demoralization. Shall the young man be placed under such baneful restraints? Is such a course giving him a liberal education? Many a young man has totally failed in his college by a course of forced studies; many a one has ruined himself because such studies had to be pursued. When entering college, we grant it is necessary to some extent to follow a prescribed course, but after a young man has finished two years in college, he should be privileged to select such branches which he knows will be of value to him. If at this time he is unable to select for himself, he is wanting in certain faculties and unworthy the name of college boy, and should be debarred from these advantages. A man must know of himself what he is able to do, and if not, no one else can.

No one can fathom the tendency of the human mind. It is the storehouse of nature and within it may be an unknown power, which in after years may become the pride of the man. He himself must tenderly rear and carefully guide this, for the tender branches would become bruised by rude and resolute hands.

To come to the other side of the subject, it must be said that a prescribed course has some advantages. Young men or boys enter college at such a tender age, and there are cases in which some of them cannot decide for their own good, what studies are necessary.

A young man at sixteen, and even older ones, are often careless and attend college for the sake of passing the time pleasantly among jovial companions; others attend because their parents require them to do so. By such a student none but easy studies would be taken for the sake of giving him a “good time.” Such a student never climbs the ladder of fame, yet the required course keeps him in check and subjects him to rule and government, which minds must be obedient to all things.

The other extreme to this is the ambitious student. Could he have the option of selecting his studies he might take more under the circumstances, than he would properly be able to master and thus restrict himself to over-work. A wide field is open to him; he enters, not thinking of the necessity of mental rest and recreation. Such are the main arguments, besides innumerable others which present themselves on both sides of the question. For some a prescribed course is necessary, while to others, and to the greater number, an elective course would be more beneficial. We can but submit the question to those enlightened and cultured minds who have for many years been the leaders of thought and who have sent out into the world that brilliant array of young men who have shed lustre upon the world of science, literature and art.—X in College Student.

THE FIRST MEETING OF TWO GREAT PIANISTS.

In the year 1822, the great pianist, John Nepomuk Hummel travelled to Russia in the suite of a grand duchess, who was an ardent admirer of his talents. His reception there was of the most brilliant description. In all times Russia
has shown herself ready to recognize musical ability more lavishly and in a more practical manner than other countries. Hummel found himself lionized and feted in all directions. This was the more noticeable, as his manners, apart from his musical abilities, were not such as were likely to make him an entirely welcome guest in society. His appearance was altogether inelegant, and no one on seeing him would suspect him of being an artist. A very thick-set body, especially well developed at the waist; very long arms, thick, dumpy fingers which looked more like those of a farmer than those of a pianist; a large, round, red face, deeply pitted with smallpox marks, and afflicted with an unfortunate habit of cutting grimaces—a sort of St. Vitus' dance,—that was Hummel, the leading representative of the piano-school of his day, a man whose ugliness completely cast in the shade the plainness of that ill-favored composer, Schubert. Hummel was ranked by his admirers at this time as the equal even of Beethoven. In one respect there is no doubt that the admiration of his friends was well founded. His power of improvisation was something marvelous. Time and again, he had defeated all his rivals in this school of musical work. In Jena, he had captured the hearts of the entire university by beginning one of his performances with the "Minuet" of Don Juan, and, after transforming it in a surprising manner into a free fantasia, then intertwining it with the student's song, "Was kommt dort von der Hah!" although he had heard the latter melody sung for the first time only an hour before. It may be imagined then that in Russian drawing-rooms the master was often able to charm by his wonderful gifts of improvisation.

Spite of the cordial reception which at one time was given to him in Russia, a reception beside which all his triumphant tours in France, Germany, Holland, England and Denmark became as nothing, Hummel was at first dissatisfied. The most eminent pianist in Russia, the leader of the musical world in St. Petersburg and Moscow, had not yet called upon him. John Field, the wonderful Irishman who had become entirely Russianized, and whose works, chiefly in the Romantic school, had become the delight not only of St. Petersburg and Moscow, but of all the capitals of Europe, had not visited Hummel even on his arrival in Moscow. Finally, Hummel determined that as the mountain would not come to Mahomet, Mahomet would go to the mountain; and, one morning, he started out in his usual plain costume for Field's house. After some slight difficulty, he was admitted to see the master, who was, as it happened, engaged in giving a lesson to one of his wealthy pupils. There could not have been a greater contrast than that between the two great composers. Field, although dissipation had left some marks upon his features was elegant in bearing, and courtly in manner, and pale and slim; Hummel, cheaply dressed, burly of figure, and looking, for all the world, like a German peasant. Field gazed at his visitor with some curiosity, and allowed him to attend for a short time while he continued his instruction. Finally, he turned to the visitor and said, "What can I do for you, sir?"

"I wanted to make your acquaintance" said Hummel. "I have come a long way to Moscow; and, as I heard so much of your playing, I wanted to hear it. I am here in Moscow, on business; but I am fond of music, and I understand it a little."

Field smiled at the oddity of the request, coming as he thought from some village tradesman who dabbled in music, but sat down at the piano and played one of his most beautiful nocturnes, wondering what effect it would have upon his strange guest. Hummel, at its close, burst forth into profuse thanks, and said he had never heard the piano played with more delicacy or sentiment. Field now thought that he would extract some humor from the situation, and begged his supposed rustic to take his turn at the instrument. The latter hesitated in seeming affright; he had never played very much; he only played the organ at home now and then; he had no notes, etc.

Field cut all these excuses short, remarking, "Oh! a music-lover like yourself must know some piece without requiring the notes," and then, laughing to himself, sat down to enjoy the fun that was coming. I came, but in a very different manner than what he had expected. The peasant visitor sat down at the instrument, and began with the theme of the nocturne which Field had just played. Such a spontaneous development of themes had never been heard before. The nocturne became a brilliant, a glowing fantasia, in which emotion followed emotion in the most effective contrast and with the most bewildering beauty. Field arose, thunder-struck; but, at the end, surprise was changed to admiration. Going to the visitor, he seized him by the back of the head, gave him a playful shake, and embraced him, exclaiming: "You are Hummel.
There is not another man in the world who can improvise like that!"

They became cordial friends.

[From Musical Herald.

RETURNING A JOKE—ANECDOYE OF MENDELSSOHN.

Frederick II. of Prussia was very fond of having literary men, artists, and singers of talent at his small suppers; and he enjoyed free humor and encouraged gaiety with all his power. Personally fond of music and literature, he had a special liking for the philosopher Mendelssohn, whom he was very witty, as hunchbacks usually are; and he often, relates a writer in Temple Bar, gave him a seat at supper by his side. It so happened that some small ambassador-Germany was then divided into a number of microscopic countries with pigmy sovereigns—tried to charm Mendelssohn, who with his quick repartee, turned his tables at once on his adversary. Furious, his dwarfish excellence ran into circles above his reach, etc. The king told him:

"Mendelssohn was my guest, as you were; and you should not have joked him, or you should take the consequences.

"Ah," said the ambassador, "he is a man who would consider nobody, and would offend your Majesty, if it so happened that, for some imaginary reason, he thought himself hurt."

"Well," said the king, "but I shall give him no reason for feeling hurt; and, anyway, he would not offend me."

"Is it a wager?" asked the ambassador.

"Certainly," replied the king.

"Well, if your Majesty will do what I say, we will soon see whether I am right or wrong."

"And what do you want me to do?"

"Will your Majesty, at your next supper party, write on a piece of paper, 'Mendelssohn is an ass,' and put that paper, signed by your own hand, on his plate?"

"I will not: that would be a gratuitous rudeness."

"It is only to see what he would do, whether his presence of mind is so great, and in what way he would reply to your Majesty."

"Well, if it is just for an experiment, and I am at liberty afterward to tell him that I by no means intended to offend him, I do not mind employing with your wish."

"Agreed. Only the papers must be signed under the words, "Mendelssohn is an ass" so there can be no doubt in his mind that it comes from your Majesty."

Reluctantly, but with a feeling of curiosity as to know how it would end, the king wrote and signed the paper as required. The evening came; table was laid for twelve; the fatal paper was on Mendelssohn's plate, and the guests, several of whom had been informed of what was going on, assembled. At the given moment; all went to the ominous table and sat around it. The moment Mendelssohn sat down, being rather short-sighted, and observing some paper, he took it very near his eye, and, having read it, gave a start.

"What is the matter?" said the king. "No unpleasant news, I hope, Mendelssohn?"

"Oh, no," said Mendelssohn, "It is nothing."

"Nothing? Nothing would not have made you start. I demand to know what it is."

"Oh, it is not worth while"—

"But I tell you that it is. I command you to tell me."

Oh, some one has taken the liberty to joke in very bad taste with your Majesty."

"With me? Pray do not keep me waiting any longer. What is it?"

"Why, somebody wrote here, 'Mendelssohn is one ass, Frederick the Second.'—From the German.

GEORGE ELIOT.

George Eliot is the assumed name under which Mrs. Marian Lewis wrote some of the finest English works, well representing her sex in the literary world.

She was born in 1832 and but little of her early life is known to the curious public. She first attracted attention as a writer by several sketches in Blackwood's magazine and her first and one of her popular novels, Adam Bede, was published in 1859. The same year she wrote Mill on the Floss, in 1861 Silas Marner appeared, and in 1866 Felix Holt, Middlemarch, a study of English provincial life, was presented to the public in 1871, although all her other novels have attained much popularity, it has met with a most unprecedented success. Daniel Deronda is a study of modern English life, which has enlisted the attention of all intelligent readers.

Her knowledge of the practical influences acting on men and women has been compared to that of Fielding, and her imagination having something of
the range and delight-in rich historic coloring, of Sir Walter Scott.

One of her best, and the most scholarly of all her works, although not as popular as most of her other writings, is Romola, a historical novel of Italian life. Florence is the scene of action and many customs of the Florentine nobles are portrayed in glaring colors.

She represents a weak, pleasure loving nature in Tito whose principal maxim is to avoid all trouble at any cost. We can imagine him in his little room, gazing down upon the glistening pile of coin lying on the table before him; his conscience battling with his love of ease and pleasure, tells him to start immediately in search of his benefactor, who may perhaps be serving under a cruel task master, undergoing tortures of the most terrible description. His evil nature then asserts her sway and brings to his mind beautiful pictures which would become realities were he to remain in Florence. The evil within him conquers as it does in every case with this vacillating although unamiable nature. The embodiment of manly beauty, quick of apprehension, witty and good humored, he soon becomes very popular with the wealthy nobles of the day. No feast was complete without him for with his jests and witty impromptu speeches he is the life of the party. Embarking into the sea of political life he, with many of his countrymen, were engulfed; cowardly, unwilling to wear the vicissitudes of life and treacherous to the last, his was an approximate death, and fully avenged was Baldassarre Caloo, as glaring into his enemy’s eyes he crushed out his life.

The beautiful Romola with her high sense of honor and duty, purity, constancy and firmness was a direct contrast to her husband, Tito, in every particular. Soon after their marriage the glamour of love is removed and she discovers that her idol is made of common clay as other men, the awakening is bitter but she bears it nobly, and vainly endeavors to correct his many glaring faults and arouse him to a high sense of honor and duty. Too late their unsuitability is discovered, she is his superior, a fact which he is not slow to discover and resent, while she cannot drag him up to her height nor can she descend to his level, there is no common ground, hence entire estrangement ensues. Their miserable existence drags slowly on until grim death seizes the gay and careless Tito.

How grandly are portrayed the noble qualities of Romola and made more conspicuous by contrast with the despicable character Tito Our sympathies are enlisted by Baldassarre when he at last reaches the object of his search after weary wanderings, is denied and thrown out into the streets by the boy whom he had rescued from blows, taken to his home and bestowed upon him a father’s tender care and kindness; but he finally has his revenge, a most horrible one it is true, but scarcely undeserved.

Many tragic scenes of the life of the Italian reformer, Savonarola are described by the pen of this gifted authoress. To enumerate all the characters and even mention the grand ideas embodied in this charming book would be impossible; her skill in the conception and delineation of real characters and the beauty of her Florentine pictures are clearly shown in this artistic work.—[N. Hunter in Hamilton College Monthly.

MORGAN PARK ITEMS.

‘78 R. G. Mosher, ‘80 L. D. Pettit, ‘82 J. W. Tanner and D. P. Sheldon, ‘84 F. C. Marshall and E. E. Dresser attended the Chicago Summer School of Hebrew. D. P. Sheldon took Arabic, Ethiopic, Syriac and advanced Hebrew. ‘72 Lewis Stuart, Professor of Latin in the University of Chicago, was one of the instructors in the New Testament Institute at Granville, Ohio. ‘84 H. W. Powell has settled with the church at Wahoo, Nebraska. ‘89 L. D. Pettit recently took to himself a wife. Kalamazoo College is represented in the junior class of the Seminary, by J. J. Crosby, F. C. Marshall and E. E. Dresser. ‘82 J. W. Tanner has re-entered the Senior class, but continues to supply the church at Gardiner, Ill. ‘82 Dio. P. Sheldon of the Senior class has charge of the boarding department of the Seminary and also is filling the chair of Modern Languages in the Chicago Female College.

The enemies of the Herald have recently been tickled with a feather by notorious members of the craft. Laugh loud and long, gentlemen, enjoy yourselves while you can, but while doing so remember “Pat and the bull.” Patrick saw a bull pawing in a field, and thought what fun it would be to catch him by the horns and rub his nose in the dirt. The idea was so funny that he laid down to laugh and think of it. The more he thought of it, the funnier it seemed, and he determined to do it. Taurus quickly tossed him over the fence. Pat leisurely picked himself up, with the consolatory remark: “Will, it’s a mighty foin thing I had my laugh foorst.”

[Agent’s Herald.]
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RUBBERS
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A SEA-SIDE WALK.

I.

We walked beside the sea
After a day which perished silently
Of its own glory—like the princess weird
Who, combating the Genii, scorched and seared,
Uttered with burning breath,
"To Victory!"
And sank adown an heap of ashes pale.

So runs the Arab tale.

II.

The sky above us showed
A universal and unmoving cloud,
On which the cliffs permitted us to see
Only the outline of their majesty,
As master minds, when gazed at by the crowd!
And, shining with a gloom, the water grey
Swang in its moon-taught way.

III.

Nor moon, nor stars were out.
They did not dare to tread so soon about,
Though trembling, in the footsteps of the sun.
The light was neither night's, nor day's, but one
Which, life-like, had a beauty in its doubt,
And Silence's impassioned breathings round
Seemed wandering into sound.

IV.

O solemn-beating heart
Of nature! I have knowledge that thou art
Bound unto man's by cords he cannot sever—
And, what time they are slackened by him ever,
So to attest his own supernal part,
Still runneth thy vibration fast and strong,
The slackened cord along.

V.

For though we never spoke
Of the grey water and the shaded rock,
Dark wave and stone unconsciously were fused
Into the plaintive speaking that we used
Of absent friends and memories unforsook;
And, had we seen each other's face, we had
Seen haply, each was sad.

[MRS. BROWNING.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

BY KERR B. TUPPER.

It has for years been a source of surprise to the writer that the works of Shelley hold comparatively so insignificant a place in the popular reading of the day. Even among those whose chiefest literary delight is found in poetical reading, how few fully appreciate and duly enjoy the talents and productions of this gifted child of Field Place. Shakespeare is studied with thrilling admiration; Byron and Moore are read with emotions of pleasing sentimentality; Poe's weird and picturesque works command almost universal attention; Wordsworth delights everybody as he brings him into close sympathy with nature's loveliness, grace and lessons of truth; while Shelley is, to a great degree, passed by unappreciated and unhonored. Nor does this injustice to the poet arise, in any large measure, from repulsion of Shelley's pantheistic principles or from fear of his infidel tendencies, we take it, but rather from all ignorance of his mighty genius and of the glory of his lofty writings.

This truth seems to be substantiated by the fact, that the highest position is assigned the subject of this paper by those who have most earnestly and faithfully studied his works. He has been reckoned by one of his most impartial biographers as worthy of holding the fourth place in English poetical annals, while another writer, classing the world's greatest poets, says: "Chaucer shows us the mind and character of England's people at the close of the fourteenth century, Shakespeare the trenchant activity of
the opening modern life; Milton, the religion of the Reformation; and Shelley embodies the revolution at the end of the age preceding him, with its extreme denial and assertion in politics, religion and morals."

Like Byron and Poe, Shelley accomplished the vast amount of literary work, which to-day reflects such honor upon his immortal name, in a sadly brief and chequered life. Thirteen years constitute the period of his literary life—from 1809 to 1822. The popularity of his works, however, is evinced by their wide circulation among the highly educated, their constantly recurring editions year after year, and the minute and interesting biographies which have preserved and shall ever preserve his life and deeds.

To enter here into any minute account of the life of Shelley or any extended criticism of his poems would be to transgress the proper limits of this present article. We propose, therefore, simply to give a brief sketch of his career, and mention a few of his most noted literary productions with the view of guiding the Index readers to a closer investigation into, and, consequently, a higher appreciation of, the genius and works of this great and world-renowned poet.

Percy Bysshe Shelley was born at Field Place, near Horsham, Sussex, Aug. 4th, 1792; at fifteen years of age he entered Eton; when eighteen years old he matriculated at Oxford, where he was expelled for the circulation of an original infidel pamphlet on "Necessity of Atheism"—a writing which can scarcely receive too severe a condemnation, and the publication of which, it is said, he greatly regretted later in life. Up to this time he had composed and published some "romances of the most tragic description," for one of which (Zostrass) he received £40. At nineteen years of age he formed a most unhappy alliance of matrimony with Harriet Westbrook, whom, in a short time, he parted forever, marrying Mary Godwin. This period ushered in Shelley's poetical life, which, after a sad and, in many respects, brilliant career, was ended by his shipwrecking and drowning on his way to Leghorn, July 8, 1822. His body was found days after with Keats’ Hyperion open in the breast pocket of his dress. So ended a miracle of thirty years, writes one—a romance of mystery and grief, passing at the moment when the stormy dawn was yielding to the noonday calm.

With this short sketch of Shelley's life, let us take a cursory survey of a few of his best and most popular poems.

In Alastor we have presented before us a brilliant and most thrilling picture of the unsatisfied longings of the educated mind and the immortal soul, as "the youth of uncorrupted feelings" thirsts and strives for intercourse with an infinite intelligence. What a grand argument it contains for man's immortality! Kindred to Alastor, so far as respects the poet's imaginative faculty and sensitive nature are the Witch of Atlas, and the Sensitive Plant; as like it as regards the philosophy of man's whole being, is Prometheus Bound, in which "the undying struggle of the soul after good" and the promise of attainment in the future are glowingly portrayed. Cenci, though rather full of bitter expressions, contains some grand principles and noble ideas concerning the family and family life. Had we space here we should consider the merits of Revolt of Islam, Adonais, the lyrical drama Hellas, Rosalind and Helen, and Julian and Madalo. But we conclude with hasty reference to Shelley's most popular work—Queen Mab. Though sadly and painfully pantheistic at times and atheistic at others, how beautifully does this poem describe different phases of human nature, different aspects of human life. For instance, read that description of the uneasiness and unrest experienced by crowned-heads and princes, where the king addresses the Fairy.

"Not one moment
Of dreamless sleep. O, dear and blessed peace! Why dost thou shroud thy vestal purity
In penury and dungeons? Wherefore lurkest
With danger, death and solitude, yet shunn'st
The palace I have built thee. Sacred Peace!
O visit me but once and pitying shed
One drop of balm upon my withered soul."

Again, what a sublime picture of the unfading reward of virtue is presented, where the Fairy says:

The virtuous man
Who leads invincibly a life of resolute good—
When he falls, the unfading fame
Which virtue hangs upon its votary's tomb,
The deathless memory of that man whom kings
Call to their mind and tremble, the remembrance
With which the happy spirit contemplates
Its well-spent pilgrimage on earth,
Shall never pass away.

Many more such passages might be cited, but time forbids. We commend a critical perusal of this immortal writer. Notwithstanding the skeptical character of some of his productions, there is much in them to soften the feelings, refine the sensibilities, and lift the mind to nobler ideas of human life.

WHAT STUDIES ARE MOST CONDUCIVE TO CULTURE?

It is difficult to define culture, but we presume that most of our readers have an idea of what is meant by the word. A man of culture is known by his proper use of words, his right pronunciation, and his correct forms of thought. What manners are meant by the word. A man of culture is known by his proper use of words, his right pronunciation, and his correct forms of thought. What manners are to a thorough gentleman, intellectual culture is to a genuine scholar. Culture does not tend to dwarf or fetter genius in any way, save by those reductions, which will increase the charm of its efforts and cause it to penetrate deeper into our literary and intellectual life. Were it not for the general indifference towards and disregard of culture, it would appear that no arguments in its favor were necessary. It might be said however on the other hand, that a person possessed of strong native talent, should he strive to attain a high degree of culture, would lose a great degree of individuality, which, in part, constituted his former strength. Grant that in isolated cases this might be true. For the most part however, this idea if adopted in practice would prove sadly detrimental to the development of qualities far more valuable than those apparent at first. For the attainment of culture is like the polishing of a stone, which more than compensates for its loss in weight by its added beauty and value. To illustrate the importance of culture, the influence of the French Academy might be cited, which has established a high standard in regard to clearness, correctness and propriety in thought and speech. Hence the acknowledged superiority of their "journeyman" literary work as seen in their journals and works of reference, in which the power and beauty of the language is preserved intact, without being subjected to the distortions of those who wish to indulge themselves in this way. Some say, in regard to the digressions from a perfect literary standard of persons of acknowledged literary ability, they are trifles, and of no importance when we consider the excellence of the work as a whole. This is false. It is opposed to the severe discipline necessary for all real culture, and fosters habits of eccentricity, which are damaging in the eyes of men most worthy of respect.

Matthew Arnold says: "To get rid of eccentricity is a certain stage of culture, and the 'scoriae' in the works of great men were accomplished at times when their genius raised them to this platform."

What, then, are those studies which tend to the attainment of such a standard? First: great importance should be attached to the study of logic, whence correct thought is obtained and correct processes of thought are acquired.

Second: to philosophy, which frees the mind from prejudice and leaves it open to every impression of a higher nature to which it is susceptible, thus giving breadth of thought, and flexibility of intelligence.

Third: to literature, since literature itself is a product of culture, containing the best thoughts of the best minds expressed in the best manner of which the authors are capable. Giving to the student a breadth and tone of culture the influence of which is felt perhaps more directly than that of any other study.

Fourth: to history, acquaintance with which is one of the best securities against narrowness and excessive self-esteem.

Fifth: to philology, as teaching the finest distinctions and most effective use of language.

He who brings himself thoroughly under the influence of these studies cannot fail to show himself a man of high intellectual culture.

E. R. B.

THE SCHOOLS OF ATHENS.

Athens, after her Persian triumphs, adopted the philosophy of Ionia and the rhetoric of Sicily; and these studies became the patrimony of a city whose inhabitants, about thirty thousand males, condensed within the period of a single life the genius of ages and millions.

Our sense of the dignity of human nature is exalted by the simple recollection that Isocrates was the companion of Plato and Xenophon; that he assisted perhaps with the historian Thucydides, at the first representations of the "Edipus" of Sophocles and the "Iphigenia" of Euripides; and that his pupils Aeschnes and Demosthenes contended for the crown of patriotism in the presence of Aristotle, the master of Theophrastus, who taught at Athens with the founders of the Stoic and Epicurean sects. The ingenious youth of Attica enjoyed the benefits of their domestic education, which was communicated without envy to the rival cities. Two thousand disciples heard the lessons of Theophrastus; the schools of rhetoric must have been still more populous than those of philosophy; and a rapid succession of students diffused the fame of their teachers as far as the utmost limits of the Grecian language and name. Those limits were enlarged by the victories of Alexander; the arts of Athens survived her freedom and dominion; and the Greek colonies which the Macedonians planted in
Egypt and scattered over Asia, undertook long and frequent pilgrimages to worship the muses in their favorite temple on the banks of the Illissus.

The Latin conquerors respectfully listened to the instructions of their subjects and captives; the names of Cicero and Horace were enrolled in the schools of Athens; and after the perfect settlement of the Roman empire, the natives of Italy, of Africa, and of Britain, conversed in the groves of the Academy with their fellow-students of the East.

The studies of philosophy and eloquence are congenial to a popular state, which encourages the freedom of inquiry, and submits only to the force of persuasion.

In the republics of Greece and Rome the art of speaking was the powerful engine of patriotism or ambition; and the schools of rhetoric poured forth a colony of statesmen and legislators. When the liberty of public debate was suppressed, the orator, in the honorable profession of an advocate, might plead the cause of innocence and justice; he might abuse his talents in the more profitable trade of panegyric; and the same precepts continued to dictate the fanciful declamations of the sophist, and the chaster beauties of historical composition. The systems which professed to unfold the nature of God, of man, and of the universe, entertained the curiosity of the philosophic student; and according to the temper of his mind, he might doubt with the Sceptics, or decide with the Stoics, sublimely speculate with Plato, or severely argue with Aristotle. The pride of the adverse sects had fixed an unattainable term of moral happiness and perfection: but the race was glorious and salutary; the disciples of Zeno, and even those of Epicurus, were taught both to act and to suffer; and the death of Petronius was not less effectual than that of Seneca to humble a tyrant by the discovery of his impotence.

The light of science could not indeed be confined within the walls of Athens. Her incomparable writers address themselves to the human race; the living masters emigrated to Italy and Asia; Berytus, in later times, was devoted to the study of the law; astronomy and physic were cultivated in the museum of Alexandria; but the Attic schools of rhetoric and philosophy maintained their superior reputation from the Peloponnesian war to the reign of Justinian. Athens though situated in a barren soil, possessed a pure air, a free navigation, and the monuments of ancient arts. That sacred retirement was seldom disturbed by the business of trade or government; and the last of the Athenians were distinguished by their lively wit, the purity of their taste and language, their social manners, and some traces, at least in discourse, of the magnanimity of their fathers. In the suburbs of the city, the Academy of the Platonists, the Lyceum of the Peripatetics, the Porosco of the Stoics, and the Garden of the Epicureans, were planted with trees and decorated with statues; and the philosophers, instead of being immured in a cloister, delivered their instructions in spacious and pleasant walks, which, at different hours, were consecrated to the exercises of the mind and body. The genius of the founders still lived in those venerable seats; the ambition of succeeding to the masters of human reason excited a generous emulation; and the merit of the candidates was determined, on each vacancy, by the free voices of an enlightened people.

GIBBON.

THE TRAGEDIAN BOOTH AND THE LORD'S PRAYER.

A friend tells us an anecdote of Booth the tragedian, which we do not recollect having seen in print. Booth and several friends had been invited to dine with an old gentleman in Baltimore of distinguished kindness, urbanity, and piety. The host though disapproving of theatres and theatre-going, had heard so much of Booth’s remarkable powers that curiosity to see the man had, in this instance, overcome all of his scruples and prejudices. After the entertainment was over, lamps lighted and the company reseated in the drawing-room, some one requested Booth, as a particular favor, and one which all present would doubtless appreciate, to read aloud the Lord’s Prayer. Booth expressed his willingness to do this, and all eyes were turned expectantly upon him.

Booth rose slowly and reverently from his chair. It was wonderful to watch the play of emotion that convulsed his countenance. He became deathly pale, and his eyes turned tremulously upward, were wet with tears. As yet he had not spoken. The silence could be felt. It became absolutely painful, till, at last the spell was broken as if by an electric shock, as his rich-toned voice, from white lips, syllabled forth:

“Our father which art in heaven,” etc., with a pathos and solemnity that thrilled all hearers.

He finished. The silence continued. Not a
voice was heard or a muscle moved in his rapt audience, till, from a remote corner of the room, a subdued sob was heard, and the old gentleman, their host, stepped forward, with streaming eyes and tottering frame, and seized Booth by the hand.

"Sir," said he, in broken accents, "you have afforded me a pleasure for which my whole future life will feel grateful. I am an old man; and every day, from my boyhood to the present time I thought I had repeated the Lord's Prayer; but I have never heard it before—never!"

"You are right," replied Booth; "to read that prayer as it should be read has caused me the severest study and labor for thirty years; and I am far from being yet satisfied with my rendering of that wonderful production. Hardly one person in ten thousand comprehends how much beauty, tenderness, and grandeur can be condensed in a space so small, and in words so simple. That prayer of itself sufficiently illustrates the truth of the Bible and stamps upon it the seal of divinity."—Selected.

Mr. Gladstone is said to have one faculty in a supernatural degree—that of mastering the contents of a book by glancing through its pages.

A friend says of him that he can master any average book in a quarter of an hour. He has a sort of instinct which leads him straight to its salient points, and after a quarter of an hour's study he will be able to tell more about it, and to argue more conclusively on its thesis, than the average reader who begins with the preface and reads through to the last page. Lord Macaulay was a very rapid reader, and he had a very retentive memory. Joseph Cook draws the honey out of a book as a bee does out of a flower. Sometimes they may miss the real meaning, but there are few men who are his equal in either gathering from literature or preserving and using what they have gathered.

I will not go so far as Rufus Choate, who said that he never read a book through, but there are comparatively few books that require to be read through by a proficient reader. There are pages and even chapters that he may skip. There are ideas elaborated that he can get from the bare statement of them; others illustrated that he can understand without delaying for the illustration, others that he is familiar with, and does not need to get at all. It is possible to acquire a power to look through a book, discover by a sort of instinct, developed only by practice, what is valuable in it, and what not for one's own purpose, seize on that and leave the rest alone.

The first condition of rapid reading is careful reading. Read only what is worth careful reading. Recall, after you rise from your book or paper, what you have read. Attempt to give an account of it, to yourself or others. Open a journal, and habituate yourself to write down in it, from memory, an analysis of the last book, or the thoughts it suggested, or the remarkable facts which it contained. To attempt to read rapidly, before you have read slowly and laboriously, results in reading without thinking, which is no reading at all. If you keep this habit up, if you read thoroughly—that is, with thought, and deny yourself all literature that is not worth thoughtful reading—when you have exercised yourself in this way for fifteen or twenty years, you will gradually find that practice makes perfect.

Lyman Abbott, D. D.

Long after the grave closes with oblivion over most of the present generation, Harvard will remember with joyful gratitude the nearly $800,000 given to it by Agassiz; and Princeton will remember the million and over which it got from John C. Green, and the magnificent chapel built by Marquand; and Wesleyan will recount the repeated donations of Seney; and Williams will herald the names of William E. Dodge and Governor Morgan; and Auburn Seminary will bless the splendid liberality of Edwin Morgan; Union Seminary will dwell with pleasing emphasis upon the benefactions of Messrs. Brown and Morgan and Dodge; and the Seminary of the Reformed Church at New Brunswick will hold in reverent esteem the memories of James Suydam and of Gardner A. Sage, each of whom gave it over $300,000. From the cane brakes of the South, too, will rise through future years songs of blessing upon the head of John F. Slater for having provided, at a cost of over a million of dollars, a better education, mental and moral, for the neglected colored people, while the "poor whites" of Louisiana will thank Paul Toulané, now of Princeton, for his enormous outlay of two millions of dollars in founding schools for their improvement. To read of these munificent endowments, and to think of the endless good they are designed to accomplish, fairly makes one envy the rich man his opportunities of sending a new and higher life throbbing through thousands of bosoms. And yet, let us not envy him his good fortune, but rather praise God that he has it...
coupled with the disposition to use it so fruitfully and so nobly in the interest of philanthropy, of truth, of goodness, and of all redemptive agencies. — Christian at Work.

The rich man's wealth is his strong city. — Solomon.

The great privilege of possession is the right to bestow. — George MacDonald.

For one man who can stand prosperity, there are a hundred that will stand adversity. — Carlyle.

Not a truth has to art or to science been given, but brows have ached for it, and souls toiled and striven. — Lytton.

For aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much as they that starve with nothing. — Shakespeare.

Authors are the creators or the creatures of opinion; the great form are epoch, the many reflect an age. — Disraeli.

The only sound and healthy description of assisting is that which teaches independence and self-exertion. — Gladstone.

Place a dollar on the opposite bank of the bottomless pit, and the true Yankee will make a spring for it. — Wendell Phillips.

The Bible has been adopted by a school in one of the largest Buddhists Temples in Japan as a text book for daily study.

Around the greatest of all temples sphinxes lie, and, reversing the case as it was with the sphinx, he only solves the riddle who dies. — Richter.

Jean Paul Richter denies that a woman is able to command, and offers the following as the probable order of a woman as equivalent to a general's "Halt." "All you people, as soon as I have done speaking; I command you all to stand still in your places; halt, I tell you!"

A newspaper recently said, "People who wonder why men's hair turns gray before their whiskers, should reflect that there is about twenty years' difference in their respective ages." Another paper adds, "But then the fact that men exercise their jaws so much more than they do their brains, ought to make up that difference. So the question is still open."

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EDITORIALS.

We believe it is the time honored custom, to begin the editorial columns of papers with apologies for the previous issue, and, not wishing to digress from former rules, we humbly offer our regrets for all mistakes in our last issue. Mingles with our contrite feelings is a considerable amount of wrath toward the much abused printer, on account of his share in the defects, and while we are willing to assume our full share of the blame, we wish to gently hint that all blunders do not originate with the editorial pen.

There was necessarily some delay in getting out the first number, but we hope during the year to issue the paper with considerable regularity. We do not, however, wish to make any promises which may prove vain in the future.

The American nation is very busy at present, so busy indeed, that business interests are, in some cases, neglected. The country is engaged in the noble occupation of besmearing with mud some of its most prominent political men, and especially does it seem to enjoy picking flaws in the characters of the presidential candidates. Nor is this confined to one party or to one class, but old and young alike seem to vie with each other in slandering and abusing all except their own favorites. They berate and vilify the Greenback candidate, whom they term "The cock-eyed son of destiny," and to whom they attribute numberless follies and blunders, and whom they
are ready to insult upon every opportunity; they denounce Blaine as a fraud, compare his congressional record to the famous labyrinth built by Dedalus on the island of Crete, and bring forward charges which put the renowned "salary grab" far into the shade; while, when Cleveland's name is mentioned, the chaste and pious-all-of-a-sudden citizens wag their sagacious heads and with one breath declare that they never before heard his name, and with the next assert that his moral code is as mythical as that of Paris, of whom Homer sings, and that they are able to prove it. Of the other candidates we will not speak, but in proportion to their respective prominence they receive their full measure of abuse.

It is quite possible that many fully believe the exaggerated statements which they make, having gained them from their party organs, but we think that the majority act thus in thoughtlessness, urged on perhaps by some old sore or by the desire to abuse one politically opposed to them. In the heat of discussion, or, owing to the vexation arising from a warm political contest, they make assertions and bring charges which in soberer moments they would scorn to notice.

There is no doubt but that any of the candidates for President can be justly and severely criticised, but we think this promiscuous mudslinging is being indulged in a little too freely and is altogether devoid of good results. Not only does the nation, led by the press, call the candidates to account for their public record, but it stoops to feast the sensual elements in its nature by blackening their private character, and pursuing them with charges of all real and suspected sins. Now, we ask, is this just or honorable? Of course every man has a right to oppose the man or party whose principles he believes to be wrong, and to give his reasons therefor, but we fear that many, in the excitement, lose sight of this and entirely neglect the finer distinctions of right and wrong which ought to govern our conduct toward one another, and that they have forgotten the golden rule, "Do as you would be done by."

Some one has said that "Public censure is the tax a man pays for being great," and we think that, according to this, some politicians are paying a rather high tax this year without obtaining the desired greatness, for a man may even reach the office of President and yet fail to be truly great. Such cases have been cited, and others may be in the near future.

We think that the most ardent politician would hardly venture to assert that politics are, at the present time, in a pure or desirable condition, and it is extremely doubtful whether the present course of party leaders or that of the nation at large will tend to better the condition of things. Certain acids make a stain upon cloth which it is impossible to remove, and certain charges, even if they are finally shown to be false, leave a stain upon the character of a man or woman, that a lifetime of upright and pure living cannot entirely efface. This tendency to vilify an opponent is one of the chief causes of the damaging influences which always arise from a political contest, and one which cannot be too severely criticised, or too quickly checked. To vindictively pursue a man at an advantageous moment with damaging charges, whether true or false, is an act unworthy of an American citizen and an honest man.

It is the almost universal verdict of college-bred men that the extra reading of a thorough student is fully equal to one-half the prescribed course. This reading should be varied and should embrace as many branches as possible, but there is one direction in which we think a large number of students fail to keep posted, and which is by far the most important to the average student: namely that of science and explorations. Important discoveries and investigations are being made, and many explorations are being carried forward, the results of which will be substantial, and concerning which it is very desirable to be posted. In this line we would mention the comparatively recent discoveries of Sir Samuel W. Baker in Africa, the labors and success of "Chinese" Gordon, the Arctic explorations and kindred topics, in regard to which our students seem to show too little interest. The Franco-Chinese war is also an important topic, and on this it will be well to be posted. Edmond O'Donovan, who was sent into Asia as a correspondent of the London News, has made some very interesting and valuable observations as written in the "Merv Oasis," and in his let-
ters to England, in which he gives a careful and accurate description of the country and people.

There are many other valuable and interesting books treating on these subjects which we might mention, and which give us an insight into what some of the rest of the world is doing.

We certainly have a most excellent opportunity to indulge in all sorts of reading so far as our leisure will permit, having not only our college library, but also having access to a fine library and collection of periodicals at the Reading Room down town.

Then let us endeavor to obtain a rounded culture in this as in other directions, remembering that "Reading maketh a full man."

A great deal is being said and written about athletics, and many question the advisability of encouraging them in colleges. Others go still farther and say they are a positive detriment to student life. These claim that only those engage in athletic sports who are able to excel, and that they carry it to excess and frequently damage themselves by over-exertion. This and other arguments are advanced, but as yet no better way for giving the body of a student the needed exercise has been found, and no way has been found to make the average student take exercise, except by getting him interested in athletic sports. Students who are obliged to work will exercise some of the muscles, but nothing will give such full development, or bring so many parts of the body into play as gymnasium work or out-door sports. We become interested in this kind of work and throw into it much more vim and ardor than we would into any manual labor. Why is it that so many of our leading Universities build large and elegant gymnasiums unless it is because they wish to encourage this sort of development among the students? Many prominent men in educational work are at the present time urging the necessity of encouraging athletic sports among students, and this emboldens us to remind our own students and those of other colleges that the body must have exercise, and that the mind must have rest, if we wish to emerge from our Alma Mater strong and ready for the duties of life. In some colleges the faculties encourage the students to provide a professional athlete in order that they may be properly directed, and that they may be shown the best modes of exercise. Even at Yale which is noted for its record in athletics, the students are encouraged in this sort of work, and no one of the officers of that institution, would think of resorting to any questionable means to exclude the students from the gymnasium. In short, we think we are justified in saying that the ball-ground and gymnasium are important factors in student-life.

LOCAL.

Let brotherly love continue.

The fog whistle is again heard from the top of the House.

What name may be given to a coat worn by the local editor?

An unusually large number of students inhabit the dormitory this year.

The class in German is progressing finely under the tutorship of Mr. Mueller.

Cheney sports a dude hat from Chicago. Of course it has the desired effect.


They do say that the grapes which grow on Prospect Hill possess a particularly delicious flavor.

T. J. Knight is again among us, having been for some time incapacitated for actual labor by sickness.

In a letter asking us to continue the Index, Miss Addie Sherman states that her health is improving.

Saunders is himself again, but Heck is obliged to make two or three thanksgiving visits during the term.

The time which some of the Seniors don't spend in chapel ought to produce some good orations and essays this term.

Mr. Simon Rozema, formerly of Kalamazoo College, is in the Medical Department of the University, Class of '86.

Prof. Montgomery says people go up to look at the Ladies' Domitory and laugh. The question naturally arises, what do they laugh at?

The salvation army threatened to invade this city, but some kind providence opened the switch and the howling train flew by to another town.
J. H. Kinnane, a former student, is candidate for prosecuting attorney on the Union ticket. He is also giving the Democratic stump a whirl.

Which one of the Seniors invited a young lady to attend college prayer meeting with him one evening last spring, and then told her he guessed they had better not go?

E. H. Conrad assisted the High School boys in the pleasant task of "doing up" the Galesburg base ball club on Saturday, Oct. 11. The score was 6 to 12 in favor of the High Schools.

Mr. George Dayton, one of the students, has placed a collection of about five hundred Indian relics in the library. They were picked up by himself in LaGrange county, Indiana.

House rises from the table with the following observation:

Whereas before I felt like a Greeley expedition, I now feel like a boa constrictor which has swallowed an ox! 1

One of the students says, that his brother's wife's brother's wife's sister's husband is the brother of the father of the mother of one of our young lady students, and he can prove it. We should say he was pretty well connected.

Blaine and Butler have recently honored Kalamazoo with a call. The latter was such an object of curiosity as to cause some of the boys to get excused from their classes in order to catch a glimpse of the "cock-eyed son of destiny." The last side-show of the season always does draw a crowd anyway.

We deem it an act of kindness to inform the friends of the College that the boys have purchased some boxing gloves. By giving this in formation we hope to avoid accidents. The pugilistic bump will be developed to such an extent that it will be dangerous to be safe around a college student hereafter. Please all take notice.

We hope the Senior, who returned from "taking in" the Chicago Exposition and immediately shaved off his beard, was not obliged to do so. But when we learned that the one who went with him, and who had no beard to shave off, was "necessarily detained at home" for several days, we couldn't help having our suspicions. Will the gentlemen please rise and explain?

The class in surveying, under the direction of Professor Montgomery, assisted by George, has been improving the opportunity afforded by the fine weather by doing a good deal of field work.

They have acquired so great a degree of excellence that they can compute the contents of a small farm with a wonderful degree of accuracy, sometimes guessing within twenty acres of the actual amount.

The would-be athletes had their ardor somewhat cooled by finding a notice on the door of the gymnasium, purporting to come from the faculty, to the effect that it was advisable to discontinue practice in the room. But the little misunderstanding has apparently been amicably settled, as the boys have cleaned out the old room and are fitting it up for use. A pair of Indian clubs have been donated by Howard Hall, and it really looks as though they meant business. We hope they do.

The Sherwood Rhetorical Society has engaged John R. Clark to deliver his popular lecture, "To and Fro in London," at the Baptist Church, Nov. 12.

He has delivered this lecture in Albany, Rochester, Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, Grand Rapids, Chicago, Dubuque, also in the popular course at Chautauqua, New York, Sunday School Assembly to the same audiences that Joseph Cook, Bishop Warren, Chancellor Sims and John B. Gough delights, and many other places East and West, in all three hundred and thirteen times.

The Canadian lecture bureau has engaged him for thirty nights the coming winter.

Regent Duffield, of Ann Arbor University, says: "He gives general satisfaction, he always moves, instructs and inspires us."

Rev. Dr. Crum, of Dubuque, Iowa, says: It is a grand lecture, your "London," and you may tell everybody I said so.

Francis E. Willard says: He is a decided favorite in Illinois.

Saginaw (Mich.) Courier says: He is as good as Gough at a story.

Detroit Evening News says: Clark is not slow, he knows the people, and takes with them wherever he goes.

The Flint Glob. says: At times you have the drollery of Sol Smith Russell and the impassioned eloquence of Gough.

An informal reception was held by the Ethedelphian Society in their pleasant room last Wednesday evening. Although the weather was stormy, a large number of the students assembled in response to the invitation extended to them. After a social chat the company was called to order by the president, Miss Young, and Miss Hoover read, in a very creditable manner, a selection detailing the trials of an unfortunate
man into whose hat lining some friend has surreptitiously placed a piece of limberger cheese. A recitation followed, by Miss Daglish, representing an old man's tale of the sea, and was very well read indeed. After a song by Miss Carman, which was enjoyed by all, Miss Fuller gave a recitation entitled "Washing Dishes," in a very acceptable manner. The literary programme was closed by a finely rendered selection by Miss Heath entitled "Archie Dean." The instrumental music, which was very good, added materially to the enjoyment of the evening, and all dispersed, feeling that they had spent a very pleasant and profitable time together. We congratulate the Euros upon the success which invariably attends their efforts to carry out anything of a social or literary nature.

**PERSONAL.**

'83 H. H. Barber paid us a visit a few days since.

'78 G. E. Clark is practicing medicine at Stillwater, Minn.

'83 Miss Agnes Barney is teaching school in La Porte, Ind.

'81 W. H. Palmer, was recently ordained pastor of the First Baptist Church at Oswego, N. Y.

'83 Allen E. Clough, formerly of the First National Bank, this city, has accepted a lucrative position in Chicago.

**EXCHANGES.**

The *Niagara Index* lies upon our table. The *Index* is by no means a stranger, in fact we are old friends. In general it seems to hold its own in the field of college literature. The articles on a "Good Beginning," and on the "Study of the Modern German Poets," show many good qualities. Locals, news, and wit are also quite satisfactory, but the exchange man is not.

On observing the peculiar character of the exchanges in the first number of the *Index* we thought it but a momentary effusion of feelings, excited by wearing editorial honors, and that this would soon give way to good sense and earnest work. But as the second and third issues show no change except for the worse, we will take the liberty of making a few comments.

In the first place we think the exchange man has missed his calling. He might do well as a traveling doctor or a patent medicine man, where his chief duty would be to run down and misrepresent his competitors; he might be a success as editor of a one-horse country newspaper, where the chief requirement is the ability to throw mud. His overflowing wit might suggest the circus arena, while his marvellous command of by-words and slang phrases would ensure him a high rank amongst the cowboys. But as editor of a college paper, which is supposed to represent the culture and refinement of a university, he is sadly out of place.

He also seems to be laboring under a misapprehension of the duties of an exchange editor. He either thinks it his duty to abuse rather than criticise, or thinks the stuff he offers really is criticism, although he tells us much about himself, his feeling and emotions, and little about his exchanges, that little might better have remained untold.

As to the "much," we beg to remark, that although the exchange man may be an important personage, his readers, in general, care little whether he "looks happy" or not; whether his nerves are as "delicately strung" as he would have us believe; or whether he cries "hello," and "let's shake," and is overcome with emotions at the appearance of each exchange. We rather think that the public could get along without knowing all this, and that the labor and talent of our friend in this direction is not duly appreciated.

Again we think he is in error as to what constitutes wit. If he supposes that that 'article' is contained in his animadversions on the Wittenberg ad's and the Illini we beg leave to hint that he may possibly be mistaken. And, finally, it is our humble opinion that the fair fame of the *Index* and the institution it represents, demands either a change of policy or a change of editor in this department.

The *Lawrenceville Record* offers a prize of $10.00 to the student who furnishes the paper, during the school year, with the three best literary articles.

It also informs us that the faculty has decreed that the literary societies shall meet but once in two weeks instead of weekly, on the ground that weekly meetings consume too much of the student's valuable time. We fail to agree with the Record in regard to wisdom of this action, and must say that anything of that kind would re-
receive the unqualified disapproval of the students hereabouts.

The editors of the College Speculum, Lansing, Mich., bewail their sad fate in the following terms: "If opposition and criticism serve to invigorate, the Speculum Board ought to be unusually vigorous."

The Central Ray, Iowa University, makes a fair showing. The article on the "Sovereignty of Law" is announced as a Senior prize oration, and this, we suppose, places it above criticism from under-graduates. We do not, however, mean to infer that it is particularly in need of criticism.

We are well pleased with the oration on "True Womanhood," which, coming from a feminine source, has, among many excellent qualities, some faults which are natural to women eulogizing woman. The fair creatures are marvelously fond of parading before the public the achievements of illustrious women, and comparing them to those of men, to the disparagement of the latter. It would be considered downright assumption for men to do the same in behalf of their sex. Yet such is the world, and we suppose this privilege must be allowed. We think, however, that the writer is sound on women's suffrage, and has struck the key-note to the whole question when she argues that political life is inconsistent with true womanhood.

As to the "Ancient civilization of America" it surely has the merit of great length, while to say the subject matter is not good would be to condemn Prescott and other historians, as a large part of the discourse is—well, it's borrowed.

COLLEGE NOTES AND CLIPPINGS.

Manual Training is to be introduced in the Toledo High School.

The Freshman class at Madison University this year numbers about 30.

Mirth never calls out any deep feeling or produces any great results.

Albion College opened with a good enrollment of students—over two hundred.

To fizzle gracefully in the recitation room is accomplishment difficult to acquire.

Bridgets and bridegrooms Pat,
While a city dweller he
Helped himself to celery.

Bridget's eyes with wonder grew;
"Paddy," whispered she, "I'll you
At that baste across the way,
Ait'in' up that swate bookay."

Flu Agriculturist.
The following occurred in one of the village schools of Rhode Island. Several of the pupils were the children of French Canadians. One little girl had the following sentence in her reading lesson: "Here is the heif; come, let us kill him." She read it as follows: "Here is the hair-comb; let us kill him."

A class in Geography stood up to recite. The question, "Name some of the animals in Asia," was answered as follows: "They be the lion, the tiger, the rhy-nasty-ros, and the hippo-crite." Whereupon the teacher remarked, "We need not go to Asia for the last; we can find them nearer home."

"Yes," said a little fellow; "there be two of 'um up to the college." 

The bronze statue of John Harvard, the founder of Harvard College, modeled by D. C. French of Concord, and presented to the college by Gen. Samuel J. Bridge, was unveiled at Cambridge, Oct. 15. Previous to the unveiling of the statue, remarks were made by the Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale, and Rev. Dr. George E. Ellis. The statue represents a young man sitting, dressed in Puritan costume.

"You are as full of airs as a music box," is what a young man said to a girl who refused to let him see her home. "That may be," was the reply, "but I don't go with a crank." —Exchange.

Charles Gounod, the eminent composer, lives in a magnificent mansion in Paris. The house has a grim aspect and in some respects resembles a monastery. It is, however, richly furnished, and among other things is a desk-piano, at which he can sit and compose music and write it down.

Seven students of Adrian college, having concluded to vote the prohibition ticket, went to hear St. John on the 7th inst. His arguments were so convincing that each one concluded to return to the republican ranks, and not one will vote for St. John or Preston. —Times.

When the devil turns moralist look out for breakers; no one can tell where he is going to hit next; he can't even tell himself.—Uncle Esek.

President Webb, of Mississippi College, was interviewed by a young man who wanted to go to school. "Well," said the President, "what do you know?" "Nothing," was the response. "Well, you are just four years ahead of some of the other students. It takes them four years to learn what you know to start with. Your prospects are fine, sir." —[Nat. Baptist.

A SERENADE.

The moon shines bright, fair lady mine,
The chimney-tops between.
With soft caress, it lights each tress
Smoothed down with bandoline.

The palings of the picket fence
With dew-drop tears are wet.
Look down in kindness while I grind
The plaintive organette.

Nay, shudder not, my own, although
The bull-dog howls amain:
Ere forth be hied, thy father tied
The bull-dog with a chain.

I love thy lip's pink celluloid,
Thy gay smiles' bubbling glee,
I love thy terra-cotta hair,—
Together let us flee.

Quick pack thy Saratoga trunk,—
We'll seek the Western plains.
The night is late, two Harbics wait;
I've wired for special trains.

"Tickets" shall be our nuptial hymn,
Our bower the sleeping-car;
Nor thunderous snore from section four
Thy slumber sweet shall mar.

And thou shalt be a book agent;
A gentle drummer, I.
The surly cur I fail to stir
Shall yield when thou art by.

Thou'll pull the guileless granger, and
I'll tame the tradesman's pride,
Till every shore shall quail before
The drummer and his bride.

—Curtis Guild, Jr., in Life.

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Whatever I happen to be,
Contentment and Duty shall hallow the spot
That Providence orders for me;
No covetous straining and striving to gain
One feverish step in advance,—
I know my own place, and you tempt me in vain,
To hazard a change and a chance.

I care for no riches that are not my right,
No honor that is not my due;
But stand in my station, by day and by night,
The will of my Master to do;
He lent me my lot, be it humble or high,
And set me my business here,
And whether I live in His service, or die,
My heart shall be found in my sphere.

If wealthy, I stand as the steward of my King,
If poor, as the friend of my Lord;
If feeble, my prayers and my praises I bring,
If stalwart, my pen and my sword;
If wisdom be mine, I will cherish His gift,
If simpleness, bask in His love,
If sorrow, His hope shall my spirit uplift,
If joy, I will throne it above!

The good that it pleases my God to bestow,
I gratefully gather and prize;
The evil,—it can be no evil, I know.

But only a good in disguise;
And whether my station be lowly or great,
No duty can ever be mean,
The factory-cripple is fixed in his fate
As well as a king or a queen!
For Duty's bright livery glorifies all
With brotherhood, equal and free,
Obeying, as children, the Heavenly call,
That places us where we should be;
A servant,—the badge of my servitude shines
As a jewel invested by Heaven;
A monarch, remember that justice assigns
Much service, where so much is given.

Away then, with "helpings" that humble and harm,
Though "bettering" trips from your tongue;
Away! for your folly would scatter the charm
That round my proud poverty hung;
I felt that I stood as a man at my post,
Though peril and hardship there were,—
And all that your wisdom would counsel me most
Is—"Leave it; do better elsewhere."

If "better" were better indeed, and not "worse,"
I might go ahead with the rest,
But many a gain and a joy is a curse,
And many a grief for the best;
No!—duties are all the "advantage" I use;
I pine not for praise nor for pelf,
And as to ambition, I care not to choose
My better or worse for myself.

I will not, I dare not, I cannot!—I stand
Where God has ordained me to be,
An honest mechanic,—or lord in the land—
He fitted my calling for me;
Whatever my state, be it weak, be it strong,
With honor, or sweat, on my face,
This, this is my glory, my strength, and my song,
I stand, like a star, in my place.

—Tupper.

AN HOUR ON THE ACROPOLIS.

BY S. GRAVES, D. D.

"The Acropolis" means of course, the center
and crown of Athens. I reached the city, by
rail from the Piraeus, after leaving the steamer
for Constantinople, at Syra, and threading our
way through the historic Cyclades with Ægina
on our left and Sunium on our right.

Where Triton's airy shrine adorns
Colosse's cliff, and gleams along the shore.

From the Pireus to Athens is six miles. We
left the former about 11 p.m. in a darkness so
dense that absolutely nothing could be seen on
the way, though I strained my eyes beyond
measure to do so.

As soon, the next morning, as I had dispatched
my breakfast—my hand so trembled with excite-
ment, at thought of where I was, that I spilled
my coffee—I set forth with a

On our left and

F. C. S.

At what a sight

But one of the

Many an unseemly scar,

Sides of

Megara falls upon

Sitting at the northwest corner of the Par-
thenon and looking from left to right, your eye
takes in a range of prospect which but one
other place on earth perhaps can rival, and but
one other place can equal in its power to stir the
heart and quicken great and moving memories.—
the one is Mt. Olivet, above Jerusalem; the
other, the Palatine Hill that rises from the heart
of Rome.

To your left is the long, bold, bare ridge of

“Hymettus, dowery mount,
With hum of bees industrious,”

which fills the whole eastern horizon. Appro-
aching near the city, from the base of
Hymettus, we cross, in the valley of Illissus,
the Lyceum of Aristotle and the recently exca-
vated Stadium; and coming in the same direc-
tion, quite within the city limits, stand the fifteen
massive columns of the Temple of Jupiter
Olym-
pus, all that remains of it, except a prostrate
pillar which a tornado some thirty years ago,

Sweeping around to the south, the eye ranges
over the Pnyx, the Hill of the Muses, and that of
the Nymphs; beyond, over the plain of Athens,
six miles to the sea, and takes in the ruins of the
Munychian harbor, the Pireus, Ægina in the
distance, and Salamis the Immortal. The waters
of the sea are still of that marvellous hue
which Homer, whose descriptions are so won-
derfully true to nature, calls “the wine-faced deep.”

It was along in this direction that the “Long
Walls” ran which reached the sea and enclosed
the two harbors, so making them also a part of the
city. Only here and there is a trace to be seen
of those immense bulwarks.

Sweeping on to the left, your line of vision
covers the site of the old Agora, the Temple of
Theseus—the best preserved of all the ancient
structures in Athens; the grove of Plato, where
a luxuriant growth of olives still gladdens the
banks of the Cephalus, and where still in the
early summer,

“The Attic bird
Trills her thick warbled notes,
The live-long night.”

In the distance your eye takes in the Isthmus
of Corinth, and ranging along the heights of
Megara falls upon the Acro-Corinthus, which
answers back in the clear distance to the Acro-
polis on which you are seated. At your feet
almost, is Mars’ Hill, which is no “hill” at all,
but a massive rock, oblong, perfectly bare,
rises some thirty feet above the ground. Further
as to your right there is the Hill Colonus, which
recalls the sad for Lunes of (Edipus, the vale of
Daphne, the sacred way to Eleusis, over which the
Parthenian processions yearly took their
course; and beyond, the rugged form of Cither-
on. To the northwest over the ancient Cerami-
cus are the rambling ranges of the Paeon, end-
ing in the more lofty peak of Parnes in the north,
on the borders of Boeotia; and completing the
circle near by, the bold heights of Lycabettus, and
along to the northeast, the highest of all the
mountains in sight of Athens, and bordering the
plain of Marathon, stands Pentelics.

But while we have been revelling in this
classic panorama, the sun has gone down in
glory over the crimson mountains of the Pelopon-
nesus, and by the soft rays of the Attic twilight,
we find our way down from the silent “City of
the gods,” to the extremely commonplace mat-
tters of the Athens of to-day.

Grand Rapids, Oct. 24, 1884.

AMERICAN NOVELISTS.

If the wise man who stated the fact so many
centuries ago that “of making many books there
is no end,” were living at the present time, we
wonder how he would now express himself on
this subject.

We often wonder what so many writers find to
write about, and yet as civilization advances
new fields open up to all classes of writers,
and especially to the novelist.

James Fenimore Cooper said in regard to the
materials for American fiction: “There is a fami-
liarity of the subject, a scarcity of events, and
a poverty in the accompaniments that drives the
author from the undertaking in despair.” But
the truth of his statement has been greatly mo-
dified, if not quite disproved, by the work of that
great novelist and of several others who have
succeeded him.

Yet it is true that Europe furnishes more ma-
terial for novelists than America. In this coun-
try the people are all more or less engaged in
the pursuit of the almighty dollar, and therefore,
life moves along with a sameness which does not
abound in material for the novelist.

Still there are occurrences in our common
everyday life which can be, and have been
worked into very interesting story more or less
beneficial to morals. New England, New York,
the Southern States, and above all the Great
West, are rich in special customs, traditions and
habits of thought, with which fiction has only
begun to concern itself.

The earliest examples of fiction in the United
States were tentative and lacking in originality.
The style was borrowed from European writers to
a greater extent than at the present time.

At the close of the eighteenth century Charles
Brockden Brown began his career as the first
American novelist with “Wieland.” The fact
that there was very little, almost no encoura-
ment to American authors at that time, rendered
it very discouraging work, and not having suf-
cient means to devote his time to a task from
which he would probably receive no income, he
accomplished little. His novels are of an imagi-
native and psychological character, often in-
teresting from the intense mental excitement
which they describe. However, Godwin, an
English novelist admired them greatly, prob-
ably because the writer imitated his style
and faulty execution.

Early in the present century Susanna Rowson
wrote “Charlotte Temple.” The work was much
admired, more from the fact that it was founded
on a notorious scandal than on account of its
own literary worth.

But the first novelist who was really worthy of
the name, and who contributed most to the liter-
ary tastes which were gradually becoming more
refined, as the country became more settled and
civilized, was Cooper. He showed great skill and
tact in handling revolutionary subjects in a
patriotic spirit.

And not only were his works read and appreci-
dated by Americans, but they were translated
into almost every European language. Transla-
tions of “The Spy,” “The Pioneers,” or the “Path-
finder” testified to the universal interest excited
by examples of simplicity, sagacity and endur-
ance which formed the subjects of Cooper’s pen.
His works have a historical as well as literary
value. Now that we see farms and villages, and
even large cities where a century ago all was a
howling wilderness, we should get little idea of
the appearance and reality of places in those
days, were it not for that class of historical fic-
tions of which Cooper’s are a type.

He wrote many novels worthy of special men-
tion, but time and space forbid.

Washington Irving next comes to the front
with his “Legend of Sleepy Hollow” and “Rip
Van Winkle.”

In these stories the traditions and scenery of
the richness of imagination, and delicacy of expression, of which he had so great a store.

We must pass over Nathaniel P. Willis, Bayard Taylor, and J. G. Holland, although they are well worthy of mention, and look a little at one who is considered the foremost among American fiction writers—Nathaniel Hawthorne.

The great works “The Scarlet Letter,” “The House of Seven Gables,” and “The Blithedale Romance,” are the finest specimens of imaginative writing which the genius of America has yet produced.

The interest of Hawthorne’s novels lies wholly in the subtle studies of the hidden workings of the human mind. They are remarkable for their want of action. “The Scarlet Letter,” can hardly be said to have a plot. Narrative excitement seems not to have been Hawthorne’s object, and strangely enough the lack of it is hardly felt by the reader. His special field was the delineation of character, and the study of human motives. The greater number of his characters appear to us rather as representatives of certain mental conditions, than as real flesh and blood.

Among the novels relating to life in the South, “Uncle Tom’s Cabin” is the most prominent. The circulation and fame of this book has been the most remarkable phenomenon in the annals of literature. Within a year, more than two hundred thousand copies were sold in the United States, and fully a million in England. Thirteen different translations were issued in Germany, four in France, and two in Russia. All the European languages had at least one version, and many of them more. The book was dramatized in twenty different forms and acted all over Europe. In France, and still more in England, all other books and all other subjects became, for the time, secondary to “Uncle Tom’s Cabin.”

Mrs. Stowe’s extraordinary success was fully deserved, but it resulted less from the literary excellence of her work, than from the fact that when one subject rose preeminent in the public mind, she knew how to embody it in a popular and easily comprehended form.

Gilmore Simms, John P. Kennedy, C. W. Cable, and Judge Tourgee are adding to the list, and laudably too, of books descriptive of southern character.

Charles Fenno Hoffman, James Hall, Timothy Flint, Thomas, and O’Connell have all written novels on western life. But none of them have given such original sketches of character, or have so graphically portrayed the spirit of life in the far West as Bret Harte.

In respect to juvenile fiction, America has excelled most countries of Europe by far.

Mrs. Whitney, Miss Alcott, J. B. Aldrich, Edgar Allen Poe, Mrs. Burnett, J. W. De Forest, and Henry James, Jr., have all written more or less creditably, for the amusement and instruction of the juvenile.

And last, but not least in its effect surely, we have a class of fiction writers, which is only too rapidly on the increase.

I refer to writers whose subjects sound like this: “Rocky Mountain Jim,” “Wild William of the West,” “Tiger Tom the Texas Terror,” etc.

There is a style of conveyance not so much used as formerly, which should be employed to give such writers a free ride to some far island whence there can be no return to this fair land, to corrupt the minds and morals of the youth. The vehicle I refer to is a Rail.

H. H. P.

ADVANTAGES OF EXTEMPORE SPEECH.

There are obvious advantages which the audience reap, in being brought into magnetic sympathy with the orator. There are benefits which he enjoys by the reflex influence which the audience thus exert on him, and, in the case of the preacher, in being in a more responsive and expectant attitude before God, whose aid he feels need of, as the reader of a manuscript cannot. But as related to the matter of gesture alone, the speaker has a double freedom and whom he follows, and he has not the barrier of wood which a reading desk interposes between him and them, and which is apt to lead to constrained forms of gesture.

But in this passing notice of a theme which belongs to another department of rhetorical culture, the student must be reminded that the pen and the voice must be in use alike, continually. In other words constant writing is necessary to secure felicitous, off-hand speech.

It is said that Cicero acquired his rich vocabulary by translating Greek into Latin.

William Pitt devoted much time for ten years in translating Latin into English. He thus attained a wonderful mastery over the English language. Words were his tools and weapons
and he wielded them with power which has seldom been surpassed.

Rufus Choate pursued this plan of translating through his whole life, as well as study of the dictionary.

The peroration of Lord Brougham's celebrated defense of Queen Caroline, is considered one of the most eloquent passages in the English language. He says:

"I composed the peroration of my speech for the queen, after reading and repeating Demosthenes for three or four weeks. I composed it twenty times over at least." He adds that "even after the habit of easy speaking is acquired, one can never write too much. It is laborious, but it is necessary to perfect oratory; and at any rate it is necessary to acquire the habit of correct decision. But I go farther and say that even to the end of a man's life he must prepare, word for word, most of his finer passages."

One more suggestion is this, write for the ear as well as for the eye. Composition has its phonetic features as truly as its logical. Long and involved sentences are hard to speak, unpleasant to hear, and hard to remember. Avoid episodes and parentheses. Do not crowd too much into a sentence. Select short words rather than long ones, and familiar words rather than technical and outlandish ones. A specific term is better than a general, as a tulip or rose instead of a flower, a robin instead of a bird. After careful writing extemporize without reference to the phrasing of thought, and do not embarrass yourself by trying to remember the exact words.

Prof. Thwing in Vocal Culture.

EARLY NEWSPAPERS.

The oldest English newspaper still existing is the London Gazette; but there are others, still held by private persons, which date their birth as far back as the seventeenth century. Thus the Worcester Journal was established in 1690, and the Edinburgh Gazette nine years later. The oldest London daily paper still existing is the Morning Post, founded in 1772. The Times, under its present name dates from 1788. The first daily journal attempted in the metropolis was the Postboy of 1695; but the first successful venture under this head was the Courant of 1702; and a fac-simile reproduction of the first number is given by Mr. Ashton in his book on "Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne." The originator of this humble precursor of our great newspapers was E. Mallet, who resided "next door to the King's Arms Tavern at Fleet Bridge."

The size is small folio, printed on one side only; and the editor concludes his first number by remarking, that his paper is "designed to give all the material news as soon as every post arrives, and is confined to half the compass to save the public at least half the impertinences of ordinary newspapers."—Weekly Proof Sheet.

THE REAL RULER OF MEN.

"The pen is the only sceptre which is never broken. The only real master is he who controls the thoughts of men. The maker of words is master of the thinker who only uses them. In this domain he has no rival. He stands at the head of thought, science, civilization. He is controller of all minds— to him all who talk, think, write, or print, pay ceaseless and involuntary tribute. In this sense, Noah Webster in the all-shaping, all-controlling mind of this hemisphere he grew up with his country, and largely by his spelling book and dictionaries, he molded the intellectual character of her people. Not a man has sprung from her soil, on whom he has not laid his all-forming hand. His principles of language have tinged every sentence that is now, or ever will be uttered by an American tongue. His genius has presided over the language of the whole nation. It is universal, omnipotent, omnipresent. No man can breathe the air of the continent and escape it. The sceptre which the great lexicographer wields so unquestionably, was most worthily won. It was inherited, it was achieved. It cost a life-struggle for an honest, brave, unflattering heart—a clear, serene, intellectual. No propitious accident favored his progress. The victory was won after a steady trial of sixty years."

A colored man in Mississippi, being on trial for working on Sunday, his counsel pleaded as mitigation that he had formerly lived in Arkansas, where Sunday is little more observed than other days of the week. In his charge to the jury the Judge said: "The prisoner may not have known that he was breaking human laws, * * * but he certainly knew he was breaking the ten commandments." Whereupon the prisoner, seeing the penitentiary staring him in the face, sprang to his feet, and with upraised hands exclaimed: "For God Judge, I didn't know it. They was passed while I lived in Arkansas."
After many trials and tribulations the Index comes again before its readers, and extends its best greeting to you all. In a kindly way we comes again before its readers, and extends its suggestions, that as it subscriptions are worth much more to us if paid promptly, a paper, our friends and patrons will not delay sending in their subscriptions. Your subscriptions are worth much more to us if paid promptly, than if payment is delayed till next June.

The political excitement seems to be dying away, and it is to be hoped that affairs will soon resume their normal condition. The mud-catapull has ceased from its labor, and the stump orator has forsaken his large words and larger columns of figures—neither of which he understood—and has returned to his lawful pursuits.

Belva Lockwood and M. Adele Hazlett, who felt that if by some means they could attain political prominence, they could say with Horace, Sublimis feriam sidera vertice, have again retired into comparative obscurity. Judging by the English papers, our friends over there are disposed to laugh at our methods of advertising our candidates for the office of chief magistrate, and we don’t blame them for it if they have read the leading American papers during the last few months.

After all we will probably have to wait until next spring, before we can know beyond a doubt who shall be our next president. The air ought to be quite clear after such a storm, and prosperity and peace should abound in the land.

We feel it to be our sad duty to take our quill in hand, and place something before the eager populace concerning the dude.

This much-abused specimen of humanity has been written about so much, and hi—its character has been so severely handled, that we feel like saying, Oh, dude, requiescat in pace, cum Chicago girls’ feet.

But the public seem to demand the frequent chastisement of the poor dude, and therefore, quill-drivers use it to vent their rage upon. Rage, however, is not the cause of the present effusion, but a stern sense of duty.

The ancient philosopher, Pythagoras, once defined man as “An animal having two legs and no feathers.” Thereupon some one took a cock, and having plucked out the feathers, inquired whether that was a man. We wonder what the philosopher would have said if some one could have placed before him a dude. It is generally believed that everything on the earth has a mission, and we think the dude has a work to perform, and is performing it. It is the right thing in the right place, and is doubtless for an example to all young men, and especially to college students. A book has been written on “The mission of the Dude,” and we recommend all dudes to peruse it carefully—if they can read. Nothing is altogether bad, and there must be some good qualities even in the dude. We can at least profit by observing it, and doing just what it does not do. Our college is not blessed with one of these amiable nuisances, but we can read about them and find them in our vicinity.

Thanksgiving day is close at hand, and with it comes a few days of rest to the weary student, and an opportunity to give thanks for having been allowed to recover from the effects of so large a dinner as will on that day be placed within the perimeter of the unwary disciple of Epicurus.

In connection with the college work our students and faculty have much to be thankful for. Everything has gone along smoothly, a very successful term of study is nearly closed, and the literary societies are doing better than usual this year. In short, prosperity seems to be with us, and we have every reason to believe that
A number of the students will spend Thanksgiving at home, and let none of us forget to give thanks for what we have received. To one and all the Index wishes a pleasant and restful Thanksgiving.

The friends of the College who are trying to increase the endowment fund to one hundred thousand dollars, certainly are engaged in a most laudible undertaking, and should receive the help of all who have an interest in our College. The committee have about a year left in which to complete their work of getting subscriptions toward this end, and at the best, their labors will be long and arduous. If this movement should fail, it would be some time before a similar one would be made, and any one who knows the needs of our college, knows how essential such an endowment is. The undertaking must not fail; we feel that it will succeed, and Kalamazoo College be placed on a firm financial basis. It can be readily done by the united effort of friends throughout the State, and will be a work which will not soon pass away.

THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION.
Garnered sheaves and ripened fruits admonish us that another year, crowned with innumerable blessings, is drawing to a close, and in conformity with a time-honored custom endeared to us by hallowed association, I, Josiah W. Begole, Governor of the State of Michigan, do hereby appoint Thursday, the 27th day of November, 1884, as a day of public Thanksgiving and Praise to Almighty God.

"Thanksgiving Day" has come to be regarded as the great annual Sabbath of the nation, when citizens of every race, creed and condition, as well as the wayfarer and sojourner in our gates, may in their chosen places of worship, at their family altars, or at their firesides, in such way and with such observances as seem to them most fitting, render thanks to the Infinite Source of Good for the blessings of the year.

Let us, therefore, laying aside our ordinary occupations, devote the day to religious and social festivities. Let enmities be forgotten and friendships renewed. With hearts free from passion and all uncharitableness, let us return thanks for the mercy which has preserved and the bounty which has sustained us as individuals, and as a nation. Rejoicing that our government "of the people, by the people, and for the people," is cherished by all the States of our glorious Union, let us emulate the virtues of the fathers and secure the continued prosperity of the nation by deserving it.

Let our gratitude find expression not only by religious observances, but also in acts of Christian benevolence. While seated at abundantly supplied tables, loving memories filling the vacant chairs, let us not forget the solitary and the poor. "But to do good and to communicate, forget not, for with such sacrifices God is well pleased."

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the great seal of the State to be affixed at the City of Lansing, this 10th day of November, 1884.

By the Governor,

Josiah W. Begole.
Secretary of State.

LOCALS.

New carpets under the professors' desks are all the rage.

Young man, don't open your mouth so wide at the Professor when he asks you a question. You might swallow him.

Lecture: "The good alone are beautiful."
Student to his girl: "There is your only chance."
Girl to Student: "I was just thinking of your hopeless condition."

Complimentary: "You didn't recite today, did you?" "Why, yes, I was the first one called upon." "Oh! you had your lesson so well I thought you were some one else."

Horace: "Take some pears." "Thank you, I have enough." "But I won't object to your
taking a few home to the boys.” “You are too kind.” “As you please; what you don’t eat the rest of the hogs will.”

The Y. M. C. A. of Kalamazoo College observed the past week, as did also the Associations throughout the country, as a week of prayer for college students. Prayer-meetings were held every afternoon.

Quite a large part of the Philolexian society enjoyed the pleasure of a call upon the Eurodelphian society a few evenings since, and heard, most of a very excellent programme. Judging from appearances some of the boys will go again.

The Sherwoods and their friends were highly entertained by the lecture entitled “To and Fro in London,” delivered by John R. Clark, on the evening of Nov. 12. Mr. Clark is good at a story, and showed himself familiar with the language and customs of the Londoners. He spoke to a fair sized audience.

One of the students was debating on the question “Resolved that a student should have his life’s purpose in view on entering college.” He said that last year he had a purpose and didn’t do as good work as he has been doing this year. But alas! he has a purpose again! He went down to the Euros’ the other night!

Psychology is a very interesting study. But the attention of the class was considerably distracted during the recitation, one day a short time since, by the antics of a mouse. Whether the diminutive rodent was amused at the poor recitations, or was trying to take in some of the science of the soul, was a question for debate. We think he was though.

Three of the boys in the dormitory were so “broken up” on the night of the lecture, that they were obliged to go to bed the next afternoon.

Twice has the dread monster, the Fire Fiend, through the medium of burning chimneys, brought dire dismay to the hearts of some of our students. The first time he was wicked enough to scorch two harmless maidens. That was bad. He really lacked foresight there. He might have known that besides the damage done by the shock to the nervous systems of the above mentioned damsels, the quantity of salt used to appease his wrath would bankrupt a millionaire. But the ladies were very brave and didn’t yell “Fire” more than fifteen times. You couldn’t hear them more than four miles either.

The next time he got after the boys. The stove smoked a little and they thought they were sent for. The way they began to remove things from their rooms and “save” their valuables was heroic. One of them had it so bad that he wanted to throw a mirror from the fourth story window, while another began to chop holes in the chimney with an ax, and a third stood in the middle of the room and yelled “That’s right boys, what shall I do?” Fires are awful things!

The Baptist State Convention of Michigan was held Oct. 21-24, in the pleasant village of Fenton, and was handsomely entertained by a church whose numbers might have made a less enterprising people timid and doubtful. The excellent pastor of this church is Rev. Charles W. Barber, of the class of 1879.

The successive sessions of the convention were of great interest and fully attended. As the different boards brought to the notice of the convention the different departments of christian work,—Foreign Missions, Home Missions, State Missions, the work of the Publication Society, and Christian and Ministerial Education,—each in its turn engrossed the attention of the assembly and seemed of paramount importance.

The report of the education board was presented by Rev. J. S. Boyden, and was followed by addresses from Rev. M. W. Haynes, of Kalamazoo, and Prof. Montgomery. The proposition to add $50,000 to the endowment of Kalamazoo College was presented, earnestly discussed, and cordially endorsed by the convention. If every man and woman among the Baptists of Michigan understood the need of this addition to our endowment, and its effect on the college, the work of the committee in securing it would be very easy and pleasant.

Prof. Parsons has introduced an entirely new and very practical feature into his Business College. He has established a Savings Bank at which the students deposit their money, thus substituting actual business and real money for the old system of imitation business and imitation money. The students are thus made acquainted with real business, and as their own financial interest is involved, will exercise great carefulness in the business. The officers of the bank are selected by means of competitive examination.
And now the chapel orations have begun. The great and mighty senior doth tear his hair and fire off his collection of jaw-breaking words, and the juniors and sophs try to follow suit. They rummage the attic for their nearest relative's long-tailed coat and straightway do appear upon the stage.

The Eurodelphians are in correspondence with Dr. P. S. Henson, of Chicago, for a lecture to be delivered some time next month. The proceeds are to be donated to the Ladies' Dormitory fund, but it is not necessary to urge the worthy object in soliciting a full attendance, for the lecturer is so well and favorably known, that intelligent people will wish to hear him for their own benefit.

Miss Addie Sherman, who was so well and favorably known here, died Nov. 13th. The Eurodelphian Society, of which she was an honored member, met and passed the following resolutions:

Whereas—God in his mysterious providence has removed from us our loved and esteemed member Miss Addie Sherman, therefore be it
Resolved—That we as a Society do deeply mourn her loss, that we feel her Christian devotion to have been an example to all, and her early death a solemn warning of the shortness of life,
Resolved—That the Society Hall be draped in mourning for thirty days in honor of her memory.
Resolved—That these resolutions be incorporated in the records of the Society; that they be printed in the College Index, and that a copy be sent to the sorrowing friends.

PERSONALS.

'80 L. D. Pettit has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Baptist Church in Highland, and will probably be ordained soon.

'83 Miss Frances Davidson is teaching in the grammar school at Elkhart, Ind.

'80 C. F. Daniels writes from Neb. that business is lively, and the western air agrees with him. He is in the employ of D. M. Ferry & Co.

F. W. Beals again stopped off in town for a short time on his way to Detroit.

Lewis E. Dunham, formerly a student in this college, is in the Mining Engineering department of the University of Michigan. Class of '86.

EXCHANGES.

As the autumn months have been slowly passing away, our esteemed contemporaries have been passing in review before us. Some, not withstanding the fact that their editors are only human, have religiously held aloof from the political jangle, and contented themselves with hoping for the election of their man. Others show that they are willing to fight as well as hope for the success of their favorite candidate, not by fighting, but by an occasional growl that finds its way into their columns. The politics of most college papers is an enigma. An occasional yip for Blaine has been usually apologized for by paying an equal compliment to Cleveland, and a hurrah for St. John is offset by mournfully picturing the ingratitude of the prohibitionists to their republican friends. Editorial Boards must differ in political sentiments or believe that policy requires them to alternately praise and blame all parties, or perhaps policy may require them to be on the winning side, and seeing the election is now settled, they will be more decided in their political views.

Large brained, experienced editors have not been wanting, who with an air of superior wisdom warn us that a college paper should be free from politics, and with amazing liberality give advice as to what a college paper should be. Others still have seen fit to severely criticise their contemporaries for their political effusions. Yet until they can show that the political questions of the day are of less interest to college students than to the rest of mankind, we think they will fail to convince us that they should be excluded from the field of college journalism.

Many other general characteristics are noticeable amongst our exchanges. The exquisite pleasures, and the unavoidable troubles of running a college paper seem to be the same the world over. The cry is everywhere raised Subscribe for the "———," and be sure and pay your subscription. Editors are crying for matter to fill their empty columns, determined to get it without stealing if possible, with stealing if necessary. They beg for correspondence from the alumni. They appeal for help to the patriotism of the seniors and juniors, while they hurl a few epithets at the sophs and fresh-
ies to attract their attention, and then offer a prize to stimulate their desire for literary fame. It is no uncommon thing to see a prize offered for the best essay contributed to the paper.

Many editors complain bitterly of the lack of interest manifested by the students, toward their college paper. Editors, however, find to their sorrow that although students show very little interest in getting up the paper, they generally have interest enough to criticise it when it comes out, and that too, quite exhaustively.

These and other things seem to indicate that college editors generally lead a hard life.

**News and Notes.**

Hillsdale has raised $2,500 for a gymnasium.

Yale holds the championship for rowing and base ball.

Professor Dole shows Cornell students how to handle their fists.

Brown University gets the library of the late Senator Anthony.

A veterinary school has been added to the University of Pennsylvania.

The friends of Hope College are trying to present that institution with $30,000.

Among the studies on the list of electives at Harvard, are Latin and Greek.

It is reported that Harvard will have a swimming tank in the gymnasium.

Lawn tennis is becoming popular among our Eastern colleges, so are politics.

In the rushes which they have had at Madison University this Fall, '88 generally came out ahead.

Albion College proposes to change its name to Asbury University, and is raising a large endowment.

The University of Heidelberg refused $10,000 offered on condition that it should admit women.

—*Notre Dame Scholarist.*

A London Jew's school is said to be the largest in the world. The daily attendance being over 2,500.

Harvard boasts of having graduated eight of the twenty-seven governors of Massachusetts during this century.

A "Constant Reader" writes; "Can you recommend a face wash that is harmless?" Water, if you don't use enough to drown yourself. —Ex.

Mr. Walters, of Long Island, hanged himself "to fool his wife." He would have his little choke.—*Exchange.*

St. John has been burned in effigy in Michigan, Iowa and Kansas. Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad.

General Gordon has had medals struck off to commemorate the siege of Khartoum, which he presented to those who shared with him the dangers and hardships of the siege.

President White of Cornell, has been elected president of the American Historical Association which held its first meeting at Saratoga last month.

A Chinese girl, Hu King Eng, is studying the English branches at the Ohio Wesleyan University. She intends to become a doctor for the sake of her own country.—Ex.

There has recently been serious trouble at King's College, Windsor. The students have demanded the resignation of the President and two of the Professors, on account of ill-treatment received at their hands.

A little girl on observing a very thin old man, asked him if he knew how to become fat. Upon his replying that he did not, she said, "Well, if you were dropped from a third-story window, wouldn't you come down plump?"

Dr. Dudley A. Sargent, Director of the Gymnasium at Harvard, says that greater attention than ever will be given to athletics at the college the coming year. The report that the Faculty will forbid football, he says, is without foundation.—Ex.

Reduce salaries everywhere, but increase them in schools. Now, not one in twenty teaches a school, except as a stepping-stone to something better by and by.—Henry Ward Beecher.

A misprint in a recent notice of a church concert caused the account to read, "The opening hymn was rendered by mule chorus." We presume that after that the preacher said, "Let us bray."—*Musical Herald.*

Prof. Douglas of the University of Michigan can produce small cyclones by means of a copper plate suspended by silken cords. The plate
is charged with electricity, and arsenous acid gas makes the cyclone visible. The Professor should be watched lest someday our State University be missing.

A woman at a spiritualistic seance expressed a desire to converse with the spirit of her departed husband, John Smith.

After several unsuccessful attempts the medium reluctantly announced that she was unable to summon the spirit of John Smith.

"Perhaps," suggested the bereaved widow, "considerin' that John wasn't allers very partic­ular about things he did when on this earth, you've been trying the wrong place." — Exchange.

A portion of the robe of the mummy recently obtained by Cornell University has been received by Prof. Albert Miller, 568 Cass avenue. The linen is in an almost perfect state of preservation. The hieroglyphics on the case deciphered by Prof. Tyler show the name of the person embalmed to have been Renpi, who lived in the 23d dynasty, or contemporary with Elijah, that is, 800 years, B. C.—Detroit Journal.

RECENT JURY VERDICTS.

"Came to his death in the following manner, to wit: He was born dead."

"From excessive drinking and laying out in the sun."

"To wit: He committed suicide on himself."

"Came to his death from the following causes, to wit: from some sudden cause to which the jurors unknown."

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