

**THE
COLLEGE INDEX**



JANUARY. 1911



F. W. HINRICHS

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The College Index

Volume XXXII

JANUARY, 1911

Number 4

Ghost of the Mine

Sherrington sat by the fire in his cosy little room. The book which he had been reading lay on the floor beside him, and he was busily absorbed with his own thoughts. Suddenly the door burst open and his room mate, Bob Carlin, rushed in. His face had a somewhat agitated look; and, although he tried to act composed, he was plainly excited.

"What's up now," said Sherrington, surveying him calmly. "Has she jilted you? Oh, well, cheer up, don't feel so badly about it."

Bob sank into the big easy chair; and dropping his head between his hands, he gasped, "Ye Gods!"

Turning about in his chair, Sherrington looked at his friend again and saw that he was trembling from head to foot. To see Bob tremble was something very unusual; for he was a big, healthy athlete, who rather courted danger than feared it; and Sherrington became alarmed.

"In heaven's name, Bob, what's wrong?"

Bob, without looking up, spoke abruptly, almost fiercely.

"Do you believe in ghosts?"

"Ghosts!" laughed Sherrington, "not that anybody knows of. It takes something more substantial to scare your Uncle Dudley. Have you met with a real, good first-class ghost? If so, let us see him."

"Don't treat the matter to lightly, you mutt," said Bob, a little angry. "I saw something, but whether it be man, ghost or Satan himself, I do not know."

"Capital, Bob, fine!" said his friend. "Now you can earn your fame. Write it in book form, picture it in glowing terms and it will sell. Your fortune will be made, Bob. Just think of seeing your book on the shelves, 'A Night of Mystery, by Prof. Bobbie Carlin, Ghost Expert, Authority on——'"

"Cut it out, you dub!" interrupted Bob angrily. "There will be no book written unless you write it yourself. If you will shut up that face of yours, and stop grinning at me, I will tell you about it."

"Go ahead, old man, and I'll not interrupt," said Sherrington. "Wouldn't the effect be a little better if I turned out the light? You know ghosts love darkness rather than light."

"No!" snapped Bob, "don't turn out the lights; I am in no fit condition to jest. Listen. You know where the old coal shaft is up on the north side; the one that has been condemned and sealed?"

"Yes," replied Sherrington, "I know every foot of ground in that locality."

"Well," Carlin said, drawing a cigar from his pocket and lighting it. "There is where I saw it."

"Great!" interrupted Sherrington, "you have chosen a dandy spot. Setting good, scenery weird, plenty of tradition, but the night is just a trifle off color. You ought to have had a wild, black night, but this——"

"Say," broke in Bob, "whose story is this, yours or mine? Listen. I had been over to see old man Eaton about that contract which he was to sign; and, after fixing up the business I started back. It is a great deal shorter to walk down the I. C. tracks until you strike the upper end of Main street, and then walk down from there. You know how the tracks are up there. They run directly past this old mine, and a sidetrack runs into the long, low shed where the cars used to be filled. A great deal of rubbish, several small coal cars, two or three piles of railroad ties, an old broken engine lie scattered around. A huge pile of shale stands at the side of the track, which makes a dreary, grey background to the scene. I was feeling fine, for I had succeeded in getting Eaton to sign the contract, and I knew that the boss would be pleased. So I was whistling as I walked rapidly down the track. Far in the distance a dull haze could be seen; and twice a bat flew past my head. I hate bats, so I whistled all the more vigorously and quickened my steps. As I rounded the curve, just beyond the mine, I heard the low, tremolo of a screech owl. Somehow I did not like that sound; it seemed to come from the old wooden tower above the shaft, and sounded not unlike the wail of a child. I stopped whistling and glanced suspiciously at that forsaken tower. At the top of it was an opening where a window had been; and as I looked it seemed to blink down ominously upon its deserted surroundings. I looked at it again and thought how like Cyclops this structure seemed with its one eye staring at me. There seemed to be a spell about the place. How still

it was! Drawing my coat about me, for I shivered a little, I turned my head and walked rapidly on. The red moon looked through the curtain of haze like a gigantic, half-closed, bloodshot eye, and my shadow bumped along nervously over the ties."

"Fine business, Bob," broke in Sherrington. "Sounds like the adventures of Sherlock Holmes. No wonder the eye of the moon was bloodshot, for he was full the other night."

"Will you keep still?" said Bob, "I tell you this is no matter to jest with. The whole atmosphere seemed charged with a ghastly phosphorescent light, and everything seemed unnaturally colored. I confess that I was a little nervous, although I don't know why."

"Sure you were," again cut in Sherrington. "Who wouldn't be, to see his poor shadow bumping along over a rough and rugged railroad. But come on with the apparition. Isn't it about time you introduced the hero and cut out some of the scenery?"

"I am getting there," answered Carlin, "but I wish you would quit interrupting this story. As I said, I was feeling queer and so again tried to quiet my nerves by whistling. I went on about a hundred feet, when, suddenly, standing a little way from me was the figure of what appeared to be a man. Yet it was not a man, for it seemed to be a haze. I stopped and looked cautiously at it and then felt my flesh creep and my knees weakened in spite of me, for I could distinguish every object through this shadowy form. It stood silently and seemed to regard me carefully. I was rooted to the spot. I tried to call out, but my tongue refused to act, and the cold drops of perspiration stood out on my forehead. What could it be? Finally, mustering all of my courage I called out, 'Who are you?' and back from the ruins of the buildings came the echo of my own voice, 'Who are you?' It said never a word, but began to sway slightly from side to side. I was glad to have the thing move; anything was better than the quiet and silence. Then I picked up a stone which I threw at the object, only to see it go straight through and fall with a thud on the ground behind."

"Woo-oo!" interrupted Sherrington. "Wait till I punch up the fire. I am feeling quivery."

He got up and suited the action to the word, and Carlin, noticing no emotion whatever in his friend, and even detecting a smile, was thoroughly disgusted, and so continued:

"Well, it stood there there, anyhow, and did not move save for that monotonous swaying like an inverted pendulum. Finally I regained my self-control and decided to fathom the mystery. I advanced a few steps toward the object; but as it made no movement

Miss, Misunderstanding and Mix-Up.

"Franc! Franc! you'll have to hurry if we're going to get that game of tennis in before supper. It's four now. Coming?"

Frances Lindsay caught up her gymnasium slippers from a bench near by, reached for her sweater with one hand, and swept an armful of text-books, note-books and papers into the crook of her elbow with the other, and with a "Coming this minute," started from the gymnasium. Margaret Griffiths, her room-mate, was waiting just outside, and arm in arm the chums started for Warren Hall.

"Rather strenuous game of basketball wasn't it, Margaret? At this rate we can't help but have a good team this year. Now a game of tennis in this autumn air will make us feel like work."

"Speaking of work, Franc, have you started that history paper yet? I planned to do mine this morning; but between that unexpected botany tramp and a literary committee meeting, mine is still in the embryo, and shows precious little signs of budding."

"No, I haven't," returned Franc, "and, oh that reminds me, I've left my two reference books in the science room. Pretty paper I'd have, wouldn't I, with every thought in those two volumes. I'll run back while you get our rackets and I'll meet you at the hall in five minutes. Here! take my sweater, that's a dear."

Frances Lindsay, always known as Franc to her intimates, sped lightly down the gravel path to the Science Hall, humming as she went. She was one of the buoyant spirits of Mt. Pleasant, beloved by all, a general favorite among the girls and popular among the men, that is, she might have been; at least Lloyd Hathaway thought she was.

The Science Hall was almost deserted when she entered and she tip-toed along the corridor, for her heels would echo so. She found the books where she had left them, in the chemistry room, and paused for a moment to put some straggling papers under a cover when she heard voices from the laboratory adjacent, and her own name mentioned. The voice sounded strangely familiar.

"No, Ed, I must say that lately I've lost my faith in, and my respect for Franc. Of course I wouldn't have a word of this mentioned, and if you couldn't understand, old man, I wouldn't say this much, for Franc and I have been fast friends for a long time now, and it comes hard when you're disappointed in a friend. I've been deceived and I'm ashamed that I ever associated with a person like

that. That last basketball game showed me a few things and I've noticed a falling off in religious as well as other interests. Nothing could change my present opinion, I think. As an interesting and entertaining companion Franc is all right; but as an earnest, helpful friend I must say 'No.'

Franc had not meant to listen. Her name had attracted her attention and she had heard it all. The merry light had gone out of her face and she stood quivering with emotion. At the last words, "As an earnest and helpful friend, no," she could bear no more, but turned and, blinded with tears, felt her way out of the room. Could he have meant her? Was she merely entertaining? Is that why she had seen so little of him, why he had avoided her? So that was why he had not helped her with her botany notes that morning, as he always had done. She remembered now how that special oration and the extra work she was trying to do had kept her from several religious meetings; and, yes, that one play in the last basketball game might throw suspicion.

"If he only knew," she thought. But Lloyd ought to know her better than that. He had said no explanation could change his opinion and she would give none. Pride, anger and pain strove for the mastery in her heart as she walked to the door of the building and opened it.

"Francis Lindsay! If you ain't the pokiest—," but Margaret stopped at the look on Franc's face "What's the matter? Didn't you find your books? Anything scare you?"

"No," she answered, smiling a little at the torrent of questions and in doubt as to which one she was answering.

"I'm awfully tired, and I just happened to think of that Latin quiz tomorrow. I'll feel better when I've had my supper. It's too late for tennis now, anyway. Let's go home."

Although Franc tried to be her old self, the words "As a helpful friend, no," rang in her ears and Margaret turned a questioning glance toward her friend more than once.

* * * * *

A few days later Ed Probert sat at his table busily conning grammar verbs when he heard a familiar, heavy step come down the corridor and stop before his door. In an instant, without the preliminary knock, Lloyd Hathaway entered; and not deigning a word to the occupant, took the easiest chair in the room and mounted his feet to the radiator. A moment of silence and he snatched up a pillow from the floor and threw it at the unsuspecting, cheery face of a billiken on the mantle.

"Feel better, old man?" calmly queried Ed. "I don't mind your relieving your feelings, pard, but please spare the furniture, won't you? I may need all the bric-a-brac I can scrape together some day."

As there seemed to be no response to his attempts at cheerfulness Ed betook himself to grammar verbs and waited. He had finished about half a page when Lloyd spoke.

"Did you ever strike anything you couldn't understand, or have a disappointment, or wish you knew something you couldn't find out?" he said thoughtfully.

"Speaking to me?" asked Ed. "In order of question, yes. I can't understand this grammar; I was disappointed in not finding a check in my letter this morning; and I wish I knew what you are driving at, but can't find out 'till you stop speaking in nothings."

"Well, maybe it's funny, but I can't see it that way," retorted Lloyd. "Say, Ed, have you noticed anything peculiar about Franc Lindsay lately?"

"Not in the least. She's as chipper as ever, as far as I can make out. Don't you get to being too particular, young man; you've been pretty lucky so far."

"It's not that, Ed; but she gets so eternally sober and engrossed everytime I put in an appearance, and I haven't been able to get a word with her for nearly two weeks. There is always a plea of busy whenever I want a few minutes."

"Ah, shaw! You imagine all that. Besides, with that literary society occupying most of your gray matter I'll bet you've neglected her yourself some. Why don't you ask her what's up?"

"Not Franc, Ed; she's the girl that will tell you when the time comes and not before."

"It's best to wait, then," replied Ed.

"But there's the banquet soon, and I'm sure there's no one else I'd care to take to the 'dingoramus.' With Frances Lindsay acting that way and my disappointment in my old friend Frank Merton, I'm about down in the mouth."

"Oh, cheer up, Lloyd. There's nothing for you to do but wait and if she doesn't explain herself, enjoy solitude on the night of the twenty-fifth."

* * * * *

For the next two weeks Mt. Pleasant was stirred in anticipation of the coming function. It was the big affair, the 'magna res' of the college, and as the twenty-fifth drew nigh there was a corresponding increase in excitement. The girls at Warren Hall discussed

the pros and cons of gowns and slippers, while the men busied themselves by securing desired dates and attending to the business end of the coming event. Franc Lindsay entered into the excitement with the rest of the girls, giving advice where it was needed, and talking merrily about the fun of previous years and the probable success of this one. No one doubted that Franc would be there. She always went. Not once did anyone think to ask her about her escort. Lloyd Hathaway was the only possibility. Even Margaret Griffiths was all unconscious of any jog in the harmonious run of affairs.

"Do you know what I'm going to do?" Margaret inquired the evening after the episode in the Science Hall.

"Haven't the vaguest idea, Margaret; something unusual, I judge from your tone?"

"Well, maybe so, at least I've never done it before. I've a notion to write Cousin Jack, at Carroll College, to come as my guest for the banquet. He always wanted to see Mt. Pleasant, you know, and it certainly would be a fine chance for him to meet our college people. What do you say, Franc?"

"Do it, Margaret! I know he's jolly from what you've said, and I wouldn't tell the girls he was a cousin till you got him here. Be rather exciting, wouldn't it?"

In the course of the evening the letter in question was composed and duly posted next morning, both girls eagerly waiting a prompt reply.

The 21st, 22nd, 23rd came and went and still no letter from Cousin Jack, and Margaret began to feel really alarmed.

"Do you suppose the mail miscarried, Franc? If I don't hear soon it's Warren Hall for me Friday night, I guess. Could have gone, too, if I hadn't been so set on asking Jack."

"From present appearances she won't have to be alone Friday night," thought Franc; for the intervening days had only increased the coolness between Lloyd Hathaway and Frances Lindsay. Neither explained to the other. Both were resigned to give up the banquet.

* * * * *

"Two letters for you, Margaret," called Franc, the morning of the 24th, as the two returned from history class. "One's from home, I guess, but the other's from Carroll College. Do open it quick."

Frances and Margaret withdrew to a corner of the drawing room and Margaret eagerly tore open the envelope, her face all anticipation. As she perused the short note Franc saw her roommate's expression change from eagerness to disappointment, from disappointment to surprise, from surprise to disgust.

"Well, of all things, Franc! Listen to this:

"Dear Marg: In doubt about attending your banquet till fifteen minutes ago. Professor Post kept me on the fence about my chemistry exam. and just announced that I could enjoy the pleasure on Friday afternoon, the 25th. Notice? Tough, isn't it, since you recall that the train leaves at 1:30, when I'm beginning to scratch. I didn't want you to miss your banquet, so I've written a fine fellow at Springfield to do the honors instead. He'll be at Mt. Pleasant on the 4:30. You'll have to meet him, and don't forget to wear your arm band. Told him you would. Awfully sorry. In haste.

"Jack."

At Margaret's face, Franc burst into a peal of laughter. "Your out-of-town man, Margaret, isn't your cousin, after all. No deception necessary. Oh, do let me go to the depot with you."

"I can't see that it's any particular reason for merriment," said Margaret, warmly. "I must say it's thoughtful of Jack to send a substitute; but I don't know as I appreciate the funny part of meeting an absolute stranger, and Jack never mentioned his name. How dreadful!"

The girls sat down to read their less important letters and as Franc finished one she looked across at Margaret. To her amazement that personage was in tears.

"Why, Margaret Griffiths, what ever is——"

Margaret held out her home letter and Franc ran through the contents quickly.

"Your father is out of town for two weeks and the doctors say I must go to the hospital immediately. I didn't want to say anything to you daughter, until I had to; but there seems to be no alternative now. I'm sorry to ask you to come home, dear, but I don't know what else to do. As a last resort I ask this sacrifice. Lovingly,

"Mother."

"When does that next train go, Margaret? 12:30 isn't it? You have just forty-five minutes to get ready and make it. You'd better go at once. Never mind the professors, I'll explain it all when you're gone. Every minute gained is a minute now at home."

The banquet was forgotten in this new difficulty. Franc scurried, packed, pacified and cheered in a marvelous way as only Franc could. Just as Margaret stepped aboard the train and turned to receive her suit case from Franc she thought of the banquet.

"Oh, Franc, you'll have to meet the unknown man tomorrow. Somebody must and you're the only one who knows about it. Explain for me, please. Don't forget the arm-band—"and she was gone.

Franc was plainly vexed, but the ludicrous made her smile as

she thought how Margaret's practical joke had been turned on herself.

"He laughs best who laughs last," she said softly. "Evidently I'm to go to the banquet after all. Don't believe I anticipate the jolliest of times, but anything for Margaret, even if it comes to an out-of-town man."

* * * * *

Lloyd Hathaway, whose home at Springfield was not more than thirty miles from Mt. Pleasant had been unexpectedly called home to attend to some very important business, vitally concerning himself. He had left college abruptly on the twenty-third, expecting to return the following day and thus avoid all explanations about the twenty-fifth. On Thursday, the day before the banquet, he received a letter from Carroll College which ran thus:

"Dear Lloyd: I'm in a pickle and you've got to help me out. Margaret Griffiths, a cousin, at Mt. Pleasant (at this Lloyd smiled. Jack did not know that Lloyd and Mt. Pleasant had met before) asked me to escort her to a banquet and I can't go. Exam. last minute. I want you to go in my place or she'll miss the fun. Take train that gets through at 4:20. You'll know her by the arm band. Do it, please, for sake of old times, and also for the sake of a mighty fine girl, as you'll find out. Hurriedly,

"Jack."

"Well, that's easy," mused Lloyd. "Margaret and I are old friends if Jack doesn't know it. I'll just go back a day or two sooner, that's all. Know her by her arm-band, will I? Guess I'm going to the banquet whether or no."

* * * * *

At exactly ten minutes of four a trim little figure in grey broad-cloth stole out of Warren Hall and at the foot of the hill paused to fasten a brilliant arm-band on her left sleeve. The face was decidedly attractive with the obstreperous brown curls pushing out under the broad-brimmed hat. The eyes were a little anxious, but a close observer could detect a note of resolution in her manner, a decision in her step.

Honk! honk! sounded the horn of an auto, and Frances Lindsay paused to let it pass.

"How do you do, Miss Lindsay? Going down town? Jump in and I'll take you down."

"Yes, I'm on my way to the depot to make the 4:20 train."

"That's fine; we can have a half-hour's ride before that anyway."

* * * * *

About thirty-five minutes later the two occupants of the auto heard a long, drawn-out scream of a locomotive at the other end of the little college town.

"Oh, there's the train, Mr. Probert, and I'll be late. It's dreadfully important that I be there. Do hurry.

Ed Probert threw in the clutch and the touring car swept up to the depot just as the train pulled out. Frances Lindsay jumped out of the car and hurried up the steps. At the same instant a tall young man in a light gray overcoat and soft hat approached the door from the other side, unseen by Franc. She hurriedly opened the door and came face to face with Lloyd Hathaway. The scarlet arm band caught his eye, and his face was a mixture of surprise and merriment as he grasped the situation.

"This is Miss Margaret Griffiths, is it?" he said mockingly, as a pair of wondering brown eyes looked up into the merry gray ones.

Ed Probert, sauntering up the depot steps a few minutes later glanced through the glass door and decided to beat a hasty retreat to the seclusion of his touring car.

ELSIE KAPPEN.

Oratorical Contest

On Tuesday, December 20, occurred the oratorical contest, which is held in the winter term of each year to determine the representative for Kalamazoo, in the state contest. Owing to the small number entering this year there was no need of a preliminary contest. Usually the girls have their contest in the afternoon and the men in the evening, but here again, owing to the small number, the two were combined for the evening. The young women entering were Esther Chapman, Edith Clarke and Sigrid Johnson. The men were Carl O. Graeber, Willard Frost, Henry Hart and Claude Courter. After the contest the judges gave the following report: For the young women: First, Sigrid Johnson; second, Edith Clarke. For the men, first, Carl Graeber; second Claude Courter.

Dr. Slocum's Tribute

Delivered at the Memorial Services for Miss Laura Monteith, held in Kalamazoo.

We meet today in the shadow of a great sorrow. One of our number who had already made a large place for herself among us has been taken and we come together to pay our tribute to her memory and to express our sympathy with those who feel most keenly this calamity.

Life and death are alike mysteries. We can not understand how one day we are in the vigor of youth, looking out into the future with fond anticipations and bright prospects and the next we have entered into that country from which no traveler returns. If this life were all, then early death would seem to be a calamity with no compensation, but if death to the Christian is only a stepping stone from this life into a higher one, then, while we feel keenly the departure of our loved ones, to them it is not loss, but infinite gain. All that is best here is treasured up there. The noble qualities of heart and mind of this dear friend of ours will continue their development. The Inspired Book, to which we turn in an hour like this, gives glimpses of the Heavenly home. When the Saviour would comfort His disciples, saddened by the thought of his departure from them, He encouraged their hearts with the assurance that in his Father's home were many mansions and that He was going to prepare a place for them.

When He told them of His approaching death He told them also of His resurrection and gave them the assurance which has been the comfort and consolation of thousands in an hour like this, that his followers should meet Him again in the Father's house.

It is well that we have only glimpses of the life beyond, else we should be very disconsolate here and should be longing to go. We have just enough revealed to take away the terror of death and make Heaven attractive to us.

Human language can not describe, it can only faintly suggest that beauty of the life beyond, the ceaseless activities free from anxiety and sorrow, from physical weakness and from sin. There all noble qualities shall develop in the midst of the purest friendships and in the presence of the Saviour who gave up His own life here that He might open the way to eternal blessedness to his followers. And so we think of this dear friend of ours not as here in this casket, but over yonder, and we look up through our tears and rejoice in the noble life she lived and her faith in Christ as a personal Saviour. With this hope we say farewell to meet again on the other shore.

THE COLLEGE INDEX

Class Memorial

'Tis written by an ancient sage
Of learning vast and great
The angel Death was gath'ring souls
With the swift, sure hand of fate.

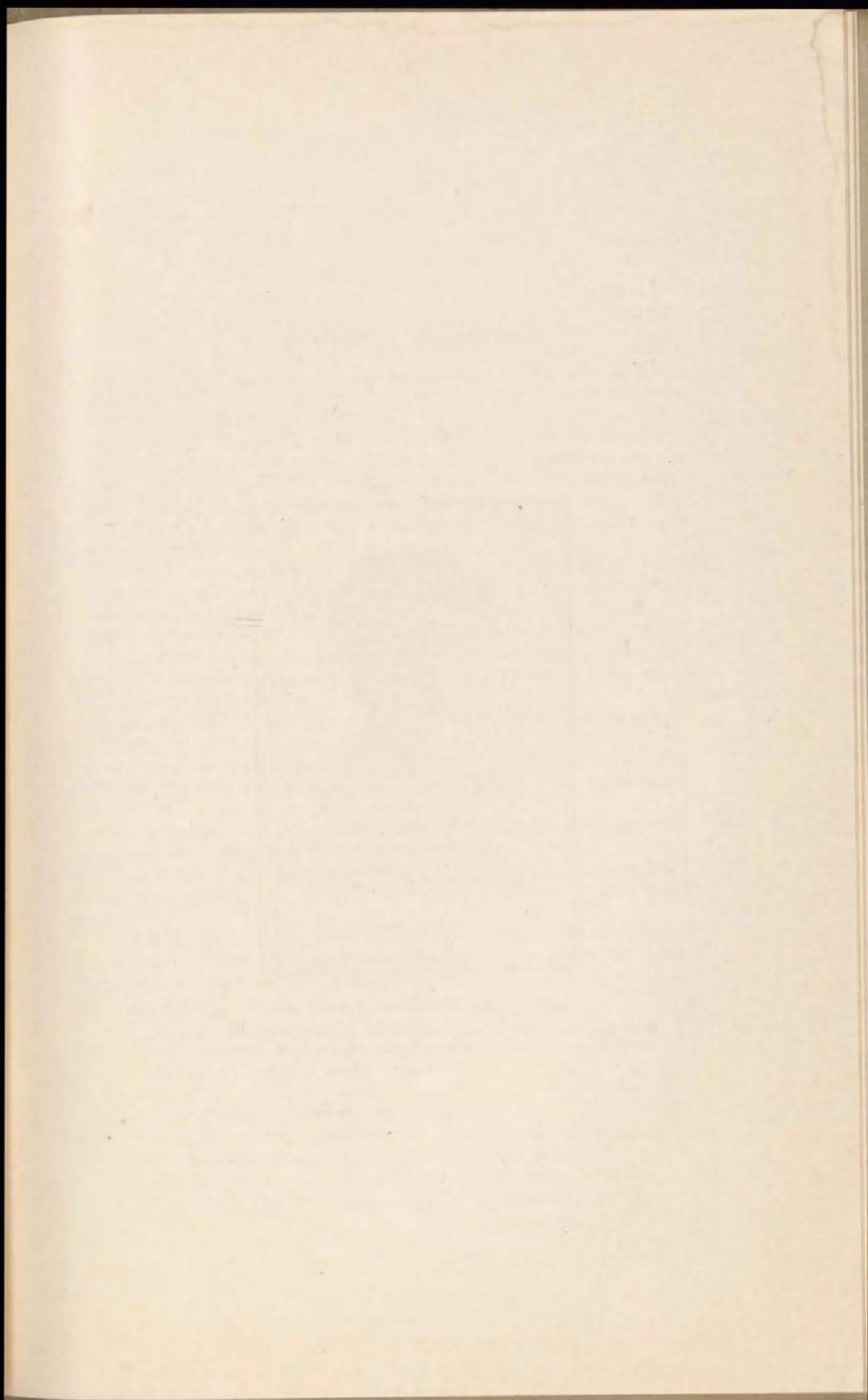
But one observed and said to him,
"I pray thee answer give,
Why gathr'rest thou the fairest souls,
The young, who've yet to live?"

The angel smiled and softly said,
His smile was like a gem,
His voice was filled with tones of love:
"The Lord hath need of them."

So let us think of that fair soul
Who from our midst has gone.
Kind death hath freed her from these bonds
Where trouble sad has grown.

We know that bruised and injured form
Now rests beneath the sod,
But we believe her soul above
Is happy with her God.

H. P. P., '14.





MISS LAURA MONTEITH, Class of 1914

Who met her death at the Lovell street crossing of the Michigan
Central Railroad in Kalamazoo, December 8, 1910

Dr. Williams' Address

The following is an abstract of the address given by Dr. Williams, as the representative of the faculty, at the funeral of Miss Laura Monteith, at Otsego, on Sunday, December 11.

"At such a time as ye think not." What a mystery is life. The philosopher cannot fathom it, the scientist cannot analyze it. It baffles all human skill, but God holds the key. He tells us that life is continuous, that death does not end all. "There is no death; what seems so is transition;" it is but a passing into another room in our Father's house, whence we shall go no more out.

When I stood, a few minutes after the accident, by the side of that lifeless form, I said to myself: "Thank God, this is not Laura Monteith; this is only the fair house where she abode, now crushed and battered by a relentless fate, but she is not here. In the house not made with hands, she looks into glorified faces, and one the fairest and dearest of all, a face unseen since she was a little child, the face of her mother."

A broken life, we say, but lo! God's explanation of such a calamity. What is shattered here shall grow into perfection there, under kindlier care and guidance than we can give. If she had lived, who knows what pain and sickness and agony might have been hers? Now that can never be.

Laura Monteith sat in my class-room, bright, alert, eager to learn, eager to grow, eager for achievement and future service. She had high ideals which she had cherished from childhood, and these brief college days were for her filled with the joy of winning in each day's work.

And what the lessons for us who remain? First, life is a precious gift, a sacred trust. We must not play with it, we must not needlessly risk it. Secondly, it may vanish "at such a time as ye think not." Be ready.

"So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chambers in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night
Scourged to his dungeons, but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach the grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

One Reason Why I Am Thankful

The short theme presented by Miss Monteith, as a class exercise, November 25, 1910

As Thanksgiving Day draws near we begin to think of the different reasons why we should be thankful. The thing for which I am most thankful, and which stands out foremost in my mind is that I am able to attend Kalamazoo College. For years I have hoped that I might be permitted to enter some college, soon after I had finished my high school course. For two years I worked seemingly against fate, yet buoyed up with the hope that perhaps after all I might have the opportunity. When it was decided last summer that it was possible for me to begin my college course, how happy I was. How thankful I am and will always be for this grand opportunity of better fitting myself to cope with the problems which will constantly confront me during my life's work. Again I thank the all-wise Father for bestowing this blessing upon me.



EDITORIALS

When President Gault of the University of South Dakota, in his talk to us, urged that students give expression to their appreciation for the services of their professors he touched upon a thought that might well receive more consideration from all students and, perhaps, particularly from those of Kalamazoo College. The suggestion brought a feeling of surprise to most of us that there should be such a condition as to warrant it. This fact in itself is proof that the condition is due only to thoughtlessness; we are not really ungrateful. Most of us have worked hard and sacrificed not a little for the sake of coming to college, therefore it is absurd to think that we are not thankful for its advantages. Chief among these advantages are the faculty, and the service they give us, both professionally and otherwise. Since then, we are really grateful and appreciative, why do we keep our gratitude and appreciation to ourselves, as we habitually do? We mean well, but we forget the little courteous expressions that would make matters run more smoothly. We are glad to return to college each fall, but how many of us go to the members of the faculty and tell them so? They are, to a large degree, responsible for the success of our college days, they are glad to know that we are satisfied. Each professor is interested in the success of his own department. Then, when we have had a course in that department, it would be only courteous and kind to tell the professor that we appreciate the effort he has made for us. If we have been benefited by the work, it will be a satisfaction to the professor to know it; if the course has failed to have the proposed result, the professor will not be averse to suggestion. Only through the students can he know just how successful he is. We would not think of taking a package from the hands of a salesman without saying "Thank you;" surely we can not be less courteous to the men to whom we are vastly more indebted.

LITERARY SOCIETIES.

The literary societies did not allow examinations or the holiday spirit to affect their work. On December 9, the Friday before examinations, four of the societies met to elect new officers. The Philos expect to change administrations soon. The new officers are as follows:

Kappa Pi—President Lillian Krogen; vice president, Leila Rushbrook; secretary, Mary Munro; treasurer, Winifred McQuigg; chaplain, Esther Chapman; usher, Emeretta Kilgore.

Eurodelphians—President, Alma Kurtz; vice president, Edith Clark; secretary, Mabel Benson; treasurer, Eunice Wells; chaplain, Elsie Kappen.

Century Forum—President, Colton Miles; vice president, Robert Angell; recording secretary, George Robinson; corresponding secretary, William Bouck; treasurer, F. J. Desmond; chaplain, John Peterson; sergeant-at-arms, O. Z. Ide.

Sherwood Rhetorical Society—President, John Small; vice president, Rollie Miles; recording secretary, Paul Johnson; corresponding secretary Harvey Pettit; treasurer, Edward Haislip; chaplain, Walter Terpenning.

On December 2 the Kappa Pi's held a new girls' meeting. In so far as the program is made public it began with a roll call in which the new girls answered by pet expressions of the old girls. It was as follows:

Roll call.

Piano soloMiss Swindell

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ReadingMiss Bennett
 Piano duetMiss Swayze and Miss Ziern
 ParodyMiss Swayze
 Vocal duetMiss Upjohn and Miss Burdick
 S. A.Miss Osborn and Miss Kilgore
 FarceThe Burglar
 Cast of characters: Katherine Stuart, Grace Simmons, Edith Stone, Ruth Wilson and Helen Bagnall.

The Sherwoods.—On Dec. 9, preceding the election of officers a constitutional convention was called. This served to revise the constitution and to drill the members in parliamentary practice. On the second, a literary society booster and new men's meeting was held. Professor Williams was critic. The speakers were Wilbur Payne, Edward Tanis, Russell Williams and George Ferguson. A debate was held on the pertinent subject: Resolved, that final examinations should be abolished. The music was furnished by Miss Roberta Williams and Russell Williams.

The Centurys.—On Dec. 9 the Century Forum gave a short program, which was followed by an initiation of the new men. Refreshments added to the evening's pleasure. The preceding Friday the society discussed various political conditions, past and present.

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—IN—
The Index

CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

The Cabinets of the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. met for a joint conference and prayer meeting November 29. The plans and problems of each association were discussed in a very helpful way. The prospect is very hopeful for the best year in association work that we have had for some time. The cabinets decided to plan two union association prayer meetings for the winter term.

The Y. W. C. A. thoroughly enjoyed a trip around the world on December 7. The party was conducted by Miss Crissman, who took us to some of the home mission stations in our own country, while en route to the Orient. The reports from the fields were given a personal touch by each girl giving it as though it was the result of her own experience. The party returned by way of the Atlantic, making their last visit at Ellis Island. It was a live missionary meeting.

Miss Helen Barnes, a national secretary of the Y. W. C. A., spoke to the Young Women's Christian Association of the city, Normal and college at the First Methodist church Sunday afternoon, Dec. 11. Miss Barnes is especially interested in association work among the girls

in the country and small towns. Her address aroused a feeling of responsibility in association work.

The mid-week meetings of the Y. M. C. A. have been of unusual interest the past term. Its policy has been to have as many outside men address the fellows as possible. Rev. Mr. Smith talked at the opening meeting and gave a very helpful address on "College Traditions and Temptations." Professor Bailey, H. R. Horton and Professor Williams spoke at different times and the average attendance was much better than last year. An even stronger program has been arranged for the coming term and such men as W. S. Colegrove, Dr. L. E. Stewart, Rev. W. B. Dickenson, Rev. Arba Martin, Dr. Stetson and Dr. Chaffee will speak. Two union services are planned with the Y. W. C. A., and we are hoping for a successful and profitable term.

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EXCHANGES.

The University of Berlin recently celebrated its hundredth anniversary.

By the action of the trustees, Columbia's anti-smoking rule has been extended to all the buildings with the exception of the two dormitories.

The Harvard student council has come to an end. It was organized two years ago by the students as a protest against "cutting" an excessive athletic activity.

Wacolastu College, St. Paul, has received a gift of \$65,000 for a science hall, from Andrew Carnegie.

The violations of the university rules of Wisconsin University are tried by a student court composed of six seniors and nine juniors.

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Theodore Roosevelt has refused an offer to become president of the University of Minnesota, as successor to Dr. Northrop, who resigned a year ago.

The triangular debate league, comprising Columbia, Cornell and the University of Pennsylvania, has selected the question of conservation for this year's debate.

Visitor—So your boy is in college, is he, Mr. Corntassel?

Farmer—I can't say exactly. He's in ther ball nine an' in ther rowin' crew, an in their jimnayseum, an' in ther dommortory, but whether he's ever in the college is more'n I kin find out by his letters.—Ex.

Wisconsin University has an arrangement by which all students have the privilege of medicinal advice, calls, and medicine at the rate of \$1 per semester.

Hillsdale college is considering the establishment of an "honor system."

Soph—Did you ever take chloroform?

Freshie—No, who teaches it?—Ex.

Professor in Philosophy—What was Spinoza's Philosophy?

Mr. H.—Why, I think he was the one who had monads.

From the back seat—I should think they ought to quarantine him then.—Ex.

A co-ed was elected president of the undergraduate council, the chief student governing body at the University of Chicago, last week.

The student body of the University of Oregon has passed resolutions to the effect that every student should tip his hat to the president of the university and to the dean.

Oberlin's upper classmen have laid down ten strict rules which must be obeyed by the freshmen.

A new fad has been started at Syracuse University. All the men are wearing mustaches.

SOME PEOPLE

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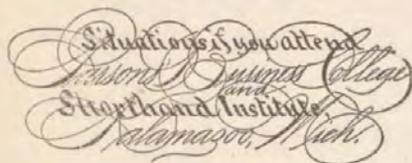
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It is a heart-breaker at Olivet,
From the town to the depot to get.
Were it not for the hacks,
And the farmers' hay-racks
Some of us would be walking yet.—Ex.

ALUMNI.

Miss Mary den Bleyker, '01, is teaching mathematics in the high school at Tacoma, Wash.

Torrance H. McDonald, '04, is now on attorney-at-law and is located at Kaliftell, Montana.

Mrs. John Stuart Burgess, formerly Miss Stella Fischer, '05, is now in Pekin, China.

Miss Lena W. Dickenson, '07, was married to Mr. Ralph G. Rupp of Cherry Vale, Kansas.

Carey R. Johnson, '07, is an attorney-at-law at Princeton, Ill.

Miss Mabel Easterbrook, '08, is at the head of the commercial department and teacher of geometry at Menasha, Wis.

Hallie N. Kinney, '09, is now in Oklahoma City, Okla.

Lynn A. Wright, '09, is in Florida for the winter.

Miles Irish, '10, is reporting on the Lansing Journal.

Mr. Earl M. Mumford, of the class of 1907, spent December 2-4 with friends in Kalamazoo. Mr. Mumford is attending the law school at Ann Arbor.

Miss Eunice Hough, who is teaching music in the Mendon schools, spent December 2-3 in Kalamazoo with college friends.

Miss Marie Bramble, '12, visited friends at the Hall from November 29 to December 4. Miss Bramble is teaching at her home, Tecumseh, Mich.

COLLEGE NOTES

The people of the Hall enjoyed an impromptu party in the reception room Thanksgiving afternoon. The time was spent in "stunts" and games, in which everyone took part. All enjoyed one of the merriest of afternoons.

Nov. 28 Professor MacEwan announced a debating prize, recently offered by Lynn A. Wright, '09, and Fred O. Pinkham, '09, to be awarded at the final debate of the men's literary societies at commencement.

Nov. 29 Dr. Stetson commented in chapel upon the death of Dr. John Clough, a pioneer missionary to India, who died recently in Rochester, New York. He also called attention to the present crisis in English history, the dissolution of parliament.

Dec. 6 President Gault of the University of South Dakota congratulated the student body on their opportunities, present and future. He spoke of the peculiar advantages in a small college, the

importance of the individual unit, and the cordial and intimate relations between students and faculty.

Dec. 7 the Misses Leonard and Lacey visited chapel and kindly furnished the musical numbers. Miss Leonard sang "Nymphs and Fauns," and Miss Lacey gave a piano solo. Miss Leonard recently returned from study in Paris and has opened a studio in the city.

The Carthaginian women cut off their hair to string their bows (beaus), not to ratify.

There were two divisions in his reign, it sprinkled once and poured the rest of the time.

Professor—"Are you interested in love, Mr. Angel?"
Mr. A.—"Not at present."

Professor—"What does reading do, Mr. Strickland?"
Mr. S.—"Reading maketh a ready (Reedy) man."

Anxious Freshman—"Is there a limit in your literary society?"
Wise Senior—"Yes, I'm the limit."

Prof. MacEwan—"Mr. Bowen, tell us about pulpit oratory."
Mr. Bowen—"Among the sermons delivered around the country—"

Prof. M.—"Oh, you aren't running a delivery wagon now."

Prof. Praeger—"Mr. Pinkham, describe ricciocarpus."
Mr. Pinkham—"A little heart-shaped thing with another little heart inside."

Ghost of the Mine

Continued from page 7

other than it had made, I started on a brisk walk toward it, determined to find out what the thing was. I advanced to within about fifty feet of the object when it seemed to grow thin and was dissolved in the darkness. My heart beat faster and faster and I could hardly breathe. I wondered if I were really awake; for never before had I experienced anything like that. Standing as though riveted to the spot I considered the matter long and carefully; and then I thought that, since I seemed no nearer to the solution of the problem than ever, I might as well go home. I walked with difficulty; my head swam and I seemed in a dream. I had gone only a short distance when I was drawn to look back and there it stood! It bowed and twisted and turned, but spoke never a word. Not caring to investigate further I hastened as fast as I could and arrived here. You know the rest."

Sherrington smiled and sat thoughtfully for a time.

"Do you believe in ghosts?" he said

"I—that is—well, I don't know," answered Bob. "Why?"

"O nothing, only I am personally acquainted with that ghost," said Sherrington.

"You?" Bob was hoarse now. "Have you seen it?"

"Sure I have, only I did not get frightened," Sherrington responded. "I investigated the thing and found that there was a crack in the earth extending down to the mine and the air which comes up from below, being warmer, is visible when it strikes the cooler air above, just as one can see his breath on a frosty day. That is your ghost."

Bob's eyes narrowed and, shaking his head he replied, "No, by Gracious, you are wrong. How could the thing disappear?"

"Easy," answered Sherrington. "You cannot see a fog at close range. Neither can you see the ghost. But when you are a little distance away it is perfectly plain. I am glad you saw it, old man, for now I have a setting for my story. I have been trying to write the thing up for some time, but could not exactly make it work.

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Volume 32

Number 9

The College Index

Published Monthly by
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SENIOR NUMBER, 1911

SENIOR EDITING COMMITTEE

Ruth Cooley Claude Courter Fred Windoes Alma Kurtz

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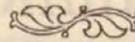
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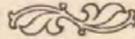
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The College Index

Volume XXXII

JUNE, 1911

Number 9

Seniorambics

Written in a college back-yard.

Muse, who never failed to hearken to my pleadings,
Lend thine ear to these last poignant intercedings;
For the voice of Duty, now my soul impelling,
Bids me write—the world their varied virtues telling
 Of each senior, man and maiden,
 Leaving these halls wisdom-laden;
And I could not, save with thee my pen impelling.

Faithful Muse, who comes at my solicitation
At this cool secluded spot we take our station.
See the seniors marching forth in single file
From yon hoary, venerable, sacred pile.
 Bowen Hall's the name—I know it.
 Lo! Thou knowest how much I owe it—
Speak to me, this pen shall move at thy dictation.

First, there comes a stalwart youth with such a stride
As Hercules could never equal if he tried.
Touch-down-maker, fan, all-round administrator,
Whirlwind orator and strenuous debater.
 He is Claude, our Valentine,
 Laurels rare his brow entwine
When the world shall hail him Claude the educator.

Comes a maid with raven tresses, dulcet tones
Fit to quell the fiercest passions, soften stones.
Well yclept the gentle Florence all attest,
And unanimously claimed to be the Best.
 She of volunteers the leader,
 Feels the heathen sorely need her,
May kind Heaven's grace befriend her in her quest.

Sing we "airy, fairy Lillian"—that's a joke,
 For that Krogen maid, I'd rather term an oak—
 Always soaring to the top in every class,
 Never saw you such an intellectual lass.

Physical, mental, spiritual vim
 Makes her more like "Sunny Jim;"
 Therefore that first foolish fancy, I revoke.

Next, a youth with soul and sentiments quite Frank,
 "Desperate Desmond" his cognomen of the rank.
 Zealous he of students' rights and history,
 Much he plagued the beneficent Faculty;
 But at last his winning graces
 Smoothed the rigor from their faces.
 May his be magnanimous drafts on Fortune's bank.

Difficult it is to render just deserts
 To her who approaches next—the maid of Kurtz.
 Alma is her Christian name, her nature too
 Calm, benignant, with unquestioned breadth of view.
 Skilled in science, language, art,
 You'll not find her counter-part.
 Give her love and wealth and husband tender, true.

But my Muse would urge me onward, sweet Maibelle,
 Something of your personality to tell.
 But could Portia and Zenobia combine
 With fair Helen all their graces—richer thine.
 Even in the French provinces
 For a Royal Bourbon princess
 They mistook you—'Tis no fancy, I opine.

When Clarissa as a freshman came to college,
 It was said she'd only come to air her knowledge;
 But the others curiously their fears beguiling
 Looked, but only saw instead a bunch of smiling
 And those smiles have brighter grown
 Though four strenuous years have flown.
 She's a prodigy in joy—I must acknowledge.

Gracious Muse, increase my wit and make me able
 To recite the peerless qualities of Mabel.
 Intellectually cute like all the Rixes,
 Every fact and theory she promptly fixes
 And retains. Enthusiasm
 With no trace of sad sarcasm
 Floods her life from verge to center—'Tis no fable.

Now the climax of my labours. Must I shirk?
 "No!" the voice of Duty whispers, "Speed the work."
 Sing of him the canny Scotsman, whom they call
 Though with evident contradiction, Jean le Small.
 'Naethin' sma' in saul and stature,
 His a braw and bonnie natur'
 And he lo'es a Scottish lassie—that is all.

Once an artist, Dana Gibson, used to draw
 Specimens of woman's beauty without flaw;
 But he could not sketch the beauties of the mind,
 So he left that part to Nature who combined
 In one charming piece of clay
 Love and thought with flowers of May,
 Called it Millie Belle. She's one of us. Hurrah!

But one Matson, not contented, did beseech
 That kind architect to fashion him a peach
 Metaphorically speaking—something human,
 Vibrant, breathing with the ravishment of woman,
 Then like Israel seeking manna,
 Soon he found the charming Anna,
 Whom we know so full of brilliant thought and speech.

Souls and bodies have their windows—so I've read,
 And the Windoes of this body is our Fred,
 Youth so bashful, yet so full of trenchant humour
 Once he caused the chair to laugh—such the rumour.
 Star in French and mathematics,
 Physics, football, philosophics.
 Next his course will be Erotics—so 'tis said.

Just behind him trips a fair and modest talker,
 Maid of music and withal a goodly Walker.
 Neat Anita at the head of each committee,
 Always is for finding things unique and pretty.
 But a hunter young and bold,
 What's his name, let me withhold,
 Has already in his mind resolved to stalk her.

Now my Muse erstwhile complacent, is forsooth,
 Sorely troubled how to sing thee—gentle Ruth.
 For she vows in all creation ne'er did lass
 Such variety of virtues hold en masse.
 Say I, "Muse, that is no fiction,
 Ruth's one perfect benediction."
 And my Muse responded promptly, "That is truth."

Of the knight and errant templar you have heard;
 Knight sans peur et sans reproche—that's the word.
 He, J. T., from far West Indian strand did ride
 For to seek an Alma Mater—not a bride.
 And he found her in Kazoo,
 Wisdom gained and glory too.
 Now we wish him "bon voyage" across the tide.

As for him who dared to jingle with these phrases
 On his head shall break the tempest he upraises.
 "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread," 'tis certain.
 Let us hope he'll need not an asbestos curtain.
 Reader, you who con these verses
 Spare, oh spare, his head your curses,
 For he asks not, neither merits he your praises.

Passed is all that bright array in cap and gown,
 Youths as yet "to Fortune and to Fame unknown."
 Heaven, send thy ministers to guard and guide them,
 Honor bright and courage strong whate'er betide them.
 And when sometime to you
 They return, oh dear Kazoo,
 Be their fortunes such as love had prophesied them.



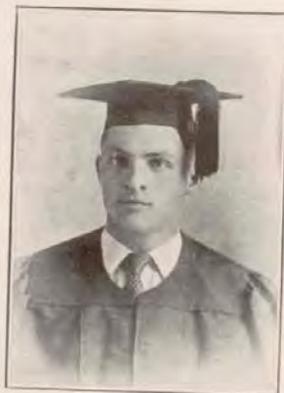
Clarissa Rosamond Alexander.

Besides gaining a world-wide reputation for itself as a stove-producing center, Detroit also has the distinction of giving to the world our own little "Cliss." Like the stoves she is very warm-hearted, frequently emitting (not omitting) sparks, and going up in smoke. She has the pernicious habit of asking vexatious questions, a fact which was much in evidence, the morning after our first Freshman party. Since that time four years at the "retreat" have settled many problems for her, and now she is going to teach. And maybe she will. Anyway, she showed that her head was in the right place (even on moon light nights), by coming to Kalamazoo college for her higher education. But all this is unnecessary, when it is remembered that she has lived most of her life, but a stone's throw from Windsor, Canada, where so many fall by the way-side, in the race for a diploma. Cliss is admired by many for her open countenance, and many other virtues too numerous to mention.



Florence Marion Best.

After striving for two years in vain, we at last secured the Best, that Grand Rapids could produce. And Grand Rapids is some town, too. After wasting two of the most precious years of her life at "Ypsi," Florence saw the error of her ways and since that time has stuck to the "straight and narrow" path which leads from our little brain plant to Ladies' Hall. While still young and tender, she decided to prepare herself for "food for the lions," but two years at Ladies' Hall so hardened her, that her application was rejected. She is held in the highest esteem by all who know her, for her quiet, though friendly ways. Florence, also has the enviable reputation of never attending a "Faculty Ball." Though most of us have had a two years' start of her, she has been one of the most enthusiastic members of the class of 1911. Nuff said!



Claude Valentine Courter.

It was on St. Valentine's Day about two decades ago (sounds like a story, doesn't it?) that "Court" first surprised his parents with the startling statement, "It's a boy." And so it was and some boy too. Prominent in every line of college activities, he has won a name for himself, such as few men and no women can boast of. Claude gained the foundation for his "dome of thought" in the Kalamazoo public schools, but came to Kalamazoo college for most of the "interior finishing." Base ball, basket ball, foot ball, and several other small matters, have occupied his attention during his college career, and his success in all these lines has been complete. For a big fellow he is too easily worried over little things, and if he is Claude now what will he be a few years hence, huh? All in all, "Court" is pretty much of a man, and is not to blame for his "short-comings" as his picture will indicate.



Ruth Marthena Cooley.

"The best that is," that's Ruth. Old Noah Webster was not far-sighted enough to manufacture words which properly describe this girl. Without her our class would have been like a ship without a rudder, and it is doubtful indeed if we could have successfully navigated the seas of knowledge alone. As editor of the Index she has slaved as hard as any of the "Coolies" of India, and yet has never been known to murmur. If it were possible for me to wax eloquent on any subject, it would be over the sheer remembrance of what this girl has done for our class and college. Even our little hammer refuses to knock, and if it did, it would probably be forgiven. With just enough dignity to make a good teacher, Ruth has a great future before her, her only draw-back being, that she detests cats. She is an ardent admirer of old Kazoo, and never tires of singing its praises, although she has had no experience either on or with the Gaynor club. And unlike most of the rest of us, Ruth can "deliver the goods," which is really the thing that counts after all.



Franklin James Desmond.
TREASURER

Kalamazoo college waited fifty years in order to graduate "Des," and then came near not doing it. A product of the East he rapidly took up the customs of the West, a la Buffalo Bill. His favorite pastime is giving chapel orations, where he has gained quite a name for himself with his rural free delivery. As the chef of the class he is O. K. and sure would make good in any feed-barn in which he might choose to locate. He is quite a lover of nature, especially of the "bush life," and after graduation is thinking some of "heading" for Australia. "Des" first became interested in athletics, when he began "rolling his own," and now excels in the Turkish exercises, where he has pulled down many trophies. By the by he is a man, the kind the fellows read about and the girls dream about. "Des" is going in for surgery, more for love of administering the "pain-killer" than anything else, and will, we hope, meet with much success in his chosen field.



Maibelle Geiger.
SECRETARY

Something of a "globe-trotter," pretty much of a student, and an all-around girl, summarizes Maibelle. It used to be just plain Mabel, but now it is Maibelle, what it will be in the future is a matter for serious thought. Translated at sight, it means beautiful Mae, but that's only at sight. Of a roaming disposition she just naturally has to keep "moving," and is one of those girls who could never be satisfied with the "small" things of life. When it comes to planning parties, Maibelle is some big noise, although she is naturally unassuming and quiet. In spite of the fact that she has been abroad, she is a firm believer in home industry, maintaining that there is no place like Kalamazoo college to enlarge one's "think tank." She is a bright and witty girl, and is admired by all who know her. She owes her ability to absorb knowledge, to the fact that she was brought up on sponge cake, and she is not "light-headed" either.



Millie Belle Gibson.

Millie is a Kalamazoo product, pure, but by no means, simple. She is one of the few scholarly ones of the class, and she studies at times too. Millie has an almost inhuman love for chemistry, and embraces every opportunity, which it affords. In fact she is so fond of this subject that she eats her meals from Mendelejeff's Table, and would rather expound the kinetic-molecular hypothesis, than eat fudge with a meat-fork. At first Millie decided to become a "normal" girl, but fortunately was saved from such a fate. She reminds one of the "pensive men," which Milton invokes in his *Il Penseroso*, but who is seldom provoked in real life. Through her desire for service, Millie is to become a dispenser of knowledge at Comstock's consolidated fountain, where we trust she will keep up her reputation as a good "mixer."



Lillian Hazel Krogen.

"We're little but, oh my!" that's Lillian. When she first struck our institution of higher thought she was nothing but a "kid," but since that glorious event, has developed into quite a "kidder." Naturally kind-hearted, she takes a motherly interest in all dumb creatures, even rats. On one occasion she even risked her life, to save one of these "heady" little creatures from a watery grave. Her enthusiasm is so spontaneous, that even picnics have failed to dampen her ardor, and she ever remains "desperately in earnest." Lillian is a live-wire, which does not at all indicate that her conduct is shocking. Her aim in life is to secure goods under false pretenses, hence her debut in the teaching profession. Full of life and energy, and just bubbling over with cheerfulness, she's the kind that makes life worth living after all, and that's something.



Alma Edith Kurtz.

"Sober, steadfast and demure," applies most fittingly to Alma. The only hard thing that we can say about her, is that she comes from Flint. After living four years at Ladies' Hall, she has espoused the cause of the (dare we say it?), yet she still has prospects. Alma believes that a smile or two now and then is relished by the best of men—and she is right. She is what may be termed a whole-hearted girl, her heart having remained as intact as on the day when she made her initial appearance. Her favorite game is "Ruth and Jacob," a game which embraces more than the name would indicate. With the exception of Spinoza's philosophy, she thinks that there is nothing like touring the country with the Gaynor club. Alma is a good student and "makes good" all with whom she comes in contact. Her aim in life is to become a useful member of society, which is a pretty sensible one after all.

Anna Matson.
VICE-PRESIDENT

She is the Vice-President of the class so the "Anvil Chorus" will have to subside. Ann is the typical college girl, full of life, jolly, fond of athletics and interested in everything, that the Twentieth Century girl should be interested in. She is very fond of the classics, although of late she has turned her attention to law. Oh! no, she doesn't intend to be a lawyer. No-o-o sir! She is going to be a school teacher—all her life. Well, some people say that double-harness isn't living anyway, so there you've got it. Ann has made quite a name for herself in the oratorical realm, both at Bowen and Ladies' Hall. Taken altogether she is one of those rare persons, whom one could sit opposite at the dinner-table and still enjoy home cooking. Perhaps somebody will, whose business is it anyway, huh?



Mabel Claire Rix.

When Mabel heard that our class was coming, she waited a whole year in order to identify herself with us. Of course it is needless to say, that the union has brought mutual satisfaction. Reared near the peaceful hamlet of Oshtemo, she is endowed with all those things which insure one's success as a teacher. Externally an angel, but internally a — (surely nothing bad) a jolly class-mate, that's what we choked on. With just enough spirit to make her attractive, and enough attractions to make her spirited, Mabel embodies all that is admirable in woman. Yep, she is going to be a school marm too, and a good one at that, for she is that kind of a girl.



John Small.

John is one of the "boys of the old brigade," who has actually grown gray in the service. When it comes to "sticktoitiveness," we all have to hand it to John. After taking his "prep" work here he has "plugged" right along until at last he has won the much-coveted "sheep-skin." Although "small" by name, he is just the opposite in other respects, and if perseverance has anything to do with it, John ought to "make good." What's in a name anyway? As one of the "two Johns," he has gained much notoriety, although he has not as yet been admitted to the bar. His cheerful smile and his willing hands, have helped many a discouraged student who was about to give up the race. Not only in age, but in actions as well John is a man, and no lady's man either.



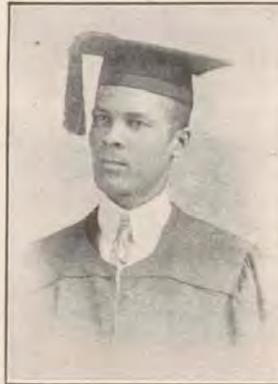
Anita J. Walker.

Doe-wah-jack, the home of many red-skins, is also the home of Anita Jay. (Not to be confused with blue-jay, because Nita is hardly a ———, just a girl that's all.) Her chief hobby is astronomy and she counted the advent of Halley's comet as a real event in her life. Speaking of astronomy, most anything would fall for Nita, even the stars, to say nothing of fireflies and electric lights. She is slightly inclined to be hilarious at times, but otherwise is almost human. She boldly asserts that during her college career she has had a "case" on nothing, but her umbrella, and somehow we believe her. In spite of these human traits, Nita is one of the most popular girls in the school, although many of the members of the Athletic Association fail to give what is due her.



John Theophilus Williamson.

The other one of the "two Johns" was reared in far-off Jamaica, the land of eternal sunshine. Although not much of a "cut up," John is going in for surgery in his native land. During his life at Kalamazoo, he has gained quite a reputation as a scientist, and several other things. He is quite a physical culture enthusiast, and says "that nuts are the only meat that a man should indulge in." John thinks that senior roasts (not this kind) are quite the thing, and embraces every opportunity which one affords. He possesses a rare form of dry wit, which is remarkable when the number of occasions when he has been the "duckee" is taken into account.



Soloman Jeffrey Williamson.

If Solomon of yore had it on our Soloman, in the realm of wisdom, you will have to show us where. Just to read one of "Sol's" poems, would make a person feel like traveling through Arkansas on a mule. That's not poetic license either. When it comes to getting away with the "high-brow" stuff he is the peer of peers, and as an orator he is second to none. His favorite pastime is to sit by some babbling brook, on a warm spring day, and peruse Seneca's Morals. As a student Sol is in a class by himself, as he is in many other things. Like his brother John, he often dreams of far-off Jamaica, where cloud-bursts, or rather "sack-bursts" are unknown, and one can rest in peace. He is thinking seriously of going in for journalism and if he does, his success is assured.



Frederic Charles Windoes.

PRESIDENT

Pretty much of a grafter, a dub and a brainless wonder, characterize our class President. Outside of that he is all right. Butting in to all of the school activities, and making a failure of them all summarize his true worth to the institution. His vocation is wasting time, while his avocation is dispensing "cheap wit" when he is not "robbing the cradle." His aim in life is to make himself as conspicuous as possible with the least effort. In athletics, story-writing, and love-making, his failure has been complete. The only thing that he has succeeded in doing, is in making himself a fool, and let us say to his credit, that his success in that respect has been complete. My! but his parents must have been fond of children to have raised him! In the years to come, the same as it is at present, all will agree "that we're lonesome for his absence," that's all.

Betty's Problem

"But, Mother, I don't care a fig for society and I don't like Jack Leyden—and besides, Mother," and Elizabeth's voice trembled a little—"besides, I really love Bob Wharton."

"Love Bob Wharton! You don't mean that youth in your class who is so poverty stricken that he had to earn his own way through college? Why, child, you must be crazy! What has he to offer you? Absolutely nothing; neither wealth nor social standing. I suppose he comes from the commonest of families! Oh, I always knew that no good would come of sending you to that pokey little college just because your father went there before you! If you had gone to a fashionable finishing school as I desired, you would never have got such foolish notions into your head. But no; your father had to have his own way as usual." And Mrs. Andrews, as was her custom, supplemented her arguments by bursting into tears.

For once this did not have the desired effect upon her daughter. Elizabeth stood straight and unyielding before her, her eyes flashing.

"Bob may not have wealth, but he certainly has brains and the ability to use them; he may not have 'social standing,' as you call it, but he has character; his parents may not be able to trace their ancestry back for a dozen generations, but they are just as respectable as you and father. I love Bob Wharton and as soon as he is through with his course at the university, we intend to be married."

Elizabeth turned abruptly and left the room, leaving Mrs. Andrews gazing after her, even forgetting in her amazement to continue her sobs.

It was two years later. Betty had just returned from motoring with Jack Leyden. On the table in the hall, she found a letter in Bob's hand; her face fell slightly as she picked it up and slowly mounted the stairs to her room.

The girl who two years before had been so sure of her own plan for her future and who had defended her lover so loyally, was now doubtful and dreaded the arrival of Bob's letters because they destroyed the gay tenor of her life and troubled her with perplexing thoughts.

She and Bob had, in fact, been drifting apart during these two years. Upon her return from college, Betty had honestly tried to continue the kind of life she had lived at college and to cling to the

ideals which she had formed there. She rebelled against the frivolous, butterfly existence which her mother had mapped out for her. But after her busy life of the last four years, she found that time hung very heavily on her hands and she had been gradually drawn into the whirlpool of society which now absorbed all her thought and energy. She found that she enjoyed the life immensely, and that it seemed to satisfy her completely.

She and Bob wrote less frequently now and the letters which did pass between them were far from satisfactory. Betty felt that Bob would not be interested in the petty events of her frivolous days and Bob hated to fill his letters with the sordid details of every day digging. So they merely skimmed the surface of things and gradually drifted apart.

Jack Leyden had been becoming more and more devoted of late, and Betty was even beginning to enjoy his attentions. She even pictured herself some times as Mrs. Leyden, a leader in her social circle and enjoying all the things she had come to regard as most necessary for her happiness.

Some of these thoughts passed through Betty's mind now, as she sat with Bob's letter unopened in her hand. When she did open the letter, she found it contained news which she had long been dreading. Bob had finished his course at the university and had secured a splendid position in a little western town. There was not a word about Betty's joining him and beginning life with him there; but she knew very well that that was what he expected. It was like Bob to leave her free to decide for herself and Betty felt that she must decide soon.

Still troubled, Betty opened the other letter which had come that morning. It was from one of the college girls and contained an earnest invitation for her to come back for commencement week.

"Just the thing," exclaimed Betty. "I know I could think everything all out there. I must decide while I am there." She felt sure that she would decide in favor of things which had been giving her happiness during the last two years.

Jack Leyden took her to the train in his car and as he left her he said meaningly, "I have a question to ask you when you return, Elizabeth." The answering smile which Betty gave him, made him very optimistic about the answer he would receive to that question.

Betty had not realized how good it would be to be back. When she came in sight of the campus with its grand old oaks and its grey, ivy-covered buildings, a great flood of emotion swept over her. It was all so beautiful, so peaceful, and so real and good here. As she

mingled with the girls and listened to their plans and hopes, the aspiration of her own commencement days returned to her. She was able again to distinguish the real from the false. If she had only been compelled to go out and earn her own way in the world, as those other girls would, it would all have been different! As it was, she felt that their plans and ideals would not fit into her own life.

It was the day before commencement and Betty's problem was still unsolved. It would be easy to decide in favor of Bob here, but she felt that when she returned home she would regret the decision.

"I must go where I can be alone and just think," she murmured and turned her steps toward a little spring in the woody part of the campus. As she parted the bushes growing closely about the spring, she saw a man standing there, whose figure was strangely familiar.

"Oh, Bob!" she exclaimed.

"Why, Betty!" was the answer and Betty forthwith forgot that she had come there to decide a question. She knew that there hadn't been any question at all; that it had all been decided for her long, long before.

Legend of the Tribe of 1911

(With apologies to Longfellow.)

Should you ask me whence these stories,
Whence these legends and traditions,
With the odors of the oak grove
Which upon the campus groweth,
With the dew and damp and ducking
Of our dear old Mirror water?
I should answer, I should tell you,
From the class of nineteen-eleven,
From those noble two and fifty,
Who from country, town, and city,
From the great lakes of the Northland,
From the noble towns of Mason,
Ludington, and Lake Geneva,
From Grand Rapids, Flint, and Sturgis,
From Detroit and eke from Elkhart,
From Dowagiac, home of Round Oaks,
From the land of Toasted Cornflakes,
One by one they wandered hither,
Hastened to this place of learning,
To their own dear Hall of Bowen,
In Kazoo's broad hills and valleys,
In the green and pleasant country,
By Arcadia's rippling water.
Ye who love a class's legends,
Who believe that in all ages,
Every Freshman needs his lesson,
That in even Freshmen bosoms,
There are longings, yearnings, strivings,
Pause and read this simple story
Of the class of nineteen eleven.

In September, nineteen seven,
In the mathematics class room,
Every day this class must gather,
Under Tuffy's watchful vision.
One day early in the autumn,

Charles McRoberts, wise and clever,
At the close of class arising,
Called a meeting of his classmates,
Called the Freshman clan together.
There they had their first tribe council.
For their chieftain Locke was chosen,
For their war paint, gold and olive.
First this noble band was summoned,
Summoned to their first great pow wow,
Summoned by Pa Jenks to gather
At a corn roast in the farm barn.
There was where they got acquainted,
Learned to know each other better.

Down the hill from dear old Bowen,
Came the faculty and students,
Came the Seniors and the Juniors,
Came the Sophomores and Freshmen,
All the classes drawn together
By a challenge to a contest,
To a contest with a push ball,
Out upon the foot ball campus,
How they pushed, those noble Freshmen,
'Gainst that band of awful Sophomores.
Torn their garments were and tattered,
On their faces bold defiance,
In their hearts determination.
But the struggle was not ended,
Right well matched were the opponents,
Neither class gained or receded,
But in cold and cheerless winter,
On St. Valentine's glad evening,
These two classes met together
At a banquet rich and bounteous,
Held by Sophomores at Bowen.
There the old time feud they ended,
Smoked the pipe of peace together,
As a pledge of lasting friendship.
Buried was the bloody hatchet,
Buried was the dreadful war-club,
Buried were their war-like weapons,
And the war-cry was forgotten,
Peace there was between the classes.

After this came many parties,
Making glad the hearts of Freshmen.
Friends were made which time has proven,
Should be faithful and enduring,
For their band contained a Courter,
And an Angell too, was with us.

But of all things most unlikely,
This young class aspired to vaudeville,
And at an athletic contest,
Proved that they were first-class actors,
And could entertain the public,
With their stunts and clever farces.
Thus the happy year sped onward,
And in June this class grown wiser,
Left their dear old Alma Mater,
Left their friends they loved so dearly,
Wandered to the East and Westward,
To the Northland and the Southland,
Home for rest and recreation,
Three months long for a vacation.
Back to college in the autumn
Gladly came this class as Sophomores;
Came they, though in numbers lessened.
Rix and Gibson made the new ones.
Proud they felt, no longer Freshmen
Proud to hold aloft their colors,
Proud to boast of last year's victories
Proud of "A's" in Mathematics,
Proud to make the Freshmen tremble.
Soon they turned their minds to pleasure,
Planned a party at Ruth Cooley's,
Planned to ride upon a hayrack,
Planned to meet on Normal Hilltop.
Then the Freshmen with due boldness,
With their characteristic freshness,
Seized these Sophomores, held them firmly,
But this dauntless band of students
By their cleverness and foresight,
By their quick wits and their bravery
Soon eluded their base captors,
Went their way up toward the Normal,
Drove their hayrack to the country,

Played their games and ate their supper,
Wandered home in early morning.
In this year in joyful spring time
Came there to their noble college,
To their own dear Kalamazoo,
What they call a speaking contest.
Many schools were represented,
Crowds from Ypsilanti Normal,
Crowds from M. A. C. and Alma,
Crowds from Olivet and Albion,
Crowds from Hope, and crowds from Hillsdale.
Proudly then these Sophomores boasted,
For an orator was among them,
Yes, an orator, young and handsome.
Dark was he and tall of stature,
Curly hair and smile so friendly,
Over all the school victorious,
Even shamed the stately Seniors
And surpassed the jolly Juniors
In that race for competition,
In that Oratorical Contest,
But at last, he rose defeated,
Bravely bore the merry singing
Of the conquering tribe of Albion,
Of that old and hated rival,
And this class of 1911
Not disgrace but honor spoke of,
For their man had spoken nobly,
Spoken truly, spoken wisely.
This defeat had made them stronger
And they turned then, toward athletics,
Held their first game out at Oakwood,
And it was to be remembered,
For the girls held down the bases,
Held them firm and did not leave them.

With such sports the year departed,
Summer came with its vacation,
Drove the students from their college
To their homes among their peoples,
To the city, to the country,
But it left them wiser, better,
More intelligent men and women

Than it found them when as Sophomores
They were out before vacation.
Autumn came in all its glory,
Came to call our friends to business,
Called them from their long vacation,
Called them to return to college.
But alas! Where were the fellows;
Men who always were so loyal,
Men whose scholarship, and learning
Meant so much to their dear classmates?
I will answer you and tell you.
Some the U. of M. had entered,
Some went out to matrimony,
Some had sought for greener pastures,
Teaching youthful minds great wisdom,
Some had been such loyal Sophomores
That they could not bear to leave them
And remained another season.
But the ones who joined the Juniors
Were the better for their fewness,
More gallant and more courageous,
Always took two girls to parties
When 'twas only one they wanted.
This third year brought in a new tribe,
Junior Roughneck, its cognomen,
They it was who were most daring,
Cut most classes, studied little,
Little cared they for the "A" marks
That the others prized so highly,
That the others sat up nights for.
On one evening in the Fall term
Forth upon a quest for pleasure,
Down the brightly lighted avenues,
Toward the home of Mrs. Buckhout,
Maibelle Geiger's mother's sister,
Went this class with its few fellows.
Fun there was beyond all measure,
Throwing bean bags, blowing papers,
Making nice charades and clever.
Winter came with snow and blizzard,
Skating, coasting, sleighride parties.
1911 took a sleighride
Out to Mable Rix's farmhouse,

But, oh me! their joy soon ended,
Chapel speeches soon were called for
And these noble, fearless Juniors
Turned most pale as each his turn came.
Soon they found that this was useless
For they needs must grin and bear it,
So they mounted bold the platform,
Made their bows and said their pieces.
Short were some and some were longer;
Some quite classic, some prosaic;
Some seemed booky, some original,
But they all were what they should be,
Chapel speeches with a moral.
Once in every year in seven
Comes there to their Alma Mater,
From the Colleges and Normals,
From the factories of learning,
Men to take part in Athletics,
Vaulting poles and discus throwing,
Tennis games and hurdle races,
So the spring this class were Juniors
Marked the date of that convention,
Marked it down in glowing colors,
For the tennis brought first honors,
Won Kazoo a golden medal.
Now came time to end the school year,
Time to take examinations,
Time to think that in the Autumn
They would be the stately Seniors,
They would be the much looked up to.
Sing, oh sing of stately Seniors,
Of the happy days that followed,
When this band returned in Autumn,
To their dear old Alma Mater,
To its groves and dear old campus.
Seventeen this tribe now numbered,
For the jolly bunch of rough necks,
Was bereft of one fair member,
Who by Cupid had been captured.

In the tree tops leaves were turning,
And the autumn moon was beaming
Forth upon the Indian pathway,

By Arcadia's rippling water,
Went this band, these jolly Seniors.
Should you wonder what they did there,
Ask Pa Windoes about coffee,
About wienies and marshmallows,
Who it was that chaperoned them,
Ask Miss Geiger to speak truly,
Of the game of Ruth and Jacob.
Ask a certain bunch of dorm' boys
About musk- and watermelons.
Ask a certain verdant Freshman
What's the best form of proposal.

One there was among the number,
Of this Senior tribe so noble,
Fair she was, and wise and clever,
By her clansmen much beloved.
Fate decreed that she must leave them,
She obeyed the call of duty,
Left the class at close of fall term,
Left them better for her coming,
Left them sad at her departing.

Once again this tribe was bidden
To a council at Ruth Cooley's,
To partake of huge dill pickles,
Popcorn, likewise other goodies.
Though it rained and was quite muddy,
Though the girls the boys outnumbered,
Never was another party
Equal this for fun and frolic.
All too fast the year sped onward,
And this class were college leaders,
Versed were they in pedagogy
And philosophy's deep wisdom.
'Tis no wonder, then, that others
Thought them wise enough to be the
Chaperones for skating parties,
Thought that Seniors could escort them
Out to Oakwood in the evening.

'Tis an old but truthful saying,
That the best of friends must sever.

Four long years they fought and wrestled
With mathematics and with Latin,
Dug Greek roots and delved in history,
Had their good times in the ped' class,
Had their sports and fun as ever,
College days at last were ended,
They at last must say their farewell.
Some to Northland have departed,
Some to Eastward, some to Westward.
Lillian the veil has taken;
Anne has turned to making muffins;
Fred has found who is the right one
To hold hands with, in the darkness;
Alma to the world has proven
Good things done up in Small parcels;
Mabel says, what's in a nomen
Even though it may be common;
Millie has at last decided
She now "earnestly" can answer;
Ruth is wise, but Best is Florence;
Desmond always was a good sport,
Now he's coaching out at Radcliffe;
And of all those sixteen Seniors,
Each has proven a choice spirit.
Many moons and many winters
Have passed by since they departed,
But they'll e'er be loyal hearted
To their dear old Alma Mater
And the Class of Ninteen Eleven.

The Senior Class As I Have Known It

My first acquaintance with this class was in the class-room under the persuasive instruction of the Professor of Rhetoric—persuasive because there we were expected to learn to write orations, and persuasion is the stuff of which orations are made. Every senior remembers the three minute speeches designed to develop our oratorical powers. Whether or not they accomplished their purpose, they certainly gave a good opportunity for an exhibition of class loyalty; for if two or three forgot parts of their speeches, those who followed would not think of being so rude and disloyal as to remember theirs perfectly. In that same class we grew accustomed to hearing sundry remarks about our penmanship, and frequent requests to "write louder."

But to know the Class of '11 in the class room is only a partial acquaintance. It takes some affairs like the sleighride to Oshtemo to show what a jolly class it is, with a well developed capacity for wholesome fun. Then we dropped all thoughts of disturbing lessons, and gave ourselves up to the enjoyment of an oyster supper, and impromptu toasts.

When we returned last fall we were frequently greeted with the remark: "Well, I suppose you are dignified seniors now." Yes, we had become seniors. We were not sure that we had quite the weight of dignity of some preceding classes, for there were only a few of us to contribute to it. But although we were few, we took up our senior duties with the determination that old Kazoo should have no cause for being ashamed of us because we did not accomplish as much as our predecessors.

In the class-room, in social affairs, on the athletic field, in the literary societies, in the Christian Associations we have learned to know each other in weakness and in strength, but as always loyal to class and college, and one who has had these privileges for only two years can say in deepest sincerity that it is a class of which it has been good to be a part.

Things That Might Have Been

"On their own merits modest men are dumb." Such must be the common disposition of the present Senior class. At any rate it never occurred to us that we had such marvelously sweet unselfish natures until Dr. Stetson insisted that we had. Repeatedly in the class room and even before the august student body, mind you, he has spoken of the "inexpressible generosity" of our class in so willingly sacrificing time, work and ourselves that the endowment might be pushed forward. Tears of sorrow and regret were shed, but personal gain was not considered when the future of the college was at stake. Imagine our surprise, however, on Senior Day to hear this same beloved professor proclaim in chapel that our class was "It of the May." This is the way we have always regarded him but did not dream that it was reciprocated. With all due respect for his vast amount of learning, we were glad nevertheless, that he is not omniscient.

As commencement time is usually somewhat reminiscent, so we are now thinking of how things might have been. For instance, if a certain charming little Junior girl had not had a preference for the 1911 Freshman class, it is a question whether "Court" would ever have gone to the "Court" to court. Without her constant influence would he ever have brooked such honors in the rush of college life?

What would we have done for Senior president if as a Sophomore one of our number had not taken up track athletics? He certainly did make tracks that night when, paint can in hand, he won in a dash from 421 Douglas Avenue to the College Campus. What the result would have been if the professor had cleared the wire instead of falling over may only be conjectured. This modest Sophomore, "dumb on his own merits" when called on the carpet, faithfully promised to inform the guilty culprits to remove the 1911 with which the college cement walk had been so artistically decorated. It was fortunate for us that "Prexy" did not see the green paint on those hands held so bashfully behind the modest lad's back. There's a possibility, however, that a confession would have won such approbation that he might in years to come occupy the "stool" in the Chemistry and Physics department of our college.

We have always wondered what would have happened if those Freshmen, so patiently waiting outside for the Sophomores to arrive

at the brightly lighted Geiger home, had known that their friends were assembled on Normal Hill. Some of them would probably have enjoyed with us the jolly hay-rack ride.

In our Junior year began that complication of "M's." What does "M" stand for anyway? Some say it means Michigan; others that it stands for one of our own number, and some say this and some say that. As for me, I'm sure that if that young orator-athlete, whose interests were divided between Michigan and Kazoo, had kept mum, there would be no riddle.

Several rules of propriety have been completely smashed, about which for the time at least, considerable secrecy was advisable. Of course, if Bowen Hall had not been locked at six o'clock that class pin committee would not have groped its way from the second floor to the chemical laboratory, testing the sharp corners of every post on the way; nor would those two dignified senior girls have mounted that high stool and, pushed and pulled by the gentlemen members of the committee, made their exit through the window. More must not be told, but this much is necessary that future pin committees may take warning that the key is turned at six.

Never mind who came home from Lover's Lane in an auto nor who the driver was, since the reputation of the college was saved by the young ladies, in all the dignity of cap and gown, walking home from the lower building. Unfortunately they could not bluff the driver in their endeavor to make him stop at Normal Hill. They, of course, never would have thought of doing such a thing if one of the number had not been sure of her position and was thus able to chaperone the other.

What a fate we were saved from when three wanderers joined our Junior class. Otherwise we would have been the unlucky thirteen instead of the "sweet sixteen." We may be glad that fate has dealt so kindly with us in allowing us to escape so many possible misfortunes and thus obtain the approval of our dear Dr. Stetson. May future years show that his judgment has not been mistaken.

College Life

Many times in the career of every actor in this real life drama, comes the question: "What will be the profit from my having lived?" What it is will naturally depend not on the material progress alone, but the personal worth of each individual: his ability to act in any sphere, his readiness for service, his self-reliance, perseverance, honesty, disposition, integrity, his optimistic confidence in God and man. But are these not also the requisites for the successful making of every worthy college student? Four years of college training are not necessary to persuade the average student that these and further qualities are synonyms for the college's ideals.

It is not an unusual criticism which we hear expressed; higher education only makes prigs of its learners. This is, perhaps, true of a small percentage of its students, but it is not the effect which we ordinarily conceive of its producing. We might say that college is a means of analyzing the properties of each "individual compound" removing here undesirable elements and there adding worthier ones. The student does not remain passively inert to this ever varying process, but he reaches out in every direction for aid and encouragement to buoy him upward and onward in his hopes for success. Seldom does he fail in his achievement, but knuckles bravely to his task and comes out a victor in the end.

Such is the type of students we encounter daily and hourly in the college halls, class rooms, on the campus and in the companionship of outside hours. It is true there are some who by their indifference to college or student interests fail in their eligibility to our respect. These however are the exception and not the rule of average student life.

The "opportunity of a college training" assumes a wearisome triteness if we consider it only on the surface of the subject or from the recollections of oft-repeated discussions. But the real force of the thought never impresses me so deeply as when I hear the longing from another: "How I wish the privilege of a college education had been granted me!" Contrast the sacrifice of such a man deprived of educational advantages utilizing his every resource towards self-instruction, with the so-called "lucky" man in school with no aim in life but the enjoyment of leisure and the satisfaction of merely his own desires; it tries one's patience and affords him reason to wonder

why God should have willed it thus. At times it may seem hard to attend each class and prepare every lesson but think of the time and energy our instructors are willing to sacrifice for our development and think also of the unselfishness of those to whom we are ever an expense. It is a question, do we appreciate the efforts expended for our training and can we at the end of our course feel that we are not some dainty ornament but rather practical, common-sense men and women?

College makes a prudent man. It endows him with frankness, humility, truth, courage and above all broad-mindedness and optimism. As the realm of the all-around college student includes manifold interests related to his school life, so in active life beyond this he identifies himself with the best interests of the nation. College life has not been to him one ceaseless round of festivities. They have had their proper place in frequency and merriment and have been an undeniable means of culture for the timid, uncongenial man or woman; they have not, however, assumed importance over the more serious meaning of the school's purpose.

These two qualities, broad-mindedness and optimism combine to represent the chief requisite which society at large demands in its members. The world with its trials needs that sympathy which can treat wisely and equally the conservatism of this party or the radicalism of that one and judge according to the merits of either. It may seem that the college man becomes guilty of inconsistency in his opinions of to-day apparently contradictory to those of yesterday, but the increase of his ability to see and understand the swayings and uncertainties of the crowd, permits a change of mind and adds to his power of insight and the genuineness of his actions.

The completion of four years' study does not end the student's education. He has truly just "commenced." Perhaps he has chosen the profession of teaching for his life's vocation but he does not cease to remain a learner. The two necessarily go hand in hand. A sudden ceasing of investigation rarely occurs, but rather the process of research continues on and on, the desire for more knowledge increasing indefinitely. It would be wrong to say that dissatisfaction in his condition of life or in the amount of his present possession of learning is created. Civilization itself advances only by the accomplishment of men's worthy desires and the persistent struggle after a greater unknown. It may be satisfied in its present state, but not content.

Among the admirable qualities found in the members of our college life none ranks higher than the cultivation of sincere friend-

ships. It is too often true in all life that our "friendships hurry to short and poor conclusions because we have made them a texture of wine and dreams instead of the tough fiber of the human heart. The laws of friendship are great, austere and eternal, of one web with the laws of nature and of morals." The story-teller's conception of college life and friends is not fiction, but true reality. These college relationships are unique in their unquestionable sacredness, sympathy and purity. The unconscious motto of the student, "The only way to have a friend, is to be one," continues to be a part of himself to the end of life. Perfect friendship is his highest aim. Higher education purposes to develop adaptability to associations and produce confidence in one's fellow-beings and win this highest, most beautiful companionship.

I can not imagine a place where four more pleasant years could have been passed than in our own hall. As the year draws to a close, the value, the opportunity, the pleasure—everything at once comes with double force. I do regret that the college days are over, though the school days are not. As we look back over the years spent, there lurks down deep in our hearts a feeling that, with the experience we have had, we would somehow do differently if we were to pass through it all again and we would profit by our mistakes and failures. But this is useless and we can only apply the correction of our mistakes to future experiences. Weigh the good which the school has gained from your efforts, against the benefits you have derived from its interest, generosity and culture. Is there a perfect balance? The essence of college training is entireness, a total magnanimity and trust. Be sincere to your college, your companion and above all to yourself and ample compensation will be your reward.

The Problem of Our College

"All that is human must retrograde if it does not advance." The man that wrote those words most certainly struck the truth. No human being can with safety stand still; no government of human beings can with impunity cease its progress; no human institution can with security disobey its law. All that is human, if it would be certain of betterment, must stride continually onward. It is a fundamental law of human progress.

The growth and development of our College has in the past been in accordance with this principle. From the Michigan and Huron Institute of the early days to the Kalamazoo College of today, step by step, this institution has grown, and its growth has been characterized by a steady, sure, secure development. The time is now at hand for another stride forward. The \$100,000 endowment which will mean so much for our College is now practically assured. The past has been something of a struggle, but with the new benefits, greater advantages, and larger opportunities that are now to be received, the work of the College and the value of the institution is to be enhanced a hundredfold. Looking ahead into all the greater possibilities which the future seems to have in store, every loyal adherent to the ideals of "Old Kazoo" must be filled with a great desire, the desire to see every possible benefit realized, every conceivable opportunity exploited, every imaginable benefit acquired. It is therefore no sign of disloyalty, no lack of respect, but rather of constancy and fidelity, which impels such an one to examine its present and its near past, in an endeavor to see if all things are conducive to its accomplishment of the greatest possible good in its new future which is opening.

Consequently, without any assumption of authority, and without any idea of criticism, but solely from the standpoint of a loyal supporter who has engaged in most of the activities of the College, this article is written.

The best way of ascertaining a conception of anything is by comparing it with its ideal. What is an ideal college? In the minor considerations of that subject there is wide difference of opinion. In the generalities of the subject, however, all thinking men are agreed. The ideal college is the college in which men and women become cultured mentally, physically and morally, and become prepared to

be leaders socially, politically and spiritually. In the ideal college therefore, there should be social training, physical training and moral training, and this training should seek to develop initiative, unselfishness and responsibility. In the development of initiative the student should be allowed all possible freedom in the regulation of his own affairs and in the management of college activities that is consistent with law and order, and which makes for his own good. In general the student body is a pretty good regulator of its own affairs and when a student is thrown into a pond, generally he needed the ducking or he would not have received it, or when a student is told to wear a dress suit to an informal party, he needed the information to be obtained by appearing at such an occasion in that dress, or he would not have been advised to go dressed that way.

In the development of the unselfish trait, the student should be surrounded by an atmosphere which calls forth an enthusiasm for things outside himself, for the college activities. He should be filled with the desire to lend his little mite for their furtherance. Stir up his enthusiasm for athletic teams. If he can not play himself, get him interested in the team; let him rub the players down, let him mark out the field, let him carry their suit cases, let him do any number of things of like nature. In the same way, stir up his enthusiasm for the Y. M. C. A., oratory, debate, literary work; only let him desire to win in these things for the College as against some other college. Let him be filled with the desire to bring fame, not only upon himself, but through him, upon the college, and likewise this will develop responsibility. If he feels deeply interested in the success or failure of any undertaking, athletic contest, oratorical contest, debating contest, or what not, and if some of the responsibility for victory be placed upon his shoulders, he will perform that responsibility. If he thinks the team needs rooters, he will be there and root. If he thinks one of the debaters on his college team needs a large audience to speak well, he will get out and get the audience.

Every student by the power of suggestion is influenced by every other student, and in this way it is possible for the whole student body to be loyal, energetic, enthusiastic, desiring nothing so much as the welfare of the college. Thus there is a student body, who go home in vacation and talk of nothing but the college, who are glad to get back to college when vacation ends, and who are talking of college in season and out, a body of boosters.

The ideal college should therefore proceed not on the basis that it is to create human nature, but upon the basis that its business is to develop human nature as it finds it. It should strive, not to change the nature of the students that enter its walls, but should

strive to take nature as it finds it, and through that very nature, by appealing to whatever is strongest in that nature, to develop it. When anything is contrary to nature, it is a detriment.

Now let us imagine that in any college things are not as they were pictured in the ideal. Let us imagine that the student body, generally well-meaning, but oftentimes thoughtless, because of some thoughtless act that is aimed at no one in particular is deprived of certain privileges by the faculty. The result is immediately a reaction, and the student body has lost its desire to please. Let us imagine that the faculty does not appear interested in the college activities, that few of them attend its oratorical contests, that few of them watch its athletes at work, that few of them are present at its social functions. The result is again the same. There is left no incentive by which the students are urged forward. Thus the student body loses its interest in the college. Grumbling begins to be heard, until finally the student body care little whether they please the faculty or benefit the college. The reason is not hard to find. Human nature has been violated. The receiving of the best results in any college requires an understanding of student nature on the part of the faculty.

And now to return to the scene of more vital interest, our own college, "Old Kazoo." What are the conditions as we find them here? We can perhaps, get the best view of things here by looking at them through the eyes of another, an old alumnus, for instance. Imagine that you have such a visitor and that you are showing him around the college. First take him to the Oratorical Contest with you, and listen to what he says:

"Why, what is the matter? There are only three young ladies and four fellows and they all speak at the same contest. How is that? Aren't there generally two contests, one for the young ladies and one for the young men?"

And then you answer, "Well, yes, but you see this year there were only four fellows and three girls interested in oratory, and so they combined the two contests in one."

"Oh, I see," he answers, "Well, where are the faculty? I saw only three. Don't they generally attend the Oratorical Contest?"

"Well, sometimes they come," you answer.

"Oh, I see," he replies.

Then take him with you down to the athletic field, and let him watch the football players at practice. His first remark is, "That's pretty ragged fielding, that short stop is dozing, there."

You reply, "Well, yes, it does look ragged, but that short stop is one of the best fielders in the intercollegiate. You see the field

is rough." He answers, "I thought the field looked rough. Don't you ever rake it off?"

"No, it hasn't been raked off this year," you reply. "The Athletic Association is out of funds and most of the fellows have other work to do. Some of the fellows could do it, but—well, I don't know why they don't." He answers, "Oh, I see."

And then you take him with you to the Y. M. C. A. meeting. When you get there a little bit late you find about fifteen fellows there and he asks, "Is this all you have at your Y. M. C. A. meetings?"

"You reply, "Sometimes we have more than this, but most of the fellows have too far to come and they don't come unless there is something special on." He replies, "Oh, I see."

After the Y. M. C. A. meeting is over, and you are on the way to your room, perhaps he mentions literary society work and asks you what the literary societies are doing. You tell him that there are a few faithful ones, but that most of the fellows have to be coaxed to come, and that your society's greatest problem is to keep up the interest and attention of its members. Perhaps he mentions that he is a Philo and wants to know how they are getting along. When you tell him that the Philo's haven't been doing much of anything for the past two years, perhaps he will tell you that that is a great disappointment to him; that one of the fondest memories he has cherished of old Kazoo is his work in the Philolexian Literary Society.

By this time you are not very desirous of taking him to many more of the college functions. Perhaps you had thought to have a little farewell celebration in his honor, and may be intended to invite a few fellows up to your room for a little social chat with him before he leaves; but on second thought you realize that almost every fellow in school has a little private grouch all his own that he likes to air and that maybe you hadn't better. When finally the time comes for him to depart and you are bidding him farewell at the train, this possibly is what he says: "Tom (or Dick or Harry, whichever it is) I must confess that I am very much disappointed in "Old Kazoo." It doesn't seem to me that it is quite maintaining its high grade standard of the past. I don't know the cause of it, I haven't been here to judge, but it seems to me that there is a lack of good healthy college spirit. While I have been here, I haven't met a single man that was very enthusiastic about anything. The students don't seem to take an active interest in things. As for the faculty, I don't believe that they mix enough in student activities. I certainly hope that next year things will be a great deal different."

The preceding is without doubt a very clumsy and possibly a somewhat exaggerated exposition of present conditions at Kalamazoo college, yet it must certainly contain much that is true. What that exposition really means is this:

Kalamazoo college, to-day, is vastly different from what it was a few years ago. In the past it has been the good fortune of this college to have a thoroughly representative group of students, athletic men, oratorical men, literary men, religious men. Also these men were interested in the college life. The main issues with them were the college activities, and consequently the general type of the student body was a representative college type. At the present time, however, the type of students is entirely changed and the college life is entirely different. Our athletic men are a woefully small minority. Our oratorical men, or rather our men with oratorical ability haven't as yet become interested. Our literary men do not have the time to write. Our religious men are probably the most active, that is, they are doing more real work, but it is due simply to the efforts of a faithful few. In regard to college life and college spirit, there is very little of it to be seen; except upon occasions such as a football game or a state oratorical contest. The reason for this lack of college spirit is simply that many of our students have interests and activities remote from the college, which leave them little or no time for their college interests. In a few terse words, we are losing our individuality as a college. We are becoming merely an educational institute, wherein there are daily recitations and little else. We are drawing what we can from the college and giving little in return.

All of us with a little careful reflection must find that this is somewhat our condition. And now, why? Why have we not a good representation of athletics? Why haven't we greater interest in oratory? Why are our literary societies so poorly attended? Those are hard questions to answer, and if they are to be answered they must be answered in generalities. There is a vague half-believed sentiment among our athletes that they are not really desired here, but simply tolerated. The feeling is that the preference is given to the other type, that if a choice was to be made by some members of the faculty between a good athlete and a good "grind," the "grind" would be chosen to attend our college. That is the feeling of a majority of the athletes. In regard to oratory it is felt by representative students that possibly the faculty might be better represented at the contests. These, however, are somewhat minor considerations. The great fact is simply that we haven't the students. These things, to be successful, must be undertaken by students who have the leisure

to do the work. Self-supporting students, of whom we have a large number, haven't the time.

Fellow students, members of the faculty, friends of Kalamazoo college, this article has sought merely to examine present conditions in the light of their fitness for the greater work of the college, which is about to come. This investigation has discovered a lack of many of the things which tend to the development of leaders. It has found an absence of the enthusiasm, the unselfishness, the unity which characterize the ideal college atmosphere. The solution of this difficulty lies with all friends of the college, and with the faculty. Only through those who are genuinely interested in its welfare and closely connected with its administration, can the ideal condition be brought about.

Friends of the college, we must have more independent students, more students who will have the time for college activities. No student who must spend several hours daily in self support has the time to take his share in college life, and perform well his duties to literary society, Christian association, and athletics. The opportunity is before the college for a greater work; but there must be the right kind of students if the work is to be done. They must be students who have time to be interested actively, to be enthusiastic and to be unselfish.

Members of the faculty, a little more exhibition of interest on your part would help wonderfully. That was a good beginning at the Hillsdale game. All of you were there and some of you led in the yelling. That is exactly the right spirit; keep it up.

Fellow students, let us start an enthusiasm campaign. Let us be resolved to forget our petty grievances, and work one and all for the college, our college. Let us each one send a student here next fall. Old Kazoo, we love you. May the days of your service be long, may you continue to do for many generations of students, what you have done for us, and more. May all the years of your future be bright and unclouded. May your success be always greater and truer, and may your place in the lives and hearts of men and women, grow larger as the years go by.

The Faculty

As we look back over the four years, more or less, of our college course, we realize that the two really necessary factors in college life are ourselves and the faculty. Ourselves, individually and collectively are discussed elsewhere; it becomes the purpose of this article to say a few words in expression of our feeling toward the faculty. We are especially able to speak intelligently concerning them, for during our sojourn here the membership of the faculty has remained the same. By a consistent and diligent endeavor throughout these years to discover little personal preferences and aversions on their part, we have earned the right to say that we know them.

Thus it is, that we can speak with authority not only of Dr. Stetson's taste for olives, and Dr. Slocum's for the spirit of the institution, but also of their unflinching zeal for our welfare. Professor Jenks' fitness for "breaking things gently" to individual students, comes, we know, not from manner alone, but from a kindly sympathetic spirit. Professor Bacon in the class room is the embodiment of exactness and exaction; as a sharer in student life, we have found him to be first of all a clear-thinking, far seeing man. To the world at large Professor Bailey is known doubtless, as the Professor of Latin in Kalamazoo college, the director of the Glee Club and various other dignified things, but to us who know him as he is, he is the father of "the boy." As for Professor Williams, we can only say that our present opinion of him is diametrically opposed to that of our freshman days. Then, he was a stickler for brevity, and for perfect clearness on the part of the class. Now he is the member of the Teachers' Committee, who always makes us feel proud of ourselves. We doubt if he has that effect upon freshmen.

As to the habits of the faculty, our only remark will be that Dr. Slocum's favorite pastime seems to be working for the college, and Professor MacEwan's drilling students in public speaking. What loyalty there must be back of these pursuits, even seniors can only guess at. Our acquaintance with the faculty extends even to the matter of beliefs. We can confidently state that Professor Praeger believes in evolution, Dr. Williams in Greek, and Dr. Chaffee in his fellow man. One of the present members, our lady, we missed for

one year out of our four, but her absence only served to make us appreciate more on her return, her kindly good will and her "sweet graciousness."

There are other things we might say, things that successive senior classes come to know only as they approach Commencement. We might speak of the loyalty of the faculty to the students, of their unflagging zeal for the welfare, mental and moral, of the men and women in the college. We might also say that the faculty is not a collection of creatures wholly apart from the genus student, but a group of keen-thinking warm-blooded men, who desire our friendship and appreciate our gratitude. We are thankful that this is true, that our faculty in addition to being capable and noble, are knowable, and so we take this, our first and last opportunity to express as a class, our gratitude to our faculty and our appreciation of the learning which they have shown us, the knowledge to which they have directed us and the wisdom to which they have guided us.

Sweet Sixteen

I sing the praise of college, the hills and dear old trees,
The oaks and stately hickories rocked by the summer breeze;
I love the halls of Bowen and all the rooms between,
But what I'm mostly glad for is I'm Sweet Sixteen.

I've had more fun in college than I ever knew before;
I've spent my days in study, and half the night or more—
Except when I was busy on other things, I ween—
But what I've most enjoyed is that I'm Sweet Sixteen.

I know that's what they all say, the girls of college days,
When asked what their age is, with touching little ways
They drop their pretty eyelids adown in modest mien,
And lisp with charming coyness, "I'm Sweet Sixteen."

But I care naught for coyness, for charms of dimpled cheek,
For wicked eyes, or ringlets, or accents low and meek.
I stand upon my merits, my wit and humor keen,
And I'm most awful thankful that I'm Sweet Sixteen.

I blush to tell, however, I've not always been so young:
Three years ago 'twas sixty, two years 'twas thirty-one,
A year ago this summer 'twas twenty-two, I ween,
But now it's quite convenient to be Sweet Sixteen.

O yes, I've passed in Freshman math and calculus and such;
I know the calculations don't sound like Tuffy much;
But I know inverse proportion—and that is what I mean
When I say I'm mighty thankful to be Sweet Sixteen.

Why, last year's class was twenty-six, and just the year before
The age was in the thirties—I think 'twas thirty-four—
And next year's class will see its thirtieth year, I ween—
O my, but I am thankful I am Sweet Sixteen.

When Sol is brightly shining, and the merry Maybells sound,
And the Lilly Ann is blooming in all the campus round,
When spring cleaning has commencéd and all the Windows gleam,
'Tis then I'm awful thankful that I'm Sweet Sixteen.

When the Courter goes out courting, and the Walker slowly walks,
And the lads and lasses gather on the green for quiet talks,
When the merry month of Maytime greets us with its garlands
green,
Then I'm mighty glad for one thing, that I'm Sweet Sixteen.

There's a dignity in labor, there's a dignity in age,
There's a dignity in numbers, and in learned wisdom sage—
But for good old time hilarity, for merriment atween,
Just take down the receiver, and—"Hello, this Sweet Sixteen?"

When working on endowment and cutting class thereby,
When granting generous portions of the tempers that do fly,
When teaching pedagogy or instructing Freshmen green—
I guess I'm mighty proud that I am Sweet Sixteen.

My path is not all sunshine, there are shady patches, too;
There are "stubborn wills" to conquer, and "wicked eyes" to view.
But in spite of youthful folly and the thought "What might have
been?"
I've a mighty joyful feeling that I'm Sweet Sixteen.

So when I'm old and careworn, and my locks are growing thin,
When my pensive brow is furrowed, lost the dimple in my chin,
When my mouth has lost its curvelets, and my nose is sharp
and keen,
I can say with thoughtful nod—"When I was Sweet Sixteen."

Class Prophecy, 1911

Act I. Sec. I.

Place Burdick Hotel. Time, June, 1933.

Clerk. Pretty hot day, isn't it?

Windoos. Like the good old times. I am back for college doings. No hotter than when I used to tread upon the carpet in Prexie's office, I tell you that it was warm enough in there at times. Why, I can still feel the warm air that circulated in the sanctum sanctorum.

Clerk. (to himself) He must have been in Purgatory.

Windoos. Any other people here that look as though they might belong to my bunch? Happy as if they might be in their right mind?

Clerk. (dazed) You must mean the Michigan Hospital.

Windoos. Let me have a look at your register. (Examines it.) Well if here isn't John Small, signed up from Nashville, Tenn. I suppose that he is still in the Boy's Work in the Y. M. C. A. I bet he knows all about stubborn wills by this time, that is, if experience has any thing to do with it. What is the cause of all of this cheering outside? That noise has a familiar sound to it.

Clerk. Oh probably it is the college crowd out celebrating again. (They go outside to investigate the noise.) Yes, it is the college crowd celebrating their baseball victory which means for them the State championship. I tell you they had a rattling good team there this year, they did not lose a game.

Sc. 2.

Courter appears on the scene with a suit-case and recognizes Windoos.

Courter. Hello, there, "Pig," old man. I would have known those shoulders if I had seen them flopping in Heaven.

Windoos. Same old floppers, as you know they are a permanent fixture by this time. Well, this celebration out here is one better than in the good old days. We never thought of winning a baseball championship when you and I were up on the hill. I hear that you are Superintendent over at Lansing. I felt that when you took the Kalkaska job you would stay in the teaching profession.

Courter. Well, I tell you, "Pig," if a fellow goes into teaching and then gets married, it is as hard to get out of one as it is the other.

Windoos. Where are you going to spend the night?

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Courter. Oh, I am going to stay here at the hotel as I have no other place here in town to go.

Windoes. It seems mighty strange not to see you bolting for Hornbeck Court. You used to be as regular in yur trips there as that old German philosopher we had to study in our philosophy, who used to be so regular in his walks that the people could set their time-pieces by him. So with you, Dusty Bates used to regulate his class bells by your hourly visits.

Courter. Never mind old man, I often met you a great deal of the time on the court in your junior year. When did you get in?

Windoes. An hour or so ago. Took an airship from Denver, but got sick out there in Iowa some where, and had to take a train into Chicago, and from there I came in by the Fruit-belt. That is a great road now.

Courter. By the way, are you still in the irrigation business out in Denver? I would like to see some of the work that you are doing there. But now, "Pig," I never thought that you would desert the dry cause in that manner after the way you worked for it during the last year in school. Let us take a stroll up to the old campus and see what is doing up there. By the way, "Pig," what has become of Lillian? I have lost track of her the past few years.

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Windoos. I should think that you would. I heard on my way east that she had joined our Catholic friends and had taken the veil. She is planning on going to South America and taking charge of a mission school there. Isn't it strange how some of that rough neck crowd has turned out since we left the old character factory?

Sc. 3. Corner Main and West.

Windoos. Well if here isn't some more of the bunch. (Meets Matson and Walker.) Really Ann, environment does count. You have acquired such a judicial, and executive manner, if I may say so.

Courter. I feel like saying, "Here comes the fatted calf, let's kill the prodigal."

Anita. Wanting to eat already. Reminds me of the day when Dr. Stetson asked you what you'd think of as soon as knife was mentioned and you promptly answered "eating."

Anna. Did you boys know that Nita will be in Washington, D. C., this winter? I believe as a Socialist representative from Utah, isn't it Nita?

Courter. Not Nita. A suffragette? The girl with the most popular oration because she did not want to vote.

Windoos. What struck you, Nita?

Walker. Nothing. After "Katy-Did" I started "to save up my

kisses for a rainy day," then decided to throw them away, and became a suffragette.

Windoos. Where is your heavenly twin? Haven't heard from Cliss, since John Small told me that he met her in a southern town doing a tight rope act with Barnum's Greatest and Only World-Famed Shows, and started her back on the straight and narrow path.

Anita. She will be here to-morrow. She has just finished a most successful week at the Majestic in Chicago, starring in Florence Best's little farce "In the Lover's Tub."

Windoos. How did Florence ever get into theatricals?

Anna. Oh, she has been doing slum work in Chicago, and writes light plays for a diversion.

Courter. Let us go and see the new buildings up on the campus. This is the first that I have been back for several years and I have been told they have done a lot of building.

Act. 2. Place, Vienna.

Time same as the preceeding. Close of the Grand Opera.

Alma. I could hardly wait to see you, Maibelle. How lovely it seems to see some one you know, and how I have enjoyed your singing.

Maibelle. Is it not nice to have this little reunion of two, as long as we can not be back at the reunion of the '11's.

Alma. But I must tell you how beautifully you sing. You certainly show what training can do. You remember when you used to sing in chapel, all the rest of us could do was to look on and listen.

Maibelle. How we would like to be back for chapel, even if it were only to listen to a chapel oration. Is it not nice that you could leave your work now just for a vacation? When I heard that you were going as a missionary to Pigmy Land, a lot of us thought "you would be eaten by the roaring lions."

Alma. I have had such interesting experiences. Just had a letter from Soloman. You probably know that he is at the head of a school for boys. His greatest difficulty is to stop the boys from ducking. He got so disgusted with them that he had to show them the old Kazoo method which you know never fails to hit the mark.

Maibelle. How interesting. Let us go to my suite and we will talk Kazoo folks to a frazzle.

Act 3. Place. Campus.

Time. The following day.

Anna. Now that all of the class is here that will be here, let

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us make arrangements for something to do. Any old thing at all will do.

Ruth. Where will it be?

Millie. Why Ruth, I have not seen you before. It seems so nice to see you without your asking for Index material.

John Williamson. Did some one ask where to have it? Why not have it at Lover's Lane? I have just been spending several days at a medical convention and I would like to get out in the country and have an old time feed as we had the day that we made our appearance as "dignified" Seniors. I know that you will all agree on that.

Mabel Rix. Why, if we went out there we would have to have a chaperon.

All. Nix on the chaperon.

John Williamson. Did some one say that Miss Cooley did not go around after material any more? Why she is still looking for material, but in her case now the material is sent to her instead. I generally read some of the articles that she writes in her department in the Chicago American, on "advice to the love-lorn" and I tell you that it is interesting.

Ruth. Oh my work is not half as interesting as Mabel Rix's. She has succeeded Madame Yale in her great work as a beauty doctor and specialist. In her new and latest book, "Facial Exercises and Massaging" she says that she discovered her great secret while making faces in the pedagogy class as an amusement for herself.

Mabel Rix. I was not the only one to find myself in the "pedy" class. Miss Millie here gained a great deal of practical and useful experience, which has placed her at the head of a private school for the training of defective and backward students.

Anna. What has all of this got to do with our getting some thing to do and some thing to eat?

Courter. When you say that, why I will fall right in for it and please do not wait too long.

John W. I move that we constitute ourselves as a committee of the whole, and get up an old time feed to-morrow.

All. Good idea, and your motion carries.

John W. Let us try our old class yell. All together:

Wah hoo, chick a hoo,
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Senior Will

We, the Class of 1911, of Kalamazoo college, in the county of Kalamazoo, and State of Michigan, being men and women of deep erudition and inimitable memory, do cause to exist, make known to the community, and free from all obscurity our Determined Will and Testament in manner following, viz:

First, we will and direct that all the worthy traditions of Kalamazoo college, together with all the dignified innovations of the Class of 1911, be forever maintained and rigorously observed.

Second, we give, devise, and bequeath unto the Class of 1912, a corporation organized under and by virtue of the laws of the "Powers that Be" and located in the college of Kalamazoo, in the domain of said "Powers," being the same institution of which Sigrid Christina Johnson now holds the highest office in the gift of her fellow classmates; "The Spirit of the Institution;" the good example and hearty co-operation of the faculty; the highest respect and warmest love for our Alma Mater, and a fervent desire to see her the leader in true education; the hope that the dormitory hydropathists will be speedily and successfully "graduated" from the institution; the "immortal" debt of the Athletic Association; and senior dignity, honor and position (in chapel).

Third, we hereby appoint the exalted and honorable members of the faculty, of Kalamazoo college, executors of this our Last Determined Will and Testament.

Lastly, we hereby revoke all former wills and codicils by us at any time, made and during the never-to-be-forgotten days of our college course, called into existence.

In witness whereof we hereunto set our hand and seal this fifteenth day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and eleven (1911) and of our college, fifty seven (57).

Class of 1911.

On this fifteenth day of June, A. D., 1911 and of Kalamazoo college 57; the Class of 1911, of Kalamazoo college, in the county of Kalamazoo and State of Michigan, signed the foregoing instrument, and declared it to be their Determined Will and Testament, and as witness thereof we do now, at their request, in their presence and in the presence of each other, hereto subscribe our names.

Tall John,

Small John,

'11

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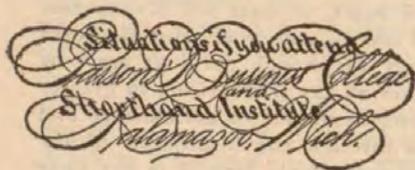
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Volume 33

Number 1

The College Index

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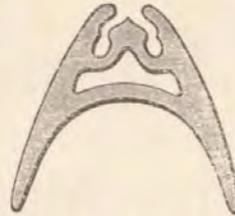
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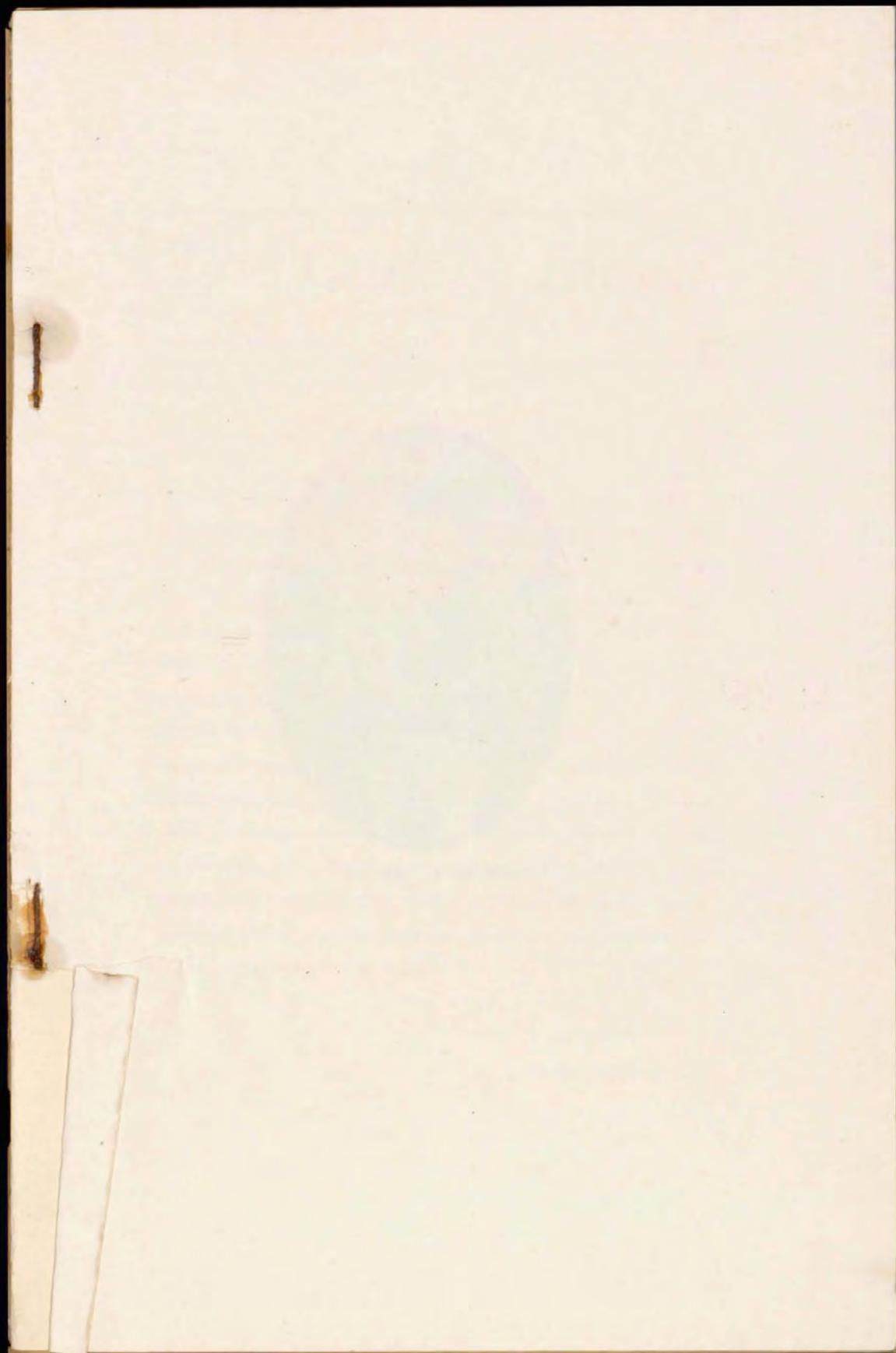
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DR. H. L. STETSON

The College Index

Volume XXXIII

OCTOBER, 1911

Number 1

Greeting

Kalamazoo College, President's Office, Sept. 1, 1911.

A hearty welcome to all students! It is a joy to greet those whom we have known and worked with. It is a pleasure to meet those who come here for the first time. We assure them that it is the desire of every member of our faculty to do everything possible to make this year exceedingly rich in whatever will stimulate to high ideals and worthy deeds.

Life in Kalamazoo College will mean much to you, either for good or evil, according to your use of it, for it is a place where constant and strong forces are at work. You are here to learn to live by living. Therefore live an earnest, cheerful, honest, open Christian life. Fill every day with that kind of labor which will make you a constructive builder of things true and beautiful.

Assuring you of a strong desire to aid you in attaining the best in your college experience, I am,

Very sincerely yours,

H. L. STETSON,

Acting President.

The Best of Friends Must Part

Dr. A. Gaylord Slocum.

Forever connected with the raising of the new \$100,000 endowment is the name of Dr. A. Gaylord Slocum. We first made his acquaintance some three years ago on a memorable Monday morning, when everything without looked strange, and slightly blue; although we ourselves still savored somewhat of the emerald hue. We entered his office doubtfully and it must be confessed with some hesitation, feeling that we were "only poor, weak mortals" after all; and that the world, which heretofore had been somewhat exaggerated to our view, was rather small after all. He greeted us pleasantly and taking the papers which we had so thoughtfully and carefully brought with us, laid them aside and inquired after some friend. Surprised that he should know the person, we answered and soon found ourselves talking as with an old acquaintance. In fifteen minutes we felt that we had met and made a new friend and as the days and weeks went past, when discouragements came, we realized more fully that this was so. Such was our first impression of Dr. Slocum; and as the years passed and we came to know him better we found that under that calm, and at times stern appearance, was the heart of one who held the welfare of the college first and his own interests last.

A short history of Dr. Slocum reads as follows: After a three years' course in Whitestown Seminary near Utica, N. Y., and nearly two years' experience as clerk and bookkeeper, he entered the University of Rochester and was graduated in 1874 with the degree of A. B. Since then he has been granted the degrees of A. M. in 1877 and LL. D. in 1894, and has worn the Phi Beta Kappa key. For sixteen years he remained as superintendent of schools and principal of the Free Academy in Corning, N. Y., leaving there in 1892 to accept the presidency of Kalamazoo College.

For several years Dr. Slocum has worked toward the raising of an additional endowment. When the final trial was made last spring, no effort was too great for him. Thus when the endow-

ment had at last been raised it was realized that this had been made possible largely through the efforts of Dr. Slocum. In appreciation of his services, he was unanimously given one year's leave of absence; and this without his knowledge or request.

As soon as affairs could be arranged he started on his first real vacation since he became president of Kalamazoo College. The latter part of the summer has been spent traveling in the east for pleasure and rest. Word was received from him while in Boston, and still later reports as he journeyed down the historic old Hudson on his way to New York city. Just what he will do this year is uncertain. Rumor has it he will go abroad, but wherever he may be, he has the best wishes of us all.

Prof. S. G. Jenks.

The early home of Prof. Jenks was in Ionia, Mich. He completed the course offered by the Ionia public schools in 1884. After teaching two years in Alabaster, Mich., he spent two years in Ann Arbor. He was then engaged as instructor in physical science in Lansing high school, holding that position two years. In 1889 he returned to Ann Arbor and was graduated from the University in 1891, receiving the degree of B. S. During his last year he was engaged as assistant in charge of qualitative analysis for medical and dental students. That same year he accepted the position at Kalamazoo College of head of the science department and secretary to the college. He is a member of the American Chemical Society.

Everybody has a hobby. Some collect stamps, others rocks. Some travel in foreign countries, others walk at home. Professor Jenks likewise had his hobby—farming. The pride of his heart was, and is, his peach farm of several hundred acres, near Holland, Mich., where every summer for years past he has watched the golden fruit ripen. With each succeeding year the call of the farm became stronger, and with it the desire for a more quiet and retired life, and so in the spring of 1911, Prof. Jenks resigned from the professorship in the college. Reluctantly the request was granted, and at the close of college last spring Prof. Jenks moved from Kalamazoo to his peach farm at Shelby, Mich. He is there, at the present writing, enjoying the fruits of the year's labor; but a little later when the cold winds begin to blow from off the lake, he intends to take a pleasure trip to sunny California.

Dr. Chaffee.

Dr. Chaffee claims Princeton for his alma mater, taking his A. B. degree from that institution in 1876, and in 1879 his A. M. In 1894 Franklin College, in which he was at that time instructor of Latin, conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. In 1896 he left Franklin to accept the position of president of Central College, which position he held until 1900. From 1900-1901 he was professor of philosophy in Des Moines College, leaving that institution to become president of Marshall college, Texas. Three years ago he became head of the history department of Kalamazoo College.

We will miss Dr. Chaffee. Those of us who knew him will miss him because we knew him; and those who did not know him will miss him because they did not. We will miss the sound of his steady, even step, for no one was ever known to have seen him quicken his pace. We will miss seeing him approach the dormitory, keeping well outside the danger zone as he neared Bowen Hall. More than all we will miss his fatherly counsel and advice; we will miss his friendly criticisms in our literary meetings; and we will miss his ever ready wit and humor. Reluctantly his resignation was accepted; and on June 23, Dr. Chaffee was no longer a professor in Kalamazoo College. Since then he has been supplying the pulpit in the Morgan Park church, Morgan Park, Ill. He will continue the pastorate there for some time and intends taking a course in the University of Chicago. He says he expects to rest, and with this work—but then he is Dr. Chaffee and his private address is 4740 Monroe avenue, Chicago.

Prof. J. H. Bacon.

"And still the wonder grew that one small head could carry all he knew." English, French, German, spelling, baseball, football, terms, music—we could go on naming them but unlike a certain man, he fully intends to come back, so further enumeration is unnecessary. Sufficient to say that after taking his A. B. and A. M. degrees from Brown in 1896 and 1897, he attended the Alliance Francaise in Paris during 1899. Returning to this country, he taught in Vermont Academy 1901-1902; and was instructor in French and German at Franklin School, Cincinnati, in 1902-1905, coming to the head of the language depart-

ment of Kalamazoo College in 1907. Now that these preliminaries are over we will let Professor Bacon speak for himself and will quote from his letter:

"I received in June a very flattering letter from the president of Brown University asking if I could in any way be induced to spend next year there in the romance department during the absence of Prof. Langdon, head of the department, who is enjoying a sabbatical year in Europe. Thinking that this move would give me a chance to do some work in philology and in special lines in German literature under Prof. Von Klenze, I applied to Dr. Slocum for a year's leave of absence and upon being assured by him that it would be granted I wrote President Faunce that I could arrange to go to Brown for one year. He wired back engaging me as acting assistant professor of romance languages.

"I shall leave Aug. 30 for a trip through lakes Erie, Ontario and down the St. Lawrence to Montreal, after which we shall visit in my old home at Bellows Falls, Vt., until the opening of Brown, Sept. 27, when we shall go to Providence, R. I. I shall probably register in the graduate department as a candidate for the degree of Ph. D. in Germanics and romance languages, and I hope to be able to complete all the required residence work this year, as I have already done one full year of graduate work there in connection with my master's degree, which I got there in 1897."

Of course we all realize what an honor it is for Kalamazoo College to have one of its professors called to so large and so high grade an eastern university as Brown. His year there will result in added enthusiasm and efficiency in our own modern language department after he comes back to us. We can only rejoice in the honor shown our beloved professor, though we hate to spare him for a single year.

“Buddy”

Buddy's good angel had not provided for him a home with a garden. It had planted him down in a sandbank that extended from the front door to the side, from the side to the back and around to the front again.

Across the street was a big red house with a green lawn, dotted here and there with shrubs and flower beds. But that had been cultivated for years, while the site of Buddy's present abode was but recently a sandhill, now brought down to the level of the grounds opposite.

Buddy was three years old and the sight of a flower was as attractive to his eye as to a busy buzzing bee. One day he had toddled across the street and tried to break a rose from the bush by the summer house. The thorns had pricked his small fingers unmercifully, but he persevered and was still tugging at the stem when Betsy, the nurse at the big red house, came out and snapped her fingers.

“Buddy, you go right home and stop picking our flowers.” she said heartlessly. “Didn't Miss Edith take you over some roses the other day? Well, then, you mustn't come over here and pick them without asking us. That's stealing.”

Buddy's fingers still hurt from the thorns and Betsy's words hurt even worse. His small chin quivered and his eyes were pitifully wistful, but he did not cry. He toddled back across the street and sat down on the doorstep with that waste of brown sand in front of him. Over there the children were playing and shouting, but he was just “a little tag” and must not disturb them. If he could only have that red rose he would not mind so much being left alone, but those Edith had brought him were long since withered, while his memory of their color and sweetness still held a prominent place in his mind.

Then one afternoon, as he sat alone, disconsolately stringing wooden beads, the children from across the way, great and small, came rushing pellmell into the yard. They were bound for Thompson's woods to spend the afternoon in all the pleasures of a picnic, and they had come to ask permission to take Buddy along.

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The little fellow's heart filled with pride as his mother set his scarlet cap over his tangled curls and kissed him goodbye, for he was seldom asked to go along with the "bog" boys and girls.

"Be a good boy, Buddy. Tell Edith when you're tired and she'll carry you."

"Oh, he won't get tired. It's not far, you know, but we're taking our lunch and are going to stay all the afternoon. The blueberries are thick there."

And so they left the house in a merry crowd.

Such a romp as it was. Buddy had never enjoyed anything so much. To be one of that jolly crowd which usually insisted that he was "a little tag," to be in a wood running over with pretty growing things and bristling with thickly covered berry-bushes—it was almost too good to believe.

While the others filled their baskets and pails with the big dark berries, he ran from one flower to another. He even picked the green feathery weeds; and when his hands were full he threw away his old treasures to gain more and prettier ones.

When all baskets were full the young people seated themselves on the moss by an old stump to eat their lunch. It was while they were all laughing and talking, between bites, that Edith discovered the loss of her little pearl brooch.

Edith was fifteen; quite a young lady, and her gold bracelet, two rings and little pearl brooch were the envy of all the children in the neighborhood. So now there was consternation on every brow.

Each searched diligently for the lost pin, but it had disappeared completely, and finally even Edith gave up the hunt and with tears in her eyes started the little company homeward.

The following day Buddy sat as usual on his desert doorstep. No one was in sight anywhere, but across the way he could hear Edith taking her weekly music lesson.

Buddy thought of the pleasures of the former afternoon. He wished he might visit the woods again where the big berries grew. He would like to get some for mother and some more flowers, too. The woods were not far. They had gone straight up the road. He knew just the way they had gone before, and his mind being made up, he started off.

Once in the wood, after many pauses to rest by the way, his steps led straight to the old mossy stump around which they had gathered the day before. After resting here a few moments he started out on a tour of inspection. Over there was a pretty

wild flower. He started straight for it and managed to break the stem in spite of thorns.

There was another; and he followed on and on till over by a tall berry bush he came upon something shining in the short grass. He stooped down and picked up a tiny object.

Half an hour later, Edith, just leaving the big red house, book in hand, to seek the cool summer house, was met by a dusty little figure. It was Buddy. And in his hand he held—her pearl brooch.

"Oh, you darling!" she cried. "Where did you find it?"

But he did not answer her question. Her joy had, in some vague way, awakened in him an idea of his worth to mankind. In return he demanded some sort of retribution for past ills. He looked up soberly and said:

"Ain't a tag."

The tall girl seized the child and tossed him into the air.

"Well, I should say not," she cried gayly. "You're just the dearest little boy in all the world."

ROBERTA WILLIAMS, '13.

Some Modern Rhymes

How smoothly does the verse begin! But, my!
The mind has scarce begun its rhythmic work
Ere it is rudely shocked and brought up by
A jerk.

You say "Ah, here's a poem; and how fine
To soar aloft or plunge in deep thought's chasm!"
And so you read and find each ending line
A spasm.

But still you read—a case of hope deferred—
"A thought is here unless my brain is pulp."
Until at last you reach the final word—
A gulp. A PARENT.

Our New Faculty

"How different everything seems!" This is an expression which has been very frequently heard in the few days since school opened, and the most important change is in the personnel of our faculty. The chapel platform does not seem quite natural with Doctor Slocum, Professor Jenks, Professor Bacon and Doctor Chaffe not in their accustomed chairs. Their places are filled, however, and I am quite sure we shall very soon respect and admire the new occupants as we did their predecessors.

The board of trustees has granted Doctor Slocum a year's leave of absence, his first after many years of strenuous labor for our college, and the vacation comes deservedly. Doctor Stetson, whom we all know and love, has been chosen by the trustees as dean and acting president. He has been professor of psychology and pedagogy for several years in this college, and needs no introduction. We all know his merits, and rest assured that with him at the helm Kalamazoo will have a very happy and successful year.

Professor Stillman Jenks, our kindly professor of chemistry and physics, resigned last spring, much to the regret of all the college. He was, for a long time, secretary of the faculty, and they unanimously agree that his career, both in that position and as a teacher, was very successful. The new head of the chemistry and physics department is professor L. F. Smith, M. S., of the University of Chicago. He is a very successful teacher, and comes to us highly recommended by the university and other institutions. It is certain that under him the high standard of this department will be well maintained.

Professor J. H. Bacon, our professor of French and German, has been honored by his alma mater, Brown University, with a call to take the place of the head of the romance language department, while that professor is away on a year's leave of absence. This honor given to Professor Bacon is a strong evidence of the standing of our college, and the merit of the French and German department. A well qualified substitute has been found for the year, Mrs. Agnes S. Perkins, a native of Germany. She is excellent prepared for college work by her previous training and experience as a teacher, and has received the diploma as "instructor in higher schools" from the Royal Teachers' College in Breslau.

Germany. She has also spent four years studying in the universities of France and Germany.

Doctor Chaffee, our genial professor of history, resigned and has re-entered the ministry. To take his place Professor Ernest Balch, A. B., Kalamazoo; A. M., Michigan; Ph. D., Chicago, a scholar of recognized ability and a very successful teacher, was found. Under him we feel sure that those who are studying history will receive very fine training.

With these, added to our unusually splendid faculty, the educational advantages offered here will equal, if not excel, those of any of the smaller institutions of the middle west.

EDITH M. CLARK, '12.

A Purpose

Another year of work has just begun,
 A year from which we hope the best results,
 When all our battles have been fought and won
 Together, though of different creeds and cults.

In study, pleasure, in whate'er we do,
 Each one of us will do his level best,
 Remaining each to his ideals true,
 Nor criticise and talk about the rest.

In everything we'll enter heart and soul,
 Each helping others as a Christian should,
 And struggle on to gain our lofty goal
 "For all mankind the best and highest good."

With kindly thoughts and spirit not cast down
 All wrong and evil we shall try to shun,
 And strive to win the great immortal crown
 Which Christ shall give with the blessed words "well
 done."
 H. P. P., '14.

The Rose

An Allegory on the Suffragette.

Once upon a time a beautiful Rose grew in a lovely garden. The garden was a lovely place because the Rose was there. The Rose was admired by all, in and about the garden for Her beauty of form and color and the fragrant air around Her at all times. The influence of the beautiful Rose upon the common vegetables growing in the garden was marvelous.

They vied with each other in homage to Her as to something far above them in beauty and sweetness. They groveled in the dirt at Her feet, content if they could only be near Her to cherish, love and protect Her, and still in spite of all this, the Rose was dissatisfied.

From Her place in the garden She could look out upon the highway and behold the grass and weeds and thistles growing there along the way, and She longed to be transplanted there among them. At last Her longing to do this became so great that one day She said to the gardener: "I am tired to death of this stuffy little garden. I am sick of all this love and homage. I long to get out beside the highway, where I can make my influence felt. What is one little garden to me compared with the great highway? By being transplanted there I can raise the standard of the weeds and thistles; and not only that, but the wayfarer can rejoice at the beauty which my presence will cast upon what are now but common weeds by the wayside."

The gardener listened in patience while the Rose was speaking and his heart was heavy with foreboding as he replied: "My beautiful Rose, this garden will be a desolate place indeed without you. Your influence for good is far greater here than it could possibly be were you to mingle upon a common level with the weeds and thistles of the highway. Abide here, where you are sheltered by a wall from the storm and dust of the wayside, while the wayfarer pauses to admire you as the queen of this lovely garden, and to drink the sweet incense which from your present exalted position is wafted out upon the highway. Sweet Rose, you are not strong enough to grow among the weeds and thistles; your slender form cannot stand the storm, your beauty and fragrance would soon be overcome by the rude associations

and the whole world would mourn the loss of a beautiful, fragrant Rose."

The Rose, however, would not listen to this appeal, as She had fully decided to make the change, and She insisted so strongly upon being transplanted that at last the gardener complied with Her request. Time passed.

For a few days it seemed that the Rose was justified in making the change. The weeds and thistles, under the inspiration of Her presence among them, tried to brace up and look as trim as possible. But gradually a change came over the Rose. Her color slowly faded. The fragrance about Her became less and less noticeable. Her modest rose blush took on a brassy glare as the grass grew about Her feet. The grime and dust of the highway settled thickly upon Her until at last there was no flower; and the careless passerby spat upon Her as a barren brier among the weeds and thistles by the wayside, forgetting that this common thing was at one time a beautiful, fragrant Rose. And what of the garden? Picture a garden without a rose. Beauty without coloring. Home without the influence of a mother's love and tenderness.

In the garden, deserted by this beautiful Rose-queen there was no beauty, no coloring, no fragrance; nothing to look up to, nothing to honor and cherish, nothing to love.

The vegetables sprawled around over the garden without thought or care of appearances or results, hopeless, thoughtless, homeless. The gardener looked in and beholding the reckless disorder of what had once been a beautiful spot of earth, lifted up his voice in agony of spirit and cried:

"Alas, alas, my beautiful Rose is gone. Would that She had been content to abide here where Her influence as a Rose would have continued to bless the weary traveler with Her beauty and fragrance.

"But, now, alas, my garden is left unto me desolate, and Her presence upon the highway is but a barren thorn among the weeds and thistles of the wayside. Alas, alas!"

The Bandar-Log

Pausing at the threshold of a new era and gazing back at the path which we have trod and which cannot be retraced, we see failure and remorse mingled with success and joy. We are constrained to ask why, in the light of enlarged opportunity, should a college student fail. Hear now the story of the "Bandar-log" which Kipling told us in the Jungle Book.

"Mowgli had never seen an Indian city before, and though this was almost a heap of ruins it seemed very wonderful and splendid. Some king had built it long ago on a little hill. * * * * The Bandarlogs called the palace their city, and pretended to despise the jungle people because they lived in the forest. And yet they never knew what the buildings were made for nor how to use them. They would sit in circles in the hall of the king's council chamber and scratch for fees and pretend to be men; or they would run in and out of the roofless houses and collect pieces of plaster and old bricks in the corners and forget where they had hidden them, and fight and cry in scuffling crowds, and then break off to play up and down the terraces of the king's garden, where they would shake the rose trees and the oranges in sport to see the fruit and flowers fall. They explored all of the dark passages and dark tunnels in the palace, and the hundreds of little dark rooms; but they never remembered what they had seen and what they had not, and so drifted about in ones and twos or crowds, telling one another that they were doing as men did—or shouting 'there are none in the jungle so wise and good and clever and strong and gentle as the Bandar-log!' Then they would tire and seek the treetop, hoping the jungle people would notice them; * * * * and then they joined hands and danced about and sang their foolish songs. 'They have no law,' said Mowgli to himself, 'no hunting call, no leaders.' * * * * And he could not help laughing when they cried, 'we are great, we are free, we are wonderful * * * * we all say so, and so it must be true * * * * you shall carry our words back to the jungle people, that they may notice us in future.'"

What a stinging satire! Can it be that we are the Bandar-log? Busy without aim; mimic men, bragging but unreliable; enthusi-

astic but quickly losing interest, peevish, of little account. Away with the Bandar-log! The business of the American college men is to seek new truths and hold fast to the old; to face ridicule, not retreat before it; to be constructive, not destructive. The Bandar-log has no place in real life.

C. O. G., '12.

President Taft's Visit

On Sept. 21 Kalamazoo College had the honor of a visit from the chief executive of the United States, an event for which great preparations were made. Weeds were mowed on the campus; the herbaceous growth was thoroughly removed from the gravel driveways, and electric lights were placed at strategic points on the grounds (the full significance of the word strategic will appear next spring during the annual rainy season). "Dusty" Bates and several more or less capable assistants worked night and day to prepare for the great event. Arrangements were made for smuggling in high school students. Yells were practiced loudly and strenuously to the subsequent advantage of the cough syrup business. The freshmen rose heroically to the sublime heights of the occasion under the gallant leadership of Professor William Emilius Praeger, and learned the college songs. The tattered echoes, so to speak, were brought forth and re-tattered. And near the last, but a long way from the least, lamps were secured from the dismal subterranean depths of Ladies' Hall and placed in all the empty rooms of the men's dormitory with the avowed intention of producing such an illusion of studious activity as had never been dreamed of. But by the falling through of these plans much valuable kerosene was saved and our chief executive was spared the humiliating thought that half the dormitory fellows were too busily engaged in studying to aid in his reception.

You will gather from this brief resume that, as in ancient days, there was much running to and fro. But the end was not yet. Coming down, as it were, to the immediate scene of activities, Miss Harrigan is seen with the visitors' record firmly clasped in both hands. Volunteers are called for to crank the president's auto—"Louie" Raseman volunteered—was ist los mit "Louie?"

Incidentally the multitude and the night came wafting in simultaneously like a bunch of feathers from an eagle in its flight, as our friend, Henry Wadsworth, once remarked. There was also some further yelling led by "Smutz," but the "big noise" had not yet arrived.

Despite these momentous preparations Mr. Taft arrived unexpectedly, that is, it was not discerned for a moment that he was in the first automobile. Then, somewhat hesitatingly and with a noble disregard for the yellmaster's most vigorous efforts, the Yale yell was given. During this somewhat embarrassing moment the president alighted. There immediately ensued some further ceremonies, during which Mr. Taft's famous smile was much in evidence, especially to the taller people. Dr. Stetson welcomed the famous man with a few well-chosen words, after which the president graciously permitted the orange and black to be pinned on his coat by a fair co-ed. Then he spoke a few words, slowly and impressively, urging the necessity of higher education, complimenting the president and students of the college on their success in the past, and urging them on to greater efforts in the future. Everybody agreed that there was a great deal of weight behind his words.

Mr. Taft then entered the waiting automobile and was whirled rapidly away, followed by the inspiring strains of "Kazoo."

E. E. P., '14.

Soliloquy

Upon Seeing a Majestic Poster.

(By Billus Shookspoor.)

To go or not to go, that is the question:
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
 The sarcasm and wrath of an outraged Prof:
 Or to burn the midnight oil and by not flunking to fool him.
 To go—to study no more—and by going to say
 We don't give a darn for the thousand slams
 That flunker e'er is heir to—
 'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished.
 To go—to flunk—to flunk—perhaps get canned—

Ay, there's the rub, for in the classroom of the
Prof. what terrors may come, when he shuffles
Across the classroom floor, must give us pause.
There is the consideration that makes calamity
Of such a strife, for who can bear
The sarcasm and scorn of such as he?
Such oppressors wrong, the college man
Continually must meet, and boldly bluff away.
The insolence of Prof. and the spurns that
Accompany the undone task must he bear, tho'
He could save himself, by the use of a pony,
Who would burdens bear to grunt and sweat under a monotonous
life!

But that dread of something beyond—at the end of
The term—the uncertain exams—from
Whose horrors, even the grind doth shrink—
Puzzles the will and makes us rather bear those ills,
Than invite dread calamities we know not of.
But conscience doth make cowards of us all
And by its guidance the blessed college days
Would pass like a fleeting thought, and plans of
Great Pith and Moment, because of conscience
Be turned awry, and lose the name of action.
So, fair chorus girl, bold tumbler, graceful
Dancer, I will be with thee,
On the balcony, front row, will you find me.

Under The Oaks

Our Opening Exercises.

The formal opening of Kalamazoo College took place in the chapel of Bowen Hall on Wednesday morning, Sept. 20. Many friends of the college, together with the students, new and old, assembled at 9 o'clock to enjoy the exercises. Rev. J. E. Smith, pastor of the First Baptist church, took charge of the devotional exercises. Following these, Mr. A. M. DeLong sang Dudley Buck's "Fear Not, Ye, Oh Israel," in a very pleasing and impressive manner. Dr. Stetson then introduced the Hon. Hutson B. Colman, an alumnus of the college and member of the board of trustees, who gave a brief address of welcome and encouragement to the students in a very suggestive and inspiring way. Dr. Stetson's address on "College Ideals" touched upon the various vital problems of student life and was a help and inspiration to all who heard his words. Addresses full of wit and wisdom were also made by President Waldo of the Western State Normal and Superintendent Hartwell of the public schools. The singing of America and the giving of the college yell, "Brekki—ki—kex," appropriately concluded the opening exercises of the new college year.

R. G. W., '13.

Fall Term Reception.

One of the most enjoyable social functions ever given by any of the organizations of the college was that arranged by the Christian Associations the first Friday evening of the term, in Bowen Hall. Not only were all of the students there, but also a large number of the alumni and other friends of the college were in attendance to take part in the numerous "stunts," the most enjoyable of which was the track meet. During the evening a short musical program was rendered, and last, but by no means least important, were the "eats" which were very thoroughly enjoyed.

C. H. B., '12.

Hare and Hound Chase

On Saturday afternoon, Sept. 23, the Y. W. C. A. girls gave a hare and hound chase to the new girls. After a strenuous tramp of several hours around the neighboring countryside, the trail finally led to the home of Prof. and Mrs. Praeger, where refreshments were served and the beauties of the Praeger gardens were much admired and enjoyed.

R. G. W., '13.

Vesper Service.

A sense of impressiveness and peace pervaded the vesper service held the first Sunday afternoon of the school year. The music, furnished largely by the choir of the First M. E. church, was indicative of the quiet evening hour.

The program follows:

Gloria in Excelsis.

Hymn 40, "Day Is Dying in the West."

Responsive reading.

Chorus from "Stabat Mater."

Prayer.

Solo, Mrs. Harry Horton.

Hymn 37, "Now the Day Is Over."

Lesson from the gospel.

Quartette.

Address by Dr. Stetson, "Looking Toward Jerusalem."

Anthem.

Hymn 271, "I Love to Tell the Story."

Benediction.

The chapel was completely filled by the students and friends of the college.

R. G. W., '13.

Deutscher Verein.

Whatever may be the underlying purpose of the Deutscher Verein—and you may be sure it is a good one—the result is unanimously proclaimed "a good time." But the good times have ever served as a stimulus to the study of German and an interest in that nation. No club could offer more possibilities in the variety of interesting programs, to say nothing of the annual plays. Nothing could possibly rival the success of "Versalzen" last year, unless

it was the salt. We are all anxious to know what our new president, Miss Grenell, has planned for this year. The best part of the meetings is that one who knows very little German can understand and enjoy them, for even the refreshments have that peculiar foreign flavor.

E. A. S., '14.

Our Library.

One of the greatest advantages of Kalamazoo College is its splendid library, said to be as complete, for its size, as can be found anywhere. It consists of about ten thousand volumes, including the best encyclopedias, fine atlases, and books selected by the heads of the different departments for reference work in their respective classes. Each professor has given careful thought to the selection of books, that the text books may be supplemented by the best and latest references on the subject studied.

The best magazines, scientific journals, and religious periodicals come regularly to its reading table.

By the payment of only one dollar a student is entitled to the use of the library for the entire school year.

Some changes have been effected this year with a view to making the library more useful than ever. One of the classrooms has been fitted up for a reading room, in which will be kept the magazines and reference books. The two requirements of the room are that no one shall go to the book stacks and that there shall be absolute silence. One of the students acts as attendant at the desk and everyone desiring a book receives prompt attention.

Any of the books except reference books, which may be kept only from 4:30 p. m. to 8 a. m., may be taken from the library for two weeks. If not returned or renewed at the end of that time a fine of two cents a day is imposed.

Some of the students who take the course in the college go, after graduation, to positions where there are equal library advantages; but the majority do not. The moral is easily pointed. Make the best possible use of the library and go out from the college better equipped men and women, because of the association with the greatest minds of all ages.

M. A. B., '13.



Another year has started; and for Kalamazoo College, in every phase of its existence, the outlook is brighter than ever before. "Isn't it different!" is the exclamation heard in the corridors, in the class rooms, in the dormitories, and on the campus. Enthusiasm, courage, and abundance of interest seem to characterize every undertaking. This heartiness of spirit, so noticeable everywhere, is not lacking by any means in our paper. Never was more earnest, more spirited staff meeting than the one Sept. 20, when the present editorial staff met for the first time. With your co-operation, kind readers, we will make the Index more interesting, more characteristic than ever before. Do your part; and we promise to do ours.

Have you seen it? Why, the "Grind Box," of course. It may not look very interesting; but if you could read what comes out of it! But that box is for YOU; that is why it is situated in the reading-room. Keep track of the jokes on your mates; don't let any of the professors' witticisms get by you; write poems or college songs; indite articles; plot stories; and drop them all into the "Grind Box." The editors will be more than glad of any of your contributions. Get to work!

Last spring the Index carried on a campaign for improving the social affairs of the college. All plans were left to a newly created Central Social Committee. "The powers that were," however, refused to allow that committee to operate; but under the changed conditions here at Kazoo, the committee has once more been called into being; and now we are expecting great things of it. Any suggestions may be handed to Miss Rushbrook, the high chairman.

Some of us can not "waller" in the mud of the athletic field for the glory of old Kazoo; some of us cannot wildly wave our arms in Demosthenic style; but all of us can pay in other ways

our debt to the institution. We can help in supporting our school paper which, by the way, is favorably noticed by our exchanges. How can YOU help? The editor-in-chief will tell you one way, and the subscription manager another; but now we will look at the matter through the eyes of the business manager.

Our paper is paid for by the advertisements, not by our subscriptions. Ads are not thrust upon a business manager for the asking. The hard-headed men who make money demand returns for everything. They buy their advertising space aiming to get the best results for the cheapest price—and they tabulate results. Furthermore their charity is given as such, not intermediately. In other words, our advertisers are not satisfied with Index advertising and it is up to us to deliver the goods. We can do it easily and the benefits to all will be many. How, you may ask. There are two ways. The first is, **make it a point to trade with our advertisers.** Secondly, **let them know that you are a college student;** and if they advertise in the Index emphasize the fact with all the ingenuity of your personality. The watchword is **"I saw your ad in the Index."** The merchant is ready, waiting to hear it, and he will give larger ads and pay sooner if you all learn to say loudly, proudly, and as often as you can: "I saw your ad in the Index."

H. C. H., '12.

Any suggestions? Don't be bashful. Express your opinions and be original in thinking up new ideas for improving our paper. These, too, can be dropped into the "Grind Box," for the consideration of the editorial staff of the Index.

BRACE UP!

"Don't grumble, don't bluster, don't dream, and don't shirk,
Don't think of your worries; but think of your work.
The worries will vanish, and work will be done;
No man sees his shadow who faces the sun."

ATHLETICS

Football is with us again. The beef and brawn of the school, clad in moleskins, once more occupies the important place in college activities.

With ten "vets" back in school this year, a good coach, and a wealth of new material on hand, the prospects for the Orange and Black landing near the top of the intercollegiate huddle are as bright as usual.

We were exceedingly fortunate this year in obtaining the services of a good coach, a man who knows football from A to Z, and who knows how to convey his ideas emphatically to those who seek to learn. Mathers is the gentleman in question. He is a graduate from Lake Forest College and was a member of every athletic team during the four years he spent in college. He was twice selected a member of the All-State team by Walter Eckersall.

The idea of playing two games a season with Albion will undoubtedly be abandoned and some normal team will be taken on instead, probably Ypsilanti. Athletic relations with the Western State Normal have been re-established and a game has been scheduled for this season.

Among the old men who are back in school are Captain McNeil, Biss, Butler, Bramble, Ide, Stuck, C. Miles, Robison, Terpening and W. Buchanan.

Strenuous work during the vacation put most of the men in good shape to begin training and six days of practice every week has put them in top-notch condition.

Stuck is looking weak this year, only weighing about 190, but feels that with a little exercise and fresh air he will be feeling fit.

The team will be greatly handicapped this year by the loss of Robison, who strained some ligaments in his knee so that he will be unable to play. "Buck" probably dropped some heavy remark upon that portion of his anatomy while making photographs at South Haven this summer, but that doesn't help any.

Of the new material out for the team this year there are several "prep" stars who are sure to make the old men hustle for their berths on the team. Among them are Russell, Loughead, Youngs, McKinsty, H. Stuck and Payne of Central High; Rhodes

from Goblesville; Romaine from White Plains, N. Y.; Lassfolk, Clark and Dewey.

Following is the schedule as it has, up to this date, been arranged by Manager Bramble:

Oct. 7—Olivet at Kalamazoo.

Oct. 14—Open.

Oct. 21—Detroit University School at Detroit.

Oct. 28—Open.

Nov. 4—Western State Normal at Kalamazoo.

Nov. 11—Albion at Kalamazoo.

Nov. 18—Hillsdale at Kalamazoo.

O. Z. I., '14

LITERARY SOCIETIES

Officers of the Century Forum Literary Society.

President—Nelson Elwood.

Vice President—Robert Angell.

Secretary—Clinton Case.

Treasurer—Colton Miles.

Officers of the Sherwood Rhetorical Society.

President—Carl Graeber.

Vice President—Henry Hart.

Secretary—Wilbur Payne.

Treasurer—Walter Terpening.

Officers of the Philolexian Lyceum.

President—Harold Pomeroy.

Vice President—Coleman Caryl.

Secretary—Louis Raseman.

Treasurer—Oliver Stuck.

Officers of the Kappa Pi Literary Society.

President—Leila Rushbrook.

Vice President—Mary Barnett.

Corresponding Secretary—Grace Simmons.

Recording Secretary—Frances Clark.

Treasurer—Elizabeth Hay.

Chaplain—Inez Swanson.

Ushers—Edith Stone, Hazel Bennett.

Officers of the Eurodelphian Literary Society.

President—Gladys Babcock.
Vice President—Elsie Kappen.
Secretary—Gladys Martin.
Treasurer—Irene Hickey.
Chaplain—Roberta Williams.

C. R. C., '14

"Per Aspera ad Astra."

The year nineteen hundred eleven to twelve opens most auspiciously for the Sherwood Rhetorical Society. All of the oldtime enthusiasm, progressiveness and general good feeling known in Sherwood vocabulary as "Sherwood Spirit," is present this fall to an even greater degree than in the past. This general good feeling is augmented by the fact that the society this fall celebrates the sixtieth anniversary of its founding. A glance at the record of the achievement of its members shows a multiplicity of successes. Scientists, statesmen, senators, physicians, theologians, citizens—all, as they have gone into the arena of the world's work, have testified that their success has been made easier through contact with Sherwoods in Sherwood Hall. However it is not in years that the Sherwoods glory, but in the fact that, since eighteen hundred and fifty-one they have struggled through calm and storm to their enviable position of strength and success. "Per Aspera ad Astra" has been their watchword, and they are not ashamed.

Having for their purpose the promoting of manhood, as well as mentality; character, instead of reputation; self-control, instead of the science of controlling others, they have held steadily to their ideal until they stand today second to none as a college literary society. It seeks to fit the members more perfectly for the varied duties of life, to aid them in acquiring facility in extemporaneous speaking, to give them a critical knowledge of the laws of deliberative assemblies, and to enable them to employ in writing and debate the culture acquired during their college course.

Since the affiliation in nineteen hundred nine with literary societies of Albion, Hillsdale, and Olivet, forming what is known as the "Inter-Society Debating League of Southern Michigan," the society has become in a larger sense a debating society. This coming year will see greater endeavor in debating than ever before.

C. O. G., '12.

Eurodelphian Literary Society

Along in the early days of Kalamazoo College many years ago, a few of her fair students began to feel that the girls of the college needed something to bind them together outside of the classroom. Already two literary societies for young men were enthusiastically at work and it seemed only natural that the young women should have their turn. The idea was catching and enthusiasm ran high and almost before anyone realized it a literary society for girls was organized.

Those were strong, original, thoughtful young women and the work speedily progressed. Each earnest girl of the little band had her place to fill and they all realized that co-operation was the one thing necessary for growth and real literary work. And so these girls came to say, and have said ever since, that "The strength of the cable lies in its strands."

Since the days of 1856 that band of women has grown and widened its circle until in 1911 the Eurodelphians scarcely need an introduction. With Kalamazoo College growing in numbers, one society finally became too crowded for the best literary results, and in 1906 a number of the Eurodelphians left the society to form

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\$18 to \$40, Suits and Overcoats \$8 to \$30, other good makes

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a new one under the name of Kappa Pi. The daughter society has grown wonderfully and the Euros are proud of her.

The Eurodelphian girls are striving to reach a deeper, broader character by contact and co-operation with one another in the sisterly friendship which their name signifies. Theirs is a spirit of mutual helpfulness and womanly sympathy. The aim and purpose of the Euros is to give to each member a truer womanhood, the closest of friendships, and a better equipment for future endeavor.

Bright have been the past years and filled to overflowing with good times, dear girls, the satisfaction of work well done, and difficulties surmounted. But brighter yet is the coming year with its possibilities and hopes, newly charged with the spirit to move forward and upward through the year.

And so in all their plans, their good cheer, and sturdy effort, may the bearers of the crimson and the gray reach the high goal they have set themselves and looking back be able to say "well done."

"The years of our band number fifty strong now,
But our spirit is hopeful and young,
And our heart is as light and our wit is as keen
As the day when our race was begun.

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For our mind is refreshed and our strength renewed,
 Made fair the work of our hands,
 As we labor and strive with our motto to cheer
 The strength of the cord's in its strands.

E. P. K., '13.

Century Forum Literary Society

On February 6, 1900, seven earnest students met in response to a need that the two existing men's societies were too crowded to supply. This meeting was the embryo of the Century Forum. On February 20, 1900, twenty-four students signed a compact pledging themselves to work for the success of the new organization. These became the charter members of the new society.

The society began its active existence in the spring term of 1900. For its colors the society chose purple and white, for its motto "Colenda Facilitas." In March, 1910, the Century Forum united with the Zetaethian Society of Albion College, the Zeta Sigma of Alma, and the Adelpic of Olivet to form the Michigan Intercollegiate Affiliation of Literary Societies. This organization aims to bring the students of the different colleges into closer touch by means of an annual banquet, held during the field day meet; and to stimulate interest in literary work by the publication of an Affiliation Annual, and by inter-society debates.

While the Century Forum cannot claim the long history, with its attendant traditions and spirit, of which the older societies boast, it has the advantage of being bound by no cramped traditions or spirit of the past. The Century Forum is an organization of the twentieth century and its ideals are the ideals of that century: democracy and progress. It is in this spirit that we extend a most cordial welcome to the class of 1915, and to the men of that class we express the hope that we may see a goodly number among our members.

N. J. E., '12.

Kappa Pi Literary Society

Five years ago, on the 26th of March, fourteen enthusiastic girls met to hold the first meeting of the Kappa Pi Literary Society. They chose for their motto "Training for Active Life Service," and immediately set to work to form a society of which Kazoo should be proud. Those early days were busy ones, yet happy ones, too, for each girl knew that she was laying the foundation of a great work.

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Kalamazoo Hall was the early home of the Kappas and its old walls hold many secrets of the faithful work of the little band. Later on the Kappas moved to their present room in Bowen Hall, where their faithful work continued. More girls joined the little band, the old girls left, but the society still marched forward. Every Friday evening found the girls in their places and when the drama was suggested, the girls did their best, and the spring of 1911 saw the successful production of "Endymion" by the wearers of the green and gold.

May the friendships begun here grow stronger through the coming years, may the training received be ever useful, and may all the Kappas proudly join to sing:

"Still our hearts are loyal
And from sorrow free.
Gladly bring we praises,
Kappa Pi, to thee;
Though miles may divide us,
Years may pass away,
Still the song is ringing,
Kappa Pi today;
Our Kappa Pi today."

E. F. C. '12.

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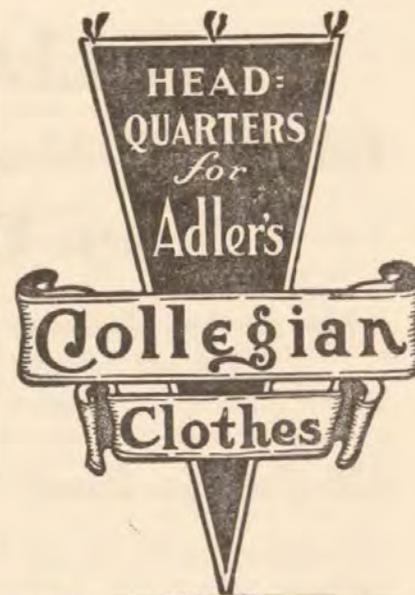
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Of the many opportunities which come to the college student, one of the greatest is that of coming in direct touch with the Christian associations. The aim of the associations is to advance the physical, social, intellectual, moral and spiritual welfare of the student. How often a student disheartened and blue, has gone to one of these meetings and been wonderfully helped.

Both the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. are looking forward to a more prosperous year than ever before. Let us all, if we are not members, join and make this year a grand success. With such co-operation a great work should be done.

The first meeting of the Y. W. C. A. was held Wednesday afternoon, September 21. Almost fifty girls were present. The leader, Miss Barnett, spoke on the subject "A Glorious Prospect." The time of the meeting has been changed from Wednesday afternoon to Tuesday afternoon.

Rev. John Smith led the first meeting of the Y. M. C. A. Wednesday evening, September 27.

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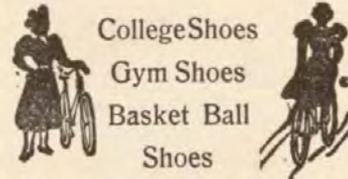
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The following are the officers of the associations for this year:
Y. W. C. A.—President, Mary Barnett; vice president, Sigrid Johnson; secretary, Helen Crissman; treasurer, Elsie Kappen.
Y. M. C. A.—President, John Peterson; vice president, George Robison; secretary, Carl O. Graeber; treasurer, Walter Terpening.
L. R., '12.

Alumni

It would be esteemed a great favor if the alumni would inform the editor of this department concerning any changes they have made this fall. Kalamazoo College is interested in its graduates, and would like to know how they are succeeding.

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Here is "good luck" to the class of '11:

Clarissa Alexander is spending the year at her home in Detroit.

Florence Best is teaching science at Casnovia, Mich.

Claude Courter is superintendent of schools at Kalkaska, Mich.

Ruth Cooley teaches English at Webster City, Iowa.

Maibelle Geiger has a position as teacher at Stromburg, Mich.

Millie Gibson is located at Comstock, Mich.

Lillian Krogen is teaching at Sparta, Mich.

Anna Matson is at Three Rivers, teaching in the high school there.

Mabel Rix has a position as teacher at Wyandotte.

John Small is Y. M. C. A. secretary at Warren, Pa.

Anita Walker is at Dowagiac teaching German and Latin.

Solomon Williamson has entered the Hartford Theological Seminary at Hartford, Conn.

Fred Windoes teaches mathematics and is coach at Ludington.

Paul Stetson, '07, who has been superintendent of the Big Rapids schools, has accepted the position of principal at the New Vocational High in Grand Rapids.

Clark J. Dye, '05, is the new principal at Benton Harbor.

Nina Packard, '09, is teaching science at Manton, Mich.

Roy Knapp, '08, is home on his vacation from Beirut, Syria, where he has been teaching.

Edith Walworth, '08, was recently united in marriage to J. N. Martin. They will reside in Ames, Iowa.

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On The Campus

Miss Pearl Reedy spent several days of the first week of school visiting college.

Donald Strickland visited chapel Sept. 20.

We are glad to welcome back to our own ranks Miss Mabel Fitch, Paul Johnson and W. C. Buchanan.

The Junior Class boasts three new members, Miss Cressey, who comes from Chicago University, Miss Derby and Evert Dewey, from Oberlin.

Arthur Fraser, who has been studying the organ in Chicago, returned to college Sept. 28.

Carey R. Johnson, of the class of '07, visited college Sept. 25.

William Balch, who entered college with the class of 1912, spent two days of a thirteen day furlough renewing old acquaintances during the opening week of the term. At the time he left college he was stationed in the Norfolk navy yard, but was soon transferred to the battleship Kansas, and is a non-commissioned officer traveled across the Atlantic. We are promised a letter by him for a later number of the Index about his experiences as a United States sailor in the old country, which he visited while a member of the crew of one of the largest battleships in the United States navy.

Sept. 21. After chapel the students held an "enthusiasm meeting," in which they practised yells and songs with which to greet President Taft on his visit to the college.

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Our Neighbors

In America, the land of great specialization as it is sometimes called, nothing is more thoroughly specialized, for practical needs as well as general knowledge, than education. The country's progress is due, in a large measure, to its widely spread and highly developed educational system. We are glad to note that Michigan is among the leaders, and that its institutions, public and private, stand with the highest.

Dr. G. J. Kollen retires this year from the presidency of Hope College for a well-earned rest. President Kollen has spent twenty-five years in connection with the college, and can point with pride to its present substantial group of buildings and large attendance as a fitting monument to his untiring efforts and great ability as president.

It is reported that, if the necessary funds can be secured, Olivet will erect the finest gymnasium of any of the western colleges.

Hope has surely set the ball rolling. On the afternoon of May 8 a ladies' oratorical contest was held, at which time Miss Irene Stapfelkamp was chosen as their representative in the state oratorical contest, to be held at Olivet this year.

Prof. Mark Jefferson of Ypsilanti has adopted a new method of studying geography. His plan is to make a journey afoot over Italy, Switzerland, France and Wales in order to see the country near to nature and to make geographical observations.

H. R. C., '13.

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Sollicitous Student: "In what course will you graduate?"
Flunker: "In the course of time."—Ex.

Fifty years ago men were afraid of electricity, but now they make light of it.

A huge word softly spoken
In cadence full and round,
At college often covers
An ignorance profound.—Ex.

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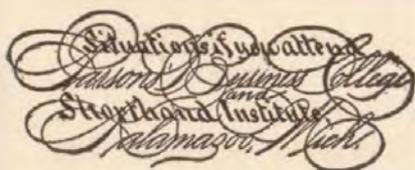
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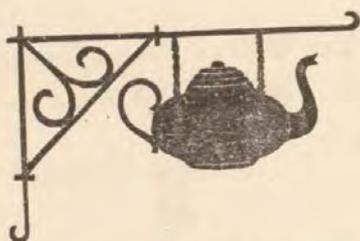
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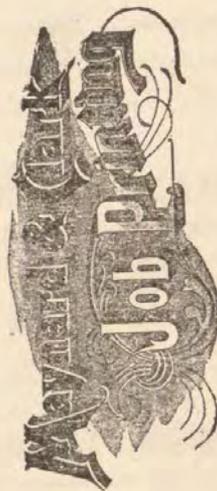
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THE
COLLEGE
INDEX
NOVEMBER, 1911



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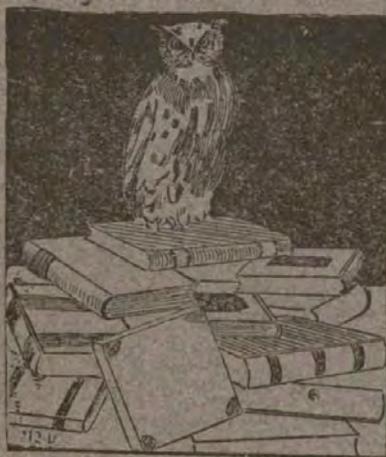


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Volume 33

Number 2

The College Index

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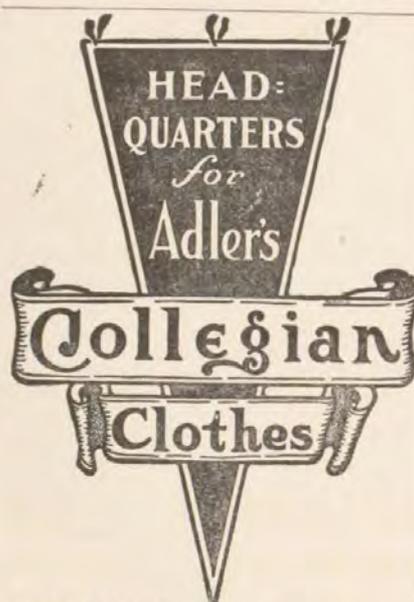
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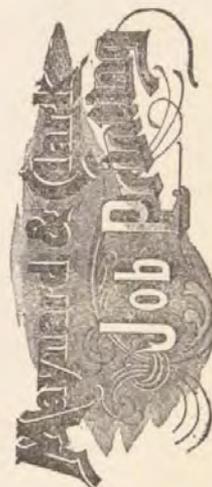
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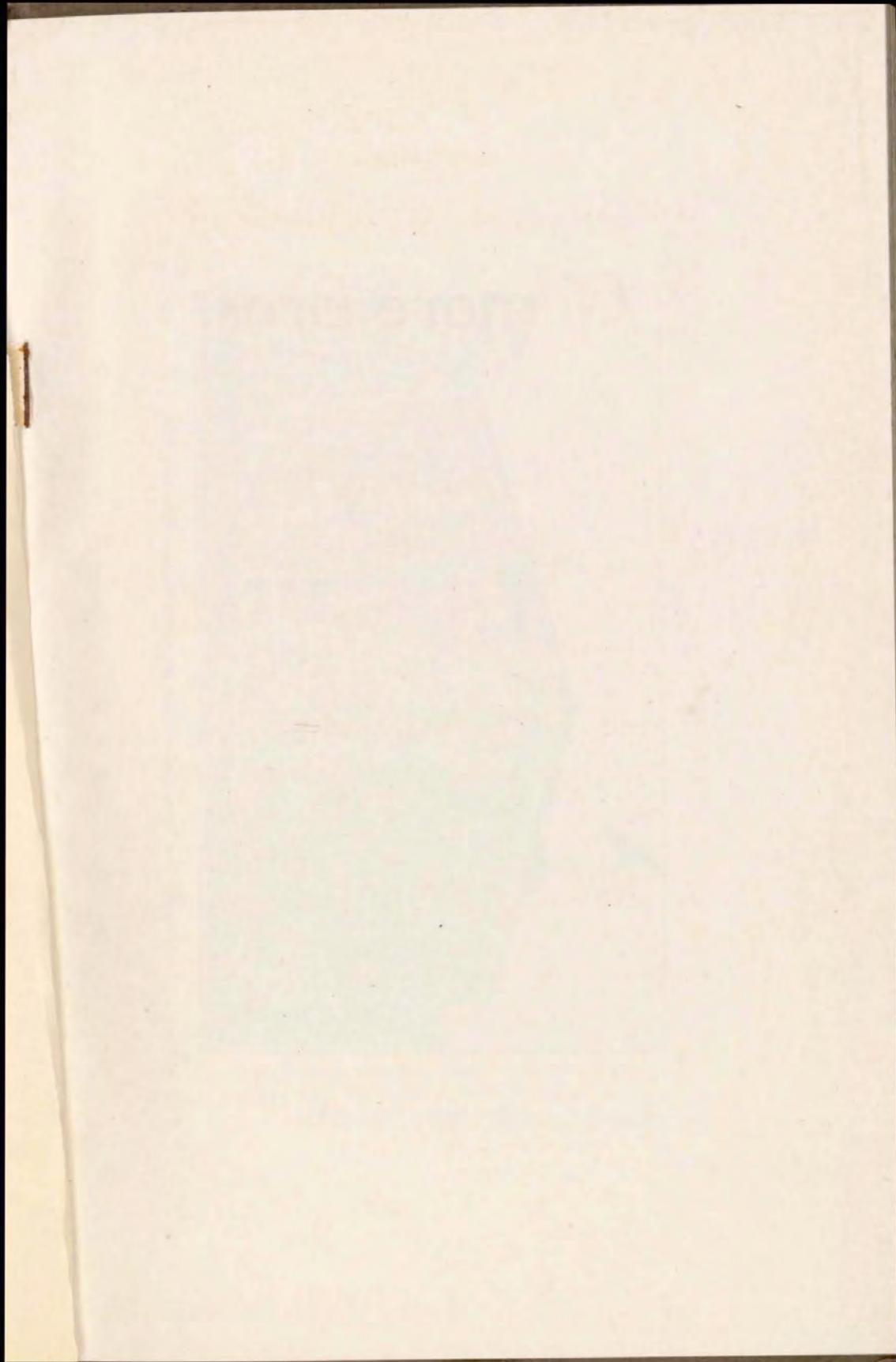
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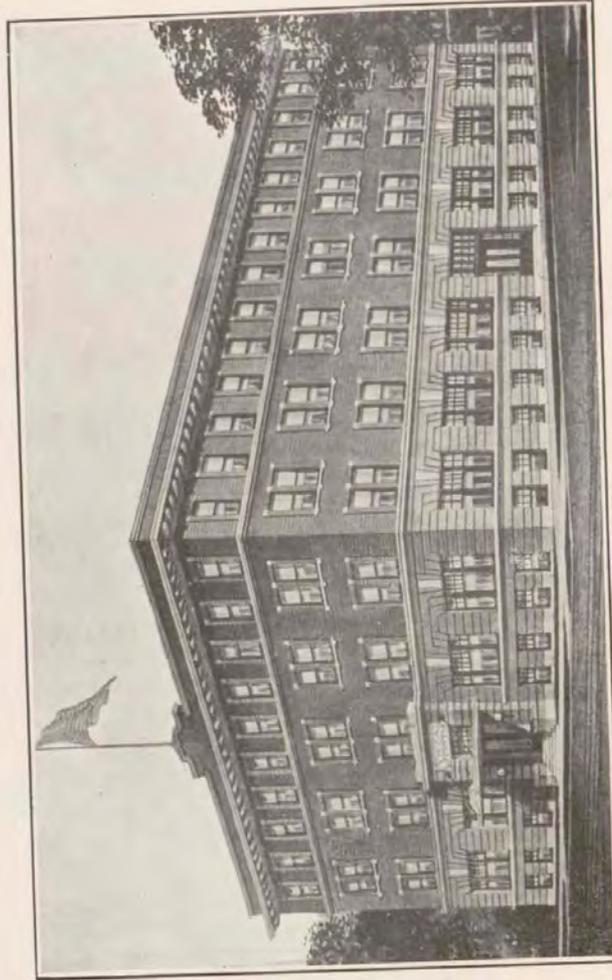
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The College Index

Volume XXXIII

NOVEMBER, 1911

Number 2

Freshman Problems

I know not how it comes about
On many points we feel in doubt
You Freshmen problems hate, but we
An answer now demand from thee.
Freshmen, speak up!

We wonder did it give Ralph Payne
To see Merle Brake a rule again.
On whom has Ethel now A. Case?
Was Irwin True or double-faced?
Freshmen, speak up!

Is Harold Stuck on Germany?
Why Margu'rite favors French, tell me?
We oft upon a big head strike
But what's the Freshies' Loughhead like?
Freshmen, speak up!

Could Leon Quick-ly to us, straight,
The height of Joseph Mountain state?
Would William Fort surrender say
If leap-year proposals came his way?
Freshmen, speak up!

Come tell us what a Mark is worth?
Will Cyril Young be from his birth?
'Tis seldom that the Good-rich grow,
Then how did Bernice work it so?
Freshmen, speak up!

Do breezes Russell Curtis Leaf?
 Is Capron Manley when in grief?
 Does Nellie Rank among the best?
 Does Sue Slay-tons when she's hard pressed?
 Freshmen, speak up!

No interference Ervene Brooks,
 Is it when studying her books?
 Remember, all who're mentioned here,
 We want solved these problems queer.
 Freshmen, speak up!

I. F. S., '12.

Calm After Storm

Just why I had been sent to college was a problem I had never been able to solve. Probably it was because the old folks had set their hearts on "gittin' Bill eddycated," and so I arrived at a small, out-of-the-way institution much as a docile horse is shipped to new training quarters, not knowing nor caring what lies before him.

The first day was a discouraging one, more so, perhaps, because the horrors of the latter part were so contrasted with the blissful beginning. As I left my boarding house and started for school, I nearly fell over with joy, for just coming out of another house a short distance ahead was Lois. She had never looked so beautiful in all the years I had known her; and I was wafted to dizzy heights of undiluted bliss, when I realized I could walk to school with her for at least another year. The half-mile to the college, which I had thought would be extremely long, passed altogether too quickly, and we entered the solemn portals, sighing as the heavy dignity of "higher education" settled immediately upon our frivolous young shoulders.

When I finally discovered the room where the newcomers were herded, waiting to see the president, Lois had already arrived there and obtained a seat. I could have cried when I saw there were no empty seats near her, but I was all smiles again upon perceiving that I had an excellent view of her profile from where I sat, and that I could study it unobserved. Here I sat for two hours awaiting my turn, dreaming rosy dreams of how I would

have to cut short Lois' intended career as a teacher by presenting her with a gold band and a little bungalow just built for two. Though Lois was summoned half an hour before me, I was still in this frame of mind when my turn finally came. Entering the inner sanctum, I stood fully two minutes at his desk before the big chief deigned to raise his eyes. When he finally did turn his fiery optics upon me I wished I were somewhere else.

"What are you doing in here now, eh?" he said to me. "Can't you see I'm busy? Leave at once. I'm seeing only Freshmen this morning."

"But, sir, I thought——"

"Never mind your thoughts, sir. Leave at once. When I make an appointment I demand to have it kept. See to it that you do so. Next!"

"I am a——"

"Bzzzz, bzzzz," sounded the electric signal in the waiting room, and as the next victim entered the room I managed to stumble through the right door into the hall.

I was dazed. The floor and walls of the hall would not quiet down for several minutes, but when they had subsided to a gentle undulating motion, the first object I made out distinctly was Lois. Then immediately all was calm. I steered a straight course for her and was about to find a safe anchorage, when she turned her back on me and I was gazing on a very hostile pair of shoulders. This was unaccountable, since it was unprecedented.

"Lois!" I cried, thoroughly alarmed, "what is——"

"I don't want to talk to you any more. Go away," she interrupted icily; but I thought I heard a sob at the end.

"What is it, Lois? Tell me what——"

"I'll never speak to you again, so there," and she fled down the hall.

Gee, but I was downhearted. Exit the rosy dreams of a bungalow built for two; enter, a cheerless "back" apartment.

Apparently there was something very wrong somewhere. Maybe it was my personal appearance; I went and inspected myself before the cloak-room mirror, but could find nothing out of the ordinary. Maybe it was my mind; I hastily ran over the alphabet and the multiplication table, but concluded I was still sane. What could it be? Finally I gave it up, and went home; that is, I went back to my "coop."

By the middle of the afternoon I had decided upon a life of crime with a tragic end. So I made my way to the town and began to look around for someone on whom to wreak my ven-

geance. Before evening, however, I had decided to have at least one more good meal and one more good ten-hour sleep prior to my plunge into the depths. Thus it was that I hurried back to supper and to bed. I had hoped to lie awake all night and toss restlessly, as they do in stories, but I had not even had time to decide between strychnine or carbolic acid before I fell asleep.

Upon awaking in the morning the early sun of a beautiful September day was streaming through the window, so I resolved to postpone the gruesome end at least one day. The world seemed to be a fairly decent place to live in, after all, and perhaps those bachelor apartments, with a nice bull-dog growling in front of an open grate fire, would not be so bad as I had thought.

I arrived at the college again in an almost hopeful frame of mind, but my equilibrium was disturbed almost immediately. As I was walking slowly through the hall a figure hurried up behind me and said:

"Remember what I said about appointments. It was at 10 o'clock today, not yesterday."

Before I could think of a reply, the person had rushed on and I was stunned to see that I had been addressed by the president himself. I did not know what he meant, but I thought it best not to disappoint him in so small a matter as an appointment; so at nine fifty-five I slipped quietly into his office, and sat down unobserved.

As the clock on the wall began to strike ten, a young man entered the office with decisive tread and stepped up to the desk. I glanced up at him and again the walls and ceiling swam around, for I was gazing at a perfect likeness of myself. I was stunned for a moment, but slowly a great light was breaking through the chaos of my thoughts. Slowly I recalled the president's attitude of the day before, and also the unaccountable behavior of Lois. I began to understand.

"Mr. Jenkins," began the president, looking angrily at the young man before him, "I am disappointed in you. I thought I could trust you, of all men, to see me at the proper time. Why did you call a day early?"

"I beg your pardon, sir," replied Jenkins. "I understood this was the day."

"Then why did you come to me yesterday?" gasped the president. "If that was a deliberate act, it was inexcusable."

"I did not see you yesterday, sir," exclaimed Jenkins. "I have not been in your office since last June."

"Don't add prevarication to your other sins, young man. You know as well as I do that you came in here at ten o'clock yesterday morning."

The president was white with rage and trembled when he spoke. Jenkins was very pale, but he remained calm.

"At ten o'clock yesterday morning, sir—," he began, but at this point I stood up where the president could see us both, side by side. He gasped a few times, but I will have to admit that he was very quick in recovering.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Jenkins," he said. "It was all my mistake, and I must commend you on your promptness. You are one of the new students, Mr. er-hem, your name, please," he said, turning to me.

"Smith, W. W., science course," I said quickly with a practised air.

"I am glad to know you, Mr. Smith," he said, extending his hand. "And let me make you acquainted with Mr. Jenkins."

While Jenkins and I were shaking hands and laughing over the affair I heard the president muttering to himself, and overheard such phrases as "wonderful likeness," "too bad, too bad," and "means of identification."

We escaped as soon as possible, and I immediately questioned Jenkins about my trouble with Lois. He said he had been considerably surprised when a young lady rushed up to him the day before and exclaimed, "Oh, Bill, what do you think I'm going to do? Come over here and let me tell you." Being a gentleman, he had to decline the honor and to inform her that he did not know her; and this, he said, had made her very angry.

This made me almost wild. I pulled Jenkins with me in a violent rush to where Lois was staying, and he probably thought I was entirely crazy. We entered the long, dim hall of her boarding-house and rapped on the parlor door. Lois herself opened it. Seeing us standing side by side must have been an awful shock, but fortunately Lois is not superstitious and can think quickly.

"Oh, Bill," she cried, "forgive me,"—and she rushed toward Jenkins.

Luckily for me, Jenkins was a somewhat bashful person, so she met only his resisting palms, as he dropped back.

This was too much for me to endure. "Heavens, Lois," I wailed, "don't you know me?"

Her indecision was torture. It seemed like ages as she glanced

from one to the other of us, but it was probably less than a second. With a happy little sigh she came quickly to me.

"You do forgive me, don't you, Billy?" she whispered, laughing up into my eyes. "Of course I knew it was you all the time. I was only fooling."

Jenkins had discreetly turned his head, but overhearing those last words, he just had to grin at me and say silently with his lips: "Just like a woman."

COLEMAN R. CARYL, '14.

A Freshman Girl's Letter

Ladies' Hall, October 6, 1911.

Dear Father, Mother, Brother and Sister: I honestly intended to write you this morning, but I couldn't find anything to write with, or on.

I had begun to think I liked this place very much, for the girls are all lovely to me. Of course, I don't know much about the boys, since you told me to be very modest and discreet when I first came, mother; but they seem real nice, too. Everybody has been kind to me and I've enjoyed myself immensely.

Last night we Freshmen had our class party. We were afraid some of the upper-classmen would do "stunts" to us. That "stunts" is a word everybody uses here, and it really isn't slang, for as I promised I'm very careful not to pick up college slang. So we had our party at the Hall, where Miss Hussey and Mrs. Wheaton could take care of us. We had a nice time; but I'll tell you about that later, for I must tell you what those awful girls did to our rooms. There wasn't a thing left in our room but the dresser, and scraps of paper scattered all over the floor! And I had just swept that floor, too! My clothes were strewn all over the building; hidden, wrinkled, and everything else. There is one girl who rooms with a Senior, and she certainly was lucky. Of course they couldn't stack a Senior's room, so she got off easy. "Stack" is the word they use here to express what they did.

Well, I was just mad enough to cry, and I decided I'd come right home if that's the way they act down here; but all the girls were so kind, and sympathized so much that we Freshman girls piled in and tried to get things straightened out. We had

to hunt about an hour before we could find enough beds to sleep on, so we didn't get to bed till late.

This morning I spent the whole time trying to find my belongings. I haven't got them all yet; but Miss Hussey said not to say anything about it, for they'd all come back. They put soap all over our windows and mirrors; and it took an awfully long time to get it off, too. But I just wish you could have seen the halls. They looked as if a rummage sale was being held in them. It seems funny now, but it didn't last night.

The funny part of it is, the older girls all feel so sorry for us. We hardly know which girls did it; but I know some of them must be guilty. Oh, just wait till next year! Won't we do it up brown, though?

Well, dear folks, as I said before, we didn't go to bed till late, so I'm so sleepy I just can't write any more, but I'll write again soon. Good night and lots of love to all. MOLLY.

P. S.—I guess my clothes didn't get wrinkled very much, after all. Wish I could see you all. Tell Jack I will send him a pennant. M.

EDITH M. CLARK, '12.

Our Pride

Is there strife in our famed Hall of Learning ?
 Are the bold upper-classmen still yearning
 To show their superior might?
 Well, then, list to my tale, worthy student,
 Do you think that 'twould really be prudent
 Against such a force to unite?

For their strength lies not merely in numbers,
 For there's many a great name encumbers
 The roll of the brave Freshman Class.
 Not a one of their mighty band barring,
 The most powerful among them is Starring,
 A hero whom none may surpass.

There's an Arthur, a Fraser, an Owen
 Treading daily the wide halls of Bowen,
 Newcombe, but most welcome, forsooth,

With Slayton, Monteith, and VanVranken,
And not failing to take Nellie Rank in,
Our list includes maiden and youth.

Yea, for Weeks we have waited their coming,
Knowing well they'd Quick set things humming
On gridiron and diamond and court,
For the French and the Welsh have united,
And a Roman, oh, yes, he was sighted
In battle, in classroom, in sport.

They have also a Fort and a Mountain,
With the Rhodaes leading up to a fountain,
And Brooks making much Goodrich earth,
Where a Bryant might live in contentment,
E'en for Payne never feeling resentment,
A Freeman of rank and of Worth.

There are names we've already proved able,
Witness Upjohn and Stuck, and DenAdel,
With Lassfolk, and Olsen, and Case.
Better pause then, on student, and ponder,
Take a look at the mighty band yonder,
A foe you may worthily face.

A JUNIOR.

Freshman Memories

Oh, those first few days. Will I ever forget them? Even now, I can see myself being hurried about from one thing to another, taking time to breathe only occasionally.

I was met at the station by a girl wearing the orange and black, and escorted by her out toward the west end of town. College hill and finally Ladies' Hall hove in sight. The campus looked beautiful in its early autumn dress and I decided at once that any one would be happy in such a delightful place.

Every few minutes a burst of sound came from some corner. Freshman-like, I inquired what was wrong, only to be told that someone else had come and was being besieged with welcomes by every one she knew. 'Way down in my heart I began to feel

that every one knew every one else and I alone was deserted, so I began to think about a train for home. Just then some one came and hustled me off to Bowen Hall. There I met people of every size and disposition. I endeavored at first to remember names, but I soon gave that up in sheer despair.

To frighten us upper classmen told us of a committee of the faculty we would have to interview in regard to our work; told us of the stern and dignified manner in which they would meet each of us; told us of the steward, who would be willing to relieve us of all our superfluous funds; told us of the arrangement of hours and class-rooms.

Class spirit ran high from the start. Freshman and Sophomore parties were both exciting events, not only for the participants but for the upper class-men, too, who seemed much interested.

The fall term reception, the first social event we attended, literary society open meetings, football games, all claimed our attention. Invitations poured in thick and fast. Then, of course, the all too important spreads claimed their share of attention. How hard it was to find time to study!

Oh, those were Freshment days! Now as jolly Juniors we must stand back. Of course we can offer suggestions to our sister class; but we can no longer be the class most watched of any in school. Our men, twice victors, can no longer apply their strength to the rope which pulls the dozen or more sturdy lads safely through the raging waters of our beloved Mirror Lake. Now we spend out time studying, setting examples for the present Freshmen, and entertaining for said Freshmen. All we have are the memories of our Freshman days. Next year, when we stand on the threshold of the busy world of which we are so soon to become a part, our regret will be that we can never again be Freshmen.

M. E. BENSON, '13.

Pocketbook Reflections of a Freshie

From homes of wealth and sunshine,
From large, imposing structures,
From haunts of trailing woodbine,
Come the cries of these collectors.

They meet me in the hallways,
They meet me on the stair,
They work on bright or rainy days,
They seem to be everywhere.

I've joined the Y. M. Athletic Club,
My lit. society costs a mite (?)
My class dues—fierce; but one's a chub,
To refuse anything in sight.

I don't know what I've joined, sir,
What I've spent my money for;
All the cash that I have coined, sir,
I've spent, and still need more.

So pass me by, collector;
Why must you always say,
"It's a regular college factor,
And dues you must always pay?"

I've been here over a month now,
And there's hardly been a day;
But some one started a quiet row
'Bout dues which "All must pay."

My pocketbook was fat, sir,
When I entered these frescoed walls;
But now I'm nearly broke, sir,
To quiet collectors' howls.

Dear Dad: I've learned a sight, sir,
 In truth, I'm a college factor;
 And guess I'll be alright, sir,
 If I lay out that collector.

R. L. M., '12.

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Mark S. McKinstry	Kalamazoo
Anna M. Monteith	Martin
Joseph H. Mountain	Pewaukee, Wis.
Beth A. Newcome	South Haven
Leon W. Nichols	Kalamazoo
Edith D. Olsen	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Ralph B. Payne	Kalamazoo
Myreene F. Pelton	Kalamazoo
Oscar J. Peterson	Manistique
David Polasky	Kalamazoo
Leon R. Quick	Manistique
Ralph S. Randall	Kalamazoo
Nellie Rank	Kalamazoo
Edgar F. Raseman	Kalamazoo
Louis D. Rhoades	Kendalls
Donald C. Rockwell	Kalamazoo
Dominick E. Romano	Kalamazoo
Harold E. Russell	Kalamazoo
Lester B. Schaeffer	Three Rivers
Susan E. Slayton	Benton Harbor
Ruth B. Stanley	Kalamazoo
Peter W. Starring	Rochester
Paul M. Tedrow	Kalamazoo
Homer F. Townsend	Grand Rapids
Donna C. VanVranken	Kalamazoo
Gladys M. Vosburg	Kalamazoo
Floyd E. Weeks	Three Rivers
Mildred Welsh	Kalamazoo
Charlotte Wightman	Kalamazoo
Mabel C. Woodard	Kalamazoo
Mark L. Worth	Kalamazoo
Cyril A. Youngs	Kalamazoo
Lucile Owen	Manistique

The Telephone as a Nuisance

We Can Do Without It.

Bob Finley sank into an easy chair after a hard day's work at the power house. After an effort to interest himself he laid aside a journal of his profession.

"No use, Gertrude," he confided to his favorite pipe. —Later, "I wonder what Willis is doing."

He stepped to the 'phone and soon had Underwood started on his motorcycle.

"What a great thing the telephone is," he remarked as Willis entered. "We both might be moping around now, wondering what the other was doing."

They were soon deep in college memories.—"We thought 'Shug' had a touch——." "Brrrrrrr!" It was the 'phone.

"No, madam, this is 205," explained Bob courteously.

"We thought 'Shug'——." "Brrrrr!" interjected the phone.

"Yes, I'll see to that in the morning."

"We——" "Brrrrrrrrr!"

"No!" thundered Bob, "this is 205."

"Yes, 'Shug' started like a——" "Brrrrr!"

"Very sorry, but I have a caller. —Why, errrr, on the square, Mabel. I'm so ill I'm——" One stroke of a pocket knife severed the wires.

"I'll tell her the wires were broken in a storm," he growled; and soon they were musingly discussing "Shug's" mishap on the gridiron.

D. C. ROCKWELL, '15.

We Cannot Do Without It.

"The telephone," said the man with the bristling hair, "the telephone is an article which the world would be better without. It wakens you from a peaceful dream in the wee hours of the night, and you think that surely someone has been hurt; when usually it proves to be some idiot who wanted to tell you his baby had hay fever, or possibly a faker asking if this is where Smith lives. No, sir! I wouldn't have one in my house. What'd you say? Oh, yes, I had one. Had one for—well—for about a year; but I soon got tired of it—positively sick of it. Nuisance? It's worse. It is a calamity for any household to have one within seven blocks. When I wanted to use it there was sure to be someone on the line—a girl usually, and she always had a batch

of news to tell her neighbor that would fill two or three average encyclopedias. And, besides, when I'd finally get a chance to talk some sociable native would take down his receiver to listen. I don't mind giving the neighbors lessons in good English, most of them need it; but, well, anyway, I don't like to have the whole neighborhood coming in to use it. Too much bother, and——" Just then the clock struck. "What, six o'clock? Hm-m—say, Jones, I promised to meet my wife at six. Mind if I call up? All right, thanks—Hello, central! Hello, I say! Give me West 1-0—huh! forgot our 'phone was out," and the one with the bristling hair clicked down the receiver. "Well, I'll call up Davis. He's next door—Hello, hello, there! Give me—what? No, you round-head, I'm not trying to listen to your jingo! Ring off there! I've been trying to get someone for the last hour! Ah, central—oh, give me West 1-3. Yep, I know they're home. Ring 'em again!—All right, then!" and bang went the receiver onto the hook. "Those people never are home. Well, fellows, I've got to run." The little fellow in the high collar coughed, Jones sneezed, and one gentleman had the ill manner to snicker. "Huh!" grunted the man with the bristling hair, as he slid into his overcoat, "What's the joke? If you had to chase a mile and a half, all because a blockhead of a neighbor isn't home, you'd say something else! By gracious, I'll——" The rest was lost in the slamming of the door, but it sounded very like a threat to install a new 'phone in his own house.

W. H. FORT, '15.

OPPORTUNITY.

They do me wrong who say I come no more,
 When once I knock and fail to find you in;
 For every day I stand outside your door
 And bid you wake and rise to fight and win.
 Wail not for precious chances passed away,
 Weep not for golden ages on the wane;
 Each night I burn the records of the day,
 At sunrise every soul is born again.
 Laugh like a boy at splendors that are sped,
 To vanished joys be blind, and deaf and dumb;
 My judgments seal the dead past with its dead,
 But never bind a moment yet to come.
 Though deep in mire, wring not your hands and weep,
 I lend my arm to all who say "I can."

JUDGE WALTER MALONE, Memphis, Tenn.

Under The Oaks

THE SENIOR CLASS PARTY.

The first of the series of class functions was the Senior Class party that was held at the home of Miss Gladys Babcock at the beginning of the term. At this time the Seniors had their first preliminaries to see who would draw the star positions and roles for the Senior play, to be given at commencement time. During the course of the evening a full Majestic program was rendered with the various members of the class in leading parts. If there is to be any whistling in the Senior play Graeber will easily distance the others in that even, as he qualified so far in advance of the rest that the others seemed to be in the "also ran" class. The moving pictures were one of the most enjoyable things on the program and drew their share of the applause. The work of Colton Miles as Shylock in the drama "Helen, the Beautiful Chorus Girl" was the most noticeable of all that appeared on this part of the program.

The playlet, "At Ladies' Hall," was very well received and the work of Louis Raseman as "The Boy" made a great hit with the very critical audience. After the program was concluded the election of officers for this term took place, with the following results:

President, Colton B. Miles; vice president, Miss Gladys Babcock; secretary, Roger B. Smith; treasurer, Richard H. Wolfe.

C. H. B., '12.

THE JUNIOR CLASS PARTY.

On the evening of Oct. 3, the Juniors gathered in a jolly crowd at the home of Catherine Gleason for a class party. After an hour spent in games and music, the election of officers took place and resulted as follows:

President, Minerva Keis.
Vice president, Clinton Case.
Secretary, Daisy Cressey.
Treasurer, George Robison.

After the election a dainty lunch was served to groups of four at small tables. The chaperon of the evening was Mrs. Perkins, who did much to make the party still more enjoyable. The Juniors

have taken her into their hearts and she herself declares that she is a loyal member of the class of 1913.

R. G. W., '13.

THE SOPHOMORE CLASS PARTY.

Wednesday, Oct. 4, the Sophomores met in the peaceful shelter of Ladies' Hall for their first class party, be it known also that it was a classy party. The night winds sighed and the hoot owls cried, but no one deemed the subject or subjects worth the expenditure of enough breath to make a hostile noise. Be that as it may, none was so expended, nothing occurred to disturb the calm serenity of the tranquil occasion, unless the untimely arrival of Harvey Pierson Pettit, escorted by the "Roughneck Brigade," could be so termed. Mr. Pettit said that one of the "Roughnecks" climbed in through the window in his earnest effort to induce him to attend the party. Perseverance won deserved success.

Throughout the evening games and refreshments were enjoyed, especially the refreshments. After the debris was cleared away officers were elected. It was deemed expedient that the following people should uphold the honor and integrity of the Sophomore class: President, Louis Thompson; vice president, Miss Frances Eldridge; secretary, Miss Hazel Bennett; treasurer, Harry Harvey; yellmaster, O. Z. Ide.

The party did not break up, but all went away in a bunch, believing that in union there is strength. "Willie" Sweitzer, however, was caught and terribly maltreated by the aforementioned "Brigade." The extent of his bodily injuries is unknown, but the damage to his hitherto irrepressible spirit wrought by the horrifying indignities and contumelious treatment accorded to his stately form and the opprobrious obloquys heaped upon his illustrious head by the wanton vagaries and beffoonery of a band of puerile, pusillanimous marauders is said to be inestimable. But, seriously, the Sophomores said they enjoyed the few hours of relaxation from the strain of study and were glad to get together again after a few months of separation.

BY HEK, '14.

THE FRESHMAN CLASS PARTY.

On Friday evening, October the sixth, the kind invitation of Miss Hussey, the Freshmen, large and small, gathered for their first party at Ladies' Hall. Each year Miss Hussey plans this entertainment for the Freshmen, which they all appreciate,

as was shown by the large number present. It seems that the Sophomores enjoyed their Freshman party so much last year that they were unable to remain away. It was even necessary for two of the faculty members to tear them away by force. A delightful evening was spent in games and music, followed by dainty refreshments. In a previous class meeting the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year: President, Mr. Starring; vice president, Miss Lassfolk; secretary, Mr. Shaeffer; and treasurer, Miss Arthur.

M. M. F., '15.

THE BAPTIST CHURCH RECEPTION.

On the evening of Tuesday, Sept. 26, the B. Y. P. U. of the First Baptist Church tendered a reception to the faculty and students of the college. Music was furnished during the evening by Fischer's Orchestra. Light refreshments were served. Everyone present enjoyed a pleasant evening and the cordial relations existing between the college and church were materially strengthened.

E. E. P., '14.

CLEANING THE CAMPUS.

The fair co-eds (fair used in a strictly general sense) girded up their skirts, so to speak, and issued a challenge to the long, lank, lackadaisical members of the sterner sex, to wit: that if said long, lank, lackadaisical persons would forever remove the football field from its state of stony indifference to the hurled impact of soft, yielding bodies (soft being, we believe, used advisedly), also said bodies being those of brave gladiators of the gridiron, usually those of the defenders of our collegiate honor and integrity from the vandals of foreign climes, occasionally those of the aforesaid vandals, that they, the fair co-eds, would aeroplane to the heroic heights of the occasion and endeavor to furnish sandwiches and apples for the multitude. (Note "reversion to type." tempting man with apples, man also fell for it.)

If a miracle was expected from seven loaves and three small veal cutlets, none was noticed, unless the sustained rapidity and consistency (consistency not referring to physical properties of loaves or cutlets) with which they disappeared could be so termed.

But, to go back; on the afternoon of Oct. 4, Anno Domini one thousand nine hundred and eleven, there assembled a great army, from every nation throughout the length and breadth of the campus, to make war on the pebbles and burrs which had overrun the football arena. The embattled farmers stood hand-in-hand with

the petite co-eds, but the moon did not stand still, neither did some of the sons hesitate, but made much hay, while the light still lingered, that they might have great joy when darkness was come. Some of the aforementioned sterner sex stored up many apples and great numbers of dates as the spoils of the fray. Alas! Some labored so assiduously in pursuit of the spoils that the enemy and also time was allowed to flee away.

We take it that the president of the Sophomores was the judge of the fray, at least he seemed to be near the "bench" engaged in sweet discourse with the occupants thereof a large fragment of the time.

Pausing dramatically for a moment after this brief but illuminating introduction, let us plunge precipitately into the matter at hand by stating without equivocation or fear of successful contradiction, that that portion of the lower campus whereon football contests are wont to be waged, has never approached nearer to the ultimate goal of being a real, unencumbered football field than it is today.

BY HEK, '14.

THE TUG-OF-WAR.

Splash! Starring, president of the Freshman class slipped off the bank of Mirror Lake as the first token of a '15 defeat in the third annual Tug-of-War. Other budding students at Kalamazoo College also slipped down the same bank, breaking the peaceful calm of said lake with ripples and eddies, besides arousing its sedimentary depths to a considerable degree. They did not come however, until they had caused the rope to part company with itself twice. General Reeves at this point sent for reinforcements and a new section of rope was added and the real fun began.

It was a great event and the largest crowd that has ever witnessed our annual contest saw the pull. Coach Mather was the hero of the hour as referee. His handling of the starting gun would have done credit to any redcoat at Bunker Hill.

The Sophomores presented a great appearance as they heaved on the rope, their actions being doubly strong as they remembered having caused the stirring of the waters of the pool but a year previous. "Packey" and "Duke" held up the center of the Sophomore side, and the twins showed activities never seen before, although they announced that the Gold Dust twins could do their work at any time.

Horatio Alger Reeves was the real sensation of the day. After he had executed a flank movement and snuck up behind a new

piece of rope to brace up the Freshman end, he took his station near the winners' side as a signal of victory, and there on the end of the seashore declaimed frantically at the fast approaching Fresh tide rolling toward him, his ejaculations being accompanied by the most frantic of gestures that the professor of English never taught him.

Both classes in a frenzied outburst of war cries and excited to a fever heat by wildly gesticulating leaders, sought to inspire heart, soul, strength and anything else into their warriors that would cause the inevitable outcome to occur on the opposite end of the rope.

My! it was so exciting that even some of the senior girls who have reached the stage of sublime earnestness where a smile in a moment of most intense joy resembles closely a crack in a plate, just thought "they would scream."

From beginning to end there was not an idle moment. It was excitement of the most frenzied kind from the moment that the Fresh, president caused the first gurgle in the water until Delinger, the giant '15 anchor, slipped over the end of a cup of coffee up in the kitchen and placed a grasp on one of those sinkers that paled anything that had taken place a few moments before, on the string of destiny that held the two classes together across the lake, and which decided which one should be supreme.

C. H. B., '12.

THE EURODELPHIAN PARTY.

The girls of the Freshman class have been suffering for the last few days from the severe straining of their organs of laughter. Many of them have not yet succeeded in getting their mouths back to their normal positions. The reason was the Eurodelphian party. The general plan of the fun was as follows: Agnes Grenell and Mabel Benson were represented as having the task of filling a bill of vaudeville performances, and they proceeded to a trying out for the different acts. One of the most attractive features was a minstrel quartette whose members, Misses Belcher, Kappen, Eldridge and Clark, were gotten up in fine style and took their parts most naturally. Miss Clark officiated at the piano in a masterful manner, seeming to have an especial gift of keeping off the tune. She also appeared with Miss Hickey in an artistic cakewalk. Miss Lester, as an expert violinist, and Miss Wells, at the piano, distinguished themselves. One of the most charming performances was the "Devil's Dance," which furnished a marked element of fantasy and weirdness to the group. Miss Agnes Oliver

gave a pleasing oration, with Miss Kappan gesturing eloquently. Misses Babcock, Hickey and Bagg filled the room with their united voices in an oratorical contest. Miss Williams and Miss Clark, as prima donnas, performed most winningly, considering the overpoweringly nasal quality of their voices. The group was brought to a fitting climax by a sermon of profound depth by the Reverend M. Towsley, colored. The gist of the discourse was a convincing proof of the fact that Mother Hubbard went to her cupboard to get her dog a bone, and found nothing there. Miss Helen Crissman acted as page, and displayed throughout the sweet qualities of her magnificent voice by advertising "che-oooing gum and candy," and expelling obnoxious dogs. The limp and smiling audience was then revived with delicious refreshments, and they were able to express their pleasure to their hostesses and depart full of joy.

L. L. A., '15.

DR. STETSON'S BIRTHDAY.

On Monday, Oct. 16. occurred Dr. Stetson's sixty-fourth birthday. In honor of the occasion, the students and faculty presented him with a Bible, a very artistic scrap-book called "Kalamazoo," by Paul Johnson, and a large bouquet of beautiful roses. But something far greater than the value of the gifts was the spirit of loyalty, appreciation and sympathy which prompted the giving of them.

Mr. Colton Miles expressed the deep appreciation of the student body for what Dr. Stetson has done and is doing to make our college a greater success than it has been in the past.

Dr. Stetson in reply, said: "I am sixty-four years young," and that statement gives the secret of his youthful vigor; his fresh, humorous outlook on life; his ability to keep up to the times; and last of all his sympathetic understanding of student life. He also expressed his deep gratitude for the thoughtful remembrances of the occasion and the spirit which had prompted them to be given. He modestly gave the faculty a great deal of deserved credit for their assistance in what had been done, and hoped that all would work together to accomplish greater things.

E. E. P., '14.

THE OPEN FORUM.

The first Open Forum of the year was held after chapel on Oct. 17. The question to be discussed was thus stated by Dr. Stetson: "There should be a student council to act in conjunction with the faculty in the governing of college affairs."

The discussion was opened by Mr. Richard Wolfe, who spoke on the affirmative side of the question. His first question was in regard as to what a student's council really is. He mentioned two kinds of councils, one in which each of the classes and the faculty was represented; and the other kind, where there were subordinate committees. Either of such councils would be successful in creating general satisfaction in the running of a college, the speaker contended.

"The faculty would be with us," he concluded, "and that is right. Such a council would make stronger the friendly relations between faculty and students."

Mr. Rollie Miles then spoke on the negative side of the question. He maintained that in a college the size of ours, a council of students and faculty was not necessary. His points ran thus:

1. The interests of our college students are common.
2. College students are not capable of judging their fellow students.
3. Such a council would not be practical.

Therefore we are better able now to cope with questions of college life than we should be with a council.

Mr. Frost contended that such a council would create a closer bond between students and faculty. He agreed with Mr. Miles that we had not judgment to pass on fellow students, but said that the faculty were to supply us with what judgment we lacked on coming to college. We must use our heads, educate our judgment and help make the rules of college government.

Mr. Graeber rose in support of the negative. His points were three:

1. The first danger is of electing the popular man of the class for membership in the council, rather than the one fitted for such an office.
2. The danger of cliques. Fraternity or literary society men would always try to get their candidate up for office.

Mr. Graeber cited examples of this happening at other colleges.

3. What right have we to determine the powers of the faculty? There are some things which only the faculty must determine. Theirs is the right of such deliberation as they think best.

Prof. C. B. Williams made this statement: "The efficacy of a student body in managing affairs depends on whether they want to. A council should not be forced upon the student body. If they want one they should have it."

Miss Grenell cited a case at Bryn Mawr where a senior girl, on disobeying a rule, was condemned by her classmates, who would

let no personal feelings enter, but pardoned by the faculty, who allowed her to graduate. Here the student council was proved to be above personal feelings, therefore, successful.

Professor Smith rose to state that this was true in cases of which he had known. The student body are too harsh.

Mrs. Perkins agreed with Mr. Graeber's first point.

Dr. Williams spoke of the issue from a moral standpoint. We should feel a moral responsibility for the best good of the whole student body. It is a question of "ought" with the whole body, not just "our bunch." Such questions have a moral issue. We must meet these issues in life, as citizens. We should know the favorable and unfavorable points and then decide what is worth while.

Dr. Balch spoke from the viewpoint of the faculty needing the student council, as well as the students needing it.

"We should know the 'why' of the students; we should see as clearly as possible their side of college questions. We need them to help solve our problems."

Miss Edith Clark stated that college students are more interested in things in which they may themselves take part. Thus we should have a student-faculty council.

Professor Praeger entered the discussion by stating that very many of the best colleges of the country had such student government as the council being considered. "The way to learn, is to act," he said. "Such a council would be a training for citizenship."

Mr. Wilbur Payne spoke for the affirmative, stating that a great deal depended on the student body. They should act.

Mr. Bowen enumerated several "drom" experiences which seemed to point to the need of a council.

Mr. Ellwood closed the discussion, making this point: "If college students are not capable of performing such tasks, there must be very few citizens who ought to vote on important governmental questions."

R. G. W., '13.

AN EXCELLENT WAY TO KILL THE INDEX.

Don't subscribe.—read your neighbor's copy.

Don't fail to criticise. Think of your own excellent ability, and of how much better you could do it.

Don't ever write anything for the Index. Leave that job to some one who has plenty of time.

Don't fail to ferret out every poor point or error. Never mind the good points.

Don't forget to knock as hard as you can.

In other words be uninterested; be dead.

Beware of the above don'ts if you want a good Index.

H. R. C., '13.

ECHOES FROM LADIES' HALL.

Miss Pearl Reedy of Schoolcraft visited Miss Crissman, '13, over Sunday, Sept. 24.

Miss Florence Hartman, '14, spent Sunday, Oct. 15, at her home in South Haven.

Miss Minnie Krotzer, '15, visited her parents in Marshall, Oct. 8.

Miss Ethel Thomas, '11, visited at the Hall over Sunday, Oct. 15.

Miss Matson, '11, visited Miss Benson, Oct. 7.

A new fire escape has been built on the south side of the Hall.

Miss Mabel Benson's sister, of South Haven, visited her from Friday, Oct. 13, till Tuesday, Oct. 17.

Miss Amy A. Acock, a missionary from Japan, who was the guest of Miss Barnett, '13, gave a very interesting talk to the girls Sunday afternoon, Oct. 15, on the missionary work in Japan.

Mrs. Wheaton visited her daughter, Mrs. Johnson, '07, of Chicago, Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 3 and 4.

The Beta Kappas entertained the Freshman Hall girls at their second annual banquet, Saturday evening, Oct. 7.

No more lamps to fill! Gas has been installed in Ladies' Hall.

Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 18, melodious strains of music were heard from the third floor. The Freshman girls were singing of the glory that they thought was about to be theirs. But, strange to say, after the tug-of-war, sounds not melodious, but very sad and mournful, were heard. Why? Ask the Freshies.

The class of 1914 held a party at the Hall, Wednesday, Oct. 4. It was kept very quiet among the Sophomores and no one knew about it until the voices of the assembled company were heard by the girls on the second floor. Immediately the news spread to the third floor. Two of the verdant Freshmen located there sent a wireless to the boys of their class. The boys were not very successful in creating excitement; but the girls, with the aid of the Juniors and Seniors, managed to displace one or two possessions of the Sophomores.

The Sophomore girls took their revenge on the Freshies the following Friday. When the news appeared in the morning paper

that the Freshies would hold their party at Ladies' Hall on that evening, Oct. 6., the Sophomore girls got busy and formed a conspiracy against their enemies. After the party was well along the seamstress of the class got busy, artists made themselves useful, paperhangers cleared the walls and various other occupations claimed the attention of Sophomores. Everything was done thoroughly and quietly. When the party was over the Sophomores heard strange sounds in the hall. Everybody rushed to the rescue! It looked like the ruins of an earthquake or of a volcanic eruption. All over the floor were seen tiny scraps of paper—and talcum powder, and on the walls appeared such signs as "Keep Sweet," "Grin," "Keep Cool," "Cheer Up," "Love Your Enemies," "All that I ask is Love," and various other words of comfort and cheer. The kind Juniors took pity on the Freshmen and gave them a place to rest their weary heads for the night. The next morning they bravely faced the task that was before them. After considerable running about and groping in the dark rooms of the Hall they found most of their belongings and completed the settlement of their sacred homes.

M. E. T., '14.

DR. STETSON'S CHAPEL TALKS.

On Sept. 26 Dr. Stetson gave the first of a series of chapel talks which are to take place on Tuesday mornings during the coming year. His talk was on "Education."

"The essence of education is creation of self," said Dr. Stetson. "One requisite of education is accuracy."

In bringing out his point he read a letter telling of the conversation of a young man with Judge Hoar of Massachusetts. Only after a humiliating argument in which the young man brought to bear all he seemed ever to have learned in college and elsewhere, did he find that he was refuted in every point and all his lines of argument were broken up. The reason was because he was not accurate in his arguments. He either exaggerated his statements or so presented them that they had no logical significance.

"We do not come here only to take in. We are not express wagons. We must not expect to back into college and say to the professors 'Load us up.' Neither are we vacuum cleaners to draw in everything we come near. We are to give service to others as well as to receive it."

These were a few of his suggestive words, showing how we might best measure up to the standard of college-bred men and women.

Dr. Stetson then spoke of the student associations and the

competition they arouse, and suggested the need of organized debates between the literary societies.

On Oct. 3, Dr. Stetson, in his chapel talk, continued along the line of thought of the previous week. "Education Is Creating Self."

"Some one has said we are smaller when we leave college than when we enter. This is only true when we are selfish. Selfishness seems to be one of the great temptations of college life. We have our own regular work to do and we seem to have little time to help others or to become interested in things outside our required work. Even in our studies we usually do only what is absolutely required. But why should we thus make ourselves smaller?"

"We should do a little bit more than is required. If we are asked to go a mile we should go two, for at the end of the second mile comes the exceeding great reward.

"If we become interested in things outside our own selfish welfare, not because it is our duty, but because it is pleasure, we can truthfully say:

"I have grown, I am stronger, I'm a better man or woman. than when I entered college." R. G. W., '13.

ADDRESS BY DR. MCCOLESTER.

The first of the series of chapel talks was delivered Wednesday, Oct. 11, by the Rev. Lee S. McColester, D. D., pastor of the Church of Our Father, of Detroit. Dr. McColester is one of the leading clergymen in this part of the country, and his address of inspiration and power was thoroughly enjoyed by all who were permitted to hear him. The subject which he chose was "The Call of the World." The thought underlying the address was that the work of every individual is to put himself into the closest possible touch with the world, and that success is proportional to the ability of the individual to harmonize with the outside world.

"The greatest works of human history and the works of the greatest men are the results of despondency and come as the results of being in close touch with the outer world. The power to do is within. No man knows his own power. The power of every individual is shown only as changes take place. New conditions arising demand new resources, and these new conditions call out the individuality of a person, the latent power to do things resting within. The latent power of an individual lies dormant until, in a moment of crisis, when the leader is shot down, the new conditions call for this resident intuition.

"Work is the underlying cause of success. In the world good

is perpetuated. The old saying that 'the evil that men do lives after them' is not strictly true. The advance of civilization has been only by the perpetuation of the good.

"No individual ever lives a life strictly by himself and every life needs a reinforcement. Every life must be strengthened. It must be conscious of a power not itself running through the life. The men who have been great and have accomplished the greatest things in life have had this sense of power not their own. Lincoln's greatest ability to solve the question of the problems consequent on secession, sometimes against the advices of the army and the cabinet, was gained through long sessions of thought when there was no one present but Lincoln and his God.

"The life of the individual is but the throbbing, ebbing, flowing, tide of the great ocean of this world and society. I would call you out into this world. It is a good world, a hard world, a big world, a little world, just as you proportion your ability and get into harmony with it. Life is just a journey with a good many stations and it is a good world if we use it to that end."

C. H. B., '12.

DEUTSCHER VEREIN.

The first meeting of the Deutscher Verein for this year was held in Bowen Hall, Oct. 24. The program was as follows:

Solo	Miss Clark
President's Address	Miss Grenell
Our Outlook	Miss Johnson
McDowell	Mr. Fraser
1. His Life and Works	Mr. Fraser
2. Piano Solo, "To a Water Lily".....	Mr. Fraser
3. Reading, "The Eagle"	Miss Knox
4. Piano solo, "The Eagle".....	Mr. Fraser
The Money Question	Miss Stone
Talk	Mrs. Perkins
Solo	Miss Belcher

After the program the members of the club and their friends were served with coffee and sandwiches.

The staff of the Verein is planning many interesting and enjoyable features for the coming year. We would be glad to welcome many new members and all our friends to the monthly meetings of the Verein.

EDITORIALS



—One of the most significant changes in our college life and activity this year is the establishment of the Open Forum. An officially sanctioned discussion of matters relating to college life, is something entirely new in our collegiate experience; and we prove ourselves eager to take advantage of it. It is not always an easy thing to get up before two hundred fellow students and state coherently one's opinion on a subject. Because of this, the discussion at our first Open Forum was carried on largely by Seniors and members of the faculty. But this strangeness will wear off in time; and ere long, we hope to see every class represented in the open debate on these occasions. If you have any subjects for discussion, Professor MacEwan will be glad to receive them; and any suggestions for Tuesday morning exercises may be handed to Professor Praeger.

When a hard game has been played and lost, we, who are on the inside of the fold and are privileged to say so, remark to each other "just our luck;" while those who through the perversity of fate or otherwise, are mere spectators, drawn together by the excitement for the sport, shake their heads and with an "I-told-you-so-beforehand" tone sadly say to each other "that was certainly Kalamazoo luck."

Kalamazoo luck! Who is responsible for this Kalamazoo luck? Is it the man who sacrifices comfort, a warm room and the latest sporting extra for the dirty, tattered suit, damp with perspiration and rain, plastered with mud and sand-burrs, to go down and charge from one end of the field to the other, rain or shine, in order that Kalamazoo may at least be one man stronger in the line-up? Or is it the man who idly walks around with his hands in his pockets and sarcastically makes remarks about the tattered suits and torn jerseys, about the few men out, and lamentably deplores the lack of scrimmage?

Is it the man who sacrifices time, health and money; who shuns the society of others that he may burn the midnight oil and un-

molested grind out the oration that is to bring honor to Kazoo and keep her high in the ranks of oratory? Or is it the man who never tries; who hasn't the time for the persistent mental effort, necessary to achieve any great success; but who spends his time between the Majestic and fulfilling dates? Then when the test comes and perhaps we do not win first place, mournfully bewails the fact that in the "good old days" things were not as they are now?

Is it the person who stands on the side-lines and criticises every play, players and coach included, and wishes for the good old times when Kazoo was first in the M. I. A. A.? Or is it the person who sees and appreciates the spirit with which the men are playing, who knows their handicaps, and who encourages them in their efforts?

We wonder why other colleges win; why their men are so confident of success; why they never play with the customary Kazoo luck back of them. The answer is: In their college, in a race for the team, there is competition of the keenest type. There, a few days before the big game, thirty men reported for practice. Here only eight turned out. "How," in the words of Coach Mather, "how are you going to turn out a team with only eight men?" There, there is competition for positions on the team, and this struggle for place keeps up throughout the year. Here the competition is weak for the first two or three weeks and then drops out altogether.

Just as soon as the idler turns away from his critical inspection of the squad and himself joins them in their struggle for position, and championship, just as soon as the student body banishes the thought of defeat, now so earnestly expected, and sees nothing but victory; just as soon as the "what-is-the-use" person gets behind the bandwagon and begins pushing it out of the rut where it now is; then and only then will the Kazoo luck change and the old Kazoo luck will be tradition only, while the new Kazoo luck will spell "Victory!"

G. H. R., '13.

ATHLETICS

Kalamazoo 3, Olivet 28.

The football season at Kalamazoo was inaugurated on November 7, when, in a well-played game Olivet College won a victory with a score of 28 to 3.

The visitors held the advantage in weight and with a fast and experienced back field, proved too much for the Orange and Black warriors.

Except for the second quarter of the game Kalamazoo played as good football as their opponents, but in those fatal fifteen minutes Olivet got the jump on us and carried the oval across our goal line three times.

Bramble kicked off for Kalamazoo, Hamilton receiving. Rider plowed through guard for five yards. Weber failed to circle end and Rider punted to Bramble, who returned fifteen yards.

Buchanan slipped past Hamilton for five yards. Ide netted six yards through left tackle. Riker stopped Loughead in a line plunge; Bramble punted. In a series of line bucks and end runs the Congregationalists worked the ball down the field to the ten-yard line, from where Weber carried it over. Rider failed at goal. Score, Olivet 5, Kalamazoo 0.

Bramble kicked to Olivet, who was held for downs. Here Kalamazoo showed some aggressiveness and soon had the ball in Olivet's territory. The ball went over again. Buchanan intercepted a forward pass and made a spectacular run of thirty-five yards before he was pulled down. Buchanan then circled right end for five yards, from where Bramble booted a drop between the posts. Score, Olivet 5, Kalamazoo 3.

In the second quarter the visiting backs tore through our line for long gains and negotiated three touchdowns. Score 23-3.

After a few gentle suggestions by Coach Mathers between halves Kalamazoo played some real football. The line charged hard, the backs ran low and all exhibited "pep," which had been somewhat absent in the early stages of the contest. Twice in this period the locals seriously threatened Olivet's goal, but at the crucial moment the ball went over on downs. Bramble tried another drop kick from a difficult angle, but missed by a small margin.

Weber's lone touchdown in the third quarter finished the scoring and in the final period the ball stayed near the center of the field all of the time.

"Toot" Hall, of Olivet, refereed the game and endeared himself to all who were present by his fair (?) decisions and timely penalties. The summary:

Bramble	left end.....'	Hamilton
Romano		Newman
McNeill (cap)	left tackle.....	Riker
Case	left guard.....	Welch
Dewey	center.....	McKenzie
Terpening	right guard.....	Chervonka
Schaeffer	right tackle.....	Bauman
Butler	right end.....	Price (cap)
Miles	quarter.....	Royal
Buchanan	left half.....	Weber
Bramble, Loughead	right half.....	DePue
Ide	full back.....	Rider

Touchdowns, Weber 4, DePue 1. Drop kick, Bramble 1. Goals, Rider 3. Referee, Hall, Olivet. Umpire, Borleske, Michigan; field judge, Spaulding, W. S. N. S. Time of quarters, 15 minutes.

In reviewing his ranks after the Olivet game Coach Mathers discovered too many of his men were on the "wounded list" to participate in a game the following week and accordingly postponed the game with Albion, which otherwise would have been played on Saturday.

The game with the Battle Creek Training School, to have been played on Oct. 18, was canceled by the Foodtown men.

Kalamazoo 8, Detroit University 6.

On Saturday, Oct. 21, the Orange and Black went to Detroit, where, on the D. A. C. grounds they were victorious over the Detroit University team with a score of 8 to 6.

The result of the game was a big surprise to all who were interested, as the "dope" stood strongly in favor of the Catholics. Olivet had beaten Kalamazoo 28-3, while the Detroit team had held Olivet 6-0.

Overconfidence on the part of the vanquished and the Trojan-like fighting of the Orange and Black worked out the defeat for Detroit.

In the first quarter of the game it was evident from the great defensive work of our team that they would hold their own. The ball stayed near the center of the field all of the first period.

During the second quarter, by a series of clever trick formations, Detroit carried the ball to our three-yard line, from where Purcell went over for a touchdown. Carney kicked goal. Score, K. C., 0; D. U., 6. The remainder of the quarter was all Kalamazoo's, although we were unable to score.

In the third quarter, after an exchange of punts, in which Bramble easily had the best of the argument, Kalamazoo secured the ball on the thirty-yard line, from where Bramble placed a drop-kick over the bar. Score, K. C., 3; U. of D., 6.

Twice more in this period we threatened Detroit's goal, but with luck breaking against him Bramble was unable to boot the leather over for another goal.

In the final session of the game Kalamazoo displayed some of the finest football playing that had been seen in years on the D. A. C. gridiron.

The defensive work of Butler, McNeil, Miles and Loughead was remarkable, and Bramble's punting and carrying of the ball were spectacular.

With eight minutes to play "Curly" caught one of Kelley's punts and with perfect interference sprinted sixty yards for a touchdown. He missed goal. Score, K. C., 8; D. U., 6.

Again before the end of the game we were within striking distance of Detroit's goal, but the timer's whistle prevented our scoring. The summary:

Detroit.	Kalamazoo.
Bartonleft end.....	Loughead
Flatteryleft tackle.....	McNeil (capt)
	Case, Romano
Wilkinsonleft guard.....	Russell
Martzcenter.....	Dewey
Kossright guard	Terpenning
Huntright tackle.....	Ide
Fitzgerald	
Carneyright end....	Butler, Beerman
Purcellquarter.....	W. Buchanan
Harbrechtleft half	J. Buchanan
Haigh, Kellyright half.....	Bramble
Decosterfull back	Miles

Score, Kalamazoo, 8; Detroit, 6. Touchdowns, Bramble, Purcell. Goals from touchdown, Carney. Goal from drop-kick, Bramble. Referee, Lane, U. of M. Umpire, Whitmore, U. of M. Time of quarters, 15 minutes. Field judge, Wittit, U. of M. Head linesman, McGough, U. of D.

Literary Societies

SHERWOOD RHETORICAL SOCIETY.

The outlook for the Sherwoods on this, their sixtieth year, is very auspicious. A majority of the members have returned and are ready for work. The annual open meeting was held on Sept. 29, before a large crowd of members and friends.

Exaugural	R. Wolfe
Inaugural	C. O. Graeber
Speech for the Retiring Administration	P. L. Vernon
Bass solo	E. E. Piper
The Sherwood's Philosophy	W. C. Frost
Vacation Bombast	E. E. Piper
Oration, "Per Aspera ad Astra"	R. L. Miles
The Purpose of the Literary Society	Dr. H. L. Stetson

On October 12 some of the topics of the day took the attention of the society.

Municipal Ownership in Australia	P. N. Johnson
Our Debt to Colombia	W. B. Payne
Inefficiency of Our Divorce Laws	O. E. Lassfolk
Lessons from Canadian Politics	H. P. Pettit
Significance of Change of Public Opinion Politically	G. K. Ferguson

PHILOLEXIAN LYCEUM.

Most of the older students will be glad to hear of the revival of the Philolexian Lyceum, one of the oldest literary societies in the college. During the past three years the Philos have not been very active in securing new members. Last year the loss of six of their older men so severely crippled them that there was talk of the society's breaking up. Assisted, however, by the good will of the four other societies and by the advice and encouragement of two faculty members, the Philos are making a good effort to regain their former reputation of being one of the best societies in college. Their membership has been increased more than fifty per cent so far, and two literary programs have been given, besides an opening meeting for new men.

The Turko-Italian war was discussed on Monday evening, Oct. 9, and the following program was given:

Piano solo	Arthur Fraser
"Causes of the War"	Louis Raseman

"Condition of Italy"	Harold Pomeroy
"Condition of Turkey"	Arthur Fraser
"Events of the War"	Coleman Caryl
Current Events	Oliver Stuck

Chairman, Nicholas Hyma.

On Monday evening, October 16, an interesting discussion of current topics was held.

Music.

Roll call.

"The Raising of the Maine"	Clinton Brake
"The Reciprocity Bill—and After".....	Oliver Stuck
Violin solo	Arthur Fraser
"Dr. Wiley's Exoneration"	Nicholas Hyma
"Admiral Schley and the Battle of Santiago".....	Walter Biss

Music.

EURODELPHIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

The first meeting of the Euros was held Sept. 30. After devotionals and roll call the following program was given:

Exaugural address	Mabel Rix
Inaugural address	Gladys Babcock
Summer Euros	Helen Crissman
Piano solo	Edith Clark

The second meeting was held on October 6. The following program was given after the roll call had been answered by current events:

September Magazines—

Valuable Editorials	Frances Bell
The Best September Story	Agnes Grenell
Instrumental Solo	Frances Eldridge
Scientific Articles	Irene Hickey
Poetry of September	Agnes Oliver
Point of Current Interest	Anna Bagg
Vocal solo	Edith Clark

Gladys Martin acted as chairman and Elva Belcher as critic for the evening.

While few in number the Euros have started in this year with increased enthusiasm, and from present indications the coming year bids fair to be a bright one for the Euro girls.

"Folk-Lore of Scotland," the first of a folklore series to be given this semester, was the subject of the annual open meeting program given by the Eurodelphian Literary Society, Friday even-

ing, October twentieth. The following interesting numbers were presented:

Music	Euro Quartette
"The What and How of Folk-Lore"	Elsie Kappen
"Scottish Customs"	Florence Hartman
Solo	Mrs. MacEwan
"Scottish Folk-Song"	Agnes Grenell
Readings	Helen Crissman
Violin solo	Lucile Lester
A Scottish Legend	Frances Eldridge
"Auld Lang Syne"	

The program as a whole showed great literary ability, the papers being well prepared and well given. Mrs. MacEwan rendered in a very pleasing manner, "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton," to the old tune which Burns himself sent to the publisher, together with the verses. Miss Eldridge, dressed as an old Scotch lady, proved herself well versed in the art of telling the old legends of which the Scotch are so fond. Following a few well-chosen remarks by Miss Hussey, who acted as critic, a reception was held in the Eurodelphian room.

CENTURY FORUM.

The Century Forum began the year well with an excellent program. About sixty of the students attended the opening meeting and reception of this society. Following is the program:

Devotionals	Peterson
Piano solo	Miss Hartman
Exaugural address	Biss
Inaugural address (Read by Mr. Angell)	Ellwood
"Since We Last Met"	Miles
"If I Were Taft"	Smith
Vocal solo	Rowland
"A Vacation Side Trip"	Case
Remarks	Prof. McEwan

The Centurys presented their second literary program on Thursday evening, Oct. 12.

Devotionals	Peterson
Current Events	Angell
Canada and Reciprocity	Ide
Music	Miss Clark
My Impressions of the West	Peterson
Woodrow Wilson	Skinner
Senator LaFollette	Robison

KAPPA PI LITERARY SOCIETY.

Kappa Pi has begun the new year well. Quite a change is noticeable in the society room. The floor has been refinished and waxed, and three new rugs and a table added. The first meeting was held on September 30.

ChairmanMiss Rushbrook
 DevotionalsMiss Swanson
 Sights from the "Marshall Butler"Miss McClure
 Old Boston in MidsummerMiss Keis
 Happy Hours at MackinawMiss Swayze
 A Book and How It Won Its Way.....Miss Swanson

On October 7 Myrtle Reed and her books were discussed.

ChairmanMiss Osborn
 DevotionalsMiss Swanson
 Myrtle Reed and How She LivedMiss Clark
 "The Master's Violin"Miss Bagnall
 Selections from Myrtle Reed's BooksMiss Simmons
 "Lavender and Old Lace"Miss Eldridge
 CriticMiss Inez Krogen

On October 13 the Kappa Pi girls and their friends had a very enjoyable "Evening with James Whitcomb Riley." The following program was presented:

DevotionalsMiss Swanson
 MusicMrs. Praeger
 "My Life Thus Far"Miss Chapman
 ("Riley, Wise and Otherwise".....

.....Miss Swanson, Miss Burdick, Miss Bennett
 MusicMiss Young
 "Pictures from Riley".....Miss Rushbrook, Miss Knox
 Music.

CriticMiss Hussey

After the program an informal reception was held in the Kappa Pi room.

C. R. C., '14.

Christian Associations

Y. W. C. A.

On Tuesday afternoon, October 3, Mrs. Colegrove spoke very inspiringly to the girls on the "Value of the Positive Life." The world contains more than enough of the negative element. Shall we not strive to be on the positive side?

Miss Roberta Williams and Miss Elizabeth Hay had charge of the meeting October 10. They discussed the Bible and Mission Study classes for the coming semester. Dr. Williams will have charge of the Bible class. They will take up the "Study of the Acts" by Stifter. There are to be two mission study classes. The "Uplift of China," conducted by Miss Frances Eldridge, and "Mohammedanism," by Miss Hay. The girls do not realize how much benefit can be gained from belonging to one of these classes until they have been members. Whether you belong to the Y. W. C. A. or not, just join one of the classes and see how much you will be inspired and how much your life will be broadened.

A. L. R., '12.

Y. M. C. A.

The meetings of the Y. M. C. A. since the opening of school have been of unusual interest.

The first meeting was led by Rev. J. E. Smith and the students turned out well. The words he brought were especially helpful to all who were beginning another year of college work. Dr. Stetson spoke to the boys the following week, and in his usual forceful manner gave the men something to think about. A week later Dr. Williams spoke on the necessity of Bible study and the evening was profitably spent.

Many of the new men have signed the cards of membership, and it is not too much to say that any man who does not enter into the Y. M. C. A. work this year is going to miss an important feature of his college course. The program for the rest of the semester is a strong one and no student should fail to attend these meetings every Wednesday evening from 7:30 to 8:30.

P. L. V., '13.

Those Who Went Before

Mr. Floyd Wilcox, '10, is attending Union Theological Seminary.

Miss Esther Olsen, '07, was recently united in marriage to Mr. J. O. Gotaas. Mr. and Mrs. Gotaas sailed for the Congo the first of July.

Dr. A. M. Bailey, '02, has been called from his church to Akron, Ohio, to Purdue, Ind.

Miss Carrieth Olsen, '09, is assistant matron at the Home for Missionaries' Children, at Morgan Park, Ill.

The engagement of Floyd Wilcox, '10, to Miss Emily Carder, '10, has been announced.

Mr. Vernor Finch, '08, is teaching at the University of Wisconsin.

Recently occurred the marriage of Ethel Girdwood, '09, to Rev. Mr. Bachellor, of Ann Arbor.

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Chauncey Hope, '10, is attending the University of Michigan.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Dan Holtom of Tokyo, Japan, a son.

Mr. C. Flewelling, '09, is attending the theological seminary at Hiram, Ohio.

Miss Louise Grosser, '10, is teaching at Attica, Indiana.

Maynard Williams, '10, is teaching in the Syrian Protestant College at Beirut, Syria. S. C. J., '12.

Our Neighbors

Opinions differ as to just what an exchange column should contain. Some give the entire space to worthy college news; some fill the column with jokes and a large amount of criticism. The choice of subject matter, however, rests almost entirely with the editor. In behalf of the Index, we are contented to reap the good things from other papers, and to be slow to criticize, remembering always our own shortcomings.

Man is like a kerosene lamp;
He isn't especially bright;
He is often turned down.
Usually smokes,
And frequently goes out at night.

The Freshman class at M. A. C. is the largest ever entered in the history of the college. According to the last report, it numbered 478, exceeding the class of last year by fifty.

"He who would rise with the sun must not stay up late with the daughter."

Ella—Belle told me that secret I told you not to tell her.
Stella—She's a mean thing. I told her not to tell you I told her.
Ella—Well, I told her I wouldn't tell you she told me—so don't tell her I did.

Why is a hen immortal?
Her son (sun) never sets.

The closing of the commercial department at Alma has made it possible to provide two good recitation rooms by dividing the large room used for that department.

Webster Revised.

Cramming—a square meal after a period of mental fasting.

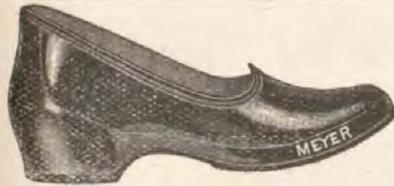
Flunk—a little mark of esteem bestowed upon a pupil by a fond professor, the result being a reduction of monthly allowance and the strengthening of hour ties.

Professor—A senior gone to seed.

Doxology of the U. of C.

"Praise John, from whom oil blessings flow;
Praise also Bill, who sends the dough;
Praise John, praise Bill, praise all the host,
Praise John and Bill, but John D. most."

One of the greatest events of September was the conclusion of the strike among the Russian students. It will be remembered that with the death of Count Tolstoy in November, 1910, and the flogging of educated political convicts in Russian and Siberian



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prisons about a month later, a strike was called by hundreds of student in the universities and high technical schools. Primarily the strike was a protest against the harshness and injustice of the government in forcibly repressing manifestations of grief at the death of Count Tolstoy, and subjecting educated political offenders to the lash. Secondarily it became a desperate struggle for freedom from police control, and for local self-government in the higher educational institutions of the empire. The struggle has lasted nearly a year, the last school to yield being the Woman's Medical Institute of St. Petersburg, which was wrecked a few months ago. The strike has at last been broken, but at a terrible cost. Many universities have been blotted out of existence and about 200 professors have been asked to resign their positions. The total number of students arrested and thrown into prison number 6,000. Of this number 1,500 are banished from university towns, and 600 exiled to Siberia for terms ranging from two to five years.

Prof V. H. (In Physics)—If you have any troubles I'll gladly share them with you.

Miss Z—Proposition or proposal?—Calvin College Chimes.

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The students of Miami University, Oxford, Ohio, have adopted the honor system.

The annual tug-of-war across the Kalamazoo river at Albion resulted in victory for the Sophs.

In the College Chronicle for October will be found an excellent article entitled "Some Advice to Freshmen," by an old grad. Every freshman ought to read it. It will not only prove very interesting but very helpful to you in your course.

Omaha University has started a campaign for a one-million dollar endowment.

"If a body see a body
Thinking on a quiz,
If a body help a body
Is it teacher's biz?"

H. R. C., '13.

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College Diary

Sept. 26.—The girls of the college challenged the boys to clear the Athletic Field on the following afternoon. Mr. McNeil, in behalf of the boys, accepted the challenge.

Miss Hussey gave an informal talk to the girls.

Oct. 3.—Seats were assigned in chapel.

Oct. 4.—Athletic meeting. Coach Mathers urged the boys to get out for football—more of them.

Oct. 5.—The men held a meeting after chapel.

Oct. 6.—At 4:30 in the chapel an "enthusiasm meeting" was held. Harry Harvey was elected assistant yell master to help Mr. Roger Smith. Yells and songs were practised for the ball game the following day and Mr. Robison and Miss Barnett gave short speeches of encouragement to the team.

Oct. 6.—There appeared on one of the bulletin boards a challenge from the Freshmen to the Sophomores for a tug-of-war across Mirror Lake on Oct. 11.

Oct. 13.—The First Methodist Church very kindly issued an invitation to the students and faculty of the college to join with the Western State Normal and Parson's Business College for a reception in their church this evening.

On The Campus

Visitors at college on Sept. 28 were Miss Ruth Farley and Mr. Haislip, a former student.

Eunice Hough, '10, Anna Matson, '11, and Earl Mumford, '10, visited college Sept. 29, and attended the open meetings of the literary societies.

Mr. Jesse B. Davis, principal of the Central High School of Grand Rapids and a trustee of our college, spent part of the day here on his way to Ann Arbor on Oct. 6.

Prof. and Mrs. Paul C. Stetson of the class of 1907, Inez Krogen, '10, and Anita J. Walker, '11, were back in Kalamazoo for our first ball game on Oct. 7.

Oct. 11.—After the tug-of-war and "feed" to all the students, Miss Hussey entertained all the girls of the college at a thimble party and informal talk at Bowen Hall.

It has been reported on reliable authority that on the afternoon of Tuesday, Oct. 17, between the hours of two and three, there took place in the Men's Dormitory a series of bloody and horrifying murders, unsurpassed for cruelty and cold-heartedness in the annals of history. An eye-witness states that as he was passing one of the rooms on the first floor he glanced through the window and saw one of the most blood-curdling sights of his life. Through the curtained doorway to the bedroom there came, with slow and stealthy step, the murderer. Fascinated by the scene he watched him approach his victim, who was sitting with his back to the door, unconscious of danger. A cold gleam shone in the dark eyes of the criminal as he raised his weapon,

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still bloody from a previous murder, over the innocent head. A fierce joy lighted up his countenance as with a sudden powerful motion the weapon descended, adding another to the list of murdered. The horrified onlooker turned and hastened away, leaving the bloodthirsty wretch to gloat over the bruised and mangled body of his victim. Pettit had killed another fly.

BY HEK, '14.

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 If you play flinch would you let Andy Diehl?

 If the ship were sinking would Colman the boat?

 If a Freshman needed it would Charles B. Hays him?

 If the house needed gas would A. Piper?

 If Mary fell in would Munro the boat?

 If Dr. Stetson's shoes came unlaced would Wallace them?

 If eggs were high would Muff-ley a few?

 If there was a mail box on the gate how many letters would
 the fence post? H. C. H., '12.

A FABLE.

Once upon a time long ago when tyrant Mammon ruled the universe, in that cruel, barbaric material age, when men smithered the decalogue, a huge, burly, bearded, brutish bruiser, madly milled and toiled, in his servitory guarded sancta-sanctorum. The rattle and clatter of typewriters (and their tongues) and the drone of voices filled the long hall with the din. At this point our hero enters with noble mien. Percy Pommidentials (known as Poicey) it is. Poicey is the acumenous, assiduous advertising accumulator of the Bazoo College Breeze. Dauntlessly, like the heroes of old, our hero presses on. He charges past rank on rank of stare, hair and glare, with now and then a giggle. One fight more, the best and the last. Percy was ever a fighter and so.— He enters (like a mouse). Silence. He is ignored. The bull of Bashan roars. The battle is on. Percy's hat from his fevered brow falls, but not his courage. "I must have that ad," he mutters betwixt clenched teeth (false). And then Mr. B. Z. Mann spoke at times, as follows: Prolegomenary, "You represent the Bazoo College Breeze. Get to—somewher—out of here!"

Cottrell & Leonard

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All Occasions

Muffley's Shoe Store

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IS
PRINTING

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216 N. Burdick Street, Upstairs

INDEX
ADVERTISING
PAYS

"Breeze ads bring results, a 1,000,000 a month circulation, only \$1,000 a square inch. You don't want much!"

"I tried the Breeze. Never had a single student's trade."

"Why don't they say they're from the college? Business is business, and charity is charity."

"I'll try you just once more."

Ignorance again five minutes. Percy grabs some copy. As he wends his weary way to another where he was heard to muse: "If college students would only make it a point to buy of our advertisers what an Index—I mean Breeze—we could have." He sighed sadly in Sanskrit, which translated by "Packey" in part was found to be "The Bazoites must learn to say 'I saw your ad in the Index'."

H. C. H., '12.

O. E. PRICE, The Tailor

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 Our New Greys
 Our New Blues
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FRIEND or
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Can be found an article that would please you greatly to own.
TELL THEM that one of the hobbies of this concern is to extend
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the stranger misses an interesting and instructive half hour or more
who leaves the city without making such visit.

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"There are meters of air,
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But the best of all meters
Is to 'meet her' alone."

After Miss Hussey's annual talk:
First Freshman—Sometimes people look as if they're spooning
when they really aren't.
Second Freshman (fervently)—Oh, thank you!

The old familiar scene: Tommy telling of his adventures while
Dad was reading the paper.
"Oh, Dad," said Tommy, "you ought to have seen them raising
the house across the street, on jacks."
"Tommy, you must be mistaken," answered his father absently,
"a man can open on jacks, but he's a fool to raise on them, why,
hm—it must have been very interesting, indeed."

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*Picture Frames and
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Have you headache,
Pain in and over the
eyes?
Is your vision
blurred?
Do you squint to
shut light?



SHELLMAN, the Optician, 150 S. Burdick

Thanksgiving time is drawing
nigh
And when it comes it brings
good pie.
But ere this time goes fleeting
by
Learn to shout and proudly cry
"I saw your ad in The Index."

If Barnett Hay what was it Pettit?
After the others had fled, had Oliver Stuck?
I saw the penwiper eyes and ask is the inkwell?
Does Clinton get sore when Ethel Knox?
If H. H. broke the window at Ladies' Hall, what did Clinton
Brake?
If Louis Raseman bagged four rabbits, what did Anna Bagg?
If Mr. Weeks is clerking at Dunwell's, where will Frances Clark?
If the door was locked would you get Billie Keis?
When there is something doing you always find Coach Mather.
Speaking of lawsuits, did you ever hear of the Clinton Case?
If Rider Haggard had been Lew Wallace, who would "She"
have been? "She" would have "Ben Hur."—Ex.

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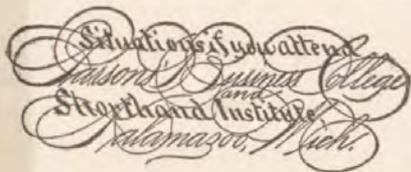
Phone 146 216 N. Rose**PAUL JOHNSON, College Agent**

When he meets his queen does Earl McNeil?
 If Bowen Hall is brick, is Judge Ellwood?
 If an Angell should sing a Caryl on a Dewey morning what
 would Miss Hussey?

H. H. (in French I) pronouncing "nous," "nuze."
 Mrs. P.—That's news to me, but it isn't in French.

Mrs. P-r-s—Mr. B-r-k, will you correct that sentence? It is
 wrong.
 (Afterwards) It is wronger now.

If Ethel Barrymore is starring in a "Witness for the Defense"
 where is William Starring?
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Mr. H.: "Why, it may be only a gesture, or a look in some-
body's eyes; but you can't get away from it, no matter where you
go."

Concert of groans from the class.

Lives of football men remind us
That they wrote their names in blood
And departing left behind them
Half their faces in the mud.—Ex.Fresh (in chapel, after making gallant attempt to harmonize):
"Weren't those some pretty chords?"

Soph: "Cut the chords."

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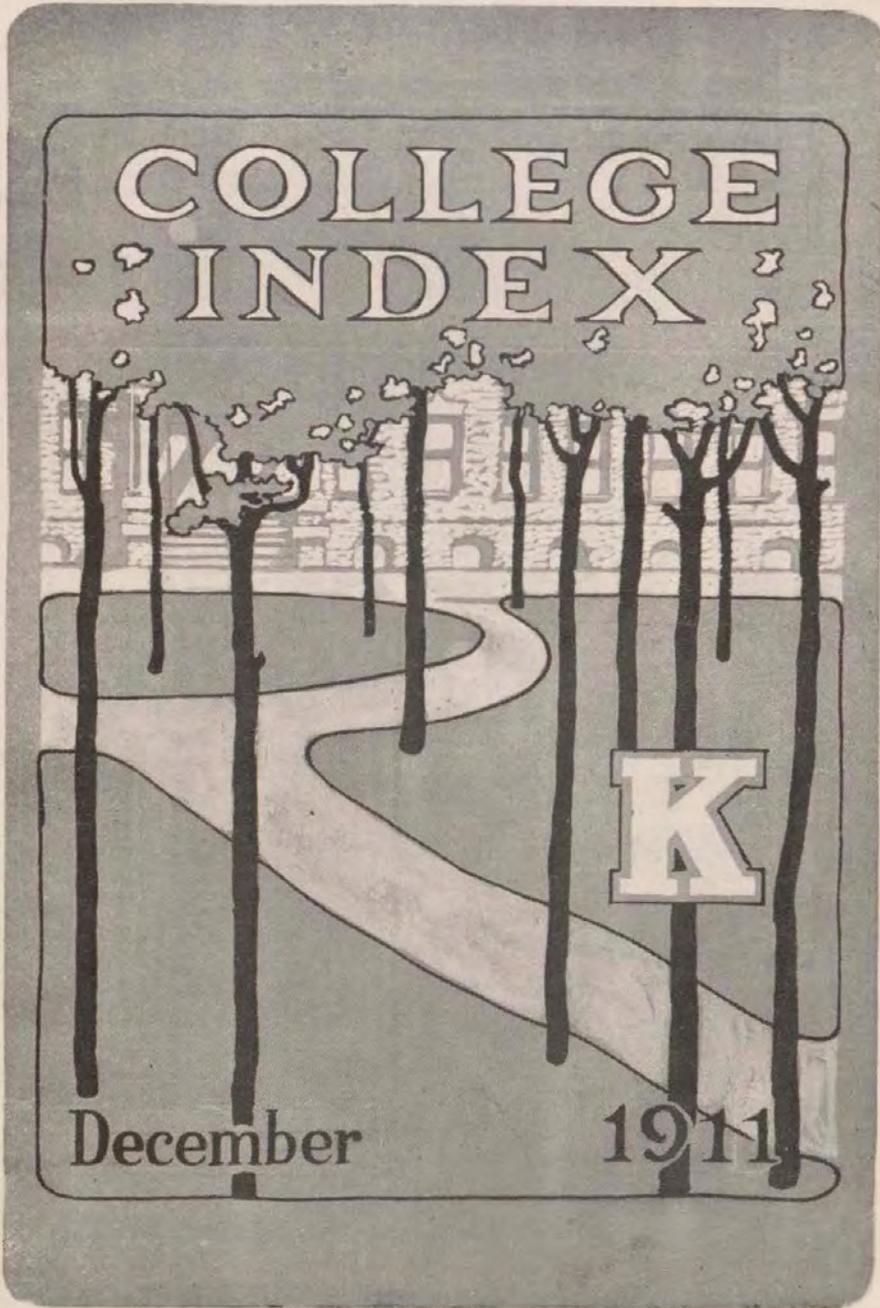
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THE WORK of Kalamazoo College has been rearranged on a thoroughly scientific basis. The policy is that of building up a single, unified, compact college of liberal arts, the course of studies will be so outlined as to lead to the degree Bachelor of Arts for all excepting those who shall have so specialized in Scientific work as to earn the degree Bachelor of Science. The requirements are such as to give a broad education based on the so-called humanities and sciences, yet so arranged that each student will do enough elementary and advanced work of some one kind as to stimulate scholarship and to develop mental independence. The faculty will attempt to advise and help each student in his choice of work that these ends may be reached, and individuality developed.

The greatest need of our times is intelligent, wholesome, earnest Christian manhood and womanhood. The purpose of this College is to send out men and women with sound bodies, efficient minds, and of high character, public spirited and patriotic citizens whose ideal is to follow the Master. The effort will be made to have all phases of college life, class work, social life and the various organized activities of the students do their part in realizing these ideals.



COLLEGE
INDEX

K

December

1911

ADVERTISEMENTS

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"The Students' Bank"

Capital Stock \$ 200,000.00
Surplus and Profits.. 174,307.60
Deposits..... 3,221,272.59

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116 W. Main St., Burdick Bldg.

KALAMAZOO

CHICAGO

MILWAUKEE



MORAL:

Do your Christmas Shopping early at the book store. (Why not? Our stocks are all in readiness.)

Beecher, Kymer & Patterson's

Volume 33

Number 3

The College Index

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY

The Students' Publishing Association
Of Kalamazoo College

KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN, DECEMBER, 1911

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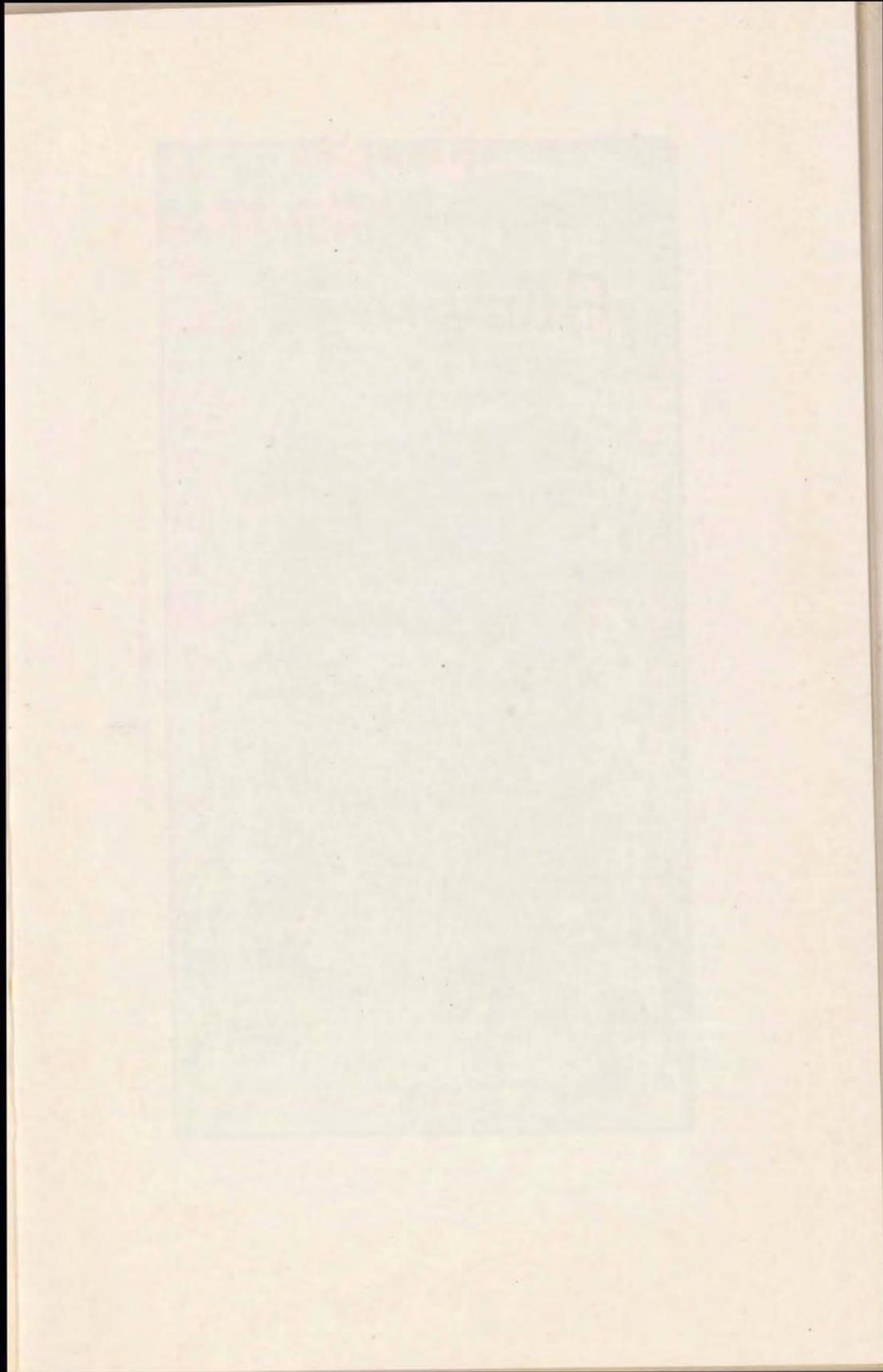




Photo
Roelke

KALAMAZOO COLLEGE FOOTBALL TEAM

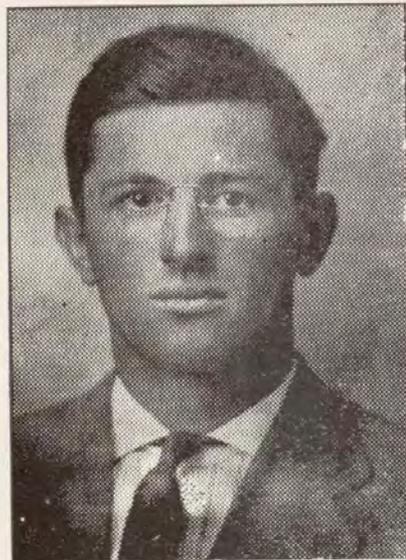
The College Index

Volume XXXIII

DECEMBER, 1911

Number 3

Our Heroes



HE WHO DID IT.

To whom is due the honor of our successful football team? We all agree: Coach Mather. He worked under discouraging circumstances; there were new men to whip into shape; he was forced to change his lineup nearly every game; still he made a team. He drove them until they were one of the best conditioned teams in the state; he gave them strategic plays; and he instilled into them that fighting spirit with which our team is credited. So we say, "Hats off, to Coach Mather!"

THE MEN WHO WORE THE TOGS.

Captain Earl McNeil—This is the third year that "Mac" has held down the left tackle job for Kalamazoo. "Mac" had an off year this time in one respect, he failed to hatch out his annual bofl just before a big game; but otherwise he was all to the taffy, and played the greatest football of his career. He weighs 165 and is a tower of strength in the line.

Fred M. Loughead—"Penoop" was donated by the Freshmen. He has been a steady man on the left extremity. He is a reliable defensive player and an adept with the forward pass. He tips the beam at 160.

Harold Russell—"Rusty" is another Freshman find. He is a good all-around man. His splendid defensive work at wide end helped greatly to work out our victory at Detroit; and his playing at left guard was always commendable. Weight, 158.

Evert Dewey—"The lad from Oberlin" was just the man to fill the shoes of "Pig" Windoes at center. He weighs about 175 and is reliable on both offense and defense.

Schaffer—"Shafe" is the biggest man on the team. He weighs about 180. He played at right guard where his weight was most needed and always had the goods to deliver.

O. Z. Ide—For two years he has fooled the coach into thinking that he could play football. He graduated from the back field early in the season and played right tackle the remaining games. Weight, 160.

Paul T. Butler—"Doc" is recognized as the best end Kalamazoo has had in a decade. They don't make the men he is afraid of, and he can smash more interference in a minute than an ordinary man can in a lifetime. He has held down right end for three years. Weighs 145.

Mac Beerman—"Packy" at the pivot position is fast and runs the team well. On defense he played wide end and was a hard and sure tackler. He weighs 147.

LeRoy Bramble—This is "Curly's" second year on the team. He is one of the best open-field runners K. C. has ever had and to his speed we owe many of the touchdowns we made this season. He played right half and weighs 165.

John Buchanan—"Jack" is our Lilliputian left half but in his case his ability is inversely proportional to his size. He hits the line like a thunderbolt and is a good dodger. He tips the steel yards at 140.

Colton B. Miles—"Colt" played quarter in 1910 and bull-back in '11. He is another problem of inverse ratio as all who ever saw him carry the ball will testify. He is a whirlwind tackler. Weighs 142.

William Buchanan—"Spek" played several good games at quarter. He uses his guard all the time and is decidedly "classy" at handling the oval. He played quarter in '09. Weighs 122.

Walter Terpenning—"Terp" has played on the line for two years. He charges low and hard and is a good defensive man. Weight, 150.

Dominick E. Romano—This is the first year that the boy from sunny Italy ever saw a football; yet he displayed a knack of "catching on," and by the next year should make a valuable asset to the team. Weight, 140.

Joseph H. Mountain—Mountain was our sub-center. He was steady at passing the ball and showed an intelligence of the game. Weight, 138.

Oscar Lassfolk—"Ole," the big Swede, has displayed as much stick-to-itiveness as any man on the squad and deserves honorable mention. We wish he had about twenty pounds more of beef on his frame. Weight, 118.

Clinton J. Case—"Jen" was playing in hard luck this year. He played all of the Olivet game at left guard, but at Detroit he got knocked "loony." The next week he broke his collar bone in practice. He is a light man but quick and has all kinds of sand. Weight, 143.

When Bob Played Football

"No, Bob, I think you're too lazy for any use. There isn't a single reason in the world why you shouldn't do it. You have plenty of time for practice, you're strong enough, and you're a good sprinter."

"Look here, Betty, don't you think you're rather hard on a fellow? There are so many things to do; and I have to study this year."

"It's a heap of studying you have to do. You're just afraid."

"But, I've never played football and senior year is too late to begin."

"Well, I like athletic men. Now, I've got to go study."

"Oh, I say, Betty, how about the Hallowe'en party? What time do you want me to come for you?"

"I reckon you won't have to come. I just told Armstrong I'd go with him. You're getting to be such an old grind I thought maybe you wouldn't have time to go."

"Why Betty Blake, is this the way you're going to treat me after three years of grand good times together?"

"Sorry you take it so hard, Bob, but I told you I like athletic fellows, not old pokes that stand on the side lines." And with that Betty Blake hastened up the steps to the hall,—her head high in the air. Bob went to his room in the dorm muttering to himself:

"Well, I'll be hanged! Jack Armstrong, the crack quarterback!"

When Betty reached her room, Ruth, her roommate, said, "Betty, what are you going to wear to the party?"

"Don't know whether I'll go or not," she replied carelessly. Her roommate stared; but said nothing.

The assembled multitude were more than surprised when Bob appeared at the party, alone and unmasked. There was another surprise when, after unmasking, Jack Armstrong and Betty were seen together. Jack seemed delighted with his triumph, for his admiration for "Bob's girl" was no secret.

A little later Bob slammed into his room and sat down to think. "Dog-gone, I'll do it. Any old time I'll let Jack Armstrong beat my time. I'll play football. I'd do more'n that 'fore I'd lose Betty Blake. She's got the rest of the college girls beat a mile."

Just then MacHenry, the football captain, knocked at his door. Bob called out, "Hello, Mac, you're just the fellow I'm looking for. Any chance for me on the team? Believe I need some exercise."

"Bob, you're a brick. We need a heavy man, someone rather swift. You have a pretty fair high school track record. Be at the dressing room at 3:30 and I'll see that you have a suit. I'm glad you've decided to come out, old man. Brown's had to leave school and that takes out one of our heavy men."

As MacHenry left, Bob muttered, "Now we'll see about that scoundrel of a Jack Armstrong. Betty didn't seem to be having a very hilarious time with him anyway."

One of the girls remarked, at a spread the next evening, "What has gotten into Bob Bigsby? I saw him out for practice this afternoon and the coach said at supper he'd make a fine half-back with a little practice."

After the lights were out Ruth quietly began questioning. "Betty, honey, can't you tell me what's the matter with you and Bob? You act so strangely and I know it's just Bob. What did he do? Whatever it is I don't believe he meant to, for I know he likes you and Ralph says he seems perfectly miserable."

"It isn't anything he did," replied Betty, and then muttered to herself, "he needn't think he's going to make it all right just by practising a few times. He's got to really get into it and stick to it."

Days went by and the news from the field was very encouraging. The chances of victory in the coming game were strong. Everyone seemed to make a particular effort to acquaint Betty with the fact that Bob was making good.

The eventful day came and the college was on the field "en masse" to watch their eleven plough up the earth with the opposing team. Excitement ran high and Betty's cheeks were flushed and her eyes bright.

First quarter over; the boys caught their breath and soon they began again. The yell master was repeatedly calling "Nine rahs for Bob Bigsby!"

The half ended with the score 0 to 0. They were beginning again and in the first three minutes of play, the opponents made a drop kick. "Oh," groaned Betty, "we must win! Oh, Bob! Do something. I'll be good to you if you will."

Third quarter ended with the score 4 to 0 in favor of the hated rivals. In the fourth quarter the boys were tired and no score

was made at first. Just four more minutes to play and agonizing appeals for a touchdown were coming from the side lines. Suddenly the ball was passed to Bob, and he sped down the field. As he passed, Betty could be heard calling, "Go on Bob, you've got to do it!" And he did it.

Ruth, Betty, and one of the other girls were walking toward the hall together when Bob, a rather dirty Bob, caught up with them. Ruth and the other girl immediately vanished as Betty exclaimed, "Oh, Bob, why is your head bandaged?"

"Nothing, only I cut it as I fell. Football is great though. Wish I'd begun three years ago. I'm dippy over it. Say, Betty, let's celebrate. How about the theater tonight?"

"Splendid!" said Betty, "and I do like athletic men."

EDITH M. CLARK, '12.

A SPASM.

The witching hour is drawing near,
 I feel a spasm coming.
 So I grasp my pen and sit me here
 While my poet's wheel is humming.
 Round and round this fool wheel goes
 As I sit here, a-trying
 To write a line of verse or prose
 Which will be edifying.

But woe is me! I cannot think
 Of any song worth singing.
 My thinking tank is on the blink
 And my fool head is ringing.
 Tales of love have all run out
 And pathos lies a-pining.
 War is not good to talk about
 Since Sherman quit defining.

Tell me, O Muse, what have I done
 That I should be thus fusted?
 This rhyme machine just seems to run
 Exactly like 'twas busted.
 And so I guess I'll go to bed
 Without writing any verses.
 I'll kill this blooming spasm dead!
 Say this is awful,—curses!

C. O. G., '12.

This Season

WHAT THE CAPTAIN THINKS OF IT.

What do I think of the football situation, and the work of the team this year? I am satisfied and pleased. While we may not have done anything remarkable or startling, we have fought like men. We have had no quitters, no one who has lain down when things went wrong. Every man fought to the finish; and if there are any good lessons from football which we are going to take out into the world with us, they will be team work, sticking together, and never giving up; for, in the last analysis, that is what makes a good team. It is not the answer to the question, "Did they win?" but "How did they fight?" that brings honor, or shame, to the team and the college. We fought well. Lighter than any team we played against this season, several times outweighed fifteen pounds to the man, every player showed that spirit of never giving up, which won for the team the respect of their opponents as well as their supporters.

E. W. M'NEIL, '14.

WHAT A PLAYER THINKS OF IT.

Although the football season was not all that the students of Kalamazoo College could wish, still there is no cause for regret. Represented by one of the lightest teams the college has ever had and by far the lightest in the M. I. A. A., the Black and Orange, although defeated by Olivet and Albion, played the best football Kalamazoo has seen in some time.

Handicapped by a lack of weight, they were always up against big odds; but there was never a minute when Kalamazoo's fighting spirit was lacking. They were often borne down by sheer weight; but the moment when the "Fighting Kalamazoo Spirit" wasn't there, or when the Orange and Black did not die game, failed to come. Crowded back under their own goal posts they would fight back with a dash and spirit that would cause the opponents' attack to recoil and save the Black and Orange goal line. The team for the first time in several years played real football. They tackled, blocked, and fought; but their weight handicap in the

more important games of the schedule was too much to overcome.

Judging the season as a whole, it was a success; and it was marked by a greater advance in a football team than any local school has ever seen.

The outlook at the opening of the season was far from reassuring. A remnant of a mediocre team of the year before and a small squad of material, little of which showed intercollegiate class, was all that appeared on the football horizon. Summed up, the assets for a winning eleven were far from being rosy tinged.

There was one resource for the college, however, that had not been taken into account, that was Coach Edwin J. Mather. He was the cog that, fitting into the college machinery, started a real football team onto the field. The success of the team for the year is due entirely to his efforts.

No coach ever started under more discouraging circumstances. He found on arrival a bunch of poor material, a lack of spirit, and a decided apathy toward practice on the part of the men. He started to work and worked hard to turn out a winner for Kalamazoo. The men, too, realizing that they must work if they were to do anything, awoke at the last part of the season and pitched in with real spirit.

Unfortunately the Olivet game came before Mather had an opportunity to really size up his men. Defeated 28 to 3, he came back strong two weeks later and sent a rejuvenated team to be victorious over Detroit University by the score of 8 to 6. It was a vindication for the Olivet defeat, as the crimson warriors were able to beat them only 6 to 0.

Victory over Hope followed and then defeat at the hands of Albion. The Methodist defeat was the hardest to bear, as our team had a good chance to win on a dry field. Playing in the mud, the light Kalamazoo team was no match for the heavy Albion eleven. Nineteen to five, however, does not tell the relative merits of the two teams, as Kalamazoo was equally as strong. Dame Fortune presented our rivals with two touchdowns, one on a low punt which was blocked, and the other a fumbled punt on the Orange and Black goal line.

The season was a great improvement. Its close was characterized by a football team fighting, with a real fighting spirit, for the Orange and Black. A student body, united as none have been for the past few years, backed the team from the time when the opening whistle of the Olivet game sounded, until the calling of

time at the Hillsdale game rung down the curtain on the 1911 football season.

It was a great success. It has given us a football team of which we can be proud and a united student body, shoulder to shoulder, pulling for Kazoo. This is one of the greatest assets of which any school, big or little, can boast.

W. A. BISS, '13.

A Student's Dream

Last night as I dreamed of my lessons, alas!
Of my Rhetoric, Latin, my Greek, and my Math,
There filled me a horror and dread of a place
Where they bore you with number, declension and case.

Where you have to write poetry, themes and all such,
As would quite get your goat if you knew twice as much.
Where they make you work hardest with all of your might,
Not only in day time, but half of the night.

I gritted my teeth and I pulled at my hair,
I kicked and I rolled all about in despair.
And declared that if ever I lived to get through,
I'd look for a job with just nothing to do.

A SOPHOMORE.

Tramping of a Happy Tramp

Ardlui, Loch Lomond, July 20, 1911.

The Scotchman and I have been tramping historic territory. Since we reached Sterling he has kept up a continual account of Bruce, Wallace and the Clan MacAlpine. At Coilantogle Ford this morning we decided to give a modern revival of the Lady of the Lake. The Scotchman has a vest-pocket copy. He is even threatening to quote some of it. If he does, another Scotch martyr will be left to die on the Trossacks road; but I did consent to revive the famous conflict between James FitzJames and Rhoderick Dhu. I said the Scot could be James FitzJames, but contrary to expectations, he insisted upon being Rhoderick Dhu. The duel, as revived, follows:

The Happy Tramp: "You can be FitzJames and I will be Rhoderick, the outlaw."

The Canny Scot: "No, I will be Rhoderick. He sits on FitzJames' neck."

T. H. T.: "Thanks for the cut, but I believe, according to schedule, I kill you here."

T. C. S.: "No, I don't die. I jump all over you and put you on your back and then I'm injured."

H. TT.: "Ar'n't you taking rather a heavy part for one of your size? But I'll see that you are injured all right."

C. S.: "Very well, we'll start. I am Rhoderick Dhu."

H. T.: "Ah, Mr. Dhu, I believe. My card. My name is FitzJames, James FitzJames."

C. S.: "And here is mine. 'Kew, sir. Rhoderick Dhu is my name."

H. T.: "So I see. We are well met. Mr. Dhu, according to the 'Daily Mail' and 'Mrs. Bull' we have a fight arranged for this spot."

C. S.: "Quite true. The reporters have just left Callander on the Trossacks coach and the moving-picture men will arrive shortly."

H. T.: "Then, that the rules may be observed, perhaps 'twere best that we hold a rehearsal."

C. S.: "Is that necessary?"

H. T.: "Quite. The slightest slip might spoil the films."

C. S.: "What then is the first move?"

H. T.: "Why, first I slap you on the wrist and say, 'Rhoderick, old sport, consider yourself slapped.' There, 'tis done."

C. S.: "Then I jump on your head with both Walk-Overs."

H. T.: "Nay, not so fast, dear Rhoderick Dhu, for first I take a crack at you."

C. S.: "But, friend FitzJames, I soon must start to press this pencil to your heart."

H. T.: "Again too fast! The rules decree that you shall be hard hurt, not me."

C. S.: "This is becoming tiresome, James. I move we try at other games."

And so, since neither the reporter nor moving-picture men appear and as the sky becomes clouded, Rhoderick Dhu and James FitzJames postpone their encounter till a better day at Coilantogle Ford, first kissing each other tenderly on the forehead and shaking hands.

London, England, August 7, 1911.

We arrive at Westminster Abbey and find it closed. We are sore. London, and Westminster Abbey closed. I must make a protest through the "London Times."

"London Times," Dear Sirs: An event of the present summer has proved a great attraction to our American moneyed men. We came in flocks to your coronation and enjoyed it. We liked the long string of brass bands, the string of seats at the sides of the strets where we might really see the King at ten guineas a look. We, who can see Buffalo Bill for a dollar, revel in the sight of gold lace and expanded chests for fifty dollars a sight. And some of them are sights. But, the big show being over and the tents having disappeared, we long for the sights of London that are really worth while. We honor your king. He had a fine grandmother. We marvel at his descent, but having seen the carriage that was said to have concealed him, we long to worship at the shrines of England's greatest men. We even long to stay for a moment where Longfellow, our own great man, has been remembered. In short, we want to see Westminster Abbey and what do we find? A church bazaar, the morning after. This grand old church, a thrupenny sideshow. Her venerable walls were not good enough, so you have erected a pasteboard front like the flaming banners at a country carnival. We have been willing to endure your city, have walked for miles in your subways without murmurs, but when you turn Westminster Abbey into a show-

place with a false face, we object. We, of the world to whom those immortal poets, those memorable graves belong, object. Westminster Abbey does not belong to a king, to London, to England. It belongs to the world and we, its sincere admirers, arriving at our favorite temple, find it the house of merchandise, a market place after the day's sales and locked against our pilgrimage. Under such conditions, most honorable and dry depository for the dead thoughts of a self-conscious race, Oh, "London Times," we object. I repeat it, sirs. we object.

The Hague, Sept. 2, 1911.

A day in the art galleries, the domains of Baedeker,—High Priest. I seek the "School of Anatomy" that interesting study by Rembrandt. An admiring, cultured crowd have already secured the favorable places for gazing at the picture. But the picture, good as it is, is only a picture. The audience is a study. They are sophisticated and have practiced the sentences of admiration which they are to heap at the shrine of Rembrandt.

"My dear, have you noticed how the picture seems to live, to extend beyond the frame and impress one?"

It sounds artificial. I turn to my Baedeker. There it is, "it is here worthy to remark that Rembrandt's compositions are never imprisoned in their frames but convey an idea of a wide space around them. Her friend is not to be outdone.

"Yes, it's wonderful and see how, in spite of the corpse being the central figure, we scarcely notice it in looking at the living ones. That is true art, my dear."

I have not closed my Baedeker, so I look once more. There on the printed page I read this, "The admirable art of the composition consists in its power of riveting the attention to the living, in the presence of death." That is it. Baedeker,—High Priest.

"We now turn to the right."

The flock of touring lambs look up from the red book and turn to the right. When I gaze at this flock of lambs, whose bell wether is a little red book, I thank goodness Baedeker does not say "We now turn a somersault." These spectacled schoolma'ams on a search for culture, would turn a somersault so awkwardly.

Amsterdam, Sept. 3, 1911.

Had some real fun today. It is Sunday. The Picture-Gallery at Ryks Museum is crowded. I picked out an inferior picture and sat down in front of it. I haul out my Baedeker, glance at it and at the picture and repeat the operation. A culture-seeking American is edging nearer and viewing the picture through a lorgnette.

She fumbles in her Baedeker feverishly. Her friends will soon be here and she has not primed herself on the beauties of this picture. She is visibly worried. I gaze back and forth from picture to Baedeker and sigh. She approaches for assistance. "Pardon me, what is that picture?" "That? Why, that is the "Magdalandscape" by Michael JordonDyke." (I saw the name-plate just in time.)

"Oh yes, of course, how stupid of me. I'm very much obliged." Her friends arrive. She swishes over and drags them before the innocent canvas. "See here, my dear, this is that famous "Magdalandscape" you've heard so much about. By JordonDyke, you know. One of his finest early Flemish efforts." They gaze in rapture at the painting and worship it. More people arrive. Never before was that picture so honoured. I move out of the room quietly. In half an hour I return that way. A mob is struggling violently to gain a view of the picture. A guard comes up and enquires the trouble. "That picture famous? Why, it was painted by the grandfather of one of the directors. We let it stay there till he dies to keep him from wasting his money on a hospital for demented felines."

I hasten away before I am discovered. Dabbling in art is apt to prove dangerous.

Lucerne, Sept. 13. 1911.

Yesterday was a great day. I climbed Pilatus from Hergiswil. At six-thirty I started down toward Alpnachstad. I did not want to retrace my steps. All went well for three-quarters of an hour. Then I reached the timber line and the shady side of the mountain. It began to get dark. I don't fancy the idea of sleeping on the perpendicular face of an Alpine mountain. I increase my speed. The path which looked smooth from the summit, is covered with stones, business-end upward. It is really dark now. I cannot see the road. I know I'm going downward. The landscape comes up and hits my feet. They are getting sore. Strange as it may seem, I do not seek the downhill side of the path, where some of the sharper stones might have rolled off. I take it for granted that they are either there or are waiting for me, point up, twenty feet below. This path reverses every few paces. It's pitch dark, almost. There is a dark hole where the path runs between the trees. I try to hit that black hole like a limited entering a tunnel. The path keeps hitting me, but I don't mind. A foot to the left there is no path to come up and bruise my feet. It's a thirty foot drop. But I'm getting so used to having

that path come up and hit me that I like it. I should consider it a mistake if, instead of reversing where the path does, I should step off into the soft, unresisting air for half a mile or so. It grows even darker. Some time ago I ran the two miles and kept going because I was afraid the officials would think I was entered in the next day's race and I'd have to run. That was a stroll compared to this. I'm afraid that dark hole I am hitting will disappear. Hello, a light. I stagger into Alpnachstad and the first hotel I come to. It must be midnight. I drop on the bed and pull out my watch. Eight o'clock. Eight miles in an hour and a half. Good night.

Pisa, Italy, Sept. 18, 1911.

A man by the name of Galileo used to live here. He had an obsession for dropping stones from the tops of buildings. If he dropped them outside the cathedral they rattled on the roof. If he dropped them inside, they disturbed the service, so they sent him out to the bell-tower. The world was young then and after a month's study he informed the world that a stone released from the top of a tower would fall to the earth. As I say, the world was young then, so they called Galileo a discoverer. Nowadays, tourists hearing of his fame, try to gain fame by rediscovering the law, like a Freshman solving an original in Geometry. They carry up stones, from the size of a pea to the size of the top stone of Cheops, and try to see whether they will drop from the leaning tower. Some of them expect the stone to float around over the field. Some of them expect it to slide down in a spiral like a new-fangled fire escape, but they all want to try it. Generally they are just reaching the point where their experiment promises to prove the law, when a guard leads them gently away to keep them from murdering the disciples of Baedeker who hover beneath. Such is the search of fame.

Genoa, Italy, Sept. 19, 1911.

Columbus lived in Genoa and discovered that the world was not flat. How anybody could live in Genoa and think it was, is a marvel. Anyone in Genoa ought to have known that the world is not flat. It would really take philosophy and a high degree of logic to prove that it was. In other words, Genoa is built like a New England farm, where it's on edge and they plow both sides. The street cars get dizzy in ascending the heights and by the time a funeral party has followed a corpse to the Campo Santo they are reasonably certain that it's well started toward heaven. They have a novel elevator system in Genoa. The houses

are a dozen stories high with one side against the steep hill. If you live on one side of the first half dozen floors, you climb up from one street. If you live above the sixth floor you slide in through the roof. And it took a young boy gazing out to sea, which, compared to Genoa itself, is as flat as a drink of luke-warm water, to discover that the world is not flat, but round. If we had lived in those days, how brilliant we would have been; but living here today, what a lot of fools we are.

MAYNARD O. WILLIAMS, '10.

Greece

O Hellas! would, as in fond days of yore,
I now might roam the vales of Arcady,
Or gaze upon that fair Aegean sea,
Where sunlit ripples kiss the fragrant shore.

Tired-eyed, o'er many a musty tome I pore,
For mystic words that might recall to me
Those hallowed scenes: Alas! I have lost the key
Which could unlock, O Greece, thy golden door.

Mine ear no more may catch th' entrancing note
Of silvery syrinx wafted from the rill,
Coaxed into melody by Pan's droll mouth:

No more may hear the rippling laughter float
Through dreamy trees, as wanton wood-nymphs trill
Songs breathing all the sweetnees of the South.

CHARLES HULL PROBERT, '07.

The Convention at Detroit

"On to Detroit!" With this for their slogan the teachers of the State of Michigan, fully armed with note book and pencil, and loaded with innumerable questions, closed their schools while they journeyed to the "City of the Straits."

The fifty-ninth annual meeting of the Michigan State Teachers' Association Institute was opened by the president, Professor E. A. Lyman, of M. A. C., with an address on "Ideals in Education."

One of the most enjoyable affairs connected with the Association was the banquet held by the Alumni and friends of Kalamazoo College. Forty-five Alumni who are teaching in the state at the present time, together with Dean Stetson, Professor C. B. Williams, and Dr. G. A. Williams, and Professor W. E. Praeger, representing the faculty, attended the reunion and banquet. Professor C. B. Williams was toastmaster and called upon Dean Stetson, Mr. Schuyler Grant, president of the board of trustees, Principal J. B. Davis of Grand Rapids, Arthur C. Tredway, '98, and William J. Puffer, '07.

Dr. Stetson gave a general description of the reorganization of the college, outlining the new policy, and presenting the most pressing needs—a gymnasium, a science hall, a library building, the remodeling of the dormitory, and the enlarging of Ladies' Hall.

Mr. Grant told of the history of the College, and how at various times the trustees had stood by through thick and thin. He congratulated the College on its reorganization, and said that the Detroit people were always ready to respond to the needs of the College when the need was shown.

Jesse B. Davis, a member of the board of trustees, and principal of the Central High School in Grand Rapids, stated that he had talked with other Grand Rapids men and they were willing to aid the college when any real need occurred.

Arthur C. Tredway, '98, spoke on "Old Times in College," as he had been greatly interested in athletics while a member here. He remarked that he was glad to see old times coming back to Kalamazoo.

William Puffer, '07, principal of one of the large schools in Flint, Mich., told of the value of athletics to him while in college and afterward. He congratulated the college on its progress growth.

Professor Praeger accepted the invitation to speak before the zoology classes of the Central High School. Besides giving several talks before the different classes he took lunch with the teachers in the high school.

At the section meetings Friday afternoon, for the purpose of discussing the general topic "Articulation of High School and College," Professor C. B. Williams presented the new entrance requirements of Kalamazoo College. These he considered as offering a satisfactory solution of the problem of entrance requirements as suited to social and educational conditions in Michigan. The work done by Kalamazoo College in outlining this policy is destined to have a great influence upon the educational problem in the state. It is a noteworthy event and a great honor to all to have this presented before the convention.

After the meetings, Professor Praeger attended a Biological Conference of the Biology teachers in the Colleges and High Schools in the state.

Many alumni were present at the association who were unable to attend the banquet. Mr. C. L. Wells, '63, was the oldest alumnus present. The others present were: Of the trustees, Mr. Grant and Dr. M. B. Fikes of Detroit, and Principal J. B. Davis of Grand Rapids; of the faculty, Dr. Stetson, Professors C. B. Williams, G. A. Williams and W. E. Praeger; of the Alumni, former students and friends, C. L. Wells, '63, Detroit; A. C. Treadway, '98, Detroit; Principal C. L. Austin, '02, Dowagiac; Principal A. N. DeLong, Kalamazoo; Rev. H. S. Bullock, Detroit; J. W. Burns, '07, Flint; C. H. Walter, '09, Bay City; R. A. Palmer, '03 Grand Rapids; Principal W. J. Puffer, '07, Flint; E. C. Arndts and Mrs. Jessie Benbow Arndts, Detroit; Beatrice Cochran, '03, Lansing; Principal Ethelyn Gibson, '06, and Millie Gibson, '11, Comstock; Cora B. Bair, '10, Owosso; Mabel C. Barker, '09, Mt. Clemens; Mabel C. Rix, '11, Wyandotte; Edith Van Denbergh, '00, Grand Rapids; Margaret G. Thornton, '09, Kalamazoo; Clara A. Rookus, '08, Detroit; Bessie M. De Yoe, '04, Hastings; Clarissa Alexander, '11, Detroit; Vara M. Muffley, '07, Kalamazoo; Mary B. Carpenter, '09, Kalamazoo; Marian E. Daniels, '08, Ionia; Rena B. Chapple, '08, Charlotte; Florence J. Lucasse, '10, White Pigeon; Anna M. Puffer, '09, and Elvira Pengelly, '09, Kalamazoo; Ethel J. Rix, Kalamazoo, Blanche Bushnell, Evanston, Ill.; Florence Carpenter, Almira Prentice and Ethel F. Bray, Kalamazoo; Marie Bramble, '12, Tecumseh; Mrs. L. Pittman, Detroit.

G. H. R., '13.

Christmas

When swift the year is drawing to its close,
 And that blest season comes to us again
 When heavenly might did send a King to reign,
 Who peace on all the waiting world bestows,
 A balm, a healing for man's heavy woes,
 A question still doth in my heart remain:
 "How may one Kingly Head the power attain
 To still the combat and make friends of foes?"
 And as I ponder with mute questionings
 Methinks that soft along yon starry ray
 As wafted from angelic hosts above,
 The answer on the silent night air rings:
 "Revenge and war and lust now pass away,
 And men shall know the mightiest force is love."

ETHEL KNOX, '13.

His Lovely Lady

It is a simple story, but full of love and beauty; the story of a love free from petty sentiment.

Section B sat in rigid attention, hands behind backs, faces front. Miss Harper was giving the final instructions before the entrance of Miss Gray, the music teacher.

"This is the day for the picking of singers for the May-Day Festival, and Section B ought to have many representatives. When Miss Gray asks you to sing the "Spring Song" everyone do his best. I hear her coming now. Position! Emil, I shall not speak to you again. Sit up in your seat and keep awake."

Her instructions were unnecessary, for Emil had caught sight of his "Lovely Lady" coming through the door and his sparkling eyes had not the faintest trace of sleep in them. He was in his heaven now. Her mellow voice came to him like the song of an angel and he listened eagerly to what she was saying.

"I do so want Section B to have a large representation, that I am going to give you a splendid chance to show what you can do. Will the girls please sing the first verse of the "Spring Song?"

Seventeen dainty lassies arose and in perfect time sang the first verse of the song.

"That was good. Now boys the second verse."

Emil's heart leaped for joy. The other boys had played during singing practice; but he had worked. He would swallow his fear now and sing out loud and strong, to show the Lovely Lady that at least one of her scholars had learned something.

Through the half-hearted discord of the eighteen unmusical voices rang one full and sweet:

"Pretty flowers of spring time,
Lift your heads so gay;
We greet you all 'Good Morning,'
On this, our bright May day."

As soon as they had finished and had dropped into their seats, Miss Gray went over to where Miss Harper was sitting, and asked in a low tone:

"Who is the dark little fellow in the outside row?"

"You must mean the dago, Emil," was the harsh answer. "Has he been into mischief again? When he isn't asleep he's bothering his neighbors."

Her words were plainly heard all over the room and every spick and span niece and nephew of Uncle Sam turned and scowled at Emil, who sat embarrassed and ashamed.

"What had he done now?" he wondered.

"I'll send him from the room if he bothers you," Miss Harper said.

"No, indeed," answered the Lovely Lady. "Emil, come here a minute, please."

Emil's heart thumped so hard he was afraid she would hear it, as he stopped in front of her. It thumped not from fear, but from joy. He was close to her.

He made a low bow, at which all the scholars laughed as much as they dared; but Emil did not care for—could it be true—the Lovely Lady had really put her hand on his head and had raised his face so he could look into her eyes. Oh! how he loved those eyes! And he could see her beautiful throat. How he loved that throat, for from it came the melodious songs and words.

"Emil," she said to him—think of it! She had called him by name. He would have died for her after that—"Where do you live?"

Emil swallowed twice, then answered:

"Over Lapedero's fruit stand."

"What time do you get up in the morning?"

"At half past two; I have to get a cart load of fruit from across the river and it takes me a long time."

"But why do you have to get it?"

"My brother kicks me and calls me lazy if I don't."

"Ah! I see," answered the Lovely Lady. "Do you like to sing?"

"I would like to just sing always."

"Well, my dear boy, you shall just sing always, and I'll see that you get more sleep, too. Now I want to ask you to do me a favor."

Tink of doing a favor for the Lovely Lady.

"We need someone to sing the solos at the festival and I want you to do it. Come to my home after school, and I will give you the songs I want you to sing; then you shall come every afternoon and practise. You have a wonderful voice. Will you come, Emil?"

And there, before the nieces and nephews of Uncle Sam, and before Miss Harper as well, the boy who is now one of our greatest singers answered by kneeling and kissing the hand of his Lovely Lady.

KALAMAZOO.

I often go backward in fancy
To a winter I long ago knew
In a town known to fame by its musical name,
Which the same it is Kalamazoo.

O Kalamazoyzle—mazzizzle,
—Mazazzle—mzeezzle—mazoo;
That liquid-harmonious, easy-euphonious
Name, known as Kalamazoo.

Where it got such a name I can't tell you;
But I've heard, and I doubt not 'tis true,
There's a mixture of Greek and of Choctaw and Creek.
In the make-up of Kalamazoo.

—Selected.

Under The Oaks

HALLOWE'EN PARTY.

The Ghost and Goblin night was celebrated at the college as usual on Oct. 31. It took the form of a sheet and pillowcase party at the opening; but, after the unmasking, a variety of games and special features made the evening one of unusual pleasure for the whole crowd.

The North Hall quartette contributed a special song about the faculty. A fortune teller added to the events of the evening and the Hallowe'en refreshments brought a successful event to a close.

C. H. B., '12.

DEUTSCHER VEREIN.

The Verein is planning a Heine program for its November meeting. The facts of the poet's life will be learned from a one-act drama managed by Miss Swanson. His prose works will be discussed, four of his poems will be recited, and some anecdotes concerning him will be told. The music also is to be selected from his poems. The December meeting is to be a surprise; and the staff are zealously guarding the details. It will be well worth attending.

THE GAYNOR CLUB.

No one need say there is no music at Kalamazoo College. The Gaynor Girls have enrolled fifty strong and are already working hard to prepare for the Home Concert, to be given in February. The sixteen girls for out-of-town trips have not as yet been chosen, but the officers of the club were elected on Nov. 9 and are as follows:

Business manager (for the spring trip), Frances Clark; business manager (for the other trips), Elsie Kappen; recording secretary, Roberta Williams; treasurer, Edith Clark; leader, Elva Belcher; social chairman, Esther Chapman; advertising chairman, Minerva Kels; stunt chairman, Lella Rushbrook; decorating chairman, Edith Stone; Librarian, Matie McClure

The girls of the club receive instruction each Thursday afternoon from a very competent teacher, Mrs. Harry R. Horton, who is already doing much to bring out the latent possibilities in the voices of those who have had no training, and to improve the work of the other members of the club.

R. G. W., '13.

THE FRENCH CLUB.

At the first meeting of the French Club, November 2, the following program was given:

Welcome address	Miss Stuart
Anecdote	Miss Rennells
Anecdote	Miss Freeman
Vocal solo	Miss Brooks
Piano solo	Mr. Fraser
Poems by Victor Hugo	Mrs. Perkins
Reading from "Tartarin de Tarascon"	Mr. Ferguson

A short reception was held after the program.

K. H. S., '14.

AN ALUMNUS IN CHAPEL.

On Nov. 14, at the regular Tuesday morning chapel hour, Mr. Fred M. Hodge, a graduate and trustee of Kalamazoo College and a prominent business man of our city, spoke to the students.

In the introduction of his talk Mr. Hodge called up reminiscences of his student days at the college. By announcing his text in both Greek and Latin, he proved that knowledge acquired in school may some day be of use, providing one does not forget to polish up said knowledge before coming back to school.

Leaving levity behind, Mr. Hodge stated that the question which the world asks the student differs from what the college itself seeks to find out. The college asks, "What does a man know?" The world, "What can he do?" And the answer of the second question depends upon the first.

"That man is best educated who is most useful." Therefore that man is best educated who puts his energy on acquiring knowledge; not for the sake of getting perfect lessons, but for the sake of study itself—the discipline of study, and the benefits of this discipline in learning self-mastery. Very informally Mr.

Hodge went on to speak of the benefits of our college athletics and of the literary societies.

"We are proud of the football team," said Mr. Hodge. "The question is not whether you always beat in football, but how your team has worked.

"It isn't the fact that you're licked that counts, and how did you fight, and why?"

"Then the literary society gives you a fine opportunity for self-mastery and for putting your knowledge into use. There is probably not a college man who is not, at some time, called upon to speak to an assembled audience. With many, such instances are frequent. It is here in your literary societies that you have the opportunity of learning how to rise before an assembly of people and to speak in an easy, pleasing manner. It is here that you may learn to think on your feet and to use all the abilities which you possess, because of perfect self-control. Learn to be of use now, to gain self-mastery; and in old age this education will be a comfort and strength."

At the Chapel Hour on Nov. 14, Miss Lillian Stetson rendered very beautifully two of Schubert's compositions: (a) "Hark! Hark! the Lark!" (b) "Meditation." Miss Stetson very kindly responded to an encore with the Schumann-Liszt "Dedication."

R. G. W., '13.

EDITORIALS



—We found it a great advantage, two years ago, to have the athletic coach with us all the year. We did better in both football and baseball then than we did last year. This fall we have made great strides in football as to spirit and result. Throughout the whole college there is a better attitude toward athletics. We are proud of our players, and proud of our coach. He has worked faithfully and successfully to turn out a good team. Does it not seem a pity not to keep him with us all the year? We can only urge the trustees to allow us to retain the coach during the next six months. We feel sure it will mean much to the college as a whole to have him remain.

* * *

It is fitting that at this time a word of tribute be paid to the warriors who have worn the Orange and Black. They have worked earnestly and faithfully. They have sacrificed the comforts of home for practice that Kalamazoo might have a team worthy of herself. These heroes have given their all to their college. They have fought many a great battle; victory and defeat both have been their lot but in both they fought the good fight like men. In the games they play, they are learning the great lesson of life: team work. It is impossible for all to make the great run, but it is the courage of the line men, the persistency of the back field that make the long run possible. Each man does his share. He does his duty, whether he receives the plaudits of the grandstand or not. So the season is over. No more are the signals of the quarterback heard, no more does the shout of the crowd echo across the campus. The football hero settles down to his books and is forgetful of all the great deeds of the game. But may the Orange and the Black never forget her faithful sons and may each man in after years play the game of life as he has played the game of football.

R. B. S., '12.

Athletics

Kalamazoo 8, Hope 0.

On Saturday, October 28, we were once more victorious over Hope College on the gridiron. It was a stubbornly fought encounter from whistle to whistle and by no means an easy victory.

The lake side boys had the advantage in weight and proved themselves to be past masters with the forward pass.

The Orange and Black were far from their usual form and only in the last period did they display any flash of spectacular work.

Captain McNeil did the most consistent defensive work for us while Houloose and VerHoek were the stars for Hope.

Touchdowns, McNeil. Field goals, Bramble.

Kalamazoo 5, Albion 19.

On Nov. 11 the Orange and Black team played Albion for a score of 19 to 5. Although the boys displayed some of the finest work of the season they were unable to cope consistently with their heavy, aggressive opponents on the wet and slippery field.

All during the first half we outplayed the Methodists and twice missed scoring by only a narrow margin. The half ended with a 0-0 score.

In the third period Albion ran in some fresh men, while our line weakened visibly. In this quarter Albion scored a field goal and two touchdowns, while Bramble made a spectacular run of 90 yards for Kalamazoo's only touchdown.

To Buchanan, Beerman and Milles much credit is due in making this run possible, as their perfect interference left but one man free to tackle "Curly."

Butler was the twinkling satellite for Kalamazoo. His interference smashing was marvelous and he gained much ground on his end runs.

The result was: Touchdowns, Bertrand, Weigman, Hafford, Bramble. Field goal, Funk. Goal from touchdown, Funk.

Hillsdale Game Called Off.

After spending several hours of perfectly good time and expending limitless measures of energy in preparing for the Hillsdale game the team was keenly disappointed when on Friday,

the seventeenth, it became necessary to cancel the game on account of inclement weather and super-saturated condition of the gridiron.

A great deal of interest was manifested over the game for the following divers reasons: Kalamazoo and Hillsdale have played tie no-score games for the last three years; the result of the game would decide our position in the M. I. A. A. race, and, thirdly, local pigskin fanatics believed that we could rim the Blue and White.

No matter if the game was not played, we firmly believe that we belong a point ahead of Hillsdale in the intercollegiate standing, and here are the scores on which we base our judgment:

Kalamazoo 3, Olivet 28. Hillsdale 0, Olivet 29.
Kalamazoo 8, Detroit 6. Hillsdale 6, Detroit 5.

O. I.

With the passing into history of the 1911 football season, the athletically inclined students are looking over the prospects for a basketball team.

Kalamazoo has not been represented by a basketball team since the old city league disbanded, four years ago.

Lack of material and a floor have been responsible for our not having a team. This combination, however, has been broken up this year, for a wealth of material was swept into our midst by the besom of matriculation day.

From Kalamazoo Central High School came four of the best basketball tossers who ever represented the Maroon and White, to wit: Russell, last year's center; Loughhead, guard; Rase-man, basket-a-minute forward; Polasky, (Dead-Shot-Dave), forward. The fact that Kalamazoo finished second in the state inter-scholastic race last season speaks for the "class" of these players.

"Dusty" Rhoades, the little demon forward from Gobleville, is another man to be counted upon. He is light, but fast and hard as nails, and will undoubtedly make a good man. Gillskey, the lengthy K. H. S. reserve center, will also be a candidate.

Of the old men in school with basketball ability there are "Eck," Biss, guard; "Harmony" Butler, star forward of the old V. O. P. team; Caryl, Payne, Bramble, "Mag" Biss, and Robison.

Kalamazoo College should have a basketball team. There are enough good floors in the city to be had, and there seems no excuse for the lack of a team.

With the amount of material we have on hand and a good coach the Orange and Black should be represented by a team that can beat any college in the state.

WHY NOT?

O. Z. I., '14.

Literary Societies

Sherwoods.

Under the leadership of President Graeber, the Sherwoods are carrying along their semester's literary work very successfully. At present they are practicing for their debate at Hillsdale with a zeal worthy of victory. The question being debated is: Resolved, That marriage and divorce should be regulated by federal enactment. At the meeting on Nov. 10, in senate session, the affirmative was upheld by Senators Frost and Payne, while the negative was supported by Senators Miles and Vernon. The question was then placed before the house. The question is a vital one and elicited lively interest. The Sherwoods intend to convince Hillsdale of the affirmative side of this question.

Philolexian

The Philos have entered upon their semester's work with an energy that bids fair to make them a live-wire society in the college. A good literary program has been presented every Monday night, and the interest shown by the members and friends of the society would seem to indicate that a very successful year lies before them. On Nov. 13, the New Men's program was given. Though naturally somewhat amateurish, the performances of Brake, Capron, Payne, Dellinger, Tedrow, Randall, Leaf, Nichols and Forbes showed much good ability. A good deal is expected of these newest members of one of the oldest societies.

Eurodelphian.

The Eurodelphian Magazine for October 27 proved a very pleasant substitute for the literary program. Miss Bagg and Miss Towsley, by means of tableaux, made up the cover design and advertisements, respectively. Miss Benson, in the editor's notes,

introduced the magazine and its contents, and Miss Hallock received a few of the recent publications. The stories this month by Misses Clark and Williams and the poetry by Miss Oliver were very clever. Articles on the "Spirit of the Institution" and "Euro Ideals," by Misses Belcher and Babcock were especially enjoyed. The Freshmen were asked to heed carefully the "Hints" and "Health and Beauty Notes" by Misses Towsley and Crissman. Misses Harriman, Kappen and Martin furnished the music for the evening and Mrs. MacEwan and Miss Lester acted as critic and chairman.

The programs on the two succeeding evenings were continuations of the folk-lore series, the work of England being studied on Nov. 3, and that of Ireland on Nov. 10.

Century Forum.

The year 1911-12 has opened under favorable circumstances for the Centurys. Eighteen members reported for duty at the beginning of the year. The weekly meetings have been well attended. The work this term has been devoted largely to a presentation of the public questions of the day.

Our membership has been increased by the addition of twelve

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The Big South Burdick Street Clothing Store

new names to the role. On Oct. 20 George Robison was elected Affiliation Director to work for inter-society debates in the affiliation this year. The Centurys are still running under the three-term plan, believing it to be more consistent with their ideal than to adopt the semester plan.

Kappi Pl.

The Kappas are well started upon their year's work. The outlook is bright, and a successful year seems certain. Many interesting programs have been presented since the last report. Seventeen new members have been admitted; and these last recruits are now hard at work on their New Girls' program. They are awaiting the initiation with fear and trembling; but in vain do they appeal to the older members for reassurance.

Mock Trial.

The Centurys and Philos held another of their famous mock-trials on Nov. 6, in Philo Hall. "Mag" Biss, the prisoner, was being sued for \$500.00 damages for speeding his auto and killing a cat belonging to "Buck" Robison. Attorneys Walter Biss and O. Z. Ide defended the prisoner, while Evert Dewey and Clinton

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Brake prosecuted. Dr. Balch, as judge, succeeded in keeping order in the court-room only by the aid of Clerk Pomeroy and Sheriff Stuck. The latter was most efficient in herding the jurymen, who were somewhat abashed. The jury returned a verdict in favor of the plaintiff for \$4.64. After the court adjourned an informal reception was held and refreshments were served.

C. R. C., '14.

Christian Associations

Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. C. A. work is in a most prosperous condition. All of the new girls except one have become members and only four of the old girls have as yet failed to join.

Miss Barnett and Miss Bell were sent as delegates to the state convention, November 2-5, held at Saginaw. They brought back some helpful thoughts. One was concerning the meaning of sin

as illustrated by the word itself. The central letter of the word is "I" and the very center and essence of sin is "self."

Another feature of the local association is the extension work. One noon each week some of our girls, under the supervision of the city Y. W. C. A., visit the factories. The committee in charge is hoping to begin some special work independently, but as yet the plans are incomplete.

Dr. Henry C. Mable of Boston is to visit Kalamazoo, Dec. 2-9. Dr. Mable is one of the most prominent pastors of this country, and for many years has been secretary of the Foreign Mission Society. He will speak on "The Religion of a Collegian." Some of his subjects are: "A Clue to God," "Dream of Youth," "Shall We Continue to Pray?" "The Divine Art of Soul Winning," "Transfigured Life-Callings," "The Collegian in World Relations."

A. L. R., '12.

Y. M. C. A.

The meetings for the past month have all been good. The topics presented by the various speakers have been of deep interest and importance. Besides holding the regular Wednesday evening discussions, the association is doing some extension work. Every

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THESE are the three essentials, in the order of their importance, demanded by the great majority of men--quality, first and supreme; style, correct cut and fit come next. The lowest price consistent with quality and style is demanded and we furnish it in our superb

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two weeks on Tuesday night the meeting at the City Rescue Mission is given over to the College Y. M. C. A.

The Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. have arranged for a three-days series of evangelistic meetings to be held in December. Dr. M. P. Fikes, pastor of the Woodward Avenue Baptist church, Detroit, has been secured for this occasion. He is a man of strong personality, possessing great ability as a speaker.

We call upon the students and faculty and all who are interested in the religious life of our school, and the moral uplift of the student body, to work and pray for the success of this effort.

P. L. V., '13.

Those Who Have Gone Before

W. R. Travis, '03, is superintendent of schools at Wilmington, Cal.

Emily Carder, '10, is teaching Latin at Newman, Ill.

John Williamson, '10, is studying at the University of Chicago.

Clarissa Alexander, '11, is teaching at Hamtramck, Michigan.

Fred Bradt, '09, is teaching at Menominee, Mich.

Recently occurred the marriage of Sue Hamilton to Mr. Baker. They are residing in Washington.

News comes from California that Marion Mason, '10, is very ill of tuberculosis.

Florence Winslow, Inez Krogen, and Anna Matson of Three Rivers, visited the Battle Creek schools, Nov. 10.

Franc Delzell is in New York preparing to enter the immigration work next year.

Ethel Maxson, '09, is working in the office of the Kalamazoo Laundry Company. S. C. J., '12.

Our Neighbors

Last year the students at the Oregon Agricultural College adopted the self-government plan. This year has witnessed its success. President Kerr omitted his usual address of warning and admonition and instead the student body president spoke at the first meeting, stating the principles of the self-government

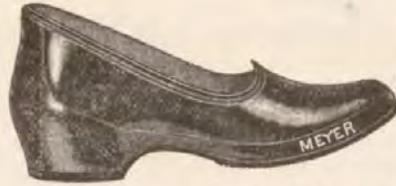
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system. As a result not a single freshman was hazed, and there has been no attempt on the part of any one to evade responsibility in maintaining the standard they have set up for themselves. The students at O. A. C. regard the system as one which will remove the barrier which has existed between the student and the professor, which will make college men and women more self-reliant and upright, will develop to a greater degree their thinking capacity, and will revolutionize higher education. The increasing popularity of the self-government plan in the many colleges in our land cannot be questioned.

Football Boy—What do you eat to keep in condition?
Coach—Track meet.—Ex.

In the College Chronicle are announced the subjects of the N. W. Harris prize competition. They are "The Short Ballot," "The Corrupt Practices Act," "Employers' Liability" and "Workmen's Compensation." The contest is open to all undergraduate students in Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Iowa. The first prize is \$250, the second \$150, and the third \$100.

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The essays must be sent in to Professor N. D. Harris of Northwestern University before May 1, 1912, and are limited to 10,000 words.

Alas! Black.

Beneath the moon, he told his love;

The color left her cheek;

But on the shoulder of his coat

It showed plain for a week.

—Columbia Jester.

The "Calendar" in the Targum might well be introduced into every college paper.

Leland Stanford University, Cal., refuses admission to the following classes of persons: (1) Persons of mediocre ability, who give no positive promise of becoming genuine students; (2) Persons of good ability, but not mature or serious minded, and not likely to make good university students; (3) persons of doubtful character or frivolous disposition, whose interests are likely to

be absorbed by society, athletics, etc.; (4) persons who use intoxicating liquors.

First Man—How is your boy getting along in college?

Second Man—He is half-back in der football and all der way back in his studies.—Ex.

Apparently history is not the sole department of knowledge in Rutgers College. The following was appended to a test paper returned to an apparently healthy member of the Senior class:

Prescription: Robinson and Beard's Ready Relief, several pages (frequently).

Notes in class, two quarts (twice a week).

Map of Europe, one-half carload.

Directions: Mix thoroughly and take every few hours.

N. B. Shake well before using.

If patient doesn't sleep well let him take double dose of the mixture.—The Targum.

The following in regard to the Student Council at M. A. C. is taken from the Holcad.

During the summer, a Michigan student, in discussing college



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Bread, Rolls, Pie, Cake
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Also Candies and Ice
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The Nearest Place to get
a Good Lunch.

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activities, stated that the Student Council fell far short of fulfilling its mission. In turn, he asked if the Student Council at M. A. C., lived up to the opportunity that such a body would naturally have. The answer was necessarily in the negative. Why? Principally because the older members were too rushed with their varied interests to pay the proper attention to the work, and the younger representatives did not feel at liberty to take the initiative. Secondly, the body was not entrusted with powers that were concrete enough, and their measures were not treated with enough respect by the student body. Sufficient to say, however, that no Student Council here has filled the place that it rightfully should.

We often hear student rule exploited by some enthusiast. Every college student hopes the day will hasten when we can

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see such a condition materialize, but until we learn how to properly support our representative body, we are no more fit for student rule than high school students.

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H. R. C., '13.

Our Advertisers

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If his wife bought some cherries would H. C. Pitz some?

If the shortstop fumbled the ball could Hershfield it?

If your class needed some Chase and Sanborn's would E. B. Russell it?

If you had on a hand-me-down would O. E. Price it?

If a duck injured her feet and went to 210 E. Main, would the proprietor Weber feet?

If a pretty Freshman fell into Mirror Lake would Charlie Fischer out?

If you buy your books at Beecher's would C. H. Caryl?

Would you rather fall into the lake than into a Rahlmeyer?

If the score were written in Hindu could Mrs. E. A. Read it?

If Dr. Stetson yelled hard would M. Quayle?

If you offered Mrs. Kline some trade and she refused it. could you say she DeKlined it?

Is this enough for the nonce?

H. C. H., '12.

What Christmas Gift Will I Get For
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ANSWER: Jewelry, because nothing is more appropriate. Incidentally, no place carries quite so varied and satisfactory stock as does

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Friends, Readers, Professors, lend us your jokes!

We are here to publish them, not to coin them.

Your literary style is made immortal

In the Index; but your jokes are oft

Interred in the class-rooms. Let not death

Come thus to yours; but put them in the Grind Box.

H. R. C., '13.

Two riveters were working on the big skyscraper.

"Do yez think thor'll be a war?" said Larry.

"Oi don't know," replied Denny, as he lit his pipe, "but if thor is, Oi'll be at the front."

"Thot's what yez will, me boy. At the front window watching the troops pass by."

And then Larry dodged a rivet.—Bagology.

Dr. S.—What are dangerous occupations?

C. J. E.—Why glass blowing, and match-making, and—Oh!

Don't try to be a "good fellow" but be a good man. "Good fellows" at fifty are working as shipping clerks, while good men are in business for themselves at forty-nine.—Bagology.

Wife—John, there's a burglar in the house. Go right down stairs.

Hubby—My dear, I'm not in the habit of associating with that class of people. Send a servant.—Bagology.

"Jimmy, what on earth are you crying about now?"

"Tommy Jones dreamt las' night that he had a whole pie to eat and I didn't."—Bagology.

Prof. MacEwan—What does Tennyson mean by "His essences turned the live air sick?"

Miss Clark—Essences in his hair.

Professor—She knows.

Miss Derby (reading)—"Ah, for a man with heart, head, hand!"

Prof. MacEwan—Do you say "Amen" to that, Miss Derby?

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By using our handy little embossers--work like a ticket punch. Novel, useful, inexpensive. Write for samples of work and prices.

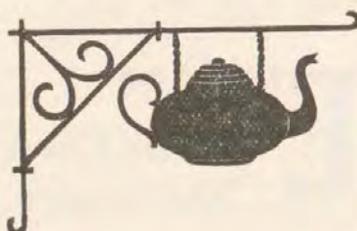
RENO BAKER, Lawton, Mich.

or see **HENRY HART.**

Miss T. (in Greek 1)—He shouted to Clearchus to lead the army against the middle wing of the enemy.

Dr. Balch (in Polly Con)—Someone give an exmaple of a case where a part of certain goods may be worth more than the whole.
Mag—A doughnut.

A girl had gone to dinner in New York with her steady. The young man noticed a speck of lint on her shoulder. When she wasn't looking he attempted to brush it off. After several futile attempts he took hold of the lint and started to pull it off. He unraveled several yards of the fleecy stuff and, when he seemed to have it all, threw the wad under the table. That night the girl told her mother that she had a perfectly lovely time. "But," she added, "I have just been lying here in bed, mother, and wondering what became of my union suit."—Ex.



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Miss B.—You know something about this Angell, don't you?
(holding up Psych).

Dr. S.—Less and less every day. The trouble is there's too much
L in him.

Dr. Balch (discussing agriculture in Polly Con class)—We will
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If a man had a revolving book case would it be a circulating library?—Ex.

A Conundrum.

Why is Mrs. P.'s German class like life?
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Mr. Graeber (after an especially graceful move)—I am a perfect picture of grace and elegance.
Mr. Miles—Yes, but the picture is sadly faded.

French 2.

Pupil (reading)—Solomon liu montra le petite mare.
Pupil (translating)—Solomon mounted his little horse.—Ex.

This space is for the joke you didn't hand in.

Dr. S. (in Psych.)—Miss Gleason, do you have a concrete or abstract conception of Chicago?

Miss G.—I think I have an abstract conception of it.

P. N. J.—Dr. Stetson, I should think Chicago would be concrete. Practically all the new buildings are.

"You know Fatty Schultz, the butcher. What do you suppose he weighs?"

"I don't know; what does he weigh?"

"Meat."—Ex.

Umpire (at basketball game)—Foul!

Small Boy—Where are the feathers?

Umpire—You goose. this is a picked team.—Pennsylvania Chronicle.

"Generally speaking woman is——"

"Well, is what?"

"Generally speaking."—Ex.

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Prof. MacEwan—No, I never blush. You see, it takes such a big one to go all the way back.

“What keeps the moon from falling?”
“Its beams.”—Ex.

Miss Fraser (translating German)—The child looked up at him with wide-open speechless eyes.
Mrs. Perkins—How was that?

H. C. H.—I had three floggings while I was in school and I think they did me lots of good.
Dr. S.—Probably a fourth one wouldn't have been too many.

Dr. Stetson was asking when the Philosophy papers would be ready; the Seniors were trying to think up new excuses:

Dr. S.—Mr. Bowen, how about yours?

Mr. B.—I'll have mine ready in two or three weeks, perhaps four.

Dr. S.—O, why not say next year? Miss Eldridge, how is yours?

Miss E.—I hardly know. I don't like my man.

Dr. S.—I'm afraid it is too late to change him, Miss Eldridge.

Miss E.—I realize that.

Dr. S.—Yours, Mr. Raseman?

Mr. R.—I've begun writing.

Dr. S.—Anything more than the title?

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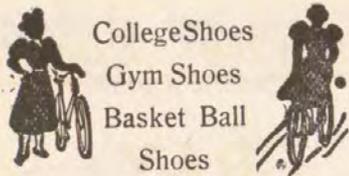
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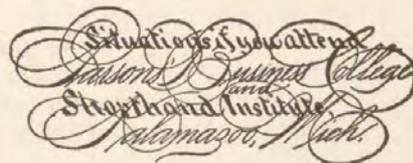
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Theorem—If you love your girl, she loves you.

Hypothesis—You love your girl.

To Prove—Your girl loves you.

Proof:

1. All the world loves a lover.—Shakespeare.
2. Your girl is all the world to you (evident).
3. Hence your girls equals the world. (Axiom.)
4. Therefore your girl loves a lover.
5. You are a lover.
- 6: Therefore: Your girl loves you.—J. E. D.

—The Scrip.

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