



College Index,

Kalamazoo, Michigan.



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College Index.

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NO 1.

Literary.

October.

ANON.

But when October comes,
And poplars drift their down in flakes of gold below,
And beeches burn like twilight fires that used to tell of
snow,
And maples bursting into flame set all the hills a-fire,
And summer from her evergreens sees Paradise draw
nigher—
A thousand sunsets all at once distill like Hermon's dew,
And linger on the waiting woods and strain them through
and through,
As if all earth had blossomed out, one grand Corinthian flower,
To crown Time's graceful capital for just one gorgeous
hour.
They strike their colors to the king of all the stately throng—
He comes in pomp, October! To him all times belong;
The frost is on his sandals, but the flush is on his cheeks,
September sheaves are in his arms, June voices when he
speaks—
The elms lift bravely like a torch within a Grecian hand,
See where they light the monarch on through all the
splendid land!
The sun puts on a human look behind the hazy fold,
The mid-year moon of silver is struck anew in gold,
In honor of the very day that Moses saw of old;
For in the burning bush that blazed as quenchless as a
sword,
The old Lieutenant first beheld October and the Lord!
Ah, then October let it be—
I'll claim my dying day for thee!

Pure Christianity.—True Socialism.

G. M. HUDSON.

The most potent factor in the civilization of the world and the elevation of the race is the Christian religion. The pure morality of the teachings of Christ and their beauty reflecting down across the centuries have changed the whole nature and purposes of civilization.

Aside from Christianity, many plans of one kind and another have been devised to bring mankind together in the relation of a brotherhood. This fraternal spirit has manifested itself in many ways. In family groups, tribal formations, church relations and state combinations, efforts have been made to gather together and unify the

scattered and divided race. Alexander led his mail-clad warriors into the four quarters of the earth to make the people one. Cæsar, Charlemagne and Napoleon, inspired with the desire for a universal kingdom, have left the record of their hopes on the crimson fields of Pharsalia, Rhonsaval and Austerlitz. From the silent hall where flit the ghosts of mighty empires, from the host of millions wandering across the desert sands of time, through dust and smoke, through blood and carnage, we see the landmarks of a heart's nobler yearnings for something broader, deeper, and stronger for society to rest upon than the arbitrary customs of an age.

This brotherhood has been the dream and inspiration of poets, the study of philosophers, and the prayer of the world. Yet these hopes and plans have not been realized.

In all ages and in every land wherever there have been great inequalities in human conditions, these socialistic yearnings have appeared either as against the existing order of things, or in dreamy plans for social reconstruction. But the marvelous international, socialistic agitation of the last three or four decades has arrested the thinking minds of all civilization, espoused the cause of the laboring man, and is telling the world the cause of its poverty, misery and meanness.

Modern Socialism is an economic industrial plan for the reorganization of society on the basis of governmental ownership of all the resources and instruments of production. Socialists claim that the existing system of competition based on rent, profit taking, interest and individual ownership of capital, is the cause and source, directly and indirectly, of all the poverty, misery and crime known to society. They therefore demand an abolition of the existing order of things; giving to the state the ownership of all land, capital and instruments of production.

In the new order of things the socialist proposes to secure to every person just compensation for his labor and a full share of the enjoyments of life; such as education, recreation, social advantages and the best care and sustenance in sickness and old age. He proposes to educate every child and

give it a chance to master any science, art or mechanical profession it may wish to pursue.

Socialism proposes to secure scientific, honest government, freed from the leeches and vampires that feed and fatten on the spoils of office. It would stop the waste of society by turning the vast army of speculators, gamblers, idlers, pleasure-mongers, kings and nobles into one mighty host of co-operative producers, banded together in freedom, fraternity and unity of purpose. It proposes to extinguish from society the greed for gain, and the lust for gold; to restrain and regulate every unholy passion that tarries in the hearts of men, whether rich or poor, and to banish forever the miseries born of pride, selfishness, and ingratitude. It proposes that there shall be no more idlers, nor paupers, nor criminals; but that all shall be well fed, well housed and well clad. This is the desire of the socialist, that out of the throes of politics, social revolution, peaceable or violent, a new humanity shall be born in which every man shall be honest, industrious and unselfish. Freedom and industry, equality and love, are to be the common lot of all! What a promise! What a prophecy! What a glorious era of industrial freedom and prosperity! What a triumph of righteousness! The last first. The lowliest, loftiest. Poverty, misery and crime, turned to riches, happiness and purity.

Will revolution, state ownership, and the equal distribution of property, secure such a condition? The laws of human progress, the demands of a perfected humanity, "the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye," and the pride of life answer, no. Vain all attempts to drive out selfishness and lust by revolution and law! Vain all attempts to bring in morality and peace by material prosperity! Vain all attempts to cure existing social diseases, to right wrongs and purify character by changing the method of industrial production.

What then must bring about the true social condition? What must fill the universal heart with brotherly instinct? What mighty power must lay the broad axe at the roots of selfishness, oppression and crime? What master spirit must move on the chaotic mass of entangled humanity and bring forth peace, purity, and righteousness? The wailings of distress; the criminal luxury of the favored few; the silent whisperings of the human heart; and the voice of eternal justice thundering its divine anathemas against the wrong, proclaim

that the transforming power lies in the simple, magnetic principles of the gospel of the Son of God.

When these reach the heart they give a clearer and broader comprehension of the rights of men. They declare that the humblest peasant has the same right to life and life sustaining forces as the proudest monarch on the throne. The subtle and potent influences of Christianity are overthrowing despotism, bursting the chains of slavery, and crushing the very foundations of tyranny and oppression. Before the spread of Christianity there were vast empires, mighty armies, and powerful navies, gorgeous palaces and beautiful homes. But what was the great mass of humanity? Men were groping their uncertain way in darkness and doubt, were pinched with hunger, fell victims to famine, or perished on the battle-field to gratify the lust for power of some despot who claimed to rule by divine right.

The temporary expedients adopted from time to time in the fearful conflict between capital and labor do not reach far enough to give any assurance that the evils are lessened. It is but postponing the cyclone that may come no one knows how soon, and sweep everything before it. The capitalist must have a deeper humanity and a more active charity, so that he will love man and the welfare of men more than money. The laboring man must have a clearer conception of the great principles of justice and right. Both must let the golden rule, "Whatsoever you would that men should do to you, do you even so unto them," have the supreme control of their conduct in dealing with their fellow men. These words of the Master put in practical operation will still the tumult and calm the angry waves of economic strife. So surely as He did, when in the storm, the affrightened disciples came to him and said, "Master! we perish!" And he arose and rebuked the winds and the waves and said, "Peace be still."

What other refuge gives any assurance of safety in the future? The disorganizing and disintegrating theories of the communist, the red banner of the anarchist do not cure, but surely aggravate the disorders of society. The rule or ruin policy of many organizations which claim to have the interests of the laboring classes at heart, defeat the very ends they desire to accomplish, and often compel the state to protect life and property at the point of the bayonet. The evil is postponed for a time. If we would have capital

and labor cease their warfare, and extend the right hand of fellowship each to the other; if we would correct the false notion that it is a disgrace to be poor and a crime to be rich, then we must distill into the minds of all men the pure ethics of christianity. This remedy goes to the very seat of the disorder.

But stupid conservatism will say that the great problem is so darkly mysterious and so much the result of blind mischance that it will be impossible to make a successful application of gospel principles to it. I admit that there will be difficulty in the application of christianity in detail to the sin sick world. But tell me of any principle that looks to the betterment of humanity that is free from difficulty. In proportion as the principles are far reaching and comprehensive will their application be difficult. And this very difficulty sends out a challenge to the spiritual heroism in the world to meet its stupendous moral obligations.

Christianity is the only perfect moral code known to men. It teaches that the weak are to be helped by the strong, demands an elevation of the poor and miserable to conditions of prosperity and happiness. It compels us to recognize another's interest as our own, thus striking a death blow at selfishness and creating in us a passion for the welfare of others. It electrifies the encircled brotherhood of man, not with rivalry, hatred and indifference, but with kindness; reconciling and confederating them into a unity of interests and feelings, thus changing the stage of the world from a wretched tragedy into a divine comedy.

It is the morality of the brotherhood of man, of the fraternity of the race, of the equality of the people, it seeks the universal good, it knows no national church or political bounds. It overleaps all these barriers and seeks to develop the humanity of man. Christianity does not recognize class or caste; it declares that whatever there is of happiness, moral attainments, knowledge and prosperity that it is for all. It prescribes nothing for the priest or preacher that is not for the people. It is not in any way connected with rites, ceremonies, ecclesiastics. It is a matter of every day life. It prescribes royal conduct in practical affairs as the means of making ourselves and our neighbors happy, and of making society and the world prosperous.

The morality of Christianity can be practised without priests, without a church, without a creed. It transcends all provisional appliances and frag-

mentary expediencies to the permanent and universal laws of our being, and conforms us to a model that is ideal and to a standard that is impartial and, wherever it operates, full free and complete, it makes a sweeping reform and radical reconstruction; being the most truly progressive and revolutionizing principles that have ever occupied the minds of men. They are pre-eminently quickening: giving life and energy to the intellect and heart; fortifying conscience and animating it with an unconquerable purpose of duty, awakening love in the purest and most disinterested forms; raising thoughts to the highest objects. Thus training our whole being to that fullness, harmony and beauty, the union of which constitutes human perfection.

Christianity as the manifested will, wisdom and goodness of God, is the complement of the deep-founded and everlasting laws of our moral nature; and in its eternal and all holy bonds must the whole human family, rich and poor, white and black be bound in a sympathetic, fraternal and cooperative brotherhood. When the masses are permeated with the principles of Christianity, then will moral darkness and inequality flee like night before the beams of the morning light. Then shall the pæans of universal peace be sung, not by angel tongues, but by all the tongues of the world.—Written for the Junior prize contest, June, 1893.

Our Obligation to the Prohibition Party.

E. HAINES.

Mere sentiment has had its day. Bombast has lost its power. The pessimist is an exotic in our country and only flourishes in the hot-houses of political campaigns. The past is past; the future is in the future, and the present is clamoring for attention.

So short a time being allowed for the discussion of so vast a theme, we shall have to make three statements, which, by such an audience as I see before me, will be accepted as truisms.

1st. "Ours is a government of the people, by the people, and for the people."

2d. We recognize moral law and our obligation to obey it.

3d. Intemperance in drink is one of the greatest evils in our country today.

Reformation is a growth and every growth has a beginning. Every reformation in the history of the world has begun because someone has believed. "Duties are ours, events are God's." Re-

form is the result of a majority of the people believing and acting, "It must be right to do right."

For scores of years no one dared to dispute the conclusions reached by the reasoning of Aristotle, although those conclusions were contrary to experience. One man became the champion of another mode of reasoning based on experience and immediately found followers who have revolutionized education and its means.

One man faced an incredulous world and demonstrated by experiment that the earth is round. He soon found followers, and today he is honored with the naming of the greatest international exposition ever held in the world.

There was a time in England when one man was alone in renouncing slavery, but today the whole christian world is with him.

Reform and public opinion go hand in hand. Sound public opinion leads to thorough reform. A man may change his manners without having a changed character; so there may be a revolution without a reform. The bite of the dog may be healed, but the hydrophobia indicates the poison was not taken from the system.

Lasting reform is slow. "Men have eyes, but they see not, and ears, but they hear not." The mushroom grows in a night and fades in a day; the oak is years in growing and withstands the storms of a hundred returning winters.

No wise advocate of a reform would even wish for a public opinion which was one day singing "Hosanna" and the next "Crucify Him." The public opinion which can be relied upon is that which results from the combined use of judgment and conscience. The enlightened judgment with the quickened conscience in a government like ours is the surest guarantee of good law. You give me a people whose judgment is informed in regard to any great wrong, and whose conscience is tender, and I will give you an immediate settlement of the wrong.

I cannot believe that conscience is what is wanting in our country today; it must be the want of enlightened judgment. I believe when the minds of the people are fully informed in regard to what are the great questions before them, and what is at the root of the evils which we see, the evils will vanish like mist before the rising sun. It cannot be that men who will fight, and bleed, and die for their country will peacefully sit and watch the foe drink its very life blood. They do not see the danger, they are asleep.

In a country like ours, in which every man is a sovereign it is necessary that every man shall understand what are the great questions which need settlement, and how their solution is to be reached. When the mass of the people decide what are the great questions and the best mode of settling them, then we have a public opinion which soon manifests itself in law. Such public opinion must be sought and found in informing the individual judgment, the basis of our government.

Law which is not supported by public sentiment soon becomes a "dead letter." The "Fugitive Slave Law" passed congress and received the president's signature, but it could not be enforced, because public sentiment was against it.

We must admit that law to be enforced must receive the support of public opinion; that public opinion must be formed by education along the lines of reform, both as to the evils to be reformed and the manner of doing it.

In 1840 the Liberty party polled 7,000 votes and became a nucleus around which nearly two million voters gathered for Lincoln in 1860. During those twenty years public opinion was being formed, both as to the vital question before the people and the best manner of dealing with it. To that party is all honor due which became the champion of the cause of humanity. It stood before the people like the prophet of old declaring what was right and how to make right the wrong. It was the schoolmaster which taught the primary ideas of right, and the solution of a vexing problem in civil government. It was a Moses which led the people into a glorious land of liberty. Honor and praise and reverence to its past!

In 1867, "before any temperance party was organized," a brewers' congress was held in Chicago in which the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That we will sustain no candidate of whatever party in any election who is any way disposed toward the total abstinence cause."

Two years passed and neither of the old parties dared answer the challenge of the brewers' congress. The Goliath of the rum power was boasting of its strength and brandishing its weapon in the face of right, and no one was found among all the mighty men of righteousness to meet the giant.

The Prohibition party was organized in 1869 pledged to the overthrow of the liquor power where it was, namely: in politics. Since then little David has been slinging stones of argument which

have hit the mark and we can see the giant is putting forth his best efforts in the final struggle. No one can doubt the result, for God is with David.

From the very beginning of the agitation, the one party has been opposed to "all sumptuary laws which vex the citizen," and has declared for "free trade" and "free whiskey." The other party, in its resolutions touching temperance, can be interpreted to favor that which the people urge. In practice it believes in protected goods and protected whiskey.

Has either of these two parties done anything to create public sentiment against the liquor power? Have they ever in their conventions raised one cry of warning against the invading foe? Do they send out from Washington to all parts of the country printed circulars showing how large a per cent. of crime is traceable to drink? Do they show from press and platform how much money is annually spent by the poorer classes for that which makes them demons? Do they prove that the liquor power is organized and entrenched in politics? Do they tell of the homes made worse than hell because father or mother, or both are drunkards? Do they summon the vast army of young men as witnesses of the damning effect of drink? Say, friends, are the old parties creating public sentiment against the saloon power? From the honest conviction of the good people of our country I hear a chorus of "Nays" which make the welkin ring.

Has the Prohibition party done anything to make public sentiment against the liquor traffic? It has shown the evil effects of the use of alcoholic beverages. It is clearly pointing out wherein the strength of the traffic lies. It is continually disclosing the saloon power protected by the law. It is proving by statistics the alarming per cent. of crimes which can be traced to drink. It is demonstrating that a very large part of poverty and pauperism is the result of intemperance. It is showing that anarchy finds rich nourishment in the saloon and labor troubles are aggravated by the traffic. By press and platform it is warning the people of the presence of an evil more general and more to be dreaded by a republic than slavery.

This party is first, last and all the time pledged to the prohibition of the liquor traffic. It does not court the support of any liquor organization in existence. It is not working in the interest of self, it is working in the interest of humanity and the nation. Its efforts are not confined simply to the enthusiasm of political campaigns, it is in

all honorable means possible educating public sentiment every day. It has, by agitation and education, already brought a local prohibition in many parts of our country and is continuing to make the prohibition sentiment stronger every year.

At the entrance to New York harbor stands the statue of liberty. In the darkness of night the light from the torch held in the uplifted hand of the Goddess of Liberty seems to give light and a welcome to all the world as it guides the weary mariner to a harbor of rest. So the Prohibition party stands in our nation today, a statue of purity and reform. It holds in its hand the lamp of knowledge which is continually lighting the gloom of public opinion and showing the way from a stormy sea of intemperance, crime and misery to a safe harbor of sobriety, morality and good government.

In the beginning we agreed that intemperance in drink is one of the greatest curses in our country today. We agreed to recognize moral law and our obligation to obey it. We accepted the truth that ours is a government of the people, by the people and for the people.

If intemperance is the greatest curse in our country today, we are morally under obligation to use any legitimate means to free ourselves from it. From the character of our country it is manifest that the best way to secure this freedom is a direct appeal to the people, showing them the needs and urging to action.

We have seen that the Prohibition party is the only party which comes to the voter, discloses the wrong, shows where its strength lies and proposes a remedy. In short, it is the one party which by its very existence is educating public opinion against the saloon power.

Ladies and gentlemen, there is but one conclusion. That which is educating rightly public opinion, the strong arm of our government, places every one who recognizes moral law under obligation to support it.

Then, friends, let us do our duty in the living present and trust God and the future for the final issue.—Prize oration delivered at Kalamazoo College Prohibition Club contest, May 3, 1893.

The full returns of the last foot-ball season in Great Britain have come in, and here they are: Twenty-six deaths, thirty-nine broken legs, twelve broken arms, twenty-five broken collar bones and seventy-five other injuries that the surgeons do not take the trouble to specify.—Boston Herald.

A Summer Day's Outing.

MISS HAYES.

We had heard and read of the Summer Boarder, but now we had attained to that delight ourself. This delight sprang from the fact that all care was thrown aside and we were all children together, from three-year-old Arthur to the grandfather of seventy. We lounged on porches or in hammocks telling stories and laughing as only those can who, knowing care and responsibility, have laid it aside for the time.

One afternoon some one said, "Let us go up the Dells tomorrow." The motion was carried without debate. The next morning after a short drive, we descended a long flight of steps and found ourselves on board a little steamer—The Dell Queen. How I wish I could paint the scene for you! The water in past ages has worn the sandstone rocks into ledges which extend far beneath the present level of the water as well as far above our heads. Into each crack and crevice of the rock the wind has carried the seed and the wonderful power of life has made a foothold for the plant, so the bluffs are covered, not only with moss and lichens, but with ferns and flowers, and even large trees grow upon what seems the very face of the rock, but their roots have crept along until they have found or made a cleft whither the winds have borne a little soil; there they have grown to a height of thirty feet or more.

As we steam up the river, the banks now approaching and again receding, each moment some one is calling our attention to some point of interest. Now on our left the rocks disappear, leaving a long bank of yellow sand. In the background stands a house whose weather-beaten appearance suggests great age. This is the old Dell House once the finest tavern to be found in the region, with its dancing hall and wine cellar. But two men were murdered here one dark night. Their spirits afterward haunted the spot, causing its desertion. Just beyond the old Dell House the river becomes narrower and the rocks on each side higher. On the right the water has worn out small coves leaving the rocks jutting out into the river, looking like the prows of great ships, so this spot has come to be called the "Navy Yard." In the long ago when the waters were much higher than now they washed behind a mass of rock forming what has been well named the Chimney, and way up there in its shadow, on a narrow ledge, sits an artist at his easel. Farther up at our left one can see where the fissures form a great wedge,

with which the devil cleft these rocks, so they say.

So we steam on, feasting our eyes and in the midst of our pleasure thinking, "He hath given us all things richly to enjoy."

From the east small streams flow into the river, each wearing its way through the rock, forming gulches and canons, the dark damp air of which seem to make a very paradise for ferns. They form a mass of verdure at our feet or wave their graceful plumes to us from the rocky ledges above. In Witch's gulch the sides come nearly together, forming a "fat man's misery." Again we walk under a projecting ledge which a tall youth of the party calls the tall man's misery. Then we climb steps over a series of waterfalls, which as the sound is repeated through the narrow gorge seems to rival Niagara. Just beyond the mouth of the gulch the bluffs disappear and the river widens, becoming too shallow for our little steamer, which we leave to make its way down stream. We take a skiff and row across to the sandy bank on the farther side. After a walk of nearly a mile we find ourselves at the base of another chain of rocks, like those forming the bank of the river. One separated from the others after the manner of the Chimney—but taller—is Stand Rock. We climb the heights and walk around, visiting the caves called Squaw's Chamber and Dining Hall and catch a glimpse of curious bluffs in the distance. The question is constantly recurring to our minds: How did these great masses of rock come here? The ridges must be the work of water. But whence? Was it the Wisconsin, afterwards changing to its present course?

Presently we row toward home, passing from side to side of the river to catch new views of these rocks, which seem much higher from our little row boat. The sun, now far in the west, casts wierd shadows about us and we hear the sighing of the pines far above our heads. We have ceased our exclamations of admiration and each one gives himself up to silent enjoyment.

If the canons of the Colorado give to the mind the idea of sublimity in nature certainly these Dells of the Wisconsin give the idea of beauty.

We stood in one of the smaller glens and looked at the little stream at our feet, at the rocks about us everywhere covered with plant life from the moss and tiny fern to the oak sending its root down twenty feet to find water, the whole lighted by the rays of the setting sun as it shone through the narrow entrance. We thought: What is horticultural hall in the wonderful White City compared

to this? No human hand could have shaped these graceful curves, nor have clothed these rocks with their delicate draperies! How the smallest crevice has its fern or tiny bluebell, whose tiny root has grain by grain worn away the rock, thus gaining for itself a place! And as we pluck it from its place, we say with Tennyson:

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies;
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand.
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

Where are we at?

W. H. MAYS.

The harvest is past, the summer is ended and again we are at college. We have cast off our garments of business and summer robes of recreation and have buckled around us the student's uniform and college colors of '93 and '94.

When last our thoughts appeared in these columns we were looking back at what we had done during the college year of the past, but to-day we are looking upon the year of the future. We well remember the victories and failures of the past year, both of which should be for our gain, as the victories are lessons of labor and the failures are lessons of experience. We know how we gained the victories; we know why we were counted as failures. The victories won make us stronger to-day and the failures we made only teach us to use our weapons more fiercely in the conflict before us. We have glanced over the college catalogue, we have selected our studies and now we are to put forth our effort to finish the course.

We have said in the beginning of this article, "again we are at college." Some one says, "this does not hit me." Yes, we realize that many who appear on the roll today are not here "again" but here for the first time—are here from the high school—are here from some other college—are here from the farm, the workshop or office. Those of us who are here "again" vividly remember the partings of three months ago and as we look through the dormitory, the ladies' hall and the class rooms of this new year, we feel confident that some of those partings will never happen again. Many of the happy faces which became so familiar to us and the souls to whom we became so much attached, in person, are far from us today, though we presume they are with us in mind and in spirit. One parting we call to mind as though

it were but yesterday. Just at the eve of the college year and the dews of summer rest were already falling around us, the voice of one of our number was hushed in our presence, and his spirit went to its everlasting rest. Brother Andrew Nelson did not leave us at the depot but at the water's edge—he did not board a pullman coach but rather a heavenly chariot—he did not ride on the crusty planet, but soared on high—he was not accosted by a conductor of earth but by the angels of heaven. Others whom we bade adieu at the depot possibly have joined him since last we met, and still others are stationed here, there, and yonder, whom we probably shall never meet again. We regret such separations but we are glad to notice that the places which these absent ones occupied have been filled by another band of students. We are glad to meet and greet these students, and welcome them into our midst, and only trust that our acquaintances and college relations may be pleasant and profitable.

Our subject asks, "Where are we at?" Years have come and passed away since we were daily lulled to sleep by the rocking of the cradle or the trotting of mother's knee. We were then denoted as buds of promise, with mothers' arms as our calyx and the blush of babyhood as our color, blameless, spotless and as pure as the air we breathed. Our little minds then harbored not a single thought as to where we would be today. We could only dream of things and circumstances not seen nor yet heard of. Perhaps in our state of purity God allowed sleep's fancy to bring before us for a moment a vision of the beauty, the grandeur and solemnity of heaven's interior,—if so we extend to Him our gratitude, though we remember it no more. The cradle has been put away for the last time; mother's knee lies chilled in the "dark, narrow house" or has become weak and unsteady by the many setting suns and closing seasons; our then helpless limbs have become strong and firm; our delicate and rounded faces have become stenciled by marks of manhood and womanhood, and we are now called not "buds of promise" but rather the reality of promises or blossoms of the human tree. As the flower reaches the stage of unfolding its petals in full view of its surroundings, its fragrance is most pleasing and its attractiveness most beautiful. So it is with us. When we have reached the age of unfolding our character in full view of those around us, our examples, if they are what they should be, are most pleasing, and our influences are most perceivable. Let us," then,

bear in mind that the place "where we are at is the place termed college life—a short delay for developing a longer stay. We are the pride of the world, just at the best of life, casting off the variations of childhood and putting on the determinations and dignity of manhood and womanhood. We can overlook broader fields than those of any previous period, owing to the fact that we have the monuments of former generations to stand upon. With this inventory of advantages over our fathers and mothers, if we should pass through trials of equal weight; sacrifices of equal value, and labor of equal burden, what might we accomplish? One dollar from the pocket to the brain now, in later years will enable the brain to return to its donor fifty or an hundred fold. One hour spent now in searching out the hidden secrets and laws of nature, in after life will return to us many hours of rest, recreation and comfort.

The station, "where we are at," then, is one of great importance and while we are here collecting the rules of Latin and Greek construction and gaining admission into the secrets of the sciences that reveal to us that there is a here and a hereafter, let us prepare well for this life and exceedingly well for the life to come, ever keeping in mind that "For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Christ Jesus."

Y. M. C. A. Notes.

The state convention will be held this year at Battle Creek, Oct. 12-15. These conventions are a source of great inspiration and awaking among the young men of the state, and especially are they helpful to those who attend. Some of this year's attractions are as follows:

- "The Present Crisis,".....
.....Rev. D. D. MacLaurin, D. D., Detroit
- "The Interest of the Community in its Young Men,".....Gen. Russell A. Alger, Detroit
- "Why Should I Believe the Bible?".....
Rev. G. Stockton Burroughs, Pres. Wabash College, Crawfordsville, Ind.
- "The Significance of the College Young Men's Christian Association,".....
Mr. John R. Mott, College Secretary of the International Committee, New York.
- "The Young Man of Nazareth,".....
.....Rev. Casper Wistar Hiatt, Kalamazoo
- "The Power of Social Agencies Wisely Used,"
..General Secretary A. F. Barrett, Muskegon
- "The Educational Opportunity of the Associations,"....Pres. George R. Angell, Detroit
- "The Possibilities of Physical Education,"..
.....Physical Director A. G. Studer, Detroit
- "Spiritual Agencies in Association Work,"..
.....Mr. J. D. M. Shirts, Grand Rapids

The Michigan Railway Association has granted one and one-third fare on all lines in their territory. As Battle Creek is so near to Kalamazoo, we hope the young men will take advantage of this grand opportunity. If you have never attended a state convention, we urge you to go.

Motto: "Kalamazoo College for Christ."

The Students' Hand-Book, issued by the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A., is a neat little volume, and contains many things of interest not only to the new students but to the old ones as well.

Nearly seventy attended the first college prayer meeting, and a good interest prevailed. Almost everyone present seemed anxious to take some part in the exercises. It is hoped that the interest will continue throughout the year.

A large proportion of our new students, we are happy to say, are Christians. These we will be glad to welcome to active service in our association. It is our aim to have everyone in the college an active or associate member of the Y. M. C. A. or Y. W. C. A.

In order to become thoroughly interested in Association work, one must know something about it. The Young Men's Era, the official organ of the Y. M. C. A., is especially interesting and helpful to College students and to all who are interested in the physical, mental and spiritual welfare of young men. The paper comes weekly and costs only 75 cents per year to students. It is hoped that a large club may be obtained.

It cost the city of New York \$300 a day to pay the bills of the Duke of Veragua while the guest of that corporation. There are many young men just now wondering where they are going to get two thirds of that amount to defray this year's expenses in college. What a difference between the personal expenses of the ordinary freshman and the Duke of Veragua! Still, we believe that there is as much true manliness and even greater possibilities for future good hidden beneath the thread bare coat of many a struggling American student, than can be hoped as to the decedent of the great discoverer of America.

THE article, "Pure Christianity, True Socialism," published in this issue should have been delivered at the Junior Prize Contest last June, had not Mr. Hudson been called away from college just before the date of the contest arrived. We think it due the writer that the students of the college and the subscribers of the INDEX have an opportunity to read his production.

The College Faculty.

President and Prof. of Mental and Moral Science,
A. G. SLOCUM, LL. D.

Prof. Latin Language and Literature,
REV. S. BROOKS, D. D.

Prof. Greek Language and Literature,
REV. S. J. AXTELL, A. B.

Professor of Mathematics,
W. A. WILSON, A. B.

Professor Natural Sciences,
S. G. JENKS, B. S.

Instructor in English Bible,
REV. S. HASKELL, D. D.

Instructor in History and English Literature,
MISS ELLA M. HAYES, B. Pd.

Instructor in German and English,
MISS MARY RELIHAN, B. L.

Instructor in French and Latin,
MISS MAUD WILKINSON, A. B.

Instructor in Mathematics and English,
MISS LUCY JOHNSON, Ph. B.

Instructor in Vocal and Instrumental Music,
MISS LELIA A. STEVENS, B. M.

As the faculty has changed somewhat since the printing of the last College Annual, we take this opportunity to give our readers a correct list of professors and instructors. The larger per cent. of the names above is familiar and in order to satisfy the curiosity of some and answer the questions which would naturally be asked in regard to our new friends on the faculty, we give you a brief introduction to each below:

PROF. W. A. WILSON, A. B.,

prepared for college at Colgate Academy and graduated from Madison (now Colgate) University in 1837. He was principal of the Union School at Granville, N. Y., one year and superintendent of the Children's Aid Society, Brooklyn, N. Y., the following year. During 1889-90 Prof. Wilson was private secretary to B. F. Jacobs, Chicago, in Sunday school work, 1890-91, assistant principal, Aurora, Ill., High School, and 1891-93 superintendent and Professor of Mathematics in the State School for the Blind at Talladega, Ala.

MISS MARY RELIHAN, B. L.,

graduate from Painted Post Union School and Academy in 1886; after having taught two years, she entered Cornell University. During 1890-91

Miss Relihan taught at Corning, N. Y., after which she returned to the University, graduating from there in 1893.

MISS MAUD WILKINSON

was graduated from Wellesley College in 1889. Last year she was an Honorary Fellow in the University of Chicago, where she took a course of graduate study in the English department,

MISS LUCY JOHNSON,

after a course in East Mendota High School, Ill., went to the Illinois State Normal at Normal and completed a full course. She taught at Rossville, Ill., and afterwards was assistant principal of LeRoy, Ill., High School for three years. In 1890 she entered Michigan University, from which she took the degree Ph. B. in 1893.

A Novel Itemized Bill.

An artist employed in repairing the properties of an old church in Belgium being refused payment in a lump, was asked for details, and sent in his bill as follows:

Corrected the Ten Commandments.....	\$5.00
Embellished Pontius Pilate and put a ribbon on his bonnet.....	3.15
Put new tail on the rooster of St. Peter and mended his comb.....	3.20
Replumbed and regilded the left wing of the Guardian Angel.....	4.18
Washed servant of High Priest and put carmine on his cheek.....	5.12
Renewed Heaven, adjusted two stars and cleaned the moon.....	4.14
Reanimated the flames of Purgatory and restored souls.....	3.05
Revived the flames of Hell, put new tail on the Devil, mended his hoof, and several jobs for the damned.....	5.17
Rebordering the robe of Herod and readjusting his wig.....	4.40
Put new spotted sashes on son of Tobias, and dressed his sack.....	2.12
Cleaned the ears of Balaam's ass and shod him	4.12
Put rings in Sarah's ears.....	2.22
Put new stone in David's sling, enlarged the head of Goliath, extended his legs.....	7.12
Decorated Noah's Ark.....	3.00
Mended the shirt of the Prodigal Son and cleaned his ears.....	4.00
Total.....	\$59.99

MR. O. S. FLANAGAN '92 has promised us an article for next months INDEX on the subject, "What's in a Michigan Name."

College Index.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE STUDENTS' PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION.

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J. E. SMITH, '94.

Associate Editors:

A. E. JENKS, '96, Local.
C. J. KURTZ, '94, Exchange. C. W. OAKLEY, '95, Subscription.
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No anonymous communications inserted. The name will be published unless otherwise requested.

Any information regarding Alumni will be gratefully received.

Entered as SECOND-CLASS MATTER at the Postoffice, at Kalamazoo, Michigan.

Now is the time for new students, and old ones as well, to subscribe for the INDEX. Mr. C. W. Oakley, the subscription editor, would like to see you.

It is the purpose of the staff of editors to issue the INDEX as near the first of each month as possible. All contributors will please bear this in mind and hand in their copy at least ten days before the first of the month.

THE INDEX cordially welcomes the new teachers and students to our college home. May the surroundings be such that the teachers may do their best work and may the students in their search after knowledge be awarded beyond anticipation.

WHERE is the poet who shall make himself immortal through the columns of the INDEX this year? We have not been bothered as editors generally are by this class of people. If we can find

no local songster we shall be obliged to fall back upon the bards of national repute.

We are glad to note that the interest in athletics began with the opening of the term. No student should shut himself within the narrow walls of his room, study early and late, and expect to remain in college long. The physical man demands exercise and while he need not enter into such violent sports as foot ball or base ball there are many other games that require less exertion adapted to those who cannot endure the harder work. As we have no gymnasium for the winter we would recommend that all students who can, take a membership with the city Y. M. C. A. where they may have the privileges of a fine gymnasium and bath rooms. Health should be preserved even though you do less college work than you intended.

THE long vacation is past. The college bell has again found its voice to summon the students to class room. It generally takes a student a week or two to get settled down to real hard work, but when he once strikes his gait and gets to running on schedule time, it is then that he makes every moment count. The best students have recommended systematic study. Have a fixed time for getting your lessons in Mathematics, Language or Science, and observe that time as strictly as possible. Take your athletics at a certain hour during the day and hold yourself to a limited time. The days are not very long and unless students have their work systematized they cannot get all they should out of the remaining weeks of the term. Midnight oil is bad for the eyes. Take plenty of sleep and work hard while it is light.

DURING the vacation the editor of the INDEX procured a bottle of mucilage, a pair of shears, a new pencil and some paper—the articles absolutely necessary to run a paper (of course we say nothing about brains for we expect other students to furnish those),—and now we appear for the first time at the head of our College Paper. The present staff asks that the readers of the INDEX will not criticize our efforts to harshly until we get fairly into the harness. We intend to make the College Paper as good as we can. We shall expect the contributors to write just as well as they would if they were writing for the best publication in the country. The College Paper should be in truth the index of college life. We shall endeavor to keep our columns free from any remarks that shall be

hurtful to any student or member of the faculty, and while our funny man will be on the alert for college jokes and humorous sayings we will make no student the butt of ridicule nor any clique the object of laudation. The INDEX will be loyal to the college, and the editors expect the members of the faculty and the students to respond to the call for contributions. We have in mind several persons whom we shall expect to furnish an article or two this year. Don't disappoint the editor. We should be glad to hear from any of the alumni of the college, by way of suggestions and contributions.

Locals.

WANTED.

1. Every one to feel interested in the success of this department. [Ed.]
2. Every one who knows anything to tell us about it. [Ed.]
3. Locals for the paper or flowers for our sanctum each day. Locals preferred. [Ed.]
4. Bread. [S. J. Hall.] (Personal wants are not usually inserted here unless very urgent.) [Ed.]
5. Each new student to feel that this is his own paper. [Ed.]
6. Each Freshman to carefully note the Directory. [Ed.]
7. A good old fashioned cow with crumpled horns and a docile expression, one that 'jes fills the pail a brimmin, with plenty o' froth for the kittens.' [L. H. Boarders.]
8. Each student to remember that his record is kept in the archives of the college and after he is gone that is all that the people will know of him. [Ed.]
9. More bread. [Hall.]
10. Twenty three locals for the next issue. [Ed.]

"While students come and students go, the Tafts go on for ever." [Christian Herald]. It looks like it for Sept. 11, our college man and city engineer Mr. M. C. Taft and wife became the immediate ancestors of a bright boy.

The term reception given by Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. was held at Ladies' Hall Friday evening Sept. 15. A short programme was rendered consisting of addresses of welcome by Pres. Slocum, Miss Brooks, and Mr. Taft, and vocal solos by Miss Stevens and J. E. Smith. A pleasant time was enjoyed by all present.

Some of the girls claim that they fished with "bated breath" this summer. We would be better able to judge what they fished for, if we knew what they used for bait.

"Don't you remember the question I asked you last night on the stairs?" asked one of the boys to an occupant of the Hall. And then he tried to explain to us what he meant.

"Jim" is the joint property of the 'Reverend McTwins.' He is every inch a dog only the tip of his tail and that is white. Jim, as you will see by his name, is a black dog, with white stockings and a laundried bosom.

The College looks very pleasant this fall, even more so than last year. The campus is shorn of its fleece of weeds and the recent showers are starting up the fresh grass so that we expect good fall pasture for our cow when she comes.

Weather bulletin, for October on the Hill. Changeable—fair to cloudy, but if it don't rain for a long time, look out for a drough—sure sign. If it gets cold enough; ten to one we will have a frost. Local cloud-bursts should be expected at any time. It is a good plan to keep your weather-eye on the heights.

The lower college building has been painted inside and out, and the rooms, on the first two floors have been papered very prettily. Some of the rooms are also newly carpeted. And together with the new floors, new black-boards—and general cleaning the building is very attractive to those who see it for the first time and is a pleasant surprise to all old students. The Euros have made their hall on the second floor of the lower building, look like new. Paper, paint, Misses Bell Bennett and Lena Sprague can in short order transform the dullness and dirt of one year's wear into the bright, roomy Hall which is always so ready to welcome and entertain you. Ladies Hall also received its share at least of paint and pretty paper, and is a very attractive home for the young ladies who are fortunate enough to receive its comforts. Our kind friend Mrs. Crane has again remembered us, she has fitted up a guest-chamber with rich old mahogany furniture, bedstead, commode, stands, tables, etc. A rich heavy carpet and several pieces of choice old ware make the rooms very pretty as well as useful. Mrs. Crane not only saw our needs but looked ahead and catered to our taste. And just as soon as we get that cow every guest who comes to our college-home will be slept and supped in the good old way.

"You're the man I've been looking for!"

One of the boys in the society meeting shortly ago, hoped that the time would soon come when we may purchase by credit. It must be that he has tried it.

We don't know whether talking or the trustees did it, but we all appreciate the new seating in the chapel. The chairs give a much better appearance to the room and also add a peace and tranquility of mind to the sitter that the rather uncertain benches could not produce.

Several hundred people will have another pleasant thing to remember Mrs. Miller, of our Baptist church for. She it was, who, with the kind assistance of several other good ladies of the church, gave us that splendid reception on the evening of September 27th. If you were there you had a more pleasant evening than the similar event last year, or it was not the fault of the ladies of the church. If you were not there you missed the refreshments and the acquaintance of a great number of people who are interested in us and in our College. We were pleased to see so many from the other churches of the city, and will be just as pleased to see them visiting our college. At home every school-day.

Personals.

Does Fox see the point yet?

Only four "old girls" at the Hall this year.

Dr. Haskell preached at Augusta, Oct. 1st.

Miss Lizzie Haigh has re-entered college this fall.

Fred Cole, kerosene, spark in stove—usual results.

Miss Wilkinson, a member of the faculty lives at the Hall.

Miss Nellie Nelson is a teacher in the Traverse City schools.

Mr. Frank Kurtz and wife left Kalamazoo Sept. 21st for their missionary labors in India. In the last four years nine of our college graduates have left their homes and all their pleasant associations to carry the truth, as we see it in our Saviour the Christ, to foreign lands. This is certainly very good encouragement for our local missionary society. The kindest wishes and sympathy of the college accompany Mr. and Mrs. Kurtz.

Messrs. Howard and Hoebeck are at the Chicago University.

Miss Shaper will be a student this year in the Chicago University.

Miss Stella Nickerson is attending the Ypsilanti Normal this year.

F. D. Ehle has occupied the Baptist pulpit in Hickory Corners this summer.

W. W. Beman, Professor of Mathematics in the U. of M., spent the 27th with us.

Miss Smith of Grand Rapids and Miss Powell of Marshall are to reside at the Hall.

One of the teachers thinks that Snashall is "not quite clear on the matter of femenines."

Will Reed is cashier in the Hotel Brunswick at Chicago. He expects to re-enter College at the close of the Fair.

Harry Miller and wife, nee Miss Alice Pease, are residing in Tecumseh. Mr. Miller is pastor of the Baptist church there.

Mr. Everts, a former student and Sherwood but now a prosperous business man of Seattle, Wash., visited us the 27th.

A. F. White, W. C. Oldfield and Chas. Kurtz are with us again. The tardiness of Messrs. White and Kurtz seems excusable but a fowl-charge must be preferred against the other gentleman as we understand that he was an exhibitor at the County Fair.

Miss Charlotte Wilkinson began her year's work as a teacher in the public schools of Corning, New York, but on account of sickness has had to give it up for the present. We understand that she is threatened with typhoid fever but hope that a serious illness may be averted.

J. F. Judin who left us last year to take charge of the physical training department of the Y. M. C. A. at Battle Creek, has gone to Milwaukee as assistant in the same work. Frank was very successful in Battle Creek and we all wish him even more successful in his new place.

N. T. Hafer spent his summer in an Ithaca creamery. As he remarked he "has been butterine all day and studied human-nature and Greek evenings." If both of the studies are not "Greek" to Mr. Hafer, he has got beyond the kinder-garten, and yet, come to think of it, we guess that is about his grade. But if Hafer is slow, he is sure any way.

Miss Lena Sprague is also in the University.

Bert Perry will soon be back with us again.

H. W. Clough was ordained at Litchfield this summer.

M. A. Graybeil has been preaching this summer at Augusta.

Miss Fannie Barrett will be a "medic" at the State University this year.

A. F. White, preached three sermons at Jackson the first Sunday in October.

A. G. Miller supplied the pulpit of the Baptist church at Prarieville, October 1st.

Will Keeble has had to give up school indefinitely on account of poor health.

We all regret to learn that our friend Blanchard is not well enough to be in school this year.

G. M. Hudson delivered an address before the Young people of Climax Sunday evening Oct 1st.

Mr. Annis of the Class of '77 and now a successful attorney in Minnesota, visited us Sept. 18.

A. J. Hutchins has spent his vacation in filling two pulpits—one at a time—near his home in Paw Paw.

O. S. Flanagan '92 made us a short visit at the opening of the term. He will be in Ypsilanti this year.

Probably Leon Reed is the greatest anatomical freak in College this year. He claims to have over 1000 bones.

Chas. Kurtz will not live in the Dorm this year so Mr. Taft has obtained a divorce and married Harry Cushing.

Burt Wilcox and Miss Kate Dickinson were married Sept. 6. Mr. Wilcox is secretary of the Easter Branch Y. M. C. A. of Detroit.

Mr. Hadson's Church gave their pastor a donation Friday evening Sept. 29, and handed him money with which to attend the World's Fair.

Miss Lois Marshall is to remain at home in Nashville this year. She will teach music and play the big church organ. Her sister Miss Bertha has been retained there for another year in the Public schools.

S. A. Edmunds will attend the Chicago Rush Medical school this year. He recently returned from the Atlantic shore where he went to see whether he could not induce the Gulf stream to

seek the same course it had when he was a boy. Arthur had great control over the elements and was by profession a practical emersioniste. He has let his mantle fall on Elisha Mays.

Prof. Lankheet has been ordered by his physician to spend the winter in Texas. His many friends hope that the milder climate may prove just the remedy which he needs, and that he may soon return entirely restored.

Ho Freshmen! Directory.

GENERAL CONDUCT.

1st. All freshmen must conduct themselves very circumspectly while on the public highways. They should avoid quarreling with the other children or stopping to play marbles unless invited; but should proceed upon their way as becometh good and obedient freshmen.

2d. When a member of the faculty or upper classman is seen to approach, it shall be the duty of the freshman to stop, remove his hat, and remain uncovered until aforesaid dignitary has passed.

CONDUCT ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

1st. All freshmen must be in bed at eight o'clock.

2d. No freshman is allowed to arise before seven in the morning.

3d. All freshmen must remove their shoes before they enter the halls of the Dormitory so as not to disturb studious upper-class men.

4th. When ever a freshman shall meet an upper-class man in the halls he must quietly withdraw behind the stairs.

5th. It is the duty of all freshmen rooming with upper-class men to bring up all wood, coal, etc.; and if you are not fortunate enough to have such a room-mate, make yourself generally useful to all such on your floor.

6th. Never speak unless you are spoken to; and under no circumstances ask for more bread at Ladies' Hall.

7th. If when you reach the railroad track, a train is seen approaching or the alarm gong is ringing, quickly retrace your steps inside the campus fence and wait until the danger is past.

8th. The portion of the campus between the Dormitory and Ladies' Hall will be reserved for the use of the freshmen each afternoon from four to six; at this time they will be unmolested in playing pull-away, hide-and-seek, tag and their other little games.

COMMITTEE.

Exchanges.

The September issue of *The Crescent*, published in the interest of the Hillhouse high school, New Haven, Conn., has reached us. It is one of the best we have seen from that institution.

Sailor (running up to the Captain): "Is a thing lost when you know where it is?"

Captain: "Of course not you fool"

Sailor: "Well, I've just dropped the teapot overboard."

Joseph Pulitzer has contributed \$100,000 to the Columbia College building fund of \$2,000,000, in order, as he says, to assist "capable and ambitious poor boys to obtain the best college education that the country affords."

Fifty thousand children in one hundred American schools have been examined, and the result is rather sad, for six thousand exhibited bodily defects, three thousand were dull minded and a large number showed abnormal nervous development.

The *Speculum*, published by the students of the Michigan Agricultural College, is the first to appear on our tables. The September number is bright and full of good reading. Articles worthy of mention are, "The Anthracite Coal Combination" and "At the World's Fair."

The London school board is discussing the question how much and what kind of religious instruction is to be given in the public schools. One point has been decided thus far. The religious exercises are not to be limited to a simple reading of the Bible, but the teachers are to make such explanation and comment as they think necessary without infringing upon any creed or sect. In other words the matter is left almost entirely to the judgment of the individual teachers.

What is the object of an exchange column in a college paper? This indeed appears to be a reasonable question when we stop to think that usually the reader passes over this column till the others are read, or possibly neglects it entirely. But what does the exchange column contain that is useful? First in importance we think are the interesting items regarding our sister colleges in the

state. Then of the other colleges in the United States and possibly of the different nations of the world. It will give us statistics regarding these colleges; concerning their growth, number of students, facilities and other important facts. Although this column contains much useful information, yet unless we are interested in the other colleges it is quite true that the exchange column is rather dry and uninteresting. We think, too, that this column is sometimes misjudged by classing it with the same column in the daily newspapers, in which we think to find only items too old to spend the time in reading. But while this column in the daily paper may seem tiresome, yet the college paper is quite different for its items and clippings are of a much different nature, and will seldom appear in the daily paper, since much of its contents concerns only college people. With our present system of exchanging college papers, the editors of this department receives each issue of the other college papers, not only of literary schools but also of the professional schools. So it is readily seen that our field is quite extensive. As this is the first issue of this school year we have not a supply of papers on hand, but hope to have our table well filled by the time of the next issue, and so hoping that we may at least make this column interesting, we exchange greetings with our many readers.

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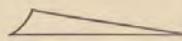
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VOLUME 15.

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COLLEGE INDEX,

KALAMAZOO, MICH.



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COLLEGE INDEX.

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Kalamazoo, Mich., Nov., 1893.

NO. 2.

Literary.

The Rose and the Tomb.

(From the French.)

MAUD WILKINSON.

The rose from her bower addressed the tomb :
"With all that enters thy awful gloom,
Oh, what do you make, I pray ?"
The tomb replied to the rose and said,
"Oh, what do you make with the tear-drops shed
From the eyes of the dawning day ?"
The rose replied, "O chilly tomb,
I make from the dew a sweet perfume—
Whether the sky is dark or sunny,
A sweet perfume of amber and honey."
"O lover's flower," returned the tomb,
"With every soul that enters my night
I make an angel beautiful, bright."

Folk Music at the Fair.

MISS STEVENS.

Passing out of the east end of the art building at the fair, one is attracted by some fairy-like sounds that seem to come from a sylvan dell across the lagoon, and is attempted to explore. Following the crowd around through the Costa Rica building, we find the rustic house of Guatemala and the natives moving around the tables serving coffee and a thin cake fried in fantastic shapes. The coffee is fair, the gaily dressed women with their fascinating broken English as they ask, with a coquettish shake of bangles, "coffee?" are interesting; but seated in front of what looks like a large sized zylophone are four men, also in native costume, who form the chief attraction. They bring out of this instrument called the "marimba" the daintiest tinkling music for such a scene that one can imagine. In this short review of music at the fair I do not plan to speak of the noble efforts of Thomas and his orchestra. However much he may be open to criticism or those associated with him, we must believe him sincere in his aim and outlined plan for the improvement of the visitors at the fair. It proved too heavy and expensive for most mortals wearied with sight-seeing, and was finally abandoned. Then was begun one of the

most popular features of the summer, which brought together at festival hall the native musicians from the midway and all parts of the grounds. At the south end of the intramural railway stood a building devoted, during August, to the interests of Haskell Institute, an Indian school for boys and girls. There were the young Indians at their studies, at play, or engaged in household duties according to the hour of day taken for the visit. This was very interesting and the brass band of eighteen pieces always had an admiring crowd during their hours for concerts. This band gave the opening number of the first concert and was enthusiastically received. Festival hall was crowded that afternoon from the main floor to the upper tier in the balcony as well as all the space around the great organ. The leader, quiet and unassuming, kept excellent time for them and in their blue uniforms one had to look closely at race characteristics to realize them different from any other student band of America. This was their attempt, as civilized Indians, to play our music and they did well. I did not have an opportunity to hear any of their native music. I have, however, been much interested in reading the review of a woman's work among the Indians.

Miss Alice Fletcher, of Peabody museum of Harvard college, assisted by two men, J. C. Fillmore and Francis La Flesche, has just brought out a valuable book called "A Study of Omaha Indian Music." She says, "Among the Indians music envelops like an atmosphere, every religious tribal and social ceremony as well as every personal experience. There is not a phase of life that does not find expression in song. Music is the medium through which man holds communion with his soul, and with the unseen powers which control his destiny." She further says that to an outsider their music is unintelligible. "To us with our preconceived ideas of music it is difficult to penetrate beneath the noise and hear what the Indians try to express. Several things have been clearly proven—that they had begun to use simple metrical forms and that their songs indicate the presence of a latent harmonic sense. The Omahas as a tribe have ceased to exist, their young people are being

educated in English speech and their directive emotion will hereafter take the lines of our artistic forms."

After the institute band followed the musicians from the Javanese village. Of all monotonous sounds to an ear untrained in Javanese melody, these were the extreme. Since reading of the work among the Indians I have become more charitable of the music of these nations realizing that it may be lack of education on my part that prevents my appreciation of their efforts.

Each native company appearing at these concerts had a manager, who acted as interpreter, and the Javanese were very hard to be persuaded that the audience had heard enough of their music. To one unused to their instruments description is difficult. One shaped like a huge hour-glass was the most disturbing as it sounded like a rattle, only intensified. This was supported for accompaniment, by a tum tum of drums. After twenty minutes of this music, the performers moving round and round in a circle, their interpreter succeeded in getting them to retire. They were followed, I regret to say, by cat calls and whistles from an impatient American audience.

From Lady Aberdeen's Irish village came two or three performers. Mr. Bartle McCarthy sang "Kathleen Mavourneen" with such simplicity and direct appeal to the hearts of the listeners that they insisted on an encore. Second came Mr. Patsy Brannigan in a genuine Irish song and dance, with all the native wit and humor possessed by every true Hibernian. He was as unconcerned and as much at home as though on a cottage floor in Ireland. The Irish pipe accompanying his singing was a new feature to me. While it sounds a little like a bag pipe it is held under the arm and filled with wind by an arm pressure. One of the most beautiful things of the afternoon was heard in the notes from the chalet horn, blown by a Swiss mountaineer. Words fail to express the wonderful mellow quality of this long simple looking horn. It was of light brown color and carried with some awkwardness by reason of its length. As it sounded through festival hall, with its perfect acoustic properties, one got a faint idea of its tones echoing from peak to peak of the Swiss Alps. A trio of singers did some interesting things in the way of yodeling, singing—for an encore—the familiar college song "Down the Mountain Side." On a second afternoon we had quite an elaborate illustration of Japanese Miyako dancing and an orchestra. The costumes were very beautiful, richly embroidered and interesting as a study of the

native dress. Their fans and umbrellas formed an important feature of the dancing which was a quiet, graceful marching. But their orchestra of four pieces was as monotonous as the Javanese music, only worse, accompanied by a droning nasal singing which set one's teeth on edge. An article in the *Saturday Review* says "The appreciation of Japanese music can scarcely prove an easy acquirement to Europeans. Their music takes extremely complicated forms, is taught entirely by rote and chiefly by blind professors." A quartette of men advertised as the favorite singers of the late King Kalakaua well justified the advertisement. They were accompanied by the standard bearer, all dressed in white suits with picturesque straw hats. The quartette wore blue silk sashes, neckties and ribbons on their hats. The standard bearer wore red and led the way to the front of the platform where the quartette grouped themselves about him and the bright red of the flag. They sang the four parts in excellent taste and expression with a natural pathos and sympathetic quality of voice that touched the audience. They were encored several times.

Last on the afternoon's program came the performers on the marimba. They played several times at these concerts and were always well received. So were we transported by the magic of that peerless White City from Guatemala to Japan, to the islands of the Pacific, to the Alps, to the Emerald Isle, and again to our own land and its native inhabitants. This was but one of the many opportunities afforded those who were fortunate enough to be at the fair this summer. Seldom during a life time does one see assembled such a representation of the nations of the earth and it satisfied, for a time at least, the longing we all have to travel in foreign climes and in other lands than our own.

What's in a Michigan Name?

O. S. FLANEGAN, '92.

Designation is, of course, the office of all names, both common and proper; but they are not the barren meaningless titles that they are sometimes thought to be. A study of some of the names of Michigan will illustrate how names, as well as books, preserve important facts of history, biography of the world's most noted men, the memory of ancient cities, nations, and traditions, beautiful gems of poetry, and legendary love. We shall find, too, that names are not scattered at random, with no thought of appropriateness.

Glance at the map of Michigan, and note the names of Indian origin. What more is required to teach us that Michigan was once as much the home of the red man as it is to-day the possession of the white man? The name of the state and the names of at least thirty counties, and many lakes, rivers, cities, and townships are directly traceable to the Indian.

These names, besides showing how the Indians were scattered through the "forest primeval" of the land of the great lakes, tell us the tribes and the chiefs most active and best known among the Indians of the lake country. The tribal name Ottawa is preserved in the name of a county and a park in the western part of the state. And Pontiac, that most crafty chief of the Ottawas, has his memory preserved in the name of a city in Oakland county. Wyandotte and Chippewa are two other tribal names likewise preserved. Nor has the memory of Tecumseh, a Shawnee chief, been allowed to fade away. Pottawatomie reminds us of another tribe, and Pokagon, the tribe's present chief, is the namesake of a small village in Cass county.

The name Macinac is of Indian origin, and it reveals to us a charming legend. According to the legend a number of people were gathered at Point St. Ignace, and while intently gazing at the rising sun, they saw the island suddenly rise up from the water and assume its present form. It bore so familiar a resemblance to a large turtle that they immediately called it *Moc-che-ne-mock-e-nung*, which means a great turtle. Put in the French style of dress this word became Michilimackinac. Anglicised it becomes Mac(k)inac. Huron, first applied to the lake then to the county, was the name of a tribe of Indians once known as the Wyandotts. It is said that a French traveler noticing the fantastic head dress of these Indians, exclaimed, "*Quelles hures!*"—what hairs (or heads). Huron is a corruption of *hures*.

Examining some of these Indian names a little more closely, we shall find a peculiar adaptation of the name to the object; and wherever such adaptation is found, there will also be found in the words poetry as real and beautiful as though put in the most perfect metre, for poetry is but the embodiment of the creations of the imagination in language. Many of these names are the gilded frames of pictures painted by the imagination of the Red Man. The name Macinac is a good example. Michigan, derived from two Chippewa words—*Mitchaw* (great) and *Sagiegan* (lakes)—

means the land of the great lakes. Kalamazoo, whether derived from *Ke-Kenamazoo* (the boiling pot) or from *Kilkalamazoo* (the reflecting river), is not an inappropriate name for the river. Cheboygan is the place of ore, and Genessee, the beautiful, pleasant valley.

But Indian names are not the only poetic names in Michigan geography, nor the Indian the only poet. For as we travel through our beautiful state we shall find there choice gems, concealed among the rugged rocks of the northern peninsula, round the lakes and the bays, along the rivers and woodland streams, in the blooming dales and valleys, and among the hills. Some of these gems we have already called attention to, others are found in the names Oceana, Lake, Midland, Delta, Iron, Hillsdale, Oakland, Bay View, Riverdale, Riverside, Rockland, Rock River, Rose, Roseburg, Roseville, Rosedale and Bloomingdale. And still others may be found.

We notice, too, in the study of names, the tendency to preserve in modern names the memory of places of antiquity and places famous in the world's history. Thus we have in Michigan, Troy, Athens, Attica, Ionia, Sparta, Bethel, Austerlitz, Waterloo, Bennington and Mt. Vernon.

The memory of great men is likewise preserved in the names of cities, townships, lakes and rivers. Some of the famous men so honored in Michigan are Cadmus, Solon, Cato, Seneca, Brutus, Gladstone, Bismarck, Blaine, Cass, Alger, Luce, and all the Presidents.

It will not do to overlook the French names in Michigan. Follow the chain of the great lakes from Detroit around to St. Joseph, and note the French names with which you meet. Each one will suggest an important fact in the history of the French explorations, colonization, and missionary labors in that part of New France. The name Marquette alone, which is now applied to a county, three townships, a city and a river, is a center about which many interesting facts may be grouped.

Holland, Graafschap, Vriesland, Zeeland and Overisel locate the early Dutch settlements in Western Michigan, and indicate the provinces of the fatherland from which the settlers came. There is a meaning to each one of these Dutch names, of which we cannot speak in particular in this article.

It is certainly a pleasant study to find the derivation of names, discover their meaning and note their appropriateness, and the more one pursues the study, the plainer will the value of word study appear.

A Meditation and a Prayer.

MISS BENNETT.

Youth has its joys, youth has its sorrows,
That light or shade its coming morrows.
But in every time of bliss or woe,
There is one place where each may go—
To the Friend, whose love the same will stay,
Drawing us nearer to Him day by day.
He listeneth, waiting now to hear
His children's prayers when they draw near.
Father, take me in Thy love and care:
Hear, oh hear, my humble prayer.
Help me in my each day's need,
Show me how to hear Thy voice and heed;
Teach me what is best for me,
Even though the way I cannot see.

Lead me, Father, all the way,
And when I've spent my little day,
May I not have lived for self alone,
But may my life have through it shown
That I have been to Thee and learned,
Away has all the dross been burned,
And then my soul, all pure and sweet,
Will join the throng about Thy feet.
Keep me, Father, now I pray,
As down to sleep I lay,
In Thy dear Son's name I ask. Amen

A World's Fair Romance.

MISS TAYLOR.

I too have seen this wonderful fair, but it's not about it that I'd tell you, except as it is interwoven with what took place there, which is of so much more importance to me.

But let me say to begin with that this place is, to me, the most beautiful spot on earth, nor can there ever be a place so dear, for here I met my darling Gretchen after more than thirty years of separation.

It happened in this way: I am getting to be an old man, though of late I can hardly believe it; since my Gretchen has come back to me I seem to have gone back in years from sixty to twenty-five; and all the weary years of searching and waiting and longing are but a dream.

For the last twenty years, my sister and I have lived on a farm in Kansas, but Dollie, not being strong, and not having visited my brother and his family for a long time, decided to visit John instead of coming here, and so I came alone. I am too simple and unlearned an old man to describe to you the wonders that I have seen, and then, as I said, that is not my purpose; only it is all so splendid! It gives one a new conception of Heaven—if man can construct such a beautiful place as this, what will the city that God makes be like? I had heard that it was splendid from the neighbors around home who had

been before I came, but as they were mostly humble folk who had seen very little of the world, I thought, maybe, as I had seen so many beautiful things (for I have cruised around the world), it would not seem so fine to me.

I saw it first in the evening. I came from the lake front around manufacturers' building into the grand central court, and there I stood, facing the administration building and the fountain, I do not know how long. The crowd surged past and jostled me hither and yon, but I did not mind it, I just stood and looked—the lights, the sparkle, the grandeur, the magnificence. I could not believe that I was in the same world where I had suffered so much. I can not describe it and it may be that wiser people than I have failed in this too. But I said I was not going to tell you about the fair, and so I do not intend, only you must excuse this little bit, for my heart is so full.

I had spent several days at the fair—four days it was—and as I had become rather tired of walking so much, this day I took a chair. Now it may seem to be rather of an extravagant thing for me to do, but you must know—though I do not speak of it in a bragging way—that I had gotten together, by hard work and saving, quite a little fortune, and it did not seem necessary for me to save any longer since my hope of ever finding Gretchen had almost gone out. It is very much pleasanter to see the fair in this way, and then the men who push the chairs are such fine fellows and can tell you so much more about everything than you would otherwise know, and it is to the man that pushed my chair that I owe all the happiness that has come into my life.

We had been talking about ever so many things and he had been very kind to me. He did not seem to notice that my clothes were coarse (although they were neat, for Dollie had taken great pains with them), or that my boots were much heavier and coarser than his own, but he seemed to know just the things that I was most interested in, and I found that he was interested in these things too, and so I had told him ever so many things about my own life, and he had told me about his life at Yale college and some things about his home; when, as we were passing a very beautiful statue, he told me what a lady, whom he had had in his chair the day before, had said about it. What it was in the words that made me become so much interested in this person, I could not tell then, only I had a vague feeling that I had heard words like these before, but I could not place them. I asked him some questions, and he told me that the lady had been interested in him

because he was from Yale, and she lived in the country near New Haven and had asked him to come out to her home some vacation day. She was a maiden lady of fifty years or more and her name was—Miss Gretchen Gray. How that name shot through me! Could it be my Gretchen? Yes, I knew that it was from her own words which he had told to me, and she was at the fair—could I find her? I knew how hopeless it was to look for any one among this multitude of people, and I had searched and searched so long that the hope of ever finding her had almost died within me. Then the awful thought came to me for the first time in all my searching, what if, in these thirty years, she had changed so much that I would not know her!

I told my story to this man; I could not help it—although it was all so sacred to me—I must tell someone, for I could not keep it pent up within me any longer. I had not even told Dollie in all these years—although she is so sweet and loving a sister—for I could not bring myself to open again those wounds which were so deep. When I found myself telling this man whom I had known but a few hours, I could not understand myself. But he was so kind and sympathetic and so anxious to do all he could to help me that I shall always love him like a brother—and who knows but in his inmost heart, he cherished a love which made him know how to enter into mine.

It is a long story; I can not tell it all to you; and I will make it as short as possible so as not to weary you, for I can not expect it to be of so much interest to you, whose lives are so full of bright and beautiful things.

Gretchen and I grew up from childhood on farms which joined. We used to go to school together, and I well remember with what pride I walked beside her, carrying her dinner pail and hoping the strangers along the road would think she was my sister. At noon we would eat our lunch together, and at night she would trudge home by my side. Gretchen thought that I knew a great deal more than she did. I recall with what pleasure I used to prompt her in spelling class (for I was two years her senior and spelling was always easy for me) and if she was ever at the foot of the class, I was sure to misspell the next word so as to go to stand next to her. When Gretchen was sixteen, I am sure a more beautiful girl was never seen; and yet I cannot describe her to you. If I say that she had golden hair that formed itself into long waves as it was combed back from her delicate brow, that her complexion was of that delicate tint which changes with every

emotion within, and that her eyes were hazel, shaded by long lashes, you would not know how she looked, for I have seen many maidens with these same features who did not look in the least like my Gretchen.

About this time it was decided that Gretchen should go away to school and as Mt. Holyoke Seminary was not far from our home, in the lower part of Vermont, it was decided that she should go there. She came home every vacation, but she was so beautiful and elegant, and I was so awkward and clumsy that I almost felt afraid of her; nevertheless Gretchen treated me in the same old frank way, and I loved her with all my heart.

A year after Gretchen went away, father told me that as the work on the farm was lighter, if I wanted I might enter Dartmouth. You may know that I was delighted with this for I could not bear to have Gretchen come to think that I knew less than she did, when she had always looked up to me so.

I was at Dartmouth two years, and in the mean time my father finding that the old farm was worn out, moved west and bought the farm that is now mine in Kansas, and so I saw Gretchen less often. But before I started for my home at the end of my second year in college, I was invited to spend a few days at the Gray's. I knew that the time had come when I must tell Gretchen of my love, and so I did, and I cannot tell how it was, but I suppose it was because I felt so unworthy of her that I thought from her words she could never return my love. It was all a misunderstanding, but in my despair I magnified it until I was almost beside myself. I wrote to my mother that I was not coming home and going to Boston, got a position aboard a cruiser bound for the southern seas.

I do not know which days were the blackest, the ones before or those after I had received a letter from my darling, when I knew that she loved me, and I could not get to her; for soon after I received the letter, while I was trying to find a way to fly back, our ship was wrecked and for five long years, we were captives on a lonely island. But I cannot bear to recall those dark times now when I am so happy nor those that followed when after having been taken up by a boat driven from its track by storm, we were brought to our own country again, after several months more of cruising, and I hastened to the dear old spot, only to find their farm deserted. I learned from the neighbors, who were new to me, that Mr. and Mrs. Gray had both died and Gretchen had gone to live with some relatives in the south.

The south is so large!—As I look back it seems almost stupid in me to have hoped to find her, but I did, and I searched from east to west; sometimes on foot, sometimes riding with some friendly farmers, and, when the war broke out, I entered the ranks only with the hope of finding Gretchen. And all to no purpose, not one trace could I find of her; for as I now know, she had been south only a year, and, at the end of that time had gone to live in Connecticut. But what are all those years of wandering to me now that I have found my Gretchen.

I found her that very day, but if I had not been searching each face, I fear I would not have known her, for time has changed her as it has me—yet it is only her face that is changed; her heart is as young as ever.

We met never to part; there was no reason why we should. I saw it all in her face as I took her hand; and she saw it in mine. We were on the side of manufacturers' building towards the lagoon. She took my arm, and we walked down by the lagoon, past the front of the great building and out through the peristyle to the lake, where we staid until the great moon rose over the water and the long lines of incandescent lights were lighted, and the great lights on top of the buildings flashed out, seeking the most beautiful things and making them stand out in very glory, until it seemed to us as if Heaven itself had begun.

But what we said during this time I cannot tell, for that belongs to my Gretchen and me.

A Trip to Kalamazoo.

G. V. PIXLEV.

Vacation was half gone and duty called me to the city. The grocery wagon went down every Tuesday, and as I was on very good terms with the driver, I thought it a good chance to cheat the railroad out of a job.

Starting time was 2:45 a. m. Lest I oversleep, I arranged with the driver to call me when he went to feed the horses at 2:00, and went to bed to sleep the sleep of the righteous. The hours passed on. The clock announced 2:00. I knew it was a little fast, but got up, dressed, raised my window shade, and sat down to my table to grind out a few thoughts from a fresh, clear mind still two-thirds asleep, with which to edify and stimulate my congregation the following Sunday. I had sat there about half an hour when I heard some one call. I looked out of the window. "Have you been up all night?" "No. I slept a little while, one eye at a

time," and I knew I was no longer alone in the land of the living.

To cut a long story short, after battling a losing game with circumstances, we set out about 3:00 a. m. on our nineteen mile ride. Less than a mile from town, my companion remarked, "That woman must be crazy." I was startled, for I had some money with me. I had a five dollar bill neatly folded up and pinned in my inside vest pocket, besides some loose change in another pocket, as I wanted my hair cut and some other such jobs done. I looked quickly, and saw a woman who had evidently arisen to see us off, and now stood in her front gate gazing after us. I did not know before that we had such a warm friend shivering for our sakes.

Time passed on. So did we. The east grew rosy, the stars disappeared. Only the Father of Gods shone in the sky when the king of day came into full view, and even he disappeared during the next hour.

Just as Helios was harnessing his fiery steeds, we met a load from somewhere. They had an enterprising looking team, and a rig of original pattern, supporting a flat bottomed boat which contained five men, etc. The driver was awake, but the rest of them were resting on their oars. It did not look like a very comfortable bed, and as we passed one of them sprang up and asked "How far is it to Crooked Lake?" "About nine miles." In a voice showing anything but gratitude for the service done him and the care taken that the answer might be absolutely correct, he said "Come off your perch!" and passed on apparently insulted. We passed on comforting ourselves with the thought that the information was good for nothing, and that was all it cost.

We sailed into the village of Richland gracefully and quietly, gliding along like doves that flew up before us, for we had on only four hundred pounds of butter, three hundred dozen eggs, a few plow points, etc. The meat market was open, and a few houses showed signs of habitation, but all else was still. Still we left it and drove out into the country.

Two miles farther on we came to a magnificent field of corn. In ecstasy of admiration I exclaimed, "What a crop that would have been if it had had a good rain last week!" And he replied, "Yes; and they will keep saying that all the time they are husking it and all the next year." True enough.

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen

The saddest are these: It might have been."

And we all seem to delight in sad words at husking time, especially if we got only 94 on examination.

The 6:30 train left the depot as two dust covered travelers in a lumber wagon with a double box covered with a big canvass, drove into town. We separated, destined not to meet again till 3:30 p. m.

Did you ever go to Kalamazoo during vacation? You have just eleven errands, each requiring about seven minutes, and the rest of the time you can visit. It is the best way to do the visiting first, and the errands afterward. Otherwise you are sure not to have time, and you can make a special trip for the errands; "business" you know. I just learned that, for this time I attended to the errands first. I got rid of that five dollar bill—the shortest task of the whole day. Went to the barber; to the book store; to the post office; to the printing office; to the depot; an errand for the drayman; an errand to the dormitories; to the old fair grounds; another eight blocks down North Park St.; another on South West St.; and four visits—the most important part of the trip—are still unmade. 3:30 came surprisingly soon, and there were about fifty pounds of so-called butter to sell yet. Just two hours later we concluded it will remain "to be sold" and started for the return trip. There were seven egg crates left last week, a lot of empty butter jars left the week before, a dozen loaves of bread, two dozen Georgia watermelons, half a bushel of peanuts and half a dozen college catalogues to add dignity to the load. Loose change has also changed into muskmelons.

With a five foot yellow umbrella, bearing the inscription Temple & Nelson, general dealers, Prairieville, over our heads, we enter the dust on our way home. Outside the city a muskmelon was sacrificed. It is a whole offering;—not burnt, but consumed just the same. A watermelon next, a small one about like a pumpkin, for we are only two, and must not have any left. As the last of it disappears, we unanimously resolve that none but very wicked boys, much worse than we are, will rob anybody's melon patch.

Between 10:00 and 11:00 we came to a house said to shelter very early risers, and here we had the proof of it. There were three men around one bowl washing by the light of a smoky lantern, evidently just getting ready for breakfast. Their hired man doesn't work there any longer.

At 11:30 we drove into the barn and put out the horses. Our ride over one of the finest sections of our beautiful Michigan, a section that must be seen to be appreciated, was ended, and we sought the beds we had left twenty-two hours before.

THE FIRST INDEX.

Searching through some of the accumulations of printed matter which in time gather about an institution of learning, the editor found Volume I, Number 1, of The College Index. Looking it through we found many things which will probably be of interest to the present readers of the college paper. Looking at the head of the editorial column we found that it was published quarterly with the subscription price at fifty cents per year. The editors were: Chief, C. L. Dean; associates, R. C. Mosher, Jas. S. Heaton, C. W. Barber and Henry W. Powell.

In the editorial column we found these words: "That there has long been a felt want of a paper for Kalamazoo College we are convinced; that the INDEX will supply that want we are confident." The date of the first issue was November, 1877, and from that time till the present, the INDEX has been published regularly with the exception of a brief suspension about four years ago. We believe that it has supplied the felt want. A list of the faculty was given as follows: Rev. Kendall Brooks, D. D., President and professor of moral and intellectual philosophy; Rev. Nathan S. Burton, D. D., professor of practical religion, and college pastor; Rev. S. Brooks, D. D., professor of Latin language and literature; Howard G. Colman, professor of Chemistry; Lewis Stuart, A. M., professor of Greek language and literature; Elias J. W. McEwan, A. M., instructor in latin; Miss Mary E. Clark, P. B., instructor in history and grammar; Chas. J. Toof, instructor in music; Miss Ellen M. Price, instructor in painting and drawing.

The paper is an eight page paper, three columns to the page, the pages being perhaps a little larger than the present INDEX. It contained pieces of original poetry, articles by different students and information regarding the societies and general college work. The officers of the societies were given as follows: Sherwood—A. I. Bradley, president; Alex. Hadlock, vice president; R. C. Mosher, corresponding secretary; H. E. Doolittle, recording secretary; C. S. Wolfe, treasurer; C. L. Dean, librarian. Philolexian—F. M. Hodge, president; J. S. Heaton, vice president; M. H. Pettitt, corresponding secretary; L. S. Keyser, recording secretary; L. D. Pettitt, treasurer; H. M. Rose, librarian. Eurodelphian—Helen M. Brooks, president; Sarah Buttolph, vice president; Helen Colman, corresponding secretary; Louie Blenkiron, recording secretary; Sarah D. Willcox, treasurer; Sophia M. Cronkite, librarian; Jessie Willcox, editor.

Many of the above names are familiar to us now although the persons have probably forgotten that they were honored by having their names in the first INDEX. On a whole we have reason to feel proud of our ancestor.

College Index.

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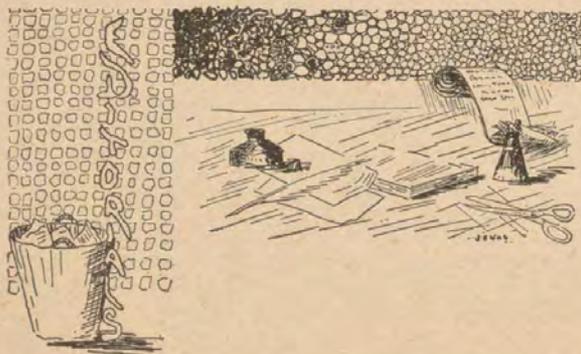
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No anonymous communications inserted. The name will be published unless otherwise requested.

Any information regarding Alumni will be gratefully received.

Entered as SECOND-CLASS MATTER at the Postoffice, at Kalamazoo, Michigan.



At the last meeting of the publishing association it was decided to reduce the price of subscription to seventy-five cents. We hope our list will be greatly increased by this reduction. We appeal to the students, alumni and all friends of the college for their support.

THOSE interested in the meaning of names should read the article "What's in a Michigan Name."

AT the State Baptist Convention held at Muskegon, Kalamazoo College received much attention. See our condensed report in another column.

INVEST seventy-five cents for the INDEX this year. It is the only representative of the student body and gives an insight into the general work of the college.

"MUSIC hath charms to sooth the savage breast" but that produced by the savage does not always sooth the civilized man. Read the article "Folk Music at the Fair."

IT is encouraging to know that there is enough musical talent among the young men so that Kalamazoo College can have a glee club. May it be a worthy advertisement of the musical department.

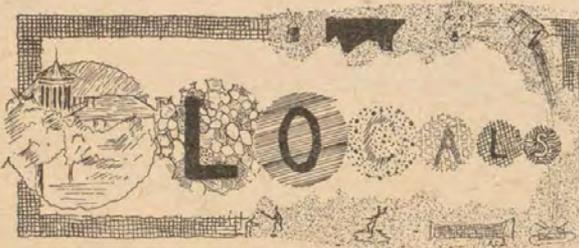
IN our last issue we asked for poetry. We have had a response. We are grateful to those who have contributed and we hope others may be encouraged to do likewise. Perhaps you are a born poet and haven't found it out yet.

THIS is thanksgiving month. If there is any class of people that has reason to be thankful it is the student in college. It is then that the bright prospects for the future are opening before him. It is then that he feels that he is preparing himself for a larger sphere of usefulness. The student should be thankful for the opportunity of attending college; for the Christian influence shed upon his life; for association with an experienced and efficient corps of teachers and professors. He should be thankful for the health that permits him to do severe mental work and for the interest others have in his efforts. Above all he ought to thank God for the opportunities he has of doing good—opportunities to help other students and those who come within his sphere of influence. Let us give thanks.

ONE feature of college work which is seldom emphasized enough is that of the literary societies. Not only those preparing to be public speakers but all who take a college course cannot afford to be without the drill afforded by these organizations. Graduates who have entered upon their life work are almost as thankful for their society work as for

the regular college course. Our societies are doing as good work as will be found anywhere. Only last week the editor received a letter from a former student who is now in an institution of over seven hundred students and he said that the literary societies of that institution are not up to the standard of ours at Kalamazoo, either in conveniences or general work. We are glad that many of the new students have already joined the society of their choice. Several have not. Don't plead lack of time. Within the society halls is the best place in the world to find what there is in you. Choose your society and begin.

THERE is probably no student who has been in college more than a year but feels that he is in the midst of progress. Within two years the college has changed in many respects and each time for the better. One hundred thousand dollars has been added to the endowment; the standard of scholarship has been raised, thus compelling students to bring their work up to a higher mark of perfection; the buildings have all been repaired and put in a much better condition; the campus around the Dormitory and Ladies Hall has been greatly beautified, showing that we have natural advantages surpassed by very few colleges anywhere; and what is still more encouraging is that Michigan Baptists are getting their eyes opened to the fact that they have an institution at Kalamazoo that is supplying the need of a higher education. There are more students in college classes than there have been for many years previous, which means that there are more young men and women preparing themselves to fill the higher positions in life. The wheels are moving forward because those in authority are pushing. It gives us faith that we shall soon see erected some needed new buildings.



Scarcely a morning but we have visitors at chapel.

"Jim" smelled a muskrat. He saw him floating through the lake, and, as it were, he nipped him in the bud.

Locals and personals will be gladly received by us at anytime.

The assistant local scribe was at the fair early in October—favoriser l' intérêt des personnels.

Our business manager has been to Chicago, called on "important business," and thus our interests spread.

The "Principles of Economics" used in our college is the work of an alumnus, Mr. Grover P. Osborn, of Cincinnati.

The cuts ordered by the Publishing Association are at the heads of the different departments ready for your inspection.

Miss Alice Brooks is the Junior class pres., E. B. Taft, vice-pres., Miss Margaret St. John, sec. and N. T. Hafer, treas.

"That's what sticks in my crop," may be all right for a *young* rooster to say, but when you are a full fledged college man you should not use it in the class room.

Professor has just explained the great weight of mercury—Student wonderingly—"How much does an ounce of mercury weigh, any how, Professor?"

"I don't know. Does anybody know?"

Francis R. Wells, an old college friend of our president, has just given us three hundred dollars, one-half of which is for the library fund—go thou and do the same. Mr. Wells lives in Allassio, Italy, and we congratulate ourselves that we lived in his pathway to the fair. "Old friends are best," yes, but new ones are just as good, if they are of the right sort.

The Baptist state convention at Muskegon was well attended from our college. Drs. Slocum and Haskell, Messrs. Magill, Hudson, Bailey and Haines being present. On account of train delay Dr. Slocum was not in time to present his paper. Misses Pauline and Florence LaTourette assisted in their ever pleasing way in the music of the convention.

"There is no place like home," so thought the members of the family, as they gathered for their first reunion after the summer vacation, strangely enough without a single absence. The joyfulness of the meeting was mingled with regret that we were to lose one of their members, the "Kid" who goes to Ann Arbor. Yet smiles were mingled with their tears as each member responded to his name with a story, and with hopes of another reunion in the future the evening of Sept. 29 came hurriedly to a close.

October 26th our foot ball team played a good game with Notre Dame at their grounds in Indiana. Our men got numerous pointers and bruises and the longest man has three kinks in his back-bone, he walks with a big cane and a sad face. But notwithstanding the score of 34 to 0 in favor of the home team our boys turned a good game against so strong an opponent.

We would like to call attention to our weather notices for October as published in our last. How, as we said, we had occasional showers, and how the cold weather brought frosts, etc., and had we known then that our business manager would be out of town during the month we should have heralded a great drought, but thoughtful Nature is doing his work while he is absent.

The Sophs. have wriggled through their tad-pole state of existence and approached one year nearer the stature of the perfect man. A class organization is perfected with A. E. Jenks as president; Pauline LaTourette as vice-president; Belle G. Bennett, secretary; N. W. Laird, treasurer. The ladies were At Home last Saturday evening at ladies hall, and so were the boys.

About thirty of our boys attended the State Y. M. C. A. Convention at Battle Creek, and D. T. Magill read a very interesting paper on "The place and influence of Christian men in the gymnasium and on the athletic field." All those who heard John R. Nott, international Y. M. C. A. secretary, were enthused with the needs and advantages of the work for young men.

The exchange editor is a good natured fellow but when thoughtless or careless students take exchange papers, addressed to the INDEX, from the mail box, and then after they have discovered that their names are not spelled that way, keep the papers, he scolds. Let us be more careful, for that department of our work cannot be kept up successfully, if the papers are continually borrowed.

Well, our cow is here, and she is just the cow we wanted, too. Our president told us shortly ago that he visited the S. A. Browne stock farm of trotting horses and had to inquire what their points were. But when it comes to cows he has not forgotten his early training on the farm. We saw distinct tracings of Holstein and Devon blood, and also a touch of Jersey. Her color is Plymoth Rock and she is as fat and slick as a Polan-China. Ten quarts of milk per milking is her very lowest give. The cream does not rise on her milk but is so heavy that it settles to the bottom of the pans, and if the

milk is not poured off each day the cream turns into a three pound roll of butter.

The Freshman class was very pleasantly entertained at the home of Miss Wheeler on the evening of the 21st. It was a beautiful night for the marsh-mallow-roast, which was one of the chief attractions of the evening, but hardly dark enough to give effect to the wierd war dance executed by Mac. or to curdling ghost stories told around the flying embers. When the fire had died out they repaired to the house where various games and things "good to eat" were so thoroughly enjoyed that the time for the last car came almost before they were aware of it. On their departure they saluted the hostess with the class yell and three cheers which awoke the echoes for miles around and proclaimed that the class of '97 had celebrated its inaugural. The class has elected the following officers: President, Willard Dowd; vice president, Lulu Hough; secretary, Will Hayne.

"The Hilarity Club" with its "Sic Semper Shenanigan" lives only in the pleasant reminiscences of its survivors, and Shakspere sleeps in peace because his works are no longer criticised by the infalible "Shakspere Club." "The Family" is a worthy successor of these illustrious organizations, but new exigences have brought forth the stalwart body guard of fourteen members, more generally known as "The Elephantine Masticating Association." The object and success of the association may best be understood from their club song consisting of 48 verses, the first of which runs as follows:

There is a chawing club not far away,
Where we have bully grub three times a day;
Oh! how the chawers yell when they hear the
dinner bell!
Oh! how with grub they swell three times
a day?



Rev. Mr. Betts visited us two weeks ago.

S. A. Remington teaches arithmetic and J. B. Fox book-keeping in the city Y. M. C. A. evening school. Each has two classes a week.

Prof. Wilson made a flying trip to Chicago last week.

Miss Olive Patterson is at the state university this year.

Claud Oakley has moved in with Eugene Haines.

Miss Agnes Powell spent Sunday, October 29, at her home in Marshall.

Rev. Dr. Whitney, of Adrian, a trustee of our college, paid us a visit last week.

Rev. Carmen, of Ann Arbor, gave us an interesting talk on college life the 23rd.

Miss Ford, of Colgate, is visiting her brother. She will be in college next term.

Mr. Bullock, father of Rod and Henry, visited us on his way home from the fair.

R. G. Slate, of Grand Rapids, visited Carl Snashall several days last week.

Rev. Frank Arnold, financial agent for the college, made us a short visit last week.

President Slocum was recently elected one of the vice presidents of the Michigan Political Science Association at its Detroit meeting.

Dr. Slocum spoke in the First Baptist church of Ann Arbor, morning and evening, October 22.

Rev. E. M. Stephenson, state secretary of the B. Y. P. U., dined at ladies' hall, October 21.

Dr. Slocum, on entering noisy class room—"Why, why, you sound like a lot of Freshmen."

Mr. and Mrs. Burgess, of Brighton, parents of L. C., made him a short visit on their way to the fair.

Mrs. Averill, of Bay City, who kindly gave \$2,000 to our endowment, made us a short visit recently.

Misses Alice Brooks, Grace Steadman and Margaret St. John were delegates to the state Y. W. C. A. convention at Ionia.

D. T. Magill has wheeled about two thousand miles during the summer. He went over to London, Canada, and a great many east Michigan cities saw his wheels go round.

F. E. Davis came up from Texas on a fishing tour and spent October 10 at the college—the same old "Stormy" still up to his tricks. He is at present traveling in the gulf states for a silverware house and is very successful.

A Penfield, New York, paper in speaking of a M. E. church entertainment a short time ago says of our old friend Miss Margaret Humphrey: "The rest of the program was filled by Miss Humphrey, elocutionist, in selections both serious and humorous, which captivated the audience. Her last piece, Nearer my God to Thee, sung by Mrs. Rich and given in pantomime by Miss Humphrey, held the audience spell-bound."

Baptist State Convention.

The Baptist State Convention held in Muskegon, Oct. 18-22 was equal to if not surpassing any that has preceded in interest and enthusiasm. There was a large delegation present from all parts of the state, numbering about two hundred and fifty. The Muskegon Church did itself proud in making arrangements for the convention, and the city can truly be said to be one of the most hospitable.

The day preceeding the convention proper, the ministers and laymen each held a conference in which were discussed themes of interest and importance. The "Business Men's Conference" is a new feature of the annual convocation, and promises to be exceedingly helpful in securing the attention and interest of the layman of the state in the great benevolent objects of the church. These various meetings in connection with the convention lead to naming of the meeting by one of the local papers, "The Baptist Symposium."

The convention proper, opened Wednesday evening, Oct. 18th, when Dr. Cheney of Ypsilanti delivered the annual sermon. Thursday forenoon Kalamazoo College and Christian Education received attention. The report of the board by the chairman, Rev. W. L. Munger, showed increase of interest in the work of the college on the part of the Baptists of Michigan. While the report was full of that for which the friends of Christian Education can be thankful, it indicated that increased opportunities impose new duties. Rev. Galusha Anderson, D. D., of Chicago University, delivered an address on "Higher Education" which ought to be heard by every one who decries the higher education.

Dr. Slocum spoke of his gratitude for the hearty cooperation during the past year, and of the needs and his hopes for the future.

Rev's. Boyden and Stimson spoke of the relation of the college to the causes which they represent, viz: Foreign Missions and Home Missions. Rev. D. T. Magill, chosen by the ministerial

students to represent them at the convention, told of the Christian influences of the college.

Thursday afternoon was given to Foreign Missions, and the annual meeting of the Young Peoples' Union of Michigan. The evening session was devoted to the B. Y. P. U. Rev. D. D. MacLaurin of Detroit, and J. H. Chapman of Chicago, Pres. of the B. Y. P. U. of America, made characteristic addresses which raised the enthusiasm of the listeners to the highest pitch.

Friday, Home Missions received attention; in the afternoon, the Publication Society and State Sunday School Work was presented; in the evening, the report of the Minister's Aid Society was given, followed by the presentation of the cause of State Missions.

Saturday forenoon was given to State Missions. In the afternoon and evening the reports of various committees were given and acted upon. Sunday morning, Rev. W. L. Farnum of Flint, delivered a sermon in the interest of the Publication Society.

The convention closed Sunday evening with an able sermon on State Missions, delivered by Rev. W. Whitney of Adrian.

Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

The ninth annual convention of the Young Women's Christian Association was held at Ionia, October 20-22. The principal addresses given were: "The Possibilities of the Human Body," Miss Evelyn MacDougal, physical director, Detroit association; "How to Secure Efficient Committee Work," Mrs. Grace Whitney Evans, Detroit; "Limitations of American Young Women," Mrs. M. B. Jones; "Our Outlook," Miss Emily Dunlap, Milwaukee; "The General Secretaryship as a Profession for Women," Miss Elizabeth Wilson, Chicago; "Our Social Work," Miss Irene Farquar, Detroit.

Miss May V. Patten, of Detroit, gave two interesting talks on the study of the Bible. She brought forward many practical suggestions for the preparation of Bible readings.

Mr. James Edward Adams, representing the Student Volunteer Movement, addressed the convention. The supreme obligation upon us as servants of Christ was forcibly brought out in the following significant words: "Suppose that when Christ fed the multitudes, the disciples had passed the bread to the first row again and again, and then forced it into their mouths, while hundreds of thousands were perishing, would they have been faithful stewards?"

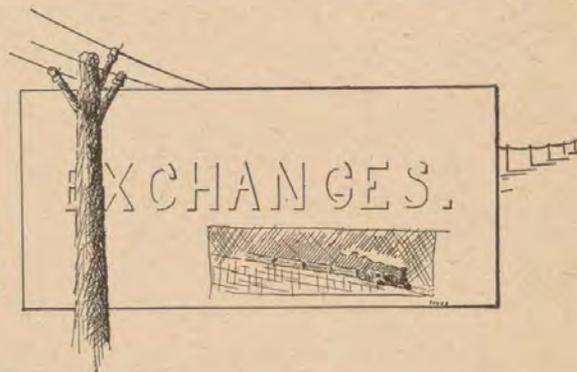
The convention was especially favored by having present Miss Wilson, the international secretary, and Miss Dunlap, the general secretary of the Milwaukee association.

Miss Silver is now general secretary of the Detroit association, and her office as state secretary is filled by Miss Cary, of Northfield, Mass.

At the Sunday afternoon meeting led by Miss Dunlap, an earnest spirit of consecration was manifested, and several souls were brought to Christ.

There are in Michigan, ten city, six college and three high school associations.

The first Young Women's Christian Association in the state was formed in Olivet college by two girls, and the first city work was started in Kalamazoo.



On a lark—Feathers.—Ex.

A grave situation—The cemetery.—Ex.

It is no doubt true that the Mormons or Latter Day Saints are many times misjudged, and many erroneous things have been said about them. However that may be the Speculum, by a well written article, has shown their good qualities, which certainly are not few, and also has disputed many criticisms of the Mormon people.

Freshman year—"Comedy of errors."

Sophomore year—"Much ado about nothing."

Junior year—"As you like it."

Senior year—"All's well that ends well."—Ex.

The INDEX, gladly welcomes the "Clarion," of Franklin College, Ind., to a place on her exchange table. A tidy sheet, containing such well written articles as the first number of the "Clarion," does, is an honor to any institution. Long live the "Clarion," in the journalistic fields.

If the statement, "that only one's misdeeds become spread abroad," is true of any one, it is true of the college student, or more especially of

the college itself. At any rate the usual reports would give us that impression. This is due in a large measure to misjudgment on the part of the outside or business world, who as a rule do not see either the best side of college life, or its best representatives. "For the student who devotes twelve to sixteen hours per day to his work is passed unnoticed by the public. But the college men notice his work. Such men influence the tone of the whole college. They lift it to a higher moral and intellectual standing. They are the men that make up the main business part of college life." We as college men each have a part to do to make the general impression of each institution better.

Something more than fine buildings, a liberal endowment, and competent instructors are necessary to make a university. All of these things may be possessed, yet if the students are lacking in that pride and college spirit which is the most of college life, the institution will be a failure. A school is judged, not by the ability of the members of the faculty, but by the students, the work they do and the position they assume. If they have an earnest desire always to do those things which will bring honor to themselves and their Alma Mater, and support in every way those institutions which tend to bring it before the people in a creditable manner, there can be no doubt that it will be appreciated as it ought.—Ex.

"The man who has gotten the most good out of his college course, is the one who finishes well developed in body as well as brains. The day is gone of the weak-limbed, hollow-chested book-worm, the walking dictionary-stand, which is liable at any moment to give way beyond repair and throw out forever the load which has been making it top-heavy. The object of education is not to see how much knowledge can be compressed into a given space, but to give such training as will make manly men, and womanly women, well fitted to cope with the affairs of the world." It certainly is gratifying to a college student to see what an important place athletics are taking in college life, and also that work in the gymnasium in many colleges is compulsory. This truly shows that the physical nature is not to be harmed by college life.

[SUPPOSED TO BE]

WIT AND HUMOR.

A good proverb that meets the experience of the boys in the dormitory is: "Whatsoever a man seweth, that shall he also rip."

One senior was trying to pet the tender growth on another senior's lip. On being prevented, a third senior explained that number one was trying to make a "touch down." We are inclined to agree with him for there are only four points to a touch down.

A student, the other day, wondered why it was that a certain young man and lady were always ready to leave the lower building at the same time. A friend explained it by saying that they keep their (night) watches together.

The musical director is the fastest man on record. He beats time.

The foot-ball team does a rushing business still it is usually hard pressed.

The pony when used by the student is a Prof-hit-able animal.

Generally on hand—a glove.

Something to boot—a foot-ball.

First student—Why is it that the lady at the head of the musical department always looks so dignified? Second student—Because she is a note-d individual.

Wanted—Some hair restorer for a few jokes that have grown a little aged in the service.

Query—If eye glasses are nothing but a pair of specks what's the use of having them in sight?

If men's hats measured the size of their brain, some people would not be to much expense in that line.

Conundrum—Why is the Thanksgiving turkey like a student making his morning toilet? Ans. Because he parts with his comb.

A first tenor has a high calling.

We are told that a new broom sweeps clean, we always thought it swept dirt.

Getting there with both feet—The bicyclist.

She was cold, I prayed the gods

To turn her heart. The spell began.

The gods were kind; her heart was turned

To love—alas! another man.—Ex.

Quite a novel class yell appears in one of our exchanges:

"Rah! Rah! Rix!
Mamma's chicks!
We'll hatch out in
Ninety-six."

That man has a liberal education who has been so educated in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure all the work that, as a mechanism, it is capable of, the parts of whose intellect are of equal strength, in smooth working order to forge the anchors, as well as spin the gossamers of the mind; whose mind is stored with the great fundamental truths of nature, and of the laws of her operations; one whose passions are trained servants of a vigorous will and a tender conscience; who has learned to love beauty, hate vileness, and respects others as himself.—*Prof. Huxley.*

WHAT TO READ.

If you are down with the blues, read Psalm xxvii.

If there is a chilly sensation about the heart, read Revelation iii.

If you don't know where to look for the month's rent, read Psalm xxxvii.

If you feel lonesome and unprotected, read Psalm xci.

If the stovepipe has fallen down and the cook gone off in a pet, put up the pipe, wash your hands and read Jas. iii.

If you find yourself losing confidence in men, read I Cor. xiii.

If people pelt you with hard words, read John xv.

If you are getting discouraged about your work, read Psalm cxxvi and Gal. vi, 7-6.

If you are all out of sorts, read Heb. iii.—Selected.

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