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A. Gaylord Slocum, LL. D., Pres.
THE CITY OF SILENCE.
— D'TRIST.

Oh, city of silence
How blest are thy portals,
That ope to the feet of sorrow-scarred souls,
As soft as the shadows
That flit o'er the meadows,
Forgetfulness, dim, our grieving o'er-folds.

Thy shadowy towers,
Thy night-armored powers
That guard the domain of soft breathing peace,
Are foes to all sorrow,
To woes that we borrow
And all bitter pain that smites our poor race.

Oh, sweet is the pleasure
And boundless in measure
When peaceful we rest in blivion's arms;
No image of sadness,
Not grief-giving gladness
Can force through thy walls, discordant alarms.

Oh, thought-tortured mortals
Pass in through the portals
Forgetfulness now is op'ning to you;
In striving be instant,
In purpose be constant,
For thus, only thus, can any pass through.

BEDFORD.
A. Grant Miller.

About noon on March 21st, 1893, I stepped from a Midland train at Bedford, "Baedeker" in hand, and passing over the Ouse river by means of the old bridge took the Luton road and in a short time (it is only a mile) came in view of Elstow village. Baedeker states that Bunyan's cottage is one of the first as you enter the village, but it is about the 12th and of the second group. There is a sign, however, on the house. There was a woman digging in the garden and some candy and views in the window for sale but I noticed no more, not stopping, somewhat to the surprise, evidently, of a buxom lass who was observing me intently from an opposite doorway.

Passing on and turning to the right I beheld the village green where God spoke to Bunyan's soul that Sunday afternoon while Bunyan was playing tip-cat. To the left stands the church, which, however, has been practically rebuilt since Bunyan's time. It now contains two memorial windows with scenes from the great allegories.

The tower, which is detached from the main building, is the same wherein Bunyan rang the bells. The sacristan will show, for a consideration, the very bell which Bunyan used to ring. Moreover he will show the grooves worn by the rope in the stone archway under which Bunyan used to stand in fear lest the bell might fall upon him. And if the tourist swallows that easily and looks gullible, they say he will even point out the very rope. Well, the sacristan is a kindly man and knows that American tourists like to get their money's worth. Leaving the tower I walked down to the little bridge and watched some village boys playing in water and wrote in my journal. Then fell into a reverie, calling up the story of "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Holy War," the latter being fully as interesting to me as the former.

No, the faith for which Bunyan suffered is triumphant in the world to-day and stronger than ever. The Holy Spirit yet impels men and women to give up self and the world for Christ and Heaven. Ye ministers of His live their allotted time, doing that work which He hath marked out for them and enter into His rest, others taking their places. God yet moves men and nations to do His will, the Gospel is being pushed into the heart of Africa and Asia, to all nations and tribes and tongues and the time fast approaches when throughout the world shall resound the first mutterings of the final thunders of the wrath of a Just and Omnipotent God. That great and dreadful day when they who have done wickedly and they who have persecuted the saints shall call upon the rocks and hills to fall upon them and hide them from the face of Him who sitteth upon the Throne and Christian and Hopeful shall join in the great chorus unto the Lamb of God.

Starting from my reveries and taking a last look at the quiet village with its grey old tower of
time-bound memories, I turned my steps toward Bedford, thinking how many times Bunyan must have trod the same path.

My visit to Bedford was simply as a sight-seer, as I had not expected to find a customer who could buy in sufficient quantities, in a town of 19,532 inhabitants; but having missed my train, I entered the shop of a retail flour dealer and made some inquiries. The dealer referred me to Mr. W. Roff, of 34 High street, as the leading baker and I concluded to call upon him. Crossing the Ouse, where I lingered some time to watch a boat-race between two crews from the great grammar school (65 scholars), I entered the neatly arranged shop at No. 34. There was a fine display of the wheaten loaf in the window, of all shapes and sizes. The proprietor proved to be a very pleasant, middle-aged gentleman and moreover the senior partner in the milling firm of Roff & Warton. Yet more, he is a prominent member of Bunyan Meeting. After some conversation he agreed to examine my samples at the mill-office, with his partner, the following morning. In consequence of this acquaintance I saw much more of Bedford than I otherwise would as I had not the time to spare for sight-seeing purely.

Mr. Roff directed me to "The Manse," the residence of Rev. John Brown D. D., pastor of Bunyan Meeting, where I should find the Bunyan relics. The good Doctor, who is an American I believe, received me very kindly and his wife showed me the cabinet, will, walking-stick and church record which are carefully kept there. Mrs. Brown said that one time she did loan the walking-stick to an American clergyman who wanted to use it in walking out to Elstow. Then I inscribed my name in the visitors' book, where I noticed some Michigan names. The last visitor was some days before, but Mrs. Brown told me that during the tourist season they oftentimes had four or five visitors a day. The Doctor has quite a Bunyan library, among which are about 80 different translations of "Pilgrim's Progress." There is a fine statue of Bunyan on St. Peter's Green, presented to the town by the Duke of Bedford.

Thus the town honors the memory of the man who walked their streets despised and whom they kept in prison for 12 years charging him as "devilishly and permissively abstaining from coming to church to hear Divine service and for being a common upholder of several unlawful meetings and conventicles, to the great disturbance and distraction of the good subjects of the kingdom, contrary to the laws of our sovereign lord, the king."

Toward tea time I wended my way to an inn, which was the Bicyclist Headquarters, near the bridge. The inn was kept by a Mrs. Mc-something—I have forgotten her name—whose pretty daughter, Flora, brought me my supper and had such a time building a fire for me in the old-fashioned fireplace. Next morning I repaired to the mill where I soon discovered that these gentlemen knew as much about flour as I did. Perhaps that was the reason they bought a sample lot of "Lily White."

Subsequently, May 20, I revisited Bedford to sell Mr. Roff a third lot of Lily White and so timed my trip as to spend Sunday there. On the Saturday, I visited the well-laid-out park, and noticed what I believe gives the English girls their fine healthy complexions and physical development which is quite a contrast from the Yankee wasp-waist and sallow chalked cheek. There was a party of them playing "hockey" and they played with a vim and considerable skill as well. They were chaperoned by a fine looking, gray-haired lady who acted as referee. Their neat and simple dark-blue costumes, with skirts barely reaching the shoe-tops, gave them freedom of action and they did some good running at times. Occasionally one would tumble but would at once scramble up and make a rush for the ball in lively fashion. The milder climate and out-door life and exercise evidently account for the blooming cheeks which I haven't entirely forgotten yet.

Walking about the park and through some shrubbery, I suddenly came upon three lads, two of whom were fighting, and the larger being worsted, had snatched up a cricket bat with evident intention of doing serious bodily injury. They were not the kind of boys pictured in English books—the square stand-up fighters. I arrived just in time and gave him a very terse lecture upon his cowardice. His rage subsided but whether that was caused by lecture or the stout cane in my hand I do not know. The Sunday previous to this visit, May 14th, they had what they called a Bicycle Sunday. Nearly a thousand "wheels" gathered from the neighboring towns and the clergyman of the established church preached to them. It stirred up quite a vigorous protest among Dissenters and others and was certainly a vicious example. They absorbed more ale than gospel and a great many did not attend the service at all.

On Sunday, the 21st, I heard Dr. Brown preach from John 11: 45. After service Mr. Roff took me to the rear of the auditorium where was Bunyan's chair and the door of old Bedford goal.
I also attended the Sunday school. On the following Sunday they were to have a Sunday school anniversary. The enrollment for the home school and the four village mission schools was 116 teachers and 836 scholars. The home school exhibited more "method" and "go" than any I visited, though there was the same lack of older Bible classes. The people were very friendly at Bunyan Meeting and their work seems flourishing. I dined with Mr. Roff and Mr. W. Ashby, an officer of the school, took me to tea and then the evening service wound up a very pleasant visit in old Bedicanford.

SKATING SONG.

Tune: "Jingle Bells."

In skates of flashing steel,
Happy spirits rise
With many a laughing peal.
Skates on the ice now ring,
Glist'ning in the light.
What fun it is to skate and sing
A skating song so bright!

CHORUS—Ringing skates! ringing skates!
Ringing all the way!
Oh! what fun it is to glide
Swiftly o'er our shining way!
Ringing skates! ringing skates!
Ringing all the way!
Oh! what fun it is to glide
Swiftly o'er our shining way!

Out in the win'try air,
Out on our glitt'ring skates,
Frost on our wind-blown hair,
Who for the slow one waits?
Now away like a flash
Across our icy path
Down the lake on a half-mile dash
'Spite of the wind's mild wrath.
Now the ice is strong
Just come with us we pray,
And sing thy skaters' song.
Happy in youth's bright day,
Sending ice-flakes white
At those we just have past,
And flinging at them mockings light
As we glide by so fast.

IMMIGRATION.

J. E. SMITH.

No other nation has been called upon to solve the problem of immigration in anything like the threatening form in which it is presented to us. There have been many instances of one nation having been absorbed by another, but never before has one people been overrun by a host from all the other nations, reinforced every week by a vast army of new recruits. Not the habits, national prejudices, and ideas of government of a considerable part of one nation, but of fifty nations, must be overcome, and their language and allegiance changed in order that the United States may absorb these new arrivals and work them over into American citizens.

Immigration is to the United States what certain kinds of food are to the human system. When composed of intelligent, well-disposed people, coming to our shores in limited numbers, it can only prove beneficial. But if the criminals and paupers of other nations are allowed to come hither for refuge, it is like forcing into the system ill-cooked and indigestible viands.

The immigration into the United States between 1874 and 1889—a period of sixteen years—numbered over 6,400,000 persons—equal to one-tenth of our present population—and furnished enough voters every four years to decide a presidential election, if rightly distributed. The last eight years of this period saw a gain of 57 per cent over the first eight, notwithstanding the exclusion of the Chinese in the latter period. It is apparent that immigration is increasing in quantity, the next point is to determine its quality.

Very carefully prepared statistics show that the French, Belgian, and Dutch immigration all of which has proved valuable to this county, is, as it always has been, so small as to be of comparatively slight importance. The German immigration, which has been not only one of the largest but one of the best, is declining, and in that from Great Britain and Ireland there is a still greater falling off.

On the other hand the immigration of Poles, Bohemians, Hungarians, Russians and Italians is increasing. The Poles are generally young and ignorant. They come to the United States under contract in which they are guaranteed better wages than they can get at home. The group of Russian Jews starved out of Russia, come to the United States to join the congested ranks of middlemen, and are destined to be mostly peddlers on the smallest scale.

It appears then, first, that immigration is increasing, and, second, that it is making its greatest relative increase from races most alien to the body of the American people and from the lowest and most illiterate classes among those races.

The national policy has been, until recent years, to encourage immigration in all possible
ways, a policy under the circumstances, wise and beneficial. The natural growth of the people established in the thirteen colonies was not sufficient to occupy the vast territory or to develop the matchless resources of the Union. We therefore extended our hand to the people of every land and invited them to come in, and when the region beyond the Alleghanies or even beyond the Mississippi was still a wilderness, the general wisdom of this policy could not be gainsaid. But the conditions under which at the outset, we opened our doors and asked everyone to enter, no longer exist. The tide of immigration which came prior to 1860 was of a far different character, taking it as a whole, than that which has been tending in this direction since. To the immigrants of those days we owe much of our greatness as a nation; it gave us brain and muscle; it enabled us to navigate our rivers and when they could not carry our merchandise, it constructed our canals and railroads. It furnished us laborers, mechanics and statesmen. "Could we say the same of the immigration of to-day, no one would find fault.

The population which came previous to 1860 was civilized, that which comes to-day is, in some proportion, semi-barbarous. He who doubts this statement has only to travel along the line of railroad nearest to him until he meets a gang of laborers and attempts to converse with them. He has only to go into the mining regions of Penn., the mills of Ohio, the factories of New England or the lumber camps of Michigan to find a class of beings that are far from being civilized.

Says Mr. Powderly, "Eight years ago I visited a mining camp and investigated the condition of the men imported free from duty to take the place of the American workmen who had demanded higher wages. Dining room, sitting room, kitchen and bed chamber all in one. Five rows of bunks, three deep, each one thirty inches in width and seventy-eight inches long. Each bunk filled with straw and covered with the coarsest kind of coffee sack material for bedding. The men came in from the mines and before washing face or hands sat down to a table of salt pork, meal and water. One hundred and six men lived in a building 160 feet by 30 feet. I addressed one of the men in the English tongue and received no answer. I waited until it was time to retire, and saw these men lie down without divesting themselves of a single article of clothing. Some of them took off their shoes, but a greater portion did not." These men took the places of American workmen who were receiving from two to two dollars and a half per day. The compensation allowed these men was 75 cents and board. Mr. Powderly further states that he visited the place seven years later and found but one man who was there before. They had at different intervals returned to their homes across the sea.

This is a most unwholesome feature of immigration. Persons who come to the United States reduce the rate of wages by ruinous competition and then take their savings out of the country, are not desirable. They have no interest at stake in the country and they never become American citizens.

Seneca once said: "How great would be our peril if our slaves began to number us?" How great will be the peril of this republic if the number of those who do not appreciate its institutions ever reach a majority. With poverty staring the workman in the face, with competition driving the children out of the school room and into the workshop, with immigration pouring its unlettered hordes upon our coast, it is but fair to presume that ignorance will increase in spite of our best efforts.

"Where ignorance dominates, slavery is the result; where ignorance exists, race hatreds, prejudices and class distinctions will create strife and internal warfare; where ignorance prevails, citizenship is a farce and the ballot in the hands of those who know not how to use it becomes a mere tool in the hands of the selfish rich."

A short time before his death, Ex-President Hayes delivered his annual address before the National Prison Reform Association of which he was chairman. He had been most of his life an advocate of unrestricted immigration. But stern facts compelled him to change his ideas and he then asserted that "immigration is the lion in the path of American progress." He further says, "Strike from the appalling catalogue of crime in our country all the law breaking due to immigration of recent years and the claims of prison reform in the United States will be amply vindicated." It is well known that individuals, benevolent societies and communities of Europe have furnished criminals and paupers with clothing and money and placed them on board steamers bound for the United States. How long will the American people permit this fair land to be the dumping ground for the human wrecks of other nations? The crimes of Europe are laid at our doors.

Surely the time has come for an intelligent and effective restriction of immigration. No one wishes to exclude a desirable immigrant, but it certainly is madness to permit this stream to pour
in without discrimination or selection. More important to a country than wealth and population is the quality of its people. We believe that there is a way to separate the desirable from the undesirable classes and that is partly by a well digested plan of consular supervision and inspection. The time to make selection for future citizens of the United States is when intending emigrants are about to embark for this country. If we await their arrival here, there will be great uncertainty about the sifting process.

If sanitary protection is afforded to our country by a careful quarantine of immigration at the post of departure, if by holding the steamship companies and their agents strictly responsible for the sifting of immigration before embarkation, supplemented by examination upon arrival, and if by guarding the avenues of citizenship, the integrity of our institutions is preserved, immigration need have no terror for us and we may continue to receive the beneficient stream to which we owe in large measure the present development of our country.

Which man—which party will have the courage to say: “From this day forward no person shall be allowed to land on American soil who has not filed an application with an American counsel to be permitted to emigrate to the United States; no person who cannot read and write, no paupers, imbeciles, or criminals shall be permitted to land, and all who do come must declare their intention to become citizens the day they land, and shall study the principles, the constitution and laws of our country before being accepted as citizens.” Until this is done and not till then will the American flag float as the emblem of liberty, pure and undefiled.

[Junior Prize Oration 1893.]

CRITICISM.

This is an age of criticism—of kind and unkind criticism: of sympathetic, helpful criticism and of cold, bitter criticism. Some are born with the critical faculty highly developed, while more need to make an effort to cultivate it. The strong point of the former class may easily become a weakness through excessive indulgence. Who has not seen the high-strung, fine-grained, hypercritical man or woman made perfectly wretched by slight grammatical errors in an otherwise pleasing discourse? Happy the man whose education is broad and deep enough to “pick out treasures from an earthen pot”!

In one sense, we must take the world as it is; that does not mean that we should be satisfied with the is, but should simply receive it cordially, and then set about making it over to our liking. And here comes in the distinction between mere supercilious carping and legitimate criticism, which is always warm-hearted and helpful. How often we see the one least fitted for the work of critic taking it upon himself to criticise his superiors in position. Such is the young man who at a certain stage believes himself a veritable Melchizedek. He is self-made. What have his father, mother, teachers or associates had to do with his make-up? There are numerous points where he could suggest improvement, and he does so unspiringly, even rudely, we should say, if we did not feel like making several grains of allowance for him at this particular period. The more he criticises the wiser he thinks himself; the more hair-splitting his distinctions, the greater he believes his penetration of mind. The young student who pored for many hours over a manuscript, trying to decipher one particular black mark was not a little chagrined when his professor, adjusting his eye-glass, said, “Sir, that is a fly-speck.”

Of clear-cut, sharp, right-spirited criticism, we cannot have too much, for it is through this that the world moves. Most despicable, however, is the disposition to sneer at any earnest effort of another, no matter how much better one feels he could do the work himself.

This spirit is far removed from the really cultured man. He feels with the poet:

“No earnest work
Of any honest creature, howbeit weak,
Imperfect, ill-adapted, fails so much
That 'tis not gathered as a grain of sand
To swell the sum of human action,
Used for carrying out God's end.”

Three Minutes with a Dentist.

S. J. H.

“Open your mouth wide” was the greeting that I received as I sat down in the easy chair of a young and strong dentist.

“Yes, it does look like a bad one; you had better take the air, as it will take considerable work to extract it.” So saying, he told me to open my mouth wider. I complied with his request and he placed a champagne cork between my teeth, and then he placed a tin cup over my nose. I wondered what would come next. I had not long to wait, for with his next breath he told me to keep my hand going.
Soon I was back to my boyhood days. The sun was just disappearing below the horizon. I was in the back pasture driving home the cows. Soon it began to grow dark and my spirits went down with the sun. I thought of that stretch of woods through which I must pass before I reached the barn. It was getting quite dark, ominous shadows stole across my path. I thought of all the bear and Indian stories I had ever heard, when suddenly, just as I reached the edge of the timber I heard—"keep your hand going."

I awoke from my dream and found that I was yet in the chair of the dentist and I was not a boy again. I began to shake my hand in a manner that seemed satisfactory to the dentist. I decided not to again forget myself, but Morpheus used her beguiling influence and I was prevailed upon to take a trip through Elysium. We started down a pleasant river. Everything was joyful, nature smiled on us. The fields were decked in their most beautiful garments. The birds sang among the trees that lined the bank of the river. Gayety and mirth ran riot among those of our party.

Now the river is getting wider and just ahead is the dark blue water of a vast lake. Soon we are swiftly gliding over the serene face of the lake. But after a short time clouds appear not only on the face of the sky but also on the face of the captain and soon the faces of each on board became cloudy.

The captain gives orders to make the ship as secure as possible. The mirth has all changed into anxiety. Where was heard the joyous laugh now is heard the solicitous question, Will we go down? Will we ever see home again? What will my mother do without me?

The more timid of the women are crying, soon the children follow their example until the ship is filled with grief. The captain hurriedly gives orders to head the boat against the storm. The pilot obeys and we are headed directly toward the center of the lake. Now the gale strikes us square on our bows. The noble ship creaks and groans. The waves dash over our sides. To add to the peril of our situation it is found that the ship is akeak. The pumps are being worked to their utmost capacity and yet the water is rising in the hold, soon it will reach the furnace then all hope will be gone.

We give ourselves up for lost. We know that we must soon go to the bottom but instead we are hurled through space. The boiler has been unable to stand the pressure and as a result we are blown up.

It seems that I will never stop going up. My mind is very active. I think of all the bad deeds of my life, from the first lie that I told to the last pencil I stole. I pray for another opportunity to live. It seems that I can do more for my Maker. But I find myself in the water and rapidly on my way to the bottom. I remember that drowning is an easy death. If I must die, I do not care when. But I am rising in the water, I strike out for the surface, I become unconscious. The first thing that I can remember after that is the consciousness that someone had saved my life. I opened my eyes and was greeted with—"don't you think it is a large one?" by the dentist who was streaming with perspiration. "Did you feel it any? Isn't that better than feeling it? one dollar please."

I thought that I might wish to go to the insane asylum. If I ever make such a decision I will again try the "air."

**TONICS.**

**E. B. Taft.**

Someone with downcast spirit and a prophetic eye for something better, has said, "This world is a wilderness of woe. This world is not my home." Reverses in business, sorrow, and failing health must have been some of the causes which produced such a strain as this. But every part has its counterpart. For every ocean there is a continent. Numerous times of joy are placed opposite those of grief. So, for many maladies, there are tonics which give renewed energies and life to the sufferer.

When those organs of the body go on, day and night, in their regular routine of work, we almost forget their presence; but sometimes they make themselves known. In our pain, we realize that they are there. Then, if never before, we seek for a remedy. The physician is called. He examines our case, and prescribes some medicine. We take the prescription as ordered. After a time, in many instances, the pain takes its flight. Thus, gradually, our strength is increased.

But if the physical man becomes worn out, and needs to be revived, the mind, the soul, the real man needs a tonic fully as much.

In this we require a variety of medicines. As change of climate, surroundings and food often act as one of the best tonics to the physical man, so change of studies will infuse new life in a dull brain. Continually giving it prescriptions of the same kind, with no variation, will, in many instances, tend to weaken, rather than strengthen this most important factor of man. There is a class of patients in the hospital, who have lost their susceptibility for some kinds of medicines. So
those who work away on one study continually with no time for outside reading and recreation, often weary the mind and render it incapable of accomplishing much in that branch for the time being. The patient has to have a change for a little while, and it is well that it is so. The mind should be proportional as well as the body. It should not have a good growth in one direction, and be wholly undeveloped in every other. "Individualism is to-day king," and he should be a king worthy to rule. He should be treated with various branches of study. For, says Bacon, "Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtle; natural philosophy, deep; moral, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend." These which I have just mentioned are tonics derived from books—preparing the individual for the subsequent tonics of travel and observation in business and professional lives. But there are other tonics without which life is incomplete. Without them, our existence many times would be as a bitter medicine with only a small coating of sugar around it. Amusements have a part and a very essential part to play with these other strengthening medicines. They are good to take. They give rest to the members which are weary from toil. They cheer up the patient. They cause him to forget his troubles. They make him look on the bright and happy side of life. It is well to have them mixed with other medicines. They sweeten the bitter doses; and, unless they are mingled too bountifully, they do not take away the good qualities of the other prescriptions. A social evening with a friend now and then has often given a brighter view of life. A jolly company at the table is helpful to every part of man. A good joke often relieves the monotony, and for a time "drives dull care away."

Then our literary societies furnish wonderful tonics. There mind meets mind in debate. Drill in parliamentary law is given. There those who have never had any experience in either of these, have become ready speakers and acquired an ability to preside over assemblies. As with other tonics, one dose of those in question, is not sufficient. The doses must be taken each week for several years. But as the abilities gained there, will show one's culture to a greater extent, perhaps, than anything else, the student cannot afford to let them go unused. Good lectures form another tonic which will be of use to us. Entertainments, socials, parties, and College Banquets as well, must not be omitted, when we make out our list of prescriptions.

But if one should take all of these tonics at the right time and never take an overdose, and leave out one other thing, he would still be weak.

There is another tonic, better and more valuable than all of these others. It should continually be with every one. No one should be without it. It is the religion of Jesus Christ. It makes one strong morally, and it makes one strong religiously. It makes him a true man, and a true citizen. This tonic is composed of several parts—all of which are essential. There is the prayer meeting, the public service on the Sabbath, the daily and hourly prayer, and among other things the Bible. They help to surround the participant with the pure air of gospel liberty—the best tonic in the world.

EXCHANGES.

Mr. Clarence King, the well known geologist, has computed the earth's age on the basis of experiments made on the effect of heat and pressure on certain rocks. Mr. King concludes that the earth's age as a planet is 24,000,000 years.—Ex.

Prof. Dolbear says a powerful search light could project a beam of light to Mars in four minutes which could be seen and responded to, if they have the apparatus we have.—Ex.

Everybody's business is nobody's business.
Idle folks have the least leisure.
Live not to eat, but eat to live.
Never split wood against the grain.
One eye-witness is better than ten hearsays.
Reckless youth makes useful age.
The best physicians are Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet and Dr. Merryman.—Ex.

Said Jimmy Bly unto his friend,
As they their way to school did wend:
"You tell me now, as quick as scat,
'dWhat 'canthook' means, or we'll kerspat.'"

O, yes! the brilliant Teddy knew,
And brightly shone his eyes so blue;
He'd often heard his father say,
To roll great monstrous logs were they.

"O!" said funny Jimmy Bly,
With naughty twinkle in his eye;
"I'm sure I really don't see how—
I thought it was a muley cow—
They can't hook!"—Ex.

Mr. Morris Gibbs has shown that the songs of birds remain the same, regardless of the psychological state of the singer. This conclusion is based on observations made on fifty species of song birds.—Ex.
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Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Postoffice, at Kalamazoo, Michigan.

Some students are so constituted that if an affair is not conducted just as they would have it, they will have nothing to do with it. Wouldn't it look better for them to comply with other people's wishes once and see if the world didn't keep on revolving just the same?

We are glad to be able to give this month a description of Bedford written by one who has witnessed the things he describes. If we cannot travel we can at least enjoy reading about what other people have seen.

The Index welcomes Professor P. F. Trobridge to our midst again. He taught here a few years ago and since that time has been pursuing special work in the U. of M., together with teaching in that institution and the State Normal. He is to occupy the chair of mathematics in our college the remainder of the year.

We feel sure that every student who was present at chapel exercises when State Superintendent of Public Instruction, H. R. Pattengill, was with us, appreciated his words. The commonly so called "practical" education means to him a narrow man or woman. We hope the students of Kalamazoo College will remember that their "dead" languages and higher mathematics, although not necessarily practical are necessary to a broad minded man or woman.

The ministerial students have organized into an association for mutual benefit. Every alternate Thursday evening, from 7 to 8 o'clock, the association meets and listens to a prepared program which consists of a fifteen minute sermon, scripture reading, outline of a sermon and papers on the different phases of ministerial and pastoral duties. The programs are varied somewhat from week to week and each number is followed by a discussion in which all are free to take part. We feel that this is a good move on the part of the students studying for the ministry. The college is in no respect a Theological Seminary but since there are between thirty and forty ministerial students, it seems wise that those among us who have had experience in preaching and pastoral work should help the rest by their advice. We hope the association may accomplish its aim.

The question which annually arises, "Shall we hold a college banquet on Washington's Birthday?" has again been before the students and in a mass meeting of the three societies was settled in the affirmative. The plan to be followed we believe to be more sensible than of previous years. Instead of going to a hotel it has been decided to have the banquet and literary exercises at the Y. M. C. A. building. Heretofore many of the students have
been unable to attend on account of the expense. It is proposed this year to make the banquet free to students, faculty and trustees, the expenses to be borne by the three societies. It is to be strictly a college affair and for the enjoyment and social benefit of the student body as a whole. The banquet will be held Friday evening, Feb. 23rd. Every student should make arrangements to attend.

The Day of Prayer for colleges which came on Jan. 25 this year, has again reminded us that we are not alone dependent on humanity for the strength and support to meet either our individual needs as students or for encouragement and cooperation in the work of our beloved institution. We hope that no Protestant church in Michigan failed to petition Almighty God on that day to prosper the colleges of the state. It would not be a fitting time just now when the outlook for Kalamazoo college is bright, to withhold our supplication to Him who never fails to give the needed blessing only for the asking. The Day of Prayer does not mean that the Christian people of the state are to use simply the one day for this purpose but it has been instituted both for a day of united prayer for a definite purpose and as a reminder that prayer should be constantly made for the institutions of higher learning. We would have the Baptists of Michigan know that their college needs their prayers. Gifts are very acceptable but send your prayers with them.

"It died of drop—see?"

Were you at the funeral?

"It swept away that great idear!"

A Senior is of the opinion that distilled water will not freeze.

"Why! we were almost drowned, weren't we, Mr. Graybiel?"

The phrenologist is among us. Have your head examined.

The Logic Class is the most popular one in College and numbers two dozen.

It doesn't always pay to joke the teachers—they don't always see the point, as you may it.

One of the students in Chemistry has great luck in getting pearly precipitates. Queer ain't it?

Miss Wilkinson's "Cyclamen" still gladdens the eye of the weary student. Long may it bloom!

The Euros have received several invitations to repeat the Princess. Their fame has spread even to neighboring towns.

The stalwart Amazon is not a thing of the past. Three thousand women-warriors are now fighting in the Sicilian Rebellion.

The Kalamazoo and Grand Rapids Y. M. C. A's are to join this year and will be styled the West Michigan District Y. M. C. A.

The Lower building will be equipped with three new sets of the Standard Dictionary, two of which belong to the College and one to the Pres.

A true romance should begin with a rescue. We have timber slashed for the beginning and if signs don't fail, guess that the outlook is good.

About a dozen of us enjoyed Saturday evening the 20th, at the home of Miss Caroline Taylor on Park street. The evening was greatly enjoyed with games and "jes' talk."

The lady teachers took tea at the Hall Tuesday evening the 16th, after which they remained and all who were fortunate enough to be present spent a pleasant hour with games.

The Hall, during the remainder of the year, will be under the direction of Mrs. Brownell who during the past year has been so successfully in charge of the boarding department.

Professor in Latin Class—"Are we all paying attention now? This is ablative of characteristic. Are we all paying attention?—Well, Mr. Cushing, what are we speaking about?" And the sound of so familiar a name awoke Mr. C.

Saturday the 13th found a party of about five hundred at Lake View to enjoy the skating. They were not all college students, but quite a number were there and report the weather excellent, breeze strong, ice slippery and stars plainly visible during momentary flashes.
About 20 students and teachers were pleasantly entertained at the home of Miss Isabelle G. Bennett last Saturday evening. Light refreshments were served, and Miss Wilkinson gave us a pleasing story in verse and Mr. Cadman told an interesting war story.

One of our lady teachers attended one of the Monday afternoon programs given at the Ladies' Library and reports it a very pleasant, intellectual feast of which she intends to partake as often as possible, and it is recommended to all who find themselves fortunate enough no have the time.

The first meeting of the Sherwood Rhetorical Society this term was a very successful and pleasant one. We look back with pride at our success of last term and are sure of a gratifying record for the present one. W. D. McWilliams started the good old ship with a firm hand and keen eye and if we are always found ready to meet the honest duties given us to perform, we will not only advance the standing of our Society but will gain such ability as we can obtain no where else.

State Superintendent Pattengill visited us the 18th and gave us one of his interesting talks in the Chapel. He told us how he was wheeled into going to college, and how when he got a taste he could not stop, and how he was never sorry, etc., etc. The Supt. is a man who can put a truth in so forcible and pithy a manner that one never tires, but when he stops to think of the jokes he finds each one drove in a nail. We are always glad to welcome such friends and are happy to know that the college has so many. Come again.

The three Literary Societies have voted to give a "Spread" in place of the annual Banquet in honor of the birthday of the boy who was never caught telling a lie. It is planned to have the event in the City Y. M. C. A. parlors, and all students are most cordially invited to be there and enjoy the good things whether they be members of any of the societies or not. No admission price is to be charged; but there was a good suggestion dropped by the committee in charge at the public meeting held in the Chapel the other evening, and we went immediately and attended to it. It looks as though most everyone else did the same. It always pays to attend such meetings.

At the opening meeting of the Eurodelphian Society this term, the retiring president, Miss Jenks, and her successor, Miss Brooks, spoke with enthusiasm of the society's increasing prosperity and the interest shown by the girls in its work. The subject for the evening was the poor and means for relieving them. After a lively debate upon the question whether or not the humanitarian receives or gives the most good, the new officers were called upon for speeches. The eloquence of their responses was received with appreciation, as was evinced by the long-continued laughter and applause. The most pleasing feature of the musical program was an original "Pastoral," given by Miss St. John as an encore. Pithy remarks by different members closed the meeting and sent every one home with the remembrance of a jolly good time.

A valuable addition has recently been made to the college library—Littre's Dictionnaire de la Langue Francaise. This is the most complete dictionary published of the French language. For Frenchmen (and for the French classes of the college) it meets the same wants as does the Century Dictionary for Americans. Mr. E. M. Barton, of Chicago, president of the Western Electric Co., contributed $10 toward the purchase of this work.

The Day of Prayer, Jan. 25th, was observed with appropriate exercises. The College work was set aside for the day and at ten o'clock in the morning a students' meeting was held in Eurodelphian Hall, led by J. E. Smith. The subject taken was "The Power of Prayer," and there was a deep feeling manifested. At eleven o'clock students and friends gathered in College Chapel where Pres. Slocum gave an inspiring and instructive sermon, bringing out prominently the object and significance of the Day of Prayer for Colleges. It was decided that in the afternoon, the students and faculty would unite with the churches of the city which are engaged in special services. At three o'clock a good per cent. of the students went to the First M. E. Church where a very helpful meeting was held. The tone of every meeting was spiritual and it is hoped that special meetings may be conducted soon among the students. The Day of Prayer has been a blessing to us and an occasion we will not soon forget.

The difficulty in securing reliable testimony in case of railroad accidents has been completely obviated through an invention made by a man from South Bend, Indiana. This wonderful piece of mechanism is placed on the locomotive and registers the speed, the number of stops and time of each stop, also the time the whistle is blown and the bell is rung. If an accident occurs a perfect record of the management of the train is found on consulting this instrument.—Ex.
A. F. White preached at Schoolcraft Jan 21.
Miss Pearle Brownell visited at Marshall a few
days last week.
Miss Lizzie Haigh spent a few days in Battle Creek last week.
Miss Pauline LaTourelle is spending this term at home in Fenton.
F. D. Ehle spent Sunday, Jan. 28, with the church at Hickory Corners.
Geo. McDougal was not able to return this term on account of ill health.
Mr. A. G. Miller has accepted a call as Pastor of the Portage Street Baptist Church.
Mr. Goble, who formerly lived in Kalamazoo, has returned and entered college.
N. T. Laird has been confined to his bed at his home in Chelsea since the vacation.
J. P. Cadman, '63, visited the College recently and gave a short talk in Chapel.
Pres. Slocum addresses the Sunday School Convention at Vicksburg, Sunday, Feb. 11.
Messrs. Magill, Hudson, Bailey, Graybiel, Pixley, Miller, Newberry and Haines have regular pastoral charges.
J. E. Smith occupied the pulpit of the First Baptist church of Battle Creek, Sunday morning and evening of Jan. 28.
Miss Ada Hutchins did not return after the Holidays on account of illness. However she intends to be back next term.
Dr. Slocum gave a toast on "Michigan" at the New Yorkers' Banquet given at the American House the evening of Jan. 29.
Miss Jessie Maxwell, of Pentwater, visited the girls at the Hall last week. We understand she visited elsewhere in town too.
Dr. Slocum delivered an address before the West Michigan Y. M. C. A. Dist. Convention held in Grand Rapids Jan. 26, 27 and 28.

W. L. Munger, chairman of the Board of Ministerial Education, with his son, visited the Sherwood Society Friday evening, Jan 26.
Miss Florence LaTourette has been engaged to sing in the Congregational church choir. Mr. A. H. Perry has been retained and engaged as choirister.
M. C. Warwick visited us last Monday. He has accepted a position as traveling salesman for a merchants' advertising bulletin, manufactured in Kalamazoo.
Dr. J. L. Jackson, of the Fountain street Baptist Church, Grand Rapids, and Mr. Howard, of Grand Rapids, treasurer of the College, visited us Jan. 30th.
Miss Maud Wilkinson has been presented a set of the Standard Dictionary by its publishers as a reward for correcting a half dozen French idioms which she discovered that they had printed incorrectly.
Miss Hutchins, one of the twins of '93, spent the 22nd and 23rd at the College. She left for Denver, Col., where she will remain several months. We expect to receive a letter from her—i. e. as the INDEX.
Miss Stevens kindly assisted the City Y. M. C. A. in the program "Music of the Nations" Jan. 15. She represented England and sang "If He Upbraid." The entire program was well rendered and very enjoyable.
Before coming here with us, one of the teachers was some time assistant in the revision of Johnson's Universal Cyclopaedia. She has just received a clipping concerning Kalamazoo College which she is to revise.
A. H. Perry and W. H. Mays gave a very pleasant evening last week at Otsego. Mr. Perry, as we all know, greatly pleased the people with his impersonations, and Mr. Mays mayed 'em laf right out in the meetin'. They had a full house.
The preparatory class in Physics went to the Electric Light Plant Tuesday, 23rd, and through the courtesy of the Supt. they were allowed to inspect the dynamos and lights. It is claimed that the Electric Light Plant is a sort of night blooming series.
P. F. Trowbridge, our new mathematics teacher, has already won the esteem of his pupils and the good will of the school. Mr. Trowbridge graduated at the U. of M. in '92, receiving the
degree Ph. B., however he is making a specialty of Chemistry and was granted a leave of absence from the University, as assistant in qualitative Chemistry, for the remainder of the year after which he will return to that position and receive his Doctors degree. Last year Mr. Trowbridge was assistant in Mental and Moral Philosophy to Prof. Putnam at the State Normal.

Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

Meetings are held every Wednesday afternoon in the Eurodelphian Hall. These are well attended and much interest is felt. Many of those who entered the institution in the fall have joined heartily in the work of the Association. The following items are gleaned from the last issue of the Evangel:

DETOIR.

Miss Cary, the new state secretary of Michigan, was tendered a reception on the occasion of our November quarterly meeting. Our rooms were gorgeous with vari-hued chrysanthemums. The first six months of work closes with a membership of 504.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Mr. Holyoke College, South Hadley,—The delegates who returned this fall to the college after having attended the Summer Conference at Northfield, were eager to form a Young Women's Christian Association here. They were instrumental in securing Miss Zehring, who assisted them in organizing an Association with an enthusiastic band of charter members. The roll now includes 220 members who have entered upon their work with joyful anticipation.

A NEW YEAR'S GREETING FROM BURMA.

Dear Young Women's Christian Association of America,—I look forward several weeks that I may send you a New Year's greeting from Burma. During the three years that I have been in this land, the Evangel has been a regular visitor, and I have tried to keep in touch with the rapidly growing organization. Eight years ago we hoped for great things to be accomplished by the Lord through the Young Women's Christian Associations, but He has certainly shown Himself "able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think."

And so at the beginning of this year of our Lord 1894, I can give to you my most hearty congratulations and lift up my heart in most sincere thankfulness and praise, praying that He will continue in His own way the work He has so richly blessed.

My work is almost entirely among boys, but I have not lost my interest in young women. We have no young Women's Christian Association in Burma, as the time is not yet ripe for the movement. But we have one band of King's Daughters and in nearly all of the large churches have been formed Christian Endeavor Societies, which are the means of much spiritual growth among the young Christians.

The greatest need of our Christians in Burma is a deepening of spirituality by the power of the Holy Spirit. Pray for us all. Affectionately,

Gertrude Clinton Gilmore,
Baptist College, Rangoon, Burma.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

Are you a member of some Bible Class? If not, speak to some member of the Bible Study Committee, and a place will be provided for you.

One of the Bible Classes has finished the Book of Acts, and has commenced the study of Romans.

Remember the Y. M. C. A. prayer meeting at 9 o'clock every Sunday morning in the Y. M. C. A. room. It is one of the best ways to begin the Lord's Day.

"The working Christian is the happy Christian. Come out then, my friend, decidedly for Christ. Confess your sin to God. Confess Christ before the world, and consecrate yourself to Christian service, and you will be happy."—H. F. Sayles.

The term social of the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A's was held in the Eurodelphian Hall, on the first Friday evening of the term. The room was filled and everyone apparently had an enjoyable time.

Nearly every Sunday morning at our Jail meetings, there are some who manifest a desire to lead a different life. Not only can we do them good, but we can aid ourselves as well. It is one of the best places to get experience in personal work.

"As a new year of work for the Master among young men commences, it is important to keep before the mind the prayer of Christ, 'Holy Father, keep them in thy name which thou hast given me, that they may be one even as we are.' The amount of help which members will give to the Association, to their fellow members will be measured largely by the feeling of Christian
brotherhood in their hearts and by the spirit of unity which characterizes their work. Oneness of aim will produce oneness of feeling. If every active member has before his mind that his purpose as a member of the Association, is to be used in leading young men into Christian living and serving, he will be tied very closely to other young men who have the same intense aim. The consciousness that others are working with him for the same great ends, helps to kindle an enthusiasm which adds efficiency to his work and strength in the Association."—Young Men’s Era.

We are glad to welcome the Hillsdale Collegian to our table, and think it rather exceptional that it should be necessary to have 1500 copies of Vol. 1, No. 1. May her future be no less prosperous.

The Clarion has not only honored the literary authors of Indiana, but has given much information to its readers, by giving sketches of Indiana authors each issue.

“Say, Cholly, did you hear about the chicken who went into a blacksmith shop and got shoed?”—Ex.

A telephone which will talk loud enough for a person in any part of a large room to hear and understand, has been recently devised by Mr. Graham, of the Electric Wire and Fitting Company. He has succeeded not so much by an improvement on the existing telephones, as by his method of arranging the circuit and bringing its resistance as low as possible. The receiver at the other end acts as its own call-bell by the loudness of its voice, and the response comes equally prompt and loud. The user has, therefore, no reason to listen carefully with one or two receivers held up to his head. All he has to do is to speak into his transmitter and keep his ears open.—Ex.

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<th>Description</th>
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<tr>
<td>TUITION, per term</td>
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<td>ROOM RENT IN DORMITORY, per term</td>
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<td>LADIES' HALL, per week</td>
<td>75¢ - $1.00</td>
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<td>TABLE BOARD, per week</td>
<td>$2.50</td>
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For further particulars address,

A. Gaylord Slocum, LL. D., Pres.
MT. VERNON.

MADE WILKINSON.

Mt. Vernon, memory-haunted place,
As thou wert, clothed in all the grace
Of old colonial days—
On thee I fix, like ancient seer
Who through the mists of time would peer,
My far, prophetic gaze.

And on my sight the vision dawns
Of leafy glades and sunny lawns
On proud Potomac's shore;
The paths between their hedges trim,
Where heroes walked of yore.

And one there walked, firm step and true,
Of noble stature, (six feet two)
And blue, benignant eye;
The roses blushed a rosier red,
The birds sang blither overhead
When Washington passed by.

And at his stop the hollyhocks,
The daffodils and four-o'clocks
In ecstasy would quiver.
With chosen friend he loved to roam,
And knights and ladies filled that home
Beside Potomac river.

Oh, brave and bold were women then,
And pure as women were the men,
For that was long ago;
The old then felt the zest of youth,
The young were sober, and in truth
It ever should be so.

'Twere hard for me to tell the charm
Of life on that Virginian farm
Before our country's birth;
For there was simple godly fear,
And woman's grace, and royal cheer,
High thoughts, and tempered mirth.

At twilight, when the chimney glowed,
What wit and wisdom freely flowed,
Laughter, and quick retorts!
And then the old-time games—what fun
When George and Lady Washington
 Joined in the youthful sports!

And when the night grew dark without,
What mighty themes they talked about
In those historic days!

Or how their souls with rapture soared
When Nelly at her harpsichord
Sang gay and gallant lays!

But tranquil seas will change to wild,
And bluest skies that ever smiled
Will turn at last to night.

And into this calm life there came
From Patrick Henry's tongue of flame,
The sentence, "We must fight."

Oh, those were days of dark suspense,
Of fear, of hope, of prayer intense,
Anguish and bated breath.
When in his country's desperate need
Our hero went his troops to lead
To victory or to death.

Mt. Vernon grew a lonesome place
Bereft of that beloved face
Whose smile was light to all.
The neighbors, too, in scorn withdrew,
Deeming him false who was but true
Unto the highest call.

The meanest slave his presence missed.
'Twas hard to eat, to sleep—exist,
When Washington was gone.

And so there fell a ghastly gloom,
The chill and silence of the tomb.

But when his coming home drew near,
Commotion filled the atmosphere
Within the humble house.

A hurricane before a broom!
The spiders met a fearful doom!

But in the kitchen what a buzz!
Confusion such as never was
Before on land or ocean!
There were eggs to beat with might and main,
Loaf sugar to crack and jelly to strain;
It made a great commotion.

Festoons of icing, white and pink,
In many a labyrinthian link,
Were squeezed through pasteboard cones.

Great hams were brought from cellar dim,
And paper frills were cut to trim
Their bare and mighty bones.

And little darkies, black as ink,
With gleaming eyes and hair akink,
Huddled about together,
And when they heard the stately tread
Of Martha Washington they fled
Like leaves in windy weather.
The great man came from the battlefield
Where his country’s freedom had been sealed
And lily of the valley,
Blossomed and grew.
Where his country’s freedom had been sealed
And he found
His cherished dream it was to glide
From the clanging of armor, the flash of knife,
And the shock of cannon and guns.
And he found Mt. Vernon a charmed retreat,
After the battle’s din and heat,
And he reaped from one sweet woman’s eyes.
And a full reward for his sacrifice
He reaped from one sweet woman’s eyes,
And the praise of friend and neighbor.
And by his life so good and wise
He proved before ten thousand eyes
That godly fear is knowledge.
And because George Washington was true
There are nobler men in Kalamazoo—
Within our very college.
For we all of us have a battle to fight
In the endless war ‘twixt wrong and right;
For each there’s a battlefield,
Where every one of us, small and great,
Cannot escape it—soon or late
Must conquer, or must yield.
No dazzling armor, no glitter of knife,
We do not march out with bugle and fife,
No banner, no trumpet’s roll,
No thundering hoofs in a cloud of dust,
No cannon call, no saber thrust.
‘Tis a conflict within the soul.
And for those who struggle shall win at last
No shout of triumph, no clarion blast.
No praise from an eager throng;
But beyond the sky a shining crown,
In the Book of Life a new name written down,
And from angel lips a song.
Oh, better than all the battles he fought,
Or the wise decrees of state that he wrought,
Is the pattern he left behind
Of manhood, upright and self-controlled,
Prudent in peace, in danger bold,
In friendship true and kind.

On fair Potomac’s sloping shore
Mt. Vernon, as in days of yore,
Is still a lovely place;
But they are gone that gave that scene
Its air domestic and serene,
Its joyous life and grace.
No cavaliers in pointed shoes.
In powdered hair and braided queues,
Converse in high-down clauses,
While ladies listen, all arrayed
In tabbinets, and stiff brocade.
Lasstrings and gold wrought gauzes.
No more they dine, and make their plans,
Eating love puffs and Sally Lunn’s,
Laplands, and beaten biscuit;
While little darkies, single file,
Bring plates of waffles in a pile.
As high as they dare risk it.
But there to-day the tourist lingers,
And round the sign “Keep off your fingers!”
Are relics to be viewed.
And passing boats all toll the bell.
And lower the flag as if to tell
A nation’s gratitude.


EDUCATION.
C. J. KURTZ.

“Education consists in learning what makes a man useful, respectable, and happy in the line of work for which he is destined.” The word education is rather a broad term including all lines of instruction. Of these we wish to speak of two, those, which are commonly called a practical and a college education.

While the number of persons, who are pursuing the broader and higher systems of study, is continually increasing, yet there is an inclination on the part of many to study only that, which can be used immediately in money-making, such as bookkeeping, stenography, or some branch of mechanical work. These are all well enough in their place, yet one’s knowledge ought not to be wholly limited to these, but one should ever be seeking new lines of study for improving his mind and his work. While some men seem to gain by experience in actual life by virtue of their natural qualifications, what others have acquired only by years of hard study and training, yet it is not wise to conclude that all can do the same, or to give too much credit to experience.

What will a college education do for a person? Perhaps one of the first things to be thought of is this, that if nature and circumstances have not plainly shown what he is fitted and intended for, a college training is very apt to bring out this peculiar
fitness. But one of the most important things to be gained is, to get such a grip on one’s mental powers, that they will easily obey the commands of the will, and have the power to perform them. And this brings us to the greatest acquisition of all, the power of thinking continuously on one subject, i.e., not only the power to expel all thoughts from the mind, which are not wanted, and simply to think on the one subject, but also and more, with the aid of memory to bring all former knowledge and training to bear upon it, and thus to accomplish all the mind is capable of doing. But is it necessary to have the training of a college in order to gain these powers? Occasionally we find a Washington or a Lincoln, who has had the strength of character and will power to gain these powers by private study. But would not such men have been much more able to fill their positions in life, if they had had a more systematic and thorough training?

A seedling will grow if it is given water only, but it will grow better if given earth also, and still better if it is fertilized with the proper kind and proportion of acids, and carefully cultivated and pruned. Although it will bear some fruit doubtless under the unfavorable conditions, yet how much more and better fruit will the tree bear, when properly nourished and cared for. Is not the growth of man’s intellect really dependent on the same conditions? The better the cultivation and training, the better the fruit will be. The scientist, who knows nothing about the classics, higher mathematics, or the modern languages, or the teacher of a classic, who has studied only the one language, would doubtless be of some use, but it is almost needless to say that either would become of more use, just about to that extent that he understood his work, and its bearings on other lines. We would not say that the lawyer must take a course in medicine and theology, or the minister in law and medicine, and so on. Yet the man, who would do the best possible in his profession, must be able to understand and appreciate other professions, when they come in contact with his own.

It is a true as well as a common saying that the reins of the governments of the world must soon be taken by the youth of to-day, that the rising generation must soon fill all prominent positions of trust and authority as well as those, which are less important. Who will be the leaders of the future? Those who have the broadest foundation of knowledge, followed by useful experience in life’s duties. It is true in general, at least, that those who are best fitted for positions of trust, are the ones who obtain them.

Let us look at some statistics, which were carefully gathered by two students of “Adelbert College of Western Reserve University,” which will plainly show how college graduates have influenced, or what part they have taken in America’s history, and whether it is true, or not, as has often been said that the college is a place where nothing practical has been taught. These statistics were obtained from an examination of the six volumes, known as “Appleton’s Cyclopædia of American Biography.” The work contains sketches, more or less complete, of 15,142 persons, supposed to be the most conspicuous persons of our American history. And doubtless the selection is as nearly correct as could be made by anyone. Out of these fifteen thousand persons, who are reckoned as more or less distinguished, over one-third are college graduates. This number does not include those who took an academy or part of a college course. The whole number of graduates from American colleges from the beginning to the present time is less than two hundred thousand, and five thousand of this number have been ranked among America’s illustrious men, or one out of every forty college graduates has been found deserving of this distinction. Considering the present population, and the age of America, it seems to be a safe estimate to say that at least one hundred million persons have lived in America, who have not had a college education, and whose dust is now mingled with the earth. From this number less than ten thousand have been considered deserving to be counted among America’s prominent men. That is ten thousand out of ten thousand times ten thousand, or one out of every ten thousand has won this distinction, against one out of every forty of college graduates.

It is quite natural that we should find the greatest per cent. of college bred men, among the scientists, educators, ministers and lawyers, who have gained a place in a cyclopædia. But let us see whether or not a college training has helped business men to become distinguished. For probably one of the most common objections to a college course of training is, that it is of no use to a person, who is to become a business man. But of the almost countless number of men, who have carried on business in America, not quite nine hundred men have obtained a cyclopedic mention. While if you will compare the one hundred and sixty-one business men, who have gained this mention, with the relatively small number of business men who have taken a college course, you will see how great is the evidence in favor of a college training.
Can it not safely be said that the American college is and has been nourishing the best life of America, and that the high stage of our civilization today is due greatly to her influence? True! she probably has made few artists or inventors, but certainly she has developed their power of imagination and given them more material to work upon. She may not have made many poets, but she has sweetened their song. She has given the historian subjects, the minister knowledge and discipline, and daily offerings to the editor, lawyer, and medical clinic. And so may our alma mater go on putting new life and energy into every true man, and may the time soon come, when a much larger per cent. of Americans can claim a second mother in a college as their alma mater.

**“NOBILITY OF LABOR.”**

_Florence L. McElroy._

"It is not the place that makes the man, but the man that makes the place, honorable."—_Cicero._

Without question, we come at once to know that we are really the "architects of our own fortunes." We may enter college, but if we have not a mind to work and strive, we will not be successful. The college, or seminary, can only receive us, can only give us the opportunity of instruction; upon ourselves, then, all depends, whether we will be instructed or not, or how far we will push our education.

By an untiring effort, only, can we make our work what it should be, and fulfill our highest aims. It is only the capacity for long-continued study, the power of careful, searching investigation, and the complete centering of the mind, that opens to us all knowledge. So we must labor to do this, for many times, another task would be more pleasant than the one we have to do.

From almost the founding of the world, there has been a tendency to look down upon labor, with contempt, and upon those who live by their daily work, as though there were something base and mean about it. It is true that for many years the poorer classes of laborers have not received an education, and have become more and more ignorant, hence, easily, could have arisen the thought that they are but mere toilers,—plebs, in fact,—and not to be associated with.

In proof of this, it has been often remarked that "labor is a curse, from God, upon man, for disobedience." Rather than this thought, is it not, that labor was given to man as a means for triumphing over the curse placed upon him?

"Labor is rest from the sorrows that greet us; Rest from all petty vexations that meet us. Rest from sin-promptings that ever entice us, Rest from world siren's song that lure us to ill."

Already has labor accomplished much in the world. As an example, there is our own country, not long ago inhabited by savage tribes, now improved and made most beautiful. Thus, labor is far from being a curse, so far, indeed, that it is the very thing that makes our land such a pleasant dwelling place. It would, for this reason alone, be better for mankind to give honor and fame,—instead of disgrace and ignominy,—to labor and the laborers for surely all honor should be given to that which fills the earth with all its joy, comfort, and wealth, and without which, there would be far less happiness, wherever any life is found.

Without labor, what is there? If there had been no labor, there would have been no earth, for what can we see that is not the result of labor? True, labor first, on the part of the Divine Creator, and then the work of man, but a continuance of His. Without labor, there would have been no discoveries nor inventions, for it was only by the patient effort and toil of earnest men and women that much has been found out that is useful and necessary. What, but labor has given to us the locomotive, the telegraph, the electric car, and many inventions both ancient and modern? What but toil, oftimes tiresome and unrequited, has furnished us with books and literature? and it is labor still, that provides us with instructive reading that we may learn the easier.

If it is not labor with the hand, it is with the eye and the mind—the intellect,—and it is the intellect that we should place at the head of all labor, for, in the first place, intellect asserted itself in making labor easier, by the many inventions to lighten the work of man.

Happier, far, are those who have some aim in life, some work to accomplish, than those who have nothing to do, for the one has hope to constantly lure him on, and joy in the final achievement of what was, seemingly only hope, far from the realization of success, while for the others, there is no purpose in life. We feel far more pleasure in the successful accomplishment of some difficult task, than we do over that which requires slight effort for the very reason that "work is more noble than mere enjoyment, because the worker is more worthy of honor than the idler."

We often hear the remark that such a one has talent, but even if not endowed by nature with brilliant genius, we may, by rigid work, become
masters of all that tends to increase talent. Frequently it happens that those who have the same opportunities, produce far different results. Many contend that this all lies in difference of talent, but in some cases, the one supposed to have the most genius fails where the other succeeds. "There is no excellence without labor."

The history of the world is full of examples to show how much depends upon industry, not that industry that is overcome by failure, but that which keeps on toiling through discouragements to final victory. Not an eminent orator, musician, or artist has ever lived, but is an example of industry. In contrast to this is the opinion of some that perseverance and industry can affect nothing, and that one must always remain whatever he happens to be. Not one has ever filled an important position who has not gained it by hard, diligent toil, for "success in every art, whatever is the natural ability, must always be the result of industry and pains."

\[
\text{"The heights by great men reached and kept,}  \\
\text{Were not attained by sudden flight;}  \\
\text{But they, while their companions slept,}  \\
\text{Were toiling upward in the night."}
\]

Finally, what work is there for each of us to do? Possibly we are striving to fill some place that is already occupied by another. But there is one place, one work, which can never be overcrowded, that which we may do for God and our fellowmen. This is lasting, and is the noblest work of all. The work done for our own selfish desire is as nothing compared to the work done in a sacrificing spirit. By doing these "little things" we shall see at the end of each day of our lives "something accomplished, something done," and we shall, indeed, have gained a "night's repose."

**DEVELOPMENT.**

C. W. Oakley.

It is an obvious fact, true now and true in all the past, that one man is never on a level with another. No two persons are exactly alike. There is some difference either in their physical or mental conditions by which we classify them. The former enables us to tell one person from another but the latter determines their place one above the other. It is of this difference that we wish to treat.

As we compare men with each other, the more striking do their differences appear. Let us take some example, and to make it more vivid, one that may have been ours to notice, Congressman Burrows in a political speech addressed a large audience here two years ago. Looking through that audience one could see persons of the lowest condition in life, especially as regards mental ability. No appearance of vim or life about them and no ambition; men who could but partly comprehend the remarks and applauded when the rest did and who in daily life performed the most menial kind of services, honorable for them to be sure, but whose desire never seemed to rise above their bread and butter and a place of shelter. Compare the two, Burrows with his intellectual ability entertaining and instructing thousands as he endeavors to make them think as he thinks; looked up to by all as an able man and a leader among the people. The other with little ability to understand what was said, with no purpose in life beyond a living, with little influence outside a very narrow circle of companions. It is like a lake beside a sea. It is like a hill beside a mountain.

If one could read the audience he might grade them, passing up from the lowest to those equal with and perhaps above the speaker. It is not so much the degree of ability that is to be noticed here as the wide difference that exists between the ability of different persons. What a contrast between Gladstone and some of those who hear him! What a difference between Webster and Clay as lawyers and those in our small towns whose shingles have long been stowed away as relics! What a difference between Napoleon as commander and some of those he commands! With such contrasts before us we naturally go back and inquire the cause. Why is there this difference among men? Why is it that one always commands and the other is commanded? How is it that one becomes president and the other climbs only a few steps toward it? We know that these variations exist and always have existed, but we would also like to know the cause.

Is it that some men are born with greater abilities than others, born with better intellects, born with better brain power or as some say "born leaders"? Is it that all have the same dormant talents at the beginning of life and the subsequent position depends on the development of those talents, and some develop along certain lines and others along other lines? If this were so it would lead us to think that all men could be Clays, that all men could be Napoleons, that all men could be Washingtons. Is the ability inherited or does it fall as an Elijah's mantle wherever it may happen? Again is it only those who apply themselves rather than those who possess wonderful gifts that reach high positions?
Evidently we have some talents at the beginning of life, however they may have come, whether by inheritance or as a divine gift. As to the fact of all having the same abilities and to the same extent, there is uncertainty. It seems more probable that some are endowed differently and to a different degree than others. Then comes the same question as before. Do those with the greatest natural abilities reach the highest position in life? Let two persons of different abilities apply themselves to the same extent, it would be but natural to say in such a case that one would reach a higher position than another. But how is it in the majority of cases, do they apply themselves to the same extent? Is it not generally true that the one with the least ability works the harder, while the other depends upon his smartness and too often fails?

Students can be seen in all our schools who are not particularly brilliant, but who by application lead their classes, lead their societies, and without doubt will lead the people in their after life. Others can be seen on the street spending their time who are keen, bright fellows and whose positions with the same determination no one could prophesy. Examples can be given where persons appear to have the best of abilities and to be working hard for their own development and yet never come to any great prominence. On the other hand there are those who are in positions of note but who never seem to work to obtain them. By some chance they seem to have found the position open and stepped in, while others who are far more able are held back through some surrounding circumstance or never “strike luck” as the saying is.

In many cases it is a fact that great men’s sons become great and hence, one would reason, that if all men were great it would follow that the future generations would also be great. Perhaps in some instances this idea may be true but is it not rather true in the majority of cases that they owe their position more to the better chance for development and to the positions that would naturally be open for them?

This can be stated as true, that before one can get a high position he must have some talent in order to do the duties that will be laid upon him. But unless he has qualifications in this line which he has obtained by development he will not hold his position long.

The real cause in the majority of cases why there are so few people who really get and keep high positions is not because they were endowed so much better than the masses but because they developed what ability they had to the fullest extent. A great deal no doubt depends on one’s talents but far more on the development of them. This then should be the stimulus to him who thinks he is not particularly brilliant.

By hard work, by diligent improvement of the talents he does possess, he may and probably will reach the top and thus outstrip the man, who, endowed with better natural gifts fails to apply himself.

GEORGE W. CHILDS.

Seldom has the death of a private citizen called forth so universal expressions of sympathy as that of George W. Childs of Philadelphia.

He was a typical American, and a splendid specimen of a self-made man.

His industry, integrity and intelligence enabled him to amass a fortune, which he not used, in selfish indulgence, but in contributing to the welfare and happiness of others. His home abounded in evidences of wealth and culture, and his greatest delight seemed to consist in the pleasure of his numerous guests. Few men have ever entertained so many distinguished people as he welcomed to his delightful home. Many of the objects of interest were tokens of affection from his friends, some of them exceedingly rare and costly.

Mr. Childs was a man of liberal culture. Without great opportunities for an education, his fondness for books brought him into contact with the master spirits in literature. He was the familiar friend of many of the best known writers of the past fifty years, and possessed a fine collection of their original manuscripts.

His success in business enabled him to travel extensively, and to add to the long list of acquaintances and friends. Few men have been so thoroughly cosmopolitan as Mr. Childs. He appreciated worth whenever he found it, and left monuments to his memory in England as well as America. At Stratford-on-Avon he erected a drinking fountain to the memory of the immortal Shakespeare, placed a memorial window in Westminster Abbey for the Christian poets, Herbert and Cowper, and one in St. Margaret’s Church, in commemoration of the virtue and genius of Milton. While erecting monuments to others, he was unconsciously building his own memorial. His noble example has been an inspiration to multitudes of young men, starting out upon a business career, and his words of encouragement have been a benediction to struggling but deserving authors. The publishers of Lippincott’s Magazine succeeded in inducing him
to write a sketch of some of the most interesting portions of his life, and the June, July, August and September numbers for 1889 contained the articles, which were afterwards collected into an attractive volume called "Recollections."

From this volume we quote the following in his own words: "I was self-supporting at a very early age. In my twelfth year, when school was dismissed for the summer, I took the place of an errand boy in a book-store in Baltimore, at a salary of two dollars a week, and spent the vacation in hard work. I have never been out of employment; always found something to do, and was always eager to do it. When books were bought at night at auction, I would go for them early the next morning with a wheelbarrow.

At the age of thirteen, I entered the U. S. Navy, and passed fifteen months at Norfolk, but I didn't like it. Returning to Baltimore, I became clerk and errand boy in a book-store, worked from early in the morning until late at night, and received three dollars a week. I had saved enough money, when about eighteen years old, to go into business for myself. I was twenty-one years old when I entered into the book-publishing business. One of our first books, Dr. Kane's Arctic Explorations, was a great hit. In 1864, I purchased the "Public Ledger." The late Dr. Prime said: "Mr. Childs excluded from the paper all details of disgusting crime, all scandal and slang, and that whole class of news which constitutes the staple of many daily papers." "I have personally known and corresponded with Longfellow, Emerson, Lowell, Holmes, Whittier, Motley, William Cullen Bryant, George Bancroft, W. H. Prescott, Fitz Greene Halleck, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Washington Irving, and a score of other writers who have given to us an American literature. Longfellow I knew well, and entertained at my home. He was a quiet, gentle, admirable man; a poet in all his moods.

As I speak, a thousand faces pass before me. None more gentle and kind than that of Emerson.

Thurlow Weed, an extraordinary man in many ways, I knew very well. It is a pleasure to me to recall the myriad faces of my guests during many years, here in Philadelphia, at Wootton, and at Long Branch. Besides those I have mentioned, there was the great and good George Peabody. He had his portrait painted for me by the Queen's artist, and there it hangs on the wall, one of the most valued of my possessions. His name recalls that of Peter Cooper. These were two considerate and broad-minded philanthropists.

Late in the autumn of 1868 I went abroad, and one of the first letters that reached me in Regent street, London, bore a genial greeting from Charles Dickens. "Welcome to England" it said. During this visit we were much together; he accompanied us to London, and when we parted he clasped my hands and said, "Good by, God bless you." While at Stowe we slept in the same rooms that had been occupied by Queen Victoria, when the Duke of Buckingham's father entertained her majesty one week, at a cost of seventy-five thousand dollars.

You would like to see the treasures of my library? There they are; several thousand of them. A manuscript I prize is the translation of the first book of the Iliad, by my friend, William Cullen Bryant. I have perhaps the only complete manuscript of any of Thackeray's works in existence. There is also the original manuscript draught of Tennyson's dedicatory poem to the Queen, which is prefixed to the last collected edition of his poems." In one of the closing paragraphs of this intensely interesting volume, Mr. Childs gives expression to the spirit which seemed to animate his entire life, when he says, "If asked what, as the result of my experience, is the greatest pleasure in life, I should say, doing good to others."

EXCHANGES.

Queen Victoria speaks ten languages fluently.

There are one hundred and ninety-three college papers in the United States, while England has no college papers.—Ex.

The Leland Stanford, Jr., University has, when all its landed estates are fully cultivated, an endowment of about $200,000,000. Though only in its third year, it has already nearly 900 students.—Ex.

WHEN AND WHAT TO READ.

If you are impatient, sit down quietly and have a talk with Job.

If you are just a little head-strong, go to see Moses.

If you are a policy man, read Daniel.

If there is no song in your heart, listen to David.

If you are getting chilly, get the beloved disciple to put his arms around you.

If your faith is below par, read Paul.

If you are getting lazy, watch James.

If you are losing sight of the future, climb up to Revelation and get a glimpse of the promised land.—Ex.
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The nation now mourns the loss of Geo. W. Childs who died on Feb. 3rd. Something of his life and work will be seen in another column of this issue.

We are glad to publish in this issue an article, "Nobility of Labor" by Miss Florence McElroy, a student with us last year, but now an efficient school teacher.

There is always a tendency for students to drop out of college in the Spring term. We feel that this is a mistake. It is desirable that a student, who has successfully performed the work of the first two terms, should complete the year's work. The Spring term is a shorter term but in many respects is as necessary as the others. Don't stay away if you can possibly come.

What has become of the class spirit of our college? Thus far this year there has been very little rivalry or antagonism. We would have no evil feelings existing between classes, but a friendly class spirit will do no harm and gives the members of each class a more lively interest in their own class organization. Perhaps, when the spring comes, we will see class lines more clearly drawn in contests upon the athletic field.

Beginning with Feb. 5, special prayer meetings were held each evening in the Y. M. C. A. room. The meetings continued for three weeks and were full of interest and well attended. Some visible results have been noticed and we believe much good done which has not come to the surface. Let's not allow our efforts to cease with the meetings. Prayer and personal work will accomplish just as much now as then.

With this issue we complete the editorial work on the Index for the first two terms of the college year. It has been a source of pleasure to us to see the willingness and the promptness with which the students and alumni have made contributions to our columns. We have been promised some good articles for next term and we expect to keep the present standard of the paper, and if possible, raise the standard next term. We would be glad of any suggestions for improvement.

Now is the time to begin our preparations for spring athletic work. If we are to have a field day this year and expect to see contests worthy of our college, we should not wait till the season is upon us to make a start, but commence now. We have, apparently, better material for baseball than last year. The team should be made up, and, just as soon as weather permits, begin practice. There is no reason why we should not play better tennis this year than ever before. The courts will be in good condition in a few weeks and whatever repairs need to be done should be attended to as soon as possible. We believe that one reason that
we have not made a better showing in athletics is because we have put off making arrangements and practice till too late. Let the Athletic and Tennis Association get their respective organizations to work and let's have some real live athletic spirit about us next term.

Some of the material used in the exchange columns of college papers to all appearances is immortal. Three years ago, the editor of the Index, then local editor, noticed an item in different college publications to the effect that Daniel Webster was the first editor of an American college paper. Last year, as exchange editor of the Index, we saw the same item clipped and recropped over and over again. This is only one instance of many similar ones. This does no great harm but it shows that the exchange columns of many college papers are running in the same old rut year after year, due no doubt, to the yearly change in editorial staffs. We are led to think, also, that exchange editors use the shears too much and the pen not enough. If "the pen is mightier than the sword" it ought to be worth a dozen pair of shears. We believe exchange editors should make some comments upon the value of articles in other papers as well as clip something from them.

The Review of Reviews has been added to the Library periodicals.

Mays and Edberg have a windbag for exercising their weak muscles.

The Philos have postponed their open meeting till the first of next term.

We wish to thank Bush Bros, for a two volume set of Standard Dictionary which they recently presented the college.

The ministerial meeting which is held each Thursday evening is very interesting and instructive to those who attend.

They changed seats again last evening at the dining room of the Hall. D. T. Magill is the only one who got a different seat.

G. M. Hudson receives a parsonage and $500 per annum for his services at Dowagiac. The parsonage is for rent for a short time.

A. G. Miller has been holding evening services at his Portage Street Church this week. Some of the College students assisted him with the singing.

The two orphans are soon to start out upon another tour of entertainments. They will fill eleven engagements, visiting many of the largest cities of the state.

Some of the college boys recently saved the lives of two little people who had fallen through the rotten ice in Mirror Lake. That is a very unsafe play-ground for children without attendants.

For three weeks special prayer meetings have been held in the C. A. rooms each week-day evening, from 6:45 to 7:30, which have been productive of much good among the students of the school.

After a year's absence, Gilbert has found his pails but he has not yet taken them home. He was heard to soliloquize — "Ginx, they must be tied. You can pull 'em up but you can't pull 'em down."

If you are a member of the Astronomy class or are fortunate enough to have a friend in its numbers, you may take a squint at the moon. Come early, for the Professor don't have time to catch up sleep during the day.

The Athletic Association is fortunate in securing the services of Robert J. Burdette to deliver his new lecture, "Our Mission in Mars," at the Academy of Music, Friday evening, March 16. Mr. Burdette is a world renowned humorist, and no comments are necessary. No student should miss this opportunity.

Rob't J. Burdette.
Academy of Music, March 16.
The signs don't fail.
Sap for a beverage.
"Have you heard the latest?"
German Class: "Where's the place."
"Howe about that Tred, Warren the Camp?"
Get out your tennis suits and base ball paraphernalia.
The Chemistry class is deep in the mysteries of the unknown.
The library has just received Haigh's Attic Theatre, Barker's Physics and the Standard Dictionary.
One looking at our flag-staff on the dormitory would now feel more than he may have felt before, that *water, water!* is the criterion of proper capers and infallible judge of the soaking capacity per square inch of the garments of men.

Several of the teachers attended the Seminary concert given at the East Avenue M. E. church last Wednesday evening, and report a very pleasant entertainment indeed. The work reflected great credit on the instructor of music, Mrs. Thayer.

With quiet manner, almost devoid of gesture, Mr. Burdette captured his audience with the first sentence and held it to the end. He is one of the best examples we have yet had in this field of cultivated, refined sentences and entertainment.

A. H. Perry was convicted of manslaughter in the first degree at the circuit court of the county Philolexia. He is now under a two years' sentence to serve on the escort committee of the Eurodelphians Society. The reporter of the Index found him nobly performing his duty.

Misses Hart and Powell gave a very pleasant evening the 17th, in honor of their brothers who were visiting them during the semester vacation of the University. About thirty of the students and teachers were present and the evening was greatly enjoyed with games and conversation.

The time that may be spent upon the study of a masterpiece, may be judged by the fact that though several of the prominent parts in the presentation of the Princess were taken by members of the English Literature class—and heard by others—yet the class recently spent a week on the same poem, and left it, feeling that it contained beauties and truths yet undiscovered.

There is no difficulty in telling where the laugh should come in. It finds its way at the proper place without any promptings of its owner. Indeed it is impossible to prevent its breaking out into uproarious cachinations when Mr. Burdette is at his funniest, and that is nearly all the time. There is a perpetual flow of drolleries from his imagination which amazes one at the extraordinary prolificness and inexhaustibility of the fountain.—*Chicago Tribune*.

The class in Constitutional History of the U. S. is rejoicing over the latest addition to the College Library—the *Cyclopedia of Political Science and History of the U. S.*, by John J. Laler (the translator of Von Hulst). The articles are written by eminent American and European scholars. There is also an American Political History by the late Alex. Johnson, which, as a work of reference, is invaluable to the student of American history. And the profit of its use is not lessened by the beautiful and substantial binding.

The Eurodelphians again presented the Princess, Monday evening, February 19th, in the auditorium of the Y. M. C. A. building. The presentation was equally as good as the first, and those who saw it then for the first time were enthusiastic in their praise. Miss Hattie Brown played the part of King Gama very successfully in place of Miss Agnes Jeffrey, who was unable to be present. After the entertainment a reception was given in the parlors to all former students and graduates of the college. The musical numbers by Misses Brownell, Willmott, Powell and Stevens, and Mr. J. E. Smith, deserve special mention.

**LIBRARY RULES.**

1. **Wear your feet on the floor.**
2. **Don't wear your feet on the tables.**
3. **Don't wear the tables with your feet.**
4. **Beware of putting your feet on the tables.**

"Mr. Remington, did you send that valentine?"

Eugene Haines has recently developed into a poet.

A. F. White preached again last Sunday at Schoolcraft.

N. T. Hafer filled the Baptist pulpit at Cooper last Sunday.

E. E. Ford regularly fills the pulpit at Hickory Corners.

Miss Hewson, a teacher in Paw Paw, was a guest at the Banquet.

Mr. Hoebeck came home from Chicago University for the Banquet.

Just as we go to press W. H. Mays intercepts a bucket of falling water.

Miss Anna Wood spent Sunday in the country at the home of Mr. Ware.

Dr. Maurerhan, of Parma, recently made A. H. Bailey a professional visit.
A. H. Perry is again boarding at the Hall. Breakfast from 7 o'clock on.

Rev. J. S. Boyden, Sec. of Missionary Union, visited our College last week.

Ed and Carl Yaple also heard Col. Ingersoll at Battle Creek Saturday evening.

Miss Mamie Hopkins '93, of the Vicksburg public schools, attended the Banquet.

The Hall girls were very much pleased to receive a call from Mrs. Brooks last Saturday.

Thos. McMullen visited his brother here last week. He soon leaves for the Upper Peninsula.

Mr. Shearer has been called home by a telegram announcing the serious illness of his mother.

The Misses Samson, Thomas and Smeed, of the Seminary faculty, attended our College Banquet.

Miss Gracia Longman has had a very severe attack of neuralgia which confined her to her bed several days.

W. D. McWilliams went to Battle Creek to hear Col. Ingersoll on Abraham Lincoln, the evening of the 24th.

Dr. Slocum has promised to present a paper at the next meeting of the Michigan State Political Economy Society.

Miss Pauline LaTourette visited her sister, Miss Florence, over Sunday. We lay it mostly to the birth of Washington.

Dallas Boudeman gave a half-hour address to the Sherwoods and their friends recently as one of the features of their program.

Harry Howard, of the Chicago University, spent Washington's birthday here with his parents and attended the Banquet Friday evening.

Miss Lois Marshall was the guest of Miss Mary Hart over Sunday, the 10th. She went from here to Ann Arbor as the guest of Miss Olive Patterson.

Rev. G. M. Hudson has resigned his church in Schoolcraft to accept a call to Dowagiac, where he preached his first regular sermon last Sunday.

Joseph Lynn, of Charlevoix, who at the first of the college year was here for a short time, is now back again from Cincinnati, intending to finish the year.

Messrs. Ray Hart and Ralph Powell, of the U. of M., spent Sunday, the 18th, at the College with their sisters. They remained to the Princess Monday evening.

John E. Smith preached in the 1st Baptist Church of Battle Creek, Sunday, the 25th, and heard Col. Ingersoll's lecture on Abraham Lincoln, Saturday evening.

F. E. DeYoe accidentally fell and broke one of the bones of his left wrist recently. We extend sympathy, hoping he may soon be among us again to take up his work.

Wm. Widemeyer, of the University, was the guest of W. D. McWilliams last week and favored the Sherwoods and their friends with an excellent address on the Father of his Country.

Geo. McDougall filled the pulpit of the 1st Baptist Church in West Bay City, Feb. 4th. He is also supplying for a few weeks in Kawkawlin and expects to be with us again next term.

Mr. Fernald has returned from Lansing where he was called to the grave of his mother. The Index voices the sympathy of the students and faculty in Mr. Fernald's bereavement.

The Pres. occupied the pulpit of the Scribner St. Baptist Church, Grand Rapids, the morning and evening of Sunday, the 18th. Rev. Mr. Barber has accepted the call of that church and began his work the 25th.

Dr. Phil. Moxon, an Alumnus of Kalamazoo College, has left his Boston church to accept the pastorate of a Congregational Church at Springfield, Mass. Although the Doctor was born in a Baptist pool he has been an amphibian for some time, but we believe his course is right and wish him great success in his new field.

Miss Wilkinson has left her pleasant rooms at the Hall and is now snugly quartered with Miss Johnson at 926 Kalamazoo Ave. That section of the city is getting quite popular for our teachers and we should not be surprised to learn of a conspiracy on lesson. Miss Wilkinson's wit is greatly missed at the table and the Hall girls are mourning their loss.

WASHINGTON'S BANQUET.

Great credit is due to Miss Alice Brooks and Messrs. F. B. Sinclair and W. D. McWilliams for the success of the Banquet this year. The three Presidents and their committees have worked faithfully and the result is shown by the following program. The usual Banquet was changed somewhat and the Y. M. C. A. parlors were the scene of an enjoyable evening as the history of our College affords. About an hour was spent in social intercourse, after which elegant refreshments...
were served, and on retiring again to the parlors Toastmaster J. E. Smith introduced the following program:

Program.

Toastmaster, J. E. Smith.

Music—"Lady-bird",

"Hard Times."  

W. H. Mays.

"Environments."  

Miss Florence LaTourrette.

Music.  

(a) "Solveig's Wiegenlied." (Cradle Song)  

(b) "Solveig's Lied." (Sunshine Song).

Miss Stevens.

"The Senior."  

A. J. Hutchens.

"From Jest to Earnest."  

Miss Louise Wheeler.

"College Days."  

A. E. Jenks.

Duet. Rubenstein

MisE8 Florence and Pauline LaTourrette.

"Mount Vernon."  

Miss Wilkinson.

"The Day We Celebrate."  

Dr. Slocum.

Music—"Blue Bells of Scotland."  

Schelling.

Ladies' Quartette:

Misses Stevens, Van Keuren, LaTourrette and Hart.

Hillsdale College has about 350 students this term.

Quite a number of the college papers, which have come to our table contain short or continued stories, which in general are well written and quite interesting. Don't the other colleges have novelists as well as poets and biographers?

The Crescent from the New Haven High School, Conn., is one of our best exchanges. It is certainly gotten up in fine shape and well written. The quality of the paper used seems somewhat coarse, but doubtless many people would differ in regard to this.

The Hamilton College Monthly appeared lately with a very nicely decorated cover. An attractive appearance is certainly an essential of a good paper.

Quite a few colleges have established military organizations in their respective colleges lately. To be able to walk with the regulation step, straight shoulders, head erect and to understand military tactics will be of use to any man in many ways, and doubtless to women also.

Many colleges have intercollegiate oratorical contests each year, and the editor of the Olivet Echo wants to know why the colleges of southern Michigan haven't such an organization. Such contests are indeed helpful and instructive if the past is any criterion. Why would it not do to establish such an organization and hold the contest in connection with the intercollegiate field day?

Nathan Haskell Dole has been lecturing on Italian literature in Boston. He has been greatly impressed with the Boston young women and voices his sentiments in the following astonishing effusion of rhyming prose: "All her days she gives to study, reading Dante quite undaunted seeing clearly through the muddy meaning that is somehow planted in the deep misprints of Browning at which other folk are frowning. Twice a week she takes up Plato; then she honors Herbert Spencer, then she boldly quotes from Cato to the men whose wit is denser, and her pluck is so heroic that she poses as a stoic. She is skilled in French and German, Russian, Spanish, Dutch, Egyptian, and her lips will read a sermon on the ignorance she trips on. No! her mind is never lazy. Oh, the Boston girl's a daisy.—Ex.

In Vassar they call gum an elective because they needn't take it unless they chews.—Seventeen Exchanges.

Arthur Galton says of the bones and relics of saints shown in Catholic churches: "Some of the saints are likely to be embarrassed with the number of their limbs and members when they rise again; and some venerated relics are likely to be more embarrassed by finding no saints."—Ex.

Cardinal Richelieu once listened to an earnest sermon by a shoemaker. The man was simple and unaffected, and apparently not at all dismayed by the presence of the Cardinal. "How could you preach to me with so much confidence?" Richelieu asked him, in evident surprise. "Monsignore," replied the shoemaker, "I learned my sermon by reciting it to a field of cabbage heads, in the midst
of which was one red one, and this practice enabled me to preach to you.'—Ex.

The University of Chicago conferred its first degree of Ph. D. upon a Japanese.—Ex.

Hon. W. E. and Mrs. Gladstone had seven children. The eldest son, W. A. Gladstone, is lord of the manor of Hawarden. He is a dull, heavy, honest man. In fact none of the children has inherited the Grand Old Man's intellectual vigor. Stephen, the second son, is rector of Hawarden church. Henry, after a rather wild youth in India, leads the respectable life of a country gentleman, and Herbert, the youngest son, has failed to find any success in public life in spite of the advantages with which he entered Parliament. Two of the daughters are married. The third, Miss Helen Gladstone, is undoubtedly the cleverest of the children. She is a woman of rare culture and one of the leaders in the new movement for education of women.—Ex.

Yung Yu, Chinese minister at Washington, is a "seven-button mandarin," whatever that may be. Mrs. Yung Yu and her three daughters are the first Chinese women who have appeared in the society of Washington notables. They were at the White House New Year's reception.—Ex.

The greatest homage we can pay to truth is to use it—Emerson.

In every sphere of life the post of honor is the post of duty—Chapin.

If you are the victim of your own doing who cares for you—Emerson.

Nobody will use other people's experience, nor has any of his own until it is too late to use it—Hawthorne.

Yellow back literature has done more to corrupt the youth of this country than any other cause—Ex.

Lost wealth may be replaced by industry, lost knowledge by study, lost health by temperance or medicine, but lost time is gone forever—Samuel Smiles.

Next to right and noble living, which is the highest thing to which men may aspire, may be placed the right thinking which is essential to such living—Gregory.

How comes it that the evil which men say spreads so widely, and lasts so long, whilst her good kind words don't seem somehow to take root and bear blossoms?—Thackery.

Oh, what a tangled web we weave.
When first we practice to deceive.
—Scott.

Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt;
Nothing's so hard, but search will find it out.
—Herrick.

If a good speaker, an eloquent speaker, is not speaking the truth, is there a more horrid kind of object in creation? Of such speech I hear all manner and kind of people say, it is excellent; but I care very little about how he said it, provided I understand it, and it is true— Carlyle.

Census taken in the city of Minneapolis shows that of the three hundred and ninety-one owners and officers of the eighty-two largest business concerns, two hundred and eighty-six are professing Christians, ninety-four are favorable to Christianity, and eleven are opposed to it; or, putting it differently, three per cent. of the whole number are opposed to Christianity, twenty-four per cent. are favorable, and seventy-three per cent. are personally believers on the Lord Jesus Christ.

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# College Index

Kalamazoo, Mich.

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A. Gaylord Slocum, LL. D., Pres.
Translation from the Iphigenia in Tauris of Euripides.

PROF. S. J. AXTELL.

(In the metre of the original.)

Iphigenia, daughter of Agamemnon, was conveyed by Artemis (Diana) to the land of the Taurians, now the Crimea, where she became priestess to the goddess. Orestes, her brother, finds her there, and together they make their escape bearing away the image of Artemis. The translation presents part of the story of the escape, beginning just as Orestes and his sister are about to embark for the voyage to Greece.

"Leto's maiden daughter" is Artemis, Loxias is a name of Apollo.

MESSENGER (TO KING THOAS).

Just then a fearful billow shoreward drove the ship; But Iphigenia feared to plunge into the surf. Orestes to his shoulder lifted up her form; Leaped quick into the sea, and up the ladder sprang; Within the well-beached ship he placed his sister safe. And image too of Zeus's maid, that fell from heaven. Now loud from out the vessel rang a voice divine:—

"Ye, sailors, sons of Grecian land, bend to your oars; Whiten the sea with lusty strokes, bear onward fast; For now we hold the prizes, in whose quest we sailed Our dangerous course and ventured through the Symplegades." The sailors burst into a harshly joyous cheer And struck the brine. Onward the vessel made her way To harbor mouth, but as she passed the bar, she struck A furious sea and labor sore. A mighty blast Came with a sudden sweep and forced the flying ship. Her winged oarsage with trim blade, stern foremost back. Her men held bravely on and battled with the sea, But toward the land the refract wave still pushed the bark. Then Agamemnon's child ran to her feet and prayed, "O, Leto's maiden daughter, save! thy priestess save! O, from this barbarous land bring me to Hellas dear, And pardon all my fault. Thou goddess, too, dost love Orestes, in whose veins the blood is one with mine." Her prayer was wafted on the sailors' psanum song: And now with arms to shoulders bare they plied their oars Responsive to their leader's call. Yet on and on Toward the dread rocks the vessel drew. Our Taurian men Dashed through the surges to seize the craft, and others rushed To fasten twisted cables to her stern; while I Hither to you was sent to tell the happenings there. Thine oarsage, take the cords and fetters in your hands, For, if the wind cease not to vex the watery waste, No hope of safety is there for the strangers now. Yet, great Poseidon, master of the deep, appears Avenging Ilum. Ever a foe to Pelops's sons! E'en now will he deliver to your vengeful power And to your people, Agamemnon's only son, By right your captive. You shall also seize the maid, Ungrateful Iphigenia, who, once saved from death By hand of Artemis, basely betrays her trust.

CHORUS.

O hapless Iphigenia, with thy brother, thou Must die when to this despot thou shalt come.

KING THOAS.

Ho, all ye citizens of this barbarian land! Will ye not quickly up and on your horses cast The bridle; and will ye not speed along the shores To catch and hold the wreckage of yon Grecian ship; And by the goddess's help with righteous zeal Will ye not hunt these impious strangers down? And others too—quickly thrust forth our swift-oared ships Into the wave, that from the sea and from the land We seize them all, then hurl them down the craggy steeps Or pierce them through with stakes and see them die.

ATHENA.

Ah whither, whither, royal Thoas, do you press! This swift pursuit? Listen, I am here, Athena speaks; Cease this mad rush, this hurrying forth of armed men. By will divine, made known through Loxias's oracles, Orestes hither came to bear his sister forth With sacred image of the goddess, to my land.

KING THOAS.

Mistress divine, Athena, to the words of gods, Whichever will not hearken, is not sound in mind. I, Orestes, though he bears the image hence, And gainst his sister, lay aside my rage forthwith.

ATHENA.

I praise thee. Fate doth e'en the powers of heaven constrain, Blow, O ye winds, and waft across the seas the son Of Agamemnon safe to Athens, I myself Will go to bear my sister's holy image safe.

How much easier it is to tell others how they ought to walk than it is to keep in the middle of the road yourself.—Ex.
LAXITY IN COLLEGE MORALS.

P. F. TROWBRIDGE.

That I may not be misunderstood, I wish to state at the beginning of this article that I know of no body of students who are more uniformly honest in the class room than are our students of Kalamazoo College.

The crying need of our country today is for honest and true men as leaders in political, social, and business life. The college man, because of his intellectual training, is naturally to be regarded as best fitted to become such a leader. But of what value for the betterment of politics, corrupt methods, and society is the man, intellectually strong, but morally weak?

It is a lamentable fact that the moral sentiment among the majority of American students is not conducive to the highest development of the honest and true man. The responsibility for this condition does not rest entirely upon the student. This looseness of moral sentiment is fostered in many places by the negligence of the officers of instruction.

The work of the teacher is to instruct. To do this intelligently he must keep himself informed as to the advancement of the student. He must know whether or not the student understands the previous work. This is the object of the daily quiz, and a little thought will show how indispensable it is to true teaching. Deceptive work on the part of the student cripples the teacher. The temptation which comes to the student in the class room to use illegitimate helps, so that he may seem to possess that knowledge which he does not, is not peculiar to student life. It simply is an exhibition of the tendency of mankind to show himself and his wares worth more than he or they really are.

At examination time this temptation is far greater than during the regular class work. So strong is it that often a student yields when he has hitherto been perfectly honest in his work. He has forgotten a single point upon which a whole demonstration hinges. He glances at his neighbor’s paper and gets the helpful hint. Character is sacrificed for the sake of a better mark. In dealing with such cases a distinction must be made between unpremeditated and premeditated deception.

During the past five years a looseness of moral sentiment, which sanctions class room dishonesty, has greatly increased in many of our larger schools, especially in the University at Ann Arbor, in the State Normal school at Ypsilanti and in the Medical schools at Detroit.

With a view of creating a better sentiment among the students at the University a careful investigation was made last fall, which showed that the practice of ponying was not uniform in all departments, nor even in the same department. It was found to be most general in the professional schools and in those classes where the lecture method of instruction was most closely followed. The cause then, we must assume, is due, in part at least, to the instructor and manner of instruction.

Professor Vaughn of the University says:

"I regard ponying as a matter of serious importance. Morally I should place it in the same class with forgery. I think that its causes are to be found in lack of moral strength on the part of the student. Its effects on the student and on the institution are bad. It seems to me that the only adequate remedy is to create among the students a class a sentiment against the custom."

Systematic deception in the regular class room work can be reduced to a minimum by a constant watchfulness on the part of the teacher. This watchfulness is not espionage. The average student will respond to fair treatment with honest work. If a term of loose, unsystematic instruction is to be followed by a rigid examination, upon which the credit of the student entirely depends; he feels himself justified in using, and almost forced to use questionable means to gain a passing mark. The lecture method of instruction, while possibly the ideal, is not the practical one for the student of the present age, unless accompanied by the regular and thorough quiz. The average student neglects his lecture courses till the close of the work, and then, to make up for this neglect, makes use of one of those wonderful vest pocket compendiums, or some other of the many devices so well known to the student who wants to cheat.

One of the evils of our present educational system is the regularly announced examination. This announcement is taken by many students as the signal to prepare the pony. The unannounced examination at different intervals during the term is to be advocated as giving a fairer test of the student’s ability, and as removing the temptation to deliberate deception.

The chief cause, however, of the growth of the tendency to cheat in class room and in examination is the trivial light in which it is regarded both by officers of instruction and students. Many teachers regard cheating as a petty offense, deserving of reproof but not to be punished severely. At the close of the last school year the faculty of our State Normal school recommended for gradua-
tion, as a person of good moral character, and fit to be a guide of the young as a teacher in our public schools, one who was caught cheating through an examination in such a manner as to show that it was premeditated deception. If teachers thus regard the evil how can we expect a better sentiment among students? Also cheating is fostered by the other students giving to it a sort of approval. The biggest cheat is praised for his skill in deceiving the teacher, and getting his credit with the least work.

It is true, there always has been and always will be dishonest students in every large school. These students will continue to cheat whenever an opportunity is presented. However, if the school is to do its part in the formation of noble characters, something must be done to raise the standard of honesty. The student should have fair treatment in the class. The lecture should be accompanied by the thorough and systematic quiz. The number of previously announced examinations should be greatly reduced. The student should be made to feel that the class work is of far more importance in determining credit than the examination. Let unannounced examinations be given during the term. In cases where practicable, let the final examination take the form of the star chamber quiz. Let the teacher realize the effect of the cheating on the formation of character, and his responsibility in the matter. Let there be no attempt to make a serious crime appear petty by giving it a mild name. The student who cheats is a liar and a forger. The student who abuses his fellow student is a brute. The student who makes night hideous by his carousing is a rowdy.

As the moral tone of a town, city, or state is decided by the spirit of its leaders so the moral tone of an institution of learning is decided by the spirit of its leading students. Human society is imitative. The lower classman imitates in thought and action the higher classman. It is not enough for the leading students to abstain from any dishonest act. They must show that they cannot trust or respect the one who is dishonest. The student who will steal thoughts from a book during an examination, will steal chemicals from another's table in the laboratory, or money from his room-mate if he thinks he will escape detection.

The prosperity of a school is greatly augmented by the loyalty of its students. Loyalty to one's school means more than mere sentiment. It means effort to overcome everything that mars its fame, and to promote whatever tends to its success. This loyalty develops class and department spirit. But when class spirit leads to the persecution of the members of another class and even to the destruction of life it is to be condemned as severely as the spirit which promoted the persecution of the middle ages. Here, too, officers of instruction and the leading students need to make a vigorous effort to bring about a change of sentiment. A Sophomore—freshman rush is never a credit to any institution. The recent use of Chlorin gas by the Sophomores at Cornell to stop the Freshman banquet is condemned by all. Yet if the effect had been simply to stop the banquet with no fatal or serious results, the act would have been applauded by the majority of the students. At Hallow-teen the college rowdies vie with the toughs of the town to see who can make the most noise and destroy the most property. Last Hallow-teen at Ann Arbor over 500 students helped make the night hideous. What shall we say for the moral influence of our colleges, when several times each year it is necessary to triple or even quadruple the police force in order to keep the students from committing crime. Fun is all right but rowdism is all wrong.

When a sentiment can be created in our colleges that ponying or cribbing is thieving, lying, and forgery; when the student learns to respect the rights of his fellow student; when he learns to be a conscientious, law abiding citizen; when character is placed above credit; then in truth, will our college bred men be fitted to take their rightful place as leaders in all movements for the betterment of mankind.

CHILDHOOD.

— D'IST.?

Turn backward, 0 Time, on thy course for to-night,
And let me return to my childhood;
And fill my sad heart with its joyous delight,
As I list 'to the song
Of the feathery throng
That abides in the heart of the wild-wood,
I long for the years of my childhood, to-night,
When care was as light as a feather,
And joys that were rich with a ceaseless delight
Were my food, were my sleep;
And the sound of my feet
And the stroke of my heart were together.
The rides that I had on the back of my sire,
The kiss of my fond, loving mother;
I drank to the full of my young heart's desire
When I played, in the sand,
Or some juvenile band,
And glad joy seemed to linger forever.
The pond 'neath the hill-side, the fish in the brook,
The seat in the crotch of the willow.
The nap that I had in some cool shady nook.
Or the red juicy slice
Of the melon so nice,
And the apples so large and so mellow.

We can not return to those days of the past
And live in their innocent pleasure.
For such were too sweet, that they ever could last:
Like the breath of the flowers.
Or the stroke of the hours
As they mark off the length of time's measure.

The brook that goes gurgling and laughs as it course.
When nursed by the rocks of the mountain,
Is destined to grow, when afar from its source,
To the river so staid
With invariant bed,
And at last, find a grave in the ocean.

Thus life in its growth cuts us off from this hope
That blindly we nurture and cherish,
For time, in his march, the infallible pope,
Has commanded us on
To a goal that's beyond,
Where the soul in its loving will flourish.

Not body, nor mind can go back to the couch
With infancy's weakness all-teeming;
The memory is weak in its backward reach
To the cradle of self,
Of blind mystery's wealth.
E'er the thought that: "I am," stirred my being.
For surely, I was, e'er I first thought: "I am,
Or knew that a world was about me;
Yet blocked is the path o'er whose dark way I came.
To the knowledge of self
And a world's sordid puff
For its mysteries ever defy me.
The ratchets of time with tyrannical mode,
Forbid to the mind a returning
To childhood's fair realm, with sweet Trust as its lord.
Where he brightens its day
With his love's pure ray.
And with joy all his subjects adoring.
O pitiless Time! Pray unfasten this chain
That binds to futurity's girdle.
And stop, for a moment, the wheels of thy train,
As it flies on its way
To the close of life's day.
With our souls, to the kingdom eternal.

'Tis on, ever on, to the door of the tomb;
Yes on, to the shore of death's river,
And childhood, all lost in the dark, distant womb
Of the past, grows more far
As I near to the Star
Whose bright beams will entrance me forever.

Then, hasten, O Time, on thy space-creasing wings
And give me eternity's childhood!
Speed on in thy course to the heavenly things,
For it's there, I will rest
Midst the purest and blest.
Who have loved in their fullness, the Godhead.

THE GREEK DRAMA.

Some literatures like the people they represent are merely offshoots from some former literature and civilization, separated from the parent tree yet partaking somewhat of its characteristics. Thus our own literature is the outgrowth of that of the mother country, becoming more and more distinct yet retaining many English peculiarities. Some literatures, on the other hand, are born of nature, nourished by the soil of a nation and accurately representing the peculiarities of that nation. Such was the literature of Greece and such its origin. Born almost at the beginning of the history of Greece, it developed with her character and fed upon the deeds of her mighty men. The literature of Greece would never be mistaken for Roman although the Romans copied the Greek and tried to make it their own. The characters of the people were entirely different and wherein the Roman writers copied the Greeks they failed to accurately represent their own people.

When and where the drama originated in Greece is uncertain. Of material there was no lack. The Trojan war inspired the muse of Homer and has employed the pen of many a schoolboy to the present time. It was an epoch in history to which the Greek mind naturally reverted on all festive or national occasions. What more natural than that the Greeks should wish to see reproduced at such times the events connected with that great struggle? Titles and portions of plays relating to this subject have come down to us from as early as the seventh and eighth centuries before Christ but the first works of great merit are probably dated two or three centuries later.

It is hard for us to conceive of the production of an early Greek play, so different is it from modern drama. The ancient drama originated in the religious worship of the people and was conducted generally under the open sky before audiences which numbered many thousands. It was under the direct control of the government which offered prizes for the best productions and made the occasion a national one.

The acting would hardly receive the approval of nineteenth century people. Drama probably began with simply a chorus or a chorus and one actor. The chorus took the most prominent part reciting or chanting the story while dialogues between the chorus and their leader or between the leader and the solitary actor vary the program. Later the chorus takes a less prominent part while one, two and finally three actors are added to the number. Then the principal parts are dialogues un...
between the actors and to rest these the chorus at intervals chant some legend, generally one of a religious nature or the praises of the Gods. At first all parts were taken by men but later woman's abilities were recognized and she was allowed to represent her sex.

Tragedy and comedy grew up together, the former treating of the heroic and serious, the latter aiming to please the people but with also the lofty purpose of righting public wrongs and correcting public abuses by subjecting them to the bitterest sarcasm and ridicule. The political freedom of Greece was peculiarly favorable to the development of comedy. The bitterest personalities were indulged and applauded and Socrates and Pericles withered under the comedians lash as though they were the humblest of men.

The most noted of comedians were probably Aristophanes, the political and philosophical writer, and Epicharmus, the Sicilian who in burlesque form sets forth the abuses in the life and character of his people. Thus in his Hebe's Wedding he holds up to ridicule the manners of high living by the enormous quantity of food which the bridegroom consumes. Another dramatist seeks to show that the foreign quack doctors gain precedence to the native physicians by the high sounding names of their drugs. For the same reason today, a man will have a profound respect for and pay a large fee to the doctor, who sends him to the drug store with a prescription for aqua pura instead of telling him to go to the pump and drink.

As writers of tragedy the names of Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides stand most prominent. They all write of that threadbare subject, The Trojan War or of the heroes of that war. The plots seem well arranged and the language lofty and religious, too lofty it would seem, for in the Iphigenia in Tauris by Euripides one can but notice the lofty, imperious manner of the peasant in contrast to the credulous, uncertain manner of the easily-duped king. In this play the writer shows his ignorance of modern tastes and customs by commencing with a prologue by Iphigenia, the priestess, in which she tells the audience of her birth, attempted sacrifice by her father, and how she was saved by Artemis, who carried her to the Taurian land and made her priestess in the temple of the Goddess. Here unwillingly she conducts the religious worship which is nothing less than the sacrifice of all strangers who may chance to be ship-wrecked upon the Taurian shore. Now all these facts are made known later in the regular course of the play and would, no doubt, have been understood by the audience without the prologue. Iphigenia tells of a dream she has had and which she interprets to signify that her brother Orestes is dead and she desires to perform funeral rites for him though far away. She goes into the temple back of the stage to summon her chorus of maidens. Then Orestes and his friend Pylades come forward and peer about the temple while from their conversation we learn that they have come at the command of Apollo to carry away the image of Artemis to Athens, that for this deed Orestes will be released from the torment of the furies who pursue him for the murder of his mother. The language here, as in some other parts of the play, seems somewhat strained and unnatural. Euripides seems anxious to tell the people everything rather than let them draw their own inferences from the play. The characters shown are not all that one could desire. Orestes, the hero, is now a brave leader willing to attempt anything and now a whimpering coward who but for the encouraging words of faithful Pylades would leave the very goal and retire to the ship. At one time he reviles the Gods for having led him into a trap, at another time he expresses firm faith in the Gods and in the final outcome of the affair.

The young men are captured by the Taurians after a desperate struggle and led to Iphigenia for sacrifice. The priestess learns that they are Argives and questions them about home. This leads to a mutual recognition of brother and sister; then the planning to escape and to take also the image, all of which is of course very interesting. Iphigenia works upon the credulity of the king and completely deceives him. Under the pretense that it is necessary before the sacrifice to wash away the blood-guiltiness of the young men and the defilement of the image which has been touched by them, they all escape on board the ship with the image and set sail for home. To the mind of Euripides it would hardly seem right for the play to end without some special intervention of providence in behalf of the Greeks, so a storm arises which drives them back to land where they are about to fall into the hands of the barbarians again, but at this crisis Athene appears and commands the king to refrain from harming them and to release also the Greek maidens who have formed the chorus. All this the reverent king promises to do. The wind ceases, the sea becomes calm and rejoicing they speed on their way home.

"The bent of the thoughts and affections is the only decisive proof of character."—Ex.
College Index.

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Any information regarding Alumni will be gratefully received.

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We ask again that the mail addressed to THE INDEX be left in the box till those who are authorized to get it, go after it. We have been bothered quite a good deal by exchanges being taken away and not returned. Students will please remember that exchanges are not public property till after they have passed through the exchange editor’s hands.

P. F. TROWERIDGE, the writer of “Laxity in College Morals,” which will be found in another column of this issue, has had an opportunity to judge of the circumstances, of which he speaks, in the larger institutions of the state. These evils of course prevail to a less extent in the smaller colleges. Read the article and see the necessity of a reform along this line.

This term is full of special events. The Euro and Philo societies both hold their open meetings, the Freshman have their prize contest, Field Day occurs, the annual college festival takes place, beside the numerous events that are always connected with commencement, and many doubtless that are not planned this early in the term. In the midst of all our pleasure we should not forget what we are here for. College work first, and other things second.

The state Intercollegiate Prohibition contest takes place at Hillsdale college this year sometime in May. The college Prohibition club has selected Mr. A. J. Hutchens to represent Kalamazoo. We have reason to regard this a wise choice for we know Mr. Hutchens to be a good thinker and one who has a good delivery. We know of no one who would better represent our institution than the gentleman selected. THE INDEX wishes success to Mr. Hutchens.

Friday evening, March 16, representatives of the various colleges and the University of Michigan met at Jackson to discuss athletics and to propose some needed changes which would make college athletics in general less dangerous. President Slocum represented Kalamazoo, but owing to Mr. Burdette’s lecture no student was chosen. After considerable deliberation and comment the following resolutions were adopted:

1. That we recommend to the institutions here represented that an earnest effort be made by all friends of athletics to improve the moral tone of athletic contests.

2. That we recommend that the rules of football be so modified as to guard against brutality and so minimize the danger.

We are now on the home stretch of the year’s course. Our president said in chapel at the close of last term that the work of that term had been the most satisfactory of any since he has been among us. We ought to improve a little the present term. The close of an undertaking is in many respects
the most important part of it because it is that which
gives the last and generally the strongest impres­
sion. This is likely to be true of college work.
The shortest term is not to be considered to be the
term of the least importance. Some students make
a good record for two terms and then when warm
weather comes the "spring fever" takes away their
zeal for study and they spoil, to a certain degree,
their record of the past two terms. This ought not
to be so and students can control it if they will.

Thanks to Mr. Burdette, the Athletic Association
is now free from debt and has a surplus in the
treasury. This puts the balance on the right side
of the ledger and prospects for Field Day are
brighter. Field Day occurs next month and will
be here sooner than we realize. Training should
be begun at once by those who expect to participate
in Field Day sports. The events will be
substantially the same as in former years and we
expect as good or better records than before. Field
Day is of importance to the college as an institu­
tion as well as to the students. We suppose most of the students un­
derstand that, in order to participate in Field Day
events, they must be members of the Athletic
Association with dues paid for the year. This is
of importance for the expenses incurred on that
case require that the association members pay
their dues. This rule should be held to rigidly in
order that justice be done to all. The dues are not
heavy and can be met by all who care to see Field
Day in Kalamazoo a success. The Field Day com­
ittee will doubtless soon have their program com­
pleted and posted so that each member may have
ample time to select his events. Come ye athletes,
get ready for the fray! Limber up your joints and
prepare for the Olympian games.

He never liked to study hard.
He thought it such a bore.

But when his term's standing came round,
He had a full encore.

Do you chew gum?

One of the boys at the Dormitory just received
a present to the jingle of one hundred silver
dollars.

The Baptist church at Port Huron kindly re­
membered one of the boys $50.00 dollars worth
the other day.

Don't forget the reception always given the
first Friday evening of each term, in honor of the
new students. Let every one come.

The Athletic Association recently elected W.
D. McWilliams, Pres., A. F. White, Vice-Pres.,
F. B. Sinclair, Sec., Claud Oakley, Treas.

Miss Isabella G. Bennett pleasantly entertained
a few of the college students early in March, in
honor of Miss Grace Lombard, of Niles, Mich.

One of the Theologians said that he did not
put any dependence in the lamb-lion story about
March, but we wonder what he thinks of it now.

Mr. Hafer was elected President of the Y. M.
C. A. for next year, Mr. Dowd, Vice-Pres.; S. J.
Hall, Rec. Sec.; W. C. Oldfield, Cor. Sec.; Claud
Oakley, Treas.

The Y. W. C. A. has elected the following
officers for next year: Pres., Miss Lulu Hough;
Vice-Pres., Miss Massey; Cor. Sec., Miss Wheeler;
Rec. Sec., Miss Warwick; Treas., Miss Bennett.

The following are the Sherwood officers for the
spring term: Pres., J. B. Fox; Vice-Pres., W. T.
Hayne; Rec. Sec., W. A. Reed; Cor. Sec., Mr.
Finley; Treas., W. C. Oldfield; Chaplain, J. E.
Smith.

The editorial staff has the joke of the season
on the gentlemen whose initials occur in another
column, and unless said gentlemen do the proper
thing by the staff, the next issue will create a mild
sensation.

The Eurodelphians have elected Miss Isabelle
G. Bennett, President of their society for the spring
term, Miss Louise Wheeler, Vice-President, Miss
Agnes Powell, Sec., Miss Massey, Treas., Miss
Alice Brooks, Chaplain.

The Philolexians have elected the following
well selected officers for the spring term: Presi­
dent, Chas. Kurtz; Vice-President, C. H. Snashall;
Sec, H. Chamberlain; Cor. Sec., E. B. Taft;
Treasurer, Willard Dowd.
Mirror Lake is being cleaned and polished, but how it would shine if we only had a rustic bridge across the upper end and a wiring gravel walk around its border. Whew, I can see it now, yes, but I am only dreaming.

Another term's work past—or at least we hope all of ours was—and the greatest lesson one can learn from it is in the direction of his weakness. This term will seem the shortest one of the year, what, with advanced tennis, and field-day, and society open-meetings, and lawn festival, the end will be here soon, even before we know it. But these events will all be the more enjoyed if we feel that our class-room work is as good as we can make it.

A very successful joint convention of the Baptist Sunday school workers and young people's union was held in the First Baptist church, March 27th and 28th. The Rev. D. T. Magill opened the discussion on the following topic Wednesday morning: "Should not colporter work in this district be done by S. S. and B. Y. P. U. workers?" In the afternoon of the same day our President opened the discussion of "What can the S. S. and B. Y. P. Unions do for each other?"

March 15th was here and so was Robert J. Burdette. Mr. Burdette always pleases his audience and his last visit to Kalamazoo was no exception, but not the least pleased part of his audience was the Athletic Association which secured Mr. Burdette, when he divided with the boys, giving them $50.00. Thank you, Bob, you always were big hearted. We expect as a result of this generosity to have an exceptionally good field-day.

The Jackson evening Patriot of March 17, says: "The meeting of the Michigan Political Science association at the Hibbard house, is proving very interesting and a number of Jackson's prominent people are attending. ** * The meeting was opened by Pres. A. G. Slocum, his subject being, "The Relation of the Church to Political and Social Science." It was a masterly discourse and elicited a most warm discussion, in which Profs. Taylor and Adams, Pres. Fisk and others participated."

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13. The wonder is that DeFrance did not get thirteen years at Jackson instead of eleven, but only Judge Buck knows why. But on March 13th, in room 13 of the dormitory a thirteen dollar oil stove exploded quicker than Jack Robinson could have winked one-thirteenth of a wink; and then Mr. McMullen seized that sputtering stove and tried to heave it out of the open window, but the sash was not raised over one foot and one inch so all Abe succeed in accomplishing was the smashing of a window-pane which cost, putty, brads and all, just fifty-two cents. Then Mr. McMullen raised the other window-pane and threw the blubbering old oil stove out onto the campus, and it fell with a dull, sickening thud just 13 feet, by actual measurement, from a certain place. The editor forgot to say that this explosion occurred at thirteen minutes past five p. m. and then in one hour and thirty-four minutes, or more precisely, at thirteen minutes to seven the chemical engine from the city fire department came thundering up to the college in response to a signal from alarm box No. 13 that the fire was on again. However, the fire is out, and the two Mac's remark about the urbane manners of fire insurance adjusters and wait for the hole, which looks through the ceiling over their bed into the cold, black, windy garret, to be mended. The editor does not like to moralize but he remembers that it is just thirteen years since he told a lie: and yet people still go on carelessly looking at the new moon, any side around it happens, stepping on toads, picking five-leaf clovers, etc., without apparently thinking.

G. M. H. E. H. F. D. E. G. V. P.

Cushing locked his door, but 'Tall had a key.

Miss Etta Hart will not be in college this term.

Miss Hattie Brown will remain at home this term.

A. C. Treadway was at home in Detroit last week.

J. E. Smith spent his vacation at his home in St. Louis.

Francis Shearer preaches every other week at Coates Grove.

Miss Pearle Brownell spent a few days in Marshall last week.

Miss Mary Hart spent her vacation at her home in Midland.

Miss Johnson enjoyed her spring vacation at her home in Illinois.
Miss Maud Wilkinson spent her vacation at her home in Chicago.

Miss King, of Parma, was a guest at the Hall during the convention.

Geo. MacDougal filled the Baptist pulpit last Sunday at Orangeville.

Mr. Tallman visited his home in Detroit during the spring vacation.

Moses A. Graybiel spent the vacation at his home in Yale, Michigan.

C. J. Kurtz has returned from his vacation visit at his home in Flint.

Miss Smith is the only hall girl who remained here during the vacation.

Mr. Osborn, another delegate at the S. S. convention, was at Ladies' Hall.

Miss Louise Wheeler visited her sister in Battle Creek March 24th and 25th.

Miss Agnes Powell visited her parents at Marshall during the spring vacation.

W. D. McWilliams spent Sunday, March 25th, in Battle Creek, and so did ——

We understand that Mrs. Harry Miller is studying for the Congregational ministry.

Messrs. Howard and Hoebeck are home for vacation from the Chicago University.

Misses Florence La Tourette and Lulu Hough enjoyed their Fenton homes last week.

Miss Ada Hutchins, who was unable to be with us last term, is back to finish the year.

Mr. Gagnier attended the Student Volunteer Convention at Detroit the last of February.

Geo. MacDougal is back again to complete the year with us. Glad to see you, George.

Miss Relihan spent Saturday and Sunday the guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Fox, of Detroit.

President Sclocum spoke in the First Baptist church of Battle Creek, Sunday, March 25th.

Mr. Smith, of Rives Junction, was the guest of Mr. McWilliams while at the S. S. convention.

Messrs. Strong and Chamberlain now occupy rooms at the dormitory, south hall, near the roof.

N. T. Hafer filled a pulpit in Bellevue, March 25th, and then went home to Ithaca for the vacation.

Pres. Sclocum attended the School Master's Club meeting at Ann Arbor last Friday and Saturday.

William Fieldhouse spent his vacation at White Pigeon. It was very lonesome way, way, way off there.

Mr. W. A. Powell, father of Miss Agnes, was a guest at the Hall during the Sunday school convention.

Misses Hattie Chamberlain and Flora Hart spent a very pleasant vacation at their homes near Battle Creek.

Harry Cushing had some callers last week. Their autographs are behind the stove-pipe. Saw 'em, and knew 'em.

Miss Gracia Longman received a visit from her father at the close of last term. She spent the vacation at her pleasant home.

A. J. Hutchins has been selected by the Prohibition club of the college to represent it at the state contest. Go in, Hutch!

Hon. Dallas Boudeman gave the Sherwoods a very instructive talk at a recent session, on the subject of Commercial Paper.

Miss Anna Wood watched the gambols of the too early spring lambs at the country home of Mr. Ware, as a vacation diversion.

S. J. Hall was at his home in Meade last week, and the other boys at the chowin' club saved twenty-five per cent in their bread bill.

The "Two Offones" have been off again. This time they filled engagements for ten nights in the eastern part of the state, and were very successful.

Chas. Munton, of Greenville, who recently visited his friend Coe Hayne, has just been admitted by examination to the West Point Military Academy.

F. B. Sinclair will not be back for a week or so. He is working on the farm and don't like to stop. We would not believe it, if Burt had not told us.

Rev. Thomas Barr recently favored the Sherwood society with a lecture on Criticism. It is needless to say that all present heard an able, logical address.

Perry and Mays have proved to the public that they know how to entertain, as their successful vacation trip attests. You should see their neat program with lithographic faces of "Jim" and "Bill" on the front page.

A. F. White, who has been preaching at Schoolcraft since the resignation of Mr. Hudson, has received a call from that church. We are pleased to note the success of the boys.
Mr. Adams, our Persian friend, is rooming at the dormitory. If you should tell him he had pluck he would not know what you meant, but let us re-
member that he is ten thousand miles from home and can translate a smile while we give it.

"ONLY A BUNCH OF VIOLETS."

Isabella G. Bennett.

Only a bunch of violets
But oh, they are sweet and bright,
I love them best of all the flowers
That grow in the warm sun light.

Only a bunch of violets
That I send to my friends so dear,
That they may lovingly, softly whisper
Their message of love and cheer.

Only a bunch of violets
That smiled from a bank of green
telling of love,—and of showers
That gave them their glossy sheen.

Only a bunch of violets
That in a garden grew
Where they were lovingly gathered
With kindly thoughts for you.

Only a bunch of violets,
Oh go to my friends to-day,
To them as they breathe your fragrance
Your own little message say;

Only a bunch of violets
Your mission of love fulfill,
Give them this one little promise
That I will think of them still.

—For the Europhilican Herald.

April 21, 1893.

OUR SOCIAL SYSTEM.

A. J. Hutchins.

It seems to me that to every lover of native land, the question which most affects the welfare of the people and the perpetuity of our free institutions, ought to be the chief concern.

The problem of our day is unquestionably the social problem. It is of great importance, because it concerns our wellbeing and upon its solution depends the progress of the nation. But it is not of interest to us alone. The civilized world is intently watching for America’s solution of this problem, realizing that the result of the social and industrial conflict in the United States will materially effect the policy of the governments of the world and mark one of the chief epochs in the history of the human race. This is an assembly of the lovers of justice and equity, and I am persuaded that no subject is more deserving of our consideration than, “Our Social System.”

It is hardly necessary to say that a large part of the people are dissatisfied with the present state of society. Abundant evidence of this dissatisfaction is manifested on every hand. It has been continually and rapidly increasing until to-day it has reached such proportions as to demand attention. There is a cry throughout the land for reform in the social order.

But who are these would be reformers? There is a class, unfit to be citizens of the republic, who would defy all law, overthrow the government and reduce us to a state of anarchy. But it is not these of whom we speak. They are too insignificant to be a cause for alarm. Not from half-civilized anarchists comes the appeal for justice nor from men devoted to selfishness, and building up fortunes out of the industry of others, but from a vast army, composed of the toiling millions all over the land from sea to sea, and these are the support of government, and render possible our national life. But these are not all who are enlisted in the army of reform. Political economists, philanthropists, honest statesmen and lovers of justice are taking up the cause of humanity and joining the ranks of that army whose swelling numbers must soon make it powerful for revolution. But why is this discontent?

There must be causes, and sufficient causes, for good men do not rise against just government. Our forefathers wrote, “All experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer while evil is sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing those forms to which they have been accustomed.”

With the unmistakable fact of the present and the sure testimony of history before us, it is expedient to inquire into the cause of this social discontent. Freedom and equality are the basic principles in which the foundation of the republic was firmly laid. It was declared, “that all men are created equal; that they are endowed with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; and that governments are instituted among men in order to secure these rights.” The constitution sets forth its purpose to establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty.

Tranquility, it is evident does not exist, and we must look for the causes in the failure on the part of government, to establish justice and secure liberty.

A quarter of a century ago African slavery was abolished, and the shackles were struck from four millions of human beings.

To-day there exists a more universal slavery. Thousands and thousands of humanity are bound
in the crushing chains of poverty. Thousands perish of cold and hunger, and this in a land of plenty.

The wealth of our country is estimated at $60,000,000,000 or one sixth of the entire wealth of the world, and it is marvelously increasing. Our material resources are incalculable. The soil is inexhaustibly fertile, and the mountains yield their stores of gold and silver, of copper and iron. Then why all this poverty, this suffering and misery? It is because this vast wealth is not used to serve the ends of government, but is largely in the hands of a few individuals and corporations. Large fortunes are piled up not by the creation of industry, but by a system of robbery, protected by law, whereby the product of honest toil is appropriated by these protected thieves for procuring luxuries and to aid them further in their career of robbery, while the toiling masses themselves are struggling to keep starvation from their doors. And this work is carried on by means of monopolies, trusts and corners. A large amount of capital is brought together and used in the production of a certain commodity. It is evident that with a large capital, better and cheaper means of production may be employed, than with a smaller capital. Hence a wealthy corporation may produce an article at less cost than can its weaker competitor, thus enabling it to undersell and crush out the weaker concerns, or buy them at a large discount in the moment of their extremity. Then, when competition has ceased, the price of the product is raised, and the business of stealing goes on. The article is a necessity; the corporation has the exclusive control of it, and the consumer must pay the price whatever it may be. Then comes the question of labor. The money with which to buy must be obtained by labor. Labor is a factor of production, and since this branch of economics is controlled by the capitalist, the laborer is in the power of these "basest sort of tradesmen," and must work for wages insufficient to procure even the necessities of life. Thus wages go down and prices go up at the same time, the result of which must be starvation, were it not for another element, most evil in its consequences, but introduced because of absolute necessity. We will notice this, simply by stating upon good authority that in the year 1886, in the prosperous state of Wisconsin, over 59 per cent. of the laborers employed in the various manufacturing and industrial pursuits were children under 14 years of age. The evils resulting from such a state of things cannot be estimated.

Not the least of these is ignorant citizenship, which is a constant menace to the state. But there are other features of the monopoly, and one of the worst is its power for corruption. Mr. James L. Allen in speaking of monopolies says: "They are the corruptions of the public morals, and the constant promoters of bribery; and to such an extent has this evil grown that many of the large corporations openly keep and use what is called, "the corruption fund." It cannot be denied that capitalists are fast getting a strong hold upon the reins of government. It is a significant fact that the Senate of the United States is composed of millionaires, some of them with neither moral nor intellectual qualification for so important a position, but money takes the place of statesmanship. We have noted but a few of the evils of monopolies in general.

We might specify by reviewing the history of the Western Union Telegraph Co., which has since its organization bought up or crushed out of existence over 60 competitors, and the most rapid medium of communication between the people which it is the duty of government to furnish at the least possible expense, is a luxury in which Plebeians may seldom indulge; or we might discuss the merits of the Standard Oil Trust, the largest in the world, with a capital of $60,000,000, and which has controlled transportation and dictated the policy of railroads, at one time making a contract with the Pennsylvania road, by which that road was to charge the rivals of the Standard Co. double rates of transportation. But it would take days to enumerate the humanitarian schemes devised by these products of civilization for the alleviation of human suffering; and it is unnecessary. Says the Rev. George D. Herron; "One need not be a student of political economy, to see that our social system is founded on unrighteousness and governed by the law of greed." Take the testimony of a conservative. Dr. Howard Crosby says that a large part of the wealth of individuals and corporations is made by lying, stealing and oppression, and that "our great corporations crush thousands where they tread."

It is an indisputable fact that the rich are growing richer and the poor poorer.

Society is dividing into two classes, the rich and the poor. The middle class is disappearing. A strong line is being drawn between the Spartan and the Sybarite. The one has no time for cultivation of the mind. The other has but little inclination to lend him any aid. This is the logical result of our social system, and unless that system is changed for a better one the development must go on in the same direction which it has been so faithfully pursuing. The principles which have served society and business in the past have reached their
logical extreme. They are worn out, and must be replaced by something better.

We must not be too conservative, or we shall be like the boy who took a pair of shoes to the cobbler’s for repairs. He was told that they could not be mended because both the sole and the upper were worn out. But the lad replied that they could be mended because the shoe-strings were all right. It is time to look for a remedy, and if the eternal principles of right, which inspired our forefathers, are to rule our action, a remedy must be found which will give to all men the same opportunity to enjoy those rights with which they are endowed by the Giver of all good.

Against the concentration of capital and the consolidation of effort we do not contend. Combined effort is the best effort. It is economic and essential. This idea has been growing with the centuries and developing with civilization. The advantages derived from its application are reserved to the few, and the question now is, “How can this principle be applied to promote the general welfare?” As long as the few are permitted to reap the benefits they will continue to do so. It is human nature. To provide for the common wellbeing is the province of government, and by what conceivable means can the desired end be attained, except by one grand concentration of capital and union of effort under the management of government itself. This is the theory of nationalism or Christian socialism, the fundamental principle of which is cooperation for the good of all. This principle is economic, moral and Christian, and is fast gaining popularity, notwithstanding strong opposition. Men are condemning the advocates of Christian socialism, seemingly forgetting that at the same time they are gradually adopting their theory. Where is he who would place the mails back into the hands of individuals and companies?

When government assumed control of the mails; when it took upon itself the exclusive right to issue money and settled the question of controlling railroad fares and freight, it made long strides toward nationalism. The policy of these steps is unquestioned. The principle is gaining ground and we believe it will ultimately find its complete application whether by revolution, or the slow and sure process of evolution. The difference between nationalism and our system is well comprehended in the words of our twentieth century representative, Dr. Leete, when he says: “Under individualism in the nineteenth century, on a rainy day, in the city of Boston, it took three thousand umbrellas to cover as many heads, while under nationalism in the twentieth century, one umbrella covers all the heads.” The principle is, all for the good of all, and government founded upon such a principle is truly “of the people, for the people, and by the people.”

It is characteristic of the American people to settle its great questions right. Such is the testimony of history, and such must it ever be. From the past is gathered inspiration for the future, and not far distant shines the constant star of hope, and to those who would place their own interests above the common good, above the cause of right, of liberty and of union, let us say what Col. Zell once said of immortal Grant. “Gentlemen, you may build a worm fence around a winter supply of summer weather, catch a thunderbolt in a soap-bubble, break a cyclone or hurricane to harness,—aye, sirs, you can hang the ocean out on a grape-vine to dry, but never for a moment longer delude yourselves with the idea that you can stop the onward and upward progress of the cause of common humanity upon whom rests the future glory of our American Union.”

An oration delivered in debate at the Philolexian open meeting in ’93.
New York state, with a taxable valuation of $6,500,000,000, has given during the year just $50,000 to the state university under the shadow of millions given by private benefactors.

Wisconsin gives half a million in buildings and a tax levy of about $75,000 yearly. Michigan has just given over $1,000,000 to her university and technical schools. Minnesota about $800,000. Many of the other states are just beginning the work. Prof. Thurston estimates, that were the United States to provide as liberally for the technical education of its people as does France, and especially Germany, there would be established twenty technical universities of 50 teachers and 500 students each, fifty trade schools and colleges of 20 instructors and 300 students each, and two thousand high schools of 10 instructors and 200 students each.

We need to-day 1,000 professors and 10,000 students in the highest branches of technical work. There should be 100 professors and 10,000 students in the trade schools, 20,000 teachers and 400,000 pupils in manual training schools.

We could have these schools with perhaps no more than 50 cents per inhabitant additional school tax, and the highest education in this line need not cost more than $500 per annum.

What do we have? About 50 schools of the highest class, such as engineering schools, and of the real representative trade schools as they are scattered all over Europe, we have none whatever. —College Student.

The Danville Breeze tells of a young woman riding with a young man and exclaiming at the sight of two calves: "Oh, see those two little cowlets." "You are mistaken," said the young man, "those are not cowlets, but bullets.

Wittenberg University, of Springfield, Ohio, has dispensed with examinations. Right. The Wittenberger is justly happy and says: "Now the student is made to stand squarely on his own merit. Stuffing for examination will not count." Monthly examinations belong to the age of "no lickin', no learnin'" — Ex.

Corn on the ear is never found with an uneven number of rows.— Ex.

Common sense is the gift of heaven; enough of it is genius.— Ex.

Yellowstone Park is a government reservation, and comprises 3,578 square miles.— Ex.

Of the public school teachers in the United States, more than sixty-five per cent. are women.— Ex.

It is better to fall short of a high mark than to reach a low one.— H. L. Payne.

Write thou thy name in stone or hardened brass. As years roll on, in time will come to pass A day when one thy monument will see. And ask what none can answer, "who was he?" And yet, perchance, in him who asks unknown May bloom a precious seed which thou hadst sown. That gives him strength to bear his daily part, And think you which is best? Ask thou thy heart — Ex.

Reflect that life like every other blessing, Derives its value from its use alone Not for itself, but for a nobler end The eternal gave it, and that end is virtue. Strength for to-day is all that we need For there never will be a to-morrow; For to-morrow will prove but another to-day, With its measures of joy and sorrow. — Doddridge.

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THE ROBIN AND THE CHILD.

—D·Throst.

I saw a red-breast robin, once,
Beneath a sweet magnolia tree:
The smiling sky above;
The air with rich perfume
Of purest flower-love
All freighted, while around;
The fallen blossom-leaves
Like heaped up beauty-waves,
Deep-covered all the ground
With nature's fair ilume.
The bird with eye as lant
And keen with hunger's want,
Drew forth from out its earthy bauots,
A worm, its destined meal to be.

I saw a pale and sickly child
By kind hands carried to a wood,
And placed beneath a tree,
Whose whisperings sweetly chid
A brooklet's noisy glee;
A violet shyly hid
Beneath its roof of green.
The weary child espied,
And like one in a dream
She staggered to its side:
A thin wan hand soft touched
Its richly colored cheek;
Dark eyes in sorrow couched,
Looked down so sadly sweet
Into the violet's face.
It blushed a richer hue
And caught her every trace
In one pure drop of dew.

It was a dreamy look
The child so softly bent—
Twas scarce a phantom-hope,
That through those bright leaves went
Far through that window of the wild
Up to the tender heart of God.
The bird with beauty all around,
Had eyes for naught but wriggling worms.
The sick girl saw in one
Fair flower, a gleam
Of radiant hope quick come
From God's eternal throne;
Yet each moved in God's love-marked bounds,
For life's in deeds and not in forms.

ADAM BEDE.

[CONCLUDED.]

George Eliot emphasizes the redemption of one soul through another; it is plainly shown here what influence a strong personality has over a weak one. Hetty has been so cold and hard; obstinate, silent and unrepentant, but a change is made when strong Dinah Morris comes to her; she opens her heart and is as repentant for the past as Hetty Sorel could be. "Adam, I'm very sorry, I behaved very wrong to you. Will you forgive me before I die?" "And tell him—for there's nobody else to tell him—as I went after him and couldn't find him. And I hated and cursed him once, but Dinah says I should forgive him and I try, for else God won't forgive me."

Dinah is a strong, beautiful woman, a tender, thoughtful soul, whose whole life is given up to others. "A lovely picture she makes in her plain cap and gown as she comes out to speak the Word to rough, hard men who seemed to have their eyes no more filled with the light of the Sabbath morning than if they had been dumb oxen that had never looked up to the sky." A pale face with grave, loving eyes—"A face that makes one think of white flowers with light touches of color on their petals." Lisbeth Bede, the guerulous, old woman who scarcely liked anybody but Adam, said she looked like "snow drop flowers as ha' lived for days and days wi' nothing but a drop o' water and a peep o' daylight." Mrs. Poyser thought she was "one of them things that looks the brightest on a rainy day, and loves you best when your most in need on't." Her voice was so sweet and musical that even Bartle Massey admitted "as women wouldn'a ha' been a bad invention if they'd all been like Dinah. He could bear to hear her speak without wanting to put wool in his ears."

Dinah was as unconscious of herself as a little child. "And you never feel any embarrassment from the sense of your youth—that you are a lovely young woman on whom men's eyes are fixed?" Mr. Irvine had asked. "No, I've no room for such feelings and I don't believe the people ever take notice about that. I think, sir, when God makes his pres-
Let not that thought disturb our thankfulness that violation of the rules of art, let us still have bad art; when death has parted us—He, who is with us and of incurring bad luck, and had herself, presented down and rose up again, and all the deeds you have own, words Dinah's earnest, loving soul was poured forth. 

Dinah is not in black marriage. Dinah is not in black usual Quaker form, for on this point Dinah could blushing a little under the weight of solemn feelings."

"Speech came without will of my own, words were given me that come out as tears come when the heart is full." We find her quieting Lisbeth's complaining, mending Mrs. Poyser's linen, yearning over that "poor wandering lamb," Hetty Sorel, in the prison, pleading, praying to save the lost one. "She felt the Divine Presence more and more—nay, as if she herself were a part of it, and it was the Divine pity that was beating in her heart and was willing the rescue of this helpless one." "But Betty, there is someone else in this cell besides me, someone close to you—who has been with you through all your hours of sin and trouble; who has known every thought you have had, has seen where you laid down and rose up again, and all the deeds you have tried to hide in darkness. And on Monday, when I can't follow you—when my arms can't reach you—when death has parted us—He, who is with us now and knows all, will be with you then. It makes no difference whether we live or die, we are in the presence of God." And in the prayer that followed Dinah's earnest, loving soul was poured forth.

Let us stand with the others and watch Adam and Dinah come out of the church after their marriage. Dinah is not in black this morning; her aunt Poyser would by no means allow such a risk of incurring bad luck, and had herself, presented the wedding dress made all of gray, though in the usual Quaker form, for on this point Dinah could not give way. "So the lily face looked out with sweet gravity from under a gray Quaker bonnet, neither smiling nor blushing but with lips trembling a little under the weight of solemn feelings."

If this change in Dinah's life appears to some as a violation of the rules of art, let us still have bad art; let not that thought disturb our thankfulness that Dinah's happiness is in the keeping of that good man, Adam Bede.

Adam is somewhat changed since our first meeting with him. He has suffered, and it has made him more sympathetic and charitable with weakness. Himself so sternly upright, honest and straightforward, there was once a time when he was too unbending; he was impatient, not unkind. Remember how he bore with his mother's continual grumbling, the most irritating thing for a sensitive mind to endure. His love for Seth was an evidence that he was not altogether stern. Why, the dog Gyp knew what a fine fellow his master was, and was never happy out of his sight. Why, Adam is not visionary like Seth." He had that mental combination which is at once humble in the region of mystery and keen in the region of knowledge. It was the depth of his reverence quite as much as his hard, common sense which gave him his disinclination to doctrinal religion, and he often checked Seth's argumentive spiritualism by saying, 'eh, it's a big mystery; thee knowest but little about it.' "Adam had found out that religion was something besides doctrines and "notions". He found no use in weighing and sifting what this or that text means; "I found it better for my soul to be humble before the mysteries o' God's dealings and not be making a clatter about what I could never understand."

Arthur Donnithorne was a good-natured, generous, impetuous youth, meaning to be honorable and upright; he thought it would be quite impossible for him to do anything mean or cruel; if he became involved in difficulties, he wanted to bear the consequences himself. He wanted to deserve the good will of people. When he found himself becoming too much interested in Hetty, he resolved not to see her again; he reasoned it all out with himself and laid plans to avoid her, then he turned sharply around, arranged the opposite course with his conscience and continued. There was a struggle, but Arthur was pitably weak and let himself drift. He tried to lessen the evil consequences of his wrong-doing, but when one has done a thing, it goes out of his hands; he has no further power over it. "Life's a reckoning we can't make twice over. There's no real making amends in this world any more nor can you mend a wrong subtraction by doing your addition right."

We cannot linger with the genial rector, lovely as he is; nor with that delightful Mrs. Poyser, for she likes to have her say out, and when she "wants to say a thing, she can mostly find words to say it in, thank God." The conversation of Mrs. Poyser and Bartle Massey illustrates the humor that runs through the book, often with the pathetic so closely joined that one is uncertain to which emotion to give rein. An example of this is found in the description of Bartle Massey's night school.
The history of these people impresses two ideas: the effect of evil, and love for mankind. George Eliot shows how our smallest action influences for good or evil, everybody in connection with us, directly or indirectly. She brings out the interaction of personalities, each reacting on every other. Isolation is not possible with human beings, all are of one family, all concerned. "Men’s lives are as thoroughly blended as the air they breathe: evil spreads as necessarily as disease." Our deeds influence not only the present but the future. "We are the intellectual and moral heirs of the Past." "Our deeds are like children that are born to us. They live and act apart from our will. Nay, children may be strangled, but deeds never: they have an indestructible life both in and out of our consciousness."

She is absolutely relentless in carrying forward this action: good cannot come out of evil, she cannot smooth the way or dim the results of actions. One cannot bear the consequences of his own wrong-doing, however much he may desire to; you cannot say that the evil which is in you shall not spread. She faces the world with clear vision in all its evil but confident in its progress toward the better.

The other point is her love for human kind. Her sympathy is with common, ordinary people; she shows the possibility of moral greatness on the part of every creature. Love for her fellow-man was the central idea of her life. Brotherly Love was her religion; love your neighbor as yourself, her creed. This she did with all the strength and ardor of her great nature; it is this stimulus which is felt most in her books. In conversation with a friend, she once said: "What I look to is a time when the impulse to help our fellows shall be as immediate and as irresistible as that which I feel to grasp something firm when I am falling."

As Edward Dowden puts it: "Each act and each sorrow is dignified and made important by the consciousness of that larger life of our whole race, descending from the past, progressing into the future, surrounding us this moment on every side."

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE FUTURE.
CHARLES FITZHUGH TALMAN.

The evolution of human thought has ever been in the line of liberalization. The ancient philosophers were gross materialists. For example, the soul of man, in their system, was a material fluid, and, according to the common belief, a tangible one, since their anatomists, when religious scruples did not restrain them, searched the human frame to find this immortal part. The ancient knowledge of the physical universe was so slight that narrowness of thought was a necessary consequence. An astronomical system which made our petty earth the center of the universe was quite in accordance with a theology which placed heaven on a mountain. The mediaevals, in their slavish reverence for the dicta of antiquity, made little progress in the broadening of philosophy. It was reserved for the modern world, and particularly our own century, to break from the shackles which had confined all branches of human thought, and in the courage which conviction engenders, to brave the attacks of conservatism.

But this liberalization of thought has by no means reached its limit. In the experience of each generation of mankind, the wonderful of one day becomes the commonplace of the next. As a consequence of this fact men have left off seeking to establish a limit between the possible and the impossible, and are gradually nearing the point when it will be learned that there is no impossible. When this point is reached philosophy will have arrived at the greatest breadth attainable. But the world's thinkers have still a long journey before them.

Now it has occurred to the present writer to consider the question as to what will constitute the philosophy of the future. In the course of this speculation I have arrived at a few ideas which possess the qualification of the utmost liberality possible, a qualification necessary for their finding a place in the new philosophy. By combining the more important of these notions a somewhat imperfect philosophical system may be formed. I do not wish it to be thought that I am myself a disciple of this system. My purpose in framing it was merely this—to leap at a single bound over all that lies between the present point in the advance of human philosophy and the point at which it seems likely to arrive in the future, and to propose a set of ideas of such breadth that no system of thought can ever go beyond them.

The cardinal principle of the philosophers of the future will be, as I have already hinted, unbounded belief. In this point their opinions will be directly antagonistic to the system of the great Descartes. This philosopher declared clearness of ideas to be the criterion of truth. It was his belief that nothing could have existence of which the human mind could not form a clear conception. According to the philosophy of the future this belief is entirely untenable, except as regards the sphere of human experience, and even there it is doubtful whether it can be always applied. In his
of nun, must, that the soul, psychosis and the ideas of theosophy, saying first something in regard to the destination of the soul after leaving its earthly body. The philosophy of the future will declare that, there are other spheres in which not only some but all of the conceptions there existing are utterly incomprehensible to the human mind.

We are all familiar with Plato's argument in favor of a future life based upon the evidence of a past one. This idea has been embodied in the finest passage of Wordsworth's most beautiful ode: "Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting; The soul that rises with us, our life's star, Hath elsewhere had its setting. And cometh from afar..."

Now if we are to believe in a previous existence and a future one, why not in many more? And if in many, why not in an infinite number? Infinity and eternity are conceptions to which every thinker must give credence. Yet few philosophers have realized the universality of the application of these conceptions. Take, for example, the notions of the so-called esoteric Buddhism, or theosophy. The speculations of the theosophists are far less narrow than the great bulk of our philosophy, yet they fall far short of reaching the breadth of truth, as proclaimed in the system of the future. In the creed of theosophy the soul of man comes forth in remote ages, from deity, and after passing through various lives on the earth, or on one of the planets, with alternate rests in Devachan, reaches in the remote future, the highest heaven, Nirvana, which crowns and ends all. But in two points this system is too narrow for the acceptance of the philosophy of the future—first in the belief that the soul having lived once on earth, makes subsequent returns to earth; and second in the ideas of a beginning and an end in the history of the soul's existence.

I will consider these objections in their order, saying first something in regard to the destination of the soul after leaving its earthly body. The philosophy of the future will include a belief in an infinity of universes through which the soul successively passes. Unlike the base fancies of metempsychosis and the ideas of theosophy, only one degree more noble, the new doctrines will teach that the soul, having spent one life in the universe of man, must, according to the principles of progression, pass on to other universes, never returning to our own. A natural inquiry will now arise as to the location of these universes. Such an inquiry resembles the speculations which have been indulged in respecting the position of heaven and hell. All but the most recent ideas of eschatology have been essentially material. Homer states that the beings confined in Hades are endowed with forms but possess no minds. The next step in the conceptions of hell added the mind but left also the body. Only in our own age has theology removed the element of materialism. To these old ideas of the nature of the place of punishment, opinions as to its location were a necessary accompaniment. The primitive notions of the Hebrews, as embodied in the apocryphal book of Enoch, gave Gehenna a location upon the earth in a place which, from the description, appears to have been somewhere in southern Italy. The next step was the belief of the Greeks and Romans, who placed Hades and Tartarus beneath the surface of the earth. In medieval philosophy we find the location removed from the earth altogether and assigned to the interior of the sun. And in modern times an ingenious astronomer has brought forward the suggestion that the tail of a comet is the most probable abode of the wicked, since, in various parts of the comet's orbit, it affords the necessary alternations of scorching heat and freezing cold.

Modern theology, however, does not seek to locate the future states; and just in the same way the philosophy of the future will deny the very conception of location to all stages of existence except our own. And if location be denied in other spheres than ours, then the conceptions of space and extent must be denied also, and this leads us to an important point.

The human mind possesses a certain number of conceptions, of which the most important are time, extent in space, number and matter. Now if the existence of this set of conceptions be granted, is it not probable, nay, even inevitable, that there should be spheres of existence in which these conceptions are unknown and others are substituted in their place? According to our primary laws of thought, which every logician has laid down as absolutely incontrovertible, all spheres of existence would necessarily lie either within or not within the human universe; and since our universe is undoubtedly infinite, the former alternative would be the only one possible. But the new philosophy will declare that, while human laws of thought are inapplicable in the human universe, they are absolutely inapplicable beyond it.
The new philosophic system will include also speculations as to the condition of the numberless habitable worlds which compose the universe with which man is familiar; but space forbids me to describe these ideas. I will hasten on to the consideration of the second defect in theosophy, which is to be found, also, in most of the other schemes which the world’s thinkers have framed. This defect is the belief in a beginning and an end of the soul’s existence. The physicists long ago learned that the creation and destruction of matter are impossibilities. I believe that the same opinion will be held one day in regard to the soul, together with the doctrine of eternal progression from life to life. For, granting the existence of an omnipotent Power, capable of forming or annihilating souls, yet why should we believe that he is carrying on such processes when the contrary opinion is so much more likely and so much more in accordance with the other truths of nature, throughout which we detect the existence of eternity and infinity? In the other spheres of existence if time and space are unknown, eternity and infinity are also impossible. Yet in these other spheres, according to the new system, there are conceptions which take the place of our notions of time and space, and just so there are also things analogous to eternity and infinity.

As the human species has gone on in its evolution from the condition of the brutes, it has gradually gained new functions and new powers of intellect. Moreover this evolution has by no means reached an end. There was a time, undoubtedly, in the history of our race, before we possessed many of the conceptions which are now familiar to us. Professor Garner, who has probably made greater claims than any other naturalist for the intelligence of the lower animals in general and of those from which our race is descended in particular, in his work on “The Speech of Monkeys” describes certain experiments by which he tested the existence of human conceptions among the apes. It was found that these conceptions existed only in a very rudimentary form. For example, the most intelligent apes have no ideas of the numbers above three or four. Now if there are conditions of mind so far below our own, is it not inevitable that there are conditions of mind equally far above? Ignoring this possibility, man has made his own intellect, in its present stage of development, the criterion of the absolute. But the new philosophy, recognizing the fact that, though the human mind has a vast future of enlargement before it, yet it can never rise to the comprehension of all truth, will be content with discovering the laws which govern its own universe, though this be but an infinitesimal portion of nature’s stupendous whole; and it will leave the vaster problems to that mysterious Entity who alone possesses an intelligence which is unbounded and unrestrained.

Among our new exchanges, we notice The Mercury and the Speculum.

Beloit has received two car-loads of Greek statuary from the World’s Fair.

The Senior class of Amherst has rejected the idea of graduating in cap and gown.

A gymnastic library has been endowed at Yale by John L. Heaton, with $75,000.

The University of Michigan has fifty of its own graduates among its faculty.

Oxford consists of 22 colleges and has 12,000 students, including graduates and under-graduates.

Prof. Henry Drummond has been called to the presidency of McGill University, Montreal, Can.

Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan has given half a million dollars for the endowment of New York’s trade schools.

The University of Michigan sent out a class of 731 last year, the largest ever graduated from an American University.

President Gilman, of John’s Hopkins University, sums up a liberal education as the power of concentration, retention, expression, power of judgment, and distribution of power of arranging and classifying known facts.

There is a tradition that in the second century A. D., there was in a Christian church an organ having ten pipes and ten keys. Each key was between four and five inches wide and was struck with the fist. This is the earliest intimation of the key-board to be found.
With this number we complete Volume 15 of the Index. We lay down the quill with a feeling of regret that our labors in the editor's sanctum are completed. At times we have reclined easily in our chair, and again it has seemed full of thorns. We hope the paper may have had as many good points as the chair. As we again assume the role of a private citizen after partaking of the honors of editorship, we wish to thank all students and alumni, and members of the faculty who have aided us in our work by contributions or advice. We have had only a few disappointments from the students, and we feel that by their conduct, they have manifested an interest in our college paper. While the Index has not been always just what we would like to have had it, we feel that our policy outlined the first of the year, has been reasonably fulfilled. We throw off the official robe, hoping and expecting that the editor of the coming year may greatly improve the paper, both in appearance and efficiency and command a larger salary. May success attend the Index in coming years, whoever shall be at the helm. Parting words always bring feelings of sadness, and so we will simply say, Farewell, Index and Alma Mater.

Our readers will be interested in the report of field day sports in this issue. We have reason to feel proud of many of the records, and encouraged by the interest taken this year in athletics. On a whole the records are on a par with previous years, some being much better and some quite a good deal poorer. Hardly as much interest has been manifested in tennis, but in base ball our team has done superior work to that of the past two years. Every team we have played with have been downed with but one exception, and that team greatly outclassed us. To cap the climax, Albion college club came over and left their scalps in our belts on Field Day. Two years ago they won from us on a similar occasion. Beside this, the College relay running team has won three straight contests with the Y. M. C. A. and High school teams, thus securing undisputed title to the silk banner given as prize. The last run was made in the good time of 4 mi. 7 1/2 sec. Such contests as these awaken college interest outside, and college spirit inside.

The Seniors' vacation began June 1st. All their examinations are passed, and the last event, Commencement, before they pass out into the cold, cold world, now awaits them. The vacation is given that they may put more time on their orations, get measured for a commencement suit, and brace up for the final weep when college days are only a recollection, and college buildings, campus, lake, etc, become miniature and take up their abode in the recesses of the mind. No one can realize the feelings of a senior nearing the end of his College days, till he has stood in a senior's
shoes, and experienced the sensations for himself. So, ye lower classmen, if you see one of these grave and reverend gentlemen with sorrowful countenance, cheer him up a bit, and remember that you will need the same sympathy when you have reached the top round of the College ladder.

We received just too late for publication in this issue, a letter from Prof. L. E. Martin of Ongole, India. The writer speaks of some things that ought to be looked after by the College authorities. Many of our readers are personally acquainted with Mr. Martin, and would be glad to read the letter. He also sent the editor a report of the American Baptist Telugu Mission for the year 1893, which is the 58th year of the mission. In the report of the High School at Ongole, of which Mr. Martin is principal, we learn that he has had enrolled for the year, 271 pupils. Of these 132 are Christians, 129 Hindus and 10 Mohammedans. There were but 26 pupils in school when he took the work, October 1st, 1892. We were glad to hear from Mr. Martin, and rejoiced to learn of his success.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

Commencement is at hand again. More extensive preparations than before are being made, and it is expected that an unusually large number of visitors will be in attendance at the exercises. Following is the program.

Examinations in various departments.

SUNDAY, JUNE 17, 7:30 p. m.
Baccalaureate Sermon. Rev. S. Haskell, D. D.

MONDAY, JUNE 18, 2:30 p. m.
Graduating exercises, Preparatory Department. 8:00 p. m. — Address before the Literary Societies. Prof. Terry, Chicago University.

TUESDAY MORNING, JUNE 19.
Meeting of the board of trustees. 2:30 p. m. Junior Prize Contest. 8:00 p. m. — Address before the Alumni.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 20, 10 a. m.
Commencement Exercises.

The University of Michigan has enrolled two Chinese women as students.

It is reported that Beloit college contemplates becoming co-educational and that next fall will see the step taken.

The largest scholarship given by any American college is the Stinnecke scholarship at Princeton. It is awarded for excellence in Latin and Greek, and amounts to $1,500 annually.

SCORES!

Scores of People and Scores of Events.

Friday and Saturday, May 25 and 26, were exceptionally fine days for our Annual Field-day events. They were clear, perfect days sandwiched in between a spell of weather on either side.

The program opened Friday morning, with the boys in good condition. The events were:

Half-mile run; 1st H. S. Bullock, 2:25 4/5; 2nd Gilbert.
Hammer throw, 16 pounds; 1st Wheeler, 64 ft. 5 in.; 2nd Lienau, 6 ft. 6 in.
100 yard dash (exhibition); A. G. Miller, 12 seconds.
Stand broad jump; 1st Lienau, 9 ft. 4 in.; 2nd C. S. Hayne, 8 ft. 8 in.
Quoits, doubles; won by White and Hafer.
Quoits, singles; won by Lynn.
Running broad jump; 1st C. S. Hayne, 17 ft. 7 in.; 2nd Gilbert, 15 ft. 8 in.
Quarter mile dash; 1st H. S. Bullock, 64 1/2 sec.; 2nd C. S. Hayne.
Standing high jump; 1st C. S. Hayne, 3 ft. 11 in.; 2nd Kurtz.
Three legged race; won by Gilbert and Bullock.
Shot put; 1st Wheeler, 35 ft.; 2nd Bullock 31 ft. 4 in.
Running hop, step and jump; 1st C. S. Hayne, 40 ft. 6 in.; 2nd Gilbert.
One mile relay race; 1st, Fourth year Preps. 4 mi. 15 sec.; 2nd, Juniors. Hafer, White, Oldfield, Oakley.
Obstacle race; won by Gilbert.
Tennis, gent's doubles; won by Magill, Axtell, against Treadway, Kurtz.
Tennis, ladies doubles; won by Magill, Axtell, against Bennett, St. John.
Tennis, gent's singles; won by Axtell against Smith.
Tennis, ladies singles; won by Axtell against Smith.
Running high jump; 1st S. C. Hayne, 5 ft. 3 in. (broke College record); 2nd Kurtz, 4 ft. 11 in.
Standing high kick; 1st Wheeler, 12 inches over his head; 2nd Lienau.
The weather could not have been better.

Two years ago the Albion boys played us a good game of base ball much to their credit. But Saturday morning we got it back at them. A great game of base ball much to their credit. But

Student in Geology class:

"Prof. is that molten lava hot?"

Prof. in Evidence of Christianity asks when the books of the New Testament were collected together.

Student: It was after they were written, I-I guess.

"Bill Nye" asks the Prof. of Geology whether petroleum is made from kerosene, benzene and all other ones, and then he said that he popped it on purpose.

"Prof. Fieldhouse will you begin to translate there?"

Fieldhouse, same as once before: "Well, I didn't have my mind on it, er-em." Prof. "What are some of the evidences of Christianity as we see them now?"

Theo. "Well, I don't know, Doctor."

Lady student after one of Wheeler's high kicks: "Why, does he have to kick that plate off there?" No one knew.

Landlady entering diningroom by request.

"Well, Mr. Oldfield, are you out of your head or perhaps just getting your second childhood?"

"Tupper, the author of Proverbial Philosophy written about five years ago, died only three or four years ago and has not written anything since."—One of the Faculty.


As a material result of the Soph-Junior ball game, the defeated members of the Soph. Class set up the cream to the victorious Juniors and the other members of both classes at Ladies' Hall on
the evening of June 7. About thirty persons were present and all enjoyed a most pleasant evening. The umpire says he believes that the Sophs. would have scored more hits in the excellent program of toasts that followed the cream, if instead of trying to make base hits against their own class, they had used some of their wit, wisdom and sarcasm to strike out the Juniors. The Juniors however played together and seemed to know that it was their duty to play ball. Not the least noticeable feature of the evening, was the success of our toast master, and the pop-up Hafer batted to McWilliams and on which he was caught out.

May 18th and 19th were days for renewed vigor among the Prohibition ranks in our College. The event was the Inter-Collegiate Prohibition state contest. We had present with us, Mr. Walter H. Nichols, the National President. The contest occurred on the afternoon of the 19th, and was to decide the delegate to the National convention at Prohibition Park, Staten Island, June 18. A. E. Ebersole, of Hillsdale, won the first prize of $15.00 on his oration "Abolition of War," and Mr. H. J. Hutchens, of Kalamazoo, won second prize of $10.00 on the oration, "Have we a Party." The following State organization was perfected: Pres. A. F. White, Kalamazoo; V. Pres. E. H. Locker, Hillsdale; Sec. Thos. Cleno, Albion; Treas. W. W. Mills, U. of M. Executive Com. Adrain, L. L. Richards Hope, * * Ypsilanti, D. C. VanBuren; Manager Lecture Bureau, W. C. Oldfield, Kalamazoo.

The Literary Society work of Kalamazoo College is made a special feature of the College training, and we are proud that fully four-fifths of our students take active work in one of our three Societies. It gives a development which the class-room cannot give, and makes the student ready and self-reliant. Our last program was given on the evening of June 8th and the following able officers were elected for the fall term of our next year.

**Euros.**
V. Pres. Miss Hough, S. J. Hall, Claud Oakley.
Cor. Sec. Miss Massey, A. C. Gilbert, H. Chamberlain.
Treas. Miss Warwick, M. A. Graybiel, F. Blanchard.
Chap. Miss Bennett, Geo. Finley.

A gentle swelling like that historical tea kettle lamp comes up into the throat of the local editor as he again sharpens his corroded pen to make his last write up. He has tried to keep the old pen clean so that if any one got touched by what was meant for a friendly jab, that no blood-poison would result. It has been the policy of the present staff not to publish personalities liable to hurt or jokes of any sort on themselves, and at least in this last they have succeeded. The editor wishes to thank all who have so generously assisted this department and regrets only that he could not have served the Index more efficiently.

Four minutes is the record made by our team in a mile run, against the Light guard team of this city, Friday June 8th. This beats the Inter-Collegiate State record by two seconds. The winners are A. C. Gilbert, W. and C. S. Hayne, and Lantie Burgess. The team also hold a fine silk banner, won by defeating the High School and City Y. M. C. A.

As has been the custom of our Literary Societies for many years, the Erudophilian Society gave their regular open meeting in the College Chapel, June 1st. We thought we had seen the room decorated in about all possible ways, but the Euros were original and exceedingly tasty in making entirely a new design. The following program was very successfully and happily given.

**PROGRAM.**

**Chorus.** "Lift Thin Eyes - - - Mendelsohn"

Original Poem.
Miss Florence La Tourette.

Original Story—"A Tragedy on Stilts," Chap. 1. Miss Margaret St. John.

Vocal Solo—"Bobolink Song." - - - Bischoff
"A Tragedy on Stilts," Chap. 11. Miss Elizabeth Haigh.
"A Tragedy on Stilts," Chap. 111. Miss Agnes Powell.

Instrumental Solo—"Au Matin." - - - Goaded
Miss Ada Hutchins.

"A Tragedy on Stilts," conclusion.
Miss Louise Wheeler.

Recitation—"Courting Under Difficulties." Miss Elizabeth Smith.

Vocal Solo—"Tell Me, Beautiful Maiden." - - - - - - - - - - - Gotzard
Miss Grace Steadman.

A Study of Lockesley Hall.
Miss Alice Brooks.

Reading—"Pockets." Miss Lula Hough.

Piano Duet—Schwertany.
M. Indischer Tany.
Misses Willmott and Browell.
The Botany Class wishes to thank all those who so kindly assisted them while making their herbariums bringing in so many fine specimens. The Class spent a jolly and profitable afternoon Decoration Day, scouring the woods.

All those who heard the Lecture recently given in our Chapel by Dr. Flemming Carrow of the U. of M. were pleasantly surprised at the interesting and instructive product of so technical a subject as "The Eye and its Treatments." Most of us do not know that the Doctor, see Literary Cenury, Nov., '92, is recognized authority on all diseases of the eye, was for many years in charge of a hospital in Canton, China, was appointed Consul at Canton in 1881 by President Garfield, has been honored several times by memberships in various scientific societies, foreign as well as home. We should have been better pleased if all could have known these facts, and many more interesting ones about the Doctor, before we heard this lecture.

On the afternoon of June 11th, the annual election of the Publishing Association occurred and the following list of able officers will be our successors. We wish to you all a pleasant year.

Pres. E. B. Taft; V. Pres. N. T. Hafer; Sec. Harold Axtell; Treas. S. J. Hall; Chief Editor, Claud Oakley; Local Editor, F. B. Sinclair; Assistant Local Editor, Miss Isabella G. Bennett; Exchange Editor, Geo. V. Pixley; Subscription Editor, M. A. Graybiel; Business Manager, H. M. Cushing; Assistant Business Manager, F. Blanchard.

The Astronomers got up at 3 o'clock on the morning of June 12 to take a squint at Venus. They were greatly repaid by the splendid view.

Miss Lelia Stevens, our efficient teacher in the Department of Music, during the last three years, will not be with us next year. She will spend the summer in the Auditorium Conservatory of Music, Chicago. Miss Mary Relihan will also leave us when the Seniors his away. Both of these ladies have won many and warm friends during their engagements here, we regret very much to have them go.

Let everyone come back Sept. 11th and we'll have some more fun with the guileless, beardless, ripeless, Freshman.

On the evening of May 29th the ladies of the Faculty and Hall received their friends. About 350 invitations had been sent out, and we think that very nearly that number of guests must have been present during the evening. All the rooms on the first floor, tastefully arranged, were opened for the occasion, and from half-past eight until ten o'clock they were well filled. Above the cheerful hum of conversation could be heard strains of music from Clement's orchestra, who were situated in a side room. The large dining hall was beautifully decorated with the College color, blue, combined with corn color, in honor of the class of '94, and flowers in profusion added their charm to the scene. On the small tables water-lilies were strewed with careless grace. Light refreshments were served by neat-handed Phillises. All seemed to enter heartily into the social spirit of the occasion, and went away feeling that they had spent a delightful evening.

C. J. Kurtz went home a few days last week.

Miss Wilkinson goes to her home in Chicago for the summer.

Miss Edith Kurtz visited C. J. during Commencement week.

Miss Johnson will spend her summer vacation at her home in Mendota, Ill.

F. D. Ehle went home to Sheridan last week. He will probably not return next year.

Miss Hayes will go East early in the vacation and then go just where she takes a notion.

Misses Hattie Chamberlain, Hattie Brown, Byrd Ford and Lottie Honeywell will spend the summer in Charlevoix.

C. S. Hayne went to Marshall, June 15th, by invitation of the Marshall Athletic club, and will enter the following events: 100 yards dash, running high jump, running broad jump, running hop, step and jump. He is sure to get some of the numbers, and will crowd the club hard in all.

Professors Jenks and Trowbridge will spend the first six weeks of vacation in the Summer school, after which Mr. Trowbridge goes to the Laboratories of the U. of M. and do original work in Organic Chemistry until the University opens. He will again be assistant to Prof. Johnson, and secure his Doctor's degree.
Those Seniors.

L. E. Reed will stay in town next year and study medicine.

Dr. Brooks and family will spend the vacation in Charlevoix.

Our President delivered the graduating address at Vicksburg, June 12.

Rev. E. D. Rundell was present at our Commencement exercises.

Miss Ida Belle Patterson of Port Huron, is the guest of Miss Mary Hart.

S. A. Remington will stay in the Savings Bank this year. He will probably teach in the West next year.

D. T. Magill will stay with his church in Lawton until fall and then accompany J. E. Smith to Newton.

G. M. Hudson will occupy his pulpit in Dowagiac during the vacation. He will probably be in Chicago next year.

J. E. Smith will preach at New Buffalo during the summer. He will go to Newton Theological Seminary in September.

Eugene Haines will preach in his church at Allegan during the summer. He has not yet decided where he will be next year.

Mrs. May Bradley, of St. Clair, is spending a few days with her cousin, Miss Hart. She will accompany her to her home in Midland.

Doctor Slocum was elected President of an association recently organized at Hillsdale, to consider the mutual interests of the denominational Colleges of the state.

W. H. Mays also goes to Newton. Bet they will play ball there next year—pitcher, 1st baseman, manager. Success fellows, remember the honors you left your Alma Mater.

Prof. Axtell and family will probably spend part of the summer in the New England states. They have the envy of many of the students. Just think of eaves-dropping and hearing what the Ocean whispers, of throwing Plymouth rocklets into the limpid bay, or of following on the track of glacier into the cool, pine shaded, soughing North.

Miss Taylor will enjoy her vacation at her pleasant home in this city. Some of the male Seniors were a little sensitive about what they are going to do next year, and of course as how Miss Taylor being a girl you know, I couldn’t very well find out about her, after the reserve manifested by some of her brothers, but I guess that she will be at home, the true Euro and host as before.

HAVE WE A POLITICAL PARTY?

A. J. Hutchins.

Dr. Lyman Abbott says that we have a right to question everything; history, literature, science, philosophy, theology, everything, and bring all the problems of life to the test of reason. We are not to take things for granted, but our action should be the result of our investigation.

As we are entering upon the age of citizenship, and the great political parties of the land are asking for our support, it is our duty to question the right of these parties to exist, and inquire upon what grounds they seek the support of a liberty-loving people.

We have always been accustomed to denounce tyranny, and King, Emperor, Czar are names hateful to an American ear; but in our inconsistency we are continually tolerating rulers of a more despotic type, and not the least tyrannical of these is one whom we may call Party Spirit, at the sway of whose sceptre millions bow the knee.

This tyrant is in the spectacle business on an immense scale, and has fitted each one of his subjects with a pair, knowing that on their constant use depends the perpetuation of his imperial power.

These glasses are very strongly tinted, and so ingeniously made and carefully adjusted, that through them any speech or argument made in behalf of another party appears to be exceedingly simple, while almost anything said in behalf of one’s own party is deep, profound, beyond dispute.

The little boy sees his companions’ eyeglasses, and he wants a pair of political specs.

So his father gives him a pair of the same color as his own, adjusts them with great care, hooks them well behind the ears, and the young man’s education in political science is begun. Seeing everything through this colored glass, he arrives at the age of citizenship, his political principles (?) firmly established, and we behold a full fledged American citizen. This is what we call our “Educated American Citizenship.”

One of the mightiest obstructions to our national progress is this spectacle business. Why continue our subjection to this haughty Monarch? Says Dr. Lawrence of Chicago: “I belong to no Political Party, I am a United States man.”

What is the function of a political party? Progress is the law of life. The race has made progress in the past, and we believe we are destined to make progress in the future. There can be no true life without growth. Growth is from small beginnings to a larger and freer life. The goal of all progress is freedom.
It is for this that men have fought on many a field "with bloody corpses strewn." For this nations have struggled and governments have been established.

It was for the attainment of a larger degree of freedom and equality, that our republican government was founded.

Freedom is of two kinds, civil and moral, and no true freedom can exist where these two are not combined. Hence this "free and equal" principle, if in means anything, means that politics and morals are inseparable.

A good national life, as well as a good individual life, must have a moral basis, and it was on such a basis that our nation was first established.

Ages ago on Mount Sinai were delivered to Moses the fundamental principles of all law. This was recognized by England's Bible Student, Alfred the Great, and made the foundation of English law. Out of that old Anglo-Saxon assembly came the English Parliament, and out of the English Parliament came our American Congress.

The chief element in the development of our national life has been the moral element. The history of progress is a history of moral reform. It is by grappling with and solving the great moral problems, that mighty strides are made in the progress of the world.

Political parties are necessary machines for moving the great national stage-coach along the highways of progress, and the right of these machines to occupy this responsible position can only be demonstrated by showing their ability and their readiness to remove the obstructions which lie along the path. Says Dr. Moss of the Illinois Wesleyan University: "A clear half at least of the duty of a political party is moral, and the other half has a moral element in it."

When great moral questions present themselves to the people demanding settlement, that party alone is worthy to be called a political party, which is so constituted as to be able to accomplish their solution.

Have there been parties of this description in the past?

The time has been when the political parties of the land were continually taking up one reform or another. They realized the responsibility of their position, and performed their true functions.

The slavery question grew to such immense proportions that it threatened the disruption of our Union, but the lovers of the Union united to form a party, which settled forever the question of State rights, and wrote a brilliant page in freedom's book.

But past deeds are not sufficient for the present and the future.

Are we confronted by no great moral problems to-day? The question needs no answer. With the mighty liquor curse, which ruins so many thousands of lives and homes every year, firmly rooted in our land, supported by government, and threatening the destruction of our boasted civilization, what need have we of a more important question?

What are the political parties of to-day doing with this liquor problem, which is almost universally conceded by good men to be the problem of problems? One which simply from an economical standpoint, to say nothing of its moral aspect, far exceeds the tariff question in magnitude.

The two big parties are very busy keeping before the people issues upon which they are hopelessly divided, but which they know must be kept in the foreground in order to hide the real issue of gaining office, which exists between them.

Shall we lend our support to "political parties," so called, whose sole aim seems to be to get possession and that dare not undertake the consideration of our country's crying need?

Never! They are not worthy the name they assume, and have no right to ask for the votes of loyal citizens of this Republic.

Suffering humanity appeals for aid to the powers that be, and as I hear the piercing cry, I think I also hear the answer as it comes from the high places of the land. Listen! 'Tis fraught with considerations of mighty import. "The offices, the offices, O give us the offices! We cannot heed your cry! We must have the rum vote, or we perish."

I do not need to tell you that there is a political party in this land; a party built upon the solid principle of freedom and equality; a party which believes not only that all men, but that men and women are created equal; a party pledged to the overthrow of the chief enemy of the state, and it augurs well for its success that so large a proportion of the young men of the colleges of our land, upon whom rests our nation's future, are rallying to its support.

It is said that in ascending the Matterhorn, at a certain perilous point in the ascent, the guide unclos the rope, and, with one end attached to his own body at certain intervals makes every tourist fast to the same rope. In this way the misstep of any individual is corrected by his fellows, and the whole party pass on in safety to continue the ascent.
We are ascending the Matterhorn of our civilization. We are nearing that critical point in our ascent. Why not all join hands in the cause of truest freedom, and we shall safely pass the crisis, and historians may pen their brightest page.

This oration won second prize at the State Inter-Collegiate Prohibition Contest, May 19, 1894.

THE SUMMER SCHOOLS.

Summer gatherings have come to be a recognized factor in promoting educational and religious interests, and the more thoughtful of our people are led to the conclusion that the vacation season is not merely to be spent in idleness but the rather for a healthy change which will at once prove restful and stimulating.

Among the many and varied schools and conferences, the gatherings of college students have ever been among the most interesting. At once unique and popular, they have exerted a marvelous power on the college life of to-day. Having for a primary purpose the training of Christian men to take the leading part in the Christian work of the colleges, they have brought together the choice element, in many respects, of America's educated youth.

Bible study has always been a feature of the conferences, and has done much to train men in leading such classes in their own institutions, thus following the normal method.

The first gathering was held in 1886 at Mount Hermon, Mass., and for the ninth successive year, Mr. D. L. Moody has extended the invitation for the "World's Student Conference" to meet at his home in Northfield, in the beautiful valley of the Connecticut, from June 30 to July 10.

The program is already arranged for, and while others are expected, the following speakers have already been secured: Prof. W. W. Moore, of Virginia; Rev. Alex. MacKenzie, D. D., Cambridge, Mass.; Rev. H. C. Mabie, D. D., Boston; Bishop J. M. Thoburn, of India; Rev. J. E. Tuttle, D. D., of Amherst College; Rev. A. T. Pierson, D. D., of Philadelphia; Prof. Winchester, of Wesleyan University; Rev. H. P. Beach, Springfield, Mass.; Senator William P. Frye, of Maine, and Luther D. Wishard; while Mr. Moody himself will be a frequent speaker and will preside at the platform meetings.

The conference at Lake Geneva, Wis., which sprung from the Northfield gathering, has annually grown in interest and members, and this year an unusually strong program is provided, including such speakers as Bishop John H. Vincent; Rev. David R. Breed, D. D., of Chicago; Messrs Thomas Cochran, of St. Paul, and S. M. Sayford, of Boston; Rev. R. A. Torrey and Rev. W. M. Lawrence, D. D., both of Chicago; Prof. W. W. White, Xenia Theological Seminary; Mr. A. A. Stagg, of Chicago University, and Luther Gulick, M. D., who will have charge of the athletics. The date is from June 22 to July 2.

The afternoon is given up entirely at both conferences to recreation. Base ball, tennis and basket ball add interest to the program and furnish relief from constant study and mental activity.

The arrangements are made by the College Department of the International Committee of Young Men's Christian Associations, and the success of previous years leads to the anticipation of large and influential conferences the present season.

Harvard will have a new observatory at Flagstaff, Arizona.

The public free schools of the United States are at present educating 13,250,000 children.

The Columbia college library has received 20,000 volumes during the past year making a total of 160,000 volumes.

The following college library statistics have been widely circulated: University of Chicago, 225,000 vols.; second, Yale 200,000 vols.; third, Columbia, 140,000 vols. The facts, according to Mr. Flint's "Statistics of Public Libraries," Washington, 1893, are, U. of C. 380,000 vols.; Harvard, 295,000 vols. and 278,097 pamphlets; Yale, 185,000 vols.—College Student.
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"LET US EAT AND DRINK, FOR TO-MORROW WE DIE."

HORACE, ODE VII, BOOK IV.

[To Torquatus.]

The snow is gone. The fields are sweet with tender grass; The trees are dressed in green.
The world is new again, and rivers gently pass Their winding banks between.
'Mid nymphs and sisters twain, Thalia leads the dance, No veil her charms to screen.
The hours consume the light of day, the times advance; For us the end is near.
Mild zephyr blow to melt the frost, but Spring is swift, And Summer leaves turn sere.
Next, Autumn, bearing fruits, pours out his golden gift; Then Winter, shrill and drear.
The moons that wax and wane, Like Tullus rich, and Ancus, like Eneas pure, We are but dust and shade.
Who knoweth whether Heaven again shall send us down Even one day more of life?
Then spare not thy sweet soul with earthly joys to crown, Not heeding heirs and strife.
When thou art gone, and Minos uttereth from his chair Decree to make thee quail,
Think not, Torquatus, race, nor speech however fair, Nor virtue shall avail.
Nor could Diana free from Death's relentless reign Nor Helen's sweet, nor Cytherea's dear.
Nor Theseus snatch away from fast Lethean chain His friend Pirithous sweet.

MAUD WILKINSON.

THE POWER OF PERSONAL INFLUENCE.

Of all the gifts which mother nature has bestowed upon her children, what has done more in raising humanity to a higher moral standard, or what has had more power in lowering moral character than personal influence? Not only in the lives of prominent men and women is this seen, but in the case of every individual, and not merely in certain periods of his career, in remarkable deeds which he has done, or words which he has said, but in his daily relations to others.

Every life gives forth a perceptible influence either for good or evil. To some are granted larger opportunities than to others, and yet if one's general influence is for the best, an inconceivable amount of good is accomplished by his life. The minister in the pulpit exerts a far reaching influence by his words, and through his position as leader of the flock, his whole life is looked upon as a pattern for others. His advice and his opinions are sought by those who are under his watch-care. So it is also with the teacher, not only in the classroom, but also in his social intercourse, not alone in the instruction given, but in his general character and bearing. But an influence which touches all more closely than that exerted by the minister from his pulpit, or by the teacher from his desk, is that of friendly companionship, so often exerted unconsciously. This power is felt in every sphere of life. A companion who is honest and honorable in all his dealings, kind and courteous to others, no matter what their rank, agreeable in his personal appearance, quick to appreciate the needs of those around him, and at the same time capable of satisfying those needs, makes for himself countless opportunities for influencing all with whom he comes in contact.

Words play a great part in the moulding of another's character, and yet if one does not live up to what he sets forth, his influence upon others is not for the best. Truly, deeds not words are the more powerful. It is the silent influence which attracts those around us, and exerts its power upon them. The personal, individual influence is often more effective than that which is more public. This is true, not only in religious and moral interests, but in secular and worldly matters.

A sure rule which will help one in the exercise of this personal power, is to show an interest in even the small and seemingly unimportant affairs of the person whom he wishes to influence. Thus at the start he gains the confidence of his friend, and prepares the way for greater services. Just as a single good act or word may have a lasting influence, so, on the other hand, one unkind deed may bring about more harm than a whole life. One day's influence may change the
entire character of another’s life, either for good or evil. A firm and resolute determination always to stand up for the right, if carried out, can but be a power for good. A little child unconsciously influences one to a purer life. Who has not felt this simple yet strong power, in watching the development of children? But sweetest of all is a mother’s influence, which, never forgotten, follows one through life, bringing comfort in time of trouble, and increasing happiness in time of joy. Through trials, though often grieved by her children, her love remains unchanged, and she has always the same interest in their joys and sorrows. Though her child has strayed away, still she is ready to receive him back with words of joy. Through trials, though often grieved by her and its owner used to say laughingly, that it was a rest to look at that table, after seeing the rest of the furniture pushed back straight, in proper fashion, to make room. Even the overwhelming variety of nick-nacks and pictures on the book-case, could not please her as the books did.

Taking it at its best, it was not a bad looking room, and its owner used to say laughingly, that she would not tell that the sofa had to be in just such a place, to cover up the broken place in the wall (and the landlady’s stinginess), nor that the chair behind the door was simply for beauty, and not to be rocked in under any circumstances, on account of a broken limb. There was a certain warmth and cheeriness about the room, and on this night in early October, just a few weeks after the opening of Oxford’s colleges, the cheeriness was heightened by the fact that Harriet Rannon

herself sat at her table studying. No “fire was burning briskly in the grate,” for the simple reason that there was no grate, and to-night it was little needed, except for the company it could give.

It may be that this very lack of company made our young student restless—at any rate she was not in the mood for studying. “It’s useless,” she said, “this guitar won’t help me. I’ll have to think it out for myself,” and she fell back in her chair, as though life, even to a person of twenty-one, were a very hard task.

The eyes that looked thoughtfully up at the pictures of mother and father and her home at Green Bay, were soft, pretty ones. Not very different from many other dark blue eyes, unless you were careful to note their many expressions. These same eyes belonged to a girl not beautiful, for there are few such, but her whole personality was a study—a brown study just now, but at other times a study with different shades of interpretation.

Her eyes and nose were really her only good features, for her mouth, she said was quite unman- ageable, and hence not pretty, and her hair might be similarly spoken of. Her chin was weak, but there was strength in her face, for all that, along with the traces which intelligence and common sense always leave, so that, even had I not been partial to her as my heroine, I should have been tempted to say, that she was a good looking young woman, and to steal some long glances at her from the other side of the table.

“Reveries,” she said, as she roused herself and tried to go back to her book, “are expensive luxuries. If I could only decide that—there, I believe I hear them coming. I’ll think it over on the way and decide it when I come back.” She stepped to the door to see if the college people were really on their way to the rehearsal, though it was still early, but just as she was about to open it, something very much like a leaf rustled past her and went whirling out into the hall. “That cannot be a leaf, I’m going to investigate” and she hurried down three steps after the fleeting mystery. “It’s a leaf from some book—no, only part of a leaf. It’s from a Latin book, too, just like mine, and what’s this?”

Mr. Theodore Hale,

Green Bay, Wisconsin. 2:00 p. m.

Sorry not to find you. Will explain myself later. Please excuse the leaf of paper from my Latin book, no other expedient at hand.
"Strange," she said quite out loud, "when I left, he was undecided whether to come or not. I wonder if he has any word from home."

The fact was, Mr. T. Y. Hale and Miss Rannon were old friends from the same town. Both had expected to come to Oxford, but Theodore had been detained so long that he had almost given up hope himself, and Harriet had nearly forgotten about his coming. As it was, he had had word from a Virginia acquaintance—Norman Whately, that he was greatly in need of a college chum, and would be glad to share his fate with Theodore, as a freshman at Miami University. So now they were settled together, and so it happened that Harriet was so surprised on this particular evening.

Oxford, Ohio, is a quaint old town, with ancient looking buildings of a tumble-down aspect. In fact, the only industry is education, but that is carried on extensively, at the two colleges for women, and at Miami University. Whether the university preceded the college, and attracted it thither, or whether colleges first sprung up and exercised a magnetic power, is a question of dispute, but at any rate, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-two, here they stand. They are separate institutions, but the students from each have many pleasant gatherings, together and are on very friendly terms. Their particular boast, in common, is their musical chorus. There are good-natured rivalries and disputes, as to other things, but as to the aims and methods of this body, they are agreed, so that it serves somewhat as a tie binding them all together. So on this October evening, the weekly rehearsal in Music Hall was to begin at eight o'clock, and for that reason, some time before the hour, the once-dead street of little Oxford, resounded with the tread of its students, two hundred strong. And if you had followed them, and entered the great Hall, your enthusiasm would have been unbounded. And I am almost inclined to believe that when Harriet Rannon sang alone, some of her tender little ballads, you would sometimes have felt a tear stealing down your cheek, for they called her "the sweet singer."

"I cannot exactly tell yet," one girl was saying softly, to another, as they neared Harriet's home, preparatory to stealing her away for the customary practice. "She is a puzzle, but I think a pleasing one. We shall either solve it soon, or be drawn into its mysteries." "Why is it that they call her the late Miss Rannon?" someone asked of Mr. Theodore Hale. He did not answer this question, but instead, ran up the stairs and knocked at the door, while the rest were left to find out for themselves, for evidently no one but Theodore knew why. Greetings exchanged, and a few topics discussed, they joined the rest and went on their way to the rehearsal.

Life at college soon began to seem like real life. A routine of work need not be a tiresome round, and there is a certain pleasure even in doing the same thing day after day, if one has the enthusiasm of college life about him. There were new acquaintances to be made—new phases of character to be studied. Theodore and Norman found this latter an interesting subject, and so elected considerable of it. But the strange thing about it was, that neither knew just what specific branch the other was taking up! Norman was quiet by nature, especially on the subject of his likes, and dislikes, and Theodore used to be rather provoked when unable to call forth satisfactory answers from his chum, whom he secretly looked up to, and admired. So, though they were roommates, they still had some plans and hopes apart.

As for the college, it appeared to be running very much like clock work. The schedule said:—Recitations—Study—Dinner—Recitations—Study—Recreation—etc., with no foot notes to the effect that on certain days of the week, pupils, if not inclined to study, might take shorter lessons! But there was one evening when trigonometries, Greek lexicons—everything, was thrown precipitously upon the table, and left to smolder for several hours, while the students used the gymnasium or the Music Hall. "It's our one real recreation day" said Harriet to her new roommate, a bright, fair-haired girl. "I never tire of it. I'm thankful for my voice, if it is troublesome at times." "I prophesy a great future for you" said Alice. "I'm tempted to call you Patti now. That's what I heard Mr. Hale call you, and I wondered at first if your name was Patty. I wish Mr. Hale hadn't known you before you came. He has so many important messages to bring you (I suppose they're important), and it is quite distracting to have him drop down upon our fold so often, and so unexpectedly." Then, under her breath—"I don't really care either. I study much faster when there are three here, because I don't wish Theodore Hale to outshine me, nor that Mr. Whately whom he sometimes brings along for company."

"I've been going to ask Mr. Hale if the mes-
sages couldn’t be combined, and delivered less frequently, but I couldn’t make up my mind to’ said Harriet. “I have a troublesome time with my mind. I believe the ‘decisive section’ is lacking. Here’s a letter from Professor Morgan asking me to lead the chorus to-morrow evening in his absence. I wish you would help me decide about that too. You’re always so sure just what you want to do next, and just how you want to do it.” “I should certainly say ‘yes’ to this question,” Alice answered absent-mindedly, for she was thinking. “I know now why they speak of hers ‘the late Miss Rannon.’ I must help her all I can with her ‘decisive section.’”

Winter had come. In fact, a large share of it had gone—gone in various ways for various people. Norman Whately spent a good deal of time day-dreaming, his chum thought, and scarce­ly knew how to interpret his moods. But he began bravely, “It’s a fine night for skating. I’ve a plan. After the rehearsal, let’s go to the pond for an hour or so. I’m going down town now, and afterwards round to the Hall, so I’ll meet you there.” Then Theodore laughed to himself, at thought of how he would surprise his friend, by walking in with Miss Rannon, and hurried away, muttering to himself about his chum’s strange silence, and coming to the decision that some vision of an angel, (Miss Alice Moore for instance!) was troubling or else delighting him night and day.

Norman had agreed to the plan proposed by Theodore, but he had a little plan of his own besides,—to surprise his friend Theodore, by walking into the Hall with Miss Rannon! He would not have dared confess any of his trepidation at the thought of it, nor some other feelings of his very own, which had been working to the surface gradually, since he had studied with Theodore, at the little house not for away.

Chance is a strange thing—the world is all very strange. Norman had turned to go up the steps of “the cottage,” as he called it, when lo! there appeared right before him—not a wild beast to devour him, but his own roommate. In an instant they understood one another, or rather, thought they did. Theodore had rung the bell. It was too late for Norman to try to explain himself, too late to run away even if he had so wished. A predicament? Not at all. Theodore felt himself equal to the task, and with an heroic effort to control his amusement, he inquired for Miss Moore! Alas for Theodore! He had failed this time to read human nature aright. Fortunate Norman! “And is Miss Rannon in?” he inquired, trying to conceal his pleasure.

They were both in. At the rehearsal as well as at the skating pond, that evening, there were young men who seemed out of their element. Affairs were in a strange way. Theodore Hale thought, and they grew more complicated every day, so shifting, ever-changing is fortune.

* * * * *

It is nearly a year later. Outside the wind is moaning and Theodore has no inclination to skate in the storm. From his window he can scarcely see the university buildings, a block away, for the flurries of snow hide them. He is lost in deep reverie. A Latin book, with the first leaf half gone, lies open on his lap, and he is thinking “How long it seems since I tore out that half leaf, and left it at Harriet Rannon’s door.”

With a sigh quite too long-drawn and heavy for a sunny nature like his, he says almost mournfully, “My roommate has pleaded his cause well, and he ought to be happy, but—well, I’m glad Harriet has decided.

—Louise Wheeler.

THE STALLION OF CORTEZ. — A LEGEND.

The inhabitants of Northern Mexico are, like their horses, which have become famous as the bucking bronchos, of Spanish decent. And together both man and horse have been modified by nearly four hundred years of a new and distinctive life.

The inhabitants living in the mountain districts of Northern Mexico, are a very separate class of people from those at the Capitol. Living as they do at so great a distance from the commercial activities of the country, and being thrown by necessity into social intercourse with the mountain Indians, it was inevitable that they should to a greater or less degree, become with the Indians a mixed race, and each become borrowers and lenders in religious views.

In this way superstitions have been perpetuated in the new people, modified by each contributing race. And in seeking for the legendary prose and poetry of these mining mountainears, one finds it often a beautiful bit of Mexican fabric, woven from Spanish warp and Indian woof, offering in artistic design the beauty of civilization,
and in tone and color the highly fanciful imagination of the savage.

History tells us that Cortes brought with him from Cuba, sixteen horses which he purchased there at great expense, and with these he terrorized the natives who thought the horse and rider a Centaur of superhuman powers. Although it tells us that these first horses were all killed, subsequent importations from Cuba and old Spain added new recruits. Now and then a restless fellow would break his tether at night, and escape to the juicy pastures of the valleys, returning, only to entice away a fellow at first left behind. The heavy, hard marches on the sun baked messas, fast wore out the weaker ones which were left behind to die, or if they could, to wander to the valleys or foot-hills where new life was in store for them. And to these escaped and deserted horses, must be traced the ancestry of the wild horse of North America.

We must not consider that the parti-colored, blaze-faced, evil-spirited broncho of the South West, with its sunken eyes, large head and roach back, is the same horse its barbarous ancestors were, three hundred and seventy-five years ago. Uses and misuses, promiscuous and unintelligent breeding, climatic and geographical conditions have made him what he is, the low statured, intelligent, suspicious, hardy pioneer of the Western plains.

Peace be to his memory, for he is as a type, fast disappearing and giving way to civilization, but not until after piloting us to vast wealth locked in mountain boulders, and slumbering in the eternal summer of the plains.

Peace be to his memory. His is passing. Let him pass, Peace. Do not follow. Approach him not from the rear. It is unsafe, even in memory.

He has been to the millionaire ranchman of the West, and even to our brothers on the Pacific’s sunny slope, what the patient swaying caravans of the East have been to the wealth and comfort of the Orient.

BUT TO OUR LEGEND.

As was the custom of Cortes on his march from Vera Cruz to the Capitol of Montezuma’s Empire, he brought out his horsemen to drill and exercise, and further mystify the pagans. Each afternoon, just after the daily rain, and while the thirsty sun and dry earth were eagerly drinking their stinted allowance of water, the men would form into line, and go roaring away in a perfect thunder-storm of hoof-beats. On, on they flew, neither swerving to the right nor to the left, often never pausing until the extreme horizon was reached. Long ago their flight was noiseless at camp, and when they had passed from sight, all that the heathen could do was to look down through each other’s eyes, and cry aloud to the God of the air. “Quetzacoatl, look around you, for these terrible Gods are abroad, and have passed on into the skies. Do you hear, Quetzacoatl? Look around you.”

But soon a dark speck was seen on the horizon. Immediately it became two specks, then three, four, then a line constantly growing broader and higher, until soon a low thunder came with it as it approached.

The faces of the natives relaxed, light reentered their eyes. Frightened as they were completely out of their wits, and half to death, while in the presence of those monsters, it was yet a pleasanter feeling than to think that perhaps they were off warring and hunting their own dear Gods.

A sight well calculated to scare stark mad the entire population of Mexico, was that which approached. A score of horsemen, each sitting his splendid steed as only a Spanish Cavalier can command his barb. The body of man and the body of horse forming together a unit. Each understanding the other. One born to command, and the other to obey. On they come, plumes waving, pennons flapping savagely by their own flight. No poetical phalanx here. On they come, like an incoming surf in one straight line all abreast. No laggards, no spurs, no urgings, no dust, the sun has not had time to make dust yet, but is doing his best to strike fire on the trappings and armour. Here and there a warm colored cape breaks its lower fastening, and flies out full length behind, for all like wings. They are bearing down on us hard now. We can see the men’s faces and the color of the horses, and hear the clinking of broad sword and the shield.

The most enthusiastic horseman could satisfy his eye for poetry of motion, and ease of carriage, by feasting on the picture before us. They do not break from one bound into the next, as does the cart horse, but each position blends into the following, as the crests of a deep breathing sea. The rider has no visible command over his horse, only as now and then an ambitious fellow tries to break ahead. They are passing around. Good, now we may see them better. (The scattering natives throng together again.) With what ease the horses move. Perfect freedom throughout
the line. As they reach a certain angle, the sun glints back a brightness from polished breast-plate of horse and man, rivaling his own fierce splendor, but on they go, loose reigned and free, drinking deep, even breaths of the pure warm air, just the same that they and their ancestors have had for a thousand years, in Northern Africa. As the rich warm blood of Godolphin Arabian, the sire of all true barbs, courses taster and hotter until it laves their saucer-like nostrils, their spirits rise, yet there is no friction, only as the champing of silver announces a charger feeling for his bits. Look at the Gray on the right of the line, how eagerly he reaches for the prize. Backward and forward moves his pretty head, sensitive tongue and lips feeling for their barb, until his slender muzzle nearly touches the silver breast plate. He holds it there, one ear lying flat to catch the master's word, the other eagerly pointing down the course. The man is ready. He is tightening the reign—'tis enough—no word is needed, no spur. In an instant the gray charger catches the bit, then thrusting his nose far ahead, bounds like a bullet from the line. And thus Cortes gives his command to rest at will. But this to a barb means a race—and such a race. The gray had a full length start, but now he is two, now three, now four, see how he pulls away. Were they running then? They are flying now. Were they flying then? They are speeding with the flight of arrows from Hiawatha's bow. Some are turning and coming in, having well earned their breathing spell. Others are bound to make the circuit at our rear, and come in from the left. Brave steeds those, and every one worthy of his sire. But still out at the right bounds the gray. "Leon, drop an ear behind—listen—the black mare is after your honor. She is gaining, Leon, on, on, she was six lengths behind you, and now not over four. Lie lower good horse, lower. You touch the earth now but as a kiss, but do not touch at all, fly, graybird, fly. She is at your flank, on Leon, for your honor on." Still she forges ahead, not so fast, but some. The good steed is hard pressed. No horse ever did this before. They are even now, Leon and the mare, but see he is gathering for another effort. Can he do it? Slowing he saves himself, while the Black bursts on, yet not one whit ahead. Neck and neck, tail and tail—but he has done it, no one saw how. He gained a half length at a single bound, and beats the mare.

Cortes and his companion draw reign, and slowly come swinging toward the central group. It is the first time the masters have shown their wills over their horses since the start. In that race no need of lash or spur, no need of urgings-on by the rider, but sitting there with the graceful ease of a swaying statue, he throws himself into the motion of the horse, which he never changes, unless to slightly lean and stroke the heated neck of his good one, well knowing that the barb will win, or die in his best to do it.

The Spaniards gather around the master-horse and the master-man, with only praise and caressings for the one, and smiles for the other, while the Gray stands, head low, panting like a hound. A few more short, quick breaths, then one deep drawn, and his head goes half way up. A dozen more short breaths, then one drawn deeper yet, which reaches the very depths of his chest, and he is himself again. With head held high and poised by the gently crested neck, he stands eyeing the far horizon, motionless with only the even movement of his nostrils.

A silver-gray, a trifle taller than his fellows—a little longer legged—a bit more graceful in form, with mane, forelimb and tail of whitest silk. Ears fine, eyes brown, and head broad, and one would say a little rounded, then narrowing to a muzzle small and soft to touch. His throat clean cut and firm, yet roomy, then running to a muzzle small and soft to touch. His throat clean cut and firm, yet roomy, then running to the chin. His head smooth and rounded by well sprung ribs, and firmly coupled to his sinewy hips. His large arms and thighs as hard and white as marble from the quarries of Carrara, and tapering gradually past cordy hock and knee well capped and firm to ankles, turned by Jehovah's wondrous skill no larger than an infant's chubby wrist. His hoofs not large or small but rounded, fresh and strong, and capped at the toe with a band of gold, not running to the heel, but giving perfect freedom to the foot.

Thus he stands, and by his constant motionless gaze one thinks perhaps he dreams of the burning sands of the Barbary states, where when a youngster, he has with his fellows stretched his slender legs for sun baths while he dozed, and at the first whinny of a dam they were up and toward her running as to-day, and till to-day, he had never met his peer. He lowers his head as though with shame.

Immediately the Black comes to him, rubbing her soft nose up along his neck until their slender
muzzles meet. In vain she coaxes for his usual love-whispers and lover's fondlings, for he is again blankly gazing down the distance.

My pretty Black, your lover is vexed, you pressed him too hard in that long race. It wounds his spirit.

And it was noticed at the mounting, when as usual he rubbed his nose on Cortes breast, that he nipped his master's beard. When Cortes, lightly grasping the saddle bow, was swinging to his seat, the horse with a rearing bound, wheeled so unexpectedly that he set the great Don with much emphasis on the flint-like ground.

Then he watched his humble master rise and smiling with his laughing comrades approach him. But when about to grasp his reign, he quickly stepped aside, and thus for a full half hour he trifled with the Spaniard. Vexed and tired of such foolery, for he was no nearer riding home, than when he sat upon the earth, Cortes cried out, "Carlos, I'll give the stallion for the mare." "By the mother of saints, the devil has got him sure. You saw him bite my beard." After mounting the Black, Cortes was charmed to see his friend approach the horse, and mount without resistance.

"Carlos, I say, Don Carlos, if you ever ride that devil into camp, I'll give you back the mare and fill your armour full of gold—beside I'll give you an hundred Astec for your slaves, and a Province for a home. Carlos, do you hear?"

But Carlos did not hear it all. He had seated himself firmly, taken the reigns, given the word, but Leon stood motionless as the Sphinx. He spoke again, and getting no response he struck him angrily with a spur. Great beads of blood followed the cruel wheel as it ripped across the horse's side. Incensed and wild the barb bounded forward, bursting as it did, the saddle girt. The man in his clumsy fall dragged with him saddle, bridle, breastplate and all, and came to the earth with a broken neck. After running a short distance the Gray turned and looked at the horsemen, who with blanched faces, some leading, others riding their horses, were gathering around the unfortunate man. Only an instant he paused, then feeling anew his wounded side, with blood now dripping to the thirsty earth, he whirled and thundered away. At first he made a complete circuit of the group, then another and another. One man spoke of pursuing with the Black, but as they counted the rapidity of his strides, and counted again with amazement, they shook their heads. May as well follow the East winds mounted on a snail, as to follow the Gray with the mare. Some evil spirit lends him wings. Around and around he charged in an ever widening circle. Unhampered by armour or bit he bounded on, silken mane and flowing tail forming fret work against the darkening sky. When darkness came on, the men rode slowly home. The natives often stopped, and shading their dark eyes with their sun-burned hands, gazed with amazement where last the gray God was seen.

When all was quiet in camp, a man put his ear to the ground, and heard, still circling around them, the methodical beating of the stallion's feet. Some natives saw the man and did the same. Their tremblings proved that they feared the monster which was yet abroad.

In the middle of the night a slight earthquake shock was felt. Then one came, louder and brought a rumbling like the sound of many hoof-beats. Some natives shrieked while others swooned. The restless Spaniards uttered a prayer to their most beloved saints, and fell asleep again.

And to this day when an earthquake goes tumbling through the mountain homes of Northern Mexico, the people, some big-eyed, others smiling, exclaim, "The Stallion of Cortes."

A. F. Jenks.

"Do you think there can be a sixth sense?"

"Yes, and it is called nonsense."—Ex.

We are pleased to find A. A. Ebersole's prize oration in the Hillsdale Collegian, headed by his portrait. Mr. E. won first prize at the Inter-collegiate Prohibition contest here last May, and again at the National contest June 20, at Staten Island. We are glad he fought the thing through, rather than yield to arbitration.—Ex.

Many an honest, well-meaning lad has been led on to his ruin by the false and foolish idea that he must measure his conduct by that of his companions. The great trouble with such a young man is that he has set up an absurd standard of conduct. He does not stop to think. He weakly imagines that unless he goes the pace set by those about him, he will be looked down on and despised. There never was a greater mistake than this. Even the most reckless of college boys in his heart secretly admires the student who does his duty to himself and to his superiors, and who lives strictly within the college regulations.—Notre Dame Scholastic.
We publish an article in this issue on college hazing, by Dr. Haskell. If all colleges where hazing is practiced would follow the example of Princeton, there would be a much better condition of things. Hazing is surely unbecoming an institution of modern times, and it should be abolished. Far better is it that college reforms should originate among its students than with the faculty, for when the sentiment is thus created, it is effective and lasting.

The wise student, early in his course, will determine what is to be most beneficial in his education; he will have an end in view, and the means to reach that end. The study of books is, perhaps, the principal feature of the college life; but another thing is helpful. You are in a place necessarily visited by smart, educated men of the day. You are in an institution where there are associates intellectually better, in some lines, than yourself. The general tendency is to be farther to meet such persons, but the sooner that tendency is overcome the better for the individual. Consider the advantages derived from meeting these people and their company, that you may get new ideas and new thoughts. A college graduate is expected to have a well-rounded education, and to be broad in his views, and the benefits derived from meeting people of the right class cannot be over-estimated.

This year should not pass without Kalamazoo College being numbered among those institutions comprising the Inter-Collegiate Athletic Association. It has been the talk, for a number of years, to join, and once or twice steps were taken toward it, and, with a little more perseverance, we might have succeeded. This year let us take hold of it, determined to succeed. It is time to arrange matters now. We should not wait until spring before attempting it. In our local field day last year many of our records were the first in the state, and there is no reason why, if we join the Association, we cannot carry away some of the prizes. There is material here which, if developed, is equal to any in the state. You who are athletes should be practicing all winter in the gymnasium, in order to be ready when the contest comes. Make a specialty of that which you can do best; no one can excel in everything. If you do this, Kalamazoo College will cope with its sister institutions with small fear of defeat.

During the last month we, as college students, have lost some of the most illustrious college men, —men whose lives have come in contact with their
fellow-men to make them better. Oliver Wendell Holmes, a son of Harvard, was a man who conveyed instruction by the most winsome of methods. Drink when you will at the fountain of his writings, and you will be refreshed by its wholesome cheer and its pure and keen wit. He was not only one of our finest humorists, but also a most fascinating essayist, an excellent story-teller, an able scientist, and a profound philosopher. Someone has said of him: "There seemed no limitations set upon his genius of interpreting nature and man into loveliness and light and smiling truth." He was an honor to his country and a blessing to his race. Another cultured man, Prof. David Swing, whose influence was greatest in Chicago, but whose reputation has been far-reaching, died at his home, October 3. Plans are already being made to erect a memorial chapel in his honor at Chicago University. In another column reference is made to one of our own Michigan men, Professor Estabrook, a man who has been linked with the educational and Christian interests of our state perhaps to a greater degree than any other man.

Miss Swartout, in confidence, to the class in beginning German: "Ich habe geliebt, last week. It is all over and done with now."

A college genius has invented a new joke. Why in the sentence "Dickey milks the cow" is cow a pronoun? Because it stands for Dickey.

The freshmen elected the following officers:—
Pres.—Thomas, Vice-President—A. G. Newberry, Treasurer—Miss Sinclair, Secretary—Miss Brown.

The pictures of views around Niagara mentioned by Miss Bennett, in the Toronto trip in our last issue, have been received, some of which are very fine.

The Ladies' Hall boys again demonstrated that their fare is a good producer of athletic vigor, by defeating the O. K. eating club in a hotly contested game of ball.

There will surely be one hotly contested debate this year. The Philos and Sherwoods have agreed to a joint debate. It will probably take place some time in the winter term.

In spite of all the sickness in school the past months, the sanitary officers pronounce all the buildings and surroundings to the college, to be in first-class sanitary condition.

The Euodelpian Correspondence Bureau has been carrying on flourishing business. Letters have been received from Miss Cobb, Miss Wood, Miss Ada Hutchins, and Miss Freeman.

Blood will tell. D. T. Magill writes that he and John Smith of the Junior class in Newton Center Theological Seminary, Mass., helped defeat the Senior class of that institution in a game of base ball.

It looks as though it might be necessary to have a lock and key on the wardrobes of the lower building. An overcoat was taken during recitations a few days ago and so far no trace of it has been found.

Home, beautiful home, we are all looking forward to a home. *. *
But be careful in making your choice, not to be carried away by a pretty face. —Extract from a speech of A. G. Newberry.

Locked doors, watermelons, grapes, ten o'clock and all the other necessary paraphernalia for a "spread," and then a boy wonders why he did not sleep well, and feels as though he might be on the verge of an attack of something.
The Enrodelphians met at the Ladies' Hall Saturday evening, Oct. 7, for the purpose of reviewing Kingsley's "Hypatia" in order to more fully appreciate the fine program given Oct. 19, arranged from topics in connection with the book.

The Freshman class has carried off the honors this fall in base ball. A combination of the Juniors and Seniors failed to defeat the Sophomores; but when the victorious class crossed bats with the "Freshes," they met their Waterloo, the Freshmen easily defeating them.

The foot-ball team is doing good work now. Thursday the 26th they defeated the city Y. M. C. A. team 16 to 0. We have a stronger and heavier team than ever before, and the boys back of it are the right men for the place. Games are being arranged with other college teams.

We are glad to know that students need not leave the city after graduation to find a field of development and usefulness. Miss Taylor, class of '04 who is staying at her home in the city this year, is teaching in the Y. W. C. A. night school.

The Sophomores have elected the following officers:—Pres., E. E. Ford, Vice-President, Miss Florence La Tourette, Secretary and historian, Miss Louise Wheeler. They have made a new departure in the election of a historian. A record is to be kept of each member of the class, during the four year's course, and at the end it is to be read at the class banquet.

A senior member of the Physics class had a dream, and his roommate says that this is what he heard: "A couple—I wonder—if—it's—all—so. Two—all—intensely directed—powers. You—can—destroy—they—but—they—still—keep—on—going. I—wonder—where. Their—resultant—did—they—say—they—had—resultant? I—don't know—I—wish—I—did. This is all that was heard and—well we wonder too.

The students who have missed their church home during the first of the term, while the First Baptist Church was repairing, will appreciate it all the more, now that it has been recarpeted and redecorated. The students should remember that unless they have other church affiliations, this is the natural place for them to attend, and that the church people are ready to give them a hearty welcome, and a pleasant church home during their school life.

Rev. J. A. Johnston attended chapel exercises recently.

S. A. Remington, class of '94, is teaching in Montana this year.

M. C. Warwick, of Plainwell, is again among us pursuing his studies.

Miss Ellen M. Freeman is carrying on her art work this year in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Miss Edith Cobb is attending the training school at her home in Grand Rapids.

Messrs. McDougall, McKay and McMullen attended the Y. M. C. A. convention at Ann Arbor.

Mrs. Culp, of Athens, was the guest of her daughter, Miss Marie, at the Hall a few days last month.

Eugene Haines is taking his theological course at Rochester, not at Hamilton, as stated in the last issue.

Miss Anna Warwick represented our college Y. W. C. A. at the state convention, at Bay City, October 11-14.

G. M. Hudson continues his pastorate at Dowagiac, but this year and henceforth he will have an assistant.

J. E. Smith and D. T. Magill, class of '94, and W. H. Mays are pursuing their theological studies at Newton Center.

Miss Caroline Taylor, class of '94, attended the wedding of her class-mate, G. M. Hudson, at Schoolcraft, October 4.

Dr. Slocum attended several sessions of the Y. M. C. A. convention at Ann Arbor, and also the Baptist state convention at Lansing.

C. J. Kurtz, class of '94, is attending the Northwestern Medical College, Chicago. H. A. Waterman and A. M. Wheeler are there also, and Dick Westedge is at Rush Medical College.

Rev. R. E. Manning, of Detroit, on his way home from the last convocation of Chicago University, made Kalamazoo College a visit. The students greatly enjoyed his little talk at the end of chapel exercises.
Hymeneal.

At eight o'clock on Wednesday evening, October 10, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Smith, of Hichory Corners, their daughter, Emma, who is a former student of the College, was married to Mr. Bert Pennock, of Delton, Mich. The house was prettily decorated with autumn leaves and flowers. Rev. J. A. Johnston, of Kalamazoo, performed the ceremony, which was witnessed by the relatives and a few friends of the bride and groom. After refreshments had been served, Mr. and Mrs. Pennock went to their new home in Delton.

At noon on the 3d of October occurred an event that was of much interest to the class of '94 as well as to many other college students. It was the marriage of Miss Mildred Gilchrist to Mr. Grant Martin Hudson, '94. The marriage occurred at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Gilchrist, of Schoolcraft, in the presence of a large company of friends. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Hudson, a brother of the groom, in a very beautiful and impressive manner. After the congratulations,—when every one had kissed the bride and shaken hands with the groom,—the wedding repast was served. The tables were beautifully decorated with pink and white roses. Later in the afternoon, when the guests took their departure, they did so with many wishes of a bright and happy future for Mr. and Mrs. Hudson.

Professor J. Estabrook.

Remarks, in substance, of Professor Haskell, at the Chapel service:

The cause of education in Michigan sustains a great loss in the death of this honored member of the faculty of Olivet College. The schools of the state and of the Christian denominations share the loss alike. No man survives him who has been in positions and possessed the qualities for rendering helpful service to so many teachers and scholars. Commencing in boyhood, and educating himself by his earnings, he taught in Michigan more than fifty years. After graduating at Oberlin, he entered our higher schools as superintendent at Ypsilanti, from which position he was appointed principal of the State Normal School, and filled the office with such public appreciation as to be continued in it for a long period. From this place he was elected State Superintendent of Public Instruction, and popularly re-elected for successive terms until called to his professorship at Olivet. In this office he was brought into direct contact with all the teachers and schools of the state, through general and institute services. And his work and influence was of the best. At Olivet he was charged with organizing and conducting Normal work, and to his influence in this, added to his large acquaintance and attractive personality, it is owing, in a good degree, that the attendance of students there is so greatly increased.

Professor Estabrook has been distinguished as a Christian educator. Through most of his life he combined the ministerial with the teaching office, and he was never satisfied unless laboring to win souls. That students should be Christians and Christian students should be devoted to the highest usefulness, was, with him, the supreme thing. In his supply of pulpits he was instrumental in fruitful upgrowths of religious interest; as notably at Wayne, Clinton and other places. When reminded by a rich relative that he was not making much money, his repartee was: "Not: I do not make money; I make men." And all who have known him will say that his part in making good men and good women was well done. And in the teacher's most responsible calling, not to speak of wide influence upon others, how many thousands are they on whom he has thus wrought. In these, and the numberless ones whom they have influenced and shall influence, as the stream widens and flows on forever, the good worker will still be in the fields of earth, while in heaven he cannot but be one among those of whom it is said: "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever." To the young it is a powerful inspiration when such a man receives his high promotion to service in other worlds.

College Chapel.

What relation has the chapel hour to the student's school life? How often he feels that he has not the time to attend chapel, that he must stay in his room, and grind, or worse still, he attends in body, but not in spirit, spending the time studying. He gains little by that fifteen minutes study, but loses much by failing to be present. Often the announcement of an oration on strikes or tariff, is the signal to the student for settling placidly into a book, and he only awakens to hear, "I think there are no further announcements this morning." We all know by experience how hard it is to deliver an oration to an audience,
which is not sympathetic, or even attentive, and the least we can do to show our appreciation of the hard work, which has evidently been put on the production, is to pay strict attention when it is delivered. Who can tell but that some day, we may discover that we have been "entertaining angels unawares," or in other words, that by means of the training on our college platform, some of our number may blossom into orators, of whom we may all be proud.

Chapel hymns are a training in their way, if only to induce the student to remain standing, while the choir sings the final "Amen." The proper rendering of a hymn, is an accomplishment open to every Kalamazoo student, who avails himself of the opportunity which the chapel hour affords. Our souls are elevated, and our hearts cheered, if we enter into the spirit of these songs.

The Scripture reading and prayer, are just the right beginning for the day. Our students come from homes where family worship is observed every morning, and our chapel devotions take the place of this. We cannot afford to miss this little opportunity every morning, of putting ourselves in a right frame of mind for the day.

And certainly, it is all important for us to hear, at least once a week, a minute description of the size of paper, and the width of the margin, necessary for our chapel orations. The morning one "bolts" chapel, he is sure to miss the announcement of a Freshman class meeting or a Prohibition Club meeting—a most serious loss.

Chapel hour is the only time in the day, when our forces are collected, students and teachers meet together, and we feel the day's duties fittingly entered upon. So let us be thankful for the chapel hour, and take our bodies and minds both there, to receive all the benefit available.

Pauline La Tourette.

PRINCETON STUDENTS ON HAZING.

At last there is the dawn of civilization in college students. What is reported as a strong unanimous action of the students of Princeton College in supression of hazing, is the best announcement we have seen among the good things connected with the opening of the college year. Prompted it is said by influential friends of the college in New York, the students manfully enlisted in a new array, whose banner read, "No more hazing in this college." It is the right power applied to a work of correction, which has proved difficult, and, if true to its proclamation, it cannot but be effective.

It was the principle of the late Professor Olney, urged for adoption in the faculty of our university, that the students as a body, especially those of the Sophomore classes, should be held to account for any act calling for discipline, committed in the form of hazing. That each individual in the class should have ample opportunity to clear himself of complicity in the offence, but that on those not thus acquitted, the appropriate penalty should fall. This unusual course in treating misdemeanors being justified and necessary, on account of the class usage in the case. As bands of marauders are held to account for what one or more of their number do, of the crimes for which they are banded. Happier and more easily successful than for the government of a college to resort to, this mode of action is the voluntary acceptance of the principle by the students, and making it prohibitory.

How the vandalism, licensing its criminality too often to deeds fatal to life, and generally to actionable trespass on property, and assault on the person, has perpetuated itself so long under the Christian civilization, and obtruded itself into the social life of brethren in Christ, is an enigma too deep for solution, unless it is accounted for by the presence at our feasts of knowledge of the interloper, who "came also among" the sons of Job, at their gathering, to prompt mischief.

A good conscience will never condone abusive and criminal acts. It is easy to see why the son of a wealthy state official, licensed by his class in Brown University, having allowed himself to insult a poor freshman struggling to pay his way, years afterwards felt himself bound to make a most humble confession and plea for forgiveness, before his poor brother. Such is the difference between the play in brotherly life that gives joy and happy remembrance, and the recklessness of rowdism which leaves wrangling compunctions.

Which next of the colleges will have the honor done it by its students of floating this new and welcome flag? Better still to be a college whose students have no call to form such an array.—S. Haskell.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Time is the essential basis of Rhythm.

Logic is the procession or proportionate unfolding of the intuition.—Emerson.
Among musicians we want more sound judgment, and less volatile opinion.—Julius Klauer.

Whatever produces or expresses succession of moments of time, furnishes a basis for rhythmic feeling.—Calvin B. Cady.

Music is a language; it should be taught and studied as such; we listen to it, hear it, think it, speak or interpret it, read it, and write it.

The greatest advantage a writer can derive from the study of music is, that it teaches most exquisitely the art of development.—Beaconsfield.

When the ear exactly co-ordinates a series of sounds and silences with primary reference to their duration, the result is a conception of Rhythm.—Sydney Lanier.

Rhythm is universal and unceasing. From the center of our globe to the uttermost limits of the region of the stars, every atom of the universe is alive with movements of regular recurrence.—P. C. Koble.

As a sign of devotion to music, and as a guide in musical expression, we want judgment and intellect in place of intuition, spinal sensation, and sickly emotion; for intelligence alone, educates, purifies and refines the emotions, and the imagination.

Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

Remember:—Every Wednesday afternoon at 3:45 in the Eurodelphian Hall.

Miss Charlotte Cary, state secretary, favored the college association with a visit early in the term.

The Y. W. C. A. has been glad to welcome new members this term. Every young woman does well to identify herself with this society, immediately upon entering college.

The program committee has planned to make every third meeting educational in character. The History of Missions will be the general topic for these meetings, during the first part of the year.

Miss Anna Warwick, our delegate to the state convention at Bay City, October 12–14, brought back reports of a very interesting and profitable meeting. Among the speakers were Mrs. William Boyd, member of the World’s Committee, Y. W. C. A., and Miss Effie Price, Secretary International Committee, Y. W. C. A.

The Star has again arisen upon the University of Omaha. We invoke for it a bright and prosperous course.

“And do you find marriage so very elevating?”

“Indeed I do, since I have been married I have lived on the second floor.”—Life.

The Notre Dame Scholastic gives a symposium on the question,—Which is more conceited, man or woman? The question is still debatable.

The American Messenger contains a helpful lesson entitled “Cut the other way, too.” The text is a mowing machine knife, sharpened on both sides.

Let us learn that the word “outcast” does not belong to the Christian’s vocabulary. The term was coined by Satan, and is blindly echoed by society.—D. E. Evans in College Days.

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According to the Crescent, Wutappetulququi-umnookwehtunkquok is the longest word in Elliot's Indian Bible. We refer it to the Sophomore class for pronunciation.

Do not be content with one, two or three blows for the right. Strike and strike and strike again until the day is won.—F. E. Clark at C. E. Convention at Cleveland.

We clip the following from the "Telegraph" of October 8: A. E. Jenks and J. B. Fox went to Irons yesterday. Mr. Jenks will visit his aunt and sister, the latter being a former student of the Kalamazoo College. Query: Who did Mr. Fox go to visit?

"Strike, strike in the name of the Lord.
Strike again for the principles that have made you strong.
Strike once more for converted loyalty and outspoken devotion and definite service.
Strike again for Christian Citizenship, and the extension of the Kingdom in all lands.

Foot-Ball Medley:—What center won't Lienau buck when Bullock and Blanchard are guards? Well, yes, but how about Miller and Warwick for tackles? And when the opposing team make end plays, why Edburg and Yaple are there, and they just don't do it. It may be a Stripp we have for quarter, but we know he's all right when Boyden and Captain Westnedge are with him for halves. And then we need not worry about our goal when Clark plays full.

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A REVIEW.

The importance of the study of Music is not well appreciated in this world of ours. By the majority it is considered simply a means for amusement and recreation. Dr. Ralph Dunstan in a recent paper read before the Tonic Sol Faists at Sheffield, England, contends that the training of the ear, the fingers, and the perceptions, is education of the highest order and value.

We give from three to five years daily study to the subject of Mathematics or History, in our advanced schools of learning, before we feel in any degree that mastery of the subject that will permit of further independent research; but no the subject of Music we give one lesson once a week, at the most two a week, with intermittent preparation of the subject during the week, and then expect the music teacher to turn out finished players in two or three years. Three years—in which time the student of Music has had from thirty to forty lessons each year, while the student of History has had five times as many lessons at daily intervals, hence constant contact with the teacher and daily direction and correction of work. It is a wonder to every thoughtful person that as much is accomplished as we find done.

The subject of Music is worthy of consideration if rightly viewed. It is invaluable in developing the rhythmic element in a student. The Greeks fully realized this.

"They believed that the spirit of the young was elevated, and that they became rhythmical and harmonious in mind and manner, as they were instructed in the art of Rhythm and Melody, and as their ear was trained to a feeling of the measure." In the Phædrus, Plato says: "They make Rhythm and Harmony familiar to the souls of boys, that they may grow more gentle and graceful and harmonious, and so be of service both in words and deeds; for the whole life of man stands in need of grace and harmony."

The importance of the study of Harmony to a student of Music, can not be too strongly emphasized: for in this the student comes to a larger
development and understanding of the musical content of a composition, and can give something beside a sense discrimination to a work.

The world is coming to realize that Music is in the individual not in the piano. Music has meant a study of the pianoforte, and we have come to speak lightly of the singing-schools of former years. But in the principles contained in that old fashioned but helpful custom of singing do, re, me’s by class work, lies the hope of the future. We are the victims of the piano, and as soon as this is realized, and steps taken to understand Music and its relation to the individual, we shall have true musicians.

In full sympathy with such a work on advanced lines is Mr. Calvin B. Cady, of the Auditorium Conservatory of Music in Chicago. A man whose life is full of activity and constant service in the cause to which he is devoted. By that cause is meant the ennobling of the art of music, and making it worthy of the serious consideration of the educators of our country. A man whose singleness of purpose in this direction is an inspiration to all who come in contact with him. To impart to the readers of the Index some idea of the work he is doing, is the purpose of this review.

It is undertaken with hesitation, and a fear that this short article will prove insufficient to have condensed in it one month's daily work with Mr. Cady, taken last July. Nearly twenty years ago when he returned from an extended course of music study in Germany, he felt great dissatisfaction with his work when he came to teach others. Since that time he has been at work on a logical presentation of the subject of music. He said to the class: “I have no method,” elaborating then on the duty of the individual teacher, to apply certain principles in the best way to fit the needs of the pupil with whom he had to do. “I have a system” he said, and he demonstrated the truth of this statement during the course of study. He made plain to the class that in the New Education the principle of education from within obtains, as worked out by Froebel in the Kindergarten. Whether the child be seven or seventy the duty of the teacher is to unfold or uncover the capacity of the child to think truthfully, to perceive, conceive and bring to manifestation ideas. As music is idea, to develop music as idea is to develop musical consciousness, to develop musical consciousness is to develop a conception of music. The world’s thought of music, he said, had been by some considered to be the pastime of an idle hour, the empty recreation of a leisure too luxurious to attempt power of persistent thought; again by some conceived to be the language of emotion. Not thus had it been regarded by the poets, who were, he said, “true seers.”

Milton: “Ring out ye crystal Spheres,
    Once bless our human ears,
    If ye have power to touch our senses so;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time,
And let the bass of heaven’s deep organ blow:
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full concerts to the angelic symphony.”

Mr. Cady believes that as in music is mirrored man’s universe and humanity, as existent in his own consciousness, the inner essential conditions of sorrow as well as joy, here we have the field for the Romanticist; to make sorrow beautiful, to lift pain into pleasure. The divinity of music is only perceived when it lifts man into an ideal condition of existence; the field for the Classicist. The real condition of a man who does not do this is compared to that of one who is only a sealer of wood and drawer of water.

Music according to Mr. Cady is a threefold unity of Rhythm, Harmony and Melody. With the children in an analysis class, he did most interesting work in what he calls “unfolding.” These children came to him daily, and with them he proceeded from the known to the unknown, giving them simple melodies or tunes at first, then developing the rhythmic content, and later the harmonic. As the voice is the natural means of expression which they possess, they sing them for him and make use of the piano last of all in reproducing the melodies. He took pains to impress upon the children that the piano did not contain the music, it was but a means of expression, like the voice, for that which was in their own thought. Only by such work and the development of musical concepts, are we ever to have a musical nation. The ear has been too much neglected in this study of music. The average piano student finds it difficult, sometimes impossible, to reproduce with his own voice, a simple melody which he has heard.

Mr. Cady is a firm believer in the principles of the Tonic Sol Fa System. When we know that the prizes at the World’s Fair, for the best work in sight-reading, intonation and general excellence in chorus sing-
ing were carried off by the Swedish singing societies of Scranton, Pennsylvania, who use this system, it surely demonstrates its fitness for use. With the present understanding that reading music by position is well enough, as held by most singing teachers, we have no foundation for the music of the future. As one saw the work done by Mr. Cady with the children's classes, he realized that with such instruction and careful development of the musical consciousness of the child, would come the composers and artists of the future.

The subject of Rhythm and its relation to music is again a revelation to the student with Mr. Cady. We have talked of time in music so long and so much that the underlying thought of the Rhythm of music has well nigh been lost to sight. Few students have any conception of the real rhythmic succession and unity of weak and strong pulses, in a musical composition. The measured beat or pulse which marks the character and expression of music, is not clearly brought out. The Rhythm of poetry is often better taught and understood. Here again Mr. Cady brings in a Kindergarten principle in the swinging the pulses of a melody, by using a circle in what has been called “beating the time.” That which has neither beginning nor end, which gives to us always the sense of progression, and expresses to us the succession of moments of time, hence an idea of eternity, gives to the world music as the highest expression of Art. It deals with concepts apart from space, wholly in time, purely abstract and in rhythmic form. As a teacher of any branch of learning, the responsibilities of the work must impress him who undertakes it, with the knowledge of the opportunities offered for influencing other minds, and unfolding new truths, so the flood of light and corresponding wealth of opportunities for unfolding truth to the student of music, is overwhelming to those who work with Mr. Cady. The possibilities of the subject are not to be grasped in a month,—no, not in years.

Lelia A. Stevens.

BOSTON.—ON A WHEEL.

Since Boston is considered the hub of the universe, it will not be inappropriate to take a trip about the city on a wheel. We will find it a cheap, comfortable and convenient kind of conveyance. Those readers of the INDEX who have not visited Boston, may find it worth their while to accompany me on a short visit to a few of the many interesting places in and about this wonderful and beautiful city.

A boy born and bred in Michigan, finds something of interest at every turn, but we cannot stop to notice the minor points for we have but a few hours in which to visit some of the most noted features of this Modern Athens.

While we are getting our wheels ready, I will make a few introductory remarks. First, Boston streets are not laid out according to the western rod and chain. If you find a street running north and south or east and west you may make up your mind that it was not made so intentionally. If you find a single street running in the same direction for more than 80 rods, and with the same name attached to it all the way, you have struck an exception to the rule. For this reason, we will not attempt to name the streets over which we pass in getting from one point to another, for if we did the INDEX would have copy enough to complete the remaining numbers of this volume. Secondly, the streets, especially in the business portion, are quite narrow, so that, on busy days, travel is very slow and difficult.

Perhaps as convenient a place to begin our visit as any is old Faneuil Hall, so well known to the student of American History as the “Cradle of Liberty.” It is not exactly modern in architecture for it was built in 1740. In color it is dull gray looking, as though it was conscious of its age and dignity. The first floor of the building is occupied by busy markets, and above is the hall itself which is reached by a stairway from without. The hall inside is quite plain, decorated for the most part with white paint, and on either side a row of columns supporting the gallery which extends around three sides of the room. If these walls could re-vibrate and give back the words which have been spoken in their presence, they would repeat the thrilling oratory of Revolutionary leaders, of Daniel Webster, Charles Sumner, Louis Kossuth and others of world note. But although the voices are not heard, the faces of many are present, for upon the walls are portraits of Faneuil, Hancock, Warren, Everett, Andrew, the Adamses, Lincoln and Washington, with many others, while back of the platform is the great painting of “Webster Replying to Hayne.” It does not take long to catch the spirit of the place, and we find ourselves running over in our minds the historical events connected with this grand old hall. But after we have entered our names in the visitors
register we must leave, for there are other places to
to visit and we cannot spend too much time here.

We will next ride over to Copley Square and
visit the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. In archi-
tecture the building is of Italian Gothic, unique
and attractive. Here is the principle art collec-
tion of New England. The first floor is devoted
to sculpture including a fine collection of Egyptian
antiquities with casts of Egyptian Sculpture.
There are also over a hundred casts of Greecian
and Italian sculpture, many pieces of Etruscan and
Phcenician wares and a cast of the second Ghiberti
bronze gate of the baptistry in Florence. A splen-
did opportunity is given to study from casts, the
masterpieces of Phidias, Michael Angelo and
other old masters. Mummies and mummy cases
with their hieroglyphics, ancient coins, canopic
vases, amulets, and sepulchral figures furnish
a collection of great educational importance. There
are thirty casts from the walls of the Alhambra
and many antique and mediaval fragments.

On the second floor is a large collection
of paintings. There are pictures by Corot, Coutre,
Francois, Millot, Dore, Vedder and Bridgman. Here
will be found Stuart’s magnificent picture of Wash-
ington and several paintings by celebrated Venetian
artists. Reubens, Kuysdael and Kalb are represen-
ted by their work. In the collection of textiles and
furniture there are some fine specimens of Flemish
tapestry, once the property of Louis Philippe;
Gobelin tapestry of the Fifteenth Century; Persian
fabrics; Italian, Moorish, Greek, Japanese, Turkish
and American embroideries. Many days might be
spent with profit in this interesting building but
we must again mount our wheels.

No one visiting Boston should neglect seeing
the Public Garden. Once a marsh that was an eye-
sore to Boston’s population, it is now I believe,
the most beautiful spot of all the city. To the
writer, this garden, in the beauty of its landscape,
surpasses anything of its kind at the World’s Fair.
The trees of numerous varieties, the beautiful vines,
the beds of tropical plants, foreign and domestic,
(with their botanical names all attached that would
take a man of average intelligence several weeks
to pronounce,) the carpet like lawn, the fountains
in full play, the little body of water at the center
with its parties of swans and canoied pleasure
boats, together furnish a scene that ought to
awaken the aesthetic nature of every sleeping soul
that enters within its borders.

Across the mall to the east is the famous old
Boston Common, which, perhaps, is the place most
dear to the Boston people. The Common was laid
out in 1640 as a “training field and for the feeding
of cattle,” and fenced in 1734. Here stood the
grainary, almshouse, gunhouse, whipping
post and pillory. In 1775-76, the Common
was a fortified camp with strong batteries-garri-
sioned by 1700 British soldiers. The forces for
the attack on Louisburg assembled here in 1745.
Lord Amherst’s British army, the flower of Marl-
borough’s veterans, encamped here before advan-
cing to the conquest of Canada in 1759. The
Common covers forty-eight acres. It is a natural
park of considerable beauty, containing over one
thousand fine old elms. Five malls or broad
walks bordered with trees, surround it, adding
much to its appearance. Evidently frog ponds
are not so common here as in Michigan, for with-
in the limits of this famous ground is a pond
bearing that name. I think it poorly named, how-
ever, for I watched it some time one day to get
the slightest glimpse of a pair of bulging eyes or
hear a familiar bass voice chuckling good-nature-
dy, but not a trace of his kindly features
appeared. On the hill near the pond is a soldiers’
and sailors’ monument, dedicated in 1877.

On summer Sunday afternoons, the Common
is used for band concerts and out-door preaching.
Almost any other day in pleasant weather, may
be seen groups of boys engaged in games, while
stretched out upon the grass are numerous illy-
clad men and boys either tired from work or con-
stitutionally too tired to work. We might stop
and watch the boys play foot-ball or lacrosse, but
instead we will turn our wheels toward Charleston.

After fifteen or twenty minutes ride, we see
in front of us a white granite obelisk lifting its
head high above an eminence not far distant, and
we immediately conclude that it is Bunker Hill
monument. Here, then, is that memorable spot
which has justly claimed mention in history since
June 17, 1775. At the foot of the monument is a
bronze statue of Col. Wm. H. Prescott. With
drawn sword it seems to guard the sacred ground
from the approach of an enemy. All is silent now,
and the grass upon the hill, though once dyed
crimson with the blood of 450 American patriots,
is to-day the beautiful color nature gave it, uncon-
cious of the struggle that once threatened our
national life. With twenty cents we purchase the
privilege of ascending 204 steps by the winding
stairway, and at the summit, 221 feet from the
ground, though weary from the journey, we enjoy
a magnificent view of Boston, Charleston and
Boston harbor, with its multitude of vessels preparing for, or returning from, the sea. We take in the panorama until our eyes are weary also, but before leaving our elevated station we cannot refrain from singing a familiar college song and almost spontaneously the voices of three loyal Kalamazoo men echo and re-echo down the central shaft and we hear the applause of other enthusiastic visitors coming up from beneath. Some of the relics (old cannon, etc., connected with the battle,) we might speak about if space permitted.

There is one other place we must not fail to visit. Thus far we have been looking at living Boston. It now becomes our sad, yet interesting privilege to take a brief view of the counterpart of Boston alive—Boston dead. I refer to Mount Auburn Cemetery. After a five mile run over fine roads and through delightful surroundings, we come to this most beautiful city of slumber. A high iron fence surrounds the cemetery. We pass through the gate and are at once struck with the great beauty of the place, and one wonders how eternal sleep can be anything but peaceful amid such surroundings. We pass along the avenues and paths, all beautifully arranged and bearing, for the most part, the names of flowers and trees. On Indian Ridge, as we wander on, we come suddenly face to face with the word “Longfellow,” on a white block of New England granite cut into the shape of a sarcophagus. Can this be our beloved poet? On the other side we find the answer. “Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, born 1807, died 1882.” The only other words are on one end, “Dux Rex, Lux, Lex,” in the form of a cross with the letter “x” at the center. It is difficult for us to believe that we are standing so near the remains of one whose name is so dear to the nation and whose poetry is on the lips of every student of American literature. In another part of the cemetery we find the graves of Charles Sumner, Rufus Choate and Edward Everett, a trio of orators and statesmen whose eloquence has stirred the hearts and kindled patriotism in many an American breast. There are also monuments to N. P. Willis, Wm. Ellery Channing, Edwin Booth and the great Jean Louis Rodolphe Agassiz, names that stand for something more than a mere existence, lives that have been worth living both to themselves and to others. But there are two other stones we have been looking for and are unable to find. Finally, however, following the directions of one of the laborers, we discover under some low, branching trees, a small head stone (an old-fashioned slate slab), no more than two and a half feet high, and on it the simple inscription: “Sacred to the memory of James Russell Lowell, born 1819, died 1891; and of his wife, Maria White, born 1821, died 1853, and also of his second wife, Francis Dunlap, born 1825, died 1885. The grave is not far from Longfellow’s, and the ground is nearly bare, as if the grass had been worn off by the tread of many feet. Here in this quiet spot, without show or splendor, lies the body of one of the greatest of American poets.

Attracted by the sound of a mallet, we walk in that direction and discover a man at work cutting a name into a simple white head stone. We sit down and spell the word as he chips out the stone. The first word is finished—Oliver—and now that we have found the final resting place of the late Oliver Wendell Holmes. Again it is the simplest inscription. Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes; three friends, so dear to each other in life and dearer still in the closer fellowship of eternity.

When one sees the simplicity and lack of show about the graves of such men of honor, and then beholds the great monuments and display over some, known only to a few friends and with no record worth mentioning, we are led to exclaim: the best monument to a good man consists of the deeds done or the words spoken which have helped another soul to higher thinking and truer living.

JOHN E. SMITH.

FLOWERS ON A WATERY GRAVE.

’Tis the unknown, untold story
Of a heart that’s broken;
’Tis the stricken’d love of woman
Bringing its sweet token.
Now her beauteous eyes are gazing
Where the wild wind wave sigheth
And she breathes “Oh good boat ‘Ferry’
Bear me where he lieth.”
Curious eyes behold with wonder
Asking “what’s her history?”
“Who is she?” and “what her sorrow?”
True, ’tis much a mystery.
All her maiden grace is blighted
By dark signs of grieving;
Ah! youth’s loved, and buried treasure
Is beyond retrieving.
She with hopeless, girlish heart,
Futile vigil keepeth;
Hie, the loved and lost, lies lowly
Where the deep flood sleeppeth.
Oh, that look of nameless passion
That her fair face weareth!
Blue forget-me-nots, so tender,
In her hand she beareth.
Still her eager eyes are searching
O'er the weird, cruel wave.
From her hand she casts the flowers
On her lover's grave.
'Tis the unknown, untold story
Of a heart that's broken:
'Tis the stricken'd love of woman
Bringing its sweet token.
—H. E. McGrath.

WAS IT A BURGLAR?

One cold morning in December, when Fred Warley walked down to his office, he found a letter waiting for him. It bore the postmark M——, Wis. He had scarcely heard from the place since he left it more than two years before, to seek his fortune in one of the growing cities of the far west. So he hastily tore open the envelope and this is what he read:

M——, Wis., Dec. 13, 188——

Dear Old Boy:

Have been thinking about you considerably lately. Want to see you awfully. Can't you come and spend Christmas and New Years with us? Sister Nell will be home for a few weeks, from the South and she intends to bring a friend with her. I am sure we can have some jolly times. Now, don't refuse, but be sure and come the 24th. Send word that we may know when to meet you.

Cordially, your old friend,

ELBERT MARSDEN.

"Well," mused the recipient of the letter, "I believe I'll go. I haven't had a vacation since I've been here and I think it's about time I had one. How pleasant it will be to have a good visit with Marsden. We had some pretty good times together in M——; I don't believe I shall ever come across another fellow quite like him. And how hard we worked to form that C. O. E. Club; I wonder how it's coming on. Twas all the boys could do to meet the expenses when I left. Twas lucky they weren't in debt for the club-house. That room of mine was a pleasant one. And I furnished it at my own expense, too. Well, maybe I'll have a chance to occupy it soon. Anyway, I believe I'll go. I wonder how 'twould do to surprise Marsden. If his sister is coming home there's no danger but that he'll be there, so I'll run no risk of missing him. Yes, I think I'll do it."

Thus it was decided, and the morning of the 23rd found Fred Warley on the east-bound train going to visit his old friend. He had sent no word and his mind often turned to the anticipated meeting and in imagination he saw the look of surprise and pleasure with which his friend would greet him.

On the outskirts of the city of M—— is the building owned by the C. O. E. Club. The Club maintained the establishment for a year or so, but for some reason the numbers diminished until there were so few left that they decided to close the house.

But the house was not long closed. There came to M—— a man by the name of Smith. He had been proprietor of a summer hotel in the neighboring resort of F—— and was now seeking to find an opening for a similar establishment. He learned of the vacant club house and it occurred to him that he might establish there a fashionable boarding house.

So he negotiated with the club, rented the house and, at the end of the summer season, removed his family, consisting of a wife and two daughters, to the city and they proceeded to put the house in readiness. He advertised well and at first the boarding house promised to be very popular but after a month or so the boarders began to leave, giving as their excuse that the distance from business was too great. Mr. Smith thought that an evil genius presided over the house and that anything undertaken within its walls would be a failure. Mrs. Smith thought no one was to blame but Mr. Smith himself.

But however that may be, before Christmas came all the boarders were gone and no one remained with the family except a cousin who was to stay until after the holidays.

Now Mr. Smith had some business to do in F—— and it had been planned that he and his wife should go down together on Monday for that purpose, coming back the next morning. There would then be time enough to get ready for Christmas which would be on Wednesday. The three girls, Lillian, Frances, and Minnie would be left alone. But they were very brave. What fun it would be to stay in the great house all alone! So it happened that when night came the girls were alone and still very brave. All the doors were securely fastened and soon after nine o'clock the girls had gone to their rooms. Lillian occupied one next to Frances and Minnie about half way up the hall. The room in which Lillian was to spend the night was heated by a register between her room and the room in which the other girls were. To
The silence was oppressive. What if something should happen to them? A burglar might come. To be sure there wasn’t so very much in the house for a burglar to get. But then how could he know that? If one should come what would she do? She opened her eyes and looked around the room to see what would be available as a weapon if she should be attacked. For, of course, a real live burglar would try to kill her. There were some books on the table, but books are awkward things to throw and she wasn’t sure that throwing something would be the proper way of defending herself.

Why, how foolish she was to be thinking of such things. It was not at all likely that anything of the sort would happen. But how still it was. She thought she would speak to the girls. Then she thought it would frighten them, too, if she suggested being afraid. So she tried to continue her reading. She read a few lines without knowing a word she read. Some way her thoughts would wander away to the burglar. What if he should climb up and try to get in at her window. Hark! what was that? It sounded like a door opening and shutting. Was it her imagination? She could keep still no longer.

“Girls,” she whispered through the register.

“Did you hear anything?”

Before the girls had time to reply her alert ears caught a sound on the stairs. Some one surely was coming up.

A whisper came, “Yes, listen!—What shall we do?”

“Let’s wait and see what he does.”

Yes, it certainly must be the burglar for a step was now heard distinctly at the upper end of the hall. Now he was turning a knob. He couldn’t get in for all the rooms were locked. He took a few steps. Now he was trying another door. A few more steps. Another knob turned. He was coming nearer and nearer. The girls sat motionless. The step approached their door. They were breathless with intense fear. Their eyes were fastened upon the knob. It turned. They knew the door was locked yet they would not have been surprised had they seen it swing open and a terrible monster appear. The steps went on. Lillian’s door knob turned. What if he should try to break the lock! But no, he went on. Now he had reached the end of the hall. He could go no farther. What would he do now?

“Girls,” said Minnie, summoning all her courage. “Let’s be brave and step out and face him.”

Lillian’s ear was at the register that she might catch every word. She spoke next. “I’m terribly frightened, girls, but I’ll do it if you will.”

“But,” said Frances, “we ought to have a revolver or something. Probably he’s got one.”

“I’ll tell you what we can do,” said Minnie.

“You know the little sitting-room near the stairs. Well, there is the fire shovel and the tongs by the grate. When he goes past we’ll slip in there and get close. And, Francis, you take one and Lillian the other and you’ll be able to hold him at bay while I go after a policeman. I’ll probably find one within three blocks. Or if one of you would rather go, I’ll stay here.”

“I’d just as soon stay,” said Lillian.

“So would I,” said Frances. Never-the-less both girls knew very well that they would rather run. Meanwhile the steps were returning. And at irregular intervals the girls heard the knobs turning. He was trying the doors again. In turn the knobs of their respective doors turned. The steps grew somewhat fainter. What if he shouldn’t go down stairs! But the steps kept growing fainter. Yes, he must be going down stairs.

“Now’s our chance!” exclaimed the brave Minnie, “Come on, Lillian.”

As quietly as possible the girls left their rooms, locking their doors and taking their keys with them. They glided swiftly up the hall and into the sitting-room. Lillian seized the tongs and Frances the shovel. Then they hesitated.

“But, see here, girls, if he’s got a revolver these things won’t do any good,” said Lillian.

“Oh, if he’s got a revolver. I’ll just step up to him and knock it out of his hand with this shovel, before he has time to fire,” said Frances, brandishing the shovel as she spoke.

“We mustn’t back out now, anyway,” said Minnie, starting out, the others following close behind.

“Maybe he’s given up and gone by this time.”

“No, we would have heard the door if he had.”

“I thought that door was locked.”

But there was no time for an explanation if one might have been given for they were at the head of the stairs and must be perfectly silent. Slowly and stealthily they passed down.
Half way down there was a landing. Here the stairs turned and led down into the middle of the large, square hall. The girls looked cautiously on both sides as they descended. The light, turned low, had been left burning in the hall. All objects were distinguishable but no man was to be seen. They peered through the archways on both sides of the hall but all was shadow there.

Minnie delayed no longer but shot out of the door, leaving it ajar in her haste. The girls stood in the middle of the room not daring even to speak and uncertain whether to advance, retreat, or hold their present position.

At this moment they both instinctively turned their eyes to the corner of the room where there stood a heavy upholstered chair. They had heard no sound but they felt sure he was there and sure enough from behind the chair there arose the burglar.

"My dear young ladies," he began—but they heard no more, for with a scream and a shriek they dropped the shovel and tongs and rushed out into the street. When they had gone two blocks they met Minnie returning with the policeman. They told their story and all hurried back to the house. The policeman went with them from room to room in search of the man. Behind chairs and sofas, in corners and shadowy places they looked but the search was fruitless. They found nothing even disturbed. The policeman began to think that the girls had been carried away by their imagination, and covering up his disgust as best he could by encouraging words he left them.

Again the girls were alone. They proceeded to their rooms and locked themselves in but 'twas very little sleep they had that night. They gladly wel- comed the morning light.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith returned as expected and were given a full account of the night's experience. They, too, were inclined to think that the burglar was an imaginary one. But before the day was over a pair of over-shoes, undoubtedly belonging to a man, were found in the entrance. All were sure that there were no such articles in the entrance the day before. This decided the matter, their burglar was a real one. But Mrs. Smith suggested that burglars were usually very quiet.

"Anyway, I guess we won't try to track him since he stole nothing from us."

"Well, Warley, where did you come from?" exclaimed Elbert Marsden, as, on his way to his business, he met his friend on the morning of the 24th. "Why didn't you let a fellow know you were coming?"

"Oh, I thought I'd surprise you," answered Fred, returning the hearty hand shake.

"Well, you succeeded. But I'm mighty glad to see you, old boy. You must have come yesterday. But walk down to the store with me now, and I'll take you up to the house pretty soon."

Then questions and answers followed each other thick and fast as the friends talked of old times and the changes which the last year had wrought.

"Say, Marsden," said Fred, "What's become of the C. O. E. Club?"

"Oh, there are only a few of the boys here, now. We rented the house last fall. Why?"

"Oh, nothing. I just happened to think of it," and he glanced down at the new over-shoes on his feet. Bessie Brown.

FROM A CAMPING JOURNAL.

The sun is passing the zenith, on a day early in August, as a merry company of fifteen, followed by a well laden truck, winds its way down among the trees toward the bank of a lake in northern Michigan. Clerks, students, preachers, mechanics, representatives of every profession, and, some, in truth, of no profession, compose the party. But vocations and professions, alike, have been left behind, locked away in the office desk. All rejoice at the escape from the parched atmosphere and blistering pavements of the city, and the echoes asleep on the hills are rudely awakened by the shouts of laughter elicited by the innumerable boyish pranks.

Beneath the interlacing boughs of a group of majestic beeches, close by the lake-side, a space is cleared. Here the tents are pitched. A fireplace is selected. The kettles are swung, and the hundred and one other incidentals, necessary for comfort and convenience, provided. Then, forth from boxes, trunks, and bundles, are brought canvas canoes to be put together, guns and rods to be inspected, and an incredible assortment of hunting and fishing paraphernalia, incredible, that is, in proportion to the meager amount of game which will be taken.

But the afternoon is passing, and the sun, as it touches the western hills, shining in through the long vistas of the tree trunks, kisses the rippling waters of the lake good night. It soon has disappeared, but, for some time, the heavens are aglow.
with the golden sunset. As this slowly fades, the twilight deepens. Now night with stealthy footsteps draws her mantle of darkness over tired nature. The members of the party, worn with the labors of the journey, retire early to rest, and the camp is wrapt in slumber.

Sweetest of all are mother nature’s lullabies,—the gentle murmur of the waves upon the pebbly beach, the rustling of the soft night wind among the tree-tops overhead, and ever and anon, some wild fowl, astray from its mate, breaks the ceaseless cadence with a higher note, now uttered shrill and close at hand, now, faint in the distance.

Immediately after breakfast on the following morning, the writer leaves the camp, in a light canoe, with gun and rod and well filled basket of lunch, and enters upon an exploration of the lake. It is a fine sheet of water of great extent, girt by the virgin forest, which has never resounded with the strokes of the vandal woodman. Here and there, scattered about the lake, are a few low islands, which at some previous time were covered with a growth of pines; two of which are still standing on an island near the center of the lake, and, though dead and partially dismantled by the storms, they fling their fantastic arms aloft as if in defiance of an inexorable law which has produced the ruin of their race.

After paddling along the shore for several hours, stopping occasionally, to try some promising fishing place, but, without very great success, we, at length, enter a narrow bay which extends far back among the hills, and through which passes the waters of the lake to the outlet, which takes beginning at its inmost recess. Toward this outlet we direct our course, and, as the canoe approaches, we cease to paddle, and permit it to drift onward with the sluggish current.

The stream, which is wide and deep, enters a veritable cavern. In the slow process of time, the escaping waters of the lake, have, at this point, cut a narrow gorge through the high bluffs by which they are enclosed. The banks of this gorge, raising nearly perpendicular from the water’s edge, are covered with a thick growth of brambles and briars, which, clinging with a tenacious grip, conceals the naked earth beneath a gorgeous mantle of green. Above, on either hand, the forest trees, some, loosened by the rains and frost, incline their great trunks slightly inward, as if to watch the reflection of their forms mirrored in the deep water beneath, but all, high overhead, intermingle their leafy branches, forming a canopy so thick, that although it is high noon, only an occasional ray of sunlight steals in past some negligent leaf flirting with the breeze.

This green, arched passageway continues straight outward from the bay for a considerable distance, then turns sharply to the right. As the canoe drifts along with the current, directed now and then, by a feathered stroke, we note, here and there, on either hand, great rocks of sandstone projecting their gray heads through the green covering of the brambles which have striven in vain to conceal them. Farther on, a maple, which had stood close to the brink, on one side, has fallen directly across, bridging the chasm, at least forty feet above the water.

But eager to learn the destination of the stream, we resume the paddle, and quickly round the first bend, only to find that this is followed by another to the left. In this manner, the stream winds in and out for some distance, but the banks gradually become less precipitous, until at length they fade away into low hills. The stream becomes wider and the current swifter. As the canoe rounds bent after bend, new points of interest present themselves. The forest is less dense and is filled with small thickets of blackberries. The sunlight streams in upon a carpet of wild flowers. Numerous small rivulets, from springs near by, come babbling over the rocks, and fall, splashing, into the main stream.

Our attention is fixed on a shattered tree on the opposite bank and some distance ahead when we suddenly become aware that there is something moving in a thicket close by the bank, and toward which we are rapidly speeding. We check the canoe. Horror! A bear of terrible size, as it seems to us, arises from behind a fallen log close by the thicket, not thirty feet away. Our eyes start from their sockets. We are paralyzed with terror. For an instant the canoe drifts straight toward him. Then with frenzied effort we whirl it about. The paddle bends under the frantic strokes. The canoe skims over the water with fearful speed, and yet, to our terrified mind, it seems to be, already, clutched in the paws of the monster. Nor do we cease our efforts until the canoe shoots out into the open waters of the lake. Then reason returns. We dare to look behind us. We have not been pursued. At our side, within easy reach, polished and gleaming in the sun, loaded and cocked, lies our Winchester.

The aspect of the whole affair breaks in upon us with a rush. We, who, but the night before,
had boasted of our prowess, who have proven in many a contest the strength of our nerve, we have been utterly demoralized at the sight of a bear who had no possible chance of inflicting injury. We vow, never again, to say a word of our own prowess, nor will we relate our adventure to our companions. When we returned to camp that night we sneaked in the back way. Our good rifle, as we prepare to put it aside, sneeringly, mocks our trembling efforts to remove the cartridges.

M. J. NEWELL.

LIFE IN A MORAVIAN SEMINARY.

Extracts from a letter written by Miss Jennie Macomber, teacher of Desarts in the Moravian Seminary for Young Ladies, Bethlehem, Penn.

School life here is very different from anything I ever heard. A Moravian Seminary for girls, is an institution peculiar unto itself. The whole school is divided into Room Companies or families, according to age. Every Room Company has a study room, a toilet room, sitting rooms and a dormitory for its own use,—really a suite of rooms which they occupy, much as any family would.

Two teachers take charge of the company, one having entire charge of them for one day, the other the next. Duty day, as it is called for the teacher who has to be with the girls a certain day, is rather confining, but at the same time, very pleasant in many ways. When I am on duty, I get up with the girls at six, sit with them at meals, and preside at the table; stay with them in the study rooms, go with them to chapel, and at night, go with them to their dormitory at nine.

We have a room company of nineteen girls, and most of them are the typical boarding-school girls, full of life and fun and sweetness. It is very interesting indeed to be with them, to chaperon them to the County Fair, shopping, and numerous other places.

Shopping almost invariably means a visit to the ice-cream parlor, and in that case, the teacher is always treated by the proprietor. The girls are never slow in treating, and you get your bill of candy, fruit, nuts and every other eatable, which the girls are sure to invest in most liberally, for most of them have an abundance of spending money.

Bethlehem is a pretty, picturesque little place of about twenty thousand. The scenery around is something very beautiful. It is in the Lehigh valley, and is right in between the mountains.

The walks around here are delightful. One of the things we have to do on duty day, is to go for a constitutional with the girls, every afternoon from four to five. The tow-path of the canal makes a delightful walk, and it was something entirely new to me to see the canal boats go into the locks.

The Moravians are a conservative, quaint and nice sort of Germans. Their church services resemble somewhat Episcopal church services. They have a long litany. They have a fine organist, and the singing is hearty, though they are led by no choir. Their cemetery is quite a curiosity. Instead of having the tomb-stones at the head of the grave, they have large tablets which lie on top of the mound, and on them are written the inscriptions. Many of them have been there over a hundred and fifty years.

One custom among this people seems to me particularly beautiful. When there is a death in a Moravian family, the fact is announced from the belfry of the church by the blowing of trombones. Three tunes are played. The first and third are alike, but the second tells those familiar with the custom, whether the person who has died is old, young, or middle aged; whether male or female. It certainly is the strangest, sweetest music I ever heard. One stops and listens, spell-bound, in spite of whatever he may be doing, and instinctively feels that all the tumult of street cars, wagons, etc., should stop for a time at least.

The Seminary is a school that makes a great point of character building and good class work. As it is only a preparatory school, it is not in any sense a society school.

DECEMBER.

That time of year thou may’st in me behold,
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang,
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold.
Bare ruin’d choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.

—Shakespeare's Sonnet LVIII

Be just, and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim’dst at be thy country’s,
Thy God’s, and truth’s; then if thou fall’st,
Thou fall’st a blessed martyr.

—Henry VIII, Act III, Sc. 2.

I hear, yet say not much, but think the more.
Third Part of Henry VII, Act IV, Sc. 1.

Time comes stealing on by night and day.
—Comedy of Errors, Act IV, Sc. 2

God be with you all!

—Henry V, Act IV, Sc. 3.

—CHARLOTTE J. WILKINSON.
HUMOR.

"To whom it may concern."

To cure bald heads, sow them with red-top seed.

Why is a tree masculine? Because it wears boys pants.

Query.—Where does the candle go to when it goes out?

One of the preps says he never was in the dormitory tower but once.

In what manner is a hole in the sleeve like a joke? Because it is near the Humorous.

Dr.—If one is in touch with his audience he will have inspiration, if not perspiration.

Teacher.—"What is a mountain?"

Boy—"Its the place the earth gets a hump on itself."

Why should Snapple be poetical? Because he is a Carlton by name and a longfellow by nature.

Dr.—"Give an example of imagination."

Junior.—"Scientists can construct an animal out of his track."

Several of our enterprising students are working on a noise absorbing machine, to place in the fourth floor of the south hall.

(Teacher in spelling class.)—"John what is mucilage?"

John—"Whew, that's a sticker!"

Teacher.—"Name the political divisions of the earth."

Boy—"Republicans, Democrats and Prohibs."

The ability of our business man is marvelous. He can work the proprietor for an add and keep his eye on a girl at the same time.

Prof.—"Any fool can ask questions a wise man can't answer."

Student.—"That's the reason we flunk Sir."

Ex.

There is a certain young gentleman in our school to whom it was remarked, "That he better put a mortgage on his mouth and foreclose it at once."

And I doubt not, through the ages
One increasing purpose runs
And the thoughts of men are broadened
By the process of my pens.

The Index is contemplating publishing a small hand book with the alphabetical list of the books of the Bible as an aid to chapel exercise. It is understood that it will be received heartily by both students and faculty.

An old farmer with slightly stooped shoulders, and clad in regulation country costume, approached a complacent sophomore and asked—"Does Mr. Idiot (a very pompous freshman) live here?" The sophomore answering very affably, the farmer became talkative and remarked—"I hear they call him F. D. Idiot here; down at home we call him Frankie. I suppose after he has been here a year he will be called Franklin D. Idiot; then when he begins to preach, he'll sign himself, F. Davenport Idiot, pastor.

A joke is not a joke, when the aforesaid joke's on me.

Thou its humor and its pathos does not lack.

For the cream of every jokelet, and with me you will agree,

Is to see some other fellow on the track.

For you know as well as can be, that no ordinary clay

Has been even slightly used in my mainup,

For blue blood thru' my silken veins streams in a lordly way,

And my heart's a triple-plated golden cup.

The fact that I'm not cast in an ordinary mold,

Should exempt me from the vulgar jibe and jeer.

The thick skinned common people now, they relish being "sold!"

For they cannot feel the fine point of a sneer.

I will be thankful then, my friends, if ev'ry one of you

Can appreciate this statement, and perceive

That I'm not very selfish, (following out the Golden Rule)

"It is better far to give than to receive."

A GRATE EFFORT.

The evening's festivities had passed. Morning had come, and was fast slipping away. Thirteen maidens betook themselves how to make this gay event, forever memorable. One of the thirteen moved toward the blazing flame, which had done duty so well the evening before, in roasting mallows, rubbed her hands togethersefully and exclaimed: "Ah! This is a grate comfort." Then upon that group of maidens, seated before the blaze, there fell the muse's magic power. "We will write poetry" they cried, as with one voice. And while a death-like stillness reigned, there floated down from ethereal heights these winged words:

Once upon a midnight merry
Thirteen maidens, slow and wary
At the "Belty Hall," on Main street
One by one approached the door.
Then the portal gan a swinging
As such girl stood gaily ringing.
Ringing at the great front door.
Ah! we ever shall remember
How that night in bleak November
We before the glowing ember.
Roasted mallows on the floor.
Frolicked all until the morrow.
Then we vainly sought to borrow
Free from every care and sorrow
Sleep from Morpheus's store.
But the grim and cruel Somnus
Gave the answer "Nevermore."
Still repeating, "Nevermore."

But the giddiest of our number
Were the two whom cares encumber
Of our daily education.
Draw the curtain! Tell no more!!
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Any information regarding Alumni will be gratefully received.

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Miss Charlotte J. Wilkinson sends some quotations from Shakespeare, appropriate for December. We wish to extend our thanks for this voluntary contribution by Miss Wilkinson.

Patronize the Advertisers.

We publish an article in this issue "Boston on a Wheel" by John Smith, a member of the class of '94. The author of the article, together with D. T. Magill and W. H. Mays, all former Kalamazoo students, are adding to western practicalism, eastern culture.

Any student can not help feeling his pride stirred, as he realizes that he is a member of an institution, whose president is honored with important positions in the assemblies of the state and nation. Fault is found in some institutions, because the one who is at the head does not take more pains to interest the people in the cause of education; because he does not put himself before the public for the welfare of the institution, but rather holds himself in obscurity, and thereby is never called upon to assist in public gatherings. The efforts of our president in this line are appreciated not only by students, but by all who have the interest of the college at heart. But the work of influencing others should not be left entirely to the president, or members of the faculty. Every one has a duty here. When you go home for your vacation, speak a good word for your college, it will help more than you think. Let them know by your manner that Kalamazoo College is a place where people may improve.

Thanksgiving month is past, and with it has gone the greater part of the fall term. Election excitement has quieted, and prohibition orations have ceased. Winter is gathering her forces, and the feeble charges are only prophetic of the onset that is to follow. All nature has withdrawn herself into her fortifications to resist the attack. Mirror Lake occasionally, as a protection, shows a glassy face. Signs of outward life are meagre. The trees on dormitory hill, as elsewhere, stand sentinel columns as if to give warning of the first assault. It is the month when Christmas comes again. It is the month when comes the ending of the term, and the student casts a retrospective glance and asks himself what he has accomplished. The failures of the term should be but an incentive to greater work during the next term; the victories but a foundation for nobler ones. Before the Index will again be issued, you will have spent your vacation, and we hope, again be back at work. Hence we take the opportunity now to wish you a pleasant time, and that "Santa Claus will fill your stocking clear up to the brim."
Did you stop to think while you were eating your Thanksgiving turkey, that there were any who could not thus enjoy themselves? Did you try to make at least one person have reason to be grateful for some token? We certainly hope you did. The prospects are, that this winter will be one of the hardest on the poor that they have endured for many years. Many will have to be supported, and in supplying their needs the kindness of the people will be called forth. The question is raised, do some of these deserve aid? When they have quit their employment and forced others to do the same, can those ask with justice for the favour of society? Some would immediately say no. But be not too hasty in your decision. When a person dies of starvation, whether he be good or bad, whether he may have promoted the standard of society or not, is not society held responsible for that death? Is it not held accountable for not relieving any severe suffering, or any death that it could have avoided? The finger of scorn is pointed at a community that will allow one of its members to suffer from such a cause. It may have been a spirit of anarchism that the laborers nourished when they stopped work, and it may be that it will be good for them to learn a lesson, which undoubtedly they will during the present winter, but the extent of that lesson should not be carried to the extreme. If society thinks such persons are unfit to live, and are hurtful and dangerous to its welfare, then it should get rid of them in some other way than by torture. Cries for help are resounding from all sides. Directly the students can do but little, perhaps, in alleviating the distress, but there is a field open for him. He can examine the causes, he can notice the present means of aid and its results, in short, he may become a student of sociology, and in future years be instrumental in regulating society.

That Thanksgiving turkey!

Prof. Williams took charge of the class in Psychology while Dr. Slocum was in Detroit.

Prohibition Orations.
Please shut this door!
Wafers, olives, gas, and hatpins!
Couldn't we get this hack cheaper?
They don't have street cars in Ionia, that is not with bell straps.
Wah Who! Wah Who! Rip Rap Rue!
Euro, Euro, Kalamazoo.

Thirteen—Marsh-mallows—"It"—"Who'll take me?"
Breakfast—Nuts—Poetry and Pictures!
"Strebe, where's Graybiel?"
"Oh, let's see! I guess he's at the Ladies' Hall."

Miss Swartout conducted the class in Sociology during the absence of Dr. Slocum, and the Seniors say she was fine!

The Euro programs for Nov. 16 and 23, were particularly taken up with college life and what it means to the student.

The first snow of the season came on the 12th of November. It was almost enough for sleighing and indeed some of our students found it quite so.

There is fun ahead if only ‘Old Winter’ comes in real earnest. Two of the boys have ordered ‘bobs’ and more are thinking of it. Girls treat them well.

The members of the Junior rhetoric class have all written original stories. We prophesy that the world is destined to hear from some of these embryo authors.

What is the matter with the college cow? When fastened upon the campus to browse, she looks fierce, and, sometimes starts in pursuit of timid and unoffending students in feminine attire.

For some time we have missed the benign face of Dr. Haskell from chapel, and it was with regret that we learned of his inability to conduct his classes. Prof. Tripp is to fill his chair until the end of the term.

Sunday afternoon at Ladies' Hall:
Young man to room-mate:—"I want to get down to the church at quarter of six to-night."
Young lady standing near took the hint and was ready on time.

Nov. 24 the Hillsdale's foot-ball team lined up against our college team. Although our boys put up a good game, yet the Hillsdale team was
too strong for them. Their end plays and running was good.

'97, '97,
On a way, on a way,
Chee mang, chee mang, ma koosh a way,
O, fall on a yah
With a yeet, yeet, yeet!

"Variety is the spice of life," and, therefore the students greatly enjoy the privilege of listening to a member of the faculty occasionally; Prof. Jenk's report of the Sunday School convention was very instructive and also entertaining.

Kalamazoo College talent treated the people of Schoolcraft to a literary and musical concert the evening of Nov. 10th. The Misses Pauline and Florence LaTourrette and Messrs White and Jenks participating. It is needless to say that the performers did credit to themselves and our college.

German teacher to young lady: "What does Kissenüberzug mean?"
Young Lady: "Dressing gown, doesn't it?"
Teacher: "No, Mr. Fox do you remember what it means?"
Mr. Fox (with great confidence): "Nightcap."
Laughter from the class, and at last the proper meaning, "pillow case" was evolved.

On the evening of Nov. 29, Miss Johnson, U. of M.; Miss Wilkinson, Wellesley; Miss Swartout, Cornell, and Miss Zelma Clark, Bryn Mawr, spoke for their respective colleges, and to be loyal to them all, Euro Hall was decorated with their varied colors. College songs and yells gave the punctuation to these talks.

Thanksgiving vacation at the College passed off pleasantly. Wednesday evening the three Literary societies gave a joint program: Selections from Miles Standish and illustrations. Friday afternoon Miss Swartout and the young ladies of the college gave a reception to the Ann Arbor Glee and Banjo Clubs, who were to give an entertainment in the evening.

Dr. Slocum, the morning of the 10th, at chapel exercises, gave a very interesting account of the Baptist Congress which convened the 14th and 15th at Detroit, and over which he presided. Kalamazoo College can well feel proud that her president was called to preside over such a meeting of the representative men of the Baptist church.

After their programs the evening of the 9th, the Euros and Philos adjourned to the Sherwood Hall to hear the "Sherwood Reverberations," their society paper. It was very interesting to watch the faces of the audience as by turns each one tried to act as if he were entirely oblivious to the joke that was then being read. It has even been hinted that the editor, Mr. McMullen, has confessed to great values of booty received to keep certain items out of the paper.

36 to 0 was the score our foot-ball team made in Three Rivers against their town team Nov. 3rd. The boys never lined up a better team than they did that day or played a through game as the score shows. The Three Rivers boys did well but could not stand before our line or stop our end rushes. The team was treated with the greatest courtesy by the Three Rivers boys and when they come here to play the return game they may be sure of a hearty reception.

The college student that did not cast his ballot this fall with a full realization of the importance and dignity of the act, is indeed a self-convinced non-attendent at chapel exercises. The local editor is ready to confess that he was so impressed with the great wrong that he would commit in failing to vote any of the tickets presented for his consideration, that after days and nights of agony in a fruitless attempt to find a way out of his difficulties, election day found him too weak to reach the polls. Thus is disapproved the old adage that "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing."

On Saturday morning Nov. 17, one of the lady teachers having some work to do at the college, wended her way through the frosty morning air to the lower building. After working until nearly noon, she put on her hat and coat and descended to the outer door, when lo! she found it locked. She tried the other doors, but all were tightly fastened and in vain she tried her strength. She began to think that her fate was sealed, and that she would have to dine upon chalk and such other dainties as the building could afford. However, in the course of her migrations, she found a window which yielded to her exertions, and at last she managed to crawl out, getting home in time to eat a part of her dinner, at least, with the family.

The Friday evening before Hallowe'en, the Euros took a digression from their usual style of
considering the and their colleague, while there was a good response when the debate was open to the house. Some of the young men in attendance were called upon, and in response one Sherwoods aid: "Considering the experience which I have had with Hallowee'n, I hardly think it wise to speak upon the subject." None laughed, and he felt that his joke was not appreciated. The orchestra covered itself with glory and confusion, for it was the first appearance of the members, playing those particular instruments.

It was Hallowee'n, and the Freshmen were going to celebrate by having a class gathering, with enough other class girls to make the number the same as that of the boys. As the participants neared the home of Miss Charlotte Willmott on Park street, two by two, they were greeted by the beaming smiles of the Jack-o' Lanterns which kept watch from the front windows. As the door opened and the guests were ushered into a dimly lighted room, the sound of soft music greeted their ears, and the scene was altogether picturesque as the dusk only made the color of flowers and gowns more effective. At the proper time all tried their fate by sailing nut shell boats bearing life's candle across the wash-tub sea, or finding, a penny for wealth, a thimble for single-hood; or a button for a sweet-heart in the dish of potatoes. The dining table was loaded with pop-corn, and plates of candy were set temptingly here and there, about the other rooms. One of the prettiest pictures among the many during the evening, was that made by the pair kneeling before the fireplace, roasting chestnuts for "friendship." One of the plans for fun had to be set aside, because of the fine mist which filled the outer air. All had drawn cards upon which was a number and a slice of a proverb, upon matching these there was found that each number was upon four cards. All were to go forth in companies of four, one member of each part carrying a penny, which was to be flipped at each corner, heads directing to the right, tails to the left, and at a given time all were to start back to headquarters. Everyone agreed that it would have been great fun. The remainder of the evening was taken up by pulling candy, after which refreshments, which were in keeping with the evening were served upon plates of pumpkin rine. As a fitting close to this most delightful party, the guests gathered around the piano and sang college songs, and then with light hearts started for home through the rain, declaring that everything had been perfect.

Hurrah for the Freshmen!

A real musical treat was given to those who were fortunate enough to hear Marcella Lindh, the night of November 14th, at Mrs. Rosenbaum's, S. Park St. Miss Lindh has had unusual opportunities for music-study abroad, and proved herself mistress of her art in songs of the German, Italian, English and French schools. With all its cultivation her voice has the freshness of a bird, and seems to have kept its natural quality to a marked degree. Her trilling was the free spontaneous outburst of the song of a bird, and charmed her listeners. Dramatic ability was not wanting by any means, and the simple directions of Home Sweet Home, her last song will not soon be forgotten by those who heard it.

Miss Gertrude Buck is back after her absence.

Miss Cole is again able to pursue her studies.

Miss Agnes Powell is again among us, after her illness.

Miss Ellen Fisher was a guest at the Hall a few days last month.

Rev. Mr. Dewey attended chapel exercises one morning recently.

Miss Orcutt, of Otsego, was a guest at the Hall a few days last month.

Mr. Hafer returned to his college work after a five weeks absence, Nov. 5.

Dr. Slocum attended the Baptist congress which met at Detroit, Nov. 14-15.

Miss Florence McElroy attended the Sunday School convention at Grand Rapids.

Prof. Jenks attended the State Sunday School convention Nov. 15, at Grand Rapids.

Eugene and Cobern Dickey spent the Thanksgiving vacation at their home in Ionia.

Miss Mattie Gropengeiser, who was with us for a time, has returned to her Wisconsin home.
Prof. Clemens, of Japan, gave the students a very interesting account of Japanese school customs, one morning recently, and he read a little of their language, which sounded very odd indeed.

ALUMNI AND FORMER STUDENTS.

Miss Emma Chesney, class of '92, is teaching in Midland.

Miss Mary E. Hopkin '93, is teaching in the Y. W. C. A. night school.

Frances H. Read, a student in the Prep. Dep. in '91, died Nov. 6, in Schoolcraft, at age of 22.

O. C. Flanagan, class of '92, has entered the law department of the University of Michigan.

Prof. L. H. Stewart, class of '88, has entered the Medical Dep. of University of Michigan.

Miss A. A. Bleazby '71, and Prof. C. F. Daniels '80, are on the Examining C-m., appointed by the Trustees.

Mr. Burt Wilcox, for some time secretary of the Eastern Branch Y. M. C. A. of Detroit, is now General Secretary of the Alpena Association.

Prof. A. Hadlock '78, is principal of Union Academy, Bellville, N. Y., having succeeded Prof. C. J. Galpin, who is now pursuing post-graduate studies in Harvard.

Miss Caroline M. Taylor '94, has been engaged at the High School as teacher, for the for the remainder of this term, filling the place of Miss Monroe, who is ill with scarlet fever.

Kalamazoo Telegraph of Nov. 19: Last Wednesday at Vicksburg, Mr. Elbert Barbite and Miss Florence Ludington were united in marriage. It will be remembered that both parties were students at the college two years ago.

Mrs. F. L. Bunker, whose husband, Rev. F. L. Bunker, is a Congregational missionary under the American Board, at Mount Salinda, East Africa, was formerly Miss Belle Richard of Kalamazoo, an instructor in Kalamazoo College, of which she is a worthy and esteemed Alumni.

Death of Rev. J. A. Hach Oct 3, 1891. Mr. Hech, attended school at Kalamazoo, labored in the pastorate at Rome, Milan and more recently in Toledo, O. He had for several years been troubled with disease, and being ill, returned to his family home a week previous to his death. Funeral services were held at the Baptist church, Tecumseh, Mich., on Oct. 5th.

The following was taken from a paper published by the Y. M. C. A. of Detroit:

Do you know Mr. Wm. Read, our new Membership Secretary? No? Get acquainted with him then. He is a Detroit boy, was away at Kalamazoo College for three years. Has now found his niche, and is making a magnificent success as membership accelerator.

Out of 3,000 students at the University of Burlin, 800 are Americans.

The exchange list is very complete this month. We have 24 publications on our table.

The Normal News proposes to solve 'the race question, by giving the Negroes a separate state.'

Girls, treat the boys nicely now, for 'the season of lectures is at hand.'

Hillsdale Collegian.

If you want to find out how pleasant others can be, show how agreeable you can be.

The College Palladium.

Agricultural college reports 290 students, the largest number of regular students enrolled in one term for several years.

In speaking of Spiritual Atmosphere, College Days says—"There are places, thank God, where the very air is medicine."

Each number of the Crescent seems to contain a love story. The last one ends well, even if the heroine did take her dear for a donkey.

The Notre Dame Scholastic approves the idea of having a committee appointed, to lead the cheering at all games played on the campus.

Albion college is justly proud of her foot-ball record, but both sides find some things unsatisfactory in the recent game with Notre Dame.

Evident incapacity to manage our own affairs successfully, does not detract in the least from our willingness to direct our brethren in the conduct of their business.

The Rockford Collegian leads our list of exchanges, in the number of quotations made from our standard authors. Nearly every page glitters with those gems of literature.
We Lead, let Others Follow.---124 East Main Street

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