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College Index.

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NO. 4.

Literary.

THE ACCEPTED TIME.

"Now is the accepted time,"
But can it be that I must do
All that lies athwart my path
Without the end in view?
Am I now prepared to do
The varied tasks that fall to me?
Knowing neither way nor goal,
May still my duty see?
Must I now that duty do,
Nor pause to rest the weary hands?
Can the heart so full of care
Respond to new demands?
Yes, now is the accepted time,
Life's path that seems so dread to thee,
Leads through lovely hills and vales
That soothe the most wondrously.
Faithfully take up thy work,
And know the part well done to-day,
Strong foundation will provide
On which to build thy way.
Fearlessly accept the trust;
Thy will, aroused, is calling on,
Other tasks that will may claim,
Before to-morrow's sun.

G. V. PIXLEY.

HIGHER CRITICISM.

Prof. Delitsh of Leipsic, says that all theological disputes should be recorded in Latin that the people may not read them. However well this might have worked a century ago, or however well it may answer in a priest-ridden country of to-day, it will certainly not do for the English-speaking peoples of the nineteenth century. Now, all knowledge is accessible to all who are mentally able to make it their own. The results of investigations in all lines of science are carefully published and read with interest by the man of average intelligence. Why should the results of Biblical research be withheld?

A most wonderful interest in advanced Bible study has recently developed not only among Christian scholars, but also among non-believers. While

the method of Higher Criticism is new only in name, no doubt it is being used more thoroughly and by more critics than ever before.

The term Higher Criticism was first used in the study of the ancient Greek and Latin writers. It was called Higher in distinction from the Lower Criticism which deals with the text of the writing, with the letters, words and sentences. Higher Criticism studies the work as literature. The method is the same now used in all science—the inductive, which proceeds from particulars to general laws. The literary form and structure, the authorship, date and historical credibility are all considered, and especial attention given to the information to be obtained from the work itself.

In examining the internal evidences, some of the questions asked are these: Does the work show unity? Is it consistent with itself? Do the manners and customs accord with the time in which the work was supposed to be written? Is the style the same throughout?

What contemporary writers say of the work or their silence concerning it are strong points of testimony. Tradition is also considered.

This method of study has thrown much light upon the work of classic authors. For example in the Encyc. Brit. seventh edition, published fifty years ago, Livy's history is praised without stint. In the ninth edition we find the following:

"Livy's history rests on no foundation of original research or even careful verification. It is a compilation, and even as such it leaves much to be desired. It is clear that his circle of authorities for any one decade was a comparatively small one, that of these he selected one and transcribed him with the necessary embellishments and other slight modifications until impelled by various reasons to drop him."

Advanced Criticism of the Bible is as yet in its beginnings, only a few results having been worked out. Among the points regarded by the critics as practically established are: that the last twenty-seven chapters of Isaiah are by a different author from the preceding chapters; that there were two Zachariahs separated by at least two hundred years; that Hebrews was not written by Paul; that there is

evidence of at least four different writers of the Pentateuch, although it is conceded to be mainly of Mosaic origin.

The results of the critics are of value only when a large number of specialists of wide learning and acknowledged superiority, working independently, reach the same conclusion.

At the recent Baptist Congress, held in Detroit, this subject was fully discussed. President Harper of Chicago University gave a paper on the subject, in which he mentioned some of the leading points established by the higher critics. He felt sure that modern advanced thought did not create unbelief as some asserted.

While Dr. Brown of Newton Theological Seminary, did not ally himself with any particular school, he believed that the higher criticism tends to strengthen the old foundations.

Of course the most thorough investigation of the Bible as a literary work must be left to specialists, and we must accept some facts second-hand. However, something in the line of inductive study of the Bible may be carried on by every student with great profit in intellectual power and in the deepening of spiritual life.

In the Bible Institute held at the U. of M. in '91—the first College Institute held in this country—a deep interest was aroused. Dr. Harper's wonderful enthusiasm was contagious. What had seemed the most arid portions of the Old Testament were made to blossom and bear fruit under his most skillful touch. As a result of the Institute, large Bible classes were formed. For such an inspiration, one can never cease to be thankful. Since then, other College Institutes have been held, and with like encouraging results.

An organization has been at work several years under the direction of such men as Rev. Edward L. Curtis, Rev. Arthur Brooks, Prof. Francis Brown, Bishop Vincent, Prof. Terry, President Harper and others of equal ability. This aims to promote a general interest in the study of Sacred Literature. The subject for this year's work is *The Foreshadowings of the Christ*.

Work is outlined for each day in the month, thus cultivating regular, systematic study. The results are recorded in a note book each day, and at the end of the month a set of examination topics is written up from memory and forwarded to the board of examiners. At the end of the four years' course, a diploma is given to those whose work is creditable.

The thought of the framers of this course was not that the mind of the student might be stored

with facts merely, but that through increased knowledge the heart and life might be moulded and the character ripened.

As to the higher critics, why should the work of these men who are relying upon the Holy Spirit for guidance, and who are jealous for the preservation of God's truth in its purity be feared? Are they not building up rather than tearing down?

The Protestant Reformation was brought about by the distrust of conventionality and tradition, and by a thorough study of the Bible by scholars of the time.

May it not prove that the Higher Criticism is the forerunner of a new Reformation in which not a jot shall be lost from God's revelation, but in which His whole plan for the redemption of man shall stand out in much clearer relief than before.

LUCY JOHNSON.

A DAY AT THE MUSEUM.

One morning in October we decided to try and see something interesting that day. Therefore we sallied forth, and as far as I know, went where fancy dictated. Finding ourselves at the corner of 23rd street and Fifth Avenue, we decided to walk a little distance up that widely-known, fashionable avenue of New York. At this corner there is a pleasant square, and good walks, a fountain, and green grass, (that rare thing here) make a pleasant spot in this hurrying city, in which to rest a little time. Diagonally across this square is Madison Square Garden, which stands as a land-mark for some distance around; and swarming the edge of the sidewalks are the ever present "cabbies."

Wandering on up the street we look for the fine residences, but where are they, for all around are stores, mostly artistic in character. From the windows of the old brown stores hang signs, and before them show-cases, calling our attention to the progressive spirit of this Metropolitan City.

Still we press onward, anxious to see the residences, and are finally rewarded by seeing some of the older, and a few of the new ones, but most of them are still farther out. There are some beautiful, inviting churches, but we have caught the fever and so hurry on till we reach 59th St. Still we are surrounded by sales-rooms and hotels. But being at the entrance to Central Park, and being a little tired by our two mile walk, we are tempted, and take a Central Park carriage for a drive through that beautiful place.

A very delightful drive we find it, winding in and out among the rocks and lovely suggestive

places. And though it is fall, and perhaps not so entrancing and refreshing as spring, we are content to decide that a ramble here will be just the thing for our spring sketching club. We come in sight of the far-famed Cleopatra's Needle, time-worn and crumbling in this sea air. Across the drive from here is a large, nearly square, red brick building, and as the driver stops before it, we learn that it is the Metropolitan Museum. Thinking of a profitable as well as pleasant day, we enter.

At the door we are confronted by the notice: "Free except Monday and Friday. Open every day and Monday and Friday evenings." Why do they charge admission those days, is a question often asked and more often thought. I learned the reason when I applied for permission to copy some paintings (which I gained, by the way, through a little painting of some apples which I did in Kalamazoo.) These are copying days, and in consideration to students a crowd is not wanted.

Entering we see spacious halls with walls and all available space filled with interesting objects. Turning to the right, the room devoted to Egyptian relics is before us. The first object is a mummy in a glass case, and observation reveals that we are surrounded by the cases containing the mummies and sarcophagi of an age long passed. The sarcophagi are some stone, others wood, some of them closed, and some open, and hung in three sections, the corners carved to represent the person encased. Around the walls are cases containing statuary of fine workmanship from that country, some also filled with ancient Camps, which are much smaller than usually represented. There are reproductions of terra cotta statuettes, some dated the third century B. C., and some which were found in Tanagra in 1873 fill several cases. The originals, as of much of the ancient statuary are in Berlin, London, Paris and St. Petersburg, and we notice that these came from the Greek, Roman and Cypriote regions. Our attention is called to a case of wall stucco, and similar objects, among them ancient floor—mosaic and tile, from Rome.

Passing beyond the stairway we enter the room just opened, containing casts of famous antique statues, and has relief from the Egyptian, Assyrian, Archaic and Greek discoveries, recently received from Parisian workers. Noticeable among these are four from the myth of Hercules, various versions of Venus, Hermes, etc. There have been more received, but have not been arranged for exhibition, as the new north wing is not completed on the first floor. Coming back, the tiles found at Susa, representing the procession of archers and lions, are a

reminder of the vast aid to historical researches, obtained by recent discoveries.

We now pass up the eastern stairway, and are surrounded by paintings. Among many we single out the names of Rembrandt, Diaz, Edward Namet, Vandyke, Constable, Reubens, Gainsborough, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Messonier and Corot. At one side is Denner's Mary Magdalene, before us is the Mystery of Life, from Carl Marr's brush, representing an old man sitting moodily by the body of a girl which has been washed ashore. At the other side is the Bridal Procession, from Miles Standish, by C. Y. Turner.

Passing to the south, we enter a long room filled with wonderful tapestries; we slowly pass them by until half way down the room, where there is an alcove of water colors. Nearly all are landscapes or marines, and in a smaller alcove are photogravures of some best known old paintings, mostly relating to the life of Christ. Again, we enter the west gallery of paintings; we are almost persuaded to stop and examine them, for there are many attractive, lovely ones, and many well known names. Prominent among them is the Horse Fair, by Rosa Bonheur, but we must not linger, there is so much beyond.

There is a door; entering we find a room devoted to metallic reproductions. In the centre is a bronze fountain figure, from the Italian style of the sixteenth century. At one end is a bronze statue of Louis XIV on horse. At the other is a large silver-gilt comic cistern, a copy of one in the Winter Palace of St. Petersburg. On the walls are cases containing immense platters of gold and silver, beautifully worked vases, shields, helmets, small statuary, some gold tourens from the French of 1769, now mostly in the Winter Palace, also some silver-gilt chessmen very delicate and ingenious, and a bronze copy of "Our Saviour" from the cathedral at Pisa.

Then there is a room of etchings and engravings by Seymour Hayden; about 1870 the most of them were made. The subjects are landscapes, figures and marines. From many of them there has been but one impression taken. They were arranged so that the process of construction and completion could be followed.

One room is filled with the Edward Moore collection and is very interesting, but we stopped for only one thing—some very fine mythological groups of Tanagra terra cotta. Then came the room filled with arms and armour, from various countries and ages. Another with old laces, showing the distinctive styles of several countries. The next was filled with bronzes, lacquers and pottery, all very interesting had we time to study them. The next was filled with Japanese porcelains.

Opening from this is the room of gold, silver and gems, certainly a worthy place. There were bracelets, rings, pins, watches and medals, one worth \$10,000, and a watch and pin valued at \$8,000. Also cylinders of historical worth, and cases in the centre of the room filled with old coins. "Oriental and European Ivories," were the words indicating what was to be found in the next room, and the work was exquisitely fine, being carvings from Japan, China, the Byzantine and Italian. Then there were porcelains, vases bought from Louis XVI, a centre piece representing the four seasons, and wares from several countries; genuine Dresden, Worcester and Crown Derby. The next room devoted to fans and textile fabrics was delicate and pleasing in appearance.

Then we came to the room of miscellaneous objects; here were scientific instruments; there Capo di Monte ware, in a picture of Ceres, instructing in the art of husbandry. Beside it a small copy of the Farnese Hercules, and in the next case some beautiful wood carving, and a Japanese table and stand of inlaid pearl; also an account of the flood on a Chaldean tablet, and some Spanish embroidery. In the centre of the room a swinging frame was covered with water colors of the history of the Atlantic cable.

Next we enter a room given to a collection of old musical instruments from all countries; these were very interesting and afforded a fine opportunity for studying the advancement of civilization. They extend from the rude African harmonica, made of sticks similar to hatchet handles, alternated with pieces cut into fine teeth and tied together, to the old Vienna piano, and the German harp piano, being a large harp placed high on a frame, and played with keys, and so on, up to some of the present day instruments.

We then entered the large room of American Antiquities. In the centre is the old stone serpent head from Mexico, which must almost have caused a stretch of imagination to name. Around the walls are large and small stone idols, arrow heads, Peruvian potteries, and a goodly amount of terra cotta from Mexico, which is very crude compared to the oriental work.

We have again come to the eastern gallery of paintings, and can not forbear a hasty glance at them as we pass; going to a doorway through which can be seen some china. We now find ourselves in the upper part of the Central Hall. Above is the glass roof, at our right, or north, is a gallery filled with rare old china, on the south is a similar one of drawings from old masters, and famous engravings. On the east wall hangs a very large painting by Benjamin Constant, representing Emperor Just-

man and his Ministers. And on the west wall is Diana's Hunting Party, painted by Hans Marhart. Below are models of famous buildings.

But let us now turn our attention to the china. It is entirely Chinese ware. In the first cases are the bright class types, or dark blue decorations. Then some of the lovely rose variety; next, that known as the black ware; besides these are smaller cases containing egg-shell or hard paste articles, with rose backs. And in the last cases are wares of the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, arranged with the green of the Emperor, Ching-hwa, and Kong-he prominent.

We now pass down stairs, and being interested to know something more of the Museum, we engage one of the guards in a few moments conversation, learning that the building is owned by the city as Park property; but that nearly all the articles exhibited are owned by the trustees of the Museum, and some are loaned by trustees and friends. The expenses are met by the city in consideration of the free admission of the public five days and two evenings during the week. There are free lectures every Saturday at eleven o'clock, given by well known lecturers on various topics. There are some advantages for studying which they hope soon to enlarge, as they are planning for an addition of rooms adapted particularly to this purpose.

As we advanced into the adjoining room, the first attractive thing was a copy of the Pulpit from the Cathedral at Siena, Italy, of 1268. It is supported by columns resting on the backs of lions, and the bas-relief of the upper part represent scenes from the life of Christ. Near this is a large chimney piece of Siena Marble, a loan, beautifully carved, and two especially fine circles represent sacrifice to the gods of fire. Beside this is a memorial of Edgar A. Poe, placed there by the actors of New York, consisting of a marble statue of a woman crowning a bronzed bust of the Poet.

Entering another door we are beside a wood carved clock of 1640, which surely was "taller than the old man himself," by a foot or two. After a few moments study we read from the old English on the front the following: "While thus we talk in careless ease, the envious moments swing their flight; instant the fleeting pleasures seize, nor trust to-morrow's doubtful light." Beyond this is an old Dutch Cabinet inlaid with china dishes, and farther along a Buddha Shrine of (supposed) gold and jewels, about eight feet high. Then a Norwegian Reindeer Sleigh and a Sedan chair. These were in one end of a room filled with pottery from Cyprus, and Venetian glass from 1550 to 1800.

Again we were in the Entrance Hall, and now examine the fine marble statuary occupying all convenient places. There are many mythological figures, also the Thief from Dante's *Inferno*, Rebecca, Eve Finding the slain Abel, Death of Lincoln, and many others as beautiful. But the time was nearing to close and the Central Hall was yet to be seen. So passing hastily by the wrought iron work, bronze statues and Assumption of the Virgin, made by Luca della Robbia, about 1400, originally in Mortuary Chapel, we entered the Central Hall.

This is surrounded by alcoves which are nearly all filled with architectural casts, which are arranged very nicely, to give the effect originally intended. But one of these alcoves enters into one of the new rooms, which contained bronzes recovered from Herculaneum, among them are portraits, some known, more unknown. Noticeable were Epicurus, Agrippina, and Hermes resting, known by the names engraved on them. On the wall of the farthest end hung a magnificent tapestry representing Napoleon and the plague stricken of Joppa.

Returning to the hall we found the principal objects of interest were the models of famous buildings. These were one-twentieth the original size, and placed even with the eye, with photographs of the ruins of the old ones around the bases.

One representing an old Egyptian Hypostyle Hall at Karnack, an oblong roof of plain design, supported by columns, with a very few rooms in the back. Near this is the Parthenon of Athens, an oblong building surrounded by deep porticoes. The main glory of the building being in the statuary of the east and west pediments, which are very famous, but very dilapidated at present. Those of one end represent the birth of Athena, those of the other, her contest with Poseidon.

Next was the Pantheon of Rome, represented as a beautiful, white marble rotunda, with a deep portico, supported by eight columns. There is fine statuary on the top, and in the front a relief representing the battle of the Gods and Giants. This model is arranged so that we can see the inside, and certainly is very beautiful, every inch being filled with statuary.

Last and largest, is the cathedral of Notre Dame, Paris, with its grand doorways, arched high, and filled with saints' figures in bas-relief. The work is very fine on the tower, and exquisitely beautiful. In comparison there are some children playing on the steps.

It was 4:30, the gong rung, and the guards said, "All this way." Though we felt that we had only glanced at some of the more prominent things, we

were obliged to end our sight-seeing and take our weary way homeward.

We hope that you also may spend as profitable and pleasant a day at the Museum.

ELLEN M. FREEMAN.

THE LAND OF LAW.

A student was sitting in his room late at night. A few sheets of paper lay on the table before him. A pen was in his hand. The young man seemed to be in trouble. His knotted brow and disheveled hair would have betokened to the uninitiated some terrible physical pain or a desperate inward struggle. A student however would at once understand that our friend is trying to write the oration which he is to hand in the next morning.

He has thoroughly studied his subject, or rather, he has read on many subjects and does not know even yet exactly what he will write about. The range of his reading can easily be seen from the stack of books on his table. There are books on politics, books on social reform, books telling of the perils into which our country is blindly rushing, and books giving remedies, sure and speedy, for all the evils to which any nation can be subject. There are books by Bellamy, books by Anthony Comstock, books by Henry George. Pamphlets giving reports of committees appointed to investigate divers abuses, reports of reform associations covering every subject from dress reform to reform in the civil service.

And he has read them all. As he sits there pondering over the things he has read, a fearful sense of responsibility comes over him. The world is all out of joint and must be set right at once or ruin is certain. Then, as some scheme for reform comes to his mind, he is kindled with enthusiasm. Surely, Don Quixote himself never felt a more intense desire to go forth as a champion of the wronged and oppressed.

Finally his brow relaxes. In his fancy he is carried a whole century into the future, and he sees spread out before him his country in all the glory of a reformed and regenerated nation. His ideal is at last realized. The Utopia, so long sung by poets and dreamed of by reformers, is an assured fact. For a time he is lost in wonder and admiration at the beauty of everything about him. He is in a large city. The buildings are not elaborate structures, but so beautifully and gracefully made that they seem like fairy dwellings. They are in endless variety, yet so arranged as to completely harmonize with each other and with everything around. The streets are faultless; smooth pavements as clean as a kitchen floor, bounded by walks as easy to the tread as the greenward in spring.

Walking down the street for a short distance, he meets a party of men and women who are apparently out for pleasure.

There is something about them that attracts his attention from the very first. The graceful carriage and splendid physique of both men and women seems remarkable to one who rarely sees a form in any way perfect. But when he comes near enough to look into their faces he is so filled with wonder that he can only stand and stare. On every countenance is that look of calm joy which comes from the mastery of self and freedom from care and suffering. Their voices are so soft and musical that he has almost passed by before he discovers that they are speaking his own language. But when he does recognize it he suddenly turns about with the blunt questions; "What place is this," and "Who are you?"

Though too polite to show it, they had been astonished enough at seeing such a strange being; but when he spoke they were almost frightened. One of them stopped, however, and replied, "This is the Land of Law, or, as it was formerly called, the United States."

"But where are you from?" he added. Our friend replied as well as he could in his wonder and confusion. The other understood at once what the difficulty was, for, as he afterwards explained, all the people understood the laws of mind so well that they could get considerable knowledge of others' thoughts without a word being spoken. So he tells him where he is in point of time as well as space, and, as they walk along together, gives him a brief history of the country from his own time.

"You know," said he, "that in the 19th century, even, there were many who realized that society was all out of joint, and everything in a tangle of conflicting ideas and purposes. Some tried their best to reduce things to order but they always began at the wrong end to unravel the skein. They worked on the plan that the thing necessary was to reform the individual. So for years they strove by this slow and tedious method to bring things to the perfection they so much desired. But progress was so slow and difficult that advanced thinkers began to search for other means which would work more sweeping and rapid changes. Many measures were tried but with indifferent success. At last, however, a law was passed which, though designed only for a temporary expedient, proved to be the key which should unlock the gates of progress and reform; the key-note which should bring into harmony all the discords of society. As I have just intimated, no one realized what would be the result when the law was passed. It merely provided that all men should wear hats of the same

style and size, and limited the amount that one could spend on his person to one hundred forty-seven dollars and sixty-two cents annually.

Of course it will seem strange to you that so simple a law should work such wonderful changes in every department of life. But the sequence of events since its passage point so logically to this law as the sole cause, that there is no gainsaying it. The more intelligent people soon saw what an effect it was destined to produce, and hailed the law with delight. The tyrant Fashion has received his death-blow. Men soon had money to give away, and the poor and those who had lost all hope of success in this life, received the means to start anew, and, at the same time, that selfrespect and ambition which comes from the sense of equality with one's fellow-men. The mad struggle for wealth soon ceased; for of what use is money if it cannot be used? Not that material progress ceased. On the contrary it became more rapid than ever before; for every man became a working man, and with improved methods much more was accomplished, though the hours of labor became less and less. Men now had time to develop their minds, and knowledge increased at a wonderful rate. As the laws of nature became known, disease and suffering of all kinds were banished, and man now lives as you see him, in perfect accord with the laws that caused him so much trouble in the days of his ignorance and disobedience.

Nor has his moral development been less rapid. The great law was the death blow to egoism which was so long fostered by the opportunities for display and self-gratification. Men became altruistic in their ideas and actions, and, being relieved of the burden of self-consciousness which so hindered all mental progress, they made rapid strides in the solution of social problems. The laws of men's relations to each other were soon formulated, and so strong was the desire in the hearts of all for true principles that they were at once accepted. Thus the dream of the socialist was realized in a way least expected. As you will see we possess all things in common, and there is no need of government or protection of any kind, for all men are so obedient to law that they take only what they need, and do nothing but for the common good."

* * *

Just at this moment the alarm clock which our friend's room-mate had wound up that night and forgotten to set, reached the critical point and the would-be reformer awoke with a start.

All the students wondered why he was absent from classes the next day.

W. F. Dowd.

COLLEGE SONG.—TUNE,—URALIO.

PROF. S. J. AXTELL.

To thy name we're proudly singing,
 Here's to thy blue, Kalamazoo.
 On the air our voices flinging,
 Here's to thy blue, Kalamazoo.
 Of thy honor fair, we are telling;
 On thy beauty bright, we are dwelling;
 All abroad the chorus ringing;
 Here's to thy blue, Kalamazoo.
 In thy halls no faith is broken,
 Ever thou'rt true, Kalamazoo.
 In thy counsels right is spoken,
 Ever thou'rt true, Kalamazoo.
 To fair learning's store, all receiving,
 Wisdom's guiding light, freely giving;—
 Large the hearts that bear thy token,
 Ever thou'rt true, Kalamazoo.
 Youths and maids thy honors sharing,
 Up with thy blue, Kalamazoo.
 Now we all thy colors wearing,
 Up with thy blue, Kalamazoo.
 With united voice, swell the chorus,
 Lift the banner high, wave it o'er us,
 Far and wide thy praise declaring.
 Up with thy blue, Kalamazoo.

COLLEGE SONG—TUNE,—SPEED AWAY.

Kalamazoo! Kalamazoo! Our hearts turn to thee,
 Thy classic old walls and thy spirit so free.
 Where'er in this wide world we roam at our will,
 Whatever we do our thoughts turn to thee still.

O cradle of hopes,
 We'll sing thee anew.
 Kalamazoo, Kalamazoo,
 Kalamazoo!

Kalamazoo! Lovely blue! To thee staunch and true
 Will be all who ever have worn thy dear blue.
 It floats from the summit of lofty old hills,
 Attained by brave efforts and unfaltering wills.

We honor thy blue
 Our dear old Ka'zoo,
 Kalamazoo, Kalamazoo,
 Truest blue!

Kalamazoo! Kalamazoo! Dear Indian name!
 Thy syllables flow like a musical stream
 That drowns all our cares in its sweet limpid wave,
 Inspires all our efforts to deeds that are brave.

For thee, Alma Mater,
 Our lives shall be true.
 Kalamazoo, Kalamazoo,
 Kalamazoo! LA TOURETTE.

COLLEGE SONG.

Music to be composed.

1. 'Mid rustling trees where breezes blow
 By cooling streamlet's placid flow,
 There rise before us ancient walls
 Of well-known, oft-trod classic halls.

CHO:—O Alma Mater, thee we sing,
 Still float the loyal blue!
 From hills afar let praises ring,
 All hail to Kalamazoo!

2. These college halls! were e'er so dear?
 Are hearts more loyal than are here,
 Thy sons' and daughters'—who through thee
 Shall grace the coming century?
3. 'Tis thine the task from learning's store,
 To teach us of that wondrous lore
 That makes men heroes,—makes them strong
 To dare the right, to hate the wrong.
4. So shalt thou build more stately halls,
 So rear enduring, perfect walls
 Of heaven-like action—so to thee,
 Fair Kalamazoo, the honors be!

LOUISE WHEELER.

COLLEGE SONG.

AIR,—JOHN BROWN'S BODY.

1. The college days we'll sing about, a merry, joyous theme;
 It has carried us to by-gone days, as in a pleasant dream,—
 It has carried us to triumphs sweet; and grateful mem'ries seem
 To ring with college song.—Cho.

Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! Glory! Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
 Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! Ring out our college song!

2. This night at least we will forget the struggles of the past,
 In the pleasures of the present that within our lot are cast;
 Let the echoes ring with melody in measure gay and fast;
 Ring out the college song.—Cho.
3. To the shelter of the grander schools, we'd fixed our longing eyes,
 And a fevered inspiration made our tho'ts ambitious rise;
 But with heart and voice united, let us laud her to the skies—
 Our Alma Mater song.—Cho.
4. For we love our dear old college, in the pleasant valley set;
 And the loyal lads and lassies in her dear old halls have met,
 While we hail her queen of ev'ry heart,—our hope, our pride,
 Ring out our college song.—Cho. [our pet—
5. "Kalamazoo our college" is the paean of our heart;
 And to ev'ry other college, do we yield the second part,
 And to-night we'll sing her praises by inspiring music's art;
 Ring out our college song.—Cho.

From Albion College Pleiad:—

Clay is useless only as it is wrought by the master hand. So it is with the mind. "Man is the greatest thing on earth, and the greatest power man has is the mind." . . . Proper education will develop the mind. "It is not the fact getter who gains the most, but the fact user." . . . It is a great mistake to spend but a year or so in college and then go into the world. . . . The world can wait for us to become educated. We are worth much more to it than. . . All can reach the goal if they use pluck and perseverance. . . . "Industry is worth more than genius to any man."

College Index.

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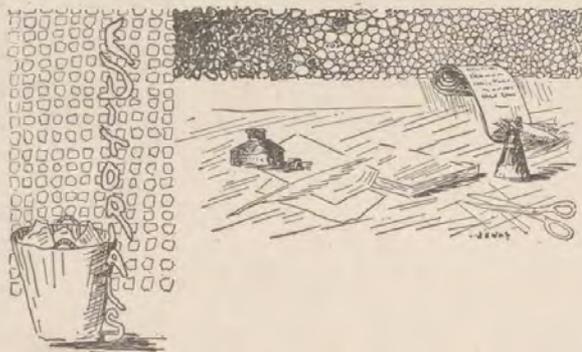
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Any information regarding Alumni will be grate-
fully received.

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Well, vacation is over and we are back at
school, at least we begin to think so as we hear
the assignment of lessons. For three months
more we must follow the regular routine of life.

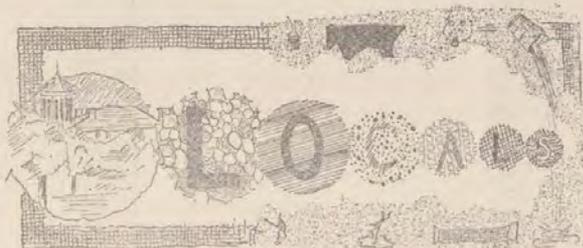
We must buckle on the harness and settle down
to work. Probably all the sore shoulders have
been healed so that the load will appear a great
deal lighter. The one who has the firm resolve to
do the best he can at all times during the coming
term is sure to be the one who will accomplish
the most, and the one in whom will be the great-
est improvement. A person does not need to be
encumbered with a hundred and one iron-clad
rules in order to succeed, but he will have the
greatest success who has some general principle
by which to be governed.

A good suggestion of some one was that we
have a college song. We have nearly everything
else of the minor college necessities—yell, colors,
etc., but as far as we know, no song. This is some-
thing that we ought to have, and can have. One
of the greatest means of arousing feelings of
patriotism during the civil war, was the national
songs. So with us, the loyal feeling for our col-
lege will be strengthened by singing a good stir-
ring song. Several have written college songs to be
published in the INDEX. There are other poets in the
school and we would like to have contributions
from them in this line. After all that will con-
tribute have done so, we suggest that the songs
be referred to our instructor in music, and that she
select the best one, taking into consideration the
words and music.

As a rule college papers show in a good way
college life and spirit. Every paper likes to brag
just a little about *its* institution. If the boys have
achieved success in any athletic line, if there has
been any contest in intellectual matters, one can
almost always tell the result by the space allowed
in the college paper. If there has been victory,
they like to prolong the account of it, and impress
upon others the ability of *our* institution. If there
has been defeat, decidedly less space is given.
Any new scheme or new turn in college life gen-
erally finds a place in its paper. This is natural,
and it is right that it should be so. If there were
some means so that every student could know
what was taking place in other schools about the
country, to show him what other people were
doing, it could not help being a great incentive
to work. We are glad to hear of achievements in
other institutions, and we do not intend to be
slow in speaking of those in our own college.

The last two months have been especially
noted for the number of great men who have
passed away. The sickle of death has been active

among the great leaders of the world. Novelists, poets, preachers, emperors, musicians, all share the same fate before this reaper. Swing and Holmes of whom so much has been said and written; De Lesseps, the projector of that mammoth project, the Suez canal, and also the Panama canal, the grand success of the former counter-balanced by the utter failure of the latter; Alexander III of Russia; R. L. Stevenson, a popular novelist; Dr. McCosh, an ex-president of Princeton college, and one of the noted modern philosophers; Froude the author and historian; Rubenstein, probably the greatest pianist the world has ever known. The names of many other renowned men who have surrendered their lives might be added to this list, some in the midst of an active life, others approaching that age when death must be expected. It seems exceptional that so many men of world-wide reputation should die within so short a time of each other. There are others, who also must soon follow in the same steps, must give up life's work whether completed according to their wish or not. But, when gone, how little they are missed! How soon forgotten! How quickly are their places filled! And yet it seems better that it should be so. Wise is the plan that humanity should not long grieve over its loss, and that the vacancy should be soon filled. The young people of to-day are filling the places left vacant, and it is well for them to prepare early for life's work.



Vacation's over.

Shall we let this star wax?

How about fig cake for a lunch?

Question: What did she give you for Christmas?

A Prohib's New Year's resolve:—Not to eat any more chocolates.

The College Athletic Association is arranging to give a literary and musical entertainment the early part of this term.

We are very glad to welcome back to Kalamazoo Miss Annis Jenks. She and her mother will again make this their home.

An exchange from Mass. has made complimentary mention of the legend "The Stallion of Cortez" by A. E. Jenks, which appeared in a recent number of the INDEX.

At a late hour.—"Don't give yourself the trouble to show me out," he said.

"Oh, no trouble at all" exclaimed she, "It's a pleasure, I assure you!"

Girls, don't be surprised if a young man should ask you, even now, for the society sleigh rides. This world is full of competition and it is sometimes wise, even in such matters to be expeditious.

Small brother to sister's chum.—"Say, what's the matter with your hat? It looks 's if it was slidin' down hill. Why don't you put a paper wad in it?" It is needless to say that the young lady decided to do her hair up some other way.

The evening of Dec. 14, after the Sherwood open meeting, a number of the students were informally received by Miss St. John at her home, to welcome to our midst again Miss Annis Jenks, who has been spending the past few months in Ionia.

When we ate our Christmas dinner at the "Hall," we thought of you all, scattered over the state at your different homes, and we hoped in the joy of our hearts you were having as good a time as we were. For, indeed, few as we were, and away from home, the Christmas dinner of '94 was one of the most pleasant of Hall memories.

Before the next issue of the INDEX appears, the question for the inter-society debate between the Sherwoods and Philos will have been selected, and the disputants hard at work. It has been decided that this shall be a yearly affair, and become one of the events of the college year. May each side do its best, and the best men win.

On Wednesday evening, Dec. 19, Miss Massey entertained a few friends in honor of Miss Jenks. Quotations and proverbs were selected for the guests to tell by whom they were written, and either because of the late arduous labors attendant upon examinations, or some other unknown reason, most of the answers had to be given by the hostess. The combination conundrums afforded much amusement, and all had a very pleasant time.

Why should a young lady absent-mindedly call the college a post-office?

The students will not need to depend entirely upon Mirror Lake for skating this winter. The large pond just south of the college grounds has been arranged for a skating park, and will be kept in as good condition as the weather will permit.

At last the ladies have taken up the question of college sports. The Euros spent the last society evening of last term discussing the various matters pertaining to foot-ball, base-ball and tennis. We hardly know to just what conclusion they came, and yet, if we were to hazard a guess, it would be that after all tennis is the best game.

On Friday evening Dec. 14th, the Sherwood Rhetorical Society gave its annual open meeting in the College chapel. It was a very pleasant and unique meeting, consisting of the representation of a day's session of the Michigan State Senate, interspersed with music, to allow the Senators to rest from their arduous labor. The whole program was carried out with strict adherence to the rules of the State Senate, and in a way that reflected great credit on the society. They can well be proud of the interesting and instructive evening's entertainment that they presented.

The Sophomores had gathered in the Philo Hall to have a harmless, good time, and a few of the other class men thought it only fitting and proper, that they should do their best to make the occasion interesting and one long to be remembered, which they proceeded to do, the best of spirit prevailing on both sides. * * * * *

Morning city papers came and with large head lines announced a class riot. The students are after the fellow who sacrificed truth and everything beside, to have his production appear under flaming newspaper head lines. Beware next time!

A DRAMA,—IN TWO ACTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—A. B. C. and X. Y. Z.

ACT I. Scene at a neighboring Florist's greenhouse.—Enter A. B. C.

A. B. C.—“Send some flowers to Miss K. at the house.”

Florist.—“But—but I have just sent her some.”

A. B. C.—(Pacing the floor in an agitated manner)—“Why,—why, I don't see how that is.” (Tramp, tramp, tramp.)—“Say, what was his name?”

Florist.—“I don't know.”

A. B. C.—(growing more and more agitated)—“How did he look? Was he slim, with black hair parted in the middle, and did he wear a blue overcoat?”

Florist.—“I don't just remember. I did not notice him very particularly.”

A. B. C.—(Clutching his hair and wildly pacing the floor)—“By ginger,” (a gleam of hope passing across his face), “Did he have a court-plaster over his eye?”

Florist.—“Yes.”

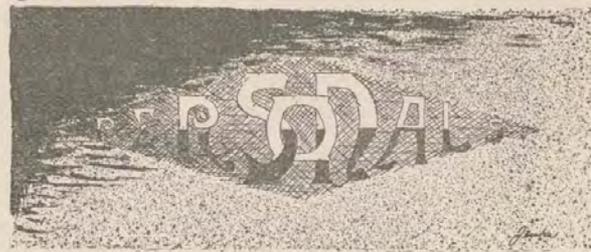
A. B. C.—(Heaving a sigh of relief and falling in exhaustion to the floor.)—“Oh!”

ACT II. Scene in a dormitory room. Within A. B. C. and X. Y. Z.

A. B. C.—“Don't you ever breathe it.”

X. Y. Z.—“Surely not.”

Exit A. B. C. and X. Y. Z.



Prof. Williams went East as soon as college closed.

Miss Alice Brooks has returned from Grand Rapids.

Miss Johnson spent her vacation at her Illinois home.

Miss Wilkinson went to Chicago for the holidays.

Miss Bessie Brown went to Detroit Dec. 24, for a visit.

A. F. White spent most of his vacation at Schoolcraft.

Mrs. Brownell and daughter Pearl, visited old friends at Marshall.

E. B. Taft spent Christmas and New Year's at his home, Mt. Vernon, Mich.

C. W. Oakley spent part of his vacation at Galesburg, and the rest of it at Marshall.

J. B. Fox has been conducting special meetings at New Buffalo where he preaches every week.

The Misses Pauline and Florence LaTourette, Hough, and Bilby all went home to Fenton for the vacation.

Miss Swartout spent the holidays in Chicago with her friend Miss Spalding, who was here during the Thanksgiving vacation.

W. D. McWilliams has made an extended trip through the East, visiting Montreal and other cities, and also friends in Pennsylvania.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Cheeney, former students of Kalamazoo College, and small son Arthur, spent Christmas at the home of Mrs. Cheeney's father, J. C. Bennett on West Main Street.

A QUEER BATTLE.

Long before the western part of our country was settled by white men, the government very wisely reserved a large section of country which was intended to become the final home for the many wandering tribes of Indians. Subsequently, many tribes and parts of tribes were induced to settle in this territory, and in time, the whole was taken up by their reservations. However, in 1866 the Creeks and Seminoles, who occupied the center, ceded back to the government a large block of their part for a consideration, and this became known as Oklahoma.

For a long time after Oklahoma thus came into the hands of our government for the second time, her land remained unassigned and uninhabited except by a few white hunters, trappers, and cowboys, who found here an excellent spot for plying their vocations.

However, this country became the source of more trouble to the United States Government perhaps, than any spot of equal size within her boundaries. A class of men arose who declared that, since Oklahoma belonged to the government, her land was subject to settlement under the homestead law. These "Boomers," as they were called, organized themselves into colonies, and, time and again, attempted to make settlements in spite of the efforts of the government to keep them out. For many years a large force of troops was kept in readiness to guard the Oklahoma country from their encroachments.

Although the boomers seldom dared to oppose these troops with arms, they succeeded in making constant vigilance necessary, and hoped to win in the end by this mode of agitation rather than by force.

Near the center of the country in question, the Cimarron river makes a curve like the blade of an old-fashioned reaping hook, with its concave side to the north. The country thus partially enclosed

comprises seventy-five or eighty square miles, and to this region rather than to the bow of the river itself, the name "Big Bend" is applied.

This place is one of unusual beauty. It is a delightful combination of little groves and prairies watered by numerous springs, and traversed by little rivulets of pure water, which here and there have worn deep channels, coves, and hollows in the soft sandstone.

In the winter of '86 a long train of "prairie schooners" (covered wagons) might have been seen entering the Big Bend from the north. It was a company of Boomers on their way to settle in the rich valley of the North Canadian, only a day's journey to the southeast. Already they had traveled eighty or ninety miles from the settled land of southern Kansas. No soldiers had been seen, and many believed that no further attempts would be made to prevent the settlement of the country. There were at least a hundred men in the company. Their wagons were loaded with all things necessary to the pioneer—provisions, household utensils, farming implements, and even pigs and chickens; while a large drove of cattle was driven in the rear.

On the white canvas cover of the front wagon was painted in large letters; "OUR LIBERTY WE PRIZE AND OUR RIGHTS WE WILL MAINTAIN. ON TO OKLAHOMA!" This was the wagon of the leader, whose big cowhide boots could usually be seen sticking out over the front dashboard.

Although he was following no road, he kept a general southerly direction, rising occasionally to his feet and standing erect to get a glimpse of two men riding about a quarter of a mile in advance. These two men were the guides of the party and were spying out a smooth track for the wagons. They were typical Boomers; as sunburned, hardy and rough-looking as were the range ponies they rode. Each wore a slouch hat and top boots in regular prairie style, and while he guided his pony with one hand, with the other he balanced a Winchester rifle across the horn of his saddle.

Suddenly as the two guides reached the brow of a hill they halted, conversed a moment, and then rode hastily back to the wagon train.

The cause of this movement became evident ten minutes later when the stars and stripes began to rise over a little eminence to their left, and by degrees a whole troop of United States cavalry came into view. These instantly wheeled at the word of command and came directly toward the head of the wagon train, the jingling of their accoutrements making music that was far from new to the majority of the Boomer band.

The hope that they would not be interfered with grew faint in every Boomer's heart. The prompt action of the soldiers told almost as plainly as words, that they were under orders to keep out would-be settlers; yet the thought of being again driven from their right, as they believed, angered them, and hard words and threats ran along the whole line.

The Lieutenant in command of the cavalry halted his men near the line of wagons, and alone rode forward a few paces to a little group of men at the head of the train.

"Boys," says he, "I suppose you know my business here; it is to keep you fellows out of the country."

Angry shouts arose from the line of wagons upon this declaration, and the Boomers began to hurry forward and gather around their leader. They were armed to a man, and the prospect began to look serious.

"Captain," said the Lieutenant, addressing the one he saw had command of the squatters, "You know very well how foolish it would be to resist United States troops. You cannot fight the whole nation."

The captain had not intended such a thing as resistance, but this allusion to his helplessness angered him.

"Yes," he replied derisively, "You valiant boys in blue hide behind the nation when danger threatens. You never dare to fight your own battles."

The Lieutenant flushed angrily, and, forgetting himself for the moment, leaped to the ground, threw aside his sabre, and advanced to meet the Boomer Captain who had similarly disposed of his weapons. They grappled, and the contest became at once an attempt on the part of each to bring the other to the ground.

They were pretty evenly matched, the skill of the Lieutenant making up for the greater strength of the Boomer. Three times in quick succession the former almost succeeded in tripping up his big opponent, who, however, regained his equilibrium after a few wild gyrations which afforded much amusement to the on-lookers. The mood of the whole party had changed. The cavalymen, unslinging their picket-ropes, staked their horses where they stood, and each, singling out an antagonist from the Boomers, "The smallest one he could find," as one afterwards expressed it, joined in the ludicrous battle. Fully one hundred and fifty men were engaged in this wholesale wrestling match.

Rules were unthought of. The only object each of the contestants strove to attain was to force his antagonist to the ground and hold him there. Shouts and laughter arose from every part of the field as some skillful stratagem or awkward mistake

brought victory or defeat. The soldiers were evidently getting the worst of it. In five minutes half of their number were down, while not more than twenty Boomers had suffered the same ill fortune. In five minutes more the score stood fifty-two to thirty-one in favor of the Boomers.

Undoubtedly the latter would have secured the fall of every "blue jacket" if the contest had continued; but just at this moment, whether by design or accident, the prairie grass caught fire among the contestants. Every man saw the need for looking after the horses and the battle-field was cleared in a moment.

The Boomers hastened to their wagons and drove forward into the large bare space which the fire had by this time made. The soldiers brought their horses into line in the same space, and the two parties stood facing again and on equal terms.

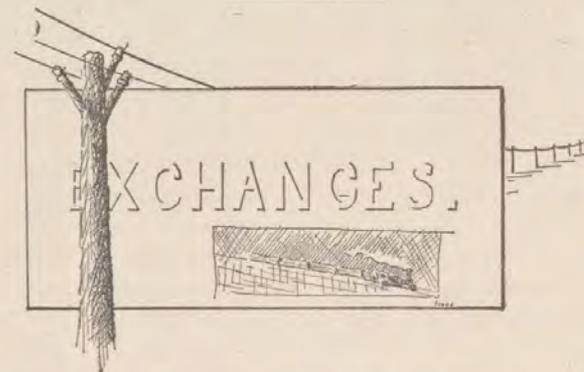
The two leaders seemed to have settled their difference satisfactorily to both.

"Lieutenant," said the Boomer, "If you fellows want to take us back to the state, we have no further objections."

The wagons were turned around, brought into line, and with a small squad of cavalry in front and another in the rear, the Boomers began the return march. The best of humor prevailed. The squatters treated the whole affair as a good joke, and were content to wait until a more favorable opportunity should present itself before making another attempt to settle in Okiahoma. Besides, they were permitted to march out with the "honors of war," since their arms were not taken from them.

Oklahoma has had a peculiar history. Since the opening in 1889 she has seen great horse-races in which thousands participated; has seen cities of three thousand inhabitants spring into existence in twenty-four hours; and alas, has seen her natural beauty destroyed or distorted in a few short years to suit the ends of civilized life. These things will be recorded in history, but the many peculiar events which occurred within her borders before that time will never be recorded. Of these none are more worthy of remembrance than the peaceful battle of the Big Bend.

G. W. SIGLER.



We find the INDEX quoted or mentioned in the following papers: Pathfinder, College Days, University Argus, Vermont Academy Life.

From the Epworth Exponent:—

A boarding school miss being unwell, thought it not genteel to say she was *bil*-ious so she complained of being *William*-ious. These are the days of refinement.

The above reminds us of a little story we heard down south once: "Johnny," said an accomplished dame, "I wish you would bring me the *Richard*-tionary, vulgarly called the *Dick*-tionary."

We have been interested in noticing how the different college papers make up the exchange column. It is not an easy matter to describe them, but the following will show the points that come most prominently to the exchange editor's mind:—

College Days sets the ideal in a quotation, "The duty of the exchange editor is to point out the good, not the catchy and trashy things of his contemporary journals." The Speculum and Normal News follow the same rule. University Argus adds wit to its good things, and College Palladium widens the field to include all literature. Denison Collegian gives most attention to statistical facts concerning different colleges. It refers in one number to Heidelberg as if its exchange list reached that institution. Hillsdale Collegian gives interesting items regarding other Colleges. The Echo and Tennessee University Magazine do likewise. Notre Dame Scholastic, and Viatorian, make the exchange volume a review of other papers and the articles found in them. Penn Chronicle, and Hamilton College Monthly, largely follow the same plan. The Seminary Oak Leaves, M. S. U, Tiger, Rockford Collegian, and Epworth Exponent intersperse the exchanges very freely with wit. While the Clarion, Pleiad, Helios and School Record, make little or nothing of the column.

From Epworth Exponent:—

Managing Editor—"You say here that you have cultivated hot house lilac bushes that have attained a height of fifty feet?"

Horticultural Editor—"Yes; why?"

Managing Editor (musingly)—"Nothing, only I wish I could lilac that!"

From Denison Collegian:—

All need a steady purpose in life. No one ought to exempt himself from the practice of

constancy... There are some who think that under other circumstances than those in which they are, steadfastness could be more easily practiced. Granted; but it would be of a cheaper type. It requires or develops no special strength to float with the current. It takes a strong swimmer to strike out against it.

In each man and woman is a center of the moral engine. From that point proceed the currents whose activities build up the immortal, and repel all counter influences. In proportion to the strength here manifested, may you estimate the orbit of the man, whether it will reach out and take in thousands in its influence, or never reach beyond its neighborhood.—Talks With my Children.

From Seminary Oak Leaves:—

Lost—Somewhere near a recitation room, a small amount of patience. As the owner's supply is now exhausted, she would be glad to have her property restored as soon as possible.

Wanted—A good memory. It must be well stored with dates, and sufficiently strong to bear the strain of two history examinations.

Lost—A bunch of common sense tied with blue ribbon; finder will please return to No 30 Senior Avenue. A liberal reward is offered.

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AN AFTERNOON TRIP.

The members of the Psychology and Sociology classes, together with Dr. Slocum, Prof. Williams and Miss Wilkinson, recently made a practical study of those lines by a trip through the Home for the Feeble-Minded, and the Asylum. At the Home Dr. Wilbur had his patients repeat their Thanksgiving exercises, and was very kind in answering a multitude of questions and showing the students through his buildings. The class appreciated his kindness by a vote of thanks. Over rail fences, bark-wire fences, and marshes, the class at length found its way to the Asylum. There they studied insanity for the remainder of the afternoon, and, after an equal number of questions, returned, well pleased with the kindness received, and determined, every one, upon immediately becoming reformers of society.

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College Index.

VOL. 16. New Series.

Kalamazoo, Mich., March, 1895.

NO. 6.

Literary.

HURRAH FOR THE BLUE!

(Tune, Fair Harvard.)

MAUD WILKINSON.

Alma Mater our song! Ye hills all awake,
And answer from crest to crest;
Set the oak-tops acquiver, and bright Mirror Lake
Softly dimple her silver breast.

Chorus:

O Kalamazoo, our Kalamazoo!
Here's a health to our college, ho-hi!
And hurrah for our color, hurrah for the blue!
Let it float in the winds of the sky.
Thy sons and thy daughters, full proudly we wear,
As fondly we cherish, thy blue;
Tis the color of heaven, and the emblem fair
Of the high, and the pure, and the true.
Thou, beloved Alma Mater, art crowned with thy years,
And we in the strength of our youth
Would sit at thy feet and drink in with our ears
Deep draughts of sweet wisdom and truth.
Fair Kalamazoo, may we never forget,
As the years of our life shall revolve,
The standards that thou for thy children hast set,
And the dreams and the noble resolve.

A STALE BIT OF HISTORY.

This is an age of iconoclasts, as has been often said, the old theories and practices are fast disappearing. New scientific ideas are fast replacing the old, but the last half of this century has not seen greater changes in scientific investigation than in historical research. Here, as in the sciences, we ask for proof, and the histories of a half century ago are laid upon the shelf by the side of the old scientific works, and taken down only to be shown as curiosities. Yet we part from these old stories with a sigh of regret, they were pleasant to hear and the moral often good—but alas, they tell us there is no authority for them. First went George Washington and his hatchet; then John Smith and Pocahontas, William Tell and the apple, and some even deny to Newton his falling apple, telling of falling planets.

But perhaps the hardest to yield are those stories

telling of early patriotic and religious zeal. It sounds so well in a patriotic address to speak of our ancestors coming to this country to found a home for Religious Liberty, where man might worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience. But, alas! the troublesome student of critical history searches the records of old courts, private diaries and old letters, and brings forth evidence that no thought was farther from the minds of these New England Puritans than Religious Liberty, as we to-day understand the words.

Perhaps no one among these New England fathers has been more often cited as a religious hero than Roger Williams. He is almost universally called the founder of the Baptist church in America, and a devout follower of that church, one who was persecuted and driven from England and later from Massachusetts solely for his religious opinions, a martyr to Baptist principles and the first to urge the separation of church and state. It has occurred to the writer to see how these statements will bear investigation.

Roger Williams was admitted to orders in the the church of England and was probably in charge of a parish there. His biographers can find no especial cause for his leaving England, except general discontent with the church under Laud, and an interest in the new country where he had friends. He reached Salem February 1630 where a colony and church had been established two years before, thus founding the Massachusetts Colony. Upon his arrival he was invited to officiate in place of John Wilson, teacher of the church in Boston, but he promptly declined, saying in a letter to Winslow:—"They were not a separate people,"—referring to the fact that they yet considered themselves a part of the English Church; and further declared his opinion that the Magistrate might not punish the breach of the Sabbath nor any other offence, as it was "a breach of the first tables of the law."

A few weeks later he was invited by the church at Salem to become an assistant to Mr. Skelton, as teacher. Williams accepted and commenced his ministry in that town, but the civil authorities—the General Court of Boston—interfered, and remon-

strated with the church at Salem. The exact facts are unknown, but we know that Williams removed to Plymouth before the close of the summer. Here he remained for two years, occasionally officiating in their church. In August 1633 he returned to Salem and resumed his ministerial labors.

It was probably while at Plymouth that Williams wrote "a large book in Quarto," in which he questions the validity of the company's charter from King James. After his return to Salem it became noised abroad that he had written such an alarming treatise. Winthrop hearing of this, sent to Williams for a copy. The court consulted the higher powers, the clergy. There were three passages in this treatise which were the chief grounds of offense: That he charged King James with having told a "solemn publick lye," in that he claimed to be the first Christian prince who discovered the land; he charged the king and others with blasphemy for calling Europe, Christendom, and he applied to King Charles three passages in Revelations. (It is doubtful if Williams ever saw the charter, as will be plain from comparing the above with the Text of the original charter.) "At the next meeting of the court he appeared penitently, and gave satisfaction of his intention and loyalty." From the same authority—Winthrop—we learn that he was again found "teaching publicly against the King's patent." He is again summoned to appear before the General Court for divers dangerous opinions. "1. That the magistrate ought not to punish the breach of the first table, otherwise than in such cases as did disturb the public peace: 2 That he ought not to tender an oath to an unregenerate man: 3 That a man ought not to pray with such, though wife, child, etc.: 4. That a man ought not to give thanks after sacrament or after meat." Mr. Hooker was appointed to argue with him. So hour after hour they argue till the going down of the sun. But Williams would not retract what he had said. Accordingly he was sentenced "to depart out of the jurisdiction of the court within six weeks." Afterward on account of ill health he received permission to remain at Salem until spring. But it was soon reported to the magistrates "that he could not refrain from uttering his own doctrine in his own house." The court accordingly decided to send him back to England. But he fled to Seekonk, and finding this within the territory of Plymouth he crossed the river with five others, whom it is supposed had followed him from Salem, and commenced a settlement which he called Providence.

Says Burrage in his History of Baptists in New England: "From the beginning they may have had preaching and worship, but there was no church

organization for more than two years. The religious ideas of Williams and his associates were evidently in a transition state, the tendency of the former had been toward Baptist views for some time. He was doubtless leader in the formation of a Baptist church at Providence. The first sign of organization was at some time prior to March 16, 1639, when Williams was baptised by Ezekiel Holliman, and he in turn baptised Holliman and "some ten others."

But Williams remained only a few months in connection with the church. He had doubts in reference to the validity of his own baptism on account of the absence of an authorized administrator. For him there was no church and no ministry left. The apostolic succession was interrupted and apostolic authority had ceased. "He was a high church Anabaptist." He left the little church, though he still seemed to preach occasionally, and was "a seeker" the rest of his days, though he never came to a "satisfactory discovery, of a true church or a true ministry."

Though leaving the Baptist church he still retained his idea of individualism in religion, from which springs directly the doctrine of separation of church and state, and less directly to those teachings which had so distressed his friends in the Bay Colony.

It is interesting to note that from the earliest history of the denomination this has been one of its chief tenets. In the confession of 1611 (London) we have this emphatic declaration: "The Magistrate, by virtue of his office, is not to intermeddle with religion or matters of conscience, nor to compel men to this or that form of religion, but to leave the Christian religion to the free conscience of every one, and to meddle only in political matters." So great is the belief in individualism that the confession of faith, above referred to, was published only to silence the false accusations of their enemies.

The history of Rhode Island from this first settlement is too well known to need repeating. In the first written document which has come down to us, they promise to subject themselves "in active or passive obedience only in civil things." And in the charter received from Parliament in 1647 we find the word "civil" everywhere prefixed to the term government or laws.

While we may remember Roger Williams as, perhaps, a troublesome neighbor to those old Puritans of the Bay Colony, let us remember that with him those things were a matter of conscience, and because he worked and suffered for this idea of individualism in matters of conscience, the day of religious freedom in our country was hastened.

ELLA M. HAYES.

DENISON HOUSE.

The Boston College Settlement, commonly called "Denison House," and by the small boy of the neighborhood "93," is located in the midst of the poor district and not far from the Albany depot. The household comprises some eight or nine "residents" who with a number of outsiders form the working staff of the settlement. At their head is Miss Dudley, formerly in charge of the Philadelphia settlement, and a woman well qualified for leadership. "The Boston College Settlement" was established in eighteen hundred and ninety-two and is the latest of the settlements.

The work of the house is of a very varied nature; that in general may be classified as No. 1, the social life; 2, children's clubs; 3, educational work; 4, study and effort along industrial lines; 5, (during last winter) emergency work. The first two are largely effected by the younger women, those of the house proper; while the latter devolve to a greater extent on the older and often outside workers, who perhaps, each, offers her service for one afternoon or evening in the week.

While the class or club work forms but a small share in the house hold interest, it is the one feature easiest to describe.

This was the order of clubs that was followed when I was at Denison House, early in December; although changes and additional work was contemplated:

Monday afternoon.—At home.

Monday evening.—Gymnastic class.

Monday evening.—Art class.

Tuesday.—4-5 p. m. Library and Penny Provident Bank.

Tuesday evening.—Boys Basket-making Club.—1st and 3rd) Federal Labor Union.—Singing Class.

Wednesday afternoon.—Two Sewing Classes.

Wednesday evening.—Garment Maker's Union.—Club of Boys.

Thursday morning.—Social Science Club.

Thursday afternoon.—Club of Little Boys.

Thursday evening.—At home.

Saturday.—9-12 a. m., Kitchen Garden.

Saturday afternoon.—2-3, 3:30-5, Children's Clubs.

Sunday.—Hour at Art Museum.

A Mothers' Club in connection with Miss Camp's Kindergarten near, a Current Topics Class, and a boys Club for the study of historic places in Boston were all planned.

The young women of the Settlement enter into the work of the house with a great deal of enthusiasm; and each one finds a large groove to fill with her especial talent, if she be so fortunate as to

have one. A musician, an almost indispensable person, is always in demand. She must play for the gymnastic exercises that accompany the basket making on Tuesday evening; she is needed for kindergarten games on Wednesday and Saturday; at the Thursday "At home;" she plays accompaniments or a march, or fills in some gap in the evening's program, or perhaps plays a song for all to join in singing. The young woman who has younger brothers and sisters at home whom she has many a time interested in stories, perhaps, from the poets and, perhaps, from her own fertile imagination, draws an enthusiastic group of small people about her; for those who have less pronounced talents in these ways, the important office of preserving order and some degree of quiet in the rather uproarious element that assemble on the children's days is always open. On these days, the bell begins to ring before the lunch hour is well over, or even begun; and while the hand of the clock travels its upward arc, the demands at the door, "When does the club begin?" become more and more frequent; until when the clock strikes the hour, a considerable crowd is impatient to enter. Any delay within-doors meets severe disapproval from without and we are taught on these important occasions how valuable is punctuality.

On Library day, Tuesday, when the children pour out from the public school opposite, the sidewalk is soon lined with applicants for books; for fairy stories, for war stories, for teaching stories, as one little girl said, "For books of all kinds, sometimes for a little girl, sometimes for the little girl's papa. On this day the office of keeping order in the narrow hall and small library—for the house is not a large one—is a most important one, and often requires all the hands within call, and all the energies of those at hand.

Of course the children should stay outside and come in a few at a time, and this is thought necessary for the future, but when a piercing cold day comes, and the kindly injunction to "run home and come later" is not acted upon; the strongest resolutions are liable to give way;—and then you at the front door, and you in the hall, and you at the shelves, and you at the tables, and you all, where ever you are; be spry, and enforce order, and answer questions as to the best book, but be sure and get the children out as fast as ever you can!

On Saturday, Wellesley girls and Radcliff girls come for an hour or a couple of hours and superintend games.

Last winter, the Thursday evenings, the chief social event of the week, were favored by a good attendance of Wellesley girls who would give an act

from Shakespeare; or the Glee club would sing; or, if not taking part themselves, would help to make the evenings more pleasant by their presence, since they soon knew many of the guests who came, to take a great interest in the "Wellesley girls."

Since I have given such an account of the Children's clubs, I really should tell about the visits made upon the older people, the hour's reading with a blind woman, the call upon a sick girl; the other interests of the house, such as the conversations we have all had with Mr. Lloyd, the great labor leader of Boston, a remarkably intelligent man, and one whom we believe is working for the best interests of the people; about the Social Science Club, at whose last meeting Dean Hodges of Cambridge, gave an address; also about the many, many people whom one sees either as guests at the table, or at the clubs of the city, as the working girls' club at the Woman's Industrial Union—to give an idea of which would be impossible, and require too much space.

The relief work of last winter was one of great and grave interest, made necessary by the hard times and unusual suffering. Work was provided for over three hundred women; the cases all being investigated beforehand, if not already known to the residents of Denison House. The total amount spent in the workrooms—the use of the rooms was given free—the months they were open was \$6,113.00. "The aim was to help the better class of sewing women who had never received charitable aid."

The summer work consists largely in distributing flowers and fruit, in arranging excursions and vacations for women and children, in giving out tickets for rides on the "Floating Hospital," where on sultry days the sick may rest in reclining chairs and enjoy the fresh air and cooling waters—an unwonted and wonderful experience to many an one.

MARY DEWING.

Strange what things will happen in college. The Palladium in its wedding announcements says:—"It is even whispered the trouble began in Oskaloosa college."

An author should be judged by his work; God is the only judge of his life. And no form of uncharity has been more developed by Puritanism than the habit of judging the morality of one age by the conventional rules that govern another.—Scholastic.

"How is it with you?" asked the editor of a subscriber who was dying in arrears. "All looks bright before me," gasped the subscriber. "I thought so" said the editor, "In about ten minutes you'll see the blaze."—Ex.

MARJORIE.

[To my little niece.]

Some blessed spirit calls me on
To sing this little song to thee;
Some heav'nly note from seraph's song,
Its sweetness half unsung
By mortal's stumbling tongue,
Enshrines itself in "Marjorie,"
And gently strikes each softer key
Within my heart, in praise of thee.

How pure thou art! A dew drop from
Some finer world, its very scenes
We almost see in thee, like some
Familiar strain of song
We seem to grasp, when gone,
Or form that met us in our dreams,
But failing quite its shape to trace,
Is lost in mem'ry's mystic maze.

A sunbeam from some heav'nly sky
Oft lays its smile upon thy face;
For what, but earth, can make thee cry?
How strange, to thee, this world
With myst'ry's flag unfurled;
'Twill wave thee joys and woes, apace;
Thou'lt not be human, if thine eyes
Ne'er show some sad or sweet surprise.

Thy wonder-speaking eyes ope wide,
Thy little soul seems half displeas'd
With this strange world so near thy side;
Through-out thy stay on earth,
In tears, in peace or mirth,
When life is young or age is reached,
Familiar things will grow more strange,
When wonder brings them in her range.

What question in thy clear blue eyes!
Art seeking God? Thou'lt find Him, then,
A hope, a solace, for thy sighs;
Just now, thou'rt learning life,
Thou'lt soon be learning death,
The strangest truth of mortal ken;
When time breaths silver on thy head,
Thou'lt feel thy kinship to the dead.

Live mercy, then 'tis deathless here,
In heav'n 'tis love's sweet immortelle
And fairest flou'r of any sphere;
Grow graces in thy heart
With simple, Christ-like art;
In buisny mart or rural dell
Show forth their immortality,
By loving God, sweet Marjorie.

—D'TRIST, Newton Centre, Mass.

WEALTH AND POVERTY.

We attempt in a most humble manner to bring before the minds of the readers a contrast, which we believe for some years gone by has not been more vividly seen than it has in the weeks just passed.

We bring before your mind a theme that has not been the issue of the daily newspapers, would that it had been!

We present a question that has not been, in all cases, the paramount issue of our public speakers, our pastors and other men of influence. Our "vox populi" little contending band has said nothing of how to alleviate the sufferings of the thousands and thousands of starving and freezing men, women and children, only "draw off the rum," while this possibly might be a step in the right direction, could it be accomplished, yet from their past, we must believe that it is only their issue, while republicanism is crying "protection" over against that of the democratic cry free-trade-ism.

These "isms" like all other "isms" are headed with one kind, money. Who during the last twenty-five years has heard of a poor man, be he ever so honorable and worthy, ever gaining a seat in Congress or the presidential-chair? It has all been politics, neither has it been for the people, nor by the people. And as a natural result we have seen for the past few years nothing but poverty and want on the part of many, while others have lived in luxury and plenty. Large movements of men, simply to gain wealth, are always a source of lawlessness, vice, and open defiant crime.

We saw this in the rush to California for gold, to south Africa for diamonds, to western Pennsylvania for oil, and to the South, at the close of the rebellion, where thousands went carpet-bagging for political preferment and the wealth supposed to follow in its dirty trail.

Poverty by some is regarded as due to some mismanagement, laziness, inefficiency, extravagance, injurious indulgence and absence of a definite, resolute and fixed purpose. While all these are essentials to prosperity, yet we believe that poverty in large majority of cases, instead of being mainly the fault of the weak, has been chiefly the consequence of the unrestricted exercise of power by the strong. This has resulted sometimes from the legal establishment of privileged classes. Monarchy and nobility are instances of this. A king rules because he has secured control of the political power of a realm. An hereditary nobility results always from the fact that there has been some combination of individuals, who have been able to wrest from the weaker ones that portion of power which rightfully belongs in an equal degree to each.

This division of society into so called legalized classes of varying right and wrong is merely the result of unrestricted physical or political power, and the inevitable results of perpetuating such conditions by grant or prescription is ultimately to destroy all competition. With the past and the present conditions in view, it is almost a sheer folly

to talk about the rich and poor meeting together in a common place to worship God; the poor decline the invitation.

Matters have been made such that the poorer classes to-day are confronted with one of two statements.

First on the one hand, is that of the belief in the increasing pressure of wealth and population against subsistence; that God in nature has not provided a sufficient amount of food and clothing for the physical wants of a vast and increasing population. Over against this is the instinctive belief that God has provided in nature all that is essential and necessary for the highest development of his children, both spiritual and physical, and that any industrial system that seizes from the masses and places into the coffers of private individuals and combinations is opposed to the true spirit of God. One man has the capacity and the luck as they call it to make large accumulations, while another man of more power in other directions perhaps is deficient in that quality. The one acquires the power, which capital gives, the other a greater power in another direction. Being a man of less luxury he is more apt to know something of the wants of those whom he sees around him from day to day, which it seems to me is the only true interpretation of Christ in man. "It is not the will of your father which is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish." And yet we see those who call themselves christians, who can go to their comfortable homes and sit down by their warm firesides with no thought of the thousands who are at that minute suffering with cold and hunger. There is not a poor Irishman or woman living in a board shanty and fighting the wolf from the door with a shovel and a washboard, but whose hearts are filled with holy love for neighbor, child and church, that will not enter into the kingdom of God a million years in advance of the best of them.

Adam Smith fitly defines wealth to be the power to control the labor of the country, and the man who controls another's labor, controls the life of him who has no other convertible possession.

This power society in a hundred different ways perpetuates, so that conditions become permanent even in a republic to almost the same degree as rank in a monarchy, and we have a rich and a poor class.

Men rise it is true out of poverty into wealth, and fall back from wealth into poverty. The same was true in feudal times, Lords rose and fell with every change of monarchical fortune, as the result of feudal strife.

Gradually the loss of inherited rank became less

frequent, and the rise to legal privilege more difficult and infrequent. In like manner as civilization increases the transformation of the worker into the employer or of the poor man into the rich man becomes more and more infrequent.

The hereditary transmission of property has ever been proved a failure.

The sons of millionaires are most invariably with approval, and cannot be induced to take the absorbing and incessant interest in a business that their fathers do.

However, there are exceptions where the sons have shown a decided ability and interest in the business in which their father engaged, which renders them the natural successor, but these cases are very rare.

That affection moves pity and reconciles us to our very enemies is a fact which cannot be denied; and it is equally true that too much success and prosperity promotes envy and hatred and finally takes away a man's best and most tender interest in his fellowman. Christian friends, if we are to accomplish anything in the service of our Master, we must first get our hearts right with His and have more of that same love in our being that He had.

We can do nothing for mankind by standing on the topmost round of a ladder and asking them to come up where we are before we can do anything for them. Let us follow rather Christ's example. He did not wait for man to come up to him, but he came down to where man was, and said, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me."

The doing of little acts of kindness, to me is the most pleasant kind of christian living, and I have no doubt but our christian lives are broadened and lengthened in proportion to the extending of these little deeds.

H. M. CUSHING.

A WAIL OF BEREAVEMENT.

DEDICATED TO MY ROOMMATE R. A. McM.

An eminent divine, upon being asked for a definition of happiness promptly replied, "Four feet on the fender."

The definition given of the state called happiness,
May not be very tangible nor plain to you, unless
You've read that quaint old couplet, with its message sweetly
tender—
The "ne plus ultra" happiness is four feet on the fender.

I think of old-time memories of happy college days,
When first we were companions, and in many different ways
We showed to all the truth in that old saying quaint and tender—
That quiet restful happiness is four feet on the fender.

Of course we've had our ups and downs as every one must have,
But then we've faced them side by side, which acts as cooling
salve—

In rain or shine, in work or play, we've proved that saying
tender—

Yes, every evening proved it, with our four feet on the fender,

We've had our little differences, not many to be sure;
Nor did the mild unpleasantness resist our oft tried cure;
For tho' the morning dawned in gloom, the evening sank in
splendor,
And "everything was lovely" with our four feet on the fender.

When all is running smoothly and school life has no alloy,
When daily tasks are ended and there's nothing to annoy,
We read extracts from Riley in a language quaint and tender—
The room is always cosy, with four feet upon the fender.

Our rooms so plain and homelike then take on a cheerful glow
From merry glints of retrospect,—the happy Long Ago;
The hardships fade from memory, our hearts become more tender—
The Past, the Present—all is well—with four feet on the fender.

But times are changed about the place, the rooms appear so bare!
And melancholy memories prevaile the very air:
No more we gaze into the coals in rev'rie sweet and tender,
The retrospect is gloomy now with *two* feet on the fender.

The converse of a theorem may not be always true:
And sunny midday skies may take, e'er night, a sombre hue:
Our happiness is transient: vain and fleeting is the splendor
That comes into our student life thro' four feet on the fender.

The lessons now are still the same as those we're always had:
There is no change in college life that tends to make us sad:
Our school environments the same; our friends are true and
tender:

Alas, the change, alas there are but *two* feet on the fender.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

Our Y. M. C. A. enjoyed a visit from State Secretary H. M. Clarke, on the 2nd and 3rd of February. His earnest spirit was felt in the Sunday morning meeting and we feel that we have at the head of our state work one who is thoroughly interested in it.

We are nearing the time for the annual election of officers for the Y. M. C. A. Boys, consider this fact, weigh the possible candidates and choose the one who you think will be the best leader in religious work for the coming year. A thoroughly consecrated man, and one who can give much time and talent to the work, should be your choice.

The work of the year has been accompanied by many pleasures. Not pleasure unalloyed, it is true, but mingled with it have been the disappointments and difficulties that gives zest to our efforts and make men (and women) of us. Even sickness and suffering have invaded our ranks and prostrated for a time many of our students. But by the Providence of God all were spared and nearly all have returned to work.

Thursday January 31st was the Day of Prayer for colleges. Prayer meetings were held daily during the week previous and all felt that God was indeed with us. On Thursday morning the students' prayer meeting was led by Professor Brooks and was full of spiritual power. The afternoon was given to a memorial service for Dr. Samuel Graves, and the talks by alumni and friends of Dr. Graves were full of feeling and inspiration. The daily prayer meetings following the Day of Prayer have been very

profitable though not so largely attended as we had hoped. What their ultimate influence will be we can not tell. God knows.

There can be no doubt that there is nothing so profitable or so thoroughly enjoyable in college as the religious life. The attainment to intellectual fullness and mental power is not the important object of our life here, but to determine the course to be pursued in the use of our powers. This is largely determined by the habits of our religious life while in college. Unconsciously, perhaps, we are now determining our destiny, temporal and eternal. Christian students, what are our religious habits? Are we earnest and faithful, drawing our life from the Vine, but putting forth foliage and fruit as healthy branches? If so our future lives will be fruitful. Unconverted student how are you going to use that mind and those powers that you are now cultivating so carefully? Before you have delivered your commencement oration you will have determined your course in life. Not one in fifty ever consecrate their powers after having finished a college course.

N. T. HAFER, President.

We clip the following from the paper read at the Junior class reunion:

A certain eminent artist once heard the term "Prep" applied to, he knew not what, and no one would tell him.

"Ab, yes," said he, "prepositions."

Well, these "Prepositions" divided that they were in the same predicament as the man who was billed in a small country town for a balloon ascension and parachute drop.

The man, "so runs the Psalm" reached a height of about one thousand feet above mother earth and suddenly discovered that the assistant had not properly attached the parachute.

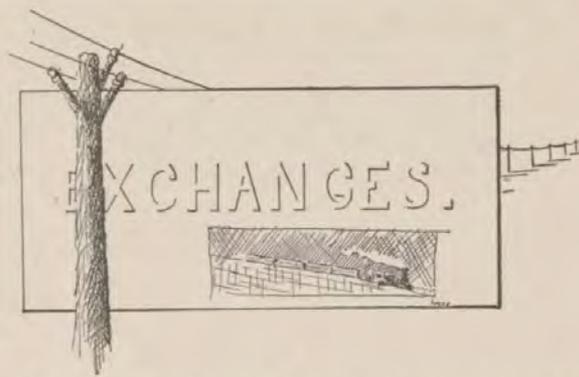
His first words, when they reached the spot where he struck were, "Well, I'm not in it."—neither were the "Preps."

So instead of attending the reception to our beloved Dr. Brooks, they held a banquet that same evening.

Old Lady (in shoe store.)—Have you felt slippers?

Clerk (solemnly)—Not lately, mum, but very often when I was a boy.—Vt. Academy Life.

Dennison Collegian suggests that the bread given the suffering miners be "battered with some simple moral teachings" on extravagance and strikes.



Vermont Academy Life contains an ingeniously arranged love story.

From Manifesto:—We are all apt to preach by word or act whatever we possess.

Some are over anxious to distribute to the poor, but do very little towards furnishing the means.

The Helios contains a well written essay on D. B. Hill, the author of which is either a republican or a Cleveland man.

The Ohio State University has just added to its museum a skeleton of a mastodon, there are but eight such skeletons in existence, and but one is said to surpass this.—Dennison Collegian.

"Disappointment is a little black seed which when dropped in the soil of a resigned heart and warmed with the sunshine of hope, will blossom into a sweet scented rose of delight and beauty."

Teacher in rhetoric:—Be kind enough to point out the difference between "purpose" and "propose."

Student (after thoroughly ransacking her brain) Well, one person can "purpose," but it takes two to "propose."

The Helios:—(In Vergil class.) "The swan grieving sat and sang on a poplar bough."

Prof.—Do swans usually roost in poplars?

Pupil—I don't know about swans, but most wild birds make their nests in the tops of tall trees.

Prof.—For instance?

Pupil—Oh—Squirrels.

The Echo contains a series of articles on "If I could take my college course over again," by representatives of all classes from D. D.'s to venerable A. B.'s of '91. Among the things on which they agree are, "Do fewer things and *do* them; take full time or more for the course, and if this is impossible, drop out by the way; do more literary work and let the spirit of devoutness illumine all."

College Index.

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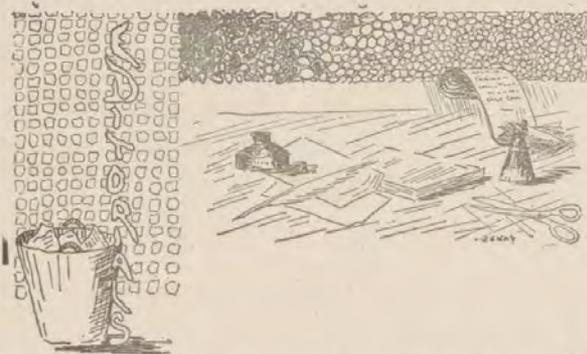
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fully received.

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ANOTHER college song is added to our list in this
number. We have six now written especially for
our college. A good scheme would be to have them
published in pamphlet form, so that all the
students may possess a copy.

THERE is one good thing that we are especially
glad to see this year, and that is, that the poets are
doing their best towards making the paper interest-
ing. We realize and have been told of the
eagerness with which these columns are scanned
and studied.

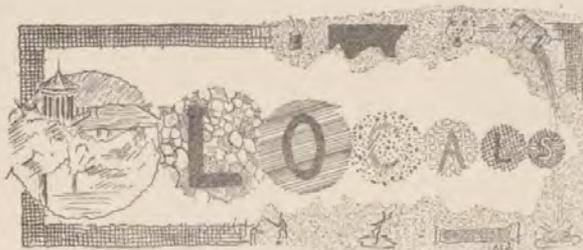
IT is a fact to be regretted that our literary society
meetings have necessarily had to be adjourned so
many times this term. Other entertainments have
been held on Friday night and so as a consequence
the societys meetings had to be given up. Friday
night ought to be left free as much as possible so that
we may do our regular literary work. Interest
can not help but lag when there is a meeting only
once in two or three weeks. The greater the
interest taken the greater will be the work done and
this work is too valuable to be slighted.

WE like the plan of Albion college, to send an
exploring expedition north next summer, and as
our institution has been requested to name one of its
number as a representative, we hope that some one
here will accept the offer. Original research is
becoming more and more necessary for the highest
success to any one pursuing special lines. Only
those are regarded as authorities who have made
independent research in their special subject. For
the person who intends to make science a specialty
this will be an excellent opportunity and should be
considered thoughtfully before it is refused.

MUCH credit ought to be given Dr. Slocum and
the workers of the college for the interest that has
been aroused in the city for Kalamazoo college.
The people have been out to our receptions and
we have had a chance to meet them. We have
come more into touch with them and they begin to
know that there is a college here and that it is an
advantage to the city—not that they have failed to
recognize this before but they seem to have had
their eyes opened a little more, as it were, to the
fact. The students also, begin to appreciate and take
advantage of the new relations that have been
opened up. There was a time when one could
meet many a person on the street and ask him for
Kalamazoo college, and he would look at you in
blank amasement, not knowing that there was such
an institution. But thanks, that time is in the past.
Another thing that has been a great help to us is hav-
ing our reports in the city papers. We ought to have
reports for the Chicago and Detroit papers; we had
last year and why does not some one take it in hand
this year. Advertising in this way to bring our
institution and its work before the people is just

what is needed. A little energy and push and perseverance will work wonders in most any line.

THE members of Kalamazoo College have been especially favored this term with the number and quality of fine speakers and entertainments to which they have been able to listen. It has seldom happened, if ever, that so many prominent men have visited our institution within so short a time. Dr. Harper and Prof. Willet of Chicago university, Dr. Mabie of Boston, A. J. Fox of Detroit, Hon. Mr. Kimmis of the state legislature, Rev. A. B. Chaffee of South Bend, Indiana, and several others have addressed us from our college platform. The receptions and banquets have been more than usually fine. The association and entertainments of the city have been very interesting and helpful. No one has reason to complain for the lack of opportunity for improvement this term, for every one has had a chance to have his intellectual desires gratified and to obtain culture. As students, we are much indebted to the influence of our president for many of those advantages. There is also an advantage in attending a college, although that college be not as large as some, which is situated in a city that has fine facilities, a city that calls fine talent and has fine talent. Kalamazoo is such a city and we should consider ourselves privileged that we have such advantages.



Great, great, '98, '98.

"Jackson says he can!"

Who stole the ice cream?

Give the pass word.—"Preps."

"This doesn't look like cream!"

"Where'd you get those fried-cakes!"

Somebody stole those Senior caps.

What became of the society window curtains?
Ask the "preps."

"Forcing a financial panic"—the nature of the bulletin board for February 13th.

Young gentleman bidding young lady good-by one evening during the late freshet:—"Au river!"

Professor Williams gave a lecture before the Ladies' Library Club, February 11th.

Where is the spirit of old when the "Prep" flag was allowed to wave so defiantly over the dormitory!

Mr. and Mrs. Hutchins, father and mother of Miss Ada Hutchins, spent a few days in Kalamazoo a short time ago.

The question was at last settled, and again the annual Washington Banquet was held at the American House.

N. T. Hafer received a call from the Baptist church at Ada and will fill the pulpit until the first of September.

Lost.—Somewhere on the college hill one balance. No reward is offered as one of the faculty ladies soon found it again.

Some one asks:—"Do all the Sophomores have calendars like H. L. A.'s, giving Valentine's eve on the 14th of February?"

It is remarked that the Sherwoods have push. Certainly this fact was demonstrated by them the night of the sleigh-ride.

Little as the average student may know about the finances of the nation, he can at least sympathize in the shortage of the gold supply.

The INDEX extends our sincere sympathy to our fellow students, A. W. and J. H. Chamberlin in their bereavement by the death of their father.

On the afternoon of Feb. 4, Mrs. Miller gave a very delightful reception in honor of Dr. Harper, to which the faculty and Senior class were invited.

On January 28, Dr. Slocum was called east by the death of his brother. In his bereavement, Dr. Slocum has the heartfelt sympathy of the students.

Gentleman at reception—"I am hearing a great deal about the Preps upon the hill to-night."

Preps.—"That stands for preposition, does it not?"

College blue!! Senior apple-green and white!
Junior hunter's and Nile green! Sophomore rose and cream!
Freshman heliotrope and violet! Prep' blue and gold!

The Junior class has elected its officers for 1895, consisting of Miss Bennett, President; W. D. McWilliams, Vice President; F. E. DeYoe, Secretary and Miss LaTourette, Treasurer.

Perhaps it would be better to have Kalamazoo College more thoroughly advertised throughout the state, so that when our young men go out to preach and speak a good word for the institution, they need not be asked if they mean the "Insane Asylum."

Don't miss the great cash slaughter sale at the Three B's, of boots and shoes. You can make a nice saving by trading with them.

Prof. E. J. Mac Ewan has just published a translation from the German of Freytag's *Technique of the Drama*. Mr. Mac Ewan was a student of Kalamazoo College, and later taught German here. He is now residing in Utah.

Friday evening the 15th, the good people of Hickory Corners were treated to a fine musical and literary program by the Misses LaTourette and A. E. Jenks. Several students accompanied them, making in all a merry sleigh load.

The Michigan Political Science Association, of which our President is a member, and through whose influence this year's session was held in this city, convened on the 15th and 16th. The students had the opportunity of listening to some very fine addresses.

The advanced German class is to give Schiller's "Yung-frau von Orleans," in the chapel the first part of the new term. If all the plans talked of are carried out it can not fail to be a great success, furnishing a fine entertainment to spectators and a great education to the participants.

Invitations are out for a German reception, to be given by Miss Swartout to the German classes, Thursday evening, March 17. The invitations are in German and only German will be heard that evening. As an aid and inspiration thereto, German refreshments will be served.

On Monday evening, Feb. 18, Mr. A. J. Fox of Detroit, addressed the students in the chapel, on the question "Tariff and Taxes." It was a very interesting and helpful address and we think that every student went away with a clearer knowledge upon a question, upon which a clear knowledge is very rare.

At last the hall has become in some respects a building of modern improvements. Electric connections have been placed therein by which the preceptress may touch an electric button and summon any of the young ladies to her presence. Incidentally it is the ambition of several of the boys to find out the combination. Why we do not know.

Prize fights, bull fights, and cock fights, have, in nearly all civilized countries been prohibited, but modern science has done much to overcome these difficulties. The preacher of to-day, leaving his flock, by the aid of Edison's phonograph, enjoys all these sports for the small sum of five cents. For further particulars apply to room three.

No doubt the air was oppressive in the close little German recitation room, no doubt the ignorance of the class that day was worse than is usual to college classes. Things do happen that way even in the best of classes and this was one of that nature, but yet was that enough? Could the vexation have excused the result? For be it from our desire to condemn, we have often felt the same way ourselves, and feeling that way—well, German is an expressive language anyway.

The Seniors in order to have each member hold an honorary position in the class room created several new offices, which, together with the four old ones were assigned by lot. They didn't flip pennies, but "slips in hats were madly thrown," and this is the result of the drawing. President, C. W. Oakley; Vice President, W. C. Oldfield; Secretary, N. T. Hafer; Treasurer, Miss Alice Brooks; Base Ball Manager, E. B. Taft; Foot Ball Manager, A. F. White; Tennis Captain, Miss Margaret St. John.

The Freshman were very pleasantly entertained at the home of Miss Helen Coleman on Tuesday evening, February 27. Conundrums and charades played an important part in the entertainment. The imitative ability of several members of the class as shown in the charades is hardly to be surpassed.—How 'ard he tried to take her picture. The company were regaled with coffee, macaroons and cake, after which came the reluctant leave-taking, and the happy Freshmen wended their way homeward, leaving behind them another milestone in the history of the class.

On the evening of February 1st, while the students of the college were enjoying themselves at the reception given to Dr. Brooks, the different classes of the preparatory department began to gather in the Sherwood society hall at the dormitory. After a pleasant, social time, all adjourned to the hall of the Philolexian Lyceum, where tables, very prettily decorated, were spread with the good things of the season. After toasts, and a musical program, at an early hour, suitable for them, the "children" returned home voting the affair a great success and hoping that they might enjoy many more before the happy days of childhood were past.

An episode caused by a February storm.—One of our theologically inclined students who is acting as shepherd of a flock in a distant town started on Friday in order to spend a little time with friends residing in another place. On Saturday he went to the depot expecting to go on to the fields of his labors, but to his consternation, found that all trains were

blockaded and none would go out that day. There was nothing left for him but to remain where he was for the Sabbath. On Monday morning, early, he was driven to the station some miles distant, that he might take the train for Kalamazoo and College. Here the owner of the team left him, and he supposed all was well. Who can imagine his thoughts and feelings when he learned that no train would be able to pass that way! There was just one thing left for him to do, and that was to walk or wade back to the place from which he had come, and this he proceeded to do. Finally as a last resort he went to another station nearer, and at last took a train for somewhere at last reaching Kalamazoo in time to attend classes next day.

On the evening of Feb. 5, the Junior class met for a social time at the home of Miss Bennett. The special entertainment was a "Class Journal" conducted by the Misses Bennett and La Tourette, but made up of contributions from the others. Probably several found the solution of that vexing question, "What am I going to do?" in the prophecy and we shall see, Mr. Pixley—in future, a renowned mathematician, Mr. Newell, a professor of Greek; Mr. Hutchins, a very eminent divine; Mr. Sinclair, a great journalist, and all the rest in callings for which they were meant. Let us predict for Miss La Tourette a great future in poetry—as the prophecy, written by her, was in verse.

St. Valentine's was celebrated in a delightful sleigh-ride by a merry company of students. They were driven to the home of Miss Bessie Goodrich, near Comstock, where they partook of an excellent repast, the menu being as unique and fitting the occasion as it was delectable. It consisted of the following dishes:

- "Food for hungry hearts."
- "Cupid's arrows."
- "Shield from Cupid's darts."
- "Valentine's beverage."
- "Love's desire."
- "Stony hearts."

After a very enjoyable evening spent in reciting, games, etc., the party returned to Kalamazoo in the small hours of morn. Those present were: The Misses Fisk, Ford, Mareia and Elsa Warrant and Messrs. Rasmusson, Killam, Axtell, Starkweather and Newell.

Kalamazoo College has been highly favored during the past month by the opportunities afforded the students of listening to men of note. Especially was this true, when through our President's influence, Dr. Harper, of the Chicago University, visited the College on the 4th. In the afternoon Dr. Harper

addressed the students in the chapel on "University as Distinguished from College Work." He spoke of the difference of the spirit of the work at different colleges, with which, as President of the University, he had come in touch, and spoke high words of commendation for the work being done in our own institution under our President and faculty. It was a very interesting and helpful address, and every student realized the benefit of listening to such a man as Dr. Harper, and feeling the inspiration that can only come by personal contact with great leaders. In the evening Dr. Harper addressed the students and friends of the College at the First Baptist Church on "The Bible and its Monuments."

There had been a festive gathering the night before and all had agreed upon a photograph of the party next morning.

"Where shall we go to have it taken?" one asked and someone had said "To Finishwell's, of course," while others said they would rather go to Styler's. After much discussion the first named place was decided upon and next morning the studio of the aforesaid artist began to smile with bright faces. All had arrived but two of the girls, when someone suggested that they had made a mistake and someone was sent to Styler's to see if they were there—meeting them at the door, all pinked and curled.

Well—the picture was taken and one of those two girls delegated to get the proofs the next day and what do you suppose she did? Calmly she walked into Styler's and asked if the proofs were done. The boy looked at her in a very peculiar manner, then said dryly, "They weren't taken here, were they?" Greatly confused, but determined not to show it, the young lady said boldly, "O! weren't they?" and walked out. Some one else had to get the proofs.

On Friday evening, February 22, occurred the annual Washington banquet of the literary societies at the American house. Although there was a somewhat smaller attendance than usual, it was one of the most successful banquets ever held by the societies. The tables were decorated very nicely, and much credit is due Mr. Hotop of the American for the elegant menu and service:

MENU.

- | | |
|------------------------|----------------------|
| New York Counts. Raw. | |
| Chicken Consomme. | |
| Queen Olives. | Gherkins. |
| Pear Pickles. | Selected Celery. |
| Roast Turkey, stuffed. | |
| Cranberry sauce. | |
| Creamed Potatoes. | Fricassee Asparagus. |

Roast Prairie Chicken Stuffed.
Spiced Gooseberries.
Chicken Salad with Wafers.
Assorted Cakes.
English, Gold, Carmel, Fruit,
Macaroons.
Neapolitan Ice Cream.
Assorted Nuts. Assorted Fruits.
Coffee. Milk.
Ice Tea.

After all had done full justice to the good things set before them, the following program was given:

Toast Master, A. J. Hutchens.
Music.
Mandolin Club.
"Modern Improvements,".....Miss Margaret St. John
"Classic Reminiscences,".....Dr. S. Brooks
Music.
Duet, the Misses LaTourette.
"Antitheses,".....C. W. Oakley
"Growths,".....Miss L. ula M. Hough
Music.
Vocal solo, Miss Florence LaTourette.
"Modern Languages,".....F. B. Sinclair
"Future of Small Colleges,".....Dr. Slocum
Music, Mandolin Club.
"Our Future,".....W. C. Oldfield



N. T. Hafer is now the regular pastor at Adat Mich.

Miss Bilby spent Sunday February 24 at her home in Fenton.

Mr. Finley spent Sunday the 24th at his home in Battle Creek.

T. E. Sinclair has recovered from an attack of the "mumps."

Miss Elred has resumed her college work after her recent illness.

A. E. Jenks attended the State Prohibition convention at Lansing.

F. E. DeYoe spent Sunday February 24 at his home in Richland.

Professor Beeman of Michigan University was at College February 20.

Miss Kate Bissell of Richland, a former student, attended the banquet.

Miss Agnes Powell recently made a short visit to her home in Marshall.

A. F. White has been holding revival services at his pastorate in Schoolcraft.

W. D. McWilliams attended the Michigan club banquet at Detroit, February 22.

H. Willard is slowly recovering and will soon return to his home in Bay City.

Miss Helen Coleman entertained the Freshman class, the evening of February 26.

Miss Annis Jenks has returned to Kalamazoo, though not to be in college this term.

Will Hayne says that Dr. Warner's Hair Invigorator is the best thing that he can find.

Dr. Slocum spoke in Benton Harbor Saturday evening and Sunday morning, February 23 and 24.

Wilber Nelson, son of the late Dr. Nelson, has been obliged to leave college at Alma on account of ill health.

Miss Edith Cobb who is spending this school year at her home in Grand Rapids has recently recovered from quite a severe fit of sickness.

Miss Mary Dowd, a former student attended the Washington banquet and will be at her brothers', W. E. Dowd for a few weeks visit.

Misses Pauline and Florence LaTourette sang at the State meeting of the A. O. U. W. at the Academy of Music the evening of February 20.

A. H. Perry made his College friends a visit February 27 and 28. The Detroit Male Quartette of which Mr. Perry is a member, gave a concert at the First M. E. church Wednesday evening the 27.

The Philolexian Lyceum will hold their annual open meeting the evening of March 8, in the College chapel. The following program will be given:

Address of welcome.....M. J. Newell
Declamation.....F. D. Blanchard
Oration.....C. W. Oakley
Music.....
Oration.....E. B. Taft
Declamation.....C. J. Edburg
Oration.....E. E. Ford
Music.....
Scene from Julius Caesar.....C. J. Hutchins, F. B. Sinclair
Music.....

Small boy—while his father asked the blessing with his hands upon the pile of butter plates—finally a great clatter just as the "Amen" was said.

Mother—who had been watching him, "Why my little boy, I am afraid you didn't have your eyes closed."

Small boy—looking up slyly, "Why, I guess you didn't either."

JUNIORS OF '95.

Join we again in revels bright,
 Gay is the throng, crisp is the night,
 While earth lies wrapped in silent white,
 Our song bursts forth from hearts so light,
 Razzle dazzle, hobble gobble, rah, roo, rix!
 Kalamazoo, Kalamazoo '96!

Three years have passed since, Freshmen, we,
 With sense the fitting thing to see,
 Chose green our colors fresh to be,
 While rang our cry o'er wood and lea.
 Rah, roo, rix! Kalamazoo, Kalamazoo '96!

Twenty-one we counted then,
 Of whom are left at present ten;
 But Jackson, Newell, Hall, with pen
 And voice, the chorus join again.
 Rah, roo, rix!

Kalamazoo, Kalamazoo '96!

Another year of toil and we,
 Bennett, Newell, W. D.,
 Hutch, Hall, Sinclair, with G. V. P.,
 And Snashall too, will write A. B.
 Rah, roo, rix!

Kalamazoo, Kalamazoo '96!

While J. B. Fox, and brave De Yoe
 And Jackson, bound to make things go,
 Pauline and A. E. Jenks will show
 Us how to write B. S. you know.
 Roo, rah, rix!

Kalamazoo, Kalamazoo '96.

Then here's to '96 so true;
 And here's to dear old Kalamazoo;
 Here's to our host, the man of the shoe,
 And here's to his daughter who wears the blue.
 Razzle dazzle, hobble gobble, rah, roo, rix!
 Kalamazoo, Kalamazoo '96.

DR. BROOK'S ANNIVERSARY RECEPTION.

Never in the memory of any of the present students has the college chapel looked so festive as upon the evening of February first, when the friends, alumni, and students of the institution gathered to do honor to our beloved professor, Dr. Brooks, who has filled the chair of Latin language and literature for twenty-five years. Over one thousand invitations had been issued, of which a large proportion were sent out of town. The reception itself owed its success largely to former students, resident in the city and President Slocum. The large number of citizens who have no direct interest in the college, who were present, showed the respect in which our professor is held.

The chapel had been prettily decorated with palms and draperies of college blue, the great galleries on either side of the auditorium being lighted with ornamental lamps while a number of palms added

grace to the effect, and a mandolin orchestra, and vocal music in charge of Miss Stevens lent additional charm. The decorations were arranged by members of the Junior class. The guests were ushered through the lower corridors by the members of the Freshman class, and were met at the upper landing by the Seniors, who acted as ushers, Dr. Slocum, Prof. and Mrs. Brooks and Miss Alice receiving.

Later Dr. Slocum acted as master of ceremonies, and we listened eagerly to the many words of affection for Dr. Brooks and fond remembrance of hours spent in his class-room, which were spoken by alumni, Hon. W. P. Howard of Kalamazoo, and H. C. Kingman of Battle Creek, president of the alumni association. Col. J. D. Burns spoke on behalf of the citizens, and Erwin B. Taft on behalf of the class of '95. Next followed the reading of several of the letters from those who were not able to be present from out of the city, by Mr. Chauncy Strong. Among them were those from President Angell and Prof. Kelsey of the university of Michigan, and one also from President Harper of Chicago university. Following this, Mr. Coleman spoke on behalf of the alumnae and alumni, and a large number of friends, and at the close of his remarks presented the Professor with a gold watch and chain. The watch was inscribed with this line from Virgil, "Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit," and contained in a casket with a number of gold pieces. Professor Brooks responded in words that revealed to all why his work in Kalamazoo college had been so successful and why he is so beloved, and all who know Mrs. Brooks could appreciate the beautiful tribute paid her by her husband. After many congratulations had been extended to Dr. and Mrs. Brooks the guests went to the Eurodelphian hall below, where refreshments were served by Mrs. Lyman Blakeslee and the lady members of the faculty, assisted by the Sophomore class, the room being decorated with Sophomore flowers—rose carnations.

As the guests departed it must have been the hope of all that Dr. Brooks might live many years, to leave his impress as a Christian man and a inspiring teacher upon the lives of many more young men and women.

THE SENIOR CAPS.

Fruit of long and deep reflection
 Methinks to show us they're "alive!"
 On each front this interjection,
 They've embroidered—"95."
 Every day they don this head gear,
 Methinks to show us they're "alive!"
 To show the classes that are dead here;
 There is none like 95!

A CHANGE.

When a boy leaves home for college,
If he's like the most of boys,
His young head is slightly swelled,
Recollecting high school joys.

How we laugh when first we see him
Strutting up and down the walk,
Feeding taffy to the ladies,
Taffy sweet and taffy talk.

Could he know how fresh and guileless
To those ladies he appears,
He would hie him to his chamber
And give vent to bitter tears.

But he never learned the lesson,
For he had a mamma proud,
Who had told him that her darling
Was with talents rare endowed.

So behold a guileless freshman
Owning all the earth or more,
Gone to college just for polish
And for others to adore.

'Tis the Prof. of mathematics
Brings to freshy's mind a doubt,
When he asks in tones of thunder,
"Does your mother know you're out?"

When the night is dark and dreary,
Older boys in shadows wait;
They have laid a trap for freshy,—
Freshy nibbles at the bait.

Underneath the pump they put him,
Soak him through from feet to crown;
All he knows has come to nothing,
Freshy sees it while he's down.

Thus he gets an education,
Quite as needful to his life,
To prepare him for its battles,
Would he conquer in the strife.

W. D. McWILLIAMS.

MARCH.

The seasons alter: hoary headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose,
And on old Hiems' thin and icy crown
An odorous chapter of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mockery, set: the spring, the summer,
The chiding autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries, and the mazed world,
By their increase, now knows not which is which.
Midsummer Night's Dream. Act II. Sc. 5.

Daffodils
That comes before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty.
Winter's Tale. Act IV. Sc. 3.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.
Troilus and Cressida. Act III. Sc. 3.

Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.
Third Part of Henry VI. Act 2. Sc. 5.

Joy, gentle friends! joy and fresh days of love
Accompany your hearts!
Midsummer Night's Dream. Act V. Sc. 1.
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VOLUME 16.

NUMBER 7.

APRIL, 1895.

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KALAMAZOO, MICH.

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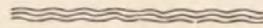


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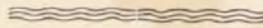
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College Index.

VOL. 16. New Series.

Kalamazoo, Mich., April, 1895.

NO. 7.

Literary.

CHORAL SONG FROM SOPHOCLES' DRAMA OF ANTIGONE.

PROF S. J. AXTELL.

Many and strange are the things we see,
Nothing more strange than a man can be.
Crossing wild seas when the winds are out,
Daring the billows' engulfing rout,
Though blasts are fierce and waves run high,
He rides the tumult fearlessly.
Supremest earth, of all the source,
Never decaying, in vigor abiding,
Over thy surface his plowshares still guiding,
Year after year with might of horse,
He turns the furrow's circling course.

Captive he holds in his well wrought snare,
Light-hearted songsters that skim the air;
All the wild tribes of the wilderness,
Fishes that swim in the depth of seas,
Through woven nets and artful plan,
Become thy prey, all subtle man.
Thou rulest all with matchless skill;
Beast of the mountain, in savage lair hiding,
Shaggy-maned steed in his fleetness confiding,
The bull that roams the vale and hill,—
All yield to thy o'er-mastering will.

Articulate speech and high soaring thought,
And social desires into civil life wrought,—
These to himself has he wisely taught.
The chilling frosts and arrows of the rain,
From open sky attack him now in vain,
All versatile man, unready never for coming pain.
One thing alone defies his utmost skill,—
He'll never gain release from Hades' will,
Though he has healing found for many an ill.

Yes, gifted is man with a wonderful skill
Outrunning our thought; but his variable will
Now plans for the noble, now worketh the ill.
Let him who well observes the laws of state,
And heaven's high will doth hold inviolate,
Stand high in the land, cityless be the reprobate.
Who out of recklessness shall choose the base,
Never at hearth of mine can show his face,
And never shall my soul his worthless views embrace.

A MEDICAL COLLEGE.

It is hard to get a correct idea of medical colleges and the lives of the students there except by personal

acquaintance with both. Nevertheless I will try to tell a little concerning the college and its student life, which I have learned by a short acquaintance with them. The medical colleges of America have without doubt undergone more changes than any institution of the kind. The development of the medical profession has been very rapid, not only in theory, but in practice also. As the knowledge and practice of medicine has grown, so the course of study, which formerly occupied the space of only a few months, has now been extended to four years of eight months each, in our best institutions.

Although the work of different schools is somewhat similar, yet the professional schools decidedly have their own peculiarities. In the medical school the student's work comes any time between the hours of eight in the morning and nine in the evening, and in some schools six days in the week. From four to eight different subjects are pursued at one time. While these studies all point toward one end perhaps, yet the student thinks there is as much difference between them as there is between Greek and Latin. Many lessons are assigned regularly in textbooks, but the most of the professors lecture and then quiz, or an assistant takes this part of the work. A great deal of time is spent at the different laboratories, especially in using the microscope. This instrument is becoming more valuable each year. First the normal tissue is studied and then the abnormal or diseased tissue, also the microscopical acquaintance of the germs of diseases is made. In the physiological chemical laboratory practically all the chemical changes of indigestion are shown by experiments, pepsin is prepared and various secretions and excretions are analyzed. After the student has successfully passed the first year, much time is spent in chemical work where the doctor in charge lectures on the case which is brought before the class. In one college over twenty-five thousand prescriptions have been filled since the first of last June. In this way the student has from thirty to forty and even more hours work each week. Besides this the student has his work of preparation for the quiz, and if he would profit from laboratory and chemical work, he must read as much as possible concerning the subjects treated.

It is very evident then that a medical student is a very busy person. Of course, there are some who take life easy and study little, and as it is expressed "slide through." No doubt such will have plenty of time to study more thoroughly during the first years of their general practice. To one who has come from a college which had small classes, it is surprising to see how much cribbing is carried on, and how well they manage it. But this is hardly true in general. Many of the students are college graduates, or at least have had a partial college training, and these come ready to fit themselves in the best way possible for the profession. One of the most pleasing features of the school is the interest and zeal which the students show in their work. I have never seen a more earnest and industrious lot of students than those I have seen at the anatomical laboratory.

As one learns more and more what a wonderful piece of mechanism the human body is, especially when it possesses that something called life, he sees what a vast and unlimited subject of study lies before him. Like any other delicate and complicated piece of machinery, often a very little thing injures or destroys its vitality, and many times a little knowledge not only remedies the faulty part, but saves the machine itself, and yet how little people in general know concerning this body, without speaking of the many ills which lie in its path and the way to remove them. True, nature is man's best physician, but often a little aid is necessary, and then nature can work wonders. Nature will not remove a tumor, but after it has been excised by man, nature will show its healing powers.

The lack of knowledge of human anatomy and physiology is very evident, to illustrate. A medical student once, when asked concerning the course of the oesophagus, answered that starting from the mouth it passed through the foramen magnum (the opening in the base of the cranium for the passage of the spinal chord) on its way to the stomach. While on the contrary, many think that the tube which can be felt in the front part of the neck is the oesophagus instead of the trachea or air passage.

A correct knowledge of the pharynx, larynx, trachea, oesophagus and blood vessels, is often very valuable in emergency cases. Every one ought at least to have a general idea of the arterial system, digestive apparatus, and a good knowledge of the proper food stuffs for the nutrition of the body. And a little knowledge concerning a few medicines would be of immense practical benefit to everyone. All of which can easily be attained by a little reading and careful study. Advocating such ideas is somewhat against the profession as a business, I know, but it is not against the good of mankind.

The individual life of the student is largely what he makes it. In a large city like Chicago, temptations are numerous and strong, and unless the student puts himself in the way of Christian people, he is not very apt to have Christian friends or surroundings. The tendency seems to be to let religion alone and attend strictly to business. In the Northwestern University Medical College nearly one half of the students are members of Evangelical churches. Many of the students are working in churches, missions, Sunday schools, or are trying to build up a Y. M. C. A. in the college. And some are preparing for missionary work in foreign lands. Yet there is plenty of room for both Christians and Christianity in the college as well as in the profession.

C. J. KURTZ.

THAT CADAVER.

Six, chimed the clock in the university town. The door of the dissecting room opened, and the medical students came trooping out, laughing and joking in the scramble for hats and coats, all forgetful that but five minutes before they had been prying with sharpened knife into one of nature's most solemn mysteries.

Ralph Parsons and his chum extricated themselves from the melee, ran down the broad stone steps into the warm April twilight together, and crossed the campus towards their boarding place, with the satisfactory consciousness of another day's work done. As they turned the corner, they came abruptly upon a funny, dapper little fellow standing, his hands in his pockets, and his head cocked on one side, watching a robin chirping above in the musty green of the young elm leaves.

"Hello, Sapinsky! You're a queer fellow! Hav'nt you anything better to do than—I declare! You look for all the world like a bird yourself, with your head perched up in that fashion," came from Parsons.

Sapinsky turned his gaze slowly upon the two men.

"Oh, I was waiting for you fellows," he said.

"Waiting! You are a great fellow, as my worthy friend here just remarked," burst in the chum, Douglas. "Why didn't you come to class this afternoon. I believe you've skipped every dissecting day for the last three weeks. What are you going to do in the next 'quiz?'"

"That's what I wanted to see you about," he said quietly, walking down the street with them. "I've been working the last few weeks. My landlady mentions board bill frequently. But I know where we can get a 'cadaver' without saying as much as 'by your leave' to anyone. An old pauper was buried to-

day in the little Jew cemetery on the Lake road, about a mile and a half out, you know. If you can borrow your friend's old horse and carriage that you had last time, I'll get the tools, and we'll have a 'stiff' without the police, the faculty, and the whole town after us."

"I'm not so sure of that," said Parsons. "It's my private opinion the police have an eye on us, and if they see us coming in after midnight, they will be on the lookout for an ungainly bundle of something or other. There's such a thing as transacting a piece of private business once too often, and I've had about enough of grave robbing."

"Fiddle sticks! You will go, won't you, Douglass?" said Sapinsky. There is no danger. The moon sets at twelve, and it will be as dark as a pocket after that. I must get a body somewhere," he added.

But Douglass shook his head. "I'm not anxious for State's prison board, and you know as well as I that that is the sure penalty if we are caught. But I'll get the horse if you want to go alone," with a wink at Parsons, for Sapinsky's cowardice was a standing joke between them.

"Then I'll do it!" he said suddenly, stopping at his boarding place.

"Well! He has more courage than I ever gave him credit for haying," said Douglass.

"I don't envy him his job," replied Parsons. "It's going to be a wet, rainy night; it's no fun digging up dead folks in a dark grave yard when there are other fellows to help and to keep one's courage up, but when it comes to going alone—I wonder at his doing it, he is such a coward usually. I can't imagine what Miss Churchill sees in him. It won't take much to set his heels flying by the time he's got the corpse out of the ground, I'll vouch."

"Say!" broke in Douglass, "Do you want some fun?"

"Most certainly. What brilliant idea have you evolved from that brain of yours now?"

"You know those sixteenth country cousins of mine, don't you, who are always inviting me to come out? Well, I don't think they can live more than half a mile across the fields from that grave yard. Suppose you and I call on them this evening. Perhaps your own brilliancy will suggest the rest."

"His enterprise did seem to be lacking in lively interests," Sapinsky began to admit to himself as he sat with the reins held loosely in his hand while his horse splashed along the muddy street. He was muffled in a long-disused coat with the collar turned up and his hat pulled down over his head to hide his identity from any over curious night official. A drizzling rain was falling, obscuring at the distance of a

few rods the flickering lights of the street lamps which cast the shadows of the lone driver now behind, now before, on the wet ground as he passed.

He left the last lamp behind him, and the straggling houses on the outskirts of the town finally disappeared altogether. Not a sound was to be heard but the regular splash, splash, of the horse's feet.

Sapinsky began to think of the old man lying out there in his cold grave. It was cruel not to allow him a resting place at last. He had often seen him plow into town for service on bright Sunday mornings in the last autumn. How did he look when he was young? What was his pet ambition? His pet recreation in all probability was not digging dead people out of their graves and cutting them up. Did he have a sweetheart? In the years to come would some "medic" be planning to open *his* grave? Would *he* die alone in the world? Would any one care? Would Miss Churchill, for instance care? She would be old too, by that time.

But the white marble tomb stones began to appear through the night, and so, tying his horse, he threw over the fence the tools and the windlass with its rope and hooks. Vaulting lightly over with the unlighted lantern in his hand, he shouldered them, and began making his way in the dark towards the pauper's corner, sheltered by four untrimmed pines.

"No one can see a light here," he said to himself, as he kneeled to light the lantern. "If they do, they will think it an uneasy ghost."

After five minutes of steady digging with his eyes fastened on his spade, he straightened up. "Pshaw its all nonsense! What's the use of cold shivers running over me?"

Nevertheless, the dim light flickering on the wet polished surfaces of the tomb stones standing out from the blackness, white representatives of the dead beneath them, with the gentle murmuring of the wind in the pines, seemed to act as magnets drawing his courage from him.

At last he struck the coffin's lid, and in a few minutes he had the books adjusted in his victim, and began winding up the rope by means of the windlass.

He looked fearfully about him. What was that behind that monument. He felt his heart thump. It was only a low limb of the evergreen. He turned again to the creaking windlass. What an unearthly sound it made through the deathly stillness!

It was with a sigh of relief that he pulled the long bag of sacking over the dead man at last, and shoveled the earth back into the hole. With his awkward burden, he stumbled along over the uneven mound toward the carriage. Depositing the body on the seat, he went back for his tools, half fearing as he did

so, that something would happen to his property while he was gone.

"Nonsense," he muttered for the hundredth time. "There isn't a policeman within two miles, and Parsons and Douglass are the only ones who know I'm out at all."

But on his return the body sat apparently undisturbed as he had left it; not a very cheerful companion for a drive, he thought, as he touched up his steed. The homeward ride was worse than the drive out. The stillness was almost unendurable, and he started as the corpse jolted over against his shoulder. He gave it a shove into the farthest corner with "See here, you are a little too familiar for a dead man," but in three minutes its weight settled heavily upon him again.

He could not bear the touch of the horrible thing, so gathering up the carriage robe, he thrust it between himself and the body. But to his horror, it immediately began sliding gradually but steadily toward him again. *It was moving of itself!*

One moment of indecision, and Sapinsky leaped the wheel and was gone.

The corpse indulged in an audible chuckle, and soon, after much wriggling, the head of Parsons emerged from the bag. After a hearty laugh with Douglass who appeared at the side of the road,

"Where has he gone?" he asked.

"Gone flying down the road from town. What shall we do with the 'cadaver' back there? We will have to take it to town, won't we?"

"We've gotten ourselves into it with all our talk. It will be a joke on us if the cops get us."

But not a person was in sight as they smuggled the bag into the small work room they held in common with Sapinsky.

"Wonder where he is now;" said Parsons, stopping to laugh.

"Oh, he's gotten over his scare by this time. He'll turn up in the morning."

But he did not "turn up" in the morning. Noon came, but no Sapinsky. At six o'clock he was still missing. Much to the relief of Parsons and Douglass no one seemed to notice his absence. He was often gone for days at a time working with a medical friend in a neighboring village.

Finally on the third day when still he had not made his appearance, and matters were assuming a serious aspect, Sapinsky's room-mate approached Parsons:

"Say, do you know where Sapinsky has gone?"

"Why, hasn't he gone down to Dr. Fields?"

"I don't know. Its rather strange. I wasn't in Tuesday night, but it seems he said to the landlady

that he was going out and didn't know when he would be back. She supposed that he was going out for the evening, but he must have meant a day or so."

"No," Parsons didn't know where he was; "I wish I did," he added most emphatically to himself.

"He said something in the afternoon about an opportunity to study with some physician. Perhaps he has gone to see about that."

Two weeks passed, every day of the fourteen adding its weight of anxiety to the two culprits, for faculty as well as students began to make inquiries.

Finally one day Sapinsky's room-mate again hailed Parsons: "Oh, I forgot to tell you that I had a postal from Sapinsky the other day. He is to study somewhere with a doctor. I have packed his things and sent them to New York city, and made explanations to the faculty."

Parsons felt as though a load had slipped from his mind. "He is safe, any way," he thought.

"Where is he?"

"I don't know. The card was mailed on the New York Central, and I sent his trunks to a freight office. The whole affair is queer. It was rather a sudden departure."

"Oh well, he is always doing queer things, you know."

"Douglass," said Parsons that night. "It is almost a miracle the way we've slipped out of this scrape. But I'm afraid we frightened him out of the country for good. He evidently thought I was a policeman, and is fleeing justice. There is one consolation though. I don't have to get down to see Miss Churchill before breakfast if I want her for a concert or lecture."

"Well, I'm thankful that the faculty have a satisfactory explanation, that's all I have to say."

But he had a good deal to say when all attempts to reach Sapinsky by letter were all unavailing. They found that the trunk had been taken from the freight office, but that was all. No one knew of any relatives. He could not have disappeared more completely had the earth opened and swallowed him.

"If we could only explain matters to him," groaned the two jokers.

By the time the students came back again for work in October, Sapinsky seemed almost to have dropped from the memory of his few friends, apparently even Miss Churchill, much to Parson's satisfaction. But he haunted only too persistently the mind of two "medics." All through the year the two chums never picked up a newspaper without scanning it for the name of Sapinsky, but all in vain.

It was July, the second since Sapinsky's disappear-

ance. At the close of a hot day Parsons, who was at home for a summer vacation, strolled down the street swinging by its string the newspaper parcel which his fussy old neighbor had sent to the cobbler.

His thoughts had wandered back to well worn grooves of speculation. How long were matters going on like this, anyway? Were they never to know where their friend was? Never to give him an explanation, so that he could resume his course?

Suddenly the package slipped from the loosened string, and as he wrapped the paper about the shoe again, he noticed it was a newspaper four or five weeks old from some New Jersey town. The leading topic of interest of that issue had evidently been a wedding. He ran his eyes over the head lines. At the first sentence of the account he stopped short.—

"*What!*" he said. He read it again.

"The spacious residence of Dr. M. B. Churchill was brilliantly illuminated last evening, the occasion being the marriage of his daughter Bertha D., to Frank R. Sapinsky."

The regulation account of a regulation wedding followed, ending with the usual complimentary tribute to the bridegroom, who "during his studies and practice with Dr. Churchill the last year, has gained many warm friends, and evinced a special aptitude for his chosen profession in which, without doubt, in a few years he will rank as one of the first men."

Parsons heaved a sigh. "Did she know all the time where he was?" he said slowly.

AGNES POWELL.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION IN RUSSIA.

First prize was awarded on the delivery of this oration in the Junior contest, June, 1894.—Ed.

The Russians are not and never were a classical people. They are of importance, as one of those peoples that have risen above the obscurity of semi-barbarism to take their place among the great nations of the world. Their history is none the less interesting because their progress is not yet ended, their achievements not yet completed and their future none can foretell.

The nations of Europe at the close of the seventeenth century little dreamed that from the half-savage tribes inhabiting the eastern Steppes, would arise in the next century a nation of such startling proportions and unlimited ambition. Peter the Great drew to himself and united under his firm hand those peoples that formed the nucleus of the present empire. No sooner had he ascended the Moscovite throne than he seized territory on the Baltic in order to obtain access to the Atlantic

Ocean. He desired a port on the Black Sea and the Turks had to furnish it. The Persian ruler displeased him and gave up some territory. Peter had but to desire and occasion was found for the accomplishment.

Such was the ambition of the greatest of the Czars and it has been inherited in all its fullness by his successors. No occasion is lost by which Russia may gain an influence in foreign nations. The western powers must combine to insure the integrity of their territories. To-day Russia looks with longing eyes toward rich but weak Turkey. The "sick man" has always been the object of great solicitude at the Russian court. Amputation and bleeding are regarded as the only effective remedies. These were attempted in 1855 but Russia was beaten in the Crimea by the western allies. Again in 1877 the fear of other nations alone kept the Russians out of Constantinople. Of one thing, however, we may be certain, though baffled thus far, Russia will never be satisfied until her cross is planted where the crescent now waves and the Russian fleet has free course to the Mediterranean.

The rich provinces of Asia offer many attractions to Russia. Slowly her arms have been advanced toward India until now there is but a step from Russian to English dependencies and the very atmosphere breathes the question each to the other, "What are you going to do about it?"

When we see Russia pushing out in all directions and acquiring territory, the question naturally arises "will the government be able to hold together these vast possessions or will, some day, that iron band be broken and the empire crum'le to its original elements?"

As a nation the Russians are a patriotic people. They would lay their lives upon their country's altar as willingly as the people of any other nation. The greater part, alas, acknowledge a common parentage and are bound together by the ties of brotherhood. There seem, however, to be three evils prevalent in Russia that menace her prosperity and are hindrances to the realization of her dreams. These are absolutism, ignorance among the masses and religious intolerance. The government is known as the most perfect example of an absolute monarchy. The Czar believes his power to be God-given and the people his rightful inheritance. To his mind free thought in politics is a crime against God for which the deepest Siberian mine is a just punishment. The stories told of Russian prisons and Siberian mines, if true, are enough to arouse the indignation of a civilized world.

For all these evils we can not say that the Czar is directly responsible, but the iniquitous system of government which he represents, a system which the world has outgrown. Despotism can no longer curb the spirit of liberty, and Russia as the last of the nations of Europe is proving the inefficiency of police force to control the growing mind and liberal ideas of the people. Popular spirit will break forth and when free, will not be responsible for its acts. Thus have arisen those secret political societies whose names are made terrible by the memory of their deeds. Whether the Nihilists are a blessing or a curse to Russia we can but believe that they represent the spirit of common humanity struggling against political slavery. We can not approve of all their demands nor of their methods for securing these. Dynamite never freed a nation nor can liberty approve of crimes committed in her name. How mistaken was that Nihilist leader who said in regard to the purposes of his society, "Our first work must be the destruction and annihilation of everything as it now exists. We must accustom ourselves to destroy everything, the good with the bad; for if even a stone of the old world remains, the new will never be created." As American citizens our sympathies are with patriots everywhere but not with anarchists, with reformers but not with destroyers. How much more reasonable for the patriots of Russia to use those institutions already established from which to fashion the new. None but God can create out of nothing.

The crude ideas of government common among the so-called liberals of Russia betray their poverty of intellectual training. Popular education is a thing for the future; at present not one tenth of the people can read. Instruction is in the hands of the priests and it seems to be their aim to limit it rather than to extend it. It is true, the colleges of Russia compare favorably with those of other nations but they are only for the nobility; there are no schools for the common people.

Hand in hand with ignorance go superstition and religious intolerances. The Jew is the object of special persecution and during the last few years such sufferings and indignities have been heaped upon him as to call forth remonstrances from foreign courts. Protestant christians are also the objects for imperial and popular opposition. But though they are allowed to have no churches nor to hold public services, they are growing in numbers and will undoubtedly exert a leavening influence on Russia's future.

So it is easy to find the cause of Russia's political condition. No government can be firmly established and no nation truly prosperous without an educated citizenship, a guarantee of free thought and untrameled conscience. Without free thought, free speech and free conscience a nation can not be called free; and a people in bondage will have little love for their master. The people of Russia are in submission but it is the submission born of long oppression. Would Czar Alexander endear himself to his people? Let him become their servant and benefactor. Would he be free from fear of the assassin's knife? Let him free his people from his hated detectives and from unjust taxation. Would he live forever in the memory of his people? Let him give to them a public school system that shall make them more than the serfs they once were and a new Russia will be his monument. Do the people of Russia desire a representative government? The ballot is safe only in the hands of intelligent and educated citizens. Is it their ambition to influence the world? Military prestige is uncertain and may be lost in a day but the influence of well-trained intellects can not be resisted and is eternal. Russia needs the education of her people rather than great armies, literature more than a perfect system of police, popular sovereignty and popular loyalty rather than despotic compulsion. When these are attained then may Russia raise her head above her neighbors as queen of the north and the east, the ruler of the half of two continents. Foreign nations will then acknowledge her power and influence, the Turk will give way before his enterprising neighbor and the highest dreams of Czar and people will become realities.

N. T. HAFER.

A GUITAR ACCOMPANIMENT.

D Chords:

Vacation! Vacation!!
Each breeze from the hill
Wafts a strain of our freedom.
Vacation!!

A Chords:

Vacation! Vacation!
What else does it mean?
Why! Mother's own cookery.
Vacation!

E Minor:

Vacation! Vaca—
My heart gives a throb!
The joke table's silent!
Departed!
Va-ca-tion!
! !

DEATH IN HIGH PLACES.

Since our last issue remarkable visitations have come to the Baptist institutions of the country. Doctor James R. Boise of the University of Chicago, the eminent professor and author in the Greek language and literature, who filled his chairs in Brown, Michigan and Chicago universities during more than fifty years, leaves throughout the Christian world a host of grateful lovers whom he taught and inspired to study and to use language as few other men have ever done. Michigan is indebted to him not only for his long and peerless teaching, but for his leading influence in bringing to the university Professor Frieze and President Angell, and in the earlier elevations of its standard of work.

Doctor Fairman of Shurtleff College had gained a very high position as an educator, and the devoted esteem of all who knew him for his worth of character and efficient Christian services.

Doctor Gordon of Boston was the inspiring originator and head of a school of training for Christian workers, the most prominent helper in the Northfield Moody school for the same object, and in the boards of Newton and Brown was a highly prized counsellor.

And last comes the surprise, affecting most deeply the Christians of our whole country, that President John A. Broadus, of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary of Louisville, Kentucky, was suddenly called hence by the dread pneumonia, March 16, at the age of 68 years. Viewed from every point, as preacher, teacher, author and widely known Christian man, few have stood as high as Doctor Broadus. He was the ornament of distinguished southern families, in all respects peculiarly gifted. Broadly educated in the schools and by life-long study and extensive travel, clear in thought and style as a writer and speaker, thoroughly familiar with the Bible and sound in its exposition, he was a favorite with all hearers and readers. His delivery from the pulpit and platform was natural and easy yet most hearty and engaging, so that every hearer felt himself personally and affectionately addressed. His social life was unaffectedly winning with the young as with the old. He bore a leading part on the board which arranges the International Sunday School Lessons. And in promoting every way the study of the Bible, and securing in it a reverent confidence, he was foremost. His influence was powerful as a pacificator between the South and the North when the terrible strife of arms was over. The institution in which his life-work was done was swept down by the war, to be rebuilt afterwards.

As a brother southerner he gave himself for the time to preaching and camp ministries with General Lee, but he was among the first to bring Christian recognitions to the anniversaries and churches of the North, where he has been much heard and with enthusiastic welcomes.

There is sorrow over the land as thus the loved and honored, whose powerful service it would have seemed could not be spared, are seen, one after another to fall. Happy if they shall rather be seen to rise, like the holy prophet, and their mantles fall on worthy successors. S. H.

KALAMAZOO COLLEGE HONORED.

Kalamazoo College has again been honored through one of its students who has been elected to fill practically the most important office that exists in the National College Republican League. Although, perhaps, the President is the most honored officer of the League, yet, in the fulfilling of the duties of the office of Committeeman, to which W. D. McWilliams has been elected, he will come into touch with the Republican party leaders of the country and will meet with them in committee work.

Mr. McWilliams aspired to the presidency and stood good chances of winning until combinations were made against him. Henning, a candidate, had the support of the northwest and was very confident of success. Vaughen of Chicago had the support of the colleges around that section of the country. Mr. McWilliams had a solid Michigan delegation and some delegates from eastern colleges. Wire pulling resulted in combinations for Henning, so that unless some agreement was made between McWilliams and Vaughen, Henning was sure of success. McWilliams saw how matters were turning and decided it was best to withdraw as candidate for president, and in the end received as good a position and as well suited to him as the presidency—a member of the executive committee of the National Republican League. Every one takes pleasure in congratulating Mr. McWilliams and rejoicing with him. A feeling that was somewhat prevalent at the convention was that because a college is small in members it has no one capable of filling important offices and that it is preposterous to put forward any candidate from such an institution. We see no reason for such feeling and we are sure our newly elected officer will win praise for himself and for his college.

The Y. M. C. A. officers for the new year, beginning next term are:— Pres., J. B. Fox; Vice-Pres., G. E. Finley; Cor. Sec., E. E. Ford; Rec. Sec., M. J. Newell; Treas., W. T. Hayne.

College Index.

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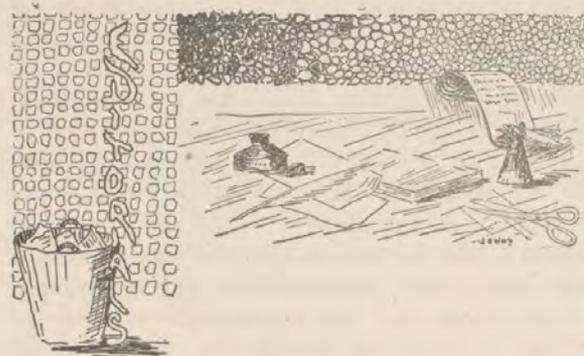
All communications, whether of literary character or otherwise, should be addressed to

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

Any information regarding Alumni will be gratefully received.

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



By the death of Rev. J. A. Broadus, D. D., L. L. D., the Baptist denomination lose a noble man and one of their most efficient workers.

We wish to beg the pardon of our readers and

contributors for the mistakes that were overlooked in last issue of the INDEX. We were not able to attend to it as usual and so errors were not corrected.

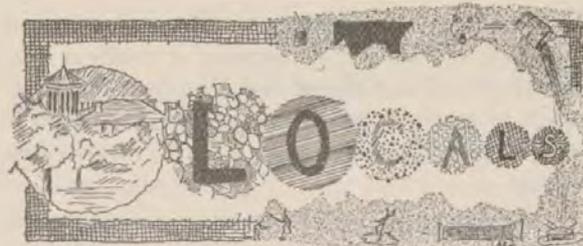
Among the students of the college eligible to the prize examinations on the Bible conducted by the American Institute of Sacred Literature of which Dr. William R. Harper is principal, there ought to be at least one to enroll. Some of our ministerial students might strive for this prize which means honor as well as money.

The report of our delegate to the meeting of the Inter-Collegiate Athletic Association was of a different kind than what was expected and desired. Our Association had hoped to succeed in entering for we were anxious to place some of our men in contest with the athletes of other colleges. The excuse offered was perhaps reasonable. A similar attempt a few years ago was met with a like result. Boys in our local field day this year make your records reach the top notch and be sure to advertise them.

Athletic spirit receives a new impetus with the warm weather. We are glad to see the interest that is taken this spring to raise the standard of Kalamazoo athletics. Applications for positions on the base ball team came in thick and fast last term and the prospects are good for a fine playing team. Field day preparations should be made at once and especially every one who intends to go into the contest should be training. Last year we noticed that some of our best athletes entered into too many of the contests, in fact a few entered into nearly all. After they had exerted their strength in two or three feats they were tired out and necessarily lowered their record in some of those things in which they had the greatest efficiency. There are two things to be sought in field day games, one is to make the games interesting to the spectators and the other is to produce as good records as possible, the latter we consider of the greater importance. This cannot be done by entering into all the contests. If records are desired, training in a few special lines is necessary and the athlete should not enter into those games in which he has but little ability. Athletics hold an important place in a college curriculum. If not carried to excess they aid in raising the intellectual tone of the institution by giving healthy bodies in which the mind can work, and they are of no small importance as a means of advertising. We would be glad to see the faculties

of the colleges acknowledge themselves as more in favor of this spirit. No doubt there are some things in athletics that are detrimental to an institution, but if the faculty would enter into the spirit more they could exert a great influence in doing away with many of these evils, for with such persons using their influence in favor of it, it would put athletics on a sound basis and raise the moral tone and standard above the evils that now enter in.

Popularity among students is a subject little talked about but much desired. The one who can be really and truly popular among a body of students, representative of about all tastes and likings, is without much doubt the one who will be held in the same esteem by the people with whom he associates throughout his life. A certain class enter school and from their previous occupation having acquired a boldness of manner and a self confidence which borders on self-conceit, for a short time seem to be very popular. Another class because of the time they give to society and the money they can spend on themselves and others appear popular. But such popularity is short-lived. There is another class also, styled the goody-goody class, who are always spoken of as so very good, and yet are far from popular. Not the one who can talk the most or whose face always appears in public gatherings holds the first place in the estimation of his fellows, nor does the one who never talks or never seeks society. Moderation of the use of these qualities, and their proper development is more necessary than the variety of abilities with which each one is endowed. Certain elements of popularity are characteristic in every one, but it is because of these striking characteristics and the abnormal development that their popularity is not great or lasting. True popularity has a growth and is that which study and practice can aid much. Each one has his own ideal and judges after a different standard than anyone else. How far it can be sought as an end in itself without becoming selfish and hedonistic is a question, but it is another name for influence, and when sought as a means to acquire influence, it is just. In preparing for usefulness those qualities should be cultivated which will fit one for high positions, and popularity is an essential element to the greatest success.



"Mr. Taft, it is time for you to go home now."

Instead of a freshet about Mirror Lake this year there is certainly a great drouth.

Miss Innocence, on hearing the last college song read: "Alma Mater! who's she?"

Have you heard anything about the wedding? When is it to be? Where? Ask Harry Cushing.

We are beginning to wonder what the spring styles in sleeves are to be. Can they be any larger?

Miss Bess Brown has had a patch on her cheek, the result of a coasting expedition that didn't end as well as it might have done.

The officers of the Tennis Association are as follows: Pres., F. B. Sinclair; Vice-Pres., Isabella G. Bennett; Rec. Sec. and Treas., Harold Axtell.

The Thomas Orchestra, which indeed was a musical treat, was enjoyed greatly by the party of hall girls which was chaperoned by the preceptress, Miss Swartout.

Thoughtless student—"How are you? Just thought I'd drop in a while to kill time."

Industrious Student—"Well we don't want any of our time killed."

The following are the officers of the Literary Societies for the term:

	Euros.	Philolexian.	Sherwoods.
Pres.	Miss Haigh,	F. E. Deyoe,	S. J. Hall.
Vice-Pres.	Miss Powell,	A. G. Newberry,	J. B. Jackson.
Rec. Sec.	Miss Hutchins,	A. J. Hutchins,	G. Stroebe.
Cor. Sec.		E. B. Taft,	C. H. Kenshol.
Chaplain.	Miss Wheeler,		M. A. Grabiell.
Treas.	Miss Smith,	M. J. Newell,	L. P. Brown

Skaters in our number? Umhm.

O those eight girls!

Pink carnations!

Hail to the Cream and Old Rose.

O those eight boys!

"Make this forenoon sublime."

On a way! On a way!

Roped in? Never.

Enthusiasm!

Success!!

Wanted—Some one to get married. A good offer. Rev. G. V. Pixley agrees to perform the ceremony free if any one of the Ministerial Association will be married before the assembly. If offer is accepted before May 1st, license will be procured free of charge.

A certain young lady's ability to entertain is remarkable. As fast as the gentlemen call she can store them away behind the numerous doors of the house when she sees the next coming, and make ready to entertain him as if there was no one else in existence.

For several days the Latin classes went to the home of Prof. Brooks to recite as he was not well enough to come to the college building. At last however, he found it impossible to hear classes and other arrangements were made for the few days he was quite ill.

Two girls at head of stairs—a third appearing says, "What's the matter?" "Is it a funeral?" comes from the first, pointing through the window. Soon there is a crowd watching a strange sight.

There was only a wheelbarrow, a cane and some Seniors going down to Dr. Brook's to recite

Accidents have been numerous the past month. As a result of one C. W. Oakley went on crutches for a time, and then abandoned them for a wheelbarrow. We understand that his mail box was literally filled with medical publications recommending "Wizard Oil for sprains" etc.

Kalamazoo has the long distance telephone connection now and we see no reason why we could not make all our arrangements and dates with our New York girls in this way, though of course we might get the wrong one, a sister perhaps. At least this mistake is said to have happened at the "Hall" lately.

On account of the illness of several of their speakers, the Philo Open Meeting was given up last term and on the evening appointed for it Mr. Ford filled the time, introducing his new phonograph to "a large and cultivated audience." The entertainment given by him was most thoroughly enjoyable, the programme being made up of the choicest selections.

One of the young ladies at the "Hall," one of whose studies last term was "Junior Physics" and who was very much interested in the subject of electricity, was heard to remark that she wondered why it was so "sparky" at the "Hall." We have diligently

sought to find out the reason, but so far without any success. We presume though it is just human nature and they cannot help it.

The following was clipped from a Detroit Y. M. C. A. paper: Much credit is due Membership Secretary Reid for the manner in which he has carried on the canvass. In six days, besides attending to his other duties, he worked up two membership clubs in two different manufactories, and brought in an aggregate of 42 members. Life insurance and real estate concerns, please keep hands off Mr. Reid!

As we saw the couple approach the Hall, we paused a moment, and by some freak of nature the March wind brought their words for one sentence to our ears.

What that sentence was we have forgotten for right here the sanctum of the local staff was very pleasantly invaded by a very distinguished quartette. (A. J. W. M. L.) If the sentence returns we will publish it in our next issue.

Dolls!—Have you a doll to dress? To send to the heathen you know! Some of the young men must have acted promptly upon the suggestion of Mrs. Hancock, for even the next day some of the young ladies received reminders of childhood's days in the shape of little dolls wearing cards tied about their necks bearing the words: "This is a missionary doll. Please dress this missionary doll and send it to the heathen of Burmah."

If present indications are any criterion of future success, the base ball season promises to be the most successful of any of the past seasons. H. C. Jackson is manager of the team and already much work has been done in arrangements for the spring games. Ross D. Cadwallader who was here two years ago and who played last year in the Olivet team, will attend college this spring and be one of the leading spirits of the team. Already the boys are hard at work for the various positions, and it is safe to say that no one will get any of the positions this year without real capability and hard work. Kalamazoo college will make a good record this year.

To mention the beneficiaries of the 1st Baptist Church in Port Huron would be the least we could do to show our gratitude. Annually she sends from the abundance of her treasuries, and supplies to the need of one who is her constant care. Recently the young man who enjoys the comforts of the room furnished by that church received additional com-

forts for what is already the best furnished room in the Dormitory, besides nearly \$75 in cash, \$5 of it being a gift from the Sunday School. The opportunity for other churches to do likewise is not wanting. Many young men are here who are equally worthy of loyal support from their home churches.

On the morning of March 14, the students reciting at 10:30 on the west side of the building heard the clanging bell and rattling wheels of the fire department trucks and saw them disappearing around the Michigan Avenue hill. The cause of the alarm was a fire at the Hygeia Sanitarium. The fire broke out through a defective chimney which was undergoing repairs. It spread very rapidly and when it was seen that the building could not be saved all worked to get furniture and surgical apparatus out of reach of the flames. The building was for years a very handsome residence but a year and a half ago it was purchased by Dr. Chas. Fletcher, who fitted it up for a Sanitarium and it has been quite successful. Kalamazoo sustains a heavy loss in the burning of this building. Dr. Fletcher was a member of the class of '83.

As the spring days approach and the time draws near in which the tennis rackets will be taken down from their long winter rest and again put into active service, it behooves us to give some thought to the condition of our tennis courts. By the preparations for the cement walk on the north side of the college grounds, two of our best courts, have been spoiled, and only room enough left for one court by turning it the other way. Officers were elected last fall and a membership committee appointed but hardly anything was done. In another local the officers are given and the proper thing for every young man or woman to do, who expects to enjoy that best of all games for pleasure and health, is to see that committee if he be not already a member, and become so at once. There is no need to urge the young men to play tennis but we sometimes feel that the young ladies do not make as much use of this game as they should, though perhaps it is the young mens' fault. Anyway this is wrong. Let every young lady arm herself with that weapon of defence, both against ill health and student perfection, the tennis racket, and sally forth to the conquest.

On the evening of March 7, Ladies' Hall was in gala attire, and as the students, members of Miss Swartout's two German classes, ascended the hill, bright lights from the windows blended their rays

with the beautiful moonlight. In answer to his ring at the bell, each youth, accompanied by a lady class-mate, was greeted by Miss Swartout with a "Guten Abend," and directions to go up-stairs where again they met the same greeting and not quite such fluent directions in German as to where they should leave their wraps. As one stood on the stairs looking into the reception-room, the "babel of tongues" was strange, indeed. All were supposed to have arrived very recently from Berlin and of course could speak no other language than the German. After much animated conversation games were played and German jokes acted out, all of which were thoroughly understood by those who were spectators, for every one laughed at just the right time. Refreshments were served in Miss Swartout's room which had been turned into a perfect bower. Light blue ribbon was festooned from the hanging lamp over the table, smilax and dainty blossoms were scattered over the white cloths, and candles in silver candlesticks shed their gentle light abroad, fastened to each napkin was a saucy pansy or other flower. The refreshments were quite in keeping with the evening, and coffee and pretzels were served by the Misses Brown, Munn and Smith. When the guests departed their expressions of pleasure must have convinced their hostess that they had enjoyed her novel entertainment.



Miss Agnes Powell went home for vacation.

Mrs. Frank Boyden of Sioux City, Iowa, was at chapel March 5.

Mr. Flint of Novi, Michigan, was the guest of R. B. Boyden March 5.

E. L. Yapple had to give up his work and go home to get over the Grippe.

Miss Margaret St. John supplied at the High School a few days during vacation.

Coburn Dicky has had to leave school for a time because of nervous trouble, and his brother Eugene took him home to Ionia.

Miss Lois Marshall, now a teacher in Hastings, made old Hall friends a visit March 8.

Miss Belle Bennett was quite ill during vacation and has not yet returned to college.

A. J. Hutchins spent a few days at home the latter part of the term because of illness.

L. C. Burgess who was here last year as a student made old friends a visit March 2-5.

Mr. H. R. Pattengill, State superintendent of schools, was visiting examinations March 20.

O. C. Flannigan '93, has a long article on Church Taxation in the Christian Herald of March 15.

G. V. Pixley suffers the loss of a brother who was killed recently. Mr. Pixley has the sympathy of the students.

Miss Willard of Bay City has been at the Hospital attending her brother who is sick with typhoid fever.

The Misses Pauline and Florence La Tourette, Hough and Bilby, accompanied by Miss Swartout, spent their vacation at their Fenton homes. Miss Swartout also visited friends at Flint.

Mrs. Daniels, a long-time friend of Kalamazoo College, and mother of Dr. Carrie Daniels, who was formerly a teacher in the college, died at her home in Detroit, March 8. Several of her children and grand-children have been students in the college.

APRIL.

When well-apparelled April on the heel
Of limping winter treads.

Romeo and Juliet.—Act I, Sc. 2.

When proud-pied April, dressed in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything.

Sonnet XCVIII.

Remember this.

God and our good cause fight upon our side.

Richard III.—Act 5, Sc. 3.

And I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience
My hopes in heaven do dwell.

Henry VIII.—Act III, Sc. 2.

Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime;
So thou through the windows of thine age shalt see,
Despite of wrinkles this thy golden time.

Sonnet III.

O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side!

Measure for Measure.—Act III, Sc. 2.
C. J. W.

ATHLETIC NOTES.

The proceeds of the debate between the Philo-lexian and Sherwood societies will be put into the hands of the Athletic Association.

The Athletic Association has an advantage this year over other years in being able to have the ball games played in an inclosed park where admission can be charged.

On every pleasant day now the Campus resounds with the yells of the ball players. Positions are wanted on the team and each one is doing his best both to play and treat the captain well.

Mr. Cadwallader is to be in school this term and will hold the position of pitcher in the ball team. We see no reason why, with the men we have, we cannot play good ball this spring. Steady practice is all it needs now to bring the team up to a standard of playing which will insure success.

The enthusiasm shown by the Athletic Association in track athletics and also in base ball is very encouraging; and promises a very successful field day. Already there are ten entries for the college relay team and one can hear nothing but base ball about the College buildings. The applications for positions on the nine and also on the relay team have been filed in writing. In base ball Boyden and Edberg have applied for catcher's place; Cadwallader for pitcher; for first base, Smith, Warwick, Thomas; for second base, Stroebe, Strong, Bullock, Hafer; for third base, MacDougall; for shortstop, Axtell, J. E. Dickey; for right field, Gilbert, Westnedge, Yable; for centre field, Blanchard, Kinnane; for left, Finlay, Tredway. There are two substitute catchers and three substitute pitchers. Our college base ball enthusiasts will expect a good showing from our nine this spring. The relay team will be picked from the following men: Lienau, J. E. Dickey, Yable, H. S. Bullock, Westnedge, Gilbert, F. C. Dickey, Lynn, Fred Strong, Killam. The relay applicants have gradually been working into form and active training will take place at the beginning of the spring term. The material on hand is good and with hard training we expect to have a winning team in the field.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES,

BY N. T. HAFER.

The annual meeting of the Y. M. C. A. was held March 11. The reports of Officers were

encouraging in some respects but we can but feel the need of more united work for the Master. God only knows the results of our work this year. Financially, the administration has been a success. Our pledge to state work for last year was raised after the election a year ago and a good start has been made on the pledge for the present year. The religious meetings have been well attended and helpful to all. The meetings held at the jail Sunday mornings have been very interesting. The term receptions were pleasant occasions. The one thing to be regretted is that there have not been more manifest results of the work on the spiritual life of the students. It is God's work, let us labor and pray that He may be honored in it. May the report a year hence call to mind many times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord when souls were brought to Him. Nothing can so please those who leave this year as to hear during the coming year that our dear Alma Mater is being stirred to a spiritual awakening heretofore unknown to her.

The following will be the Officers for the year beginning next term:

President, J. B. Fox; Vice-President, G. E. Finlay; Recording Secretary, M. J. Newell; Corresponding Secretary, E. E. Ford; Treasurer, W. T. Hayne.

The President has appointed the following committees:

1. Work for New Students—M. A. Graybiel, Peter McCay, A. C. Gilbert. 2. Membership—Geo. MacDougall, H. D. Schultz, A. W. Chamberlain. 3. Religious Meetings—S. J. Hall, A. G. Newberry, G. D. Smith. 4. Bible Study—F. I. Blanchard, Jas. McKee, Wm. Dean. 5. Finance—W. T. Hayne, H. C. Jackson, J. E. Dickey. 6. Intercollegiate Relations—E. E. Ford, Geo. Stroebe, F. E. DeYoe. 7. Missionary—Geo. Siegler, F. I. Blanchard, Ralph Boyden.



Some one that believes that "brevity is the soul of wit" writes—Don't eat stale Q-cumbers. They'll W-up.—Ex.

We congratulate the Hamilton College Monthly on their Literary Department. It contains eight articles each discussing some English classic.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
As he stubbed his toe against the bed,
! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ?—Ex.

Miss Pert—"Is Miss Strait Lace circumspect?"

Miss Caustic—"Circumspect! Why she won't accompany a young man on a piano without a chaperon."—Echo.

We have read with great pleasure the article on Libraries in Seminary Oak Leaves, the Social Problem in the Delphic. They give the results of days of work in half an hour's reading.

Said Freshman sprout to Senior Stalk,
You think me green I know.
But pardon me if I suggest,
Things must be green to grow.—Anchor.

Prof. Psychology—"What is love?"

Chemical Student—"Love is a volatile precipitate, and marriage is a solvent in which it quickly dissolves."

The above is a lye.—Univ. Star.

Vermont Academy Life contains a history of the Pi Beta Phi society and its paper. We commend the plan to the INDEX. An account of our societies and paper would make interesting articles and give good training in historical composition.

The Nebraska Wesleyan advises the writing of personal experiences as the best means of cultivating literary style. "The method preserves warmth and naturalness, two elements of style that must be cherished. An independent spirit is fostered and original work is done."

One of the brightest of our exchanges this month is the Normal News. It contains 6 pages of school and alumni notes, 1 of biography, 2 of department notes, and 8 of literary articles. We were especially interested in "Congress a Laboratory," "Psalmus Vitae B. L. D'Ooge Latine redditus," and "Law and its Mivisters."

Those who attended the State Y. M. C. A. convention at Lansing in '92, can appreciate the following from Dennison Collegian, giving a report of the recent Ohio convention: "The address of Chas. H. Potter on Sunday afternoon was a most powerful one and was the cause of leading many to a realization of their sins, and of making them feel the need of a Savior.

A Scotch nobleman seeing an old gardener of his establishment with a very ragged coat made some remark on its condition. "It's a verra guid coat" said the honest old man. "I cannot agree with you," replied his lordship. "Ay, it's a verra guid coat" persisted the old man; "it covers a contented spirit and a body that owes no man anything, and that's mair than mony a mon can say of his coat."—Hearth and Hall.

The past few years has witnessed a great improvement in footwear; better stock and finish than heretofore. Among the first to recognize the demand for low priced, well finished shoes, was Burt & Packard, makers of the celebrated "Korrect Shape" shoes for men. They are making a line now from \$3.00 up, which can be seen at Barnett, Bryant & Babcock. This firm has handled these goods for the past ten years, and find them the very best the market affords.

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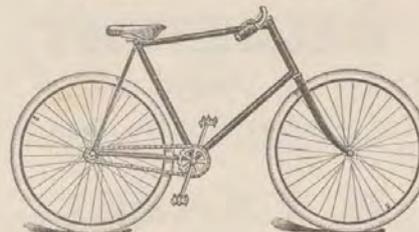
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VOLUME 16.

NUMBER 8.

MAY, 1895.

COLLEGE INDEX,

KALAMAZOO, MICH.

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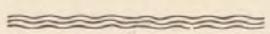


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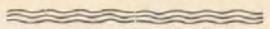
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College Index.

VOL. 16. New Series.

Kalamazoo, Mich., May, 1895.

NO. 8.

Literary.

DEDICATED.

High, neath the very roof, the great room stands
In splendor; sunbeams dart from place to place
And rest, and start again, as in a race.
Never were walls of half so radiant hue
As these—our chapel's—these of buff and blue.
There hangs the flag that waved in '61,
Blue yet its stars and red and white its bands,
Forever let it wave for brave deeds done!

O walls of modest blue and buff, come tell
Thy secrets; wondrous tales thou couldst impart
Of past and present—come—unlock thy heart
Of adamant steel. Six telltale doors
Lead from thy broad and smoothly-matted floors.
(One,—not like these,—the stove door—ne'er will speak.)
These shall be closed—made fast, believe me well,
No word shall 'scape,—or on me vengeance wreak!

The great room sighed in thought, then gaily beamed
With pleasure; from dusty galleries aloft
Drew down old recollections.—Hymns sung oft;
Strains of gay tunes—Hark! One is "Dora Dell."
Then whispers of a speech delivered well
By Freshman in the days of long ago;
Secrets of Seniors; wise words from Sophomores streamed;
Wranglings of Juniors—studying soft and low.

O chapel with thy vaulted ceiling, starred,—
We love thee. Dust is on thy broken glass;
Thy walls are old. Yet here the hours we pass
Are hours of pleasure, not to come again.
That time might linger—this our pleading—vain.
One thing we beg; hear,—walls of buff and blue—
When *we* are gone, be not these mem'ries marred
By telling to the world *our* secrets too!

LOUISE WHEELER.

KALAMAZOO COLLEGE.

This institution is the denominational one of the Baptists of Michigan. Kalamazoo, its seat, is a rapidly growing city of about 20,000 inhabitants, midway between Detroit and Chicago, on the Michigan Central Railroad. The natural beauty of the place has received rare adornment from the refined taste and wealth of the citizens. The college site is an elevated, undulating grove of some 20 acres, centrally situated inside of the west line of the corpora-

tion and commanding a fine prospect of the city and the valley of the Kalamazoo River.

The college has three commodious and substantial brick buildings, one of which in addition to its public rooms affords dormitory privileges for male students, and another is a boarding home for girls under the superintendence of the preceptress. To the table of the latter students of the other sex are also received.

The departments of the institution are both preparatory and collegiate, open in all their courses alike to students of either sex.

The history of this educational interest dates from the coming of Rev. Thomas W. Merrill into the Territory of Michigan in 1829. On the 23d of November in that year he commenced in Ann Arbor a preparatory school, both in English and the ancient languages, hoping as he wrote, "that God would open the way for the enlargement of his efforts until it should become a literary and theological institution, under the influence of the Baptists of Michigan," the Baptists of Michigan being then, of course, chiefly objects of perception to faith.

Mr. Merrill was a native of Maine, just graduated from the college at Waterville and the Newton Theological Institute. His school at Ann Arbor, being as is supposed the only one of the kind in the Territory, was patronized from Detroit and the other early settlements, and enjoyed an interesting prosperity.

In July, 1830, Mr. Merrill prepared and circulated a petition asking the Territorial legislature to change his school by charter into such an institution as he had conceived, under the name of the Michigan and Huron Institute, securing its control to the Baptists by prescribing that three-fifths of its trustees should be of that faith. The object of the petition was favorably considered by the legislature, but as there were members who objected to its denominational features the bill failed to pass, being laid over to the next session.

Meanwhile, under the influence of those who op-

posed the bill, an academy at Ann Arbor was incorporated, of which Mr. Merrill was urged to take charge, but feeling that his Christian aims and hopes would be compromised, he declined.

The same season, resolving to transfer his cherished enterprise to the western part of the Territory, he made his way to where Kalamazoo now stands, then the beautiful burr-oak openings in which the smoke of but a single log cabin arose, and passed south to the older settlement of Prairie Ronde. Here he assisted in building a log house for school and meeting purposes, and occupied it as designed during the winter of 1830-'31.

The plan of manual-labor schools was then coming into experiment, and Mr. Merrill was fitted to accept the theory. The questions before him, therefore, were how to purchase lands for the school, and how to reappear before the legislature and secure its incorporation.

Fortunately the practical wisdom, the generous liberality, and the intelligent Christian citizenship of Judge Caleb Eldred, of Climax, stood not waiting to ally themselves with the high aims and the unquerable tenacity of Thomas W. Merrill. Mr. Eldred was then dragging his surveyor's chain through the untrodden grasses of the lovely prairies and openings of Southwestern Michigan, and encamping with enthusiastic admiration in its majestic forests and beside its rivers and lakes. And among the way-marks which he was setting up were those which in his pious thought designated the places where his children and fellow settlers should have their worship and ordinances, and his denomination their Hamilton of Christian learning; for he had come from where the long shadow of the sacred school of Hascall and Kendrick had swept over him.

In the autumn of 1831 the traces appear of these two pioneers planning together the methods by which to raise money for the projected school. An appeal to the Baptists of the Eastern States was agreed upon, and with Judge Eldred's commendation Mr. Merrill visited the Michigan Baptist Association at Pontiac in September and secured their approval of his agency. A month later he was at the Baptist Convention of the State of New York, and received a hearty commendation of his object, signed by Elon Galusha, John Peck, William Colgate, and others. Except what Mr. Merrill paid in bearing his own expenses, the first subscriptions for the institution appear to have been seven ten-dollar

ones from these ever-to-be-remembered Baptists of New York City: Jonathan Going, Nathan Caswell, James Wilson, John H. Harris, Bynan Green, William Colgate and E. Withington. Dr. Going was an originator and the first secretary of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, and the deep imprint of his hand is on the foundations of our colleges in Ohio, Michigan, Indiana and Illinois.

Returning from this agency in 1832, Mr. Merrill with Judge Eldred and others renewed their petition for incorporation. No provision for denominational control was now asked except by suggesting as trustees the early Baptists, ministers and others, then resident in the Territory. The bill again had to work its way through objections, but was helped over them by Judge Manning and Mr. F. P. Browning, of Detroit, and the date of its approval by Governor Porter was April 22, 1833.

Judge Eldred was elected president of the board of trustees, and for 25 years was annually re-elected, filling the office with loving devotion and eminent ability.

The charter did not locate the institute, and for more than 2 years the weary fledgling was kept upon its wings between rival proffers for furnishing it a place to alight. In the autumn of 1835 citizens of Kalamazoo gave the sum of \$2,500, and a tract of land which is now the south part of the city was purchased, a building secured, and the school opened. An exchange of property afterwards gave the present most eligible site for permanent occupancy. An addition to the lands, extending further into the city, with its building for chapel and recitation rooms, gives still easier access to the residents of the place. For this the college was made specially indebted to Mrs. Huldah E. Thompson, of Connecticut, Hon. C. Van Huse, of Detroit, and citizens of Kalamazoo.

The school was adopted for a short period as a branch of the University of Michigan.

Amendments were secured to the charter changing the name and enlarging the privileges of the institution, but for the last 41 years it has borne its present college title and exercised full college powers. A charter provision was obtained providing that the president and a majority of the trustees shall always be members in Baptist churches.

The names most permanently identified with the faculties have been William Dutton, A. B., as principal from 1840 to 1843, when death cut short his most promising career; James A. B. Stone, D. D.,

principal from 1843 to 1855, and, upon the entrance into college powers, president from 1855 to 1864, William L. Eaton being his associate in the earlier period. The leading associate professors and teachers up to 1864 were Mrs. L. H. Stone, principal of the female department; Rev. Samuel Graves, D. D., Edward Olney, L. L. D., Daniel Putnam, A. M., Edward Anderson, D. D., M. A. Hage, A. M., Allen J. Curtiss, A. B., and Mrs. Martha L. Osborn.

From 1864 to 1867 John M. Gregory, LL. D., was president, and Heman Lincoln Wayland, D. D., and Silas Bailey, D. D., were additions to the faculty.

From 1868 to 1886, Kendall Brooks D. D., was president, Samuel Brooks, D. D., and Professors Stuart, Hadlock, Haskell, and Montgomery, were assistants, with Misses King, Chase, and other lady principals and teachers.

Rev. Monson A. Wilcox, D. D., was elected president in 1887, and served until 1891, and with him have served as new professors G. W. Botsford, A. M., C. J. Galpin, A. M., and as lady principal Miss Mary A. Sawtelle.

Rev. Theodore Nelson, A. M., LL. D., served as president from 1891 until his death May, 1892. New professors were Rev. S. J. Axtell, A. B., R. W. Putnam, S. G. Jenks, B. S., Miss Bertha Joslyn, B. L., Miss Helen Church, Miss Lelia Stevens, B. M.

Our present president, Dr. A. Gaylord Slocum, LL. D., began his duties in the fall of '92.

Something over 200 students for the Christian ministry have been connected with the institution; and large numbers of both sexes have here become Christians and devoted their lives to consecrated service in this and in other lands.

The original policy of the Baptists of the State was to have a theological seminary at Kalamazoo, associated with the college. A large portion of the property, including the first building, was given with this design and had its title in the Baptist Convention of the State. Theological courses of study and classes therein were maintained for successive years. More recently this policy has been relinquished and the property is transferred in trust to the college on condition that certain advantages shall be extended to students for the ministry; and biblical instruction in some form is provided for in connection with the courses of literature and science. Theological courses proper are expected to be pursued in seminaries elsewhere, and assistance to students therein is given by the convention.

The financial condition of the college is one of

entire freedom from indebtedness, with a temporary provision that keeps it thus free. In view of the time when the temporary provision against deficiencies will be exhausted, and to improve facilities, movements are going forward to increase the endowments to at least a quarter of a million of dollars. \$100,000 has recently been added.

The college has a field that is full of promise, a location and property for its seat almost unexampled in the West, and a homogeneous and united Christian body of supporters committed to its maintenance.

The college is now receiving the benefits of the Ladies' Hall, a comparatively new building. It is not simply a dormitory for young women, but, under the supervision of Miss Swartout, a lady teacher in the college, it affords all the advantages of a cultured, Christian home. Young men may also avail themselves of the privilege of boarding at the hall, and thus come within the circle of its refining influences. But here, again, while we congratulate ourselves on the success of the past, we ought not to be satisfied with what we have already achieved. The college grounds are spacious and beautiful, susceptible of being made unexceptionally fine. May it be a part of our larger plan to hasten the day when they shall be adorned with new buildings, suitable for class room and chapel, library, laboratory, and other purposes; in a word, with all the buildings which a great and thoroughly equipped college demands.

S. H.

A DECORATION DAY HYMN.

BY PROF. S. J. AXTELL.

To Thee, great God, shall rise our praise
For all the glory of our land;
We share this goodly heritage,
A boon from heaven's benignant hand.

We give Thee thanks for fathers true
Who built the state for man and God,
And for that later race who won
Their self-ruled commonwealth with blood.

And praise be Thine for conscience stirred,
For tongues a-flame, for deeds of might,
For chains unloosed, for life poured out,
For freedom's clearer, sweeter light.

Help us to guard inviolate
The trust committed from Thy hand;
To watch and guide, to upward lead
Our country dear, our own bright land.

A DANGER TO COLLEGE ATHLETICS.

The rapidly increasing interest of recent years in college athletics has brought prominently before the public a feature of college life which is now generally recognized as an important part of a complete education. The erection of well equipped gymnasias throughout the country has evidenced this quite forcibly; but it has been most recently and most strongly shown in the large universities, by the employment of physical directors and instructors as members of the faculty.

Students are dependent on recreation more, perhaps, than any other class of people, on account of their pursuits and period of life. It does not require much imagination to suppose that the students of Harvard University, at its very beginning, refreshed and invigorated themselves in rude games of skill and strength. Then, as other institutions were established, and as the report of one's athletic merit reached another, contests were arranged, which led up to the great inter-collegiate events of the present day. Harvard and Yale in certain branches of sport have participated in such contests for nearly a quarter of a century, and other Eastern colleges for a less period, but not until within the last half decade have schools of every rank and size been fully represented on fields of athletic battle. At present there is a very network of schedules for inter-collegiate games, and no one can say that this year will mark the climax of their popularity or bring out the best records possible.

As in the growth of almost everything else, this astonishing development is attended with grave dangers and injuries. There are perils and injuries from over-training, over-exertion, and sometimes from brutality among the contestants; injuries from betting and gambling among partisan students; injuries from extravagance of money and time; but above all these stands the evil from professionalism. Every one has a general idea of this term as signifying, when applied to athletics, "the practice of a sport for financial gain." Just how much, however, the limits of professionalism embrace, just what dividing line separates, the professional from the amateur, are questions not yet settled by authorities. Definitions and rules have been made by the leading institutions and associations, but they are very diverse; some very broad, others very narrow in their scope. Like other evils, however, whose form and character are not exactly determined, professionalism exists and thrives only too prosperously and its evil effects are only too evident.

A college can not prosper by the secret practice of professionalism among its students. I say "secret practice," for there is scarcely an educational institu-

tion in the land that resorts to it openly and without restraint. All are loud in deploring and denouncing the purchase of athletic services,—if found in others; and it is difficult to find the one that is not included in the category of the "others." But though many schools bid secretly and eagerly for the services of professional athletics, they would do better without them.

A professional, or semi-professional injures the college that employs him in itself, among its own students. Bound by his financial reward, he must carry out to the best of his ability the work for which he was selected. His place would otherwise be held by a student, and in this way many collegians have been kept from athletics, who by practice might equal or even excel their professional rival. Such men would be bona-fide representatives and would honor their alma mater from pure loyalty. If such contestants won, the applause and enthusiasm would be much heartier than when represented by paid men; if they lost, there would still be the consciousness that the very best had been honorably done. If the professional won, his fellow-students, (at least those cognizant of his true standing as a student) would applaud and keep up the show of enthusiasm, but beneath this would be lying the conviction that he was doing no more than he was paid to do, and also the fear that his true relation to the college would be exposed; if he lost, merciless reproaches and abuses would be showered upon him. This hypocritical applause for such an unfair success in athletics, strikes at the root of all loyalty, disunites the students, and overturns the foundations of a college's prosperity.

Thus it is that the institution receives an injury in its own life, even though the real reason for its victory in an inter-collegiate contest be not known without its walls. But, although very many, perhaps, the majority of cases of hired service in schools have been successfully concealed, on the other hand, numerous financial deals of this sort are continually coming to the light, if not to the general public, yet to rivaling institutions. By the professional himself, in unguarded confidence, by some member angered at some action in athletics, and by innumerable other contingencies, the cat is let out of the bag and the report reaches other colleges, which keep it carefully for a good opportunity. And sometimes it happens that a college too notorious for unfairness, suddenly finds itself barred from all inter-collegiate athletics by agreement of other colleges. As a result, the athletic spirit in that institution is crushed, but more than that, the reputation thus gained retards the prosperity of the school in all other departments. For prospective students interpret the employment of athletic

performers, as a sign of weakness in other respects also.

The greatest objection, however, to the underhanded introduction of professionalism, is its injustice. If all agreed openly to practice professionalism, it would be entirely fair; but as nearly all agree upon the necessity of college amateurism, the injustice of the secret practice of professionalism is evident. Indeed it is too obvious for any attempt to gainsay it, and the only excuse given for it is that shallow, boyish plea, "They all do it, and why mayn't I?" True, many do practice professionalism in schools, but this might be remedied by the general adoption of rules and agreements, which are enforced in many inter-collegiate athletic associations. Even if the general elimination of secret professionalism can not be secured, yet the principle that one should stand by right though his neighbors uphold the wrong, is as true in college athletics as in everything else.

Our large universities have no reason or excuse for the hiring of athletics service for they have abundant numbers from which to select their various representatives. What professionalism, therefore, exists in them, must be kept a very close secret, since, as has been said, rival institutions are on the alert for the slightest violation of the rules. The charge made by Yale last year against the University of Pennsylvania in regard to the amateur standing of a foot-ball player, her subsequent refusal to meet Pennsylvania in foot-ball, Pennsylvania's vigorous proofs of her honor, serve as a good example of the feeling between these institutions.

The smaller colleges practice professionalism more extensively than the larger, though the financial remunerations given in individual cases are not as great. They can plead, however, more extenuating circumstances. They often combine into associations, and a member of one of these, whose athletic material is small, or below the standard, through its managers, yields to the temptation, and procures the help of a professional for a money consideration. Thus it may avoid inglorious defeat and loss of athletic prestige, but even these results do not seem to warrant the policy of unfairness to other colleges. The argument brought forward that "It is better to have some athletics, even if bought, than none at all," is absurd; as well say, to carry out the argument: "If, for instance, a school lack all sufficient material for a foot-ball eleven, it would be better to hire a whole eleven; or in another department, if a college lacked a suitable representative for an oratorical contest, it would be better to secure a famous orator from another source."

Professionalism, in all its forms and uses, should be

abolished in college athletics for the interests of athletics and of the college under which they flourish. The year 1894 has been most important in the agitation of this subject. Not long ago the presidents of the six leading universities about Chicago, formulated rules to control professionalism. It is to be hoped that other college authorities will soon follow their example. Let our peerless educational centres be pure and honorable in all their spiritual, intellectual and physical spheres of action.

HAROLD L. AXTELL, '97.

A LETTER FROM AN ALUMNA.

VINUKONDA, KISTNA DISTRICT, March 20, 1895.

To the Editor of the College Index:

When the COLLEGE INDEX came some weeks ago, I was reminded that perhaps your readers would like to know something concerning two of your alumni who are so far away from our Alma Mater. We are always glad to receive the INDEX and learn something of what the college is doing, for we are as interested as ever in college affairs, although of course most of the names are now strange to us.

We lived in Kattapatam $7\frac{1}{2}$ months, where we were on the shore of the Bay of Bengal. Jan. 18, we moved up here to Vinukonda 54 miles from Ongole. We came the 54 miles by native carts drawn by oxen and traveled at the rate of two miles per hour. The drivers of the oxen have no way of controlling the animals at all, and very often one finds himself landed in the ditch. The way of increasing the speed of the animals is to twist their tails and prod their sides with a stick. The carts are two wheeled without springs, covered with mats to keep out the sun. One gets fearfully shaken and jolted in these carts but it is the only mode of travel the country affords, unless one is fortunate enough to live on a railroad. We made the journey in two nights stopping at the government rest-house during the day to rest and take our food.

Mr. and Mrs. Heinrichs who have charge of this station, were expecting us and made us welcome to Vinukonda. This place receives its name from a large hill, 1,000 feet high, and means "Hill of Hearing." The story is that Rama's wife was carried off by giants and it was from this hill that Rama heard his wife was in Ceylon and hence was able to get her back again. On top of the hill is a Hindoo temple and steps are cut in the rock to the top as it is considered an act of great merit to make a pilgrimage to this temple and worship the idol there. I have not yet had the ambition to climb to the top of the hill, but hope to next cool season.

The station to which we are appointed is about

40 miles north of here, but we will be obliged to live here until we can build our bungalow. Our future station will be Gurzala in the Pulnand taluk or county. Mr. Kurtz spent three weeks there buying land for the compound, having a well dug, and making preparation for building. He also visited several villages and found the christians in a very good state considering that they have had scarcely any care since their baptism. Some who were baptised 30 years ago by Dr. Clough, still remained firm in spite of the fact that they had seen no missionary for 20 years and only occasionally a native preacher.

We are studying Telugu again with a Brahmin Munchi, who is the most conceited and bigoted we have seen yet. He says Brahmins are only a little less than God, and that all other castes must pay homage to them so they will intercede with God in their behalf. As soon as these Brahmins get a little education, they think they know everything worth knowing. They do not believe at all in female education, because they say their wives will not be obedient to them if they are educated.

They open their eyes very wide when they are told I am a college graduate, for it is very seldom they see a woman with any education. The people on the whole are very indifferent to educating their children unless they are promised a position. They think that if they fail to get a government position, or a position as teacher in a mission school, their education is thrown away. The idea of possessing knowledge for the sake of the knowledge itself, does not occur to them. But the establishment of mission and government schools all over India is doing much to remedy this, and the time will come when education will be welcomed by all classes.

Perhaps this is enough for one time, and I will close. You may hear from us again.

Very truly yours,
ELIZABETH FLETCHER KURTZ.

IN MEMORIAM.

One by one the faces of relatives, of friends, and of acquaintances pass away from our range of vision. As this absence brings the memory of the departed one to our minds, we find ourselves discussing the traits of character that attracted us, and we also find that Death has softened the blow by showing slight glimpses of the divine in us, for forgetting our proneness to fault finding we see only the good, the true and the lovable part of the one gone. Mingled with our sense of loss we find a sweet pleasure tinged with pain in reading and discussing the merits of one, whose good qualities and

lovable disposition were known to us while yet he was with us.

Mr. Willard came among us a stranger at the beginning of the school year. The first term saw him our friend—he was one of us, by means of his genial disposition, kindly, courteous manner, his ability as a student and his earnest, businesslike manner with which he adapted himself to the work of the day.

Until entering college his life alternated from the home life in the country to the busy, active work of the city. In his rural life he was a favorite with all, for his genial ways, ready wit and the happy knack which he possessed of adapting himself to the existing circumstances. Throwing in his lot among the toilers of a large city he amply proved to all, that he had those qualities which especially fitted him for city life. A faithful workman, who combined good workmanship with stability of character, he made his presence felt among those with whom he came directly in contact and left a lasting impression upon them. Taken from this previous surroundings, he was placed in an entirely new atmosphere, that of student life, and in this his ready tact, combined with his intrinsic worth, gave him a prominent place.

Having resolved to serve the Lord as He especially directed, he decided, in spite of all the drawbacks in the way, to pursue a course of study at Kalamazoo College.

With him to decide was to act, so that he became one of us, showing the advantages and the hardships of a life of preparation.

We wish to speak a word or two in regard to his school life. As a student he was a patient, faithful worker; in society work he took a prominent part allotted him; in his Christian work he showed no signs of spasmodic fervor, but kept steadily on in his work of preparation and of participation.

With a large store of humor, witty, original, practical, Mr. Willard impressed all with the fact that he was here for a purpose, not a mere idealist but one who could think and act for himself.

He was in all a manly man.

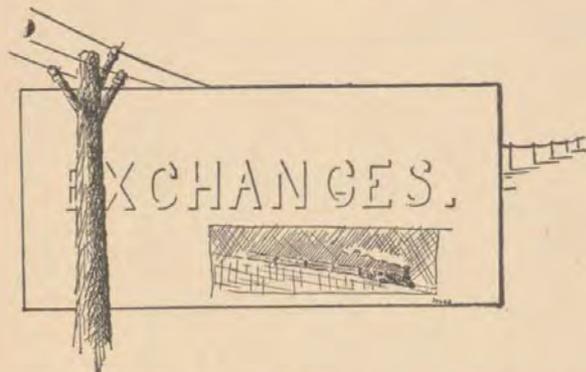
RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY THE STUDENTS OF THE COLLEGE.

The faculty and students of Kalamazoo College desire to express their submissive recognition of the over-ruling providence of God in the death of Herbert Willard, a member of the college, and their sincere sympathy with the afflicted friends of the

deceased. Though our acquaintance with Mr. Willard has been brief, still it has been amply sufficient to show us his great personal worth and promise of usefulness. As a student among us he was earnest and faithful, as a companion, cheerful and sunny, as a friend, true and self-sacrificing. As a Christian, we honored his fidelity to principle, his noble aims and earnest, kindly spirit. We saw in the service to Christ which he rendered among us the promise of still greater service had he been spared. His patience during his long illness also revealed the excellence of his character. The hope which we cherished respecting him, so far as this world is concerned, is cut off. But the Christlike qualities of our friend's character assure us that He who never errs has only removed him to a better sphere and a nobler service than is possible here on earth; that he has entered into the joy of the Lord.

Our sympathy with his immediate friends, in the heavy blow that has fallen upon them, is deep and heartfelt. We feel assured, however, that they with us will be comforted by the remembrance of his Christian faith and worthy life and will look forward with hope to a reunion in the world to come.

Prof. S. J. AXTELL,
E. E. FORD,
C. L. MAXFIELD.



Epworth Exponent has an ingenious allegory on learning to read. Its article on Mental Dyspepsia is also worthy of note.

Franklin Kodak gives a strong plea for independence of thought. It fails to see the argument in saying "Cleveland's foreign policy is just awful because—because—."

Hillsdale Collegian expresses itself in favor of affiliation of Hillsdale college with the University of Chicago. It gives good reasons for thinking such affiliation would be a benefit to both sides.

The German professor who has lectured continuously for sixty-six years has a competitor for honors in Dr. E. H. Merrill, who has been connected with Ripon College for half that time. The College Days gives a well executed cut of the Dr. and a fine eulogy on his work.

We are glad to note a change in the plan of the Albion College Pleiad. Hitherto it has been chiefly a newspaper, devoting its best space to athletics, but henceforth it will have one column open to ambitious writers who wish to show their proficiency in English. The INDEX hopes that "second column on page four" will be well occupied and even overcrowded.

The Olympic games of Greece are to be renewed. The international committee has fixed on April 5-15, 1896, as the time for the first contest, which will be held at Athens on the ancient race course. The second contest will be held in Paris in 1900, and the third will probably be held in the United States in 1904.

Denison Collegian contains an illustrated ad for high grade cigarettes. We suggest Shepardson be given the management of the paper oftener and see if such ads cannot be done away with. Sam Jones says he can use the devil's money to good advantage, but the INDEX fails to see the wisdom in reversing the case and soliciting the money of college men to build up a big business on the other side.

The support of the institutions of learning has become a study by itself. The thoughtless outsider might think that \$20, \$60 or \$100 tuition collected from each student is sufficient to meet the necessary running expenses, but this idea is badly shattered by President Coulter, of Lake Forest University, who in a recent address presented the following figures, which had been carefully collected:

Colleges.	Annual expenses for each student over and above receipts from students.	Average equipment for each student.
Weslyan,	\$259	\$2,187
Yale,	231	1,500
Amherst,	175	1,453
Harvard,	305	2,700
Williams,	146	1,410
Princeton,	250	1,800
Hamilton,	135	2,000
Cornell,	242	2,210
Columbia,	1,400	4,530
Lafayette,	69	2,190
Brown,	210	2,630

The above figures show that even that college man who prides himself on paying all his college bills and takes no remitted tuition or scholarship is yet educated by charity and is a great debtor to his *alma mater*. And he is also a debtor in proportion to the size of the institution which he attends.

College Index.

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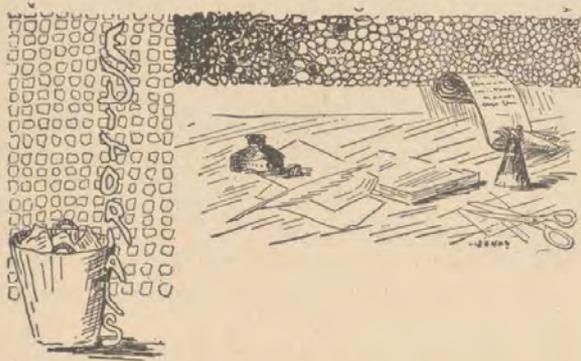
All communications, whether of literary character or otherwise, should be addressed to

COLLEGE INDEX, Kalamazoo, Mich.

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

Any information regarding Alumni will be gratefully received.

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



A letter from Mrs. Elizabeth Fletcher Kurtz, an alumna of the college, came to our desk recently and we take pleasure in publishing it as an article that will be interesting to all. Mr. and Mrs. Kurtz are both graduates of our institution and are now

missionaries in the foreign field. The INDEX is grateful to the alumni for the interest they have taken this year in the paper and hope for an even greater interest in the future.

About the first thing which we asked of our predecessor as we took up our work on the INDEX at the beginning of the year, was for the file of old papers, and was surprised to hear that no file had been made. No one of the editors of previous years so far as we could learn had started to save the papers and the precedent that was established has been followed since. In order that such may not be the case longer and that future editors may have the benefit, we ask your assistance in starting the file. Please send in numbers earlier than the school year of '93-4. The first issue of the paper was in 1877 and it has been published almost continuously since. A comparison of the paper during these years would be exceedingly interesting.

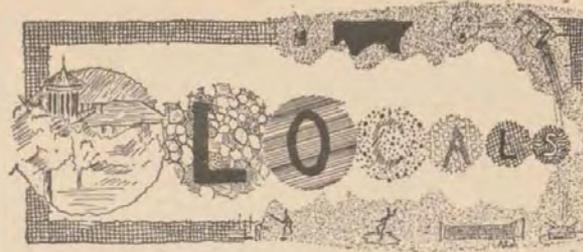
The spring term this year is especially interesting because of the contests in oratory and logic that either have taken place or are to take place. Rivalry along intellectual as well as physical lines is necessary to bring out the best efforts, to stimulate to the highest activity, to show the lines of greatest ability and to make clear the weak points of the individual. There is scarcely anything that will keep up the spirit and ensure good work in a literary society as rivalry, whether it be for amusement, for intellectual improvement or for both. It is exemplified in parliamentary practice, in the debate. It is exemplified in the spirit that exists between two similar, contemporary societies. In such rivalry there is an excellent chance to control ones temper, and also an excellent chance to lose control of it. A rivalry that can exist, although wit may enter, although scheming be allowed and the greatest ability exercised, although one party be defeated, without the mean underhanded work, will redound to the honor of both. The inter-society debate passed off pleasantly to both parties. The oratory, logic and spirit manifested brought honor to the contestants, to the societies and to the college.

One of the best and most helpful influences that have been exerted this year is that of our Monday evening prayer meetings. They have been largely attended and if the testimony of all of those who have made it a rule to be present could be given it would be a unanimous agreement of the helpfulness of these meetings; of the pleasure of laying aside lessons for an hour and holding communion together

with a consecrated body of students with our Maker; of the higher estimation and nobler views of life that are obtained when the spiritual together with the intellectual side of ones nature is developed. There is an influence that goes with one from these meetings and helps him through the whole week to live that life that was meant for man to live—in right relation to God and to his fellow creatures. There is opened up to him new paths of duty, new obligations and with the fulfilment of these comes the feeling of joy as he realizes his ideal self. Then comes the satisfaction of victory as one feels he is overcoming the mortal and giving his spiritual nature greater and greater scope, as he feels he is making life worth living. The college has always had a reputation for its christian spirit and the Monday evening meetings are in great measure the life of that spirit.

A habit that is characteristic of a great many is to pass judgment upon something that they know nothing or but very little about. They base their opinion on merely superficial knowledge. It may be easy to pass judgment but to sustain that judgment by reasons is another thing. Every one has a right to his own opinion but the extent that he should advocate that opinion, unless he is qualified to do so, should be extremely limited. Again one often condemns the whole of anything because he may see some of the outward appearances which perhaps are evil. Because some qualities of an institution are wrong is no reason for ruthlessly condemning the whole. We should examine a little closer for under what seems evil qualities may be found something good. It may be exercising a good influence where we fail to recognize it. It may have had a history remarkable in achievements. It may have been a powerful factor in bringing about some of those conditions which we enjoy and without which civilization would be a grade lower. Very often no allowance is made for any of these things, but because a few evil qualities are detected and because of ignorance in regard to the rest, their opinion is quick to be given. Whether such an institution be religious or secular, whatever is due should be granted. We may not agree with all its principles but we should give it credit for what it has done in the right direction and is doing.

The INDEX acknowledges the receipt of the Annual of Hope College. It is nicely gotten out and speaks well for the institution. May she prosper in the work.



“Tennis.”

“Base Ball.”

Oh, those caps!

Miss Cole will hereafter be careful which one of the “Hall” chairs she uses.

The German play will probably occur the latter part of May.

The college choir gave a concert at Prairieville, Friday evening, April 26.

The chorus is preparing for a cantata to be given commencement week.

The regular term reception of the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A.'s was not held this term.

Preparations are all made for our annual field day. A list of events will be found in another column.

The Euros have staked out a claim on the lower campus grounds, and a grass court seems to be one of the “futures.”

Conscript Fathers—“I do not rise to waste the night in words.”

Voice below—“Go to bed then!”

Oldfield, with an eye to future greatness, it is said, has been diligently committing some of the finest passages in a recent oration.

Boys, the “Athletic Association” needs money. Why don't you join? You can at least do that much toward helping it make a success of this year's work.

Even Samson is not permitted to rest peacefully in his grave. No, he must pay the same penalty of greatness that falls to the lot of other such men.

Every one is anxious, at the present time, for friends in the “freshman class.” Their tennis court which the last year's Senior class left them, is one of the finest on the campus.

The Sophomores elected the following officers at a special meeting: Base Ball manager, M. C.

Warwick; Relay manager, E. L. Yapple; Tennis manager, H. L. Axtell.

Man is not always to be judged by the clothes he wears, but as a very intellectual body of people without adornment. The "Junior Class" has shown the best of artistic taste in the selection of their class caps; black corduroy mortar-boards.

A remark that was overheard by a student that was made by a fair city damsel to two of her companions:—"How like a monkey he looks." The student was surprised to look up the street and recognize one of those junior caps.

Be not surprised if at all hours of the day and night you hear strange, unearthly sounds coming from all quarters of the college buildings. It is only the freshman practicing for the annual Freshman contest which occurs the 10th of May.

Oh, why will you read such books? Ask C. H. S. If you like me and have any regard for my feelings, why will you read such books? The rest of this interesting conversation will be suppressed if suitable reward appears in the path of the local editor.

The college authorities gave their assent to the removal of the four trees that were in the way of refitting the two tennis courts that were spoiled by the work for the new sidewalk along the north side of the college grounds, and they have been extended to the south, giving them good back lines and making them much better than before.

Tuesday, the 16th, the fourth year preps. wrested the relay team mile championship from the Freshman class. Smith, Stroebe, Jackson and Gilbert represented the Freshman class, and Lienau, Dickie, Killam and H. C. Bullock the fourth years. The time of the winning team by quarters was Lienan, 1:07; Dickie, 1:05; Killam, 1:08; Bullock, 1:05.

If any explanations are needed as to where the poem in this month's locals was procured, it is this: The local editor heard a certain young man humming lightly to himself and, stealing up slowly and carefully behind him he heard those lines. Whether they had any reference to himself or not we do not know. We thought them so pathetic and woeful that they would do well to counteract the exhilarating influence of the spring weather and so we print them. References, A. E. J. and etc.

Two men they would a fishing go,
One glorious night in spring,
Two maidens also were beguiled,
To hold the hook and string.

The needed tackle they had found,
The bait, they dug with care,
Propitious were the stars above,
And balmy was the air.

Long sat they on the bank of clay,
Till home at length they came,
Not one small shiner could they show,
The fishing had been "lame."

An important conference of representatives from the University of Chicago, Des Moines College, Shurtleff College, Franklin College, Kalamazoo College, Southwestern Baptist University, Ottawa University, Pittsburg Academy, Beaver Dam Academy and Cedar Valley Seminary was held at Chicago, April 20, 21 and 22. Topics of special interest to the institutions represented were discussed, and the conference closed with an elaborate banquet, which was attended by a large number of the members of the University Faculty, Chicago clergymen and the members of the Conference. Dr. Slocum was in attendance at this meeting.

The INDEX wishes to thank the gentleman for calling its attention to an omission in its last issue and to make a humble retraction therefor. After a hard and persistent fight, Mr. W. C. Oldfield was elected janitor of the Sherwood Rhetorical Society by a small majority over A. C. Treadway. The "copy" for the foregoing was sent down for our last issue but for some unknown reason was omitted. It has always been the policy of the INDEX to note and commend success anywhere, and that we are more than sorry that the above named gentleman should have been under the necessity of calling our attention to so important an omission. It will never happen again.

Friday evening, the 12th, occurred the first annual debate between the Sherwood Rhetorical Society and the Philolexian Lyceum in the college chapel. It was a success in every way. For the Sherwoods, G. V. Pixley led the argument, with Messrs. A. E. Jenks, N. T. Hafer and A. F. White as colleagues. For the Philo's, owing to the sudden illness of A. J. Hutchins, F. B. Sinclair led the affirmative besides taking his regular place as a colleague. The other affirmative colleagues were E. L. Yapple and E. B. Taft. The question under discussion was: Resolved; that the Government ownership and operation of the railroads of the U. S. would be better for the citizens of the U. S. than our present system. The chapel was filled and the audience did not show the least signs of being wearied by the several speakers. The judges, three in number, each of whom gave a separate opinion

on the result of the debate, paid very high compliments to all the participants and said that the affair showed evidence of hard, earnest, society work. Two of the judges voted for the negative and one for the affirmative, giving the victory in this first annual contest to the Sherwood Rhetorical Society. Kalamazoo college has always been proud of her literary societies and well she may, for it is always a subject of remark by visitors here that their work is far superior to that in most colleges.

Once again death has visited the ranks of our students and removed from our midst a beloved comrade. Herbert E. Willard died Wednesday afternoon, the 24, at the Borgess Hospital, where he had been removed over three months ago. He was first taken with typhoid fever and had nearly recovered from that, when pleurisy set in, followed by complication that baffled the best medical skill. We have lost one whom we love, and to his sorrowing relatives and friends the INDEX extends its heartfelt sympathy in this great sorrow that has come to them. Mr. Willard was 24 years old and came from his home in Bay City to Kalamazoo College for the first time at the beginning of the Fall term. He leaves one sister, who was with him all of the latter part of his illness. The first of the term, as an expression of the esteem in which he was held, a benefit concert was held which was very largely attended, and through which quite a large sum was realized for his help. For the funeral services, which were held in Bay City, the students sent a very handsome floral tribute.



Prof. Putnam, of Ypsilanti Normal School, visited the college classes the 18th.

Miss Mary Seeley, of Battle Creek, visited her sister Miss Hettie Seeley, the 20th and 21st.

Prof. R. W. Putnam will conduct a Bible class every Wednesday evening in the college Y. M. C. A. Room.

Prof. Markley of the U. of M. attended chapel Thursday morning, the 18th, and afterwards visited several classes.

Miss Isabella G. Bennett will return to college soon. She was ill all of the spring vacation and has just become strong enough to again take up her studies.

A CAPITAL SCHEME.

Once there met in solemn council an august, imposing band,
Drew their learned heads together, and assiduously planned
How they might for their superior ability, demand
The world's due recognition.
Long they pondered o'er the problem for, "'Tis plain to ev'ry mind
It will never be discovered if it's left for chance to find
That our heads are crammed with knowledge of the very stiffest kind,
That we are college Juniors."
The result of this assemblage now confronts us everywhere,—
'Leven majestic, scholastic tassels bobbing in the air,
'Leven exultant little faces framed by caps which all declare
A proof of high attainments.
Would I had the power to tell you all the transformations seen;
Grave and stately Mr. Hutchins has a saucy, jaunty mien;
Samuel Jasper looks as airy as a miss of sweet sixteen;
They're all quite cap-tivating.
Two not so cap-acious, add a grace they hardly need
To the two young lady members, in a charming way indeed.
But the cap-sheaf of them all is Mr. Sinclair's, all concede—
The one that caps the Climax!

Cap-itulate, Seniors,
Your laurels are gone;
'Twas a cap-ital scheme,
It has cap-tured each one. —T. L. F.

SOME STATISTICAL REPORTS.

	No. in class			Average age	Average weight	Average height	Working way through partially or wholly	PROFESSIONS.							Previous life in city or country.				
	No. boys	No. girls						Ministers.	Law.	Doctor.	Teachers.	Artist.	Singer.	Journalist.		Literary.	Undecided.		
Senior class...	7	5	2	23	131	5-6 $\frac{3}{4}$	4	3	1	—	1	—	—	—	—	2	5	2	
Junior class...	12	10	2	24	150	5-8	10	6	2	—	2	—	—	1	—	1	8	4	
Sophomore class...	15	8	7	22	129	5-6	5	5	—	1	3	1	1	—	—	1	3	13	2
Freshman class...	23	16	7	20 $\frac{1}{2}$	133	5-7 $\frac{1}{2}$	8	4	1	1	2	—	—	—	—	15	19	4	

The M. A. C. boys showed that they were a gentlemanly lot of fellows and we hope we may sometime have the pleasure of seeing them here again.

KALAMAZOOO COLLEGE WINS.

Score 21 to 6.

The ball game Saturday, April 25, between the Agricultural College and Kalamazoo College, played on the home grounds, resulted in a glorious victory for our team. The day was perfect and the grounds in good condition. From the start it could be seen that Kalamazoo had the advantage and that victory was leaning towards us. The success was all the more complete because our boys did not enter the game with the confidence of success, but simply with a grim determination to keep the scores of the M. A. C. team as low as possible. Cadwallader pitched an elegant game and was well supported by Lewis; his effective curves succeeded in fooling many.

Kalamazoo gained the lead in the fourth inning, when they ran in eight scores. Cadwallader in this inning lifted the ball over the left field fence, bringing in two scores and making a home run himself. Our whole team played an excellent game with but few errors.

The M. A. C. boys acknowledged their defeat manfully and the spirit shown was a credit to the team and to their college.

We rejoice in the victory, not simply because our team won, but because of the stimulus it will give to Kalamazoo athletics. Encouragement is what is needed just at present, to bring out the ability that our playing bespeaks.

The following is the report of the game:

KALAMAZOO COLLEGE.

	AB	R	1B	PO	A	E
Lewis, c.....	7	4	3	6	1	0
Cadwallader, p.....	6	3	3	3	6	0
Axtell, ss.....	5	2	1	1	1	0
Smith, c. f.....	4	3	2	2	1	2
Hafer, r. f.....	5	2	4	0	0	1
MacDougall, 3 b.....	4	2	1	5	5	1
Warwick, 2 b.....	4	1	0	5	4	1
Thomas, 1 b.....	5	2	1	4	0	0
Boyden, l. f.....	6	2	2	1	0	1
Totals.....	46	21	17	27	18	6

MICHIGAN AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

	AB	R	1B	PO	A	E
Garenflo, c. f.....	5	1	1	2	0	3
McKinnon, 1b.....	4	0	2	9	2	1
Ansorge, 2b, p.....	4	0	0	1	3	0
Parish, ss.....	4	0	3	0	0	2
King, 3b.....	5	2	2	7	0	0
Eiman, r. f.....	4	0	2	0	0	0
Krental, c.....	3	0	0	8	2	1

Newman, l. f.....	3	1	1	0	0	3
Reed, p.....	1	1	1	0	2	0
Fisher, p.....	3	1	1	0	7	0

Totals..... 36 6 13 27 16 10

INNINGS.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Kalamazoo,	2	0	1	8	0	3	0	3	4—21
M. A. C.....	0	1	1	0	0	0	2	1	1—6

Summary: Earned runs,—Kalamazoo, 7, M. A. C., 3. Two-base hits—Smith, Parish. Three-base hits—King 2. Home runs—Cadwallader. Stolen bases—Lewis 2, Cadwallader 2, Axtell 2, Smith, Hafer, McKinnon, King. Bases on balls—Warwick, Axtell, MacDougall, Ansorge, Krental, Newman, Hit by pitched ball—Smith. Struck out—Hafer, Cadwallader, McDougall, 2, Warwick 2, Ansorge 2, Newman, Fisher. Passed ball—Fisher 2. Time, 1 hour and 50 minutes. Umpires, Crosby and Mays.

BASE BALL NOTES.

Our team plays the return game with the M. A. C's the 25.

Olivet and Kalamazoo Colleges will cross bats here the 18th.

Who will ever say again that Kalamazoo College cannot play base ball?

If suits are anything our ball team ought to do credit to itself this year. They are very becoming, light gray with black stockings.

In looking over the early start made in base ball, we are not entirely satisfied with the records of the first two games played with city nines. Even though the college won both games, yet the games were full of errors.

We can see the value of the material for a base ball team, but we also know the amount of work, not dilatory practice, but hard, steady training to bring out the individual merit of each player, and also to reduce the whole nine to a playing unit.

It is encouraging to see the enthusiasm shown by the players and their readiness for training. By having a thorough ball player with us this spring, who is taking the coaching upon himself we expect great things of our base ball nine.

The game the 23rd, between the Kalamazoo Juniors and the college team resulted in a victory for the Juniors by a score of 7 to 5. The game was won in the third inning when by bunching their hits the Juniors run in five scores. The game was remarkably free from errors on both sides. A second game will be played between these teams soon.

The college team crossed bats with the high school the 18th. It was a poorly played contest on both sides, with victory for the college team with a score of 13 to 12. The teams lined up as follows:

College.		High School.
Stripp,	C. F.	Hitchcock,
Smith,	R. F.	Sargeant,
Treadway,	L. F.	Wood,
Warwick,	2d B.	Hall,
Axtell,	S. S.	Heuson,
McDougal,	3d B.	Nersen,
Thomas,	1st B.	denBlyker,
Boyden,	C.	Sargeant,
Cadwallader,	P.	Murphy.

It seems too bad when Kalamazoo College really does something in athletics, that she cannot have the full credit. Who ever was mean enough to send in the dispatch to the Detroit Free Press that would seem to make it appear that in our recent base ball game with the Michigan Agricultural College we had a State league battery, we do not know. The truth is just this, the day before the game, our regular catcher had two fingers badly hurt in a practice game and a town catcher caught the game. Kalamazoo College has a battery this year that needs no substitute to play any college games and there is no one who knows anything of the team but would say that our team battery can show any day the same strength it showed when the M. A. C's went down before our boys. For shame on those who wanted to rob any merit from a well earned victory.

FIELD DAY.

Field day comes this year in the last week of May, which allows but one month for hard, solid work. Train as hard as you can and endeavor to excel in the events to which you find yourself best adapted. It will be a good thing if we all push it along

By co-operation we can make this year's record eclipse any of the past. We have good material, let us bring it out. Hard work however will only accomplish the best results. Remember that we want records for the Inter-Collegiate. Send in your entrees as soon as possible to the following committee.

M. J. NEWELL,
A. F. WHITE,
O. P. LIENAU.

FIELD DAY EVENTS.

Mile run, one-quarter mile run, 100 yards dash, potato race, obstacle race, relay race, class relay race, mile walk, elephant race, three legged race, sack race,

standing broad jump, running broad jump, standing high jump, running high jump, hop, step and jump, pole vault, standing high kick, running high kick, 16 pound hammer throw, 16 pound shot put, tennis tournament, quoit turnament, wrestling, 120 yard hurdle race.

THE REASON.

Grandma Gruff said a curious thing,
"Boys may whistle, but girls *must sing*."
That's the very thing I heard her say
To Kate, no longer than yesterday.

"Boys may whistle." Of course they may,
If they pucker their lips the proper way;
But for the life of me I can't see
Why Kate can't whistle as well as me.

"Boys may whistle, but girls *must sing*;"
Now I call that a curious thing.
If boys can whistle, why can't girls, too?
It's the easiest thing in the world to do.

So if the boys can whistle and do it well,
Why cannot girls—will somebody tell?
Why can't they do what a boy can do?
That is the thing I should like to know.

I went to father and asked him why
Girls couldn't whistle as well as I,
And he said, "The reason that girls *must sing*
Is because a *girl's a sing-ular thing*."

And grandma laughed till I knew she'd ache
When I said I thought it all a mistake.
"Never mind, little man," I heard her say,
"*They will make you whistle enough some day.*"
New Orleans Picayune.

First Footpad—"Say, Cully, here comes de cop
an' no chance to run!"

Second Footpad—"Hol' on. I'll fix him. Rip
slash! hog wash! by gosh! ham fat! ding bat! ra hoo
raw!"

Policeman, passing on—"Them's about the
toughest students I ever saw."—Ex.

If an S and an I and an O and a U
With an X at the end spell su;
And an E and a Y and an E spell I,
Pray what is the speller to do?

And if also an S and an I and a G
With an Hed at the end spell side;
There's nothing much left for the speller to do,
But to go and commit Siouxeysighed.

The Speculum for April 15, is one of the best exchanges received this month. It gives a history and description of the new game Golf, ably discusses the Crusades and their effect on civilization, and gives two pages to scientific topics. In this department it has the advantage of most papers in having so many interesting facts to report, and it uses that advantage very fully.

When I flounder in the Greek,
Or Tacitus makes me reek,
Who braces up my failing cheek?
My pony.

When my winks in vain are wunk,
And my last stray thoughts are thunk,
Who saves me from a flunk?
My pony.

Fresh—"Why is that frame around that tree?"
Soph—"Because it started to leave."

Why was Garfield's death like Japan?
Because it's a sassy nation.

Where would a man go to if he broke his knee?
To Africa; because a negro's (knee grows)
there.

Where would a woman go if she broke her knee?
To Jerusalem; because there are Shenies there.

The West Michigan School Journal gives an article on vertical writing which presents statistics to prove that spinal curvature and myopia result from our system of slanted letters. It contains a page of very pretty script where every letter stands bolt upright and refers to it as proof of the superior legibility of vertical writing.

The Speculum discusses that cancelled stamp scene and shows that if our Indiana friend's request had been complied with, she would have received 3,589,509,999,999,999,999,999,995 stamps at a cost to the senders of \$430,741,100,000,000,000,000,000. It condemns the whole system, even if the Deaconesses and "a debt-ridden Y. M. C. A." have followed the same plan. It is time people ended such "chains" as soon as they begin, or the world and the starry hosts will be bound with them.

There is a hot wave coming and to be thoroughly prepared for it, go to the Three B's and be fitted to a pair of tan shoes. They will keep you cool and comfortable, and give an immense amount of service.

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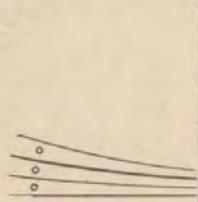
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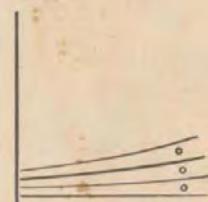
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NUMBER 9.

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JUNE, 1895.

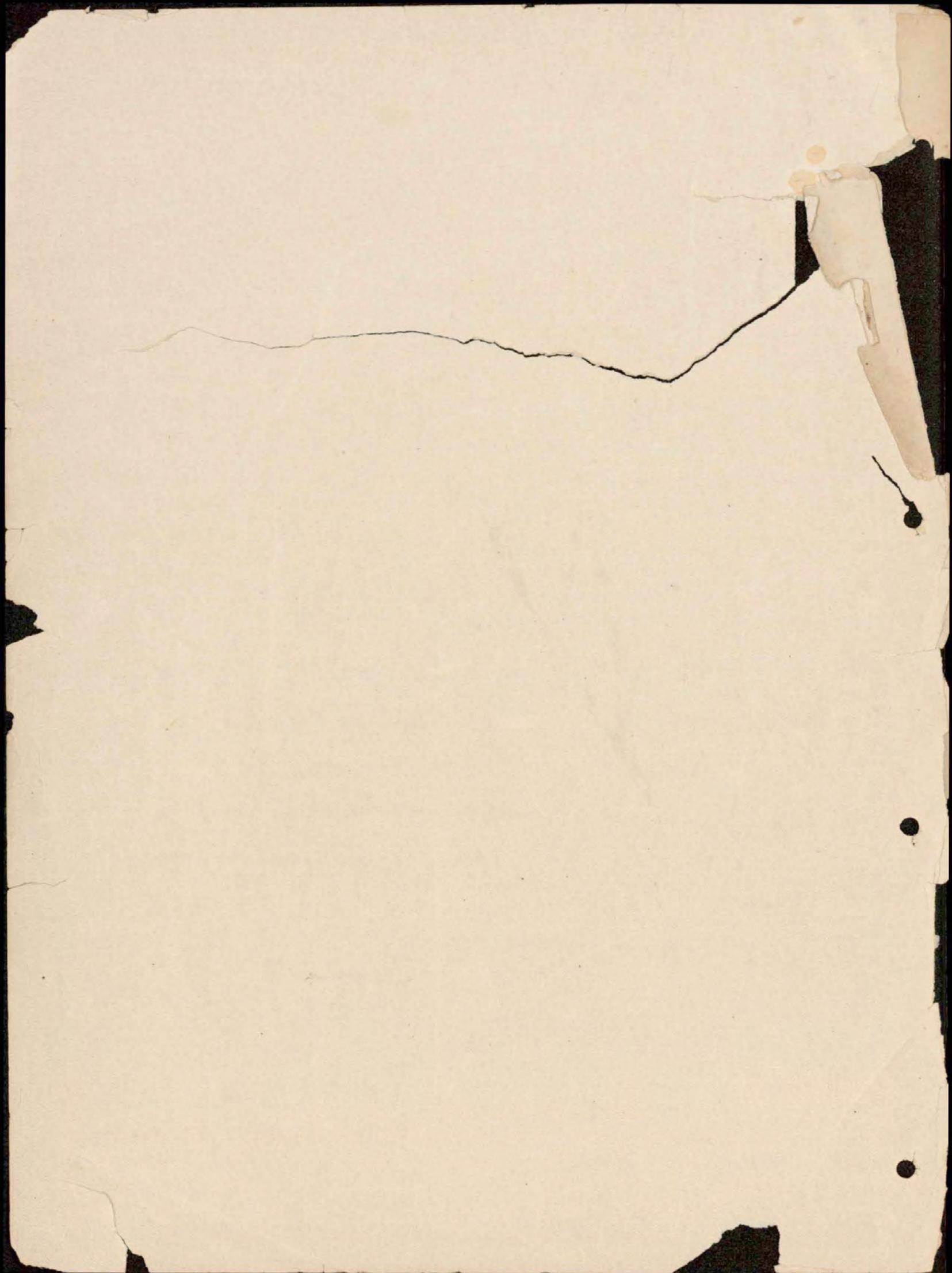


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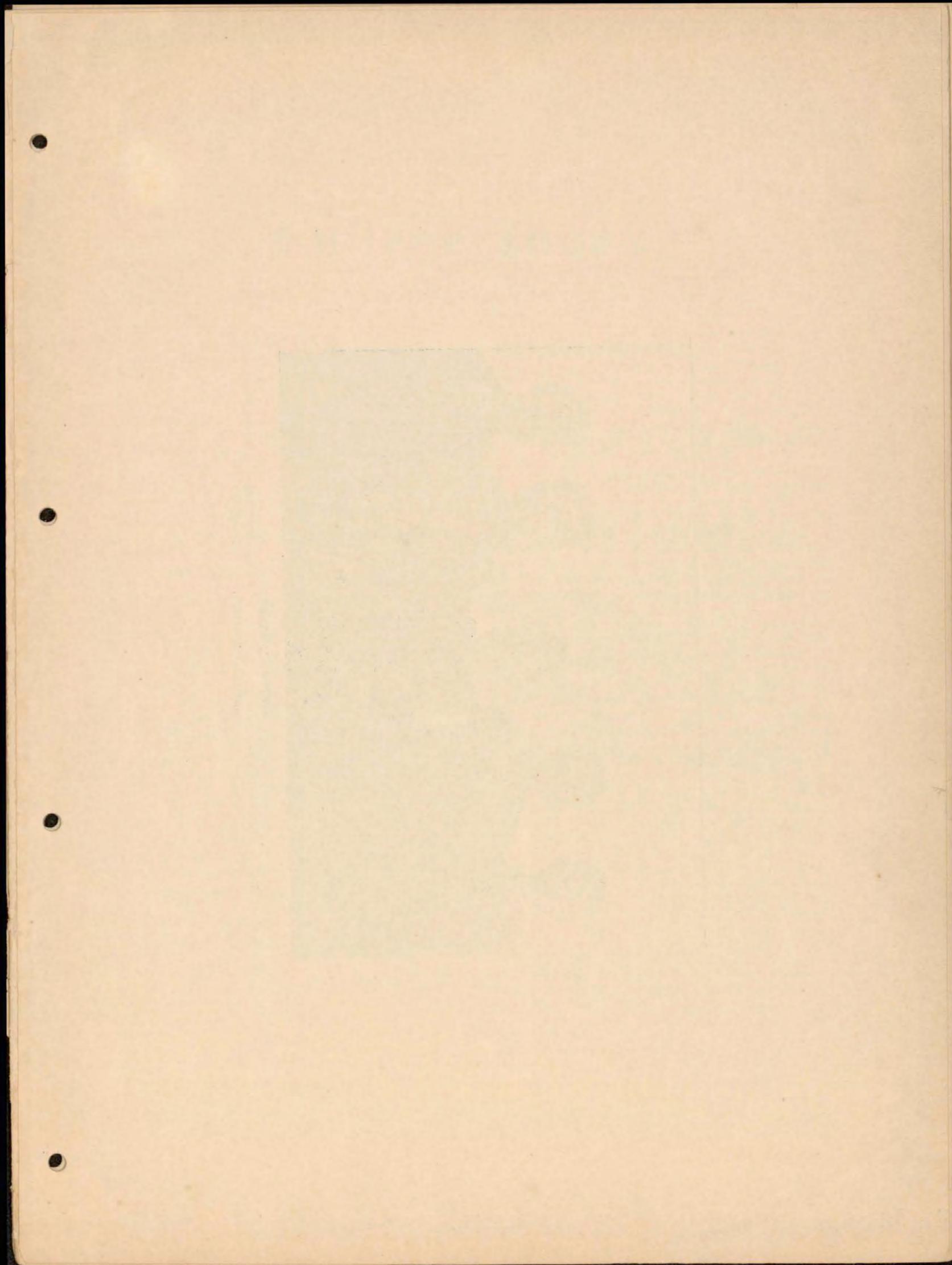
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College Index.

VOL. 16. New Series.

Kalamazoo, Mich., June, 1895.

NO. 9.

Literary.

CLASS POEM.

SEMPER URGENS ALTIUS.

College days are almost over;
In the world we take our part;
Let the words of our class motto
Fill with purpose every heart.

In the world there's field for action,
Room for genius and for brawn;
And the springs of high endeavor
Are from deepest sources drawn.

Lessons learned in college class-room—
Lessons that we all should prize—
Will repay us for our labor,
Helping us, through them to rise.

All around, below, above us,
God's own purpose shineth clear;
Voicing this, the lips of nature
Bid us now her message hear.

Leave the old and time-worn theories;
Seek to trace new problems out,
Striving ever with His leadings
Toward the higher realms of thought.

Thoughts that are but slender forces,
Yet their influence, how sure!
How much nobler is the living
When the inmost thoughts are pure!

Let the thought strive ever higher;
Let the heart right impulse know;
Then the face will bear the impress,
Then the hand right actions sow.

Higher always, higher pressing,
Looking forward, never stay,
Each day one step onward taken
'Long life's ever widening way.

M. A. S. J.

A PHASE OF MODERN LITERATURE.

COMMENCEMENT ESSAY.

Every age ushers in its peculiar style of literary production. There was the medieval romance, distinguished for its severity and restraint; then the period of minstrel story-telling and metrical romance. The Elizabethan age claims the drama as its proper literary expression;

and only the political and social agitations and the intense religious feeling of the seventeenth century could have produced our English epic. Later came the lyric bards—Burns and a notable coterie of men of genius. And now our own century, perhaps, comprises all, gathering the choicest morsels from the mind feast of other ages, and bringing all to the rich completion that modern literature bids fair to attain.

It is true our epic remains yet to be written, but what sweeter romance was ever sung by medieval knight than our own Longfellow's "Tale of love in Acadie, home of the happy?" What lyrics of the past can surpass those of Tennyson? Since Shakespeare perfected the drama, time has produced no rival, but the blending of the drama and romance has given us a new form of literature, wielding an influence unknown before in the history of letters.

The novel has come to be a vitally important factor in the education of our time, since it is working its way so generally among all classes of people. We find it in the pastor's study and on the business man's table. What can be more restful to the tired brain than a carefully and gracefully written story? We find the school-girl dreaming over the tender tale of some modern Dido; the school-boy raving over the exploits of Cooper's heroes; and the little, ragged street-urchin devouring the coarse pages of the dime novel. The fact may be suggestive that of about five millions of volumes circulated during one year by the Public Library of Boston, the city of culture and "solid" literary taste, nearly four-fifths were classed as Juveniles and fiction.

And what is this source of charm, of amusement, this fascinating teacher that is taking hold of all minds; that, long after the student has forgotten his fifth declension and his Binominal formula, maintains a lasting impression which influences him in his relations with men?

Is the novel what Johnson calls it, "A smooth tale generally of love?" Is it the "Pocket theatre" of Marian Crawford? Is it a criticism of life, as Mrs. Ward says, under the conditions of imagination and beauty? Whatever it is, the novel is first of all a work of art, and the artist must be trained in the school of experience, since he is to give us its only text book. The writer must see and feel what he would have us see and feel; must have a deep conviction of the lesson he would impress upon our minds. He must have loved, hated, enjoyed, suffered. Nay, some

would almost say he must have died in order to picture death. It is easier to appeal to the emotions than to strike straight at the heart, the true self.

Imagination, too, holds a high place in art. Emerson has most fitly paid tribute to its office in the novel. "Whilst the prudential and economic tone of society starves the imagination, affronted Nature gets such indemnity as she may. The novel is that allowance and frolic the imagination finds. The imagination infuses a certain volatility and intoxication. It has a flute which sets the atoms of our frame in a dance like planets, and once so liberated, the whole man reeling drunk to the music, they never quite subside to the old stony state."

Where art is, there must be the element of criticism and that of the novelist is a criticism of life. This new province accorded the writer, marks a change in modern romancing that has grown with the growth of a desire in the human mind to penetrate the meaning of life. The criticism of Scott and Thackeray is very delicately drawn. There is nothing that would not meet the sanction of public opinion. Dickens is bolder and laughs at the faults and foibles of his time often with bitter sarcasm. Victor Hugo has brought his criticism of theology, politics, and social problems into his works at his pleasure; and George Eliot has shown us how the highest art may teach what man should and may be in terms of what he is. Where is the exhortation to pure and noble living that can have more lasting influence than the moral significance of Tito's career? Where may the young girl of silly, sentimental tendencies, learn a better lesson in true, earnest, purposeful womanhood, in filial devotion, in sweet Christian charity, than in George Eliot's noble Romola?

The novels are the sermons of to-day. Mrs. Stone must have realized this when she sent into the world, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," a sermon that has sunk deep into the hearts of rich and poor alike, of the oppressed and the free. Experience is often the most convincing proof for some of life's questions, and nowhere do we find it so vividly painted as on the pages of the novel. Many lives have been led into the light by Mrs. Prentice's "Stepping Heavenward." Many a youth full of life and of doubts has learned the value of upright, honest manhood, the consequences of error and the beauty and satisfaction of the Christian religion in Edna Lyall's "Donovan." The teachings given in this form may pierce armor from which religious argument would fall away blunted.

"Let us deal with life as it is" says Mrs. Ward. "I cannot picture a human being without wanting to know the whole; his religion as well as his business; his thoughts as well as his actions." The political, social and psychical unrest of our own time has developed a tendency toward a style of literature which deals with the problems that vex men's minds. The public demands the

expression of its changing thought. It welcomes everything—social, religious, political, but unwholesome and unnatural passions it forbids. The perfect novel must be clean and sweet, fitted to tell its tale to the pure and the defiled, the just and the unjust. As art in sculpture, in poetry, in the drama, presents the best moral lessons of life, so must the novel, not aiming to teach morality, yet bear the impress of morality. Shakespeare probably never wrote with a moral purpose, but none will deny the intrinsic worth of his teachings.

The good or evil influence of a strong story is not to be questioned. The oppressed find an eloquent appeal in the story of their injuries; the Socialist finds an admirable exposition of his theory, its value and its defects; the students of theology and of political economy discover their ideas set forth in this form.

Literature helps us to the blessed companionship of wise thoughts and right feelings. Through books especially must this intimacy come. In the novel, life and feeling may be studied as in no other form of literature. Here we follow the strange flights of man's moral reason, and gain an insight into the impulses of the human heart; and here we trace the varied changes in man's ideals of truth and beauty, happiness and virtue. The novel teaches us to know man and to know human nature, and as Morley has well said, "This is what makes literature, rightly sifted and rightly studied, not the mere elegant trifling that it is often and so erroneously supposed to be, but a proper instrument for a systematic training of the imagination and sympathies, and of a genial and varied moral sensibility."

MARGARET A. ST. JOHN.

CHRISTIANITY AND SOCIAL SCIENCE.

COMMENCEMENT ESSAY.

Some of the most important questions of the day fall within the scope both of Social Science and of Christian Ethics. We believe that it is a part of God's great plan to provide for the happiness and well being of His creatures. As a means to this end He has given to man a social nature which, when rightly used, must bring not alone personal pleasure, but a continual advancement in culture and refinement. The fact that the social relations and privileges are often abused, and, as a consequence, are sometimes looked upon as adverse to spiritual development, is no argument against their value when employed as a factor in the cultivation of the higher nature. If then, from the hand of God come both Christianity and the social relations, it is clear that the two should be in harmony with each other, and should

be so united in practical life that each shall be a necessary complement to the other. That the teachings of Christianity are in harmony with the principles of Social Science, may be abundantly illustrated. In the Bible we read, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." After long study of the habits and experiences of men, the conclusion has been reached that one day in seven for rest is the proportion needed, not only for spiritual, but also for physical well being. Again we are told, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." This also is found to accord perfectly with the best condition of the social nature. The man who tramples on his neighbor's rights, and is always looking out solely for his own comfort, fails to have a cheerful and healthy disposition, and to secure for himself the highest good.

Social Science is not only in harmony with Christianity, but it is also one of its chief agencies in securing beneficent results. Christianity, as a divine system for the good of man, is eminently practical. In its work of reforming and uplifting, it must acquaint itself with the nature and needs of the individual and of society. In this service it makes use of the facts and discoveries of Social Science. These discoveries embrace the whole range of human relations. The term Sociology, as used in the present day, is often understood to refer to investigation and work among the lower classes, but in its true sense it means this and more. It is not confined to high or low, to rich or poor, but it reaches out to all grades of humanity. Its object is to study and elevate the daily life of mankind, to open up nobler and higher motives to those who seem to be content to remain in the lower ranks of life, and to solve those problems which are vital to the highest interests of society. Social Science investigates the needs of man and the results of experience. Prompted by love for humanity, it strives to discover the wisest and best plans for philanthropic labor. The method and organization which it gives to Christian work are of great value. He who in ignorance, yet with the spirit of Christ, works to the best of his ability, will surely be approved, but if he has the opportunity to learn more effective methods of achieving grand results, how much greater will be the good accomplished! Proper care of the poor is uniformly acknowledged to be in accordance with Christian duty, but in many cases the giving of money to the destitute has proved a hindrance rather than a help to their real improvement. What they need is not

simply money, food or clothing, but friendship, hope, encouragement, a new inspiration to live, and to accomplish something for themselves and others. Someone has said, "It is only kindness, that is, a recognition of one's kind, a manifestation of kindred, that wins gratitude, and only the charity with which the heart goes, and in which the heart shows itself, that can be of any enduring value," and this is the true kind of charity.

"He gives nothing but worthless gold,
Who gives from a sense of duty;
But he who gives a slender mite,
And gives to that which is out of sight,
That thread of the all-sustaining Beauty
Which runs through all and doth all unite,
The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms,
The heart outstretches its eager palms,
For a god goes with it and makes it store
To the soul that was starving in darkness before."

In all lines of philanthropic work, those of college settlements, the Red Cross Society, the work among the Indians and the Negroes, we find men and women, making sacrifices for the good of their fellowmen, giving up pleasures which might otherwise be theirs, following out the words of Him who said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

If Christianity makes use of the teachings and deductions of Social Science, Social Science, on the other hand, is greatly indebted to Christianity. Sociology is itself an outgrowth of Christianity, and presents one result of the blessed influence which this system is continually giving to the world. The fact that sociological studies and work are carried on almost exclusively in Christianized countries, proves that they are promoted indirectly if not directly, by Christianity itself. Even those sociologists who have not personally embraced it, owe much to its power. Christianity furnishes the highest incentives for the pursuit of sociological investigations. It looks upon the advantages gained in this world as mere stepping stones to something higher. It brings pure and heavenly motives into men's hearts, and by pointing to a life beyond, it urges them to conform their present lives to the perfect standard given them by their master.

Christianity in its scope surpasses the limits of Social Science. Recognizing the bond of common brotherhood among the nations of the earth, it reaches out to other lands, and as eagerly seeks to gather within its sympathies the peoples of pagan countries, as those of the highest civilization.

While Sociology deals especially with the masses, having for its standard the greatest good to the greatest number, Christianity not only does this, but it makes its appeals especially to the individual soul, uplifting it with nobler views and higher inspirations.

One of the hard problems of the day which Sociology is endeavoring to solve, is the wage question. How can the antagonism between employer and employed be removed? Here is an opportunity for the united efforts of Social Science and Christianity. Through their co-operation can be accomplished the reconciliation of these two classes which, from the social standpoint, seem so far apart. This is also true of all the difficult questions of the day which are absorbing the attention of those who have at heart the best interests of society. Let us hope that the investigations of the needs of mankind, and the spread of the Gospel shall continue, till moral darkness shall disappear, and there shall be realized in human life, the highest hopes of Social Science, and the lofty ideals of Christianity.

ALICE M. BROOKS, '95.

THE ADAPTABILITY OF OUR CONSTITUTION TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

A society of persons having a permanent political organization, must have a form of government suitable to them, if they would secure the greatest peace and prosperity as a nation. Governments are growths. Apply the constitution of the United States immediately to Russia, and a state of anarchy would prevail. The people are not yet prepared to govern themselves. On the other hand, place the despotic government of Turkey upon the people of Switzerland, and those gallant Swiss soldiers would at once be up in arms fighting for their liberties. In England the government has grown along with the people. As far back as the 13th century they had their Magna Charta and their Parliament. And so strong is the idea of precedent with them, that all the acts of Parliament stand as a part of the organic law of the land. The people, though paying great homage to their Queen, are themselves the real rulers. It is said that a sovereign has not vetoed an act in Parliament in 200 years. The English people have a government adapted to their needs.

But in the evolution of our own Constitution there were conditions which never existed at the founding of any other nation. This was a virgin

continent which had been withheld from civilized man until he had progressed far enough to appreciate a republican form of government. Again, we find that the possession of liberty as a fact, preceded the assertion of it, just as in science the announcement of a principle is based upon pre-existent facts. It was the Mayflower that brought the first germs of our Constitution. Though there was no assertion of the great principle that the government should proceed from the people, the fact, the reality, was there. They claimed to have the consent of the King in coming to America, and regarded him as the source of all political power; but when circumstances unlooked-for arose, they formed a government for themselves. For the first time in the history of the world, a government was established by the consent of the governed. Liberty was theirs. For seventy-two years that government stood. For seventy-two years they were laying the foundation for the future republic. During that time, four colonies in New England united in a league for mutual protection. From these two columns of liberty and union, our fathers spanned the arch of one republic, placing as its keystone our Constitution. Under that triumphal arch pass the laws of a free and united people.

Designed for their protection in the enjoyment of the rights and powers which they possessed before the republic was formed, the Constitution, according to Judge Cooley, "is but the framework of our political government, and is necessarily based upon the pre-existent laws, rights, habits and modes of thought." It is institutional, not legislative; and that very fact shows its adaptability to the American people. One of the most impressive lessons in history is the fact that for governments and laws to be permanent, they must result from long years of steady growth. Ready-made constitutions and revolutionary governments are likely to perish as quickly as they arise.

The genius of the statesmen who formed our Constitution lay not so much in their originality as in their discreet selection from the state constitutions. They took ideas which they had known and tested as colonists, and adapted them to their new position as an independent people. For example, the presidency is but a development from the governorship. The division of Congress into two bodies had its precedent in all the colonies but two. The rotation by which one-third of the Senate goes out every two years, was taken from Delaware. The provision to take a census which has been praised so much as the first instance of the incorporation of

such a provision in the organic law of any country, was in reality a plan pursued by New York. In Massachusetts and New Hampshire, all bills for revenue originated in the House of Representatives. The process of impeachment may be found in the constitutions of several of the colonies. The different bases of representation in the two Houses caused perhaps as much debate as any question that was before the Convention. But as a compromise, they finally adopted the Connecticut system. The electoral system is sometimes given as an effect of pure creative genius, but we find an electoral college in Maryland.

The Articles of Confederation had recognized simply the States and not the people. The Constitution returned to the principle set forth in the Declaration of Independence, and commenced the preamble by saying, "We, the people of the United States." The people were the monarchs of the land. Men came here for civil and religious liberty, and civil and religious liberty they obtained. They formed a government which is far above all others in giving each man certain "inalienable rights," and some of these rights are enumerated in the Constitution and its amendments, including certain exemptions which no other government on earth admits to the fullest extent. By this every man is free and equal before the law. No title of nobility can be granted. No religious test can be made. Congress has no power to establish any religion or prohibit the free exercise thereof. The citizens of each state are entitled to all the privileges and immunities of the citizens of the several states. No bills of attainder or ex-post-facto laws can be passed. "In all criminal prosecutions, the accused shall enjoy the right of a speedy and public trial, by an impartial jury in the state and district wherein the crime shall have been committed." There is also a compulsory process whereby one can obtain witnesses in his favor. Justice must be shown, and America's name stands pre-eminent among the nations, for by her system the judiciary is given a co-ordinate position with the legislative and executive departments.

The work of the judiciary has not been merely to advise the executive how to carry out the orders of the legislative: it is a distinct department by itself. The acts of Congress are tested according to the Constitution, in individual suits, by the Supreme Court. But as Alexander Johnston well says, this co-ordinate position of the judicial department "is inseparable with the adoption of a written constitution as the written exponent of a purely popular will."

The people thus form the true foundation of it all. But, guarding against the tendency of a self-governing people to make laws hastily, and those which are not for the highest good, our Constitution provides that the passage of any law shall require the consent and approval of three and sometimes four different parts of the government. A bill having passed the House of Representatives and Senate, must ordinarily be signed by the President, and then if there is any doubt as to its constitutionality, it may be brought before the Judges of the Supreme Court. Furthermore, these bodies are so wisely composed and set off against each other—they represent so many distinct interests and exist under so dissimilar circumstances—that any undue or corrupt influences that may be brought to bear upon one body, will have little chance of affecting the decision of the other.

Written soon after the Independence, this constitution has been subjected to all the encroaching influences of modern life, and yet stands to-day as "man's best gift to man." Kingdoms have risen and fallen. Governments have been changed essentially. France alone has had no less than nine constitutions, and Germany, five. But *ours* stands as it did in 1789, save only fifteen amendments, and two of these were adopted soon after the original draft. True, it is not interpreted just the same to-day as it was a hundred years ago. Implied, as well as actual powers are derived from it. The broad constructionists have triumphed over the stricter ones. The idea of nationalism and centralization is progressing.

Still a happy and contented people point to it with increasing pride, as the safeguard of their liberties and as the dispenser of happiness to millions who have submitted to its guidance and control.

It is at once the great conservator of liberty, the grand catechism of political principles, the monument to the wonderful sagacity and statesmanship of its framers. Let the brave hearts of this land of the free still sound its praises. Let East and West and North and South still unite as one grand chorus in singing freedom's song—a song where perfect union, justice, and domestic tranquility shall ever blend with the common defense, the general welfare, and the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity as set forth in that immortal document, our Constitution.

E. B. TAFT.

PESSIMISM AND PROGRESS.

COMMENCEMENT ORATION.

Pessimism is not the sign of success, but the forerunner of failure. It has never wakened ambition, inspired intellect or prompted progress. It has signally failed to stimulate in man a single impulse of honor and integrity, or to arouse him to either a lofty aim or a holy purpose.

The noble actions and heroic efforts which shine out as the light of noonday, illuminating the path of progress, have not been the result of despondent calculations, but of enthusiasm and enterprise.

Joan of Arc snatched victory from seeming defeat, and brought inspiration that won battles, crowned a king, and drove the enemies of her country across the sea. Hope was in her heart, and it transformed frightened soldiers into courageous patriots. She ended, so far as she was concerned, by giving her life as a sacrificial offering on the altar of freedom, but though her soul went heavenward out of the smoke and fire of her torture, her pure purpose left behind one of the richest examples of what a righteous hope can accomplish when its power is felt pulsating from a loyal heart.

Leonardo da Vinci, a man of wonderful genius and splendid culture, paints with delicate shade, graceful form and religious feeling, a work that brings his name to the very front, as not only an artist of ability, but the founder of a new style, a style that was marked by lofty conceptions and artistic execution. Yet the mighty master allowed the sun of his genius to be obscured by the cloud of jealousy, and the touches of calm simplicity and noble greatness which in later years might have fallen from his brush as strokes of inspiration in the fields of art were never given. The increasing fame of his pupils cast a spell over his life which hindered the free manifestations of his powers. Gloom instead of hope was his fountain of inspiration, and at a time when a world of art might have profited by his efforts, he failed through want of hope to give the full expression to his genius.

But a Winckelmann, the child of a cobbler, nurtured in conditions of extreme poverty, reared amid ignorance and squalor, by persistent application gave himself an education. Only with difficulty was he able to sustain himself by his efforts. Arrived at the age of thirty-eight, he has never yet seen any of the ancient statues in Dresden near his own home. He understands nothing of the famous works of painting, but by tireless persistency, which leaves no place for gloom, he makes discoveries which prompt new standards of taste, and influence a world of art to nobler conceptions of beauty.

Lessing wrapped in the sadness of his struggle with poverty, suspicion resting upon him from even his father's home, surrounded by sorrow, suffering and persecution, amid the gloom of his confinement at Wolfenbittel, will not yield to death until he has first completed Nathan der Weise, and breathed forth his spirit in living words of inspiration to his ungrateful countrymen.

As has been said of another:

"He heeded not reviling tones,
Nor sold his heart to idle moans,
Though cursed and scorned and bruised with stones."

Luther, Calvin and Wesley, became involved in the most bitter controversies, and were compelled to submit to hardships and dangers, because they had the courage to hope that individual effort and truth were sufficient to overcome the power of prejudice and false teachings.

From damp and dismal prison walls sprang the undying allegories of a Bunyan. Out of the darkness that closed in upon the life of a Milton was born a Paradise Lost. From deepest gloom hope brings success, but despondency, defeat and ruin. Despondency is a disease. By it, forces have been weakened and battles lost. Hope is the radiant sun of success. By it, the dawn is brightened and righteousness may reign.

Progress is essential to civilization, but progress is effected by those who work to overcome misgovernment rather than those who are content with becoming the low ebb of morality. Complacent sorrowing about the wrongs of a community will never achieve any progress along lines of political purity. Pessimism forces us to view the sad spectacle of sin stricken humanity in silence.

A few weeks ago a person of education and ability said: "You can't do much the way society is nowadays, until people have materially changed, efforts avail but little." But a man with living convictions and positive purpose, in the very hot bed of political pollution, has shown that that man was wrong, and that individual efforts yet avail when arrayed on the side of truth to organize the forces of honesty against vice.

Three years ago Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst was known as a quiet minister whose warm earnestness and scholarly bearing commended him to his people. Circumstances brought him to a knowledge of political evils, and neither policy nor position prevented his denunciation of them. By his personal efforts the moral forces of New York city were organized, disciplined and given victory. Investigations were set on foot, corrupt politicians were indicted and convicted. The sincerity of his gospel of truth made itself felt, and success was granted to the man who courageously directed his fire against the fortresses of evil, even though those fortresses were held in the name of government and law.

No longer can it be said that the ministry is

not a living, working force in American life, and that ability and hope can not bring rich moral triumphs out of the thick darkness of political corruption. It will not be strange if the pessimist here cries out, "The victory is only temporary," but temporary or permanent, it is a victory that has contributed some little, at least, towards the steady progress of American civilization.

The evils of misrule are too firmly fixed to be overcome in a day. The work performed by men of true hearts and ready hands, possessed of noble spirits and firm convictions, has nearly always suffered the sneers and jeers of the insolent, indolent and the vicious, but the returns from their efforts do not fail, and with their firm hope prompting the hearts and moving the minds of men, the forces of justice need have no fear of the nation's future.

"High hopes that burn'd like stars sublime,
Go down in the Heavens of Freedom;
And true hearts perish in the time
We bitterest need 'em!
But never sit we down and say
There's nothing left but sorrow;
We walk the Wilderness to-day,
The Promised Land to-morrow.
Tho' hearts brood o'er the Past, our eyes
With smiling futures glisten!
For, lo! our day bursts up the skies;
Lean out your soul and listen!
The world rolls Freedom's radiant way,
And ripens with her sorrow!
Keep heart! who bear the Cross to-day,
Shall wear the Crown to-morrow.

W. C. OLDFIELD, '95.

CHRISTIANITY AND THE SLAVE.

COMMENCEMENT ORATION.

The question has often been asked, not only among the opponents of Christianity, but even by some of its most devout adherents, "Why did not the Gospel, which was given to make men free, attack in more definite terms the institution of human slavery and kindred evils? Why did Paul emphasize so much, obedience of the servant to his master?" History has answered the question. Christianity is a system of principles rather than of concrete commands, and the working out of those principles has been their best explanation. All men were created free and equal but it was not necessary that the infant church, in order to enforce that principle, should antagonize the

power of all Rome. The slave was to be freed, but it was to be done by the development of a life that should be free and without limitation. Law is a powerful instrument, but to make it effective, there must be back of it a moral sentiment. Christianity was to train this moral sense of the people. Then would evil be overcome and righteousness triumph. Then there would be neither master nor servant for all should be made free by the truth.

We may search the history of mankind and there will be found no system of slavery more revolting than that existing in Rome when Paul preached to her people, a system more barbarous because the slaves were so often the equals or superiors of the enslaving race. No insult is so keen and no indignity so much felt as that which comes from one consciously an inferior. Yet in the Roman slave market, no distinction was made among the citizens of a captured city. A Greek law-maker might become the property of a Roman farmer or tradesman, an Asiatic prince be made subject to the caprice of a Roman plebeian. Education and culture became the servant of ignorance and barbarism, exposed to the wanton rigor of a cruel despotism. A master's power was unlimited. He was restrained by no law, for the law did not recognize the rights of a slave. To his master alone he must stand or fall.

For three centuries Christianity accepted slavery as a fact and an institution of society. Not as one founded upon right which must endure and be recognized as a necessary part of the state, but one embodied in the social life of the times. As an evil it must give way, as right moves the hearts of men. Christianity deals not, primarily, with nations and institutions, but with the individual unit of society. Faith, as set forth by the Gospel, is an inward liberating principle. It is strictly individual in its work, but universal in its results. Other forces have developed social activity and brought about some of the progress of society. Christianity develops individual activity and the result is the progress of humanity. The Christian church, during the first few centuries of its existence, refrained from interfering with the social state. It sought to establish a higher standard of morality and to raise the life of the people to that standard. It exhorted them to honor their magistrates and to be subject to the law as an instrument of God. It commanded the servant to obey his master. It violently antagonized none of the great social evils, yet in

its work of elevating humanity, no one can deny that it was evil's most deadly enemy.

The teachings of Christianity were positive more than negative. It chose rather to build up than to tear down. Idolatry disappeared because One Only God was preached. Sin is overcome as the beauty of righteousness is impressed upon the life. So human slavery has been swept away, only as that fundamental teaching of Christianity, the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man, is accepted as a universal fact. We find that as Christianity came to have greater influence in Rome, the condition of the slave became more endurable and his rights were more recognized. Laws were enacted limiting the power of the master and giving to this class an acknowledged place in society. The teachings of the Gospel appealed to the slave and he accepted them. They gave to him the only freedom he knew. In the church he was the equal of his master. He was admitted into the priesthood, and some of the most noted of early church fathers were slaves until ordained to the ministry of the Gospel. This religious equality soon gave to the bondman his civil rights. The freeing of his slaves became the most honorable and customary thing for a Christian. As a result, we find that in Christian countries, in the fifth century, chattel slavery, as an institution of society, had passed out of existence.

Not only has Christianity overcome slavery, but it is opposed to it from its very nature. Slavery is an enforced servitude. Christianity is a glorious liberty. Human nature revolts against slavery. Christianity satisfies the purest and noblest longings of the soul. Slavery hardened the nature and made possible the gladiatorial contests of ancient Rome. Christianity softens the heart and makes it responsive to human suffering. Slavery has catered to the passions and disgraced the family life of every nation where it has prevailed. Christianity makes the family a center from which emanate those influences that shall rule the world. Slavery takes away the power of choice and makes man a machine to accomplish another's purposes. Christianity emphasizes man's free choice and his responsibility for its right exercise. Slavery never has been and never could be, a vital element in a social system, where God rules and righteousness is respected.

Christianity, as a moral force, won a victory when the Congress of the United States declared

that color was no longer a barrier to citizenship. African slavery had arisen contrary to the spirit of Christianity. It was driven out only when that spirit was recognized and its precepts followed. We are accustomed now to think that the work is done and the freedman can take care of himself. But physical and political freedom only creates the possibility of something higher and nobler, and the spirit of Christianity is not carried out until that possibility becomes a reality. The spiritual nature may be free when the body is in servitude. The mind also is not always subject to the conditions of the physical nature. On the other hand we find this to be a universal possibility, that when the body is free, both mind and soul may be in the deepest bondage. We call this a land of freedom, yet three-fifths of our people are bound by the shackles of vice and ignorance, held in a slavery far more servile than that which disgraced three quarters of a century of our national history. Christianity is opposed to such a bondage in principle and precept. It opens the sources of true knowledge and bids the mind be satisfied with nothing less than its highest possibilities. Ignorance and vice are equally the children of darkness and must disappear before the glory of the Sun of righteousness. Christianity's work is not done, for to-day five millions of America's population can neither read nor write. Among the foreigners of our cities and mining regions, among the colored people of the South and the rural districts of the West, statistics and observation show a deplorable condition of intellectual and moral life. Seven percent of our native population are almost totally illiterate. Ignorance and superstition are the prolific parents of vice and crimes, and no nation is free, whose people are held under their influence. Christianity teaches a nobler life, a truer aim. It comes "to blot the error of oppression out and lead a universal freedom in," a freedom of body, of mind, of soul, a freedom to attain "the true fulfillment of a higher destiny."

N. T. HAFFER.

THE THREE BIRTH DAYS OF LIBERTY.

COMMENCEMENT ORATION.

All life stamps its impress upon succeeding generations. Nations have come and gone, but they have left behind influences which have shaped the civilization of to-day. Some have contributed to our language, while others have given to us prin-

ciples of law and government. A nation then is known by the monuments which it has left to posterity. To those who bend a listening ear, the pyramids of Egypt speak of despotism and servitude; the Parthenon of Athens, decorated as it was with beautiful statues of gods and goddesses, speaks of culture and high ideals; Trajan's column, towering above the Roman Forum, speaks of war and conquest. But when we interrogate the monuments of America; the marble, granite and bronze which rear their heads from city parks and public squares; they seem but to re-echo the voice of Bunker Hill and Gettysburg, —voices which, sounding far above the noise of party strife, proclaim the one great principle for which men have sacrificed all else that was most dear. This principle is Liberty. As Americans we glory in our free institutions: the church and public school open their doors to all; our industries invite skilled labor without discrimination; the ballet of him who plies the spade is no less powerful than that of him who counts his millions. But let us not boast ourselves too much, for we are free to-day, not so much through our own efforts as the efforts of our fore-fathers, who centuries ago gave to Liberty her three birthdays; that of physical freedom, spiritual freedom and intellectual freedom.

The first birth day of Liberty was not ushered in by the rush of battle and the clash of arms. "Stand still and see the salvation of the Lord," was the command. What else could the frightened Israelites do? Before them lies the Red Sea, on this side the wilderness, while from the rear press the terrible horses and chariots of Pharaoh. The trembling, panic-stricken host had not long to wait; for at that moment, the angel of God, who went before in the Pillar of Cloud and Fire, stationed himself behind them, thus deepening the gloom about the Egyptians, but affording light and encouragement to the Israelites. At the same time Moses advanced toward the Red Sea, and stretching out over it his rod, the winds made a passage, and Israel crossed over on dry land.

That morning's sun witnessed the birth to physical Liberty of 2,000,000 souls. Well might Israel's host burst into a noble song of praise unto Him "Whose right hand had become glorious in power, and dashed in pieces the enemy, and had led forth the people which he had redeemed." This same right hand sustained those who gave, "Holland back to ocean," and guided the pen of Lincoln which emancipated 4,000,000 slaves. And thus the dawn of freedom thirty-four centuries ago, has brightened into the more perfect day of the 19th century, when men are born free and equal.

Fifteen centuries after the dawn of freedom at the Red Sea, the angels sang above the plains of Bethlehem, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." That song proclaimed another birth day for Liberty. Though created in the image of God and partaking of His spirit, man had become a slave to sin; a task-master with whom the Pharaohs of Egypt were not to be compared. Did man long for spiritual freedom? sin gave him slavery; did he seek for God? he found a Baal; did he labor for eternal life? death was his recompense. At such a time as this when despair took hold of the soul of man, a Deliverer came.

You know the history of that life, how Christ, the Son of God, brought peace and redemption into the world. And so acceptable was the sacrifice, that whoever put his trust in Him was no longer bond but free;—free from the law,—free to commune with the Father,—free to sit at the feet of Jesus and be led into all truth. And thus on Christmas eve we meet to celebrate the second great birth day of human liberty.

While man was advancing in physical and spiritual liberty, intellectually he was still enveloped in the ignorance and superstition of the Dark Ages. Men thought and reasoned in the narrow circular rut of scholasticism. It was believed that Plato and Aristotle had known all there was to be known. But now Columbus, fifteen centuries after the birth of Christ, startled the world by demonstrating that the earth was round, and presenting to the wondering gaze of Europe a new continent. The effect was tremendous. If cheated in the old belief that the earth was flat, why not in other beliefs as well? Luther investigates religion, and teaches that man is justified by faith alone. Galileo turns his telescope towards the heavens and declares that the earth moves. Newton deciphers the laws of nature. Franklin catches the courses of heaven, and Morse harnesses them and breaks them into man's uses. Thus knowledge is revealing to man the secrets of nature and teaching him the value of her forces. The rushing stream saws his lumber and spins his cotton. At a word water extends her wings of steam and bears him over land and sea at a speed which rivals the winds of the prairie. Electricity keeps pace with light in flashing his thoughts from continent to continent.

Such is America's heritage, a child free in body, mind and soul. Under Columbia's nurturing care this child has developed into the full grown stature of a man; which in its riper training is teaching to

the nations the lessons learned at the Red Sea, Bethlehem and San Salvador.

Liberty is not founded upon the freedom of the intellect, neither upon the freedom of the physical powers, nor yet upon the freedom of the religious nature; not any one of these alone. But when these three are united in that freedom conceived by the Creator, then is Liberty established. A Liberty which shall bring the nations of the earth to still loftier heights of civilization.

A. F. WHITE.

AMERICANS FOR AMERICA.

COMMENCEMENT ORATION.

The nations which have accomplished the most and have left to posterity traces of the highest civilization; the nations which have given to the world its best institutions and have aided in its greatest advancement have been homogeneous nations. Art, literature, religion have flourished, and social and political institutions have prospered only under a united and homogenous people, people living the same life, thinking the same thoughts, for a long period of time.

Every nation has institutions adapted to itself arising partly from the physical characteristics of the country, and partly from the habits of thought of the people. It is the conformity to these institutions that promotes the welfare and ensures the prosperity of the nation. The English people may enjoy as much freedom and prosperity as the Swedes, but the Swedish government would not prosper were half its people English and pursuing English customs. Governments like our own under whose jurisdiction there is a continual change of population must either transform the people or be transformed itself.

There was a fair degree of homogeneity during the early existence of the United States. The struggle for liberty, the contest for union, served the purpose of assimilating into one the several nationalities. But these agencies have ceased, yet the immigrants come, and in greater numbers than formerly.

Every nation is in danger that has within its borders factions representing all nationalities, all climates, clinging to the customs of their own people, holding with tenacious grasp to their peculiar institutions, promulgating their peculiar ideas, advancing theories in opposition to the laws of the land, gathering in bands of their own nationality, and settling together in communities best adapted for this purpose. This is the result of the immigration to the United States in the present decade, in spite of the increased facilities for travel and the in-

tercourse of one section with another. We are today breeding diversity in religion, language, customs conditions and sentiments such as never before existed in the United States, because foreigners will not adopt our institutions and become Americans.

The tendency to concentrate is the worst feature of immigration. Upon landing the foreigner hastens to the immigrant quarter where he is likely to stay. He finds men and women who speak his own language; he lodges with his own countrymen, eats with them, patronizes stores kept by them. All classes of business are carried on by foreigners and for the sake of foreigners. Papers are published in his native language; his habits and customs continue as in his native country. There where each one is a stimulus to the other, they look for the dollar that comes from the American and not for his institution—a community isolated from the rest of the city, separated by stronger barriers than distance, a foreign nation within our own.

Not only in our own eastern cities are these conditions found, but in the western states entire cities are made up of foreigners. Tracts of land are purchased and settled entirely by them, Bound by peculiar religious belief, by a love for their native country, celebrating their national holidays, floating their country's flag, they keep warm their national traits. Ideas at the best penetrate the masses of the people slowly, but how much more slowly will the ideas of our social and political institutions, the idea of self government, the knowledge of our customs, habits and laws penetrate such communities.

The class of immigrants that are taking up their abode together is different from those of fifty years ago. Many of those coming now are of the lower strata of society, paupers, criminals, men discontented with government and society. The tendency to crime already existing in these bands is increasing, and their habits of living disgust the ordinary American. They are crowded together, and live in a condition of wretchedness similar to their abode beyond the sea. In the foreign quarters the worst criminals are found; there crime breeds and immorality prevails. Ignorant of the American manner of living, as long as they are bound together, associating only with their own countrymen, their condition will be no better.

They are foreigners in spirit and in deed, yet in a few years they are allowed to step to the polls and cast their vote, and what a vote is there registered! An Irish-American vote, a German-American vote, an Italian-American vote; votes to make their section and the nation Irish, German and

Italian; voted in America but not for America. To become loyal American citizens they must lay aside the love for their native country or at least make it subordinate to that for our own.

We have our glorious constitution and it must remain supreme. Means must be taken to make foreigners conform to its teachings, or deprive them of its privileges, if they will not of their own free will become assimilated. The institutions on which we rely to change these unfavorable circumstances must not be made a means for their perpetuation. An educational qualification for voting would be a safeguard. To have none vote but those who can read in English would put this privilege above the reach of many of their evil influences.

The school is the place for children to be educated to fill the places of American citizens. English ought to be made a special study in every public school in the United States, there these foreigners should learn our language, they should become acquainted with our history as a nation, and learn the cost of our liberty and its value. The flag that floats over the school as a sign of Americanism should become to them an emblem full of meaning, and the spirit of love and patriotism kindled and fanned into flame. They should grow up learning to respect our institutions, and with an ever increasing desire for America's prosperity, conforming to our habits, and exerting an influence upon their friends until all become broadly American.

We do not wish them to be prohibited from landing upon our shores, for we owe much of our present prosperity to the sturdy qualities of these peoples. Our history is illustrious with the names and deeds of persons of foreign birth, and our battle fields are stained with their blood as they fought for the nation's existence, but it was of those who renounced their allegiance to a foreign sovereign, and took upon themselves American citizenship in its fullest meaning.

There is a pride in numbers, and we like to boast of how great we are and how many we are, but the true glory is in our unity.

That our nation should be dotted with these foreign communities, each diverging in its tendencies from the nation's perfection is a menace to its welfare. But to have them all united with one purpose at heart, guided by that best effort of American minds, the constitution, armed by America's safeguard, an intelligent American ballot, eager to bear our flag, ready to strike down all who oppose it, willing to give their lives for the nation, entertaining no

thought against it, loyal to the last drop of their blood and the last breath they breathe, this will ensure a glorious and perpetual national life, and we shall have not America for the Americans, but Americans for America.

C. W. OAKLEY.

CLASS HISTORY.

Summer is over, and the pleasant days of early Fall are upon us. At first faintly, but with ever-increasing strength, the college grounds resound with the merry voices of students returning to their school home. It is the Fall of '91, and among the familiar faces of those who are returning to the work which they had left only a few weeks ago, there are new ones which have never been seen here before. Watch them as they walk about with a stately tread, capable of overcoming any obstacle, be it ever so great. Watch the fearless light in their eyes as they tell you that the secant of an angle has the same sign as its cosine. You have doubtless guessed before this that they are Freshmen, yes, regular Freshmen, with all the characteristics of Freshmen. There are sixteen of them, bright, happy looking boys and girls, who call themselves young men and women. There is the tall one, who has since become dimly connected in our minds with the thought of a good supply of postal cards; and the little one, whose audible smile re-echoes for many a mile around; she, the "saint" of the class, who bids fair to become quite a school-marm—in time. Another, whose inspiration we have noticed lies mainly in a pair of scissors; the brother who furnishes us with full information upon the condition of hay, corn, onions, etc., and the modest one of the class, who says little but thinks much. Ten others added the joy of their presence for a short time, and then bade farewell to the ranks of '95, and scattered to the four corners of the earth. You who have left early college days away back in the past, place yourselves once more in the times when you were Freshmen. Have you forgotten the feeling of confidence you had in your own ability, and the complete belief in your own statements; and have you forgotten how, when you entered college, it seemed an epoch in the world's history? If not, you can understand the feelings of these Freshmen in the Fall of '91, as they stood at the foot of their college courses. Class-room work was not forgotten in the abundance of out-door sports.

Trigonometry, Latin, Greek were pounded in, day after day, and doubtless many a night the peaceful slumbers of the professors were disturbed by despairing dreams of that stupid Freshman class. But they toiled on, perhaps in happy ignorance of the fears raised in their behalf, per-

haps with occasional qualms as the times for examinations approached. Confidently they used to ascend the college platform, and fairly to dazzle the audience of appreciative upper classmen with floods of eloquence in words and gestures. As the year wore on, they experienced their share of jokes, but they bore them bravely. During the last few weeks of the school year, a Freshman table at the Hall was organized, and three times a day, this favored class gathered around the festive board to eat salt and drink ginger switchel together. On commencement Day, O never to be forgotten time! the table was decorated and prepared for a class dinner. Happily, yet sadly, they assembled to eat their last meal together. But hark! what silvery tones ascend to the ceiling of the dining room? It is the class song, which rings out melodiously on the first verse—and then, "pray draw the curtain; tell no more."

The Sophomore class of '92-3 returned to college work with a zest that well became their wise heads. They had attained to a greater dignity of manner and feeling than they wore the year before. How they enjoyed ushering the Freshmen into college life, and what smiles crept over their faces when Freshman class meetings were announced! It reminded them of the days when they were Freshmen. From time to time Sophomore gatherings were enjoyed. A class banquet was the crowning feature of the Fall Term. Ball games, especially with the Freshmen, were of frequent occurrence, upon which occasions the class colors were vigorously waved, and the class yell resounded throughout the campus. One day there was a faint rumor of a joke upon the Sophomores, and a few mornings later, each one of the class entered chapel with a big, white, silk handkerchief, bearing in one corner, in gorgeous green letters, the word "Sophomore." If you would know the joke, ask some of the class how they spell "Sophomore!" The danger to which those handkerchiefs were exposed for a long time after their first appearance, was appalling. Day after day they had to be pinned into the pockets to prevent capture by those avaricious Freshmen, but at last the storm abated, and they were allowed to rest peacefully in the possession of their owners.

In the Fall of '93, one who, for two years had been a loyal member of the class of '96, deserted his former ranks, and by reason of his excellent ability, was gladly received as a member of the class of '95, and not only this, but he was subsequently made class treasurer, an office showing the high regard in which he was held. Suffice is to say that he has remained faithful to the last, and has brought honor to the class in carrying off several prizes during these two remaining years. Now and again class companies and picnics were enjoyed, but there was one serious trouble connected with all gatherings of this kind. As there were in the class five boys and two girls, this averaged one girl to two boys and a half. This defect was somewhat alleviated, however, by

calling in a few honorary members of the class on special occasions. Sometimes extraordinary things were accomplished by this class. For instance, one morning at chapel the row of Junior boys, so changed in appearance from yesterday, made one think what a rapid growth of—something there had been in one short night.

With becoming dignity the Senior class of '94-5 assembled for their last college year. Subjects connected with Psychology, Moral Philosophy, Economics, and all the other long names, were discussed, and questions raised a thousand times before, presented themselves as new. Many a night preceding an examination, a meeting of the class was held, and after talking over the work of the term, the thoughts were turned from these weighty subjects to those of a less serious nature, such as popcorn or cocoa. On one memorable occasion of this kind, after art pictures had been looked over and discussed, and speculations on the examination of the following day had been made, through the generosity of the Vermont brother, some of the delicious Vermont maple sugar was thoroughly appreciated, and proved indeed a rare treat. At the end of the Fall term, it was evident from the number of Senior meetings and Senior gatherings in the Hall, that something was in the air. Several times the Senior class in a body was seen entering hat stores, trying on caps of this kind and caps of the other kind; but all these mysterious movements were explained when, at the beginning of the Winter term, seven new caps appeared on seven Senior heads, and as was anticipated, excited comments both favorable and unfavorable, from members of the lower classes. But what was it that we heard about the figures '95, on the front of the caps, being misplaced? O nothing, only some of the boys put on their caps and looked in the glass. But beneath all the jokes, there has been felt a deep and earnest interest in class-room work, and, coupled with a strong desire for the improvement and uplifting of self, has been the motive to be of help to others, and to leave behind only a pure and elevating influence. As the four short years have drawn to a close, stronger than ever has been felt the bond of class sympathy; and when, in future days, the members of the class of ninety-five have become men and women of the world, one of the bright periods of early life to which they will look back, will be the years passed at Kalamazoo College. Farewell to the class of '95.

Motto—Semper urgens altius.

Yell—He, Hi, Ho, We're alive,

Kalamazoo, '95.

Rah, Rah!

Yah, Yah!

Class colors—Green and white.

Age—One hundred and sixty years.

Height—Thirty eight feet, eight and three fourths inches.

Weight—Nine hundred and six pounds.

ALICE M. BROOKS, '95.

College Index.

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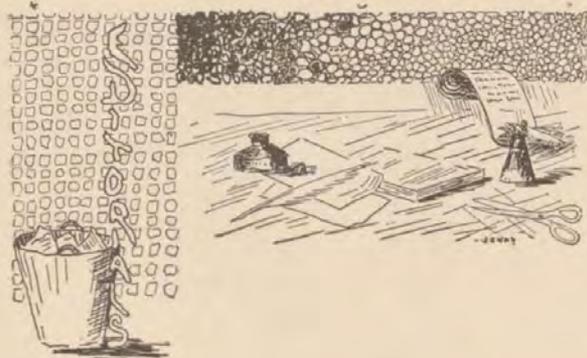
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Athletics have taken a decidedly new impetus here this spring. The material that we possessed has been developed and has won success far more than was expected. Our ball team has done excellent work, and in the games in which we

were defeated, the opposing teams had no walk-away. At Albion we made some fine records in running—in the relay race, half mile and mile runs. If the lack of records kept us out of the M. I. A. A., it can do so no longer, and next year we may hope with a reasonable chance of success of being admitted.

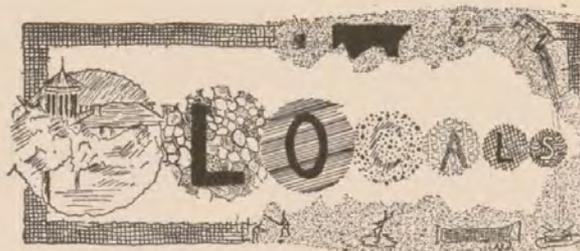
With this issue, the present editorial board complete their year's labor. The responsibility of carrying on the work has been somewhat more than we expected, nevertheless it has been both pleasant and profitable. Students and alumni have helped to make the paper a success by contributing generously. As we deliver the quill to our successor, it is with the hope that everyone will do as well by him as they have by us. Financially, the paper has nearly paid for itself through the advertisements, and we wish to heartily thank the business men of the town and all who have advertised, for their help in this way. Many are back on their subscriptions yet and these should be paid at once. Every one who takes the college paper ought to have honor enough about him to either pay for it or make some satisfactory arrangements in regard to it.

It is at the close of a school year that one stops to meditate and wonders how much better he is prepared to fill his position in the world, and meet the battles of life than he was a year ago; wonders whether he has let opportunities slip by, the neglect of fulfilling which, causes a weak place in some line of his ability, makes a place that when tested in future years, will be found wanting; wonders whether he will make his education pay him, or whether, as is sometimes said, it is unpractical. It is a time when one appreciates the fact that he has been among a class of associates, distinguished by social and intellectual attainments, and has had the opportunity of obtaining help from them in a line that could not be acquired from books or years of study. As he severs the ties of social enjoyment, of friendly enjoyment and of intellectual enjoyment, which bind him to those with whom he has been accustomed to work, he feels how his own life has become woven into school life, until it seems one whole, and impossible to separate. It is a time when he appreciates the spirit of school life that has broadened him and stimulated him to activity. Remembrances of the successes are pleasant; of the failures, sad. But there is a future life

before one, and the past should be looked upon, not with vain regrets over its failures, which are wont to assume a prominent place in the mind, but made an incentive to harder work. The future lies before us; opportunities will come, and though we be not always in school, yet the field in which to grow is always broad.

The prospects are good for the hopes of those who are interested in Kalamazoo College in regard to improvements soon to be realized. What we need is a new recitation building, and what the prospects are good for in the near future is a new recitation building. Plans are already making for the construction of the building and little would be our surprise if the students of another year did not go to the old brick to recite, but found their way into a spacious building on dormitory hill. With our fine location, both as regarding the city and our position in the city, and with a new building, the college will be an ever-growing honor to the citizens of Kalamazoo and the Baptists of Michigan. The enrollment would be greatly increased if every one would do his part. If every student realized how much his influence counted and how much he could increase it by a little exertion, he would take it as a duty devolving upon himself, to extend the reputation of our college among whomsoever he associates in the coming vacation. Agitation in any line brings its results, so, if the name and reputation of Kalamazoo College is continually brought up and kept before the people, it will surely have an effect in making them realize that this is the place to go for an education. Everyone that goes out is looked upon somewhat as a product of its working, and his bearing speaks for good or evil towards his institution. There is not a student, at least there ought not to be a student here, who does not have the prosperity of the institution at heart, and who is willing to do what he can for its success. No one ought to stop with the success that has been attained, for there is always a chance for a step higher.

The great fault of most college papers is the lack of originality. Subjects which long ago have been exhausted, and themes upon which everything conceivable has been said a century ago, still find a place in the college paper, which is, and ought to be, capable of reflecting fresher thoughts and newer ideas.—Ex.



What is the joke?

Miss Mary Sumner gave a small company the evening of June 1st.

Didn't we tell you to ask Cushing when the wedding was to be?

Quite a large camping party will spend Thursday, Friday and Saturday at Crooked Lake.

The Euro tennis court has been a great source of pleasure and exercise for the young ladies.

All who have not paid the ice cream or soda water on those tennis games should do so before leaving town, that they may have clear consciences during the vacation.

The Y. W. C. A. gave a lawn fete at the home of Miss Mary Dewing, Saturday evening, June 8th, from which they realized a small sum for their Lake Geneva fund.

Miss Muriel Massey has been appointed representative from the Kalamazoo College Y. W. C. A. to the Lake Geneva Y. W. C. A. Conference July 2-12, with power to appoint a substitute if unable to go herself.

The dwellers in the vicinity of the Academy street tennis courts will be glad when there are no more students in town to furnish the early players, who are so apt to arouse them from their early morning slumbers.

On the evening of May 20th, the Athletic Association held a festival in the grove, but owing to the evening, it was not very successful. On the evenings of May 29th and June 11th, they served cream again, and made a small sum each time.

At the close of the three society meetings on the last evening upon which they met, the Philos and Sherwoods, accompanied by the Euros, serenaded several members of the College Faculty, also Pastor Johnston, and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Cushing.

Decoration Day 1895 should long be remembered by the students as one on which picnic plans were not spoiled by the weather. The day was perfect, and nearly all the students went on outing expeditions to White's Lake, Lake View, and various other places.

(Professor of Biology explaining the nervous system)—"Now, Mr. Newberry what would be the result if you placed your finger against the point of a needle?"

Mr. Newberry—"Why—you would hurt yourself."

On Friday evening, the 10th of May, occurred the annual Freshman Prize Contest. There were ten participants. The work of all was very fine and reflected great credit on those who participated. The first prize was awarded to G. E. Stroebe of Ferrysburg, Mich., and the second to Miss Helen Colman of Kalamazoo.

The local editors, as they gather their material for the last time, are thinking of those who are to follow them next year, and wish them success, happiness and wit. We didn't realize when we took up our work how much of the last article one needs in this department, and often have we called on some Muse to bring it us, but in vain.

Kalamazoo College has made a record in athletics this year that every loyal student ought to be proud of. On her own tracks we have beaten old Albion in the mile and half-mile run. Our mile relay team also left Albion's crack team, which held last year's cup, behind, crossing the line ahead of last year's inter-collegiate record.

Kalamazoo College was very fortunate in the speakers that were secured for commencement. The Baccalaureate Sermon was preached by Dr. Strong, President of the Rochester Theological Seminary, and one of the best known theologians in the Baptist Denomination. It was a very able effort and was highly appreciated by the large audience present.

The Students' Publishing Association elected the following officers: Pres., A. E. Jenks; Vice-Pres., J. Howard; Rec. Secretary, W. D. Mc Williams; Treasurer, W. F. Dowd; Business Manager, M. J. Newell; Ass't Business Manager, H. L. Axtell. Board of Editors: Editor-in-chief, S. J. Hall; Local Editor, E. E. Ford; Ass't Local Editor, Florence LaTourette; Exchange Editor, F. I. Blanchard; Subscription Editor, G. E. Finlay.

After the election of officers Friday evening, June 1, the Euros had an impromptu program, consisting of roll call answered by a favorite author and one of his works. Music, "We're Going to Skip College To-morrow," Miss Seeley; recitation, "A Play Upon Words," Miss Wheeler; instrumental music, "The Scales," Miss Warwick; impromptu, "Memorial Day," Miss De Yoe; a speech, Miss Hough, subject given by Miss Cole; a story, read by Miss St. John. The whole program was carried out with energy and all enjoyed it thoroughly.

The annual college prohibition contest was held Tuesday evening, the 14th of May, in the First Baptist church. Messrs. Hafer, White, Oldfield, Pixley and MacDougal participated. The first prize was won by N. T. Hafer, and the second by A. F. White. Mr. Hafer, May 25, took part in the state contest at Albion, winning the first prize there also. This will entitle him to speak at the National Prohibition contest to be held in Cleveland in July. Once again old Kalamazoo shows what the training received within her walls will do.

Recently a gentleman well known in college circles, took the early morning train for one of the neighboring lakes, where he had a cottage which he was going to open for the season. He took his provisions with him, expecting to make some hot coffee at the cottage. Can you imagine his amazement, when, taking his tea kettle to the pump to fill it with water, he lifted the cover, and found inside a nest, with a whole mouse family cosily settled in it? They had apparently used the spout of the tea kettle as their front corridor, and had passed in and out as happy as could be.

On the morning of May 24th, R. E. Manning of Chicago, gave the students a short address at the chapel hour. His instruction was quite humorous and he kept all in continual laughter for several minutes, then he turned to the more serious. It was very noticeable how quickly he carried his audience with him from such merriment to perfect earnestness, and all who heard him must have been inspired by his stirring words. Let us remember his thoughts that the selfish person is never truly respected, and that we are of value in proportion as we serve God and man.

Our base ball team has done fine work. We have met Albion, Michigan Agricultural and Olivet colleges. The first time we beat M. A. C. by a score of 21 to 6, and was beaten by them 11 to 12. We met Albion on her own grounds, and the score was 7 to 8 in their favor. We presume it would not be policy to say anything, but the umpiring was so unfair that our team was called off the field and only returned when they were informed that they would not receive their expenses unless the game was continued. Again at Olivet we were beaten by one score. The result of it all shows that Kalamazoo is able to hold her own with any of the colleges in the Inter-collegiate.

On the morning of June 6th, Rev. D. C. Henshaw, class of '92, who is now engaged in mission work in Chicago, gave the students a very interesting talk upon the work in which he is engaged. In the course of his talk he urged that some of those before him would take up that work, but, he said, "Don't get in a hurry and come before you have finished the course. Finish the course first! We can get along without you till then." He also spoke of two sentences which he heard while in

Kalamazoo College which had left a lasting impression upon his life. Those sentences were, "Always do *right!*" and "The *best* is none too good." As students we will do well to keep them in mind and to govern our lives by them.

The approved ways of being awakened early to play tennis, if you are not already awake, are numerous. You may have tennis balls sent whizzing through your window curtain, striking the door opposite, and falling to the floor with a thud and a bound, only to drop again and roll under the bed or into some out of the way corner. Pine tree cones thrown against the blinds will awaken you quite effectually, even though you had not really expected to play that morning. The most terrifying method of all is to place a big bell on the floor some distance from a chair, tie a strong cord to the handle, put the cord out of the window weighted with a spool of black thread. When some one out side pulls the string, up flies the bell uttering loud protests, as it rises only to strike the chair with a bang, and get itself all tangled up in the chair rounds.

As the Euros gathered in their hall *one by one*, the evening of June 1st, each girl placed a package upon the large table in the center of the room. The numerous pickle pails proclaimed the fact that there was something to eat, hidden in those boxes and bags. After the election of officers and an impromptu program, the girls gathered in a circle about the table, and partook of a most astonishing collation. There was a large dish of elegant potatoe salad from Ladies' Hall with just two forks to eat it with, there were cucumber pickles, big and little, sweet and sour, olives by the quart, home-made candy, crab-apple jell, ginger snaps, dates and banannas, and little square cakes which did the service as plates. Water was served in pickle pails and rose bowls. After the banquet the girls sang college songs for a while, and then adjourned until next Fall.

On Friday evening, June 7, in the college chapel, occurred the presentation of Schiller's "Jungfrau von Orleans" by the German class under the direction of the German teacher, Miss Swartout.

We copy the following criticism from the Kalamazoo Morning News of June 8:

It did not require a knowledge of German to follow the young women and men in their presentation of the "Jungfrau von Orleans" in the chapel of Kalamazoo college Friday night, nor was a previous acquaintance with Schiller's great play necessary to an enjoyment of it. There was no dependance on scenery to hide possible defects in acting, and there were no mechanical stage contrivances. These were not necessary. Good acting and excellent costuming supplied everything.

The presentation was probably the best amateur performance of any play yet given in this

city off the stage of a theatre, and would have done credit to many a company of professional players. THE NEWS regrets that lack of space will prevent an extended criticism of the production, the cast of characters of which has already been published. Miss Lizzie Haigh, as Die Jungfrau, was of course the center of interest. Miss Haigh's interpretation of the part and her natural adaptability to it were strikingly excellent, and placed her among the best of Kalamazoo's amateur players. There was scarcely a break in her rendering of the lines. In her soliloquy in the prologue and in the strong dramatic and tragical scenes in battle, in the tower, and of her death while protesting her innocence, her work was almost above criticism.

Miss Bess Brown, as Sorel, was perfect. In pronunciation, expression and grace of action the difficult role of Karl's love was acted by her in a manner to call forth frequent expressions of admiration from the audience. Professor C. B. Williams made an ideal Dunois. His residence in Germany had given him perfect familiarity with the language, and his rendition of the part was that of a professional actor. M. A. Graybiel had the advantage of native familiarity with the language, and in his conception of La Hire he proved himself an amateur of much more than average ability. H. C. Jackson made an excellent Karl VII, portraying well that weak sovereign's part in the drama. Miss Muriel Massey made a good Isabeau, and W. T. Hayne as Rouol and J. B. Jackson as the fiery Talbot were excellent. All the other parts were sustained in a very creditable manner.

The costumes were made expressly for the production in Chicago and were both handsome and historically accurate.

A large share of the credit for the excellence of the production is due to Miss Carolinne H. Swartout, in charge of the German department of the college. The idea of the production was her own and the long and patient drills of the players were conducted by her.

The good work of the students was appreciated by a large audience, many of those present being advanced students of German literature, who expressed themselves as astonished and delighted that such a performance could be credited to Kalamazoo amateurs. Pretty piano selections were interspersed between the acts.

The "School Record" treats of our teaching the effect of alcohol and tobacco as "An Error by the Way."—"What have been the results? The educators have blindly instilled into the minds of the young such vivid pictures of the evils of intemperance, that familiarity with the vice has given it a gilded edge. To guide the child into the paths of virtue, he has been led through the valleys of shame and sin."



Rev. and Mrs. D. C. Henshaw were at chapel June 6.

Miss Johnson expects to attend the University of Chicago this summer.

Miss Mary Eldred of Climax, is the guest of her sister, Miss Stella Eldred.

Dr. Brooks and family, will spend the summer at their cottage in Charlevoix.

Mr. A. C. White, of Saginaw, is the guest of his brother, A. F. White, Class of '95.

Dr. Slocum addressed the Baptist association at Jackson on the evening of June 12th.

Dr. Slocum will supply the Fountain Street church in Grand Rapids, Sunday, July 14th.

The Misses La Tourette expect to attend the B. Y. P. U. convention at Baltimore, in July.

Rev. and Mrs. R. E. Manning were at chapel and visited several classes the morning of May 24.

Miss Swartout will spend most of her summer in the Adirondacks, and the rest at her home in Owego, N. Y.

Miss Emma C. Schultz of New Buffalo, is the guest of her brother H. D. Schultz, during commencement week.

Miss Wilkinson will go to Chicago and then to Colorado with her father, who will deliver a course of lectures there.

Miss Edith Cobb, of Grand Rapids, is spending Commencement at the Hall, the guest of Miss Pauline LaTourette.

Mrs. H. S. Mahon and children, of Deluth, Minn., are the guests of Dr. Brooks and family. Mrs. Mahon is an alumna.

Mr. C. J. Kurtz, class of '94, who has been attending the North Western Medical College, is in the city for commencement.

Miss Grace Lombard, of Niles, and Miss Minnie Quirk, of Flint, are the guests of Miss Isabella G. Bennett during Commencement week.

Prof. Jenks and G. McDougal will represent Kalamazoo College on the scientific expedition to Hudson Bay, which starts from Albion about July 1st.

Mr. A. M. Wheeler, of the North Western Medical College, has been in the city for some time past. He is to study with Dr. Schrauburg during the summer.

Mr. S. A. Edmands is in the city after completing his second year at the Rush Medical College in Chicago. He will study with Dr. Osborn during the summer.

The Y. W. C. A. officers for '95-'96 are, Miss Massey, president; Miss Warwick, vice-president; Miss Dewing, cor. secretary; Miss Jenks, rec. secretary; Miss Powell, treasurer.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Cheney and son, of Grand Rapids, are the guests of Mrs. Cheney's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Bennett. Mrs. A. S. Eaton, of Rockford, Ill., and Mrs. Grace Lombard, of Racine, Wis., are also their guests.

The Euros elected Miss Hough, president; Miss Brown, vice-president; Miss Sinclair, secretary; Miss Pauline La Tourette, treasurer; Miss Massey, librarian; Miss Warwick, chaplain.

George W. Botsford, who was formerly professor of Greek in Kalamazoo College, has been elected lecturing professor in Greek and Latin History at Harvard, an unusually high honor for so young a man.

ATHLETICS.

Our base ball playing this spring has given the college a standing in this sport far better than it has had in years before. The games have not always come out just as we would like, but considering the colleges that we have played against, and their standing in previous years, and considering our own record in past years, and what is more, considering some of the umpiring, we have no reason to feel ashamed of this year's playing. The Albion game was lost simply through the umpiring, while at Lansing, two innings that our boys were out, rain made the ball unfit to handle. One thing for which we must criticise our team, and that is that some of the games between the high school and city teams and the college were not played better, several games we might have won if the boys had played their usual game.

LANSING, MAY 25.

KALAMAZOO.

	AB	R	IB	PO	A	E
Cadwallader, p.....	5	1	3	2	4	0
Axtell, s. s.....	4	1	0	1	4	3
Warwick, 2 b.....	2	2	1	4	4	1
Smith, c. f.....	5	1	3	2	0	2
Thomas, 1 b.....	5	2	0	10	0	0
Boyden, c.....	5	1	1	3	0	0
MacDougall, 3 b.....	5	2	2	0	1	1
Jackson, l. f.....	3	0	1	1	0	1
Stripp, r. f.....	5	1	1	1	0	1
Totals.....	39	11	12	24	13	9

M. A. C.		AB	R	1B	PO	A	E
Garenflo, c. f.	5	1	1	4	0	0
McKinnon, 1 b.	5	3	1	9	1	3
Ansorge, 2 b.	4	2	1	2	3	1
King, 3 b.	3	1	0	1	0	0
Bateson, s. s.	4	2	2	1	0	0
Crosby, l. f.	4	0	0	1	0	0
Fisher, p.	4	1	1	0	1	2
Reed, r. f.	4	1	1	0	2	0
Krental, c.	4	1	0	9	1	3
Totals,.....		37	12	7	27	8	9
Innings.....		1	2	3	4	5	6
M. A. C.		0	0	4	3	0	0
Kalamazoo.....		3	4	0	0	0	0

Summary: Two-base hits—Cadwallader 2, MacDougall, McKinnon, Ansorge, Fisher, Reed. Home run—Bateson. Bases stolen—Cadwallader, Axtell, Warwick, Smith, Stripp, McKinnon, Ansorge 2, Reed. Bases on balls—Off Fisher 4, off Cadwallader 2. Hit by pitched ball—Jackson 2, King. Struck out by Cadwallader, 2; by Fisher, 10. Passed Balls—Boyden 1, Krental 3. Wild pitches—Fisher 2. Time, 2 hours. Umpires, Newell and Pagelson.

ALBION, JUNE 1.

KALAMAZOO.		AB	R	1B	PO	A	E
Cadwallader, p.	5	3	3	1	3	1
Axtell, s. s.	4	2	1	0	1	2
Warwick, 2 b.	5	0	2	0	3	0
Smith, c. f.	5	0	1	2	0	0
Thomas, 1 b.	4	0	2	7	0	0
Boyden, c.	4	0	0	13	1	1
MacDougall, 3 b.	4	1	2	2	0	0
Jackson, l. f.	4	0	0	0	0	2
Hafer, r. f.	4	1	0	1	0	0
Totals,.....		39	7	11	26	8	6

ALBION.		AB	R	1B	PO	A	E
White, 3 b.	5	1	0	1	2	0
Jacobs, p., c. f.	4	3	2	2	2	0
Buck, 2 b.	5	1	2	4	1	0
Perine, s. s.	4	1	2	1	1	2
Clark, p., c. f.	5	0	1	1	5	1
Dean, l. f.	3	0	0	0	0	0
Fox, c.	5	0	0	4	4	1
Cogshall, 1 b.	4	2	2	14	0	0
Thoms, r. f.	5	0	0	1	0	0
Totals,.....		40	8	9	28	15	4
Innings.....		1	2	3	4	5	6
Albion.....		2	0	1	1	0	2
Kalamazoo.....		1	0	2	0	0	3

Summary: Two-base hits—Cadwallader, Perine. Bases stolen—Cadwallader 3, Smith 2, Axtell, Jacobs 2, Buck, Perine, Dean, Cogshall 2. Base on balls—Off Clark 3, Jacobs 1, Cadwallader 5. Hit by pitched ball—Jacobs. Struck out by Cadwallader 13, by Clark 2, by Jacobs 3. Passed balls—Fox 3, Boyden 2. Wild pitch by Cadwallader. Time, 2 hours, 15 minutes. Umpire, Atherton, of Albion.

OLIVET, JUNE 3.

KALAMAZOO.		AB	R	1B	PO	A	E
Cadwallader, p.	6	5	3	0	1	2
Axtell, s. s.	7	2	3	1	6	2
Warwick, 2 b.	6	2	2	2	3	5
Smith, c. f.	7	2	5	3	0	0
Thomas, 1 b.	6	3	2	9	0	0
Hafer, r. f.	6	1	3	0	0	1
Boyden, c.	5	3	3	7	0	1
MacDougall, 3 b.	6	2	3	2	1	2
Jackson, l. f.	6	0	1	0	0	0
Totals,.....		55	20	24	24	11	13

OLIVET.		AB	R	1B	PO	A	E
Davidson, 1 b.	5	3	3	7	2	0
Watson, 2 b.	6	3	4	6	1	0
Archer, 3 b.	4	3	1	1	2	7
Emerson, s. s.	5	2	2	0	2	3
Moore, c.	6	2	4	6	1	1
Terwilliger, l. f.	6	1	0	2	0	0
Mackey, c. f.	5	2	2	1	0	1
Foster, r. f.	6	3	3	3	0	0
Walker, p.	4	2	3	1	1	1
Hinkley, p.	1	0	1	0	0	0
Totals,.....		48	21	23	27	9	13
Innings.....		1	2	3	4	5	6
Kalamazoo.....		1	5	4	3	0	2
Olivet.....		1	3	2	7	1	0

Summary; Two-base hits—Cadwallader, Boyden, Smith, Moore, Walker. Three-base hits—Moore. Home Run—Davidson. Double plays—Axtell to Warwick to Thomas. Base on balls—Off Walker 4, off Cadwallader 3. Hit by pitched ball—Thomas, Emerson. Struck out—By Cadwallader 7, by Walker 2, by Hinkley 3. Passed balls—Boyden 4, Moore 1. Umpires, Davidson and Wright.

FIELD DAY EVENTS AND RECORDS.

SATURDAY FORENOON.
 Standing broad jumps, Boyden—9 ft. 7 in.
 Running “ “ Cadwallader—17 ft. 9 in.
 ¼ mile run, Gilbert—56½ seconds; Stroebe, 57.

Shot put—Warwick, 29 ft. 11 in.
 100 yd. dash—Cadwallader 10½ sec.
 Quoits, Doubles—Newberry and Jackson.
 Quoits, Singles—Newberry.
 Standing high jump—Cadwallader, 4 ft.
 Running high jump—Cadwallader, 5 ft. 2 in.;
 Dickey, 4ft. 11 in.
 Pole vault—Cadwallader, 9 ft.
 Base ball throw—Warwick, 287 ft.

TENNIS:

Gentlemen's Singles—Axtell vs. McWilliams;
 Axtell best three out of five.

Gentlemen's Doubles—Oakley and Axtell vs.
 McWilliams and Treadway; Oakley and Axtell best
 two out of three.

Mixed Doubles—Miss Bilby and Jackson vs.
 Miss Florence La Tourette and Hafer, former best
 two out of three.

Ladies' Doubles—Misses Pauline La Tourtette and
 Brooks vs. Misses Florence La Tourette and Haigh.
 Best two out of three won by Misses Pauline La
 Tourette and Brooks.

A. C. Gilbert's record in the mile run at Albion,
 4:53, breaking the Inter-collegiate record of 5:05.

Relay at Albion was made in 3:46¼, breaking
 the record by 2½ sec.

The half-mile run was made there in 2:14¼.
 Mr. Gilbert made the mile run on our own Campus
 in 4:48.

PROGRAMME FOR COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

SUNDAY, June 16—7:30 P. M.—Baccalaureate Ser-
 mon by Rev. Augustus H. Strong, D. D., Pres-
 ident Rochester Theological Seminary.

MONDAY, June 17—2:30 P. M.—Closing Exercises,
 Preparatory Department.

8:30 P. M.—Address before the Literary Socie-
 ties by Professor Albion W. Small, Ph. D.,
 head Professor of Sociology, University of
 Chicago.

TUESDAY, June 18—2:00 P. M.—Annual meeting of
 the Board of Trustees in Lower College Build-
 ing.

2:30 P. M.—Cooper Prize Speaking by members
 of the Junior Class.

8:00 P. M.—Alumni Address by Rev. Lemuel C.
 Barnes, Pittsburg, Pa., (Class of '75.)

9:30 P. M.—Alumni Luncheon at American
 House.

WEDNESDAY, June 19—10:00 A. M.—Commence-
 ment Exercises.

8:00 to 10:00 P. M.—President's Reception, 117
 Woodward Ave.

All public exercises were held at the First
 Baptist Church.

THE SENIOR CLASS.

Miss Alice M. Brooks, Ph. B., Mr. Nathaniel
 T. Hafer, A. B., Mr. Claud W. Oakley, Ph. B.,
 Mr. William C. Oldfield, B. S., Miss Margaret A.
 St. John, Ph. B., Mr. Irwin B. Taft, A. B., Mr.
 Arthur F. White, A. B.

Miss Alice Brooks expects to spend part of
 next year at home, and part in visiting friends.

Mr. Hafer will preach, and take his theological
 course later.

Mr. Oakley says he's going to be a farmer, but
 no one believes it.

Mr. Oldfield goes to Washington, D. C., to
 study law.

Miss St. John expects to teach.

Mr. Taft and Mr. White go to Rochester to
 study theology.

There is one grand thing about the class—they
 are all active, Christian workers. May success
 crown your efforts, and may you be an honor to the
 college which graduates you, co-workers with your
 fellow men for the uplifting of mankind and faith-
 ful to your God.



We enjoy the literary column of "Nebraska
 Wesleyan" very much.

"Albion College Pleiad" contains a very inter-
 esting history and description of the new element,
 argon.

Is suffrage for women right? No reason why
 women should not sufferage the same as men.—
University Star.

Six days of school each week next year with
 chapel exercise at 12:30. How does it suit you?
 —*M. S. U. Tiger.*

"Imported Fads" is a very effective hit at those
 who do things because "It's English you know."
 We would like to copy the article entire, but must
 be content to recommend those to whom it applies
 to "Notre Dame Scholastics."

"Nebraska Wesleyan" ads are to the point:—"Take your girl a buggy ride in one of Butler's narrow-seated buggies."

The "Return of Quitsal" in "Hillsdale Collegian" is a well written oration. Miss Mosher has a very happy and forcible way of expressing her thoughts.

Denunciation never yet protected the innocent, confirmed the wavering, or recovered the fallen. The spirit of ferocity which breaks the bruised reed, partakes more of relentless pride than of virtuous disapprobation.—*Manifesto.*

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REPORT OF COMMITTEES.

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Unfinished Business.—"Your Committee would recommend the purchase of Hats, Canes or Umbrellas from WENTWORTH'S."

Presiding Officer.—"The unqualified Report of the several Committees is accepted. I would also say, if any student is in need of Trunks or Traveling Bags they can be had from THE HATTER AND FURNISHER."

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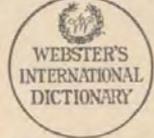
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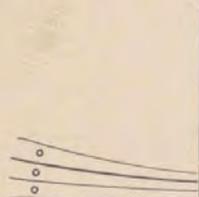
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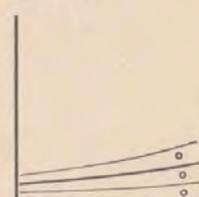
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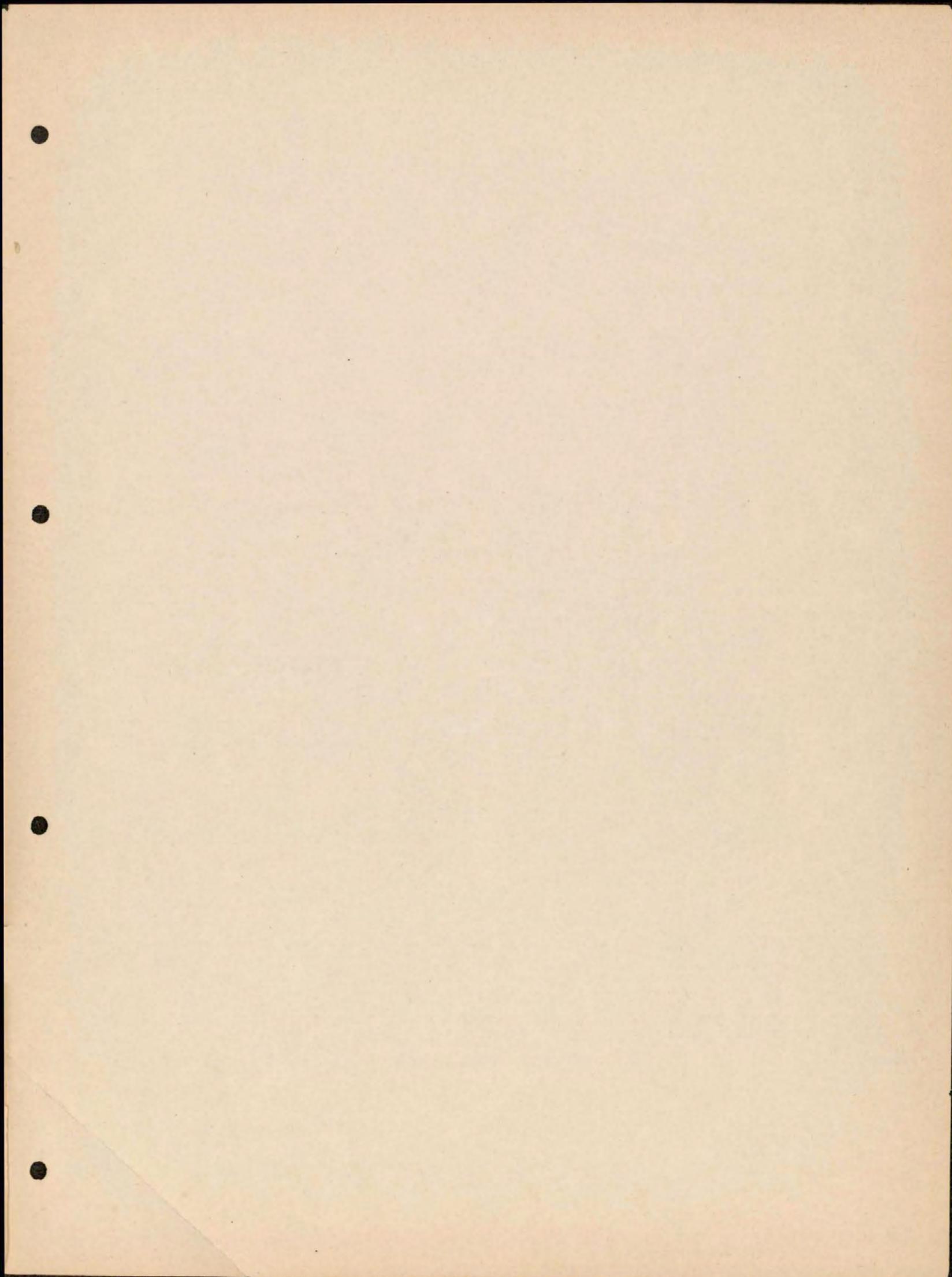
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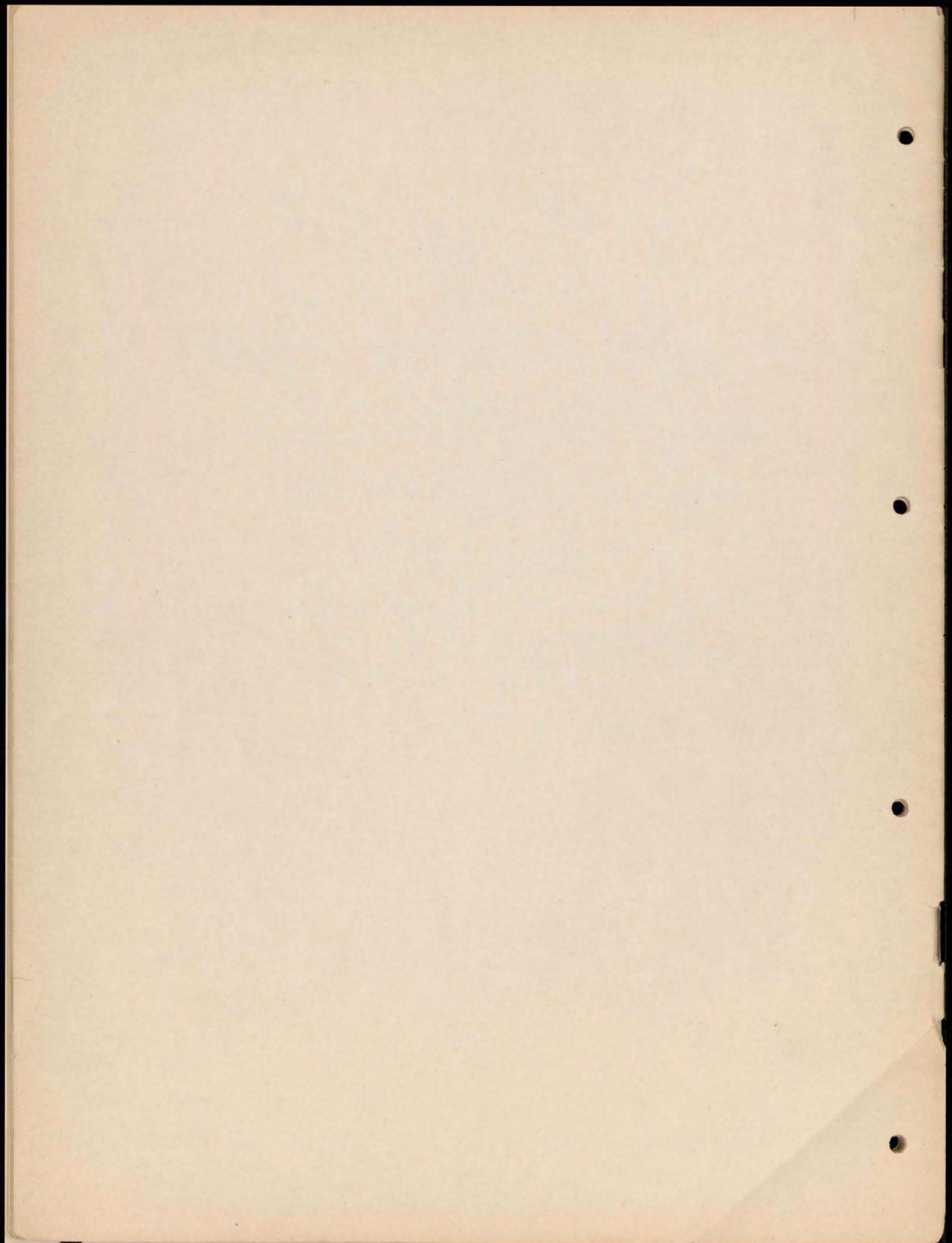
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Coburn

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OCTOBER, 1895.

COLLEGE INDEX,

KALAMAZOO, MICH.

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Librarian.

College Index.

VOL. 17. New Series.

Kalamazoo, Mich., October, 1895.

No. 1.

Literary.

A WOMAN'S HEART.

A woman's heart, I ween
To be a mystic thing;
The boudoir of a queen—
A palace for a king.

A balm for sorrow's smarts,
A shield 'gainst envy's smiles,
A sheath for Cupid's darts,
A labyrinth of wiles.

Sometimes a noisy pen
For hatred's tireless hounds;
Or pool of filthy sin
Close by to Virtue's grounds.

A watcher by the bed
Where loved ones lie in pain;
A fount of tears unshed,
That soon may fall like rain.

A rose beneath one's feet,
That dies—and, dying, breathes
Its soul in perfume sweet
To him who crushed its leaves.

An answer to one heart,
That sings the song of love;
It has the native art
To lead that soul above.

Thrice happy him, I deem,
Who finds himself within
This boudoir of a queen,
Its noble, love-crowned king.

—D'Trist.

BALTIMORE, '95.

July 16, at six o'clock in the evening, our train load of more than two hundred Michigan delegates drew out of the Michigan Central depot in Detroit, en route for the great gathering of the B. Y. P. U. in Baltimore. It was a beautiful afternoon, and many friends had come down to see us off and wish

us a happy trip. We carried with us our state transportation leader and the general passenger agent of the road, so were assured of every possible accommodation and comfort. We reached Toledo in the evening and took sleepers, awaking in time for breakfast in Pittsburg. From the time we left the "smoky city" we began to realize that we were among the mountains, and we appreciated their grandeur by comparing them with our Michigan hills. All day we wound among them, thrilled by their rugged scenery. We passed through Johnstown, where, even yet, are to be seen traces of the flood, and we were shown its destructive course, the place of the reservoir, and the bridge it swept away. Then we passed around the beautiful horseshoe curve, where, standing on the rear platform, we watched our own engine. Still we were hurried on, past the Susquehanna and Juniata rivers, and at six o'clock Wednesday evening, precisely on schedule time, we arrived in Baltimore. The next morning the meetings began in the great tent at the entrance of Druid Park, and for five days we sat under such inspiring leaders as Henson, Harper, Stiffler, Cranfill, Gambrell, Dixon, Vedder, Conwell and our beloved President, Dr. Chapman, and Secretary, Dr. Wilkins. The music, too, was a benediction and an inspiration, as eight thousand voices joined in praising God. Monday morning we took the boat down the Sound for Ocean City, where we spent a day long to be remembered on the beach and in the surf, most of us making our first acquaintance with Grand Old Ocean, and returned to Baltimore by moonlight. Tuesday we spent at Mount Vernon, perhaps the most historically interesting spot on the continent, and the next two days were spent in Washington, seeing the great government buildings, the Washington Monument, the Smithsonian Institute, and, in short, "doing" all the "City of Magnificent Distances" possible in so short a time. Thursday night we started for home, reaching Detroit in twenty-four hours. We hope that Milwaukee, '96, may see Kalamazoo College largely represented.

PAULINE LATOURETTE.

LAW AS AN EDUCATOR.

Hegel defined education as the process by which the individual becomes ethical. Ethics treats of those principles of morality by the knowledge and practice of which, man may live in society and become civilized. The moral nature is inherent; but it needs development, even as our physical and mental life. The most perfect system of education, therefore, must include the training of the moral as well as the intellectual faculties.

We are accustomed to think of education as comprehending only the instruction and discipline received in that institution we call the school. As a matter of fact, the school is only one of a number of powerful influences, performing each its part, in the realization of ideal manhood.

Man is distinctively a being capable of continued development, and as such, his education cannot be compressed within the few short years he spends under the direct influence of the school. Each period of his life has its most able instructor. No one would deny or belittle the influence of the family in moulding character. Generally one's course of life is determined before he leaves his father's home. But there are forces for whose work the home cannot be held responsible, though it may often counteract their influence.

The school, the church, the press, each has a province of its own in this great work of education. The school forms a transition from the home to the active work of life. To be a true educator it must have a moral influence. True education not only opens to the student the treasure house of human knowledge and experience, but it should lead him to the practice of fundamental moral duties.

The press by its narration of facts and theories has an inevitable influence over educative mind.

The church teaches the deeper sensibilities of our nature, and occupies a position fundamental to that of all other teachers. Its instruction is that which no other system can furnish. Never was a more perfect moral code given to man than that embodied in the gospel. Never, before the time of Christ, do we find a type of virtue that we would be willing to hold up as exemplary. Yet that life given to us nineteen hundred years ago, with the song of angels and the approval of God, the christian church holds up to-day as perfect and worthy to be an example to every tempted soul. And by the lifting up of this ideal life, the church is exercising a moral influence whose power none can measure.

Not yet have we named all the great influences that leave their impress upon growing humanity.

There is one whose power is none the less dominant because it is exercised through the medium of public thought and government. One that in the development of character may wield an influence to make or to destroy nations.

Dr Bowne says, "Historically, the moral life did not begin by laying down general principles of conduct, but by forming codes of concrete duties; duties to parents, children, to neighbors and tribe, were the concrete forms in which the moral nature first manifested itself, and in which it still finds its chief expression."

Thus we see that righteousness is taught by the inductive method. Specific things are commanded or prohibited and the more general principles are the outcome. The parent begins with the aim to teach the rightness or wrongness of certain acts, until the child's moral perception is aroused and he is able to discriminate for himself. The parental law is his first teacher.

Not less is it true that social and civil laws have a tremendous power in arousing and training the moral perception of every person. Without doubt, public opinion has much to do in shaping the legislation of our nation. It is no less true that laws once established are among the most potent factors in forming public opinion; that opinion that influences our action in all matters both private and public.

Let no one say "The law concerns not me but those who break it," for the law is the school master of us all. Whether the lesson taught be good or evil, moral or immoral, depends upon the character of the law as teacher. You will find hardly any one who looks into the nature of every human act to judge for himself of its moral worth. We are accustomed to take the estimate the law puts upon it and to be satisfied with the character which the law ascribes to it. We regard as vile and deserving our strongest disapproval those acts concerning which the law says "Thou shall not," while those deeds for which the law ascribes no penalty are passed by with little attention and no opposition.

In this school of law and public opinion child, ren grow up and become educated, taking into their moral natures the impress of their great teacher and the atmosphere in which they live. Under such a system but a few years are required for marvelous changes to take place in public sentiment. Less than a century ago there were laws that a man might be imprisoned for debt, and they were enforced. No matter how upright or honest a man might be, if he was unfortunate enough to fail in business the prison might become his home until the debts were paid, or his creditor showed mercy. His previous good char-

acter availed nothing. His family was ostracized from society because the law said he was a criminal. To-day all is changed. Scores of business failures occur every week, yet no one's family is shut out from society and there is no thought of the prison. A clever rascal may assign a retail business one week and go into wholesale the next without in the least destroying his social standing. Why is this? Because the law now holds him guiltless.

Not many years ago the marriage contract was regarded as sacred and divorce was the rare exception. To-day the law says that if the bond becomes irksome it may be dissolved, and the pretext is readily found. Such is the influence of the law upon the public mind, that a person may even retain membership in a christian church and at the same time maintain relations contrary to the command of Him who established the church. To be sure, these are social conditions much lamented by those most thoughtful and devout; but the fact remains that the majority of the people accept with little thought what the law proclaims to be right.

How necessary then that the laws be just and righteous; that their influence may be pure, and the people receive a moral education. Can anything be more disgraceful than that a whole population yield obedience to an immoral teacher? And is anything more to be regretted than that the young be allowed to grow up under the influence of one whose most evident teaching is vice and iniquity? The law that legalizes the liquor traffic is the teacher of vice and immorality. And the thousands of saloons throughout our land proclaim the fact that the people receive its teachings. You may exercise your home influence you may teach hygiene in the public schools, you may preach temperance from the pulpit, but the law says "This is a legitimate business," and with the masses the lesson is learned.

The time has come when thinking christian people repudiate the teachings of the license law, but the traffic continues to prosper. Each succeeding generation furnishes more victims than the last, and more revenues flow into the coffers of the government as the price of its iniquitous teachings. When will the evil end? Only when an evil law is dethroned from its exalted position, and when morality and righteousness alone are taught. When the government shall say, "Good laws only are worthy of power, and no amount of revenue shall secure position to an evil one."

N. T. HAFER.

(This oration won first prize at the State Inter-Collegiate oratorical prohibition contest.)

YOUNG MEN IN POLITICS.

The time has come when the young men of our nation are called upon to occupy an important, we might say a leading position in the organization and management of our political institutions and state policies. Never in the history of this Republic has the vital relation of political management to the prosperity of the nation and the health of its institutions been so universally recognized by our citizens; never, in peace or in war, have such important financial, social and political problems so agitated our nation. A crisis has been reached in the domain of politics. Many of our greatest men have declared that this crisis has been brought upon us not by legislation, but by a more subtle force which operates through our social and private business life. The people are in distress. Some go so far as to condemn our form of government. However, the great majority demand not a new form of government, but a new policy which shall adjust it to our present and future needs. Such an adjustment is of the greatest moment to our prosperity. It will determine our future progress in all branches of industry, and our advancement in civilization. Just where this reform should begin and how it should be accomplished are questions which demand the most earnest and unselfish consideration. There must be a modification or a laying aside of old policies, and this necessitates the retiring of a large majority of the men who originated those policies and gained influence and wealth under their administration. A politician will not, a politician dare not advocate reforms and champion new measures which will meet the disapproval of his fellow partisans. There is no power which so chokes advancement and reform as that of attachment to long established customs and laws, especially when that attachment is the result of narrow prejudice, and governed by the desire for personal advantage and self-aggrandizement. The majority of our politicians are so dominated by local interests, and influenced by political rings and financial organizations as to be entirely incapacitated for taking the position which the need of the country demands. These conditions have caused our politics to fall into such illrepute that a young man is censured for entering the political arena; but in the solution of the problems which are forcing themselves upon the nation the young men are indispensable. Young men do not presume to be wiser, more sagacious and competent to manage the affairs of state than older men of long experience, but we do affirm that knowledge and experience can not take the place of

an unprejudiced opinion, an unimpeached motive, or an uncorrupted manhood, neither can they serve the nation when there is lacking the freedom to act as wisdom and experience dictate, or when the noble virtues and exalted principles of true patriotism are dragged from their heights and made to serve as slaves in the slough of private gain and self-exaltation.

Those who oppose political reform from personal motives will brand my words as the utterances of a pessimist. If Garfield, when he said that our nation was rapidly approaching the dangerous time when political rings and organized combinations would control national legislation, was called a pessimist, then he who asserts that this prophecy is fulfilled in our present time, may expect the same accusation. Garfield observed the tendencies, analyzed the symptoms, and foresaw the diseased condition that must necessarily follow. I base my assertion upon the actual condition that now exists. No man can fail to recognize the urgent necessity for a political reform, and primarily a reform of our politicians. This is of necessity the work of young men, and it is their moral and patriotic duty to see that it is accomplished. And shall they face their duty with forebodings and fears? Never!—Let the history of the past inspire confidence for the future.

Young men have not only been successful leaders of the greatest moral and religious reforms of former times, but they have resisted tyranny, overturned empires and erected new nations out of the ruins. When proud England laid the hand of oppression upon her American Colonies, it was our young men who first demanded redress; it was the voice of a young man that aroused the people to a sense of the injustices which they suffered, and inspired them with his own patriotism when he said "Give me Liberty or give me Death!" It was the blood of young men that first purchased our national independence and made the existence of the Republic possible, and when the nation was tottering,—falling beneath the blow of Southern Secession, armies of young men sprang to her aid and with the vigor and strength of their young manhood, fired with the spirit of patriotism they sustained our nation and preserved her honor; and now, when the demand comes for young men to redeem her from the vices which are preying upon her honor and defeating the fundamental objects for which our government was founded, we may be assured that there will spring from our Christian homes and colleges a multitude of young men inspired to face our present dangers, and to save

those noble virtues which in the past have been the secret of our prosperity and the prophecy of our future greatness.—J. B. Fox.

The above oration took first prize in Junior contest, June 18, 1895.

The dedication of so many monuments of soldiers during the past month, recalls the following, taken from an Ann Arbor paper of twenty years ago:

THE MICHIGAN SOLDIER'S MONUMENT.

BY S. HASKELL.

We've reared a monument pile,
At Michigan's broad portal,
Where 'neath it hosts of men shall file
So long as men are mortal.

The millions of our wide-spread state,
To latest generation,
Frequenting their chief city gate,
A highway of the nation,

Shall silent pause beside this fane,
The reverent head uncover,
And feel a presence round them reign,
As where good spirits hover.

It stands, this shrine, on hallowed spot,
To scenes historic wedded;
For patriot blood the soil bought,
Which its stones are bedded.

'Tis fit that Campus Martius bear,
On breast once battle-torn,
The mausoleum that we rear
To heroes later born.

There, in the morning sun's first kiss
On Michigan's fair brow,
This altar of her sacrifice
Shall ever brightly glow.

Its ever-during granite form,
Its mellow bronze attire,
A scorn to sharpest tooth of worm,
A quenchless vestal fire.

Its story of a nation saved,
Its plaint for brave men slain,
Its jubilee for a race enslaved—
A glorious refrain.

Ah, many a heart shall hold it dear;
For many an eye shall see
The crystal of its unknown tear,
O gleaming stone, in thee.

The household dead lies far and lone;
No path of love leads where,
Uncoffined, and without a stone,
He knows but Heaven's care.

Yet here a stone in beauty wrought,
Love's chiseled immortelle,
Tells how and why he bravely fought,
And where he glorious fell:

Sank he to sleep 'neath crimsoned wave,
 On field, or wasting cot,
 Or welcomed rest in prison grave,
 Where the wicked trouble not.

O blessings on the kindly thought
 That this fair work conceived,
 And blessings on the hosts who wrought,
 And tired not, and achieved.

Here childhood's sweet ten thousands gifts,
 From out the school-room came;
 And well; for high this shaft uplifts
 Full many a school-boy's name.

The student's hard-earned scanty store,
 My moistening eye detects;
 How else; for brother's purple gore,
 This bronze to him reflects.

Woman's deep heart and tireless quest,
 That watched the cross in pain,
 Have here embalmed for honored rest,
 Her dead, by traitors slain.

Blessings on all! In sorrow's name,
 In name of country, kind.
 And love's new chaplet to the fame
 Of our own gifted Mind,*

Who bears the palm of lofty art
 Back to old Rome's arena,
 And proudly points the sea athwart,
 Where hangs his laurels green.

*The artist Randolph Rogers, of Ann Arbor, successful over many contestants in the designing and execution of the monument, after which he returned to Rome to practice his profession there.

MRS. SARAH HUNTINGTON OLNEY.

The death, on the 10th of September, of this excellent woman, at the ripe age of seventy and a half years, brings into view the important work which she and her husband have contributed to our college and to education at large.

Of influential pioneer families in northwestern Ohio, they led as gifted teachers in organizing and conducting at Perrysburg, the first graded school in that section of country. Coming thence to Kalamazoo in 1853, they adopted with loving devotion the school here, and in social and professional influence and generous liberality, they were among the foremost in raising it in rank and efficiency, into a prosperous college. It became the seat and fruitful source of remarkable religious influences and a high quality of literary work.

During the twenty-four years of Doctor Olney's memorable service in the State university, while his labors as professor, author of text-books and many other forms of public service were so engrossing,

they remitted no care of their first and most sacred love at Kalamazoo. Liberal gifts and personal labors for it were constant.

Upon the death of Professor Olney, the widow at once placed his large collection of books in our library, subject only to a small annuity while she lived. His valuable watch joined with the gifts of his other friends in endowing the mathematical professorship; and now, in accordance with their long cherished plan, the other property which he left, and which has become increased, is by her will devoted to the perpetual service of the college, in connection with a dutiful care for her orphaned niece.

Fifty their graves, marked by a noble granite monument which her love procured, are in the cemetery near to the college hill where, forty-two years ago, they built with their own hands their humble home, and consecrated themselves to Christian education and all that pertains to the kingdom of God. Immortal names! They will be read by the grateful generations of coming time, while the helps which they have supplied to the college that watches the sleepers, shall work on in its assured and brightening career.

S. H

The following resolutions were presented and passed at Chapel the morning following Mrs Olney's funeral:

"WHEREAS, It has seemed good to him who determines with infinite wisdom the bounds of life, to take to Himself Mrs. Sarah H. Olney, widow of the late Prof. Edward Olney, therefore

"Resolved, That we the, faculty and students of Kalamazoo College, hereby express our sense of the bereavement which has fallen upon the college in the loss of this true and faithful friend, in whose thoughts and prayers the interests of the college held a central place.

"Resolved, That we record our appreciation of her devotion to the welfare of the college for many years during the earlier period of its history as the cheerful helpmeet of her husband in his tireless and self-sacrificing service in its behalf.

"Resolved, That we remember with devout gratitude her unabated affection for the college in all the years that have followed since her removal from Kalamazoo, her unflinching faith in its perpetuity and usefulness, her contributions from year to year in unostentatious ways to help and to comfort many who have been connected with it, her gift of her husband's library with provision for its maintenance and enlargement, and her singular generosity in making the college the heir of all her

earthly possessions, after suitably providing for herself and those dependent on her.

"Resolved, That by such examples of consecration to the cause of christian learning and to the prosperity of our own college, we should be inspired afresh with a conviction of the inestimable value of the privileges which we enjoy, and the sacredness of the responsibilities which are put into our hands.

"Resolved, That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to those who stood nearest to Mrs. Olney in the ties of kindred and friendship and christian fellowship.

"Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be furnished to the relatives of Mrs. Olney, and that copies be sent to the local press and the Christian Herald.

"SAMUEL BROOKS,
"SAMUEL HASKELL,
"MAUD WILKINSON."

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

The first cabinet meeting was held Thursday, Sept. 19, in the afternoon, when the reports of all committees were submitted in writing.

The first prayer meeting of the two societies was led by J. B. Fox, President of the Y. M. C. A. and the meeting was a memorable one; the rooms were crowded to the doors.

The importance of active service in Y. M. C. A. work can not be emphasized too much, and we would call special attention to the Sunday morning meetings in the Y. M. C. A. parlors in the dormitory. Boys, these are your meetings and will prove a blessing to you. Make it a point to be present.

Sunday morning, Sept. 15, State Secretary Clarke led the Y. M. C. A. meeting in their parlors at the dormitory. The subject was testimony, and after an earnest, helpful talk, Mr. Clarke turned the order of meeting into prayer and testimonies. A spirit of consecration seemed to be present, that is making itself felt in the Y. M. C. A. work.

The parlors of our college Y. M. C. A. present a very cheery, home-like appearance this Fall term, as they have been thoroughly renovated during the vacation. Newly painted, newly papered, with new hanging lamps, with a new carpet, with new song books, our rooms show the present prosperity of the society. Better than the comfort of our rooms is the condition of the work and

workers; never before has the work been so thoroughly organized, or have the members of the Y. M. C. A. been so consecrated in their work. The spirit of God pervades the workers so that already we see fruits of our labors and are encouraged and rejoiced.

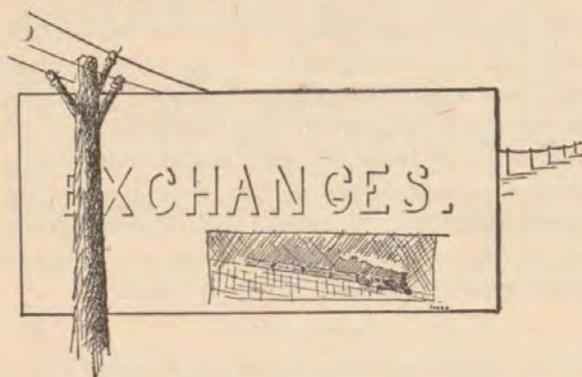
This year the Y. M. C. A. held a reception in their parlors, Friday night, Sept. 13, for men only, preparatory to the joint reception of the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. held the following night. It was very successful in bringing out the boys. There were light refreshments served under the management of Wm. A. Reid. The joint reception held the following night at the Ladies' Hall was also very successful. While there were fewer friends from town in attendance, yet the gathering of students was very satisfactory. A short but interesting program was rendered, and the reception, in itself informal, was marked by the air of kindly welcome and freedom from stiff formality.

A new committee has been formed for bible study work, composed of F. I. Blanchard, Chairman and Corresponding Secretary; A. W. Clarke, Recording Secretary; W. E. Post, Treasurer; William Dean, James McGee, C. W. Dinsmore. Through this committee, the Sunday morning service of Sept. 22 consisted of an address to the young men by Professor R. W. Putnam, so well known among college students as a bible teacher. Professor Putnam spoke on the importance of bible study, and emphasized the value of the imagination in putting life into what is read. Under the general heading he spoke of bible study in the devotional sense, in doctrinal, in studying by topics, as a means for leading others to Christ and as literature. The address was very helpful and proved an inspiration to those who heard it; and thirty-three pledged themselves to enter bible training classes.

Primus:—In a race what vegetable would win?
Secundus:—The tomato would catch up, but the cabbage would come out a head to be sure.

Freshman:—What is a directory?
Sophomore:—A place where church of England clergymen die.

The freshmen are rejoicing in the fact that their successors are of little consequence, they are noughts noughts.—0 0



The *Notre Dame Scholastic* ever maintains a high literary standard.

The *Delphic* of Drake University is a model college magazine. The attention of the students is called to its pages.

In Greek Class—(Professor to certain young lady)—“Can you decline boy?”
 Young lady—“I have done such things, Professor.”
 —*Tabor College Monthly*.

Teacher—“I saw Lilly—a very fine girl. What mark of punctuation would you make after Lilly?”

Small Boy—“I’d make a dash after Lilly.”

The Exchange Editor of the *Chronicle* of Penn College strikes the right key when he says that in no other way is it possible to keep in touch with the college world at large than to read carefully the college exchanges.

In the *Anchor* of Hope College is a timely article on The Undergraduate and Current Topics. The writer discusses the value of a knowledge of the topics of the day, and urges upon every student the necessity of keeping abreast of the times.

Several of our exchanges complain of a decided lack of good stories in our college papers. In the columns of these papers an excellent opportunity is offered to all students who have even the slightest ambition in this direction, and the publication of good, sensible stories, containing plots which are truly interesting, would be undoubtedly beneficial to both writer and reader.

Owing to the non-appearance of many of our exchanges and the late arrival of some, there has been little opportunity to mention the leading articles of other college papers. On our exchange table may be found, however, *The College Days*, *Penn Chronicle*, *Drake University Delphic*, *The Crescent*, *The Manifesto*, *The Nebraska Wesleyan*, *The Notre Dame Scholastic*, *The Denison Collegian* and the *Speculum*.

One of the greatest deficiencies of students in college is a clear, practical and thorough understanding of the questions of the day. How often we hear a student say “Oh! I don’t try to keep track of this or that political discussion,” and that this is a serious fault it is needless to attempt to prove. One of the greatest evils of American politics to-day is the lack of interest on the part of the educated and refined. Therefore as American citizens of the best type we cannot afford to be ignorant.

“But it is impossible to read all that is said and written on these various subjects.” True, but this is written for the purpose of directing the seeker for truth in a concise form to its source. We refer to the magazines. America can well be proud of them. The college does its part in providing them to us free. Let us do our part by reading them. While the reading room in our institution is not all that could be desired, it certainly deserves more attention and better treatment than it receives. Let us ask this question: “How many of you when you do go into the reading room read the solid articles in the magazine?” It is to be feared that by far the larger number of students satisfy their literary appetite by reading the short stories, jokes and sporting news. To use Ruskin’s figure: here on the library table is assembled a parliament of the world’s greatest thinkers and writers, giving their best thoughts on history, literature, art, religion, music, the drama, politics and athletics, and we enter the room, close our ears to the words of wisdom and listen to the flashy narrative of some dashing *raconteur*. Shame on such a practice! If you do not know whether you favor free silver or not, or if you do, why you do, it is your business to find out. It does not pay to live in the time of Cicero or Aristotle.—*College Days*.

College Index.

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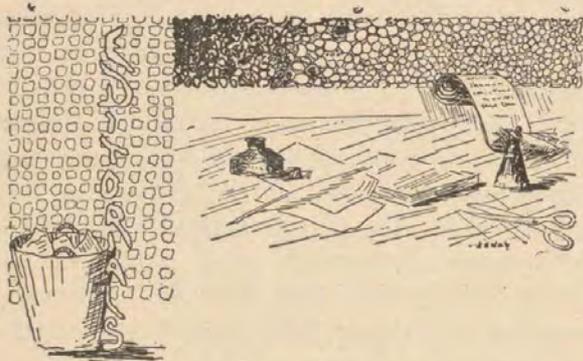
All communications, whether of literary character or otherwise, should be addressed to

COLLEGE INDEX, Kalamazoo, Mich.

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

Any information regarding Alumni will be gratefully received.

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



At the beginning of the college year, the old students come back to us with resolutions to do faithfully college work. The new students have the same desire. The way to do good work is to have a plan in the work; the student who has a system in his work, other things being equal, will accomplish vastly more than the one who does not. "Order is Heaven's first law."

The sanctum of the INDEX is again open. The cob-webs have been removed, the rusty ink-corroded pens have been destroyed and the immense waste basket has been emptied ready for another years work. The foot-steps of our predecessors have been carefully removed from the desks and window sills, so that we cannot follow in the foot-prints of our literary ancestors. The scissors are in good condition and the Subscription Editor stands paste-can in hand awaiting subscriptions. Let them come!

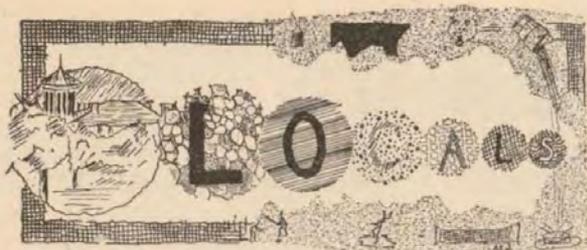
A suggestion comes to us which seems to be a valuable one and well worthy of adoption. It is that the name of the Ladies' Hall be changed to Olney Hall. In view of the recent death of Mrs Olney, and the substantial proofs of her interest in the college, this would be a fitting memorial. There are other reasons also, why this change seems desirable. It is the prevalent custom among the colleges to name their dormitory buildings after prominent patrons of the college. Let us not be behind others in showing appreciation of the favors we receive.

We do not purpose to write an article asking contributions to our paper, because we know that there is enough literary ability coupled with college spirit to keep the pages of the INDEX well filled.

If you are a student of Kalamazoo College, we want you to feel that the INDEX is your paper. In order to do this, you must take an interest in the INDEX. You can become a stockholder in the Students' Publishing Co., by paying two dollars to the Subscription Editor. If you are a stockholder you can help us by speaking a good word for our paper.

We purpose to make the INDEX as heretofore, an exponent of student life and a true index of the college.

Foot ball is very properly receiving the attention of the college students at this season of the year. The power of foot ball as a developer of brain and physical courage is very obvious. The student who goes through a season of foot ball is physically equipped for successful college work. The value of the game as a mental discipline is too often lost sight of, the foot ball player will learn to see opportunities and to grasp them. But the most valuable part of the discipline derived from foot ball is the training of the temper. The foot ball player who goes through a game without losing his temper has gained a victory over self which is the most valuable discipline that can be gained.



Quite a large number of old students have returned to us this year.

Owing to the large class in Biology, more microscopes have been ordered for the laboratory.

The Philo Society have put in a new Black and Keffer piano of which they are justly proud.

We wish to commend the committee on Student's Hand Books for '95-6. Very neatly gotten up, and full of valuable information.

A man from a neighboring town upon seeing a Senior—and his cap—exclaimed, "Gee! get on to the fellow with a girl's hat."

E. E. Ford and his "Talking Machine" visited many of the small towns of Michigan during the summer. He reports a pleasant and profitable time.

The Junior Class have elected Miss Hough, Pres.; Geo. Mc Dougall, Vice-Pres.; G. E. Finlay, Sec'y and Treasurer; Miss Massey, Historian; Miss LaTourette, Poet.

The Sophomore class are to be marshalled this term under the leadership of Miss Colman, President; J. B. Jackson, Vice-President; Miss Bilby, Secretary; G. D. Smith, Treasurer.

M. A. Graybiel is agent for Coal and Wood.
When outside the door the keen wind doth blow,
And the Mercury 'way downward runs,
How pleasant to sit 'fore the coals' ruddy glow,
At twelve dollars a couple of tons!

On Saturday evening, Sept. 21, the Seniors and a few friends assembled at the Hall in honor of Mr. Oldfield, by invitation of Mr. McWilliams. Refreshments were served and the evening spent very enjoyably in games, mesmerism, etc.

Brec-Ke-Ke-Rex, Ko-ax, Ko-ax,
Brec-Ke Ke-Rex, Ko-ax, Ko-ax,
Whoa up, Whoa up,
Paraballu, Paraballu,
Ninety-nine, Kazoo, Kazoo.

The enrollment thus far has reached 150, of which one-half are College men. Quite a number

come to us from other Colleges. Two from the U. of M., one from Albion, one from Hope and one from McMaster's University, Canada.

Not as many of the Ministerial Students go out to preach this year as heretofore. A. H. Bailey is pastor of the Church at Allegan; A. E. Jenks, Hickory Corners; A. J. Hutchins, Augusta; F. E. Stiles, Mendon; O. E. Hall, Alpine; C. L. Maxfield, Burlemont.

The Senior class in their usual happy manner combined a watermelon feast and the organization of the class at the home of Miss Bennett on Friday afternoon, Sept. 20. The following officers were elected: President, H. C. Jackson; Vice-President, Pauline LaTourette; Secretary, Fannie Barrett; Treasurer, J. B. Fox.

The Local Editors in making their bow to the College public do so with many misgivings as to their ability to properly fill so responsible a position. We ask your indulgence on our effort and will be very glad of your help in the way of items or advise. The hurry and bustle, so necessary at the beginning of a new College year, must be our excuse for errors, crudities and the omission of your name in this issue. Progress shall be our watch word.

The citizens of Kalamazoo are to have a rare treat this winter in a fine lecture course. It will be under the management of two of our Seniors, W. D. McWilliams and M. J. Newell, who are to be commended for their enterprise. Other cities have had successful courses, why not Kalamazoo? The course will comprise John Temple Graves, Friday, Nov. 1; Royal Bell Ringers from Lonon, Eng., Friday, Nov. 29; Bill Nye and Bert Poole combination, Monday, Jan. 20; Thomas Dixon, Jr., Monday, Feb. 24; Russell H. Conwell, Wednesday, March 4. No student can afford to miss this opportunity of hearing some of the best men in the country. Tickets, \$2.00.

The students have been enjoying a rare treat in the visit of S. Homer Eaton of Boston. He is a graduate of the Emerson School of Oratory and also of the New England Conservatory of Music. Friday evening, Sept. 27, both the Sherwood and Philo Halls were packed to hear him, the Euros and many other friends having been invited in. He rendered several pleasing vocal numbers in an artistic manner and displayed exceptional talent in his impersonations. Saturday morning Mr. Eaton delighted the little audience at the Hall with several of his inimitable humorous selections. It

is a matter of great profit as well as pleasure to listen to such artists, and the students heartily appreciate these favors.

N. T. Hafer, '95, was recently ordained at Bellevue, where he is occupying a pulpit.

Miss Lelia Stevens, formerly instructor of music in Kalamazoo College, sings in the People's church, of this city.

Prof. Ferry, formerly an instructor in Kalamazoo College, visited chapel recently. He was en route to Northwestern University.

Miss Ella Hayes, who taught history and English in our school for the past three years, is studying in the University of Chicago.

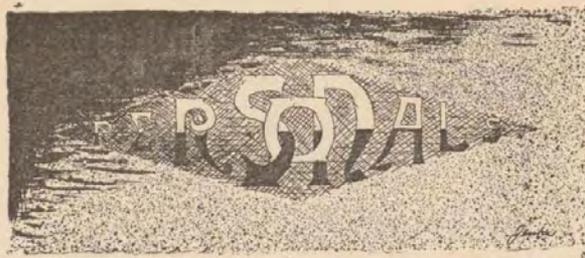
Jay Pinder comes to us from Detroit, where he has been doing the colporteur work in the Detroit Baptist Association for the past year.

The first ten days of school were extremely warm, so that students found it difficult to get down to hard work; but with cooler weather comes sharper interests, and less desire to spend one's time out of doors.

The literary societies have been busy since the opening of the term initiating the new members which each society have been able to secure from the large number of desirable students who have come to us this year. The Euros have received 10, the Sherwoods 13 and the Philos 20.

From the class-room comes many good things, but as they lose their spice when seen in print, we offer only a few. A Freshman on being asked to give some English derivative from the Greek word Eucharist, promptly replied, "Eucharist, one who plays Euchre." In another class it was discovered that we laugh at the unexpected, at the incongruous; that is the reason we laugh when we see a tin can tied to a dog's tail, the canine style is so unexpected.

An exciting game of base ball was played Oct. 7 between the Freshmen and a combination of the Juniors and Sophomores, which resulted in the defeat of the freshies. The score was 9 to 8 in favor of the older classmen. There is only one explanation of the result. The aged were afraid of the Freshman yell. The Freshmen are not discouraged but are going to try again. The base ball material is showing up in good shape. All the old team is back with the exception of our pitcher; we are looking for one among our new men; there is a good chance of finding one there. There will be a great scramble for positions in the team next spring.



Miss Annis Jenks has resumed her work in college.

Coe Hayne has returned to take up work with the Freshmen.

Nearly every room in the dormitory is occupied, making about 60 boys.

W. S. Holmes of Lansing visited his daughter at the Hall on the 19th.

L. C. Burgess, after a year's vacation, has entered the Freshman class.

W. L. Mercer has re-entered college after two years spent at the U. of M.

Glen Waterbury and cousin, Miss Edna Waterbury of Ionia, have entered college.

James McGee spoke in the Congregational Church at Cooper, Sunday, Sept. 22.

M. A. Graybiel had charge of the Howard Mission, Port Huron, during the summer.

J. P. Cadman, '63, is proprietor of the Cadman House, Atlanta, during the Exposition.

Rev. J. S. Boyden, District Sec'y, A. B. M., occupied a chair on the Chapel platform Sept. 18.

Miss Fannie Barrett who spent two years at U. of M. will graduate with the present Senior class.

Miss Caroline Taylor, '94, has entered the University to pursue post graduate studies in History and Literature.

A. H. Bailey has taken rooms at Mrs. Hunter's, on Carmel street; his ex-wife has taken up quarters with J. B. Fox.

W. E. Post of Lowell, Mich., after spending a year in Albion College, decided to finish his course at Kalamazoo.

The Junior class are mourning the loss of Miss Wheeler who has entered the class of '97 at the Northwestern University.

F. B. Sinclair and M. C. Warwick made a tour through the eastern part of the state by wheel, the latter part of the vacation.

H. A. Miller has returned after two years of pastoral work, to fit himself more efficiently for his life work.

Miss Price of Detroit, Miss Holmes of Lansing, and Miss Eldred of Climax are pleasant additions to the little family at the Hall.

E. E. Ford occupied the pulpit of the East Ave. M. E. Church on the 22nd of Sept. and was at New Buffalo on the 29th.

Chas. E. Kurtz, '94, of the Medical department of Northwestern University, was with us for a few days at the beginning of the term.

C. W. Oakley, '95, writes from Pen Yan, N. Y., where he is visiting friends. Claud wished to be remembered to all his old friends, especially the—boys.

Pastor Johnson, Rev. DeLamarter, Pastor of the M. E. Church, Rev. McDonald, Pastor of the Bethel Baptist Church, were at chapel on the opening morning.

Frank Kurtz, '92, and wife are about to be changed from Vinnkonda to Secunderabad, India. Mr. Kurtz is making rapid progress with the Telugu languages.

W. C. Oldfield, Kalamazoo '95, has been spending a few days with old friends at the college. He is on his way to Washington, D. C., where he enters the Columbian Law School.

Mr. A. B. Palmer of San Francisco, Cal., comes to us from McMaster's University, Toronto, Canada. Mr. Palmer will complete his course with the present Senior class.

Miss Mertie Wilmore, and Miss Amelia Hachle are the latest arrivals at the Hall. Miss Wilmore comes from Enterprise, Oregon, Miss Hachle from Jackson, Mich.

Mr. A. Graybiel occupied the pulpit of the Prairieville Baptist Church, Sunday the 29th, the pastor, G. V. Pixley, being absent in Chicago attending the Moody Institute.

Frank E. Starkweather and Birdella I. Ford, students with us last year, were married July 24, and have taken up their abode at 617 West Vine Street. The INDEX offers congratulations.

Miss Mary Hopkins, '93, was married in August to Dr. Shiletto of Marcellus. Dr. and Mrs. Shiletto are now in Europe, but will soon be at home in Marcellus where the Doctor has a large practice.

We are glad to welcome back Will Reid, who spent last year in connection with the Y. M. C. A. of Detroit. Mr. Reid will be associated with the City Y. M. C. A. in the capacity of Membership Sec'y.

Geo. A. Fair and wife visited the College for a few days, the first of the term. Mr. Fair was a student at Kalamazoo a few years ago, but has been preaching for the past two years in Oregon.

John Smith, '94, after ministering to the spiritual wants of the Baptist Church at New Buffalo during the summer, returned to Newton Centre Sept. 1, to continue his studies in Theology.

W. D. McWilliams has been traveling quite extensively the past summer in the interest of the G. O. P. Mac' was honored by appointment on the finance committee of the National Republican League.

J. M. McGee and Charley McHarness of the Woodward Ave. Church of Detroit, have taken rooms at the Dormitory, in anticipation of a full course in Kalamazoo College. Mr. McGee spent last year in Colgate Academy.

E. B. Taft, '95, after acceptably filling the pulpit of the Baptist Church of Galesburgh during the past summer, has entered the class of '98 in Rochester Theological Seminary. Mr. Taft will "be at home" to his friends at Trevor Hall.

Rev. G. M. Hudson, '94, on account of poor health has been obliged to retire from all active work, and will enter upon the culture of the soil, for a year at least. We hope for him a speedy recovery, for the world can ill afford to lose such men.

The Freshmen, after consulting the upper classmen as to ways and means, completed a successful class organization, and elected the following officers: President, H. C. Burgess; Vice-President, Agnes Powell; Secretary, J. W. Hoag; Treasurer, Hugh Mead.

Miss Mary Spaulding of Chicago has been spending a week at the Hall, the guest of Miss Swartout. She returns to Chicago to take up her work as teacher in the Harvard School, and also expects to complete her work for a degree in the University this year.

At the Armory grounds we met Major Rexford, a graduate of the first regular class in Kalamazoo College. He and his estimable wife are spoken of at the post as "pure gold," reliable and trustworthy in times of peace or war. In four years the major

will be retired with honor, when he will visit Europe and later select a home, perhaps (?) in Michigan.—*Christian Herald*, Springfield Mass. Cor.

Pastor A. F. White, who has for the past eighteen months labored so faithfully with us, feeling the need of better preparation for the work, preached his farewell sermon Sept. 1. He leaves many warm friends whose cordial good wishes and earnest prayers for his future welfare, attest the esteem in which he is held.—Cor. from Schoolcraft to the *Christian Herald*.

Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. C. A. will meet every Wednesday afternoon at 3:45, in Eurodelphian Hall. The meeting is placed at this time that it may be convenient for all to attend. It is our aim to make these mid-week prayer meetings as helpful to our college and Christian life as possible.

TOPICS.

- September 18.—Mutual Helpfulness.—Numbers 10:29-32. Leader, Miss Muriel Massey.
 September 25.—Report of Lake Geneva Delegate.—Miss Annis Jenks.
 October 2.—The Hope that Maketh not Ashamed.—Rom. 5:5; Phil. 1:20.—Miss Isabella Bennett.
 October 9.—Missionary Meeting.
 October 16.—Faith Tested.—I Peter, 1:7.—Miss Pauline LaTourette.
 October 23.—Prayer.—Miss Helen E Keep.
 October 30.—Purpose—Strong and Weak.—John 6:66, II Tim. 3:10.—Miss Florence LaTourette.
 November 6.—Missionary Meeting.
 November 13.—Help in Temptation.—Hebrews 5:2, 2:18.—Miss Mabel Cole.
 November 20.—The Costliest Gifts for God.—II Sam. 24:24, I Chron. 21:24.—Miss Anna Warwick.
 November 27.—What God Has Done, What He Will Do.—Isaiah 25:1, Malachi 3:10.—Miss Maud Wilkinson.
 December 4.—Missionary Meeting.
 December 11.—Review of chapter from A. J. Gordon's "*Ministry of the Spirit*."—Miss Agnes Powell.

The Y. W. C. A. reception for new students given Friday evening, Sept. 13, in Eurodelphian Hall, brought together a very happy company of young women. Cordial informality made easy a general acquaintance and plenty of music added to the pleasure of the occasion. During the program which followed refreshments, Miss Massey, as president, gave a very hearty welcome to new students, and Misses Bennett and Powell, in brief but helpful and practical talks, spoke of the difference between

home life and college life and the reasons why one should be a Y. W. C. A. girl. The association work is being made more prominent this year than ever before.

Miss Annis Jenks was the delegate who went from this association to Lake Geneva, last July. Many of the new ideas and suggestions received there are to be used in our work this year.

Next month's INDEX will contain something about the conference at Geneva, and the plans discussed.

Miss Charlotte L. Yale, State Secretary pro tem, will be in Kalamazoo within a month.

OUR FACULTY.

Dr. Brooks and family spent the summer at Charlevoix.

Professor Axtell spent a part of the summer in Chicago and the remainder in Kalamazoo.

Miss Swartout reports a pleasant summer in the Adirondacks and at her home in Owego, N. Y.

Dr. Haskell visited in Detroit during the summer and attended several religious gatherings.

President Slocum spent a busy summer working in the interests of the college throughout the state.

Miss Johnson spent a part of the vacation at the University of Chicago, and the remainder at her home in Mendota, Ill.

Among the reinforcements of our faculty this year is Professor Grant, a graduate of the U. of M., and recently a Junior fellow in Chicago University.

Miss Wilkinson spent the summer in Colorado Springs occupying a position part of the time as French teacher in the summer school conducted by her father.

Professor Jenks joined a small party from Albion College in a trip through the north. They report a pleasant time spent in fishing and in scientific research.

Prof. Williams spent six weeks of his vacation on the coast of Maine, the rest of the summer he spent in New York, Boston and at his home in Corning, N. Y.

The vocal work of the college this year is under the direction of Professor F. F. Churchill. A chorus class has been organized with every prospect of satisfactory results.

The addition of the Art Department this year extends our work in new directions, and we trust that many of the students will take advantage of the opportunities it offers. The department is in charge of Miss Helen E. Keep of Detroit, who comes to us admirably equipped for her work.

Our musical department this year is in very efficient hands. Professor Fairclough, an instrumentalist of unusual ability, who has recently been studying in Berlin, is at the head of this department. In addition to his work in the college he also has charge of St. Luke's organ.

ADDITIONS TO COLLEGE FACULTY.

Our college is to be congratulated in the securing of Clark Mills Brink, Ph. D., who has charge of the department of Rhetoric and Oratory. Professor Brink graduated second in his class at Rochester University and first in his class at Rochester Theological Seminary. Upon leaving college Dr. Brink entered the Baptist Ministry and was pastor of the 1st Baptist Church of Des Moines, Iowa, afterward in Newark N. J. He took past graduate work in the University of New York City where he received the degree of Ph. D. For the past three years he has taught Rhetoric and Oratory in Brown University.

The teaching force of Kalamazoo College has been increased by the addition of G. K. Grant, M. A., who comes to us fresh from the University of Chicago, where he has been doing post graduate work for the degree of Ph. D. Professor Grant graduated from Ottawa University, Iowa, in 1891, where he received the degree of A. B. He taught in a college in Tennessee. Then for some time he had charge of an Indian boarding school in the Indian Territory. Mr. Grant received the degree of M. A. from Ottawa during the present year. Professor Grant has already by his winning scholarly ways won the students to himself.

A REMINISCENCE.

Give a boy a pony and saddle and entrust him with a commission that will lead him over a few miles of bright, fresh, rolling prairie, and you have done all in your power to make him happy.

I still remember with pleasure the time when, twice a week, I had the privilege of mounting my favorite pony "Rowdy" and of carrying the mail from Eda to Frisco, Oklahoma, a distance of about eight miles. The prairie was, for the most

part, unfenced and unbroken, and, about a mile from Eda, I left the wagon-track, and taking my course across the prairie, rode straight for the other office. The ride was always made in the cool evening, and there was nothing to mar the pleasure of the trip. On every side the landscape rose and fell like the undulations made in the prairie-grass by the evening breeze. Occasionally one of those circular, gently-sloping mounds, so characteristic of the Territory, could be seen rising in regular outline and culminating in a peak. The view was obstructed only by the higher ridges. To the east, Edmond, a little town on the railroad, was plainly visible at a distance of eighteen miles. The courses of streams could be traced out by the lines of cottonwood trees that fringed their banks; and clumps of cottonwoods here and there marked the position of little canyons, which became visible only as one approached nearer.

The grass and flowers did not lack variety. At one point my pony would wade through tall cotton-top and blue-stem and at another would dash across patches of short, curly, buffalo-grass and mezquite. Grasshoppers flew away from before us and fell in a perfect shower on either side. Sometimes a bunch of prairie-chickens whizzed out from the grass that had concealed them, or a coyote loped away from a ravine, to sit on his haunches on a neighboring swell and survey us at a safe distance.

These things would have made the ride interesting to a boy in any case, but with me the pleasure was heightened by the thought that I was not at play, but was engaged in real business. Yes, and in the employ of the government, too! I remembered with pride that I had been sworn to "protect and deliver safely" to the best of my ability what was put into my charge.

One evening, contrary to what was usual, the sky was overcast with dull, heavy clouds, flying low; and, just as I had received the return mail at the Frisco office, a thick, foggy rain set in, which hurried on the coming darkness and promised to render it more intense. However, I took my course and trusted that I should be able to keep it over such well-known ground. The darkness rapidly grew thicker, and, after half an hour's riding I began to suspect that I had lost my way. However, I kept on going, hoping that I might stumble across some landmark that would set me right again. At last there appeared close on my right a dark line of what I took to be trees. Con-

sidering that these trees no doubt marked some watercourse, I thought that now I could find out my position by observing which way the stream was flowing. I knew from past observation that all the creeks and ravines of much size between Deer Creek and the Canadian River flowed north, and from this I could discover the points of the compass at least.

While I was thinking of this and wondering where I was, my pony suddenly stopped. Turning and looking over his head I was surprised and terrified at what I saw. Directly in front was a bluff fifteen or twenty feet high and in it a great hole ten or twelve feet wide through which a red light was shining with a horrible, fiery glow. It looked like the mouth of a great furnace, but I didn't think of a furnace or anything else earthly. Could it be the entrance to the infernal regions?

Reason left me, and I seemed unable to move a muscle. A strange feeling as of paralysis began at the roots of my hair and rapidly passed downward over my whole body. I didn't think over all my past life, as men are supposed to do under such circumstances. I didn't think of anything. In mute horror I sat and gazed into that fearful abyss. Not a sound came from its depths. Not a movement could be seen within, but clear and steady the awful fire burned on. I could feel the heat even at that distance, and my eyes were riveted upon the terrible sight like the eyes of the sparrow when under the power of a snake. Could it be that there were human souls in there, and could it be that that was to be my fate?

I could endure the suspense no longer, but urged my pony nearer that I might find out. Bah! What a fool I was to be scared at so simple a thing. Truly there were human souls within it. It was the uncompleted dug-out of a settler, who, not having yet laid up a wall in the opening in the bluff, had stretched a large canvas wagon-cover over the aperture, and was comfortably reclining on a couch before a blazing fire within. The red light from the fire shining through the canvas had produced the effect I have described.

Feeling very foolish I entered the dug-out and inquired the way to Eda postoffice, humbly acknowledging that I was lost. The man told me where I was, pointed out the direction of Eda, and said he believed I would be able to find it, for it was not a great way off. I thanked him, took my course, and without further adventure reached the postoffice. A group of men were sitting about on boxes and barrels waiting the delivery of the return mail.

"You got in pretty late," one of them remarked.

"Yes, I replied, "My pony lost his course and rambled about in the fog." I might have added "and my pony had a fearful scare," but I didn't, for really what was the use?

G. W. SIGLER.

We clip the following from the first number of the INDEX:

POETRY RUN MAD.

I stood upon the ocean's briny shore,
And with a fragile reed I wrote upon the sand—
"Agnes, I love thee!"

The mad waves rolled by and blotted out
The fair impression.
Frail reed! Cruel wave! Treacherous sand!
I'll trust ye no more;
But with giant hand I'll pluck
From Norway's frozen shore
Her tallest pine, and dip its top
Into the Crater of Vesuvius,
And upon the high and burnished heaven I'll
write—

"Agnes, I love thee."

And I would like to see any
Dog-goned wave wash that out.

THE THREE B's extend a cordial welcome to the many new faces that appear this year among the students and invite them to look over their lines whenever in need of Shoes, Trunks and Bags. To those who have returned after a well earned vacation—just drop in and renew old acquaintanceship. This year we can show you the cleanest, choicest stock of shoes and rubbers ever shown in the City. No old stock.

Our \$2.50 and \$3.00 shoes are a source of continual pride both to ourselves and to the purchaser. New, natty styles that are bound to please and in which durability and comfort have been well looked after. For those desiring finer footwear, our \$4.00, \$5.00 and \$6.00 Shoes are simply unapproachable. Mens' Enamels, Winter Tans, Patent Leathers, Cordovans, etc., in all the late designs. The ladies should see our Trilby and Tokie lasts, also the new brown stitched shoes.

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VOLUME 17.

NUMBER 2.

NOVEMBER, 1895.

COLLEGE INDEX,

KALAMAZOO, MICH.

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College Index.

VOL. 17. New Series.

Kalamazoo, Mich., November, 1895.

No. 2.

Literary.

TRANSFORMATION.

When the sun of life is setting,
When the night of death appears,
When the dawning of the morrow,
Brings us to eternal years,
We can thank the Lord our Saviour,
That our trust in him was true;
We can thank the Holy Spirit,
That He told us what to do.

When the pain that racks our bodies
Lays us prostrate in the dust,
When our spirits passing upward,
Roam with spirits of the just,
We can thank our Heavenly Father
For the giving of his Son,
Through whose strength we were enabled,
The Christian's race to run.

When our eyes shall close in slumber,
For the soul can never sleep,
With the friends gone on before us
Watching from God's mercy seat.
With our earthly friends around us,
Saddened heart and weeping eye,
We can thank the great Jehovah,
That we never say good-by.

For the resurrection's coming,
We shall meet them one and all,
When we hear the trumpets sounding,
When we hear the angels call,
For this promise he hath given,
You shall reign with me on high,
There to dwell for years unnumbered,
Where our pleasures never die.

But the judgement day is first to come,
And we must each appear,
Before the judge of all the earth,
Though the trial be severe.
And if while wandering here below,
For pleasure we did seek,
Then we'll be numbered with the lost,
And not among the meek.

But if while dwelling here below,
We then ourselves deny,
And take the banner of the cross,
And wave that banner high,
Then we shall never fear the Judge,
But with a smiling face,
He'll bid us stand upon his right,
Saved only by his grace.

—F. G. BURNETT.

AN AFTERNOON'S EVOLUTION OF A PHIL- ANTHROPIST.

"Well, upon my word, this is interesting! Missed it by just seven minutes, and the next one—let me see—4:40—an hour and three quarters to kill in this forsaken hole. Well, I suppose I can find shelter at least—that's the first thing. Whew! what a day!" And John Marvin gripped his valise with one hand, jammed his sealskin cap down over his eyes with the other, and plunged through the blizzard across the platform into the little depot. Slamming the door he glanced around him gloomily, then deposited his belongings on a bench by the wheezy little stove, and gingerly placed his elegant and aristocratic self beside them. "Pshaw, what a bore—just my luck, exactly! Here I am, stranded just thirteen miles from the city. Still, it might be worse. I shall be there in time for the syndicate session, at any rate, and that's the most I care for. Thanks to an unusual supply of good, sound, common sense, I've no family cares to tie me down any where—only myself to worry over. Well, here goes to make the best of a bad matter. The paper and a cigar will cover fifteen minutes—with a little stretching—and then— Good heavens, how did that door get open?" Shivering as the cold draft struck him, he reached out his cane and was about to push the door shut when a tiny form slid through the opening and stood gazing up at him out of two big, blue eyes. "My stars, child," exclaimed Marvin with a start, "where did you blow from?" The baby gave a shiver that shook her whole frame, stretched out her tiny, purple hands to the ruddy blaze and sighed "Oh, I's so told."

Marvin stared at her awhile as she sank into a disconsolate little heap behind the stove, then resolutely took up his paper again, and plunged into an editorial on the political outlook. From time to time, however, he moved his paper aside and furtively eyed the little object on the floor in front of him. The tired baby had fallen asleep, her curly head resting on one chubby little arm which she had thrown up on the bench. Notwithstanding her

scant, shabby clothing, she was a dainty little miss; one pinky toe peeped out from a hole in her boot; her golden hair hung in moist ringlets around her face, bejeweled with the melting snow from the storm outside. As Marvin watched her, he could see her little lips quiver with long-drawn sighs. "Humph!" thought he, "I don't fancy that's a very comfortable position." Then his eyes wandered restlessly to his soft, warm overcoat thrown over the seat. He glanced dubiously from it to the baby and back again, then stooped and tenderly lifted her in his arms. She was sleeping soundly now, and did not waken as he wrapped her warmly in his coat and pillowed her head on his knee, as gently as a woman. As a sense of the warmth and comfort stole over the child, little by little the quivering sighs on her sweet baby lips gave way to a contented smile. Marvin watched her with an intense interest. The train whistled. It drew up at the station. The station agent threw open the door and stared at Marvin.

"Your train, sir, train going west."

"Sh—you'll wake her up," was the only response.

The station agent slammed the door and went off, shaking his head. The baby slept on. "Well," thought Marvin, "this is a great proceeding for a confirmed old bachelor like me. Wouldn't Farland or West enjoy this spectacle now!" And he chuckled at the thought. Then he pulled out his watch and looked at it. "Hello! 6:30, and the syndicate meets at seven. Let's see—I suppose it will make a difference of about twelve hundred on my share if I'm not there. I declare, she'll be a fine little lady some day, if she isn't allowed to freeze before she grows up." And he carefully tucked up the obstinate little toe that was peeping out again, while the suburban train gave a shrill whistle and pulled out for the city. Presently the baby stirred; the long, dark lashes lifted, the blue eyes gazed into his, first questioningly, then with a satisfied smile, while one soft, little hand was raised and gently patted his cheek. Then she suddenly slid down and started for the door. "Hold on, baby," called Marvin. "Where are you going? It's cold and snowy out there."

"No, No. Baby nice and warm now—all comfy. Go find mama now."

"Oh, you've got a mama, have you? Well, she doesn't know how to take care of a nice little girl then." Marvin looked out and saw that the storm had abated. So he placed a bright, gold coin in the tiny fist and held the door open. "Alright, baby. Give this to your mama and tell her to get you a

warm cloak to wear the next time you take a walk on a day like this. Goodby, baby."

When Marvin reached his club that night he was greeted by commiseration from all sides. "Well, Marvin, you are an unlucky chap. Missed your train somewhere, eh? Fine day to be stranded in some out-of-the-way place with nothing to amuse yourself with. Got here too late for the session too, didn't you! Shame you couldn't have had a chance at that deal—bushels of money in it. Too bad, old boy, too bad." "See here, fellows," broke in Marvin, "I usually go in for all the sympathy I can get by fair means, but I'll confess I don't enjoy undeserved sympathy. Let me tell you, I'm not a worthy object for your pity." "How's that? Upon my word, you talk as if you'd been having the gayest kind of a time." "It's a fact, I have—the best time I've had for years." "Have you now! Well I declare that's strange. Only one way of accounting for a case like that. Come, own up now—there was a girl in it, wasn't there?" "Yes," assented Marvin absently, "there was." "Pretty?" "Very," he answered decidedly. "Got any money?" "Hardly," was the reply, accompanied by a queer smile. "Well, never mind—you've enough for her—and for a hundred more just like her, for that matter." Marvin sat perfectly still and gazed into the open fireplace for a full minute, then answered thoughtfully—"Yes"—then with sudden resolution—"Yes, I have!"

FLORENCE LATOURETTE.

REMORSE.

It was late, very late. The bell in the distant church tower was tolling midnight. In a small, poorly furnished room, dimly lighted by the dying flames of an open grate sat a man with bowed head gazing at the coals of fire with a far-away look. Thus he had been sitting for long hours, with scarcely a move save the heaving of the breast or the sweep of the eyelashes.

He was thinking, yes, thinking of the long ago, when, a boy he wandered unrestrained, the fields and meadows of his father's farm, chasing the butterflies, robbing the bumble bees of their hoarded treasure, listening to the singing birds, or bathing his feet in the babbling brook.

He was happy then. O, so happy and careless and free, with a loving mother and kind-hearted father. Then came the long days in school and then, somehow, someway before he realized it he was a man. Then what a day was that when he stood upon the threshold of that boyhood home, about to leave it and try the great world for himself.

What counsels were those of his mother, what warnings of his father. How he resolved to be true to them and come again to them some day loaded with honor and wealth.

Days lengthened into weeks and weeks into years; he is thinking of a happy home, of a loving wife and children that clustered about his knee, then a cloud steals over his face, his eyes look wild, his hands are clenched till the nails pierce the flesh and the blood starts out alarmed at such behaviour.

He is thinking of a night dark as this night is, with not a ray of light from a twinkling star to warn men of danger. He is thinking of a great temptation, too great to overcome,—of an awful crime, then of his hurried flight and miserable wanderings, a fugitive from justice.

He remembered a stray newspaper that fell in his way, telling him of the death of his broken hearted wife, and the government reward offered for him dead or alive. God, how they haunted him as if he were a beast, by night and day. He thought of his escape and his life of awful exile and subsequent crime. All the misery and crime and suffering came down upon him like so many demons in that dark night. Hark! he started, for he heard a cry. His mother uttered one great moan he thought, but it was only the wind without. The window sash shook in the casement and he started up in alarm for fear of some dread enemy, then sat him down again and with wild eyes watched the flickering shadows on the walls, what strange shapes they took and forms of those he had wronged. Wife, loved wife beckoned to him and quickly vanished into the shadowland from whence she came. Then there was another form, that of the wronged friend, quickly came and as quickly went with the ever changing shades of light and darkness.

And so they came and went until the last flame expired and was wrapped in its shroud of ashes and night filled the room like a great giant. Still there he sat with bowed head and dawn stole shivering to the window and looked in. Dark faced night still fills the room, cold and forbidding. Dawn at first can only peep at night and see that it is there. Yet hovering round and looking in again it weeps for what it saw and its tears trickle down the window pane, and the trees bow their heads and wring their many hands in sympathy. Night growing pale before it gradually fades out of the room. Then come the sunbeams, the bright angels of day rushing on, and enter the room.

The old man sits there still, with bowed head, nor notices their coming, for though the eyes are

open they are glassy, and the breast has ceased to heave and the pulse to throb, for life went out when the last dark shadow beckoned, and the flame wrapped itself in the ashes.

GWENDO VONSOLA.

LAKE GENEVA.

There are some times and places whose memories are particularly sweet to us. Why? Because at those times and in those places have come to us experiences and blessings which shall influence the course and affect the character of our entire life thereafter. Such a place and such a time are "Lake Geneva" and "July 2-12, 1895," to the more than 240 College girls who came together there at that time. Not one of them but must feel and rejoice in the fact that to her there then came changes in heart and life, that must make her a truer woman, a more consecrated follower of the Lord Jesus Christ, than she could have been without these experiences.

A very few of the girls had come simply for a pleasant outing with their friends. These returned to their homes, having gained the companionship of the Truest Friend. Nominal Christians became real ones, and real Christians learned the blessedness of truly saying "None of self and all of Jesus."

Those who had been at the camp in other years, said it was never so beautiful before, and those of us who were there this year for the first time, were charmed by the picturesqueness of the scene. The rows of blue and white tents arranged along the natural terraces, the many varieties of trees and wild flowers, growing much as Dame Nature dictated, while just down the grassy slope the clear, sparkling water of the lake reflected and sometimes bathed the drooping branches of the trees; and over all, that pure, almost holy atmosphere, which one can feel but not describe,—all made us realize that truly we were not far from the presence of the loving Father, the mighty, all-wise God.

When we arrived on the afternoon boat, we were conducted at once to the reception hall to register and to be assigned to our tents. The hour before tea was spent in meeting the girls and becoming acquainted with—first all the camp in general, especially the girls from the home state, and more especially the seven, who with one's self occupied the "tent-home."

The first meeting of the Association was quite informal. As Miss Price, General Secretary of the International Committee, was unable to be present, Miss Severs, Evangel Secretary, presided in her

stead. By Miss Severs two thoughts were particularly impressed upon our minds—"We have come apart into this retired place to meet the Lord Jesus Christ face to face. We shall here see Him as we have never before seen Him." and "let us be prepared to examine our hearts and be ready to leave out of them all that He will not approve and that He cannot use in His service, for it matters not so much what we take from Lake Geneva, as what of old habits, old beliefs, old selfish plans we leave behind." After Miss Sever's remarks, the leaders of the different classes and conferences announced their purposes and plans of work. Then each girl arose, gave her name, and that of the Association which she represented.

Next morning the regular work began. Lack of space prevents a detailed account of the work done in the several conferences, every session of which was very helpful and instructive. There were eight regular sessions of each conference. The first in the day was the College Conference, under the direction of Miss Severs. In this the discussions were very free and informal. The first day's work took up "The Christian Association as the Fraternity of College Life." Every College girl should be a member of the Y. W. C. A. Then came up the question of the Association's claim on the student for time and energy. Miss Severs said "the question comes back to the fundamental basis 'what place shall Christ have in our lives, always and everywhere?' Settle that first and the others are not so difficult to settle." The relation of the girls while in college to the church was discussed. The second day we took up Membership Committee work, how to interest outside girls; how to interest the society girl; plans for systematic canvas for members. Fall campaign is best but work must not be discontinued until *every girl* is won for the Association.

Association stationery and printing; installation of officers and initiation of members; College ethics, personal responsibility of Y. W. C. A. members in college and social life, was the work of the third day. The fourth day financial work was taken up. Systematic giving was strongly urged. "Systematic pledging is not systematic giving." Plans for Bible study were discussed the fifth session—organization, leaders of classes, how to find time for it, etc. "The aim of Bible study is to get close to God—to come into such touch that His Will shall be our will, that He shall do with us what He has purposed to do with us in creating us, and that our lives shall be spent where we shall be of the greatest use in the world." The Devotional meetings—topic cards,

leaders, responsibility of devotional Committee; gospel meeting and how best to get unconverted girls to attend, were discussed the sixth day. At the seventh session, buildings and rooms were considered; also general topics were taken up, such as publications, college papers, record keeping, business meetings, etc. The last day was given to the answering of questions that had come in; and to any other subjects which one wished made clearer.

The individual conferences and the presidents' conference were of inestimable value.

The City Conferences, over which Miss Alice Stevens, General secretary of North Chicago Association, presided, took up all phases of City Association work.

The third daily session was Bible study. Two classes were held at this hour. One for Inductive study of John's Gospel, conducted by Prof. R. R. Loyd, of Pacific Theological Seminary. The other, a Personal Workers' Training Class, under the direction of Miss Emma Burgess, General Secretary of Kansas City Association. In these classes was aroused a true interest in Bible study, and the girls went home from them, knowing better how to do work for other girls,—work, the wonderful and blessed results of which, only the light of eternity can make clear to us.

The last morning session daily, was the Missionary Conference under charge of Miss Abbie Lyon, Secretary of Students' Volunteer Movement. The duties of the Missionary Committee; the Volunteer Band; general Missionary literature and its use; Missionary giving; the policy for '95 and '96, were among the important topics discussed. All were impressed with the thought that "the evangelization of the world depends to a great extent on personal efforts of the servants of the Lord Jesus Christ." Several of the girls added their names to the Student Volunteer Band list.

The afternoon was occupied with Athletics. The physical training class and several clubs—boating, bathing, rambling, tennis, basket ball, etc., were under the direction of Miss Mayhew.

We were especially favored by excellent speakers from outside. Dr. Wayland Hoyt of Minneapolis, gave us two lectures. One "A Function of Character." The other "The True Way of Vanquishing." This was especially good. The true way of vanquishing our evil selves is "to crown the right, the pure, the true and keep them crowned, and in their presence, the false, the vile, the wrong will flee away." Dr. J. Q. A. Henry, of Chicago, gave us one lecture on "How best to Bless the World." He said, "only as we take the Lord Jesus

in such a way that we are ourselves satisfied with Him, with His Service, His grace, with Him as our Master and King, can we be able to bless the world in the best way."

Sunday, Dr. Jas. Bashford, of Ohio Wesleyan University was with us. He spoke of the unity and holiness which are elements in the more abundant life that Christ comes to give.

Among the sweetest hours spent at Lake Geneva were the little "State prayer meetings" and the "Vesper services." The service led by Miss Lyon on our responsibility to the lands in darkness; the one led by Miss Taylor on "the appropriation of Christ;" the one by Miss Price, on "Christ as a Personal Friend" are meetings which cannot be described. One can only think of them, and in silence feel again something of the holy, sweet peace that filled our souls as we felt *His Presence* and "talked with Him face to face." Our last vesper service was held on Round Top. Just as the sun was disappearing in the West, there seemed to be poured over our souls a flood of blessing from the "Sun of Righteousness" and we went down to our tents in silence, feeling that truly it had been: "good to be there."

The closing service was very impressive. In less than an hour, one hundred and thirty-six girls told of the personal blessings which had come to them during the days of the conference. With joined hands we stood in one great circle and sang "Blest be the Tie that Binds our Hearts in Christian love." At the close of the last verse, Miss Price asked the Father to add still another blessing to the multitude already received; and as we left the tabernacle, each heart was filled with thankfulness to Him that we had been able to be in that beautiful place, to meet and know those noble, true characterized girls, and especially that we had in a fuller, more blessed way than ever before in our lives, met and now possessed the Spirit of the Lord Jesus Christ.

ANNIS JENKS.

Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

Several new members received at the last business meeting.

The meeting of Oct. 6 was led by Rev. Buchanan of the North Presbyterian Church.

College prayer meetings are still increasing in interest; there were more than a hundred at the meeting of Oct. 28, notwithstanding the fact that several of the students were down town to meeting.

The Bible study committee had charge of the meeting of Oct. 20, and occupied the time with a report of the Albion Bible Institute.

Two of the Sunday morning meetings in Oct. were adjourned to attend the nine o'clock meeting of Major Whittle at the First Baptist Church.

Reports from the State Convention of the Y. W. C. A. at Hillsdale, were given in the meeting Wednesday, Oct. 23, by the two delegates, Misses Keep and Hough.

Monday afternoon, Oct. 7, Miss Charlotte Yale, State Secretary of the Y. W. C. A., was at Miss Keep's studio, where she met the young ladies of the college informally. In the evening she led the meeting of the two associations in the Y. M. C. A. parlors in the dormitory. Miss Yale's earnest words gave an inspiration to those who heard her to have "The Abundant Life" promised to all.

Three new committees have been appointed this fall; missionary, finance, and rooms and library committees. There will be missionary meetings once a month, conducted by the missionary committee, which will be not only instructive, but will tend to awaken in the association a missionary spirit, deeper than that which has been manifested before. The principal aim of the association this term is to lay stress on the gospel meetings and on the work of committees. Fulfilling the duties on the committees faithfully now, will prepare for future usefulness. The gospel meetings are intended to be practical in promoting the christian lives of those who attend. The importance of every girl's presence, in these mid-week heart to heart talks, cannot be over-estimated.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

The Whittle and Burke meetings have been a source of much good to our Y. M. C. A. Souls have been brought to Christ and the spiritual life of Christians has been deepened.

The week beginning Nov. 10 is set apart as an international day of prayer for Y. M. C. A. work. There will be meetings in the Y. M. C. A. rooms each evening of that week.

The College Y. M. C. A. has made arrangements to commence Sunday morning jail meetings soon. The meetings will be from 10:15 to 11:00, so that the boys who attend these meetings can get out of the meetings in time for the sermon at any of the churches.

Our Y. M. C. A. has been again remembered in a substantial way by the Women's Education Society. This time the gift was a dozen and a half new chairs. At the meeting of Oct. 28, a resolution was unanimously adopted thanking the ladies for their gifts, which, beside the chairs, consist of a carpet and hanging lamp for the Y. M. C. A. Parlors.

College Index.

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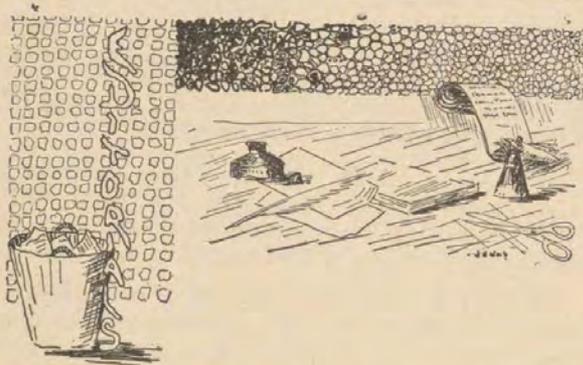
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No anonymous communication inserted. The name will be published, unless otherwise requested.

Any information regarding Alumni will be gratefully received.

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THE INDEX is planning to offer a banner for athletic work. Particulars in our next.

THE INDEX humbly asks your indulgence for again coming out late. The fault is the editor's; we must plead inexperience in estimating the quantity of material required to make up the paper. We are wiser now and you may expect your paper promptly on time next month.

It is time that Kalamazoo College again agitated the question of entering the inter-collegiate Athletic Association. With our athletes and records there is no reason why we cannot hold a place in the M. I. A. A. If our college should enter the association it would be an incentive to do still better work.

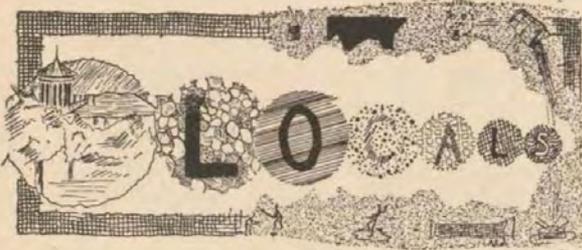
THE INDEX has not the usual number of poems on "Autumn Leaves," "November" or the "Melancholy Days," but you may look for an "Ode to Winter" or lines on "Beautiful Snow" in our next. We are glad to welcome to our midst a new poet, our old poets and poetesses say that they lack inspiration. May the muse return to them and may they once more help fill our columns.

THE INDEX devotes considerable space to reports of religious meetings this month. We think the present interest in such things warrant detailed accounts of such meetings so that all may obtain some of the benefit derived from the meetings. The report of the Albion Bible institute is especially helpful and the work therein outlined will be of benefit to all interested in Bible study.

THE ability to clearly express ones thoughts is to-day one of the most potent factors in the success of man in whatever situation in life he is placed. Kalamazoo College offers facilities for training in public speaking. We have a record in this line of which we can well be proud. This record was obtained by hard work. The ones who win the prizes are usually the ones who do the hard faithful work. Winning the prize is not all that is derived from the contest but the quickened desire to succeed is often caused by failure. We have no record that Demosthenes won the prizes in the college contests but we know that he kept at it until he succeeded. Where are our prohi orators? They should be training for the coming contests or some other college will this year carry off the palm.

THE Star Lecture Course was opened Friday evening, Nov. 1, by John Temple Graves, who lectured on Uncle Tom's Last Cabin. The orator was introduced by Mr. Adams, who said that the lecture course was planned and made possible by students of Kalamazoo College. He said the citizens of Kalamazoo are indebted to the students for a course of entertainments that is a credit to our city. Mr. Graves said in his opening remarks:

"I stand to-night on the broadest platform in America, which means the broadest in the world. The politician is bound by party principles, the preacher by ecclesiastical bonds but the lecturer is unfettered." He spoke of the evils of the South at the present time, the need of capital to develop her vast resources, the prejudice of the whites for the blacks, and the practical disfranchisement of the negro. Mr. Graves urges as a solution of the race problem the statehood of the black. He says the blacks are ready for it and it would open up the South to the capital and energy of the North. Mr. Graves is an orator of pleasing manner and forcible delivery. While in Kalamazoo he made for himself many friends and admirers, who will be glad to again hear the voice from the new South?



Snow!

Attend Chapel.

Have you called?

Subscribe for the INDEX.

The beautiful Autumnial tints.

On! but it was a good joke. What? Ask A. C. Treadway.

A. C. Gilbert will be glad to take your subscription for the INDEX.

The south end of the campus has been turned into a pasture for several ponies and cows.

Dr. Brink is giving the Sophomores and Freshmen an hour a week in Delsarte and expression.

The O. K. Club is still continued at Mrs. McElroys, on Academy St., where 15 boys daily recuperate the inner man.

Miss Bilby fared sumptuously for a number of days on wedding cake, a token of the Bailey-Mauerhan connubial event.

The sittings in Chapel have been assigned, and with each student in his place, very few empty chairs are to be found.

If in want of anything consult the 'ads' of the INDEX. Our advertisers make it possible for us to publish our College paper.

Messrs. Jenks, Smith, Graybiel and Reid have invested in, and placed in the North Hall, a private letter-box, with lock and key.

Now is the time to take out Stock in the Students Publishing Association. For particulars enquire of W. F. Dowd, Treasurer.

George McDougal, A. B. Palmer and Ira Bullock rode to Gull Lake Friday, Oct. 25, on their wheels. Time, fifty-five minutes.

The three literary societies adjourned their meetings for three weeks during October, on account of the Whittle-Burke meetings.

"The cloud no larger than a woman's hand" brought showers of blessing to the heart, and a rainbow to the face, of our latest Benedict.

The pulse and temperature of the College seems to continue in a normal condition since the addition of an M. D. to the Sophomore class.

Miss Wilkinson, (in French class)—"Could you go on, Mr. T—?"

Mr. T—, translating—"Yes, for fifteen days."

It was remarked of one of our young men that the jokes he told had staid in his head so long that the points were burnt off. Guess who.

The Wilson Club seems to be as popular as ever, as shown by the number of boys who wend their hungry way in that direction, morning, noon and night.

The Sophomores and Freshmen are now entertaining the Faculty and students at Chapel by giving declamations. Orations are to be given a little later by the upper classmen.

If you are about to be married please hand the item to the Local Editor; your friends would be pleased to hear of your good fortune. Likewise items of greater importance will be gladly received.

Friday evening, Nov. 1, closed a three weeks meeting, conducted by Major Whittle, the widely known Evangelist, and J. H. Burke, a Gospel singer of no inferior rank. Very many souls found the way of Life. The influence of Mr. Whittle's life made a very deep impression on the entire city. The students will long remember his earnest words and Christ-like character, and the good impulses started will remain with them for many a day.

Ninety-seven, Ninety-seven,
Zip! Boom! Ah!
Themis Zelema!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

The third year preps have swung into line with bluettes and cream for their class colors and a class organization as follows: Pres., James McGee; Vice-Pres., Miss Fisk; Sec., Miss Scrimger; Treas., Miss Eldred.

Whenever you see a group of the young ladies in eager conversation, some with radiant, others with envious faces, you may be sure that Canadian gallantry and oyster-suppers are under discussion.

The calls of the Young Ladies of the Hall, on Saturday afternoon, Oct. 26, were very much enjoyed by the boys of the dormitory, and all join in the hope that more calls of the same kind may be received.

The report on sale of lecture course tickets is to the effect that some of the boys have two, others one, and others none; some of the girls two, others one, others none. The problem of striking an average is now occupying the minds of several.

The tennis courts have received very little attention this fall. They have been "run on" very little, and as if to retaliate have sent "up shoots," which will entangle the feet of those who in their mad rush from court to court, shout—"Love 40."

J. B. Fox was tendered a reception at the home of Mrs. Pratt, Kalamazoo Avenue, on Saturday evening, Oct. 19, by his Sunday School class, which is composed of fifteen young ladies. A very pleasant evening was spent by all, especially by Mr. Fox.

At the annual meeting of the Ministerial Association, the following officers were elected: Pres., E. E. Ford; Vice-Pres., Geo. McDougal; Sec'y and Treas., G. E. Sutton. A motion to change the night of meeting from Thursday to Wednesday prevailed.

They say one young man refused to take lecture course tickets Nos. 22 and 24 because they did not call for consecutive seats. And be it known, the aforesaid tickets were not procured until a fair occupant for No. 24 was procured for the whole course—of life.

Kalamazoo Gazette:—"Prof. Alexander Hadlock and F. W. Wilcox have purchased the meat

market and block at 123 South Burdick, of Cornelius Miller. They will take possession May 1st." Professor Hadlock will be remembered as formerly Professor of Mathematics in our college.

The delegates to the Bible Institute held at Albion the fore part of October, were Misses Bennett and LaTourette from the Y. W. C. A., and Messrs. Palmer, Snashall, Anderson, Clark, Dickey, McHarness, Hoag and Post from the Y. M. C. A. They speak very highly of Albion's hospitality.

The dining room of the Ladies' Hall is visited three times a day by a large number of the dormitory boys, who enjoy the hearty, good cheer of table chat with the fair occupants of the Hall, and of *table d'hote* prepared so nicely under the supervision of Mrs. Brownell, who seems to enjoy her large family.

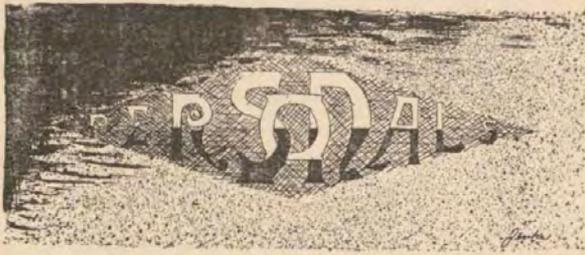
A relay race between the Freshmen and Sophomores was won by the latter. In our last issue was noted the defeat of the Freshmen in base ball by the Juniors and Sophomores. But the Freshies, like Banquo's ghost, will not down, and have now challenged the rest of the college to a foot ball game.

Dr. Haskell has just finished a series of papers on Kalamazoo College, beginning at its birth in 1833, continuing up to the present time. These papers have been printed in the Christian Herald, and will soon appear in pamphlet form. All will be glad to possess a copy of the life history of their dear old Alma Mater.

"Propositions," mathematical, as also the other kinds, are sometimes hard to be understood in this age of superficial sentimentalities and amicable philosophical observations. If you would be understood, let your conversational communications possess a clarified conciseness, a compacted comprehensibility, a coalescent consistency, a concatenated cogency, and the difficulty will, in a large measure, be overcome.

Last Thursday was Hallow-e'en. After every Freshie had been snugly tucked away in his little bed, consigned to sweet dreams of the judgment day and Prof. Williams; after every Soph, gorgeous in his Sunday best, has hied him to the home of his best girl; after every Junior had added to his lamp a fresh supply of the best brand of midnight oil, bound a wet cloth 'round his temples throbbing with great thoughts and planted his elbows on his knees and his chin in

his hands, to evolve a mighty chapel oration; then it was that the Seniors and a few friends stole up to Miss Barrett's attic, intent on ruthlessly prying into the mysteries of this night sacred to the revels of the gnomes and elves. After nerves had become accustomed to shocks occasioned by Jack o'lanterns peeping out of dark corners, etc., games and refreshments suitable to the occasion were indulged in, and all report a royal good time.



Eugene Dickey spent Sunday, Oct. 13, at his home in Ionia.

Miss Maude Travis, of Cooper, now resides at the Ladies' Hall.

Jay Pruden occupies the pulpit of the Baptist Church at Burr Oak.

Mr. L. E. Irland, of Plainwell, visited his son Harry, on the 28th inst.

Miss Mamie Steele visited chapel Oct. 21, the guest of Miss Harrigan.

M. A. Graybiel preached to the Baptist people of New Buffalo, Sunday, Oct. 20.

Dr. Brink spoke in the Second Reformed Church, Sunday morning, Oct. 27.

Mr. and Mrs. Dickey and sons were pleasant visitors at the College Oct. 23 and 24.

Ross Reed spent Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 19 and 20 at his home in White Pigeon.

Dr. Brink occupied the pulpit of the Baptist Church in Benton Harbor, on the 6th inst.

A. W. Chamberlin, '97 ex., has entered the office of Dr. McKibben to study medicine.

Mrs. C. S. Lester, of Eaton Rapids, was the guest of Miss Cora Price at the Hall, Oct. 15.

Pastor Johnson was a very welcome caller at the dormitory on the 19th. May he come often.

W. D. McWilliams attended an important Republican meeting in Chicago on the 15 inst.

Rev. G. V. Pixley and wife, of Prairieville, attended the Whittle-Burke meetings on the 16th.

Mrs. Vreeland and daughter Amy, of Schoolcraft, were welcome callers at the dormitory Oct. 22.

L. L. Gilbert, brother of A. C., is staying at the dormitory, expecting to enter school next term.

G. D. Smith tarried in Grand Rapids after the Kazoo-Alma foot ball game, spending Sunday with friends.

Miss Shafer, a former member of the faculty, spent some time in Kalamazoo the last of Oct., visiting friends.

Mrs. Warwick, of Plainwell, and Mr. Burnham of Battle Creek, made a short call on M. C. Warwick, Oct. 25.

H. D. Schultz, after being confined to his room for 10 days with a fever, is out and feeling as well as ever.

N. T. Hafer, '95, pastor at Bellevue, Michigan, spent a few days at the College recently, the guest of Mr. Fox.

A. G. Newberry occupied the pulpit of the Congregational Church of Cooper during the month of October.

Prof. Jenks gave a talk before the Ladies' Library Oct. 14, concerning his northern trip of the past summer.

Miss Swartout was obliged to hear her classes at her rooms in the Ladies' Hall on the 16th, owing to indisposition.

Misses Helen E. Keep and Lula M. Hough were the delegates to the State Y. W. C. A. Convention at Hillsdale, Oct. 18-20.

F. A. Stiles was remembered in a very substantial way by the ladies of his church, at Mendon in the gift of a fine new overcoat.

Miss Brown, formerly teacher of English and Rhetoric at Evanston, Ill., is reviewing Rhetoric with the Junior class, under Dr. Brink.

Ross Cadwallader made a short call at the College Oct. 18. Cad' has been playing winning ball this summer with the Hastings team.

Wm. Dean has been obliged to give up classroom work for a time, on account of poor health. Mr. Dean will make his home in the dormitory for the present.

At the Ladies' Library, on Monday, Oct 22, Miss Wilkinson contributed to the program an

original story, and Prof. Grant gave a talk on Psychology. Both were spoken of very highly.

Mesdames Axtell and Clark called on several of the dormitory boys, Saturday, Oct. 19. It would be a source of profit and pleasure if the ladies would call oftener. They will always find a hearty welcome.

Pres. Slocum attended the State Convention held at Marquette Oct. 18-20, speaking in behalf of Kalamazoo College. He reports a very pleasant and profitable meeting, and that bright days are in prospect for Kalamazoo.

G. McKeivitt Johnson, of Middleville, a graduate of last year's class in the high school of Grand Rapids, has entered College. Mr. Johnson, according to all reports, will be a valuable addition to base ball material.

THE BIBLE INSTITUTE AT ALBION.

On Friday afternoon, Oct. 4, eight representatives of our college Y. M. C. A. and two from our Y. W. C. A. went to Albion to attend the "Bible Institute," conducted by Prof. White of the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago. For some time the Albion Christian Association had hoped and prayed for such a gathering, at which they would have an annual and inter-collegiate meeting. This was the first Institute to be held in this way, and surely every one who attended must hope that the good work begun, may continue.

The Institute was called to order by the Y. M. C. A. president in the college chapel, on Friday evening, and after the devotional exercises, Dr. Fisk, president of Albion college, gave an address of welcome to the delegates. He spoke of the place which knowledge of the scriptures has in every complete education, and said "the time is coming when no man can claim to be a scholar who is not conversant with the Bible. No scholar claims to be educated who does not know all about Rome, yet Rome has not done a tithe as much for civilization as the Bible." His words were very helpful and directly to the point.

Prof. White gave a most inspiring talk upon the study of the gospel—and especially upon John. In all his work throughout the Institute he gave a great deal of chart work—to illustrate what he was saying. His opening words were from Whittier's beautiful poem "Miriam:"

"We search the world for truth; we cull
The good, the pure, the beautiful,
From graven stone and written scroll,
From all old flower-fields of the soul,

And, weary seekers of the best,
We come back laden from our quest,
To find that all the Sages said
Is in the Book our mothers read."

In the study of John, Prof. White began with the words "Life! Life, Eternal Life!" The Bible announces that eternal life is obtainable—one becomes possessor of eternal life by believing. Some say they cannot believe—but it is possible for all. "God does not ask anyone to believe without reason. The Bible was given to induce belief."

John was the witness and Prof. White says: "Faith rests on evidence, not on explanation. One does not compromise his intellect when he accepts as true, on the testimony of a competent witness, what he does not understand." "To believe is to accept testimony." "Do not argue with one who knows the testimony but who will not accept it." "Humanity is disposed to *believe*." "Religion is an exact science." We must go and see for ourselves.

We cannot stop to give a detailed report of the exercises—it seems better to give the "thoughts" we gained, instead.

Following Prof. White, Rev. Mr. McValdee of Jackson spoke upon the "Intellectual, Devotional, and Practical, Bible study." He said in few—or in no other book—do we find that which will satisfy us in all three ways. "Bible *study* is not reading the Bible." "Some read too minutely—some simply to prove their own particular beliefs."

One thought emphasized throughout the Institute was the advantage of reading the Bible aloud—thereby gaining the force and beauty which so often escapes us in the silent reading.

On Saturday morning, Prof. White gave us the suggestive outline for the study of a book from the Scriptures, and said that we should study for definite results.

1. To whom written?
2. When written?
3. Where written?
4. Under what circumstances?
5. Past History.
6. Present History.
7. Present circumstances, religious and moral.
8. For what purpose written?
9. Make a plan or outline.
10. Condensation of thought.
11. Consideration of difficulties.
12. Relation to other books.
13. Special points.
14. Results of study. a—Belief. b—Practice.

Two suggestive outlines by different men were:

1. Dates, doings, doctrines, duties
2. Persons, places, precepts, practices.

For short book study as Phillipians—What does it teach me I should believe—as to God, sin, Christ, the resurrection? What does Phillipians teach me I should be? What does it teach me I should do?

Prof. White says—read a book through at one sitting. There are many books in the Bible which require less than half an hour for their entire reading.

Read a book continuously, repeatedly, independently, prayerfully.

Saturday evening we were given the suggestive outline for chapter study. Note.

1. Past experience.
2. Present knowledge.
3. First impressions.
4. Name—as—Ascension chapter.
5. Date—as—30 A. D.
6. Best text.
7. Key verse.
8. Literary characteristics.
9. Compare old and new versions.
10. Parallel passages.
11. Persons—learn pronounciation. Mark it in your Bible.
12. Places—location?
13. Five facts.
14. Condensation of thought.
15. Outline—as (a) Theme, etc.
16. Topics for study.
17. Words for study.
18. Difficulties and questions.
19. Remarks—observations, applications and illustrations.
20. Result of study—How has it influenced your belief and practice?

The study of the prophet Amos was exceedingly interesting and helpful, as was also the complete study of Phillipians. In Prof. White's presentation of the Psalms we realized how vastly greater was their meaning from what we had ever supposed in our mere reading of them.

Some of our notes in regard to "Principles of Interpretation" may be helpful.

1. The Bible should be interpreted in the light of the fundamental teachings of Christ.
2. It should be interpreted in the light of its own statement of the object of its existence.
3. It should be interpreted by the natural meaning of its words.
4. Grammatical construction of sentences should be noted.
5. Immediate context of verse should be noted.

6. Do not over-emphasize the immediate context.

7. Note remote context of passage.
8. Compare scripture with scripture.
9. The true interpretation will be in harmony with morals.
10. Also in harmony with science.
11. Will perhaps include apparent contradictions, yet both may be true, though *we* cannot understand.

"A real Christian experience is necessary on the part of one who would understand the scriptures fully, he must follow the truth wherever it leads. The true interpreter will depend upon the interpretation of the Holy Spirit."

Many times Prof. White spoke of the advantage of study from the revised version, and said it in itself is the best commentary we can have upon the Scriptures.

"Carry on several lines of study at once—be broad—get a general idea of the whole by rapid reading."

The last session of the Institute was held Sunday evening, in the Methodist church. The subject was "Prayer." Prof. White opened with a mention of Andrew Murray's book "With Christ in the school of prayer," then he read several selections which he had clipped from different papers—giving some little incident with prayer as its main thought. Then he took up the thought that we are with Christ in the school of prayer. In school the teachers we most admire are those who have greatest knowledge of the subjects they try to teach. We may go to Christ with perfect confidence for he has been a pupil before us in this school of prayer. He prayed when upon earth—not simply as an example for others—but because his human self had need to pray. "Christ has full sympathy with his pupils." "The pupil must be teachable." "Do not pray only in times of sorrow—but in times of joy as well."

There are four divisions of prayer: 1. Adoration. 2. Thanksgiving. 3. Petition. 4. Supplication. Under the head of "availing prayer" we were given several helpful thoughts. 1. The object of prayer is that it is a means to an end—not simply for the purpose of exercising the soul, or to draw it near to God. "Why does God require us to ask for things, He knows our need?" "He desires that we give Him ourselves in prayer, that He may give us Himself with the gift or answer. Prayer is the medium. Prayer originates in God. The availing prayer presents a need. We must pray in faith, importunately, through Christ, according to the will of God.

We need preparation for prayer—study the Bible first. We should pray for the glory of God.”

Prayer forms a circle on the one side carrying us to God in the supplication—on the other bringing Him to us in the answer. We must be sure that we keep the circle complete or the connection will be broken.

Other thoughts gained during the Institute:

“If we obey God, God will obey us.”

“Difficulties come to us for the purpose of stimulation.”

“We should so live as to be able to say to the unconverted ‘Do as I do.’”

“Christian experience must be shared.”

“The Bible deals with man in respect to his sin, needs—and relation to God.”

“Don’t put off systematic Bible study while in College on the plea of lack of time, or you will always put it off. *Take time*, don’t starve yourself now.”

“No matter what kind of a case you may have to deal with among the unconverted—you will almost never fail to find a similar one dealt with in the Scriptures.” Bible study is positively necessary for successful Christian work.

State Sec. Clark of the Y. M. C. A., Mr. Myers of Hillsdale, and N. A. Gilchrist of the U. of M., were the other speakers during the Institute—some of whose thoughts have already been given.

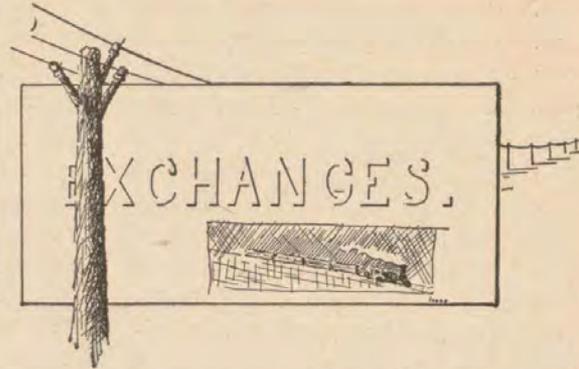
One of the most impressive thoughts toward the end of the Sunday evening service was that of Christ’s going from earth. He went from earth where he could be with only a few, back to heaven—where he can be with us all, forever and ever.

ISABELLA G. BENNETT.

MARRIED.

At the home of Mr. Chas. Mauerhan, Parma, Mich., on the evening of the 24th of Oct., occurred the happy event, in which their daughter, Miss Alvena, a graduate of the medical department of the U. of M., was united in the bonds of holy wed-lock to Rev. A. H. Bailey, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Allegan, and a member of the Sophomore class.

Only the immediate relatives and friends of the contracting parties were present. Rev. and Mrs. Bailey came the same night to their home at No. 137 Carmel Street. The INDEX extends most hearty congratulation to the happy pair, and hope for them a long life of wedded bliss, freed from all life’s storms.



FOUR EPITAPHS.

“Deep wisdom—swelled head,
Brain Fever—he’s dead.
A Senior.”

“False fair one—hope fled,
Heart broken—he’s dead.
A Junior.”

“Went skating—’tis said,
Floor hit him—he’s dead.
A Sophomore.”

“Milk famine—not fed,
Starvation—he’s dead.
A Freshman.”

—St. John’s Collegian.

We are glad to welcome the *Rockford Collegian* to our table.

The University of Paris has over 7,000 students, and in this, as well as in other universities of France, there are no classes, no athletics, no commencement day, no college periodicals, no glee clubs and no fraternities.—*Student Life*.

In the beginning, man was created with a funny-bone and to this day he laughs in his sleeve. He is the only animal that laughs except woman, who, at present, laughs more than man perhaps on account of the size of her sleeves.—*Vermont Academy Life*.

The Exchange table is strewn with college publications. The Exchange list is large, and the tasty appearance and high literary tone of the papers as a whole, win for them greater attention than ever before. All over the country a most auspicious beginning of college work is reported, and great is the expectation of a most successful year in all departments of college life.

The last number of the *Olivet Echo* contains an excellent article, entitled “Metrical Passages in the English Bible,” which well illustrates the faultless musical composition of parts of the Bible. By comparing scriptural passages with selections

from some of our best poets, the writer of the article sets forth the excellence of the translators' work, due to the fine critical taste and remarkable command of language which they possessed.

"Man wants but little here below."
That statement causes mirth,
It may've been true in former times,
But now "He wants the earth."

The INDEX is exceedingly fortunate in receiving *The New Bohemian*, a new monthly magazine. The two numbers which have been received are full of bright material which is both attractive and interesting. The December issue promises to be of especial interest.

The Hillsdale Collegian for Oct. 11, is devoted entirely to the exercises connected with the dedication of a Soldier's Monument in memory of the students of the college who took part in the civil war. The number is well illustrated and besides the addresses contains a poem written for the occasion by Will M. Carleton.

In each issue of *The Speculum* we find some very interesting scientific matter, and the October number is by no means an exception. Among the articles of the month are a scholarly production on "The Chlorine Content of Water;" a discussion of a plan to utilize electricity in the destruction of weeds, and a short treatise concerning the ravages of insects upon agricultural productions. The writer says that it has been estimated that out of an agricultural product of \$3,800,000,000 the United States annually lost \$380,000,000 by insect pests.

Among the many good things of the *Delphic* is an article on "The Importance of the Public School." "To those engaged in the pursuits of higher education," says the author, "there is a temptation to forget or slightly esteem the worth of public school education, but it is ignoble to forget one's first love, if it be a worthy one." Under four heads, forces, expenditures, relations and influences, the writer ably presents the real value of the Public School. Although it falls short of its ideal, there is no instrumentality more effective in preserving national greatness and enlightenment.

In the *Franklin Kodak* for October is an article on "Shams," which will well repay a careful reading. Should, however, the suggestion be

adopted, the benefit to the world would be inestimable. In the conclusion the writer says: "Shams there may be, shams there are, but we may well be fearful of the man who finds sham around him in every breast, for he with guilty conscience finds his first defence in throwing his faults upon another... The keynote of life to-day ought to be good-will to man. Let sham disappear from our lives. Let us put on the mantle of fairness, freeness and frankness... And then when we have purged our lives of hypocrisy, let us have faith enough to believe all men have done the same."

SKEPTICAL NO LONGER.

More than seven-eighths of the professors in the higher institutions of learning in this country are Christian men of the evangelical type.

Over half the students in the same institutions are Christians of the same sort.

These professors and students believe in the inspiration of the Bible as a whole and in all its parts. Whatever it may have been possible truthfully to say, in years gone by, as to the prevalence of skepticism in the colleges and universities of the land, it may be proclaimed at the present time that the young person so wishing may find companionships which agree with his religious beliefs.

MISCELLANEOUS.

You may let your system of morals "run down," but they will have to walk back up.

A man who is not noted for his morality one evening attended the Whittle and Burke meetings and become deeply interested. On his way home he was overheard to remark: "There are only two men right on this question." On being asked who they are, he replied: "Whittle and Ingersoll."

A distinguished lawyer once said to Dr. Cuyler: "If I had a student in my office, who was not more in earnest to win his first ten dollar suit before a justice of the peace, than some ministers seem to be trying to save souls, I would kick such a student out of my office." The great Sheridan said: "I often go to hear Rowland Hill because his ideas come red hot from the heart."

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FOOTBALL.

The Kalamazoo College foot ball team scored a victory over the Alma team at Grand Rapids, Oct. 19. On account of severe weather the attendance was slim. The game was a good one throughout but was attended with one accident, Lienau having his shoulder fractured. Score, 12 to 8 in favor of Kalamazoo. The team lined up as follows:

Alma.	Positions.	Kalamazoo.
Johnston.....	L. E.....	Bullock
Megaw.....	L. T.....	Kinnane
Scott.....	L. G.....	Starring-Buckley
Fullerton.....	C.....	Lienau-Starring
Holmes.....	R. G.....	Smith
Sidebotham.....	R. T.....	Miller
Long.....	R. E.....	Hornbeck
Stevens.....	Q.....	Stripp
Knox.....	L. H.....	Kinney
Crane.....	R. H.....	Westnedge
Wills.....	Full.....	Warwick

Crane, Knox and Wills for Alma put up a strong, heady game, and did some fine sprinting, while Kinney, Westnedge and Warwick played like whirlwinds. The Kalamazoo line was entirely too heavy for the Alma boys, but by their head work and team play the difference was greatly reduced. The Alma boys played a clean, gentlemanly game and have the respect and admiration of Kalamazoo College.

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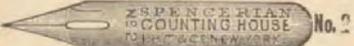
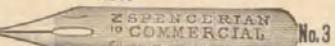
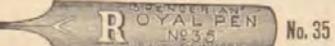
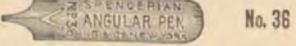
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College Index.

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Kalamazoo, Mich., December, 1895.

No. 3.

THE CHILDREN.

Up there in the attic so grim and so gray
We know that the children are happy at play.
For the roll of the wheel,
The thump and the thud,
For the turn of the reel,
The "Rub-a-dub-dub,"
All speak of the games that are played up above,
Played and replayed by the three whom we love,
Dear Susie,
Georgia,
and D!

We hear "Hide and go Seek" and "Blind Man's Buff,"
"Compound Pull-a-way" and "Don't be so rough."
By the jar on the floor,
The pound on the wall,
By the slam of the door,
The "Touch" and the "Call."
Who'll venture to tell in lieu of grave doubt
The next one to stand, for *all* "Barred Out?"
Perhaps Susie,
Georgia,
or D!

Well I remember what dismal dismay
Fell on a laddy at study that day,
At Reading and Spelling,
While Noise kept on swelling.
At Grammar and Problem,
Twixt thoughts of "Confound them."
Forgive, us the thought and that cruel command,
Sent up in protest to the games you had played.
"Silence Susie,
Georgia,
and D!"

For out in the West, so far, far away,
The lad now a man, yearns for that play.
For the roll of that wheel,
For the thump and the thud,
For the turn of that reel,
And the "Rub-a-dub-dub."
And now on Thanks'day of the year ninety-five,
The dear Lord be praised, that all three are alive,
Dear Susie,
Georgia,
and D!

S. A. EDMANDS.

TO AN ABSENT THIRD-YEAR PREP.

When a man has fought with Cæsar
In the bitter Gaul of life,
And has laid aside his scutum
For a moment in the strife,
If a Germanorum maiden,
Or puella of the Celts,
Chances just to look upon him,
And his heart amore melts,
He will throw away his arma,
And with arms that nature gave
He will circumdo the maiden,
And surrender as a slave.
Quod amico meo sit
I would warn you nunc before-hand,
So remember I have writ,
Dulcis nitor oculorum
May to you as heaven appear,
Don't be cheated to surrender,
Save yourself for school next year.

SODALIS.

MEMORY.

BY MAUD WILKINSON.

A man's character, both mental and moral, may fairly be judged by what he remembers. No one treasures up in the storehouse of the mind everything that has once been presented, but each person selects what he will appropriate to his own use, and by his choice he shows his intellectual interests, and makes known his moral tendencies. Moreover, what a man has remembered, determines largely what he will remember, and finally, those experiences which the memory has saved from oblivion, become centers of thought and feeling. For convenience in treating the subject, memory may be regarded as consisting of three stages: First, the act of fixing the impression; second, the retaining of the impression in unconsciousness; and third, the revival of the impression.

The first act of the mind in remembering is to fix the impression, or store it away. This is often an unconscious process, but it sometimes requires effort. We may associate the thing to be remembered with some related idea already in the mind.

The greater the number of the relations that may be established, and the closer the relations are, the more easily and the more firmly may the new impression be fixed. But if the mind is not furnished with any related idea, resort may be had to repetition, or to mere force of will; these means, however, to a logical mind are more tiresome, and not so apt to be successful as the method of association. It follows, therefore, that the more knowledge one has acquired, the more one is able to acquire in a given length of time. Each effort of the mind to seize an idea, and make it a permanent possession, requires time; and continued exertion becomes wearisome, and creates the necessity for rest. Our power of fixing impressions in infancy is very small, in childhood and youth it is the greatest, while as we approach old age it diminishes, until at last it nearly disappears; by the limit of this power, and thus alone, is our capacity for accumulating knowledge limited.

The number of ideas that may be retained in a well ordered mind seems to be unlimited. For each addition to our store of knowledge, instead of filling up the mind, enlarges it. Impressions, however, are apt to fade, unless now and then recalled; whether a once vivid impression ever wholly disappears is a matter of doubt.

It is a noticeable fact that the joys of life remain more vividly in the memory than the sorrows. This is probably because, being pleasanter subjects of thought, they are more frequently recalled.

Recollection is a process both interesting and mysterious; when we recall an idea or an event, we actually experience it again or swiftly live it over. In remembering, for instance, a sight, we imperfectly see it again; that is, the brain is affected, although in a less degree, in the same way in which it originally was by the actual sensation of sight. What we have seen or heard we are able to recall with comparative distinctness. Taste and smell are more elusive; they can only be produced in favorable moods, and then but faintly. We may of course remember of a certain taste or odor that it was pleasant or otherwise, but the sensation itself refuses sometimes to reappear at our wish. Both these sensations, especially that of odor, is very active in suggesting associations. Fortunately, for most persons it is impossible to recall a sensation of pain.

The process of recollection is controlled, as far as we know, entirely by the law of association. With lightning-like rapidity, the mind travels from one idea to a related idea, and so on indefinitely, never overleaping the bounds of this law. Yet it is a common experience that a fragment of the past,

which seems quite irrelevant to our present meditations, and which does not appear to be suggested by anything about us, will occasionally break into our consciousness. This may probably be explained by the fact that the association is so subtle as to escape detection.

Emotional feeling has much to do with the course pursued by our thoughts, as they roam over the fields of the past. In a despondent state of mind one naturally dwells on gloomy subjects of thought, in a fearful mood one thinks of ghastly things, while one who feels happy remembers only cheerful experiences. When one is endeavoring to recall something he concentrates his attention upon an associated idea, and feels his way from one idea to another, inexplicably aware all the time whether or not he is approaching the object of his search.

Memory should not be regarded as a separate faculty. It is a combination of various capacities of mind. To say that a man has a poor memory is to say that he does not concentrate his attention; that he does not quite grasp the full meaning of what is presented to his senses; that he is not quick to see relations; that he does not arrange his knowledge systematically in his mind; that he does not know how to select important features and omit details.

It is a common opinion that there is something inconsistent between a good memory and a great mind. Montaigne gives utterance to this notion when he says, "A strong memory is commonly coupled with an infirm judgment." But this is a very shallow reflection. It is true that occasionally a person endowed with otherwise inferior qualities, is the possessor of an extraordinary memory; such a memory, however, is of little value to the owner, as he cannot use it to advantage; and to his friends who are often compelled to listen to tiresome and useless details on uninteresting subjects, it is a very great burden. But history shows us that great intellectual power is often combined with a remarkable memory. Michael Angelo could draw portraits from memory; the artist Mr. Turner, having once made an outline of a landscape, could months after fill in the details from memory. Seneca could repeat in order, and without a mistake, two thousand proper names that had been read to him a single time. Pascal knew the entire Bible by heart, and could give chapter and verse of any part. Other well known examples of great intellects joined to remarkable memories are Bossuet, Cuvier, Themistocles and Macaulay.

The question has been raised whether an impression once made upon the mind is ever entirely lost. There are many facts which make it seem probable,

that nothing once remembered could fail to be recognized if again presented to the mind under the most favorable circumstances. The memory may be compared to a tablet upon which we write our thoughts, words, and actions, as we live them. The older writings become blurred or apparently quite effaced by the fresher writings. But who knows whether the memory may not actually prove to be a sort of palimpsest, and that the oldest inscriptions upon it may not be made legible sometime? If this is so, may it not be that at the last day, when the books are opened, each one of us shall find that he has carried about within himself, and has written hour by hour, the book from which he is to be judged?

MAMMOTH CAVE.

In order to gain any adequate conception of Mammoth Cave, it is necessary to form a mental picture of the surrounding country. As the setting of gold adds much to the brilliancy of the gem, so the wild, rugged scenery surrounding this vast cavern, contributes much to the scene of awe which those experience who visit it.

The Village of Glasgow Jet. is a dingy little place from which a train runs twice a day. The train consists of a small engine and one car. The nine miles ride to the cave is one which the tourist never forgets. After getting a short distance out of the village, but one house is passed during the entire journey. A wilder and more picturesque country can hardly be imagined. On one side the railway, hills and ledges of solid rock, rising perpendicularly, lift their jagged tops high above us.

Although vegetation here is scant, some good sized trees may be seen growing on the sides of these crags and rocks, where they seem to have scarcely a foot of earth from which to derive nourishment. On the other side the landscape is a succession of mounds and hollows, while everywhere the same dull grey rock appears until it seems as if the whole country is one mass of solid stone.

About a mile from the Cave the train winds gracefully around a curve almost forming a horseshoe, and the remainder of the journey is quickly made as the country is comparatively level.

The hotel is a large, old fashioned building, the larger part of which is formed from log cabins joined together.

When ready to enter the cave a guide appears with a number of torches and distributes them among the party, and then leads the way down the wild ravine, back of the hotel to the mouth of the river. This entrance does not at all resemble that of a mine.

Instead of being let down into the heart of the earth we simply pass under a ledge of rock into a long hall. The arched ceiling, the perpendicular walls, and even the floor, are all formed of solid rock. This hall is perhaps a hundred feet in length and about twenty feet in width. At the farther end there is but a small opening into the cave proper, and this is closed by a heavy iron gate. This the guide unlocks, and we stand within this vast subterranean cavern.

The first impression, and indeed the one impression which follows us through the entire route is that of its *immensity*.

The extent of the cave is unknown, although one hundred and fifty miles of cavern have been explored.

Having passed along a narrow passage for fifty feet, we come into a broader passage through which is a cart road. Wooden pipes are imbedded in the earthen floor. Suddenly, the roof lifts above our heads, and we are in the "Rotunda." Here we find the explanation of the cart road and the wooden pipes.

We are shown large vats, and told that men, during the war of 1812, mined here for saltpetre, from which gun powder was made. The print of an oxen's hoof may be plainly seen in the hard earth. Passing on we come to an enlargement of the cave called the "Methodist Church." This opening is about eighty feet in diameter and about fifty feet high, and derives its name from the fact that, from a high jut of rock, the gospel was—years ago—preached to the miners by an itinerant methodist preacher. The logs still remain, upon which the men sat during the service.

The "Grand Arch" is the next place of interest which is sixty feet wide, fifty feet high, and several hundred feet in length. Passing the four "Standing Rocks" which weigh about twenty tons each and which in the long ago, fell from the ceiling, we are greeted with a tiny rill, whose silvery water and low sweet song contrast strangely with the immensity and gloom of its surroundings.

Having been refreshed by a glass of sparkling water, the party at the command of the guide, go on alone until they arrive at a sign, placed among the loose rocks that abound, and read "Stop Here!" Just at this moment we are attracted by a low whistle, and turning in the direction of the sound, a lifesized statute of Martha Washington carved from the whitest marble, meets our gaze. This in reality is simply the result of throwing the light across an opening between two rocks.

We are now passing down what is known as "Broadway." This is the main channel of the cave and is about four miles long, and varying in width from thirty to one hundred feet. Next in order, on

our right, we see the "Giant's Coffin." This mighty sarcophagus is formed of one enormous white rock, and so much does it resemble a huge coffin that solemn awe creeps over us, as we imagine that some giant of ages past lies entombed within those walls of stone.

A more cheerful sight awaits in the "Gothic Chapel." Here are a group of pillars so arranged as to form a suitable place for a bridal party. At this "Altar" several marriages have been solemnized. To the remark that it was a very romantic place for a wedding, the guide replied: "Some people think so, but it seems to me like running matrimony into the ground."

Many of the curious and fantastic objects seen in Mammoth Cave are formed from these lime-stone pillars. Among these columns are many in the process of formation. From the stalactites which abound on the ceilings, a drop of water occasionally falls upon the stalagmite below, and evaporating leaves a slight lime-stone deposit. In the course of ages these become enormous pillars. Having seen how these are formed, perhaps no sight in the cave is more impressive than that of the Pillar of Hercules which must be at least ten feet high, twelve feet wide and four feet thick. And yet it took four years to form the thickness of a wafer.

Next in order after leaving the Giant's Coffin, are the remains of two stone cottages. These have a melancholy interest on account of their history. They at one time were occupied by consumptives who took up their abode here, induced to do so by the uniformity of temperature, and the highly oxygenated air of the cave. The experiment was an utter failure, as was the pitiful attempt on the part of these poor invalids to make trees and shrubbery grow around their dismal huts.

The salubrity of the cave, so far as the effect on the visitor is concerned, is decidedly marked, so that one may ramble through its labyrinths all day without a sense of fatigue. One of the strange things about that region of eternal darkness is that more than thirty forms of animal life exist in those dreary solitudes! Turning off from the main cave now, we pass back of the Giant's Coffin, down through a narrow opening, so low that we have almost to creep underneath the overhanging mass, to the region of pit and domes. Emerging from this narrow passage we finally stand upon a little, wooden bridge that spans a dark opening in the rock. The guide drops fire balls and they float down, down, into the abyss below, and are finally lost in the darkness. This is the "Bottomless Pit," and above it rises an immense dome.

The last and perhaps the most interesting sight visited in the short route is the "Star Chamber." This hall is about four hundred feet long, seventy feet wide and sixty feet high. The light grey walls are in striking contrast to the lofty ceiling coated with gypsum.

Bidding the party sit down and rest, the guide takes all the lights and leaves us in darkness; darkness that is darker than the blackest midnight. The silence grows oppressive, and the gloom is so deep it can almost be felt. Then a faint light appears, and raising our eyes, the rocks seem to have opened above us and we gaze from this deep cavern, up, far up into the open sky. The heavens are studded with unknown constellations. And then a storm seems to be threatening, and a cloud creeps over the sky, and one by one the stars are blotted out. But the cloud gradually recedes and the stars again shine forth. And now we imagine the sun is about to rise, for a rosy light tips the tops of the rocks.

The guide returns and we see the black ceiling of gypsum still above us. He explains that the effect is produced by throwing the light on the ceiling through which, here and there, the crystal lining is visible, and at each of these points a star is produced.

Time did not permit us to visit the famed "Echo River" which is situated on what is known as the "long route."

We retrace our steps, and finally reach the hotel not at all wearied by our seven mile walk.

ALICE I. MILLER

REV. S. F. SMITH, D. D.

The man who gives to the people good hymns of home or country is sure to have a strong and lasting hold upon their hearts. When the announcement was made in Boston on the afternoon of November sixteenth, that the author of our national hymn had been stricken by death, the tidings ran over every telegraph wire throughout the land, and were everywhere received with sincere interest and sorrow. Many tokens of esteem have been bestowed upon Dr. Smith in the past, particularly during the last few months, and these found a fitting counterpart in the universal sense of bereavement with which the news of his death was received.

Samuel Francis Smith was born in Boston, Oct. 21, 1808. He graduated from Harvard University at the age of twenty-one, and from Andover Theological Seminary three years later. Among his college classmates were several who afterwards occupied positions of high honor. Of these the one to whom he was bound by ties of unusual sympathy

and affection was Oliver Wendell Holmes. They were fitted for college in the same school, and continued to be close friends through all the subsequent years. At a college reunion held twenty years after graduation, Dr. Holmes read a humorous poem, entitled "The Boys," one stanza of which is as follows:

"And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith,
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith,
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free,
Just read on his medal, 'My Country—of thee.'"

Dr. Smith was pastor of the Baptist Church in Waterville, Me., for eight years, and was at the same time professor of modern languages in Waterville College, now Colby University. For two ve years, from 1842 to 1854, he was pastor of the First Baptist Church in Newton Centre, Mass., and this place ever afterwards continued to be his home.

Dr. Smith was from his early boyhood an assiduous student. He had a peculiar aptitude for linguistic studies. He began the study of Latin at eight years of age, and it is said that in later years he attained considerable proficiency in more languages than he could count on his fingers. His literary labors were varied and abundant. His sermons were instructive and carefully prepared. He was for many years editor of the publications of the American Baptist Missionary Union. He was the editor of the "Christian Review" from 1842 to 1848. In connection with Dr. Baron Stow, he compiled "The Psalmist," a hymn-book of rare excellence. He wrote the "Life of Rev. Joseph Grafton," and the "History of Newton, Mass." Other volumes from his pen are "Missionary Sketches," "Rambles in Mission Fields," "Lyric Gems," and "Home and Country." His contributions to periodical literature have been very numerous.

This enumeration of his writings shows how varied and extensive have been his literary labors. All his work as a writer has been well done, but it is by his contributions to hymnology that he is most widely known and honored. More than one hundred of his hymns have been put before the public in a more or less permanent form. The one hymn which more than any other has made his name a household word, and has gained him the epithet of the People's Laureate, was composed just before he completed his theological studies at Andover, more than sixty-two years ago. The story of its composition illustrates the fact that the fruit of early years of study and discipline may suddenly, and even hastily, take form in a literary gem which shall win universal admiration. The place which this hymn has attained

in the esteem of the people illustrates also the fact that sentiments pertaining to love of country find a response in all hearts; and still further, that such sentiments have their fittest expression in simple language. Dr. Smith's best known missionary hymn, "The morning light is breaking," is sung everywhere, and has been translated into many languages of Europe and Asia.

The home life of Dr. Smith was in keeping with the spirit of his best lyrics. He was a man of refined tastes, of kindly sympathies, loving his friends as much as he loved his books, courteous within the home circle as well as outside of it, earnest and sincere in his religious convictions. With a wife of equally sympathetic nature, and with children that revered their parents, he had a large share of domestic happiness, and his home had in a marked degree the charm and simplicity and refinement of an ideal Christian home.

The funeral services in honor of Dr. Smith were held in the First Baptist Church in Newton Centre, and the eulogy was pronounced by Rev. Dr. Hovey, of the Newton Theological Institution. There were floral offerings in profusion, and their fragrance and beauty were peculiarly fitting as emblems of the esteem and love in which the memory of the poet is held. On the casket, as a tribute from the pen of the oldest son, whose name is identical with that of his father, was a card containing a poem entitled "Summons and Response."

HEART SEARCHING.

Lucy Larcom has said: "We are strange phenomena to ourselves, when we will stop to gaze at ourselves. I will not be morbid. I know that there is always a better self than myself waiting to be set free; but the riddles of life are perplexing. Who are we? What are we struggling for? I don't like this vague sort of interest. I am willing to be dissatisfied, but I want to know exactly with what I may mend?"

There is a vast difference between searching our own hearts and having them searched by the Lord Christ. The first generally leaves us in a despondent, discouraged condition, without hope or confidence. But when His eye penetrates to the deep places of our nature, we come from the scrutiny, subdued and humiliated it is true; but a purer, better being with more tender feelings for those about us, with loftier aims and a Christ-like purpose."

College Index.

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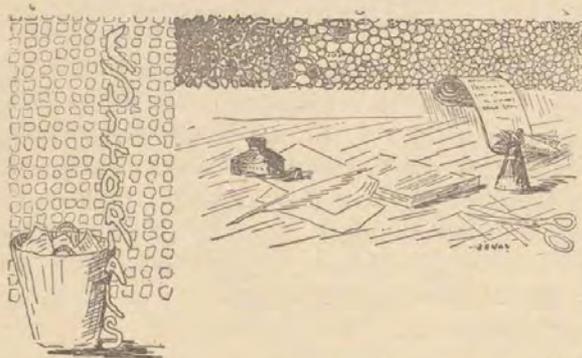
All communications, whether of literary character or otherwise, should be addressed to

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

Any information regarding Alumni will be gratefully received.

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STUDENTS, who wish to help the INDEX, and at the same time help their supply of change during the holidays, will find it to their interest to call on our subscription editor.

THE INDEX wishes a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to its readers. Early? Not at all! The holidays will be here before we again appear, and we believe in being up to the times.

No one else can advertise a thing as well as the one who is best acquainted with it. The students are the ones who are the best acquainted with the college, therefore students are the best advertisements a college has. If Kalamazoo College has helped you, let your friends know about it during the holidays.

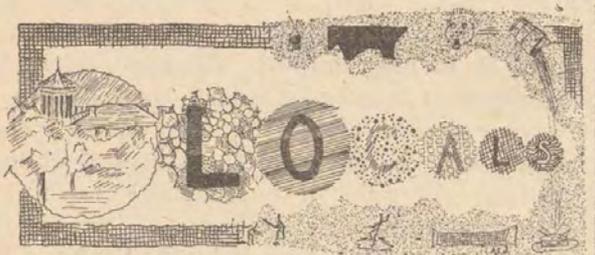
SEVERAL years ago, an effort was made by the INDEX to secure some college songs of our own, an appeal which was heartily responded to, was made, and a goodly number of fine songs was secured. We wish to continue the good work, add to our collection, and put a collection of college songs into permanent form, so that we will have songs of our own, of which we may be justly proud. Send in your Songs!

WE once heard it remarked of a person that if he was to attend his own funeral he would not get there until after the burial. It is an awkward position to place a preacher in, to give him a funeral without a corpse. It is likewise monotonous for a teacher to be obliged to wait for the same student at each recitation. The same principles of honesty ought to apply to the use of other people's time, as apply to the use of other people's money. Be honest!

At a meeting of the Students' Publishing Association, a committee was appointed with authority to purchase a banner to be offered as a prize for athletic work, to be competed for annually by the various classes of the college. The committee has commenced its work, but is not prepared to report. Full particulars will be given in the future. In the mean time the various classes can keep in training, with the assurance that there will be a prize worth contesting for.

WE are living in an age of progress. This is no less true of colleges than of anything else. Our college is no exception. Indications of progress are seen in the increased numbers in college classes, in the increased teaching force, and in the spirit manifested, but the greatest step made by our college this year is its affiliation with the University of Chicago. By this affiliation, Kalamazoo College gains all the advantages of the larger college without giving up anything. This union of our college with the university indicates that the worth of our college is recognized, and that we may hope soon to have the buildings we so much need.

WE do not like to criticise, but there are some things that it seems to be the place of the college paper to criticise. Among these things is the growing tendency on the part of some people to always be a little late. The fact that one comes a little late may not seem of much consequence; it in itself is a small matter, but life is made up of small things. All habits are small when they start, but when they get grown they are hard to overcome. The way to cure them is to "nip them in the bud."



Skating!

"Uncle Jim."

Coasting is in order.

How early it gets late.

"Hello Essie; this is Lineau!"

Record breaker—S. J. Hall, 21 pancakes!

Born to Prof. and Mrs. Grant on the 26th, a son.

Have you paid your subscription to THE INDEX?

Watch this space in our next for a new leap-year joke.

Three of the departments have been granted assistants.

Born to Professor and Mrs. Clark M. Brink, Dec. 7, a son.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Barber, '76, '78, Nov. 18, a daughter.

Pastor F. D. Ehle writes very encouragingly of his work at Almont.

Oh, that slippery hill! But then, "no cloud but has its silver lining."

Notice the ads of THE INDEX before purchasing your Christmas goods.

O. S. Flanigan, '92, is to take unto himself a wife at the Christmas-tide.

Lost! On Mirror Lake, by a young lady, an equilibrium with a fur cape.

"A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year" to all the readers of THE INDEX.

One of the Freshmen has such an acute hearing that he can hear a cough drop.

Evangelist John Dean has gone to Bellevue, to help N. T. Hafer, '95, in special meetings.

Query from a member of the first year French class:—"What is the gender of le garçon?"

"Will you please come up to my room and help entertain a lady friend, my room-mate is away?"

We do once more ask all interested in our College paper to hand items of interest to the Local Editors.

Prof. Geo. MacDougall, Skating Master. The INDEX can heartily recommend the Prof. as proficient in the art.

MacDougall has demonstrated the fact, that the safest way to get a wheel by several seminary girls is to "push it along."

The second entertainment of the lecture course, "The Royal Bell Ringers," was largely attended, and greatly enjoyed by all.

Affiliation of Kalamazoo College with the University of Chicago, is not very strongly endorsed by *The Watchman*.

Lui—"Voulez-vous etre ma femme?"

Elle—"Avez-vous une lettre de recommandation de votre derniere fiancee?"

It is reported that we are to have three hour examinations, and questions approved by the faculty of the University of Chicago.

(Monday morning in class)—"Mr. N. you may recite."

"Not prepared, Doctor, was out of town yesterday."

The students attended the Thanksgiving Exercises at the Baptist Church in a body, and listened with marked attention to a very able sermon by Dr. Brink.

On the evening of Nov. 6, the third year preps met by invitation at the home of Miss Elsa Warrant. A pleasant evening was spent in fortune-telling, conundrums, etc., and the class colors, dainty knots of blue and white ribbon, were distributed.

The January number of THE INDEX will contain an *Alumnæ* and *Alumni* column. The Local Editors will be glad to receive items for this department.

L'Hote—"Garcon, apportez-moi un beefsteak."

Le Garcon—"Avec plaisir, M'sieu."

L'Hote—"Non, pas avec du plaisir, mais avec des oignons."

Lost! Somewhere on the campus, the squeak from a number ten shoe. Finder will please return the same to the editorial sanctum, and receive suitable reward.

"Coming events cast their shadows, etc." A prominent student wished to spend \$12.00 for a diamond ring. Would pay more if he was surer of its immediate necessity.

The fourth year preps, class of '00, have organized with the following officers: President, G. E. Sutton; Vice-President, G. F. Sigler; Secretary, Miss Ada Hutchins; Treasurer, J. W. Martin.

Professor and Mrs. Jenks are entertaining the new Asst. Prof. in sciences, at their home on Douglas Ave. The new Prof. does not at present occupy an endowed chair, but will, without doubt, a little later.

On the evening of November 5 occurred a very enjoyable party at the Hall, to which all the Hall boarders were invited. The evening was spent in games, college-songs, etc., and a delightful time was reported by all.

The telephone at the Ladies' Hall demonstrates the fact of its usefulness every day, by bringing the Seminary into close proximity to the College. A one-sided conversation has much of interest to inquisitive students.

The Seniors spent a delightful evening at the home of Miss Bennett, Saturday, Nov. 16. Good, healthy class-spirit is always a favorable indication, and it is pleasing to note that the Seniors are setting a good example in this respect.

The Women's State Baptist Education Society held its annual meeting in the Chapel recently, and elected the following officers for the coming year: President, Mrs. Hiram Miller, Kalamazoo; Vice-President, Mrs. C. E. Conley, Detroit; Secretary, Mrs. L. S. Stone, South Haven; Treasurer, Miss Zelma Clark. Papers were read and remarks were made by members of the faculty. Members were present from all parts of the state.

Mr. Simons has moved into the dormitory, occupying the room left vacant by Mr. Palmer. The first night he was made to feel at home, through the kindness of an aggregation from the South Hall, who acted in the capacity of nurse.

The curtain was drawn aside recently by a celebrated clairvoyant of the city; while some of those students who would know their future, looked through the vista of years away down, where new scenes were presented to view; and they report a very vivid panorama of their life, which is yet to be lived, spread out before them. "Why it was just wonderful."

Saturday morning Dec. 7, the Freshmen were seen to be looking upward. After considerable questioning it was ascertained that, by their superior eye sight, they were able to discern a miniature flag floating from the flag-staff of the dormitory. Very few of the students were able to behold it. Later.—The freshies were presented with bows made from the flag, by the Sophs.

The annual Thanksgiving party at the Hall this year took the form of a ghost-party. The participants appeared in the reception-room, masked and draped in white. As the only distinctions were differences in height, the task of identification was not an easy one. An especially enjoyable feature of the evening was the blood-curdling ghost-story told by A. E. Jenks in his inimitable style.

Prof. L. E. Martin, writes from Ongole, India, that the INDEX is a very welcome visitor in his far away eastern home. Prof. Martin was connected with our college paper for three years, during his course here. He also writes that Dr. Clough considers Frank Kurtz, '92, one of the best of the young missionaries. Another item of interest in his letter was to the effect that there were more graduates of Kalamazoo College in Ongole, than from any other college in the United States.

It was a little after midnight. The stars were shining merrily. All the boys of the dormitory had long since deposited their manly forms upon their couches, and drawn the drapery of dreams about them, when, from the regions below, came the cry of "Fire!" To leap out of bed, and rush into the hall was but the work of a moment. White robed figures were seen rushing wildly about until it was found that the fire was some half mile way. Then, with excitement cooling fast, all sought their rooms, but lo! when two reached for their

keys they found that they had left them in their other pants pocket. The comedy was not over yet, but we draw the curtain.

Thanksgiving Day at the Hall, was a day long to be remembered by all who were so unfortunate as to have been unable to go home for their vacation. All day the Hall resounded with merry voices, as the studies were for the time consigned to oblivion, and everyone gave his undivided attention to a general good time. The dinner was gotten up in Mrs. Brownell's best style—and no further eulogium need be pronounced upon it. As the Hall boarders and their friends surrounded the well filled tables, so prettily arranged and tastefully decorated for the occasion, their hearts were filled with sincere Thanksgiving to a kind Providence who has cast their lines in such pleasant places.

The result of the term election in the three Literary Societies, was:

EURODELPHIAN—President, Pauline La Tourette; Vice-President, Anna Warwick; Secretary, Helen Colman; Treasurer, Marcia Warrant; Librarian, Agnes Powell; Chaplain, Lulu Hough; Usher, Winona Bilby.

SHERWOOD—President, Harold Axtell; Vice-President, G. D. Smith; Rec. Secretary, O. H. Quick; Cor. Secretary, F. E. Milar; Treas., J. E. Dickey; Librarian, P. W. S. T. Hayne; Chaplain, H. D. Schultz; Janitor, A. E. Jenks.

PHILOLEXIAN—President, E. L. Yapple; Vice-President, J. A. Howard; Rec. Secretary E. H. De Waters; Cor. Secretary, Ray Anderson; Treas. M. J. Newell; Librarian, W. F. Dowd; Janitor, A. J. Beckwith.

The Hall was the scene of a very pretty event Saturday evening, November thirtieth, when the Misses Hough, Powell, and La Tourette entertained a large number of their friends. The guests were met by the Misses Cole, Bilby and Florence La Tourette, who served in the capacity of ushers, and were then received by Misses Swartout, La Tourette, her friend Miss Lowry of Ft. Wayne, Ind. and Misses Powell and Hough. The main feature of the evening was the baby show, consisting of the photos of the guests in the early stages of their existence. Mr. Eugene Dickey was successful in finding the greater number of originals, and Mr. Tredway was the prize winning baby. The drawing-room was prettily decorated with banks of green and vases of cut flowers, as was the dining-hall, where ice cream and cake was served the critics of photographic art. Daintily painted catalogues made very acceptable souvenirs of a delightful occasion.



Prof. Williams spent Thanksgiving at Ann Arbor.

Ross Reed ate turkey at his home in White Pigeon.

Mr. Thomas sings in the choir of the People's Church.

Miss Irland of Plainwell, visited her brother, Nov. 15th.

E. L. Yapple spent Thanksgiving at his home in Mendon.

Miss Marcia Hall, of Otsego, called at the College recently.

Miss Ada Hutchins spent the vacation at her home near Ganges.

Mr. Bush of Mason, visited his brother-in-law, Guy Smith, recently.

Miss Jennie Holmes spent her vacation at her home in Lansing.

Geo. E. Finlay spent his Thanksgiving at his home in Battle Creek.

J. W. Hoag enjoyed his Thanksgiving dinner at his home in Lansing.

Miss Agnes Powell ate Thanksgiving dinner at her home in Marshall.

The Senior Editor played truant for several days at his home in Meade.

Mrs. S. J. Rundell, of Pine Creek, Mich., visited at the Hall recently.

Miss Cora Price visited in Battle Creek during the Thanksgiving vacation.

G. M. Johnson was at home in Middleville, during the Thanksgiving recess.

Mr. Harold Warwick, of Plainwell, was with us during a part of the vacation.

Miss Mabel Dowd of Hartford, was the guest of her brother at Chapel, Nov. 8th.

O. H. Quick visited friends at Evans Lake, during the short respite from work.

Miss Mary Eldred, of Climax, visited her sister at the Hall during the vacation.

Will Reid ate his Thanksgiving dinner at Schoolcraft, the guest of Mrs. Vreeland.

Miss Lou and Master Sheldon LaTourette visited their sisters at the Hall, Nov. 18-20.

M. A. Graybiel spent his Thanksgiving with friends in——, but we promised not to tell.

Charles G. Townsend of Washington, D. C., a former student, visited in the city recently.

Miss Belle Bennett spent her vacation at Niles, the guest of her cousin, Miss Grace Lombard.

Miss Helen Lamont, of Grand Rapids, recently spent a few days at the Hall, as the guest of Miss Swartout.

Mrs. M. Bell, Miss Marie Dickey and Miss Grace Allured, of Ionia, helped us enjoy the Thanksgiving festivities.

Mrs. P. Hoffmaster and cousin of Battle Creek, were in attendance at the recent meeting of the Ladies' Educational Society.

Miss Jessie Ackerman, a returned missionary from Iceland, attended chapel recently, in company with Mrs. Hiram Miller.

Miss Grace Munn, of Schoolcraft, who was in school last year, recently spent a few days at the Hall, the guest of Miss Bilby.

Miss Fannie Lowry, of Fort Wayne, Ind., was with us during the Thanksgiving vacation, the guest of Miss Pauline LaTourette.

W. D. McWilliams attended an important meeting of the Sub-Executive Committee of the American Republican League, at Chicago, Nov. 29.

A. G. Newberry has received a call to the church at Bronson. Mr. Newberry has occupied the pulpit of the Bronson Baptist Church for several Sundays of late.

Miss Mabel Smith, of Lansing, and Miss Grace Fisher, of Banfield, now reside at the Hall. Both are at present occupied with the study of music, but expect to enter the class-room next term.

Pres. Slocum preached in the Warren Ave. Baptist Church of Detroit, Dec. 1, and read a paper on Monday, before the Ministerial Association. Dec. 8th he occupied the pulpit of the First Church of Detroit.

A. B. Palmer, who came to us this year, expecting to graduate with this year's class, has been obliged to leave school. Mr. Palmer made many warm friends during his short stay, and it is hoped that he will return to finish his course.

A. G. Miller, '95, and wife are doing mission work in Chicago, at a place on Sixty-seventh street called Englewood-on-the-Hill. R. S. Henshaw, '92, is pastor of the Galilee Church, another mission in the suburbs of the Windy City.

THE BICYCLE AND ORATORY.

BY JOSEPH F. FLINT, IN YOUNG MEN'S ERA.

The bicycle is justly credited with being a public benefactor. All sorts of good things are said relative to bicycle riding. That it sets the blood bounding to the extremities, that it lessens the consumption of cigars and cigarettes by the million, that it keeps young men out of the saloons, and gives idle heads something to think about.

We take pleasure in pointing out another sphere of usefulness open to the flying wheel—it is a capital instructor in the art of public speaking. We all know that to express one's thoughts gracefully and forcefully before an audience is an accomplishment as difficult as it is desirable. Let us see how the bicycle may help solve the problem.

The first sensation experienced by the tyro is that the new mode of locomotion is decidedly perplexing and uncertain. He feels that at any moment he may have to take a header landing him in the nearest ditch. All is wobbling uncertainty except the prospect of a bent wheel and an aching elbow. Something like this feels the young orator who for the first time faces an audience. A strange sensation creeps over him, he hardly knows whether "he is a-foot or horse-back," his hands are three sizes too large and red as his tingling ears, and the worst is that the stammering tongue may fail him utterly a moment hence, and that would be dreadful.

Now what does the lad engaged in taming his broncho do? Give up the job as hopeless?

Not he. He mounts again and again, until by sheer persistency he can keep his seat and finds to his delight that the feeling of strangeness is wearing away. It may require days and even weeks before he can actually ride, but he knows that the thing can be done. Here is a hint for the would-be orator. It is all nonsense to conclude that because you find public speaking a very Herculean job at the outset, therefore it can never be mastered. Try, try again, until the tongue unlimbers, the voice grows full and ringing and the hands shrink to their natural size. Some of the most noted and useful orators began by landing in the ditch, as it were, but they come up smiling next time until the platform became to them a throne of eloquence and power.

Again, the young bicycle rider soon discovers that resolution and promptness of action are "half the battle." He firmly grasps the handles, sets his teeth, and compels his feet to do their duty—and off he rides like a veteran, turns the corners and dodges the teams, all because he is not panic-stricken. Precisely so with public speaking. A courageous daring and ready will-power can accomplish wonders. Don't be afraid of your hearers, get right at it, and the chances are that you will speak fluently, earnestly and effectively. The first minute tells the story.

Finally, the novice soon discovers that unconsciousness of self is a great aid in mastering the wheel. The less one is concerned for self and the more fully attention is fixed upon other things, the easier is the wheel controlled and the greater is the delight in riding. What public speaker has not found to his sorrow that whenever self was uppermost in his thoughts, something was sure to go wrong? The best results and the most pleasing impression are always gained when the speaker is absorbed in his theme and in his audience. We can never do good work until we know our worth; we can never do our best until we forget it.

Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

"Faith gets the most; humility keeps the most; love works the most."—From one of Mr. Moody's Bibles.

At a recent business meeting of the Y. W. C. A., association colors were chosen. Electric blue—the college color—and white. These are different from any displayed at the conventions this year.

"No lives will ever get their rest, until they rest in the confession of Christ's mastery."—ROBERT E. SPEER.

"We want not fruitless, graceless testimony; but power to mold the lives of men and women under our influence."—R. E. SPEER.

"The people who put confidence in you, get the most out of you. Put confidence in Jesus Christ and he will give you the best He has."—MAJOR WHITTLE.

"I will go where you want me to go, Lord,
Over mountain, and plain, and sea,
I will say what you want me to say Lord,
I will be what you want me to be."

—Quoted by Mrs. Waterbury.

Since the return of the delegates from the Bible Institute at Albion, Bible study has been commenced with one of the delegates, Miss La Tourette as leader. The plans adopted are, in part, those which Prof. White gave. This study will be very helpful in advancing christian work.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

The 3:30 meetings, at the city Y. M. C. A., at which the the College boys have no small part, have been blessed to the good of many souls.

A religious campaign is to be carried on during the holiday vacation by members of the Y. M. C. A. A more detailed account will be given in our next issue.

The meetings which are being held at the Y. M. C. A. rooms in the dormitory, are full of inspiration to all who attend. The results of the work in the meetings are indeed being felt.

The Sunday morning meetings have been largely attended this year, and their effect has been manifest in many ways. The morality of the dormitory is far in advance of last year.

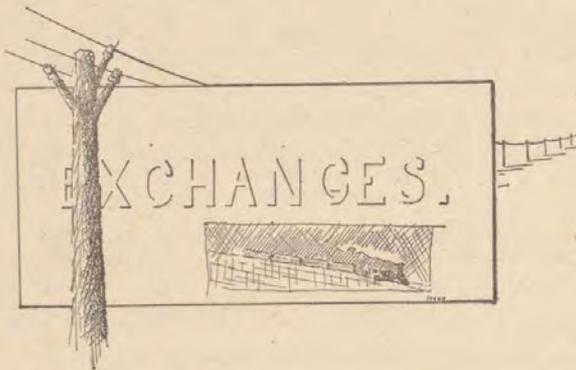
The work at District No. 6, started by A. B. Palmer, has been discontinued since Mr. Palmer left school. Great good was accomplished by the four meetings held. Ten souls desired to live a better life.

The Lord has greatly blessed the Christian Societies of the College the passed month. Nov. 11, meetings were begun which have yielded large results. The Christian Students have been greatly strengthened and encouraged, and many, who knew not the Saviour, have been brought to the light.

H. G. Van Tuyl, chairman of the state committee of the Y. M. C. A., attended one of the prayer meetings recently.

The boys who went to the jail Sunday morning, December 8, were rewarded by seeing several souls brought to the Saviour.

P. M. McKay, H. D. Schultz and E. E. Ford, spent Sunday, Dec. 1, with the Young Men's League at New Buffalo, in a Young Men's Sunday. A great blessing came to all. Seven young men professed their desire to serve the Lord. Many of the members testified that it was the best day of their life.



Puer et puella,
Ambulant together,
Magna sub umbrellae
Vocant de the weather.

Very slippery via,
Pedes slide from under,
Puer non upholds her,
Triste, triste blunder!

Cadit on the ground,
Sees a lot of stellae,
Adolescens hastens,
To aid of his puellae.

"Rustice!" exclamat,
"Relidque me alone!
Nunquam dice mihi
Till you for this atone."

Non diutius do they
Ambulant together,
Nunquam speak as they pass by,
Non etiam de the weather.

—EUREKA PEGASUS.

There are from 1,500 to 2,000 American students in France.

A train does not run off the track when it is going up grade. Neither does a man.—Ex.

Over 40,000 women are attending American colleges. Yet it is only twenty-five years since the first college in the land was open to women.

In the December number of *The New Bohemian*, is completed a series of instructive articles on "Talks with Young Authors" by James Knapp Reeve.

According to a State law in Pennsylvania, new institutions must have an endowment of \$500,000 before they can be called colleges, or confer degrees.

In the *Western University Courant* is an excellent story entitled, "A Terrible Mistake." The style is simple, but effective, and the plot is skillfully arranged and striking.

Several more papers and magazines have come to our table this month. Among them are the *Seminarian*; *The Normal News*, from Ypsilanti; *The College Review*, from Shurtleff College; and *McMaster University Monthly*.

Faithfulness sits not with extended hands to receive jewels for its own crown, but patiently gathers the diamond dust that falls from the workman's tools, until her whole garment glitters in its brightness.—*Manifesto*.

It is a pleasure to take up *The Delphic*. It is both attractive and instructive. In the November number is a suggestive article on "A Liberal Education," which is summed up in the words, "Personality is the End of Education."

"Young man," said the professor, as he stepped into the hall and caught a frisky Freshie by the shoulder, "I believe Satan has got hold of you."

"I believe he has" was the reply.—Ex.

The *Speculum* for November 15 contains, among other things, a prize oration, "Patriotism for America." The speaker says that, owing to the existing political evils, there is some danger of political disintegration or revolution, "and deep, indeed, would be our concern were it not for the fact that the American people are not easily discouraged." "They are cheerful and hopeful, because they are conscious of their strength." "They are enlightened and practical." "They are vigilant, because they are liberty-loving, and they know 'eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.'"

In the College World, of Adrian, appears an article from the pen of one of the faculty on "The Heroines of Romance." The writer vividly portrays the nature of some of the famous heroines of literature and the character of the authors who presented them to an admiring world.

In the November number of the McMaster University Monthly is an article of special merit on "The Influence of Spenser upon Succeeding Poets." The writer briefly traces the growth of literature in England, and then discusses the character of Spenser's poetry. "None can lay final claim to originality," aptly the writer remarks; "nevertheless, there are always favorite fountain-heads of influence, whither men love to resort. We all praise our best-beloved poets; but they, whether openly or in secret, pay tribute to Spenser, whose charm has ever gained for him the title of 'the poets' poet.'"

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BY HARVEY HINTON.

Mothers, in the early evening
When your boys come limping home,
With their appetites unbridled,
Hair that needs the brush and comb.

Noses broken, eyes dark swollen,
Lame of leg and weak of knee;
Worry not, for 'tis a token
Their team's gained the victory.

Hard they fought, these gallant players,
Hearty rang their favorite yell.
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For a year, they love it well.

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Love the sport the muscles strained.
Yes, their foot-ball team has conquered,
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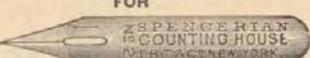
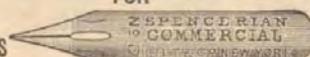
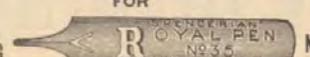
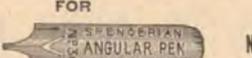
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