

THE COLLEGE INDEX.

VOL. XXIV. JANUARY. NO. 4.

...FEATURES OF THE MONTH...

The Funeral Pageant of the Queen
George E. Lockhart.

The Legend of the Forget-Me-Not
Charles G. Morse.

Angels and Kipouts
Edith May Thoms.

The Song of a Bird
A. D. Allen.

Dannie Malone
Robert A. McMullen.

A New Year's Meditation
F. G. Burnett.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
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OF KALAMAZOO COLLEGE.

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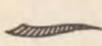
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IN
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CITY.**

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Sweet as honey—Heaven bless it!—
Yit he'd be a sweeter singer
Ef he didn't have a stinger."

THE COLLEGE INDEX

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE
STUDENTS' PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION
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Contributors for January.

GEORGE E. LOCKHART.—The article which Mr. Lockhart contributes this month was written upon the inspiration received in London while he was witnessing the famous event he describes. Mr. Lockhart traveled through many of the European countries, studying the manners and customs of the people and becoming intimate with many persons of high influence. He returns with numerous trophies of rare value to commemorate his journey. The article is not only a description of an eye witness but possesses many pleasing literary qualities.

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EDITH MAY THOMS.—The article contributed by Miss Thoms was selected for publication because of its living, vital interest. It deals with a cause deserving of more sympathy and attention than it is receiving. Its excellencies of expression will be evident to the most casual reader, but the full measure of the truth it expresses less evident to those unacquainted with the condition of the children of the poor in our great cities. Arising from the personal observations of the writer, it bears a peculiar stamp of genuineness and an especially emphatic force.

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VOL. XXIV.

JANUARY, 1903.

No. 3.

The Funeral Pageant of the Queen.

GEORGE E. LOCKHART.

The world's metropolis was all astir. England's queen was dead. The historic tower of St. James' Palace stood out clear cut against the white-grey sky, its soft red-brown tints rendered yet softer by the faint yellow beams of the watery sun struggling to survive through the dreary mist. Once again the walls of the famous house of kings—home of intrigue, plot and counter-plot—looked down upon a scene of royal pomp, of the marshalling of a great pageant, of the gathering of the highest and the humblest, drawn thither by one common desire—the honoring of the mighty dead. Again within those precincts where but a week before Edward VII was proclaimed "Sovereign of These Realms," with the quaint ceremonial of a bygone, and maybe more heroic age, were heard the strident words of loud command, the strange and fearful music of arms and the sharp beating of charger's hoofs. For though the new king reigned, the mortal remains of her whom the people had loved and whom they had delighted to honor were still to be taken to that home where, on earth, they will rest.

Early in the morning, while the dawn struggled with the day, the people had come to take their places.

The Funeral Pageant of the Queen.

Infinitely patient and marvelously still, they lined the pavements of St. James Street and Piccadilly. Long before the police had arrived, while it was still dark, we had secured what we fondly hoped would be our stand. The hours passed slowly; the mist was dispelled by the sickly morning sun, and as the grey light broadened into day, it fell upon a scene as strange and marvelous as ever has been witnessed in their island story. Behind the ranks of the policemen, who had been marched down to their stations, were the people in dense masses crowded between the stalwart constables and the walls. Men and women, young and old, they were standing twenty deep into a space where normally four people would find it a difficult task to walk abreast. With the unfailing good-humor of the London crowd, this huge concourse disregarded the pressure of which it was both the cause and the victim and stood still and silent, an orderly mass of courteous democracy. A wonderful crowd, truly, devoid of any note of color, only the black signal of death as shown in the dress of men and women. But fuller of meaning than any outward token of grief could be were the upturned faces of those tens of thousands of people—faces not easily betrayed into emotion, but now softened by the consciousness of a universal sorrow, dignified by the unwonted freedom from the cares of their daily toil, reflecting the solemn grandeur of the occasion. So, along both sides of St. James Street and the whole length of Piccadilly, the people were ranged. And above them, on stands, at windows and on the roofs, were those, more fortunate, who could gaze at their leisure and without physical discomfort at the tremendous sight below. At the windows of the clubs in St. James Street the members stood in huge clusters of black, framed in grey or purple. They looked down unsmiling on the multitudes beneath striving to main-

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The Funeral Pageant of the Queen.

tain a precarious foot-hold against the pressure of the police and their fellows. A real sympathy seemed to exist between the silk-hatted men at the club windows and the proletarians on the pavement, only now and then when some strayed clubman endeavored to force his way through the mass of humanity to his seat, the tongues of the more quick witted could not be kept from bandying.

Looking down the famous street, where the gallants of past ages swaggard gaily in all the glory of ruffles and rapiers, the scene which the eye encountered was beautiful with a rare, strange beauty. The purple hangings which well-nigh hid the walls of club and mansion, the wreaths of bay laurel pendent on each lamp post, the line of soldiers in their flowing scarlet capes, the newly strewn sand in the roadway gleaming like gold between the black banks of people, all made up a picture which arrested the eye and touched the imagination. For over everything there hung the strange pall of silence which numbed the senses and rendered the vast spectacle dream-like and unreal. When a woman fainted, the ambulance men removed her silently, without undue bustle; when men fell out from the ranks they did so silently. It was the silence which was the strangest feature of the day.

Ranged in front of St. James Palace were the sturdy Irish Guards, a fine body of men; a regiment of Irish Fusiliers; a body of naval engineer students, white-gloved youths with handsome faces, alive with intelligence; and in the background a detachment of Royal Horse Artillery, faced by a troop of Royal Guards helmeted in their lofty bear-skin busbies. They held the square in front of the imposing palace.

Suddenly a word of command was shouted down the ranks, and to everybody's disappointment the brilliantly uniformed Guards, who represented the great dead

The Funeral Pageant of the Queen.

queen's tribute to the bravery of her Irish soldiers, marched off to take up another position. This was the beginning of an hour long turmoil and the court-yard of the palace rang with the steady tramp or the rapid "doubling" of men, the galloping of messengers, and the "shouting of the captains." Now, some white helmeted regiment, newly home from India, would come marching along with the precision of veterans; now, it was some regiment of Northern Reserves—tough, hard men with war-beaten faces; now, it was a regiment of Dragoons, with glittering helmets and waving pennants, extracting silent admiration and tempting to cheers. Here and there darted Gen. Sir Henry Trotter along the line, exhorting the patient people to "Get back there on the pavement," a feat which they would doubtless have performed had it been possible.

The huge crowd grew denser each moment. From the struggling mass began to come the sounds of women's shrieks and men's angry cries. A woman fainted; she was dragged out and laid on the ground awaiting the arrival of a stretcher. The next moment the crowd broke through, and the hitherto well-kept St. James Street was like a wired play ground. Police and soldiers were kept busy for ten minutes; more women fainted, narrowly escaping, by the exertion of the St. James Ambulance Brigade, from being trampled to death. Sir Henry brought up reserves of cavalry, and the highway to the palace was itself again. But not for long. Yet another ten minutes and the crowd had broken through on the opposite corner, sweeping away police and Fusiliers, and surging down on the colonial reserves waiting to take their places in the procession. The stalwart sons from the many lands of the empire threw themselves into the fray and peace was restored just as the aged Duke of Cambridge, with his son Earl Admiral Fitz George and Commander-in-

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Chief Lord Roberts, with his headquarters staff rode up to the palace gates. For the first and only time the enthusiasm of the crowd gained mastery over its realization of the day's funeral solemnities, and cheers, tremendous in their volume, were raised for these veteran knights.

The ambulance men were kept constantly busy, dealing rapidly and promptly with scores of cases of distress.

It was nearly twelve o'clock when the arrival of Sir Edward Bradford and Lord Howard, in full uniforms, heralded the approach of the procession. Simultaneously, a dull detonation broke over the whole city, and the muffled concussions from the westward which succeeded indicated that the royal salute from the British Artillery Guns in famous Hyde Park had sounded the signal for the starting of the memorable pageant which conducted the body of the great English queen through her capitol city.

From afar came the slow sound of drums and the inspiring strains of Chopin's Funeral March. All eyes were turned toward the approaching cavalcade. Men bared their heads, as with slow and steady tramp came the veterans who marched, with arms reversed, in the colossal procession. These witnesses to the might of England marched by in seeming endless array—slowly, steadily, solemnly. The silence which had fallen on every one grew deeper until it seemed to reach a pitch of tragic intensity. It was no vain display, but a tribute of love, and a hope for the peace of their dead queen. Some with whom it had been so difficult hitherto to feel that the great Queen-Mother was dead, now felt it keenly for the first time and burst into tears.

The Military Attaches to the Foreign Embassies, all dressed in glittering uniforms of a color and style

The Funeral Pageant of the Queen.

unfamiliar to a man in the street, were followed by Field-Marshal Roberts in his English-Commander-in-Chief's attire. The hero-Earl was carrying his jeweled baton, followed by the Gold-Sticks-in-Waiting, the Lords of the Death Chamber, the Great Ministers of State, and then on a simple gun carriage, drawn by eight cream-colored horses in trappings of silver and gold, was the coffin containing the remains of the Queen and Empress. No one was in a mood to cheer; not a word escaped from any one of the vast multitude as the bier passed slowly by. So slowly did it pass that there was time to take in all the details. The coffin was completely covered with a rich, white, silk pall scintillating at every fold. Over it was draped the crimson coronation robe. At the head on a cushion of crimson was the imperial crown of diamonds, sapphires and pearls, and over the rest were otherwise disposed, the sceptre, the golden orbs of state and other emblems of royalty. Nothing could be more impressive than the effect of the sight of these revered symbols of departed majesty upon the sorrowing thousands. Every one was deeply moved; many were in tears, and convulsive sobs were heard on every hand.

Behind, the carriage the Royal Standard was borne aloft, immediately followed by Edward VII, visibly affected by such a display of sympathy on the part of his loyal people. He rode on a dark bay horse and looked every inch a king. At his right on a magnificent white steed was the Emperor of Germany, stately and inflexible, apparently heedless of the interest his appearance was arousing. At the king's left on a chestnut charger rode the Royal Duke of Connaught, his Majesty's brother. Through the open cloaks of these could be seen the broad, blue Ribbon of the Garter.

The illustrious trio were followed in quick succession by King George of Greece, King Carlos of Portugal,

The Funeral Pageant of the Queen.

King Leopold of Belgium—monarchs, regal in their rigidity and in their magnificent robes of State—gorgeously attired members of the blood royal of India, and long retinues of potentates and princes representing the nations of the world. To say that it was a brilliant cavalcade is to speak of it in meagre terms; to adequately describe it would be impossible. It was a merited tribute of respect from the great nations of the earth to "Victoria the Beloved."

But a moment later the hush deepened. Behind this dazzling display of power and regard came the carriages of the royal ladies all emblazoned in scarlet and gold; and foot-men, equerries and out-riders in gorgeous new uniforms of purple and silver and gold, the like of which has never been seen in any royal pageant.

Queen Alexandra sacrificed her own desire for obscurity, and sitting forward, sorrowfully bowed to her subjects through the closed windows of her carriage. She wore a long, plain, black veil, but even through this her well-known features were readily seen, and every head was bowed as she passed mournfully along. The other coaches contained the royal princesses, some venerable officers of state, the Queen's Ladies of the Bed Chamber and the nobility of the realm.

The closing escort was formed of the "Sons of the Empire," gathered from all the four corners of the world—living symbols of Britain's dominions—tall Canadians, puggareed men from Ceylon, Australian "red-breasts"—dashing in ample braid and nodding feathers—hardy Scotch Highlanders with bagpipes and kilts and officers of the Gold Coast Hussars, splendid in their strange uniforms, their scarlet tabooshes, white spats and wealth of crimson braid on their zouvave jackets. With the Death March sounding in the peoples's ears, and with solemn step and slow the vast procession passed from sight and hearing.

The Legend of the Forget-Me-Not.

CHARLES GILLMAN MORSE

Just beneath a lofty mountain,
Fringed with hemlock and with pine,
Lies a quiet German village,
Nestled by the River Rhine.

At a little distance from the village,
Where the rocks are bare and gray,
Is a cataract, where the water
Dashes into feathery spray.

Down between the fall and village,
Lies a quiet, shady dell,
Where the young folks stroll in summer,
Their murmured tales of love to tell.

Years ago tradition tells us,
Two lovers on a summer day,
Were sitting where the evening sunbeams
Make rainbows in the sparkling spray.

Beautiful the youthful maiden,
Noble he as she was fair,
The Burghermaster's only daughter,
To a title, he the heir.

As they sat beside the river,
In the shade of the Norway pine,
They seemed to read of their own futures,
In the waters of the Rhine.

In a crevice just below them,
A dainty little wild flower grew;
With such lovely, tiny petals,
Tinged with yellow and with blue.

When the maiden spied the flower,
So delicate, so strangely rare,
She expressed a wish to have it,
To fasten in her waving hair.

The Legend of the Forget-Me-Not.

She'd no sooner spake her wish,
Than her lover left her side,
And was reaching for the flower,
Resolved that she'd be gratified.

But even as he plucked the blossom,
The earth gave way on which he stood,
The maiden filled with awful terror,
Saw him plunge into the flood.

Then farther down the maddened river
Saw him come to view once more,
Saw him face the pending danger
Then struggle hard to gain shore.

Although he was skilled at swimming,
The current, swifter and more strong,
Toward the ruthless fate that waited
Bore him grimly still along.

Then he grasped a slippery boulder,
Rising at the brink of the fall,
And while he held aloft the flower,
Shoreward came this loving call—

"Forget-me-not, my own, my darling,"
That was all—his hold gave way,
He was dashed along by the angry flood,
Down beneath the mist and spray.

Many men have inscribed their title,
High on mountain peaks of fame,
Others have in heat of battle,
Earned an ever-praised name.

He has left no honored title,
From victory in battle fought,
But he left a name which is known to the world,
In the name of the "For-get-me-not."

Angels and Kipouts.

EDITH MAY THOMS.

Today we are living in the dawn of the twentieth century, in an age when the mass of our population is crowded into large cities. We take pride in our grand municipal corporations, our sky-scrapers, and our network of railroads. We take pride in our schools and universities, our churches and theatres. These indeed do serve to better mankind. With such advantages the child of moderate circumstances, as well as the child of greater wealth, has the means wherewith to make the most of life and its possibilities. This is the bright side of city life, but there is a dark side also. What of the city waifs?

To this dark side large hearted men and women are every day turning their attention more and more. They recognize that all is not as it should be; that there are little folks crowded by the dozens into stifling tenement houses. These little waifs, half fed and half clothed, born in sin and poverty, are early hardened to crime. No love of nature is fostered in their breasts. They see nothing of nature's charms. Their path is the hard stone pavement, hedged in by cold, lifeless brick walls. For them His Majesty the Sun shines only with pale golden light, while at night the moon hides her face behind a smoky veil, too sad to gaze at their pitiful lot.

No wonder that our little waifs turn their feet into paths of crime. No wonder that they early learn to fear the policeman and the courts of justice, where their evasion of all law and order have earned for them the name of "Kipouts." This is the life of the waifs, week in and week out, year in and year out. Nature

Angels and Kipouts.

has no part to play; she is completely barred out. Professor Bisknell, a noted Chicago philanthropist, tells the following pathetic story. A carload of little urchins were leaving the city for a two weeks' vacation. Naturally enough, the children stared at everything with delight and amazement, when that most docile of all animals, the cow, became the bone of contention. One little fellow declared that it was a horse, another said it was a real cow. The battle waged long and fiercely, and only after an appeal to those in charge of the train, were they with difficulty satisfied as to the animal's identity. These same children, when they had reached their destination, actually felt the grass to see what it was like. To some this story may seem both incredible and ludicrous, nevertheless it is true. It pictures in a startling manner the lives the waifs, deprived of all God's gifts to man in nature, and surrounded by all the evil that man can conceive. Can we expect the future of the children to be great, when their lives are so warped at the very beginning?

Contrast with this dark picture our own happy childhood days, when we roamed the fields or explored the woods under the azure sky during long summer vacations. How well we remember the happy days by the sea-shore, when in aimless fashion we gathered sea-shells, or sported with the salty billows, or again on a fast express, we climbed the mountain sides, watching in childish glee the puffing engines climb the sides of God's eternal hills. Were those happy days idle ones? Ah, no! In them we were learning the lessons of a lifetime. We were finding out the wonders of the universe, the harmonies of nature's symphony. We were learning that every bird, twig and flower breathed the word "God," tenderly and reverently. Nature is a companion for every mood, at once our joy, our consolation, and our inspiration.

Angels and Kipouts.

Who has not felt the grandeur of a dark tempestuous day, when scudding clouds darken the horizon, like so many fears and doubts, and when the trees bend before the blast, as do our will and desires before what seems to be blind destiny? The day wears on to sunset. The clouds part and the sun in his ruddy splendor drives darkness from the sky. The cow-bells tinkle softly; the June-bug goes bumping along on his homeward way, the birds warble their goodnight songs, while the sun sinks to rest, changing his vesture silently and imperceptibly until dark night is come, with the stars as God's beacon-lights of hope and promise. Night is come, but it is a night of peace. As one watches the sunset, all doubts and fears vanish. He succumbs to its soothing influence. Its radiance and beauty lift him above the troubled life of earth. Hope and peace fill his erstwhile troubled breast, and he too betakes himself homeward, ready to trust the future.

How handicapped then at the very outset are our poor waifs in the city. No happy childhood is their's. Life becomes a steady grind. Blind, inexorable fate is their task-master. Had they a knowledge of nature's varying moods of sunshine and shadow, they would realize that life also had times of sunshine as well as shadow, that behind the shadow there is a loving Heavenly Father. Nature interprets human vicissitudes, if we but understand her language.

We are doing more every year for these poor benighted children. Carloads of them are taken to the country for two or three weeks' vacation. Their bodies are recuperated and their souls expanded by these annual excursions. These glimpses of paradise become a source of inspiration for the rest of the year. To give their starved natures a taste of the beautiful world about us, is to bring Heaven down to earth. It does not take their burdens from them, but it gives them a

The Song of a Bird.

means by which to bear them. For our ills of soul and body, God in his infinite goodness has given us a potent remedy, that remedy is beautiful, beautiful nature.

The Song of a Bird.

A. D. ALLEN.

I was reared midst greensome boughs,
And taught to sail on the aerial sea ;
The only song my mother sang,
Seemed full of joy for me.

I was rocked by the gaysome wind,
And strangely charmed beside the brook :
I plunged into the wondrous wood,
And dipped into every nook.

The sky became a mirror,
Reflecting joy, or woe, or strife ;
And then I learned that the rapid flight
Of a bird is the song of all life.

Dannie Malone.

ROBERT A. M'MULLEN.

The little house stood in a lonsome place near the B. C. & K. R. R. Surrounding it was a heavy forest, except, perhaps, two acres that had been cleared away to make room for a garden. And the garden was the cause of many expressions of surprise by travelers as they viewed it from the passing trains. This bit of civilization dropped down in such a wilderness, made it seem almost like an oasis in the desert.

The little house and the garden were owned by James Malone, the section forman on the railroad. Mrs. Malone was very proud of the little plot of flowers, and spent much of her time there, while Dannie the little boy of ten played by her side and the baby slept. The place was lonesome indeed, but she did not mind that for James came home at night, and sometimes worked in the garden too, or played with the boy Dannie, picking him up in his strong arms and swinging him to and fro until the boy laughed and shouted with delight, and again he would sing snatches of railroad songs to the baby until the little fellow went off to sleep.

This was a happy home, James worked every day, and at the end of the month, when the pay car went through, he was able to lay something by for the future.

But one day a cloud appeared in the sky of this quiet family home. A switch had failed to work as it should, and because of this a car had been ditched, which caused some delay and trouble. James was blamed for it, and the roadmaster, who was a new man, and anxious to show his authority, ordered his discharge.

Dannie Malone.

Now sadness came, because James must go away and try to find work elsewhere; there was no other work for him here, and even if there were he did not know how to do it, having put in all his life on the railroad. It was especially hard to find anything to do at this time of year, because winter was coming on, and during this season railroads do very little repairing, and consequently lay off all the extra men. It would only be a chance if he found work at all. However; with this discouraging outlook, he set out for M. a busy railroad center, leaving Mrs. Malone and the children at home until he could find something to do, when he would send for them.

Arriving at M—he finally succeeded in getting a job building a new piece of track; but this did not last long, and he was soon out of work again. Later he got another job, but there was nothing certain about how long that would last, and it seemed that he would not be able to get his wife and family with him, at least that winter. However, he wrote home as encouraging letters as he could; telling his wife that something would surely open up for them in the spring.

In the little house the days went by slowly enough. They were winter days, James was gone, the flowers were gone too, and now great heaps of snow were piled up in every direction from the little house. When it was not storming, and the sun did come out and its feeble rays found their way through the little windows, they seemed to bring no warmth nor cheerfulness with them, and as though realizing their failure, softly and silently withdrew, and Dannie looking through the window watched their shadows as they stole away over the great snow drifts into the black forest. Then the little fellow would turn from the window and shaking his fist at the railroad would exclaim: "Their to blame because my pa is gone." So time went on, Christmas

Dannie Malone.

had passed, and January, with its storms and wind and snow was nearly gone. The whole country was in a state of alarm over the daring robberies that had been committed recently. The mail carrier taking the mail from the railroad into the mining camps ten miles away had been robbed. A train on a neighboring road had been held up and all the express money taken. It was all done so successfully that no clue to the robbers could be found. Everybody was talking about it, everybody was excited, rewards were offered by the railroad and express companies, officers were on the lookout, but still no clue could be found. So, finally excitement waned, and things went on in their natural way. The railroads concluding that the robbers had gone to other parts, ceased their vigilance, and now the only thing to disturb the regular work of the railroad was the snow-storms.

One day it had been storming fiercer than usual, the wind was blowing, turning and twisting the snow into great heaps, for no other purpose, seemingly, than to tear them down again. The trains so far had been nearly on time, but Mrs. Malone grew anxious as night came on; experience as the wife of a railroad man had taught her the hardships of the road in this kind of weather, and she was interested in all these men, because they were friends of her husband. The little boy too watched the storm. He knew all the train men, knew when each went up and when he came back. His father had taught him the signals, and in the summer time he had sometimes gone to work with his father, and helped him to flag the trains. Along about midnight the baby was taken sick, all the remedies in the house were administered, but the still the baby cried and moaned, and all the good woman could do did not alleviate its suffering. Dannie got up and dressed, anxious to see if he could do something for the baby,

Dannie Malone.

but all he could do was to keep up the fire. Mrs. Malone looked at the clock: "Two o'clock," she said, "nearly time for the passenger train to go down." Dannie looked out toward the railroad, and in a moment exclaimed, "Why mamma, there are men out their working, I can just see them moving." "That is the most dangerous curve on the road," said Mr. Malone, "perhaps something is wrong, and they are reparing it." Dannie looked again and said: "Yes, there are some men moving on the track." Then his mother looked and said: "Yes, I think I see them too, I believe they are tearing up the rails." "No," said the boy, "there is no light, if they were doing that there would be a red light between the rails, that's the signal to stop." "Sure enough," said Mrs. Malone, "can it be that they are the train robbers, and are going to wreck the train?" "That will pay the railroad company for sending my pa away and leaving us here all alone," said the boy. "Hush, hush, my boy, you must not talk like that;" but the baby began to scream again and claimed all the mother's attention. Then Dannie began to think. "Joe Smith would be the engineer on that train, and perhaps he would be killed. Joe was his friend and had sent him a Christmas present, and he must not get hurt." Then he thought of the other men on the train and of the passengers, and a horrible picture presented itself to his youthful mind, and he wondered how he could have been so wicked as to wish the train would be wrecked.

He looked at the clock; only fifteen minutes more and the train would be along. "How can we stop the train, how can we stop the train," he cried; but his mother could give him no suggestion, for the baby was still crying. First he thought to stand on the track and swing the lantern; then to his dismay he found that the lantern had no oil in it. He started to fill the

Dannie Malone.

lantern, but then the thought came to him that he would not dare to do this, because he would attract attention, and all would be lost. What to do now he did not know. It was dark, the snow was deep, and he could not get to the station in time. Half the fifteen minutes were already gone. Now he was almost frantic. Soon he heard the train whistle. He was thoroughly alarmed. His face was white as death. Suddenly he exclaimed: "The very thing, the very thing." He thought of the torpedoes his father had been using on the track one day, and had left some of them on a shelf. There they were, just as his father had left them. He took the bundle and hurried out into the darkness. The snow was falling; the wind was blowing; already the poundidg noise told him that the train was near. Would he get to the track in time? Now he was almost out of sight in the snow drifts, then he emerged and fought his way on. He reached the track and placed the torpedos. The great glare of the head-light almost blinded him. On came the train rocking from side to side as it plunged through the darkness. A minute and bang! bang! bang!!! goes the torpedoes. The reverse lever went down with a crash. The train went a short distance and came to a sudden stop, almost throwing the sleepy passengers out of their seats. Joe, and Barney the fireman got off the engine. The conductor and brakeman came running up all at the same time, exclaiming "what's up?" Dannie came forward and told his story. The fireman, the brakeman and several passengers went ahead and found his fezrs were only too trne—a rail had been torn up—the train would have been ditched. Joe picked Dannie up in his arms and carried him home, telling him he was a hero. The house was soon surrounded by the curious passengers, all anxious to interview a real hero.

There were people of all trades and professions in

Dannie Malone.

the crowd. Everyone was asking his neighbor: "Who is the boy?" "How did he happen to be up at this time of night?" and many other such questions, when someone learned the story: "The boy's baby brother was then in a critical condition, and he and his mother were alone, and were sitting up caring for the baby, when they saw the men on the track." The news quickly spread from one to another. One of the passengers, a large, good-natured man with a professional bearing, was all attention. Immediately he entered the house and told Mrs. Malone he was the railroad company's doctor, he had been up at the mines performing an operation, and he would be glad to prescribe for her baby. He took a case from his pocket, gave the baby some medicine and it soon fell asleep, then he did up some powders to be given later, and talked with Mrs. Malone, asked her about her husband, where he was, about his work, etc. By this time the rail was put in place, and the train was ready to go. Everybody got on sounding the praises of Dannie's heroic act. The next day there were glaring headlines in all the papers: "A Young Hero, Dannie Malone, the Ten-Year-Old Boy of a Section Foreman Prevents a Wreck." The Doctor gave a careful account of the affair to the superintendent of the road. Officers were sent out immediately, and train wreckers captured in the woods not far away.

The little house and the garden are now deserted. Dannie is almost a man, and is a clerk in the superintendent's office. James rides up and down the road every week, and never tires of telling his friends how he came to be promoted to roadmaster.

A New Year Meditation.

F. G. BURNETT.

When I sit alone, with memory
As the day begins to gloom,
And my thoughts take inventory
Of the year from birth to tomb;
Then I feel a spell steal o'er me,
Tinged with sorrow and with pain,
For I reckon in this past time
I have made but little gain.

Some have added to their fortunes,
Some have wrought themselves a name,
Some have fought with self and conquered,
Some have climbed the heights of fame;
But I feel a spell steal o'er me,
Fraught with sorrow and with pain,
And I mourn that in this past time
I have made so little gain.

Yet to mourn is weak and fruitless,
Stern resolve will rout despair,
With a firm and strong endeavor
We can conquer everywhere;
Then, let time's next revolution
Bring no reason to complain
That we've lived another past-time,
And have made but little gain.

Editorial Comment.

Interest New Years seems to be the time allowed us for reflection. **and** Even a platitude is upon occasions pardonable if it be **Success**, pertinent. So much reflection is forced upon us in our college days, that we feel relieved to be wholly rid of it. Nevertheless, it is of profit if not too thickly spread. The two sentiments, the one falling from the lips of many an embryonic philosopher in college circles that the success of a student in college is no criterion of his prospects in life, the other coming from men of maturer years, who assure us that our college days are in many ways not only the best, but that they are the most important days of our lives, seem incompatible. Superficially there is contradiction in them but fundamentally they are easily reconciled. There is, moreover, in the truth which links them, a suggestion of great importance. It all lies in our definition of success. If by it we mean the glitter and show of brilliancy in the classroom or victory in polemic, if we mean the winning of honors in athletics or oratory, if we mean the acquirement of a vast and useful fund of correlated knowledge, we must admit that such success forms no basis for the estimation of the future, nor are our college days essentially the best of our lives. But, on the other hand, if success mean more than this, if it means that we have acquired the two primary requisites of voluntary development, purpose and efficiency, either of our postulates may be equally true.

If, in other words, upon leaving the halls of his Alma Mater, a student goes forth with a powerful, well-formed determination to perform a definite work, acting as the motive force of his activity, and a brain skilled and trained to the accomplishment of his desired ends, although he may not carry away high rewards and brilliant honors, he is sure to win, and he is quite as sure to call these formative days the best in his life.

Seen from this standpoint it is of great interest to measure the prospects of the students about us. It is evident that the forces suggested may not fully appear until the close of the course, or even only in after years, still its forerunner is always present. Such a student will have some all-absorbing, all-dominating interest which consumes his whole time and energy. It may be broad or narrow. It may be concerned with the accomplishment of the purpose or the acquirement of the efficiency, but it will be present in some form. It may be the very cause which will render him less successful in one line but more successful in another. Only when it is wholly external to college activities will it detract from his college work as a whole. When a

Here and There.

student has a well-defined interest which is fast becoming a life purpose; when he is bending every energy to prepare himself to carry out its potentialities; when he is taking advantage of every opportunity to further his possibilities of success in this line, we may safely predict that he is going to succeed.



"Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year. No man has learned anything rightly until he knows that every day is doomsday,"—EMERSON.



Here and There.

EDITED BY WALLACE W. WRIGHT.

MARGARET BOYDEN. ASSISTANTS. BEATRICE COCHRANE.

See Burnett, physical examiner!

Hornbeck was visiting his college friends recently.

Pof. B—— "Well, Mr. P—st—n, you can read, can't you?"

Miss Fulton spent the holidays with friends in Tecumseh.

Professor Claassen passed the vacation with his parents at Beatrice, Neb.

P. J. Hewitt made New Year's calls in Sturgis, as the guest of Wallace Wright.

Dr. Stetson filled the pulpit of the First Baptist Church at Jackson, on Sunday, January 4.

Professor Claassen read a paper before the Schoolmasters' Club, which met at Ann Arbor, recently.

Here and There.

Professor Charlton attended a meeting of the Science Teachers Association at Washington during the vacation.

C. S. Burns entertained a party of friends in his rooms at the Dormitory, on Tuesday, January 30.

Dr. Slocum and Dr. Stetson attended the meeting of the State Teachers Association at Saginaw during the latter part of last month.

Mr. Embry has been obliged to leave Kalamazoo College on account of his health, and to seek a more moderate climate.

Dr. Spaulding, a professor in the Biological Department of the University of Michigan, visited the college on December 18, and lectured to the Biology class.

The Misses Ellison entertained a large party of their friends at La Grange, Ind., on New Year's eve, in honor of Miss Florence Winslow.

Miner says that he who hesitates is not always lost, even though he does get the glad hand at an Athletic Association meeting.

The members of the Junior and Sophomore classes who took part in Madam Jarley's Wax Works and Mother Goose gave an entertainment before a large crowd at the Asylum recently.

Heard in the Chemistry Class: Strong—"Isn't graphite used in making black paint?" Professor—"Yes, but not the kind of paint that you are thinking of, Mr. Strong."

Dr. Slocum addressed the Twentieth Century Club, January 8, on the subject: "The Value of Science Courses in Modern Education." Dr. Gray of the Michigan Seminary also gave an address on "The Classics."

McMullen, '03, delivered a toast before the Masonic Fraternity of Bay City, the occasion being the initiation of his brother to one of the degrees of that order. His effort is very highly spoken of.

According to Mac D——, in New Mexico the summer nights are so cold that the ponds all freeze over, and the boys can skate barefooted and in their summer clothes until noon. We fear that you are learning bad habits at the Gazette-News office, Mac.

Congregation B'Nai Israel, of Kalamazoo, has very kindly donated to the college library a fine set of Jewish Cyclopaedia, which are just being issued. The set will be made up of from twelve to fifteen volumes.

On Friday, January 9th, Professor Jenks took advantage of the freezing temperature in the laboratory to conduct the Chemistry class through the plant of the Kalamazoo Gas Works. All report a trip as highly interesting and instructive; as it was enjoyable.

Literary Society Notes.

The Sigma Kappa Phi fraternity met at the home of George Dasher on the evening of January 8. Three new members have been initiated during the month just past. Clarence L. Hause, president of the Freshman class; Thaddeus H. Ames, president of the Sophomore class, and John De Visser, formerly a prominent member of the Mu Delta Sigma fraternity of the High School.

Literary Society Notes.

EDITED BY EVELYN WILKINSON.

The Philos expect in future to close three of their meetings each month, and have only one with program open to outsiders.

The Euros are planning to have a "spinster" party in the near future. Eatables will be an important feature of the occasion for all members, for it is to be closed to all others.

There has been recently formed among the Seniors a literary club, whose aim is not only the study and enjoyment of the best American authors, but also the stimulation of original thought and production. The members are: Misses Bessie, Boyden, Hermann, Thoms and Wilkinson. Messrs. Hatch, McMullen, Upjohn, White and Young. The club has no officers, nor has it any formal organization. Tuesday night, the sixth of January the club held its first full meeting at the home of Miss Boyden. She proved herself an admirable hostess, and a most excellent time was enjoyed by all.

Not unworthy of mention is the Alpha Beta Sigma Society. It was organized some six or eight weeks before Christmas vacation, and has been flourishing ever since. The organization and ceremonial observances of the club are most elaborate and mysterious, every one being sworn to absolute secrecy. The society at first consisted of only six members, but the plan now is to widen its circle and take in a few more. The club is purely social in aim, and the members expect nothing but fun from its meeting, and of this they get a plenty.

Alumni Jottings.

EDITED BY B. E. ROBISON.

Mr. O. P. Lienau, who has been working in the interests of the Y. M. C. A. of New York City, has been transferred to a secretaryship in the Y. M. C. A. at Philadelphia.

Misses Edwards and Burns, who are students at the University of Chicago, spent the Christmas holidays at their respective homes in this city.

Alumni Jottings.

Mr. H. D. Girdwood, who has spent the past two years in European lands, is at present in India. A card recently received from him was written at Bombay. At that time he was about to leave Bombay to go to Delhi to attend the great Durbar, or proclamation of King Edward as Emperor of India.

Miss Florence La Tourette was married at the home of her parents in Fenton, Mich., Christmas evening to Professor Carl S. Milliken. Mr. and Mrs. Milliken will be at home after January 15th, at Lawrence, Mass.

Mr. James McGee, a former student of Kalamazoo, at present pastor of the East Main Street Church at Jackson, is meeting with marked success in that city. Some of the meetings are the largest in the history of the church; interest has reached the point of enthusiasm. Eleven adults and three children were recently baptised by him into church membership.

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"But you look as if you had something to say."

"Ya-as; I'm verwy deceptive that way. I've often thought, myself, that I had something to say, and discovered aftah I said it that I hadn't."

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Clippings.

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"And you don't believe in a hell any longer?"

"No."

"What a tremendous relief it must be to your mind."

HER SMALL WAIST.

A South side girl has such a small waist that she is afraid to eat an apple for fear it may show.—Denver Eye

"If men are the salt of the earth, women are undoubtedly the sugar. Salt is necessary—sugar a luxury. Vicious men are saltpeter, stern men are rock salt, nice men are table salt. Old maids are brown sugar, good natured matrons are loaf sugar and pretty girls are the fine pulverized sugar. Pass the pulverized sugar, please."

AND THEN SHE BLUSHED.

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"Why, I have a four minute limit," he replied. "I jump into a pair of trousers and a sweater and am there on time."

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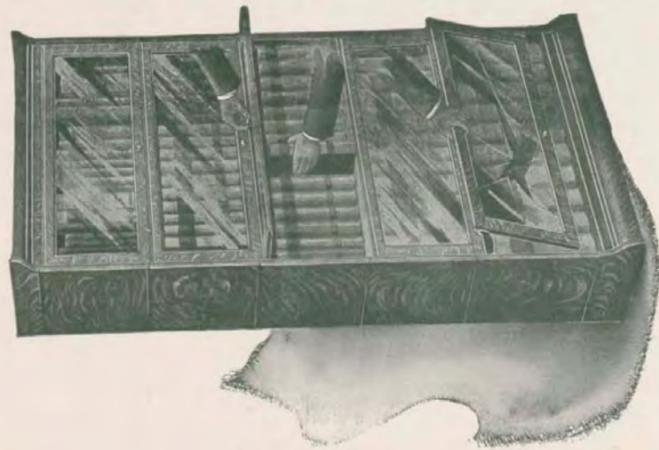
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VOL. XXIV.

FEBRUARY.

NO. 5

...FEATURES OF THE MONTH...

The Influence of the Bible

Beatrice Cochrane.

Unchaperoned

S. G. F.

The Capture of the Serapis

E. R. Young.

The Maiden's Song

F. G. Burnett.

Hercules

(Translated from the German)
George F. Dasher.

The Washington Banquet.

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—*Philadelphia Press.*

ALMOST MEAT TRUST RATES.—A Manitowoc (Wis.) young woman has got a \$500 verdict from a jury for a breach of promise which broke her heart. She must have had quite a heart.—*Buffalo Express.*

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Editorial, Athletic Notes, Literary Societies, Alumni and Personals.	

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Any information regarding Alumni will be gratefully received.

THE DAKEN  PRINTING CO.

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Contributions for February.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE BIBLE ON ENGLISH LITERATURE.—Miss Cochrane has called our attention with ease and force to the high place of the Hebrew scriptures and the christian testament as a force in forming the style of English prose. It is to be regretted in our day that the purity of Saxon and the marvelous range of expression which is found in the Bible cannot be studied in our schools. That such splendid literature should be laid aside for the masters who have learned of it is unfortunate. We are glad to aid in carrying forward the emphasis so much needed upon the purely literary study of this library of extraordinary masterpieces.

UNCHAPERONED.—This novel little story gives us, though indirectly, a glimpse of the missionary's life in Japan. We take not a little pride in the number of articles we have been enabled to furnish our readers this year written from the personal experience of our friends on foreign soil and that we should be able to bring these touches of real life into our pages.

THE CAPTURE OF THE SERAPIS.—This was chosen for publication especially because of its fire and enthusiasm. The phlegmatic so largely predominates in the temperament of the student that every example of feeling roused by the stirring and brilliant is welcomed with delight.

HERCULES.—We present no apology for translations. We believe it to be the fault of our culture that we in our enthusiasm for the scientific and natural forget the humanities as they are expressed by the modern writers of other nations. It is not an unworthy effort which seeks to bring these into available form for all. More truly is this so when it can be done by a facile pen which transfers not alone the context but the style and spirit. It is with such a tact that Mr. Dasher has rendered this German sketch in English.

THE MAIDEN'S SONG.—Mr. Burnett has again furnished us an example of talent in this piece of gentle pathos. While the style is of a former day it is a relief from the less translucent verse of the modern magazine.

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FEBRUARY, 1903.

No. 5.

The Influence of the Bible on English Literature.

BEATRICE COCHRANE.

The English Bible is the greatest of English books. Considered from the standpoint of view either of style or of thought it stands supreme. The first consideration is thus summed up by Prof. J. H. Gardiner, the well known English historian: "In all study of English Literature, if there be any one axiom which may be accepted without question, it is that the ultimate standard of English prose style is set by the King James version of the Bible. For examples of limpid, convincing narrative, we go to Genesis, to the story of Ruth, to the quiet earnestness of the Gospels; for the mingled argument and explanation and exhortation in which lies the highest power of the other side of literature, we go to the prophets, and even more to the epistles of the New Testament; and for the glow of vehemence and feeling which burns away the limits between poetry and prose and makes prose style at its highest pitch able to stand beside the stirring vibrations of verse, we go to the Psalms or the book of Job or the prophecies of Isaiah or to the triumphant declaration of immortality in the First Epistle to the Corinthians." By universal consensus of opinion, the authors of the Sacred Scriptures

The Influence of the Bible

included men who over and above qualifications of a more sacred nature, possessed literary power of the highest order.

If one reads his Bible by chapters he may pass from one kind of composition to another not noticing the distinction between poetry and prose. The volume is full of beautiful examples of both and this book is indeed an English masterpiece. That it is such is illustrated by the fact that all classes in all times have read and enjoyed it.

Most eminent English writers have been influenced by the style of the Bible. He must be a very careless reader indeed, who has not noticed scattered thickly on the pages of the greatest English masterpieces, thoughts and expressions taken from the Scriptures, as well as other elements of style evidently the result of a careful study of the supreme book. The thought of the Bible, however, has had a more powerful influence on English literature than its style. All great literature is religious. Homer, Vergil, and Dante were all religious men, and all wrote with the spirit of the prophets. But the religious motive has been maintained in no literature as in that of England and America. Chaucer, though not an especially religious man, showed in all his works that he was thoroughly acquainted with his Bible. Of Spencer, England's next great poet, this is even truer. His "Fairy Queen" is acknowledged to be a Christian allegory, reflecting the enthusiastic glow and vigor of the Reformation, a movement which had its origin in a new and devout study of the Holy Scriptures. Shakespeare, Spencer's greatest contemporary, was influenced to the greatest extent by this book. In his works, Bishop Wordsworth found over seven hundred allusions to the Bible, and Emerson says, "Shakespeare *leans* on the Bible, his poetry presupposes it." Milton, who is next in greatness, shows in all his

The Influence of the Bible

writings that he was a man well read in the oracles of God and greatly impressed by their spirit." In the opening lines of his great poem he invokes not the Muses of Mt. Helicon and the Castolian spring, but that

"Heavenly Muse, that on the secret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, did inspire
That Shepherd who first taught to chosen seed
In the beginning how the heavens and earth
Rose out of chaos."

And he said that the best preparation for true poetry is "devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit who who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and who sends out his seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases." Bunyan's marvellous book could never have been possible had he not been thoroughly versed in his Bible. Macaulay calls the *Pilgrim's Progress* the dream of one who has fallen asleep upon his Bible. His devotion to it and his grand example of Christlike character placed him among the greatest English writers.

Thoroughly to understand and fully to appreciate any English masterpiece a student must know his Bible. The late Charles Dudley Warner had this thought in mind when he said, "Wholly apart from its religious or from its ethical value the Bible is the one book that no intelligent person who wishes to come in contact with the world of thought and to share the ideas of the great minds of the Christian era, can afford to be ignorant of. All modern literature and all art are permeated by it. It is not at all a question of religion, or theology, or dogma; it is a question of general intelligence. A boy or girl at college in the presence of the works set for either to master, without a fair knowledge of the Bible, is an ignoramus, and is disadvantaged accordingly." In truth no one can escape the fact that the best inspiration for all that is noblest in Anglo-Saxon life and its expression in literature comes from the Book of Books.

Unchaperoned.

S. C. F.

I was at that time a young American girl of sixteen, but out of respect for English etiquette prevalent in the far east I had never gone many leagues from home without the company of some older person. That morning, however, an urgent telegram made it necessary for me to leave Tokyo on the noon train so as to see a friend who sailed from Yokohama for San Francisco that afternoon. There was no person of years and discretion who could make it convenient to go on that noon train, consequently I set out alone with a light heart, anxious to prove to the satisfaction of British mammas that I was capable of caring for myself on a twenty-mile journey. I tucked my Cicero under my arm with the fond delusion that on the train I would study my next day's lesson. Experience had not yet taught me that such attempts at industry come to little.

The ride to the station and the dickering with the rickshaw man was all an old story, but there was a certain amount of exhilaration in holding out my own ticket to be punched at the gate, and in having the officious little Japanese guard show me to the carriage, I use the word "carriage" for over the door of each compartment in large gilt letters were the words, "London, England." With a bang the guard locked the door, and I found myself caged in with two Japanese women and a man.

The man, I knew at a glance, was what Americans call "a sport." The extreme cut of his European clothes and the *distingue* air with which he wore them, was proof enough.

"A great way these foreigners have of letting their young women go loose!" he exclaimed. "Never fear,"

Unchaperoned.

as the young women turned a frightened look in my direction, "these foreigners are too haughty to learn Japanese—she can't understand. All the Japanese they know is to beat us down to half-price. She isn't listening anyway."

On this hypothesis that I knew no Japanese, they talked on. The women gaped with wide-mouthed astonishment at the half truths and half lies which the man told them about foreign countries and their inhabitants. He told them that he ought to know, for he was in the habit of reading an English paper every week. I knew it must be the half sheet printed in English every Saturday by one of the Tokyo papers. I, too, was in the habit of reading it—but for the fun I got out of the mutilated grammar and idioms.

"You see that ring on her hand? She is betrothed. Any foreigner who wears a ring is married or betrothed—remember that. Only half the women in the United States are married; there aren't enough men to go round."

When he got to discussing whether or not I was a good type of Western beauty, the make of my clothes, and how I got into them, I studied my Latin more absorbedly than I had done for many weeks.

"I wonder how old she is," asked one of the women.

"I'll find out for you," the sport answered. "It might be a good chance for me to practice the English I learned at college." Turning to the student by the window, "Woman, excuse. How do you do? How old you are?" indicating by a rising inflection that he was asking a question, not making a statement.

I turned on him what was intended to be a puzzled look. I cannot assert positively that the corners of my mouth were not twitching.

He repeated his question.

I shook my head and remarked, "O, tempora! O

Unchaperoned.

mores! Senatus haec intellegit, consul videt; hic tamen vivit.'"

This time perplexity showed on *his* face.

"She doesn't understand English," he said, turning back to companions. "Strange. She must be Russian. Down with the Russians anyway! Some day we shall fight them," and he glowered at me as though I embodied all that was hateful in his sight. "Now that I reconsider the matter, she isn't pretty at all. I take back my first opinion."

With difficulty I swallowed the laughter which well-nigh choked my throat. Womanlike, I was planning my sweet revenge.

At Yokohama as I passed in front of them to reach the door I bowed my most elaborate Japanese bow—to do it correctly is a formidable matter—"I humbly beg your pardon for my unavoidable rudeness in passing in front of you. I wish you a very pleasant further journey."

I gloried in the fact that my vowel sounds were unimpeachable and bore no trace of foreign accent.

One brief glance back was reward enough.

"In its dreams, man's ambition embraces vast limits, but it is rarely given us to achieve great things, and even then, a quick and sure success always rests on a ground work of patient preparation. Fidelity in small things is at the base of every great achievement."—Charles Wagner.

The Capture of the Serapis.

E. R. YOUNG.

The history of the Revolution teems with the brilliant deeds of noble men, the victories of the continental army were marvellous. Many of the feats performed by generals were miraculous. But no one act stands out with more brilliancy or with greater prominence than the capture of the British man-of-war, Serapis, by John Paul Jones.

The few miserably fitted ships possessed by the colonists at the outbreak of the Revolution compared very unfavorably with the splendidly equipped navy of the nation who was the boasted mistress of the seas. Benjamin Franklin wrote from the French capital to Congress that a few ships to harass English ports and to cruise in English waters would be more valuable than if these same ships were retained at home. None came, however, to flaunt their banners in the shades of English towers. Only the bold John Paul Jones dared attack English ships in their own waters. His favorite course was about the coast of England, where he kept the inhabitants in a constant state of terror and alarm. No ship was too large for him to attack, no opposition too strong to turn him aside. After making several plundering trips inland, he landed at Whitehaven, and after spiking the guns at that place, he fired the ships in the harbor. Then he issued a challenge to the British frigate Serapis to fight him in whatever latitude or longitude the latter should choose. On the twenty-third day of September, seventeen hundred and seventy-nine, that magnificent man-of-war sailed majestically out to the encounter. Tier upon tier of heavy guns looked grimly out over the English waters. Three hundred and fifty trained and disciplined men manned her decks. All was in perfect order, all in absolute readiness as she sailed slowly out

The Capture of the Serapis.

to meet her opponent. The beams of the western sun were reflected from the polished steel and heavy armament. The shining sails swelled proudly in the evening breeze. The boastful Britons, clad in their gaudy garb of crimson, were confident of victory. But how about the ship she was to meet? The *Bon Homme Richard* was an old East Indiaman with rotten, weather-beaten hulk, clumsy, poorly rigged and miserably equipped. Her crew consisted of three hundred half naked, poorly trained men, only one fourth of whom were Americans. The tattered sails flapped and fluttered in the wind as the boat rose and fell on the heaving breast of the ocean. High up on the main mast floated and tossed the silken folds of the gorgeous ensign of the colonies, the stars and stripes of America. On the deck stood John Paul Jones. His black eyes were fixed on his approaching enemy. His face was set in grim determination. He knew well the odds. He had counted the cost. But with the patriotism and devotion that bound the half-starved, poorly clad troops together at Valley Forge, that made Nathan Hale regret that he had only one life to give for his country, John Paul Jones resolved to win that fight or give his life blood to color the sea.

Slowly the two vessels approached each other. Soon they were within hailing distance. A shot was fired from the *Richard* and the fight was on. The *Serapis* trained her fifty guns in a broadside against the enemy. The *Richard* responded and the *Serapis* returned the fire with terrible effect. It swept through the rigging shattering the masts and riddling the sails. Just then two eighteen pound guns burst in the hold of the *Richard* tearing great gaps in her deck and killing many of her crew. Now Jones sought to cross at right angles behind his opponent but his clumsy craft only shifted into the path of the *Serapis*. Soon she swung out and again received a broadside from her enemy. By

The Capture of the Serapis.

a skillful manoeuvre Jones brought his boat across the bow of the enemy. The two ships came together and Jones with his own hands fixed the chains that bound them in an embrace which could not be parted during the fight.

Now came the thickest of the battle. On the lower decks the sailors fought hand to hand, the grim, half-naked follower of Jones and the crimson coated Briton. Great broadsides from the Serapis tore awful gaps in sides of the Richard. The water poured into the hold, but the English soldiers there confined were lashed to the pumps. High above the roar of the guns rose the wails of the wounded and dying. Old Captain Pearson, hearing a sailor cry for quarter, shouted through his trumpet to Jones: "Have you struck your colors yet?"

Then that gallant American commander, with the hold rapidly filling with water, with his crew lying in blood about him, shouted back in a clarion voice these words which have so often since inspired American hearts: "Sir, we have not yet begun to fight."

Then came a turn of the battle. Before a perfect fusilade of bullets the British sailors fled below. The brave men who manned the Richard threw themselves like wildcats over the deck of the Serapis; old Captain Pearson with his own hand, tore down the Union Jack from the masthead and the victory was won.

Swiftly the men were transferred to the captured boat and in the hour of victory the old, battle-scarred, weather-beaten hulk of the Bon Homme Richard with the stars and stripes still floating proudly from her standard, sank beneath the sea.

And now the silver crested billows roll and toss over the spot where lies the Bon Homme Richard. And the bones of the gallant captain have long since returned to the dust from which they came. But his brave and

The Capture of the Serapis

heroic act will always stand a fitting monument to perpetuate his name, and to enshrine his image in our hearts forever.

Since the sun still rises, since earth puts forth her blossoms anew, since the bird builds its nest, and the mother smiles at her child, let us have courage to be men and commit the rest to Him who has numbered the stars."—Wagner.

The Maiden's Song.

F. G. BURNETT.

In a quiet, quaint old village
Nestling 'mong the crescent hills,
Where a bubbling brooklet bubbles
Through a vale of daffodils,

When grey twilight draws her gauzy
Curtain over down and dale,
May be heard a maiden singing,
Sweeter than the nightingale.

Every evening, just at sunset,
She, alone, walks on the shore,
Watching white sails in the distance;
Thinking of the days of yore.

"Tell me, yonder ocean billows,
Creeping through the golden bars,
Tell me of a sailor lover,
Sailing under alien stars.

"Bring some message of his coming,
Long I've waited, waiting still,
Hoping, fearing, still expecting;
Lays he in some harbor ill?

"Tell me, O ye ocean billows,
Cold, relentless, ruthless, stern,
Must I ever sorrow for him,
Tell me, will he ne'er return?"

Sobbed that sweetness into silence;
And the breakers on the shore
Bowed their heads in sad confession;
"Never, never, never more."

Hercules.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY G. F. DASHER]

The short but bloody battle of Langensalza was over. Although victorious, the Hanoverians could no longer hold out against the superior force of Prussians, by whom they were completely surrounded, and so that same evening the whole army laid down their arms. The officers were released on parole; the common soldiers, after surrendering their arms and horses, were permitted to return to their fatherland.

On the morning after the battle a man named Roemer, who owned a farm in that neighborhood, was driving in a small wagon made of wickerwork towards Langensalza, where he had business to transact. The nearer he approached to the city, the greater became the tumult, and the denser the crowd on the highway. There were trains of wounded soldiers, crowds of Prussian and Hanoverian soldiers, citizens and farmers, cannons and all sorts of wagons in great confusion. Finally he could drive no farther, and had to leave his team at a little inn outside of the city.

Continuing his way on foot, he finally after great trouble, came to the city gate, where the Hanoverian cavalry were drawn up in long columns. They had already given up their arms and now they awaited the Prussian officers, to whom they should surrender their horses. It was a sad sight. Those brave dragoons, who yesterday morning had ridden so proudly and bravely into the battle, looked sad and disheartened; their uniforms were torn and soiled, their hands and faces blackened by dust and powder stains. It almost seemed as if the horses, too, understood the situation, for they too hung their heads.

Hercules.

While Herr Roemer stood there, he suddenly felt a hand upon his shoulder; and as he turned around, he saw before him one of the cavalymen, who in a military salute, raised his hand to his helmet.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said to the civilian, "would you have the kindness to bring some hay and a bucket of water for my horse from one of those houses over there? I dare not leave my place, and my poor 'Hercules' has had nothing to eat since yesterday morning."

Without taking the money which the soldier offered to him, Herr Roemer hastened away and soon returned with a sack full of hay and a bucket of water. "Come, Hercules," the cavalryman called to a white horse, which looked at both of them as if he understood every word, "refresh yourself, who knows, how long it will yet be, before you again get something to eat!" Now Herr Roemer also noticed that the horse limped badly. "Hercules has been shot in the left hind foot," the cavalryman said, "and will probably remain lame for the rest of his life." The tone in which these words were said was so sad that Herr Roemer looked at the soldier somewhat surprised.

"It may probably seem strange to you that I care so much for a horse," the latter continued. "But this white horse was born on my father's estates, and I have seen him run as a jolly colt in the pasture. When I had to become a soldier, the horse was also sold to the army and assigned to me as my mount. Two long years have we served the king together, have been together in manoeuvre and on furlough, and my Hercules was always the best and most beautiful horse in the regiment. Then came this war, and the fight yesterday and—well, you see for yourself what has happened to the poor animal."

In the meantime the horse had finished its eating, and looked wisely at his master. "Come Hercules," said

Hercules.

the latter, "this gentlemen likes you very much; well, show him something you have learned. Give me a foot!" The horse raised its right forefoot. "A kiss!" It pointed and offered its lips. "Make a greeting!" It kneeled down and bent its head. "How does the horse speak?" It began to whinny loudly. "Do you like your master?" It nodded and laid its head upon its master's shoulder and with a visible understanding, rubbed the soldier's cheek. "What do you do to the enemy?" At this question, in spite of its wounded foot, it kicked with both hind feet, pointed its ears, distended its nostrils, reared, and jumped around. "Bravo, my faithful animal, but what is the end of both rider and horse?" At these words he began to sing a well known song. Scarcely had the horse heard the beginning, when all his wildness disappeared. It fell on its knees, then lay down, and stretched out as if dead. "Stand up, my faithful horse," the soldier now spoke in a changed voice, "I fear we must separate." Herr Roemer saw the Prussian officer who was taking away the horses of the Hanoverian cavalry. As if worn out the white horse got up. It was evident that the undressed wound gave him great pain. The nearer the Prussian officer approached, the greater became the agitation of the cavalryman. It pained Herr Roemer very much, for the soldier was still a young man, and besides the son of a countryman as he himself was; and he, too, had a son in the Prussian army. He decided not to leave the poor fellow.

"Are you ill?" he asked, since he saw the soldier's face flush and then grow pale; "are you wounded, perhaps?"

"I have been shot in the left arm, and the camping in the rain has made it worse," the dragoon replied; "but that is not all—if I only could keep my horse and weapons and not have to return home like a vagabond.

Hercules.

And the bitterest thing is; I must myself stand here and give the faithful animal away! Isn't it so, Hercules? You won't believe it, if they tell you that your master wishes to go home alone and without you? You have served him so faithfully—and now he must give you over to strange hands. And yet, Hercules, I am not guilty; I should like to keep you so much, but I dare not."

At this moment the officers came up. Then the Hanoverian threw both his arms around the horse's neck and pressed its head to his chest—then he released it, turned around and hastened into the city without looking around. Herr Roemer followed him quickly, took his arm, and asked him to stay a few days with him. The soldier consented. As soon as they arrived home he sent for a doctor who said, "the wound is not dangerous, but it has become very inflamed by cold and must be carefully tended to. The young man has also a high fever; you must not let him out of sight." After he had prescribed some medicine he departed.

By evening of the same day, the fever became exceedingly high and during the night the sick man was delirious. The doctor said: "Nervous prostration."

Shortly after this there was announced in the papers a public auction of cavalry horses unfit for service, and Herr Roemer was called back to Langensalza by it. How astonished he was when he noticed the gray horse among those to be auctioned! To be sure of it he called the name, "Hercules!" The horse pricked up its ears and neighed softly as if to ask, "Who knows my name here?" Then Herr Roemer made a quick decision. "Where eight horses mouths were satisfied a ninth may also find room and fodder," he said to himself, and for five dollars he bought the horse which was lamed by the shot, and which on account of the bad fodder and hardships had become very bony. To be sure, when he came

Hercules.

home everyone joked about the lame horse; his wife also scolded him about it. But Herr Roemer took all the jokes calmly, for he always thought, "What will the dragoon say when he again recognizes and receives his horse?"

To be sure, the latter could not say anything at all, for he lay sick in bed for many long weeks. For the present, Herr Roemer had the horse cleaned, bound up its inflamed wound, and gave it the best fodder. After a few days the wound began to heal, the shaggy coat became glossy and its lameness gradually disappeared.

How did it go with its young master? A thunder storm bends the strong young tree but does not break it. So it went with our young hero. For a long time the fever raged, until it seemed that he never again would get up from his bed. Finally, his youthful vigor triumphed; the fever disappeared, his reason returned, but but not the happy young spirit, not the hopes for a better future. All day long the young man sat brooding. He even seemed to have lost his interest and his remembrance of his faithful horse. Never did he speak of it; never mentioned its name; he seemed disinterested in everything.

One day Herr Roemer said to him: "Comrade, when you feel yourself strong enough you shall accompany me to the stable. I have bought a new horse, and I would like to have your opinion about him."

At these words the young man blushed and grew pale, and finally said in a sad voice: "Tomorrow, please, not to-day—I must first accustom myself to the sight of a horse."

On the next day, he laid aside the comfortable lounging robe, put on his uniform, and went to the stable. There stood the gray horse. One glance and—"Hercules!" cried the dragoon, and rushed to the horse, which at the first note of his voice, pricked up its ears

Hercules.

and answered with a joyful whinny. Quietly Herr Roemer left the stable; he did not wish to disturb the reunion.

From now on the recovery of horse and rider advanced rapidly. Daily did the soldier become stronger, and soon could he ride his horse in the pasture. Its lameness had disappeared, it carried its head proudly and arched its tail prettily. Its graceful body became covered with glossy hair, and its feet pranced with joy at living.

One day visitors came to the farm. They were the soldier's parents who had come to take him home. Great was the joy at the meeting. The faithful animal also received his share. The evening was not long enough to relate all the adventures of horse and rider; midnight still found the farmer and his guests in an interested conversation.

When finally the hour for departure came, all gathered before the house. The dragoon had his horse by the reins. "Hercules give your thanks to your keepers!" he cried. Hercules bowed and with his teeth held toward him a little purse. It contained a rich present for the farmer. Then the young man turned toward the horse and called: "Now, Hercules, extend your thanks to the gentleman!" At this command the horse kneeled before Herr Roemer and touched his clothes and hands with its lips, as if it wished to kiss them. Then the clever animal sprang up and neighed loudly, as if it had a presentiment of home.

But his master could not speak at the leave-taking; tears stood in his eyes as he shook Herr Roemer's hand for the last time.

"A man whose only motive for action is his wages, does a bad piece of work. The best we put into our work is precisely that for which no one can pay us."—*The Simple Life.*

Editorial Comment.

The Simple Life. "The sick man, wasted by fever, consumed with thirst, dreams in his sleep of a forest stream wherein he bathes, or of a clear fountain from which he drinks in great draughts. So amid the confused restlessness of modern life, our wearied minds dream of simplicity." Such are the words with which Charles Wagner calls a halt in the mad rush of modern existence. From the great thinking heart of the world's vainest vanity, where men are lost in the pursuit of wealth and pleasure, or buried in the debris of ignorance and crime, where the great and small, poor and affluent, righteous and degenerate mingle in a seething mass of unending activity, from the whirl of gay Paris comes the voice of this prophet proclaiming the virtues of "The Simple Life." Strange as this lone voice seems, rising above the din and turmoil of his adopted environment, we little wonder that one reared among the green valleys of the Vosges, lulled to sleep in childhood in the "embalmed solitude of the meadow," or awakened by the "blackbirds answering one another from hillock to hillock," whose whole youth has been one continuous "dream of beauty and sound of song" should be moved to voice against the life in which he lives. Even in this far-off western wilderness we are not unaffected by the taint of the world's spirit of to-day. When the cries of "How much is this going to bring me?" "What do you own?" "Who are you?" Not "What are you?", when mammon is the ruling force of the age, and struggle, fight and kill are the passports of success, the cooling stream and limpid waters of simplicity become a welcome fountain to the thirsting millions. While with justice we emphasize the strenuous, let us also add the simple life for the home and heart if it cannot be for the world at large.



"Let nothing, then, appear more beautiful in the world, than humanity toiling in humble and obscure pathways toward perfection and light."

The Washington Banquet.

The annual banquet of the literary societies in honor of "the father of his country" was held this year on February 20. The banquet hall never possessed a more pleasing atmosphere of warmth and comfort, nor was the company ever more thoroughly in harmony with the spirit of the occasion. A numerous company of students, alumni and friends made up the gay company which after a short informal reception gathered about the tables in the hall. The music for the evening was furnished by McElhaney's orchestra which outdid itself in the program rendered.

The toastmaster, Miss Lydia Smith, had been chosen by the Eurodelphians. With clever and appropriate fore words she presented to the gathering the speakers of the occasion. Floyd I. Beckwith of the Philolexian society spoke upon "Washington, the Unknown Man." With clear and deliberate forcefulness he presented the less popular side of Washington, the man, as distinguished from the usual conception of the faultless, apotheosized general and patriot. The tribute was the more impressive because of its candor. Rev. J. E. Smith spoke in behalf of the Alumni upon the theme, "After a Decade." He recalled the picture of Kalamazoo ten years ago and painted in strong contrast the advance of today. A glowing tribute to Dr. Slocum elicited hearty applause. Miss Belle Herman toasted the faculty under the guise of "We'uns and You'ns." The toast was characterized by bright sayings and earnest expressions of appreciation of the difficulties, responsibilities and influences of faculty life. The audience then rose and sang "Mount Vernon Bells."

Mr. Crandell, of the Century Forum society, was then called to respond to the "Right of Way." He spoke with sincerity and conviction. Mr. Young represented the Sherwoods. In response to "Prospect and Retrospect," he gave a stirring picture of the fears, failures and fancies of early student life and a strong description of the possibilities the later college life revealed. The concluding toast was responded to by President Slocum; "The Demands of the Twentieth Century." In the earnest, forceful, attractive way so familiar to his friends, he spoke of the possibilities and difficulties facing the young men and women of the new century. It was a fitting and impressive close to a highly successful as well as thoroughly enjoyable evening of pleasure and profit.

Something Doing.

EDITED BY WALLACE W. WRIGHT.

MARGARET BOYDEN ASSISTANTS BEATRICE COCHRANE

Anderson found a girl.

Who says that advertising does not pay?

Miss Prudence Chapman visited friends in Battle Creek, Feb. 7.

Miss J—ns—n; "We shall next meet Palamorus in Hades."

Miss Jessie Hayne spent Sunday, Feb. 8, with her father at Lawton.

Everett Cochrane, of Lansing, visited her sister several days this month.

Out at Richland: "Wanted, a chicken-pie cook. Apply to Marvin."

Mrs. Wheaton spent several days with her daughter Ruth at the Hall recently.

There are thirty-three graduates of the Kalamazoo High School in college this year.

By the way, Minar, what were you doing at D'Arcy's the other afternoon? Bad business, old man!

The Seniors and Juniors from the Hall entertained a few friends Friday evening, February 24, at Miss Bessee's.

Mr. S—t—r; "Friend, this hand has never lost a man." Girls here is a good chance to take lessons.

The members of the Century Forum and their lady friends enjoyed a sleigh-ride out to Hale's, February 5.

C. F. McDerby, Ex. '04, has accepted a fine position with Kelly, Maus & Co., a large wholesale hardware house in Chicago.

It is reported that Kalmbach says he wishes there were three times as many girls in the Hall as there are. Wonder why?

Harlon P. Rowe, Ex. '04, has been seriously ill at his home in Bad Axe, but is now able to resume his duties in his father's store.

Heard on the Sophomore's sleigh-ride: Miss H—, "What are you up to now?"

Coach Yost, of the U. of M., held an informal reception in Bowen Hall on February 4. He also took supper at the Richmond with several members of the football team.

On the evening of January 15, the Freshmen journeyed to Plainwell for a sleigh-ride and supper at the Lawrence House. A very pleasant time is reported.

Something Doing.

February 8, was observed as the day of prayer for colleges. At 3:00 p. m. services were held in Bowen Hall. The sermon was delivered by the Rev. J. E. Smith; Dr. Slocum and others also spoke.

Dr. Slocum spoke at the banquet of the Chicago-Kalamazoo College Association on February 19. He has spoken at several other places during the month past, explaining the needs of the college to the various communities.

The German club seems to believe in enjoying life. A sleigh-ride out to Marcus Baker's, a coasting party and an evening at the home of Paul Stetson, is not so bad a record for one month.

Speaking of Prof. C——'s cooking out at Baker's:—Miss F. "Yes, I ate all mine, for I wanted to find out what I was to eat next summer."

Mrs. B. "Well, is he going to do your cooking for you?"

Two sleigh loads of jolly Sophomores enjoyed an evening at the home of Miss Jeffery, on the Gull road, January 14. A perfect night, a good crowd and a nice place to get warm, form a combination hard to beat.

A CO-ED'S SYLLOGISM. "The study of humanity is a good thing. The study of mankind is the study of humanity. Therefore the study of man is a good thing."

The Sigma Kappa Phi fraternity gave a dinner February 6, at the home of Thad Ames to celebrate its first anniversary. Eighteen covers were laid. In the games of the evening Miss Everard won the honors while the consolations fell to the lot of Miss Todd.

Prof. Cl——, "Miss L——b, what does this idiom mean, 'Ich habe dichgern'?"

Miss L——b, (blushing) "Ah,—I——"

Prof. Cl——, "I like you pretty well!" Class is surprised(?)

The boarders at the Hall participated in a sleigh-ride on the evening of February 10, followed by an oyster supper. The sleighing was poor but that did not keep those who were riding in the bobs from having a fine time, and voting the ladies at the Hall capital entertainers.

The Seniors played host to the Juniors January 13, in an exceedingly pleasant masquerade party at the home of Mr. Herbert Upjohn, in South Park Street. The costumes were varied and amusing, the paper hats made and trimmed by the boys were fearfully and wonderfully constructed, and an elegant three-course supper was a fitting climax to a most enjoyable inter-class party.

The Sophomores entertained the Freshmen with a valentine party at the home of Miss Cleora Davis in South Park Street, on February 13. The rooms were beautifully decorated with the colors of

Something Doing.

both classes and strings of little red hearts. For entertainment several very clever games were played. The descriptive valentines were especially neat and apt. If the Freshmen are not willing to bury the hatchet now, they must be a very hard class to suit.

On the evening of Monday, January 12, Mrs. and Miss Dasher entertained a party of eighteen in honor of the twenty-first birthday of Mr. George Dasher. Games and a three-course supper were the features of the evening.

Among the visitors in college during the past month are Prof. C. H. Gurney of Hillsdale college, Prof. W. W. Braman, head of the Department of Mathematics in the U. of M., Prof. A. S. Carman of Dennison University, and Rev. Wright.

Under the avspices of the Junior class, Madam Jarley and her peerless collection of wax works has given two exhibitions during the past month. One took the form of a sleigh-ride out to Richland, and a chicken pie supper at the home of William Kester on January 16, the other an exhibition at the Portage Street Baptist church and a lunch at the home of W. H. Dunham, February 11.

On the evening of January 13, Miss Alice M. Brooks, daughter of Prof. and Mrs. Brooks, was united in marriage to Mr. Claude N. Oakley. The ceremony was performed in the presence of a number of guests at the home of the bride's parents. Both Mr. and Mrs. Oakley are graduates of Kalamazoo College and carry with them our best wishes.

Miss Thoms recently enjoyed a visit from her father, the Rev. Dr. Thoms; of Chicago.

At the contest Thursday, Feb. 12, the following were chosen members of the debating team: Messrs. McMullen, Upjohn and Young.

It was an orange and black cap that caused all the trouble. For particulars inquire of J. H. G., E. G. C., or P. J. H.

Recently a learned Senior closed his recitation with the following remark: "There—I think that's pretty clearly stated."

The unfortunate death of B. E. Robinson's brother has aroused the sincerest sympathy of the students and faculty.

Athletic Outlook.

EDITED BY GEORGE F. DASHER, '04.

Base The baseball season is fast approaching and the time to take an
Ball inventory of our stock is at hand. Never before in the history of Kalamazoo College have the prospects for a winning baseball team been brighter, and it is a self-confident smile that adorns every

Athletic Outlook.

student's face when baseball is the conversation. And baseball should be talked from now until field-day; enthusiasm must be shown for athletics, interest in the team must be kept up, and in short, we must "live" baseball. That is the secret of our rival's success. With all the other elements at hand, that must not be lacking.

As for material, that's what makes Coach Johnson wear that self-satisfied look. All of "Murphy's Colts" will be back in the squad, except "Jerry" Simpson, the star outfielder of last season. "Hard-luck" Chaffee is back again this season, and there never has been a better catcher in the intercollegiate. With his "hoodoo" broken, he expects to survive the season, and hold his position against all comers. "Sister" Sanger, who was the idol of the rooters last year, is back in school and will undoubtedly gain new laurels this spring. As for the infield, MacDonald, North, Dasher and Hause are all in the squad, and will all strive their hardest to hold their old position. All of them have played two years in the infield and their team work last year showed the result of excellent coaching. They all have "fond memories of a certain Waterloo" and are bound to avoid them this year. Kalmback, Upjohn and Marvin, three of last year's outfielders are back in school and members of the squad.

With the above men as a nucleus about which to build his team, Coach Johnson has the pick of a lot of promising new men. Many of these men have already made a record on the diamond and will undoubtedly make the team this spring. This makes the contests for positions very exciting and the result will not be known until the lineup for the first game is announced.

The men who join the squad this year for the first time bring with them the following records. Wade Killifer has played four years with the Paw Paw High School and on the city team of that place. He is an allround player and a very valuable man to the team. Sanborn, catcher and outfielder, has also played four years with his High School team. He hails from South Haven "by the sea." Schrier, a local amateur, is a "south-paw" twirler, and played in the city league against the 'varsity. Giddings, of Augusta, has played two years with his high school team. His position is third base, but he has also done some box-work, and will be tried in that position. DeGroat is a promising out-fielder from Three Oaks, where he has played in high school circles for three years. DeVisser, captain of last year's high school team of this city, has played for three years. He is an in-fielder, and will make a hard run to make the 'varsity. Anderson from Bloomingdale High School, has played four years at third base. Hurd from Eau Claire, Wisconsin, is also a left handed pitcher, and has had three year's experience in that position. Deal,

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from Alamo, is a candidate for an out-field position. He has played two years with the high school team of that place, and has also played two years with the celebrated K. O. T. M. team.

In addition to these men, there are a number of last year's Reserves back in the squad. Polly, Steele, Smith, DeGroat, and Dunn, will try for the 'varsity, and Dye, who won his "K" on the '01 team but was unable to play last year, will also be out.

These are the men on whom rest our chances for winning the pennant and cup. They have all begun hard training to get in good condition, and do not expect to let up the work until field day is over. With such material in the hands of "Murphy" Johnson we ought indeed to feel confident. But we will not boast—only boost and wait results.

Track Although a little early in the season to consider outdoor track athletics, we wish to give you a brief summary of the year's athletic prospects, and track work forms no small part of our college life in the spring. Of last year's track team, VanDis, captain for this year, Polly and Stetson are back. Beckwith, a former relay team man, is back in school and is a member of the training squad. In addition to these, we have splendid material among the new men. Fisher, of North Division High School, Chicago, is one of the most promising in the jumps and hurdles. He has already broken the indoor Y. M. C. A. record in this city and will be sure to win some points for the Orange and Black. Moore, of Des Moines, Iowa, is a heavy man and will enter the weights and the jumps. Killifer, of Paw Paw, will enter the sprints; Hurd, of Eau Claire, is a quarter-miler. Besides the runs, he also handles the discus easily, and will prove a star in the indoor meet. Rechter and Deal, of Alamo, are two men fast on their feet, who will enter the sprints. Phelps, of Chicago is a hurdler, but will also enter the sprints. Bushnell, of Kalamazoo will enter in the weights and will undoubtedly prove a valuable man to the team.

These are the men who have done track work in the past, but they should not be the only ones to try for these events. Your ability along lines like these can never be known until tested. Perhaps arrangements may be made for inter-class field meets, and if this is done, show yourself what you can do. The effort of the striving will bring its own reward.

Tennis Through the condition of the courts last fall, it was impossible to try out the new arrivals so that little can be said of the lawn tennis prospects. As baseball requires so much time, many of the

Athletic Outlook.

players only take up the game as a pastime. It is to be hoped that this year a team may be developed that will also make a record for us in this popular branch of athletics.

Basket Ball The basket ball season is now in full swing, and several games have already been played. A series of games has been arranged between the societies, and the college team has its schedule about completed. The final line-up of our basket ball team this year will probably be as follows: Kalmback, center; VanDis, captain, and DeVisser, forwards; Lenderink and North, guards.

Alumni Notes.

EDITED BY B. E. ROBISON.

G. B. Travis, '01, who has been located at Washington since graduating from Kalamazoo, has recently received a commission of interpreter of Spanish for the government with headquarters at Manila, P. I.

Prof. Austin George, superintendent of the Ypsilanti public schools died on Tuesday, Jan. 20. Prof. George graduated from Kalamazoo in '67 and held the chair of literature in the college, 1872-3. He went to the Normal school at Ypsilanti in 1879, and in 1896 became superintendent of public schools.

C. L. Austin, '02, was recently forced to submit to an operation for appendicitis, and succeeded in arousing much comment, among medical men, in regard to his recovery. Three weeks are usually required for recovery from such an operation, but Mr. Austin recovered in ten days. Mr. Austin is pastor at Englishville where he has been rendering efficient service, having baptized fifteen into church membership.

J. E. Finlay, of Jaro, P. I., writes very interestingly of assisting in dedicating a chapel in our interior village. To reach the place it was necessary to make a journey through rain and mud, over hills, rice paddies and rivers, through robber-infested districts, and up to the summit of a mountain. Mr. Finlay spent two days in this village and before he left, the chief man brought out a list containing the names of almost the entire community, headed "those in this locality who desire to follow the new religion." Mr. Finlay was the first Protestant missionary to visit these people and they showed their appreciation of his visit, in a measure, by accompanying him a considerable distance on his return journey.

Cupid has again been active among our Alumni. On the evening of January 14, at the home of the bride's parents, Dr. and Mrs. S.

Alumni Notes.

Brooks, Miss Alice Brooks '95, was married by her father to Mr. Claude W. Oakley, of Kalamazoo.

In a recently published volume of the Contemporary American Biography there appears a short sketch of B. M. DesJardins, formerly a student in Kalamazoo. As many others have done and are doing, Mr. DesJardins worked his way while in college, much of the time serving on the Gazette staff. Always a close observer, especially of mechanical processes and machinery, he became impressed with the unevenness and tediousness of the compositor's work. The thoughts thus aroused were allowed to take their proper course, so that in time they found expression in deeds, which, after repeated discouragements and hardships, finally culminated in the DesJardins type justifier. Other inventions which he has perfected are, a mathematical computing device, the computing scale and cash register, the typewriter adding machine and the cryptograph, or secret correspondence typewriter. By "keeping everlastingly at it" Mr. DesJardins has attained success in his type justifier, which, in turn, has brought him international fame.

Mr. DesJardins is now president of the DesJardins Type Justifier Co., with a capital of half a million, and vice-president of the DesJardins Computing Register Co., with a capital of two hundred thousand dollars.

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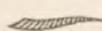
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And Fogg asked, quite innocently.

"Would half a mile be far enough off, do you think?"

—*London Tit Bits.*

TRAGIC.

"Why are you weeping, Agnes?" her mother asked.

"I was thinking," the child replied, "of the millions of poor little microbes in that oyster I swallowed last night. How lonesome they must be to be parted forever from their little brothers and sisters in the ones you and papa ate.—*Record-Herald.*

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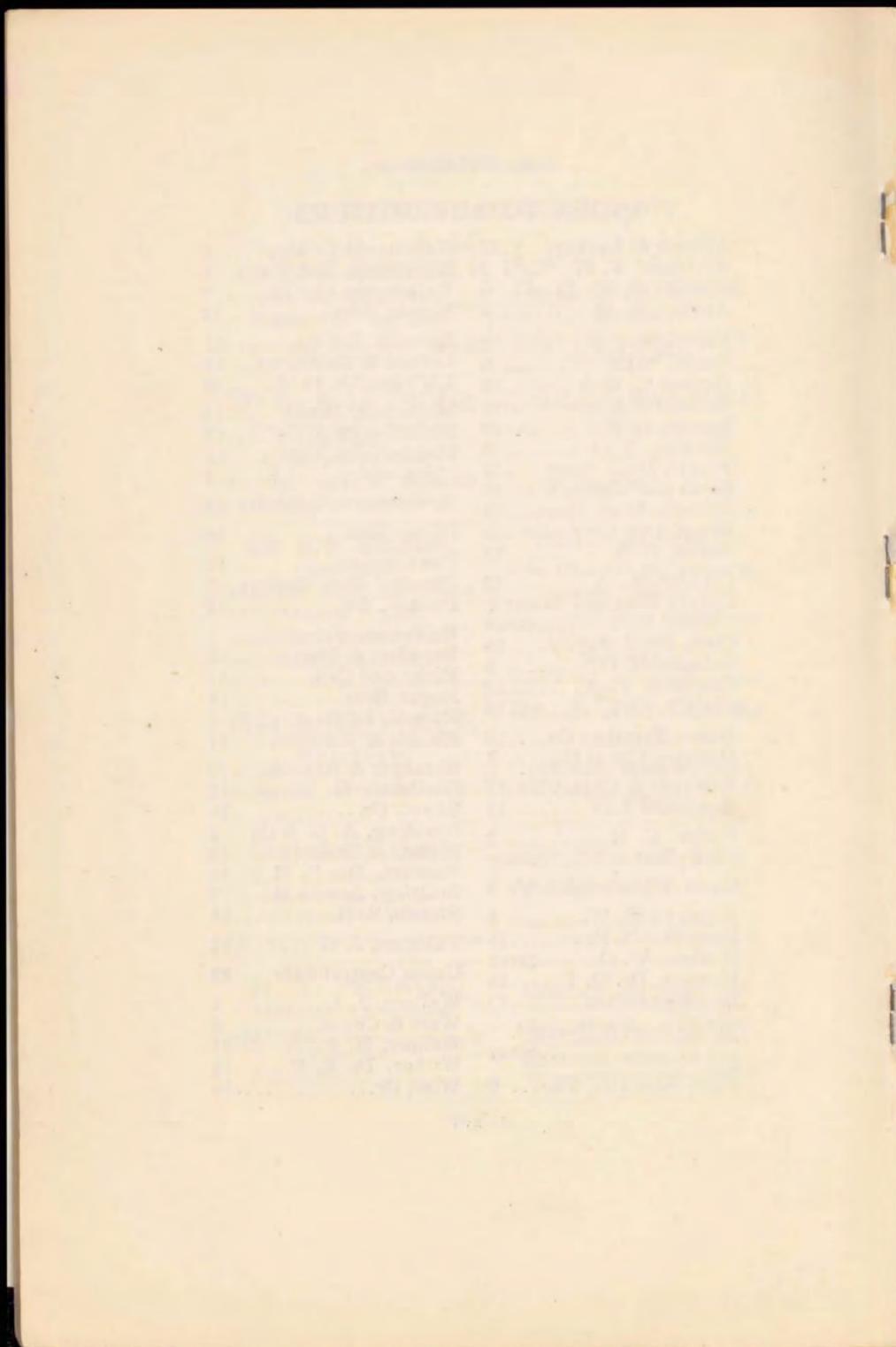
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missed something.

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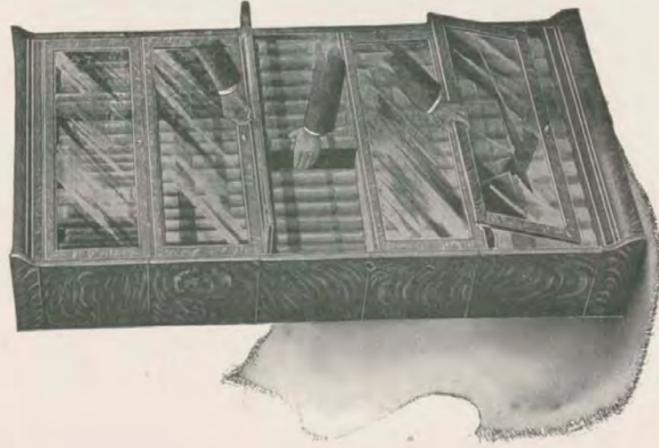
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122 SOUTH BURDICK ST.

THE COLLEGE INDEX.

VOL. XXIV

MARCH 1903 NO. 6

...FEATURES OF THE MONTH...

For the Honor of His School
A. M. Giddings

The Silver Disk
Bernard L. Johnson

Prisoners Among Savages
John L. McCloud

A Plea

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
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THE COLLEGE INDEX

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE
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HUBERT S. UPJOHN, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF. MARK F. SANBORN, LITERARY EDITOR.
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Editorial, Athletic Notes, Literary Societies, Alumni and Personals.	

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Address all communications to

THE COLLEGE INDEX, College Dormitory.

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

Any information regarding Alumni will be gratefully received.

THE DAKEN  PRINTING CO.

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter at the Postoffice, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Contribution for this Month.

FOR THE HONOR OF HIS SCHOOL.—A. M. Giddings. It is very seldom that a story is of sufficient merit to justify its publication when out of season. But the story contributed by Mr. Giddings, "For the Honor of His School," is one that stands on other merit than the plea of being seasonable. While it is the first contribution to our pages by this young man we believe it to be one of exceptional interest and indicative of great promise.

THE SILVER DISK.—Bernard L. Johnson, among the many that have regretted the necessary departure of Mr. Johnson are those who appreciated his literary ability. We hope that it may be still of further use to us "The Silver Disk," was selected from a large number of short stories as being one which had attracted attention and been remembered by those who heard it. It is characterized by the wiered element which wins a hearing so quickley among readers of modern fiction. It is one of those stories which are so wholly natural as to completely hide the writer behind his easy and grateful style.

PRISONERS AMONG SAVAGES.—John L. McCloud. We print in this issue a short story which comes from the pen of one of Kalamezoo's oldest graduates. The days of the sixties seem a long way off but their men are with us yet. Mr. McCloud was formerly a member of the Philolexian lyceum and is still deeply interested in college affairs. The subject and setting are quite out of the ordinary for a college paper and give varity and tone to its pages. We are glad to welcome our alumni to the list of our contributors.

THE COLLEGE INDEX

Published monthly by the
STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION,
Kalamazoo College.

VOL. XXIV.

MARCH, 1903.

No. 6.

For the Honor of His School.

A. M. GIDDINGS.

On a stormy day in midwinter a group of men were standing on the banks of a river which ran near a lumber camp in Northern Michigan. They were speaking in low tones and casting occasional glances toward a little tumble-down barrack which stood a few rods back in the woods. If you had asked them why they were thus solemnly gathered on this chilling day, they would have told you that Enoch Morgan, the best log-driver on the river, had just been killed by a falling tree. They were wondering how "Jack" the seventeen-year-old boy would stand the crushing blow of his father's death. "Jack" Morgan had never known a mother's care and had only his father to prepare him for his struggles with the world, and now that he too was gone, the boy was almost disheartened. But he was a lumberman's son and he would take up his father's craft as a means of support. Though a mere youth, he stood six feet tall, and could handle the great logs, and swing the axe with a grace and an ease which was the admiration of all his comrades. His world was a small one, a world of unceasing monotonous toil; broken only by the games at the card table and drinking bouts at night. From a few books which he had read he knew that there was a

For the Honor of His School.

world down the long river where the log rafts went each year, but he had never left his home in the woods. Each year when his father came back from his long trip down the river he brought the boy some books, and now that the father was gone, "Big Joe" brought back each year a little bundle to the youthful woodman. "Jack" loved his books and so it was that he learned to give up the card table and drinking bout to read in his new companions. It was little wonder then, when Harry Bowen, the son of the camp owner, came to tell him of the great world and its schools and colleges, that the soul of this boy looked out with longing toward the new sphere down the river. Bowen had come during his vacation, on a pleasure trip to this out-of-the-way place and chanced one day to see the young giant at his work. When he saw the snake-like creeping of the sinewy muscles beneath the coarse work-shirt and saw the mighty timber tremble at each blow of the woodsman's axe he exclaimed: "Jove, what a football player that man would make." When he was told of Morgan's love for books an inspiration came to him, and his vivid stories of college life and the hard fought battles on football fields won the impetuous heart of the young lumberman. Bowen made all arrangements and so it was that "Jack" Morgan left his native wilds and sought and found the world of which he had dreamed so much. Thus it was that the untamed North sent a man East to make football history.

Few men at Brandon College had taken especial notice of the tall broad-shouldered man whom Bowen introduced as "Morgan from Michigan." But when the football squad got out for practice and the angular giant from the West was seen towering above his smaller fellows they began to notice his powerful build and manly bearing. Brandon had twice won the cup and had hoped to win it again and forever; but when the wretched

For the Honor of His School.

practice was in progress sighs of despair could be heard on all sides. Nights they would gather and talk of other days; of Bunker, and Brantzen, and Armstrong. "We'll never get another man like Armstrong" some one would say and then forgetting the dark present they would turn to the past and speak of the thrilling runs and fierce tackles of that superb half back whose name had become a watchword on the gridiron of the intercollegiate. Then some one would venture that Bowen had found a man, in Morgan, who would make a second Armstrong but when they thought of the big clumsy tackle they would drop the subject in disgust. It did seem that he was slow to learn, but Bowen could see the steady development of his man, and knew that some day the lumberman would surprise them all. Bowen had been Morgan's good angel, and the woodsman had grown to look upon him with a devotion bordering on worship. The word of the friend was law with the lumberman for he knew that the new life he was leading he owed to his benefactor. The season was well along and Morgan had made a name for himself. At first he had been looked upon as just good enough for the team, then after he had won a game from Haverhill and tied the game with Dover, Brandon's bitterest foe, they began to see his true worth. Now when he came onto the field, he was greeted with loud cheers and he had been dubbed "The Man from Michigan." Morgan liked cheers but when, after each new triumph, the huzzas had died away, it was the hearty hand shake and "Good work, old man," of Bowen that filled his cup of joy to the brim. Once the lumberman, had asked Bowen if he had an enemy in the world. "Yes Jack, I have got one bitter enemy, he hails from Dover college and perhaps he will be over with the rooters tomorrow, for the big game; his name is Haven." "The Man from Michigan" little realized what a part

For the Honor of His School.

this same Haven was to play before the end of another day.

John Haven was as unscrupulous a man as could be imagined. He came with the Dover rooters and his confidence, in the team which represented his school, led him to bet heavily on the game. Through an agent he placed fifty dollars with Bowen on the outcome of the game and that, together with his other reckless wagers, summed up a total of five hundred dollars on Dover. But this unprincipled man would run no risk and besides, if he could beat Bowen, if Dover should win, he would have ample revenge for all fancied wrongs which Morgan's friend had done him. A few hours before the game he could have been seen busily engaged at the writing desk in the Brandon hotel tracing ever so carefully something upon a piece of blue note paper. He finished one paper then shook his head and tore the paper up. Finally with a satisfied nod he folded a paper and placing it in his coat pocket exclaimed, "Yes I'll use it if I must."

The hour for the game had arrived; the game which was to decide the championship, which meant everything to Brandon. The immense crowd was in a hush of expectancy and all eyes were turned toward the club house from which the gladiators would come. All Brandon was on the south bleachers, and Dover on the north. A low murmur ran along the line of bleachers and then the terrific cheers of north and south mingled as the two teams came upon the field and leaped into the arena at almost the same time.

The practice was over and the teams lined up for the kick-off. Standing calm and firm in his position "The Man from Michigan" waited ready for Dover's kick. He looked hurriedly along the Brandon bleachers and wondered that he could nowhere see Bowen. The whistle sounded and the game was on. Never had

For the Honor of His School.

Morgan played fiercer football, and his number was called again and again, and he shot through the human mass for repeated gains. The ball was on Dover's 3-yard line when Ford, the Brandon fullback, fumbled and DeFrance, Dover's fleet half-back, seized the ball and, breaking around Brandon's confused players, ran the entire length of the field for a touch-down. Over in the north bleachers John Haven had been biting his moustache fiercely but now a smile lit up his coarse face and he shouted and cried with the Dover stands. The goal was missed and on the next kick-off Dover was held for downs on her own thirty yard line and Morgan was once more called into play. Brandon's eleven worked like a unit and their onslaught was irresistible. Time and again the giant form of the lumberman could be seen pushing and tearing his way goalward and when, at last the touch-down and goal kick came he sank exhausted to the ground. John Haven's finger nails dug into his palms and calling a boy to him, he whispered a few words into his ear, gave a hoarse laugh and pushing further into the crowd, disappeared. The first half had ended and the score stood Brandon 6, Dover 5.

As Morgan was getting ready for the second half a boy rushed up to him and handed him a piece of blue note paper. Jack, read this:-

Morgan—

Brandon must not win this game. It means everything to me.
HARRY BOWEN.

The lumberman was thunderstruck. Bowen, why should he wish to have Brandon lose and in his simplicity the woodsman took all for granted. Morgan loved his friend but the bumps received upon the grid-iron of the intercollegiate had endeared old Brandon to his heart and so it was the honor of his school against the friendship of his benefactor. In his confused state

For the Honor of His School.

of mind he did not notice that he had dropped the note upon the ground. By his own request, on a plea of fatigue, Morgan was allowed to play defensive full-back and when, after the first kick-off he was called upon to carry the ball the peerless tackle could not gain. Men broke through his tackle and blocked plays again and again, over in the crowd John Haven was smiling sheepishly. Brandon looked and wondered; was their great tackle hurt? Yes, Morgan must be hurt, he was worn out by his terrific pounding in the first-half. John Haven only smiled. Both teams were playing fiercely and once the ball rested on Dover's fifteen yard line and again on Brandon's five yard line, for they were missing Morgan's stonewall defense. Now with only two minutes yet to play, Dover had the ball on Brandon's forty yard line and Morgan playing back on his own ten yard line was thinking that he had done all that he could for his friend and yet not betrayed his school. Imagine his chagrin when he saw Brandon's center crumble and give way and Beckett, the Dover full-back, was through like a flash. A flood of emotion shook the lumberman from head to foot, what should he do? As Beckett threw off all other tackles "Jack" saw that it was for him to do or not to do, his decision would decide the game. All Brandon waited breathless, and the coarse shout of John Haven broke above the bellow of the Dover stands. Morgan took a step forward, then paused—yes he must tackle him at least, he need not hold. He lunged forward, caught the rushing figure squarely around the padded mole-skins then his arms relaxed, slipped down, came to the runner's ankles and then—held like a vice. Beckett was brought to earth, with his eyes looking longingly toward the goal line ten yards away. As the rolling figures came to a halt near the north bleachers, and as cheer upon cheer came ringing from the Brandon stands, the whistle blew and

For the Honor of His School.

the game was ended. Near the place where Haven had last been seen a crowd had gathered, and some Dover rooters were carrying away a frantic man who muttered curses upon the head of Brandon's great athlete. Morgan's breast was torn with contending emotions and he scarcely knew that strong arms were bearing him away. He was thinking of what Bowen would say, the man within him almost crushed, when a strong hand grasped his and a trembling voice said "Morgan you played the man" and as he held up a bit of crushed note paper Harry Bowen said "I know all, it was Haven's work." Then Morgan knew that his battle had been an unnecessary one, but it had been a battle nevertheless, in which the honor of his school was first above even his dearest friend. And in his great joy the lumberman raised his great hand toward heaven and cried "Brandon forever" and the maddened crowd, taking it as a sign of recognition, burst into more frantic cheers. And so the cup will stay forever at Bandon and thus it was, that on this sacred trophy above the names of Bunker and Brantzen, and Armstrong was engraved the name of John Morgan, "The Man from Michigan."

The center of life's likelihood,
One thing I hold as more than all
That we should love—what'ere befall
The true, the beautiful, the good.

The Silver Disk.

BERNARD L. JOHNSON.

Waterman had once been a captain of her Majesty's 17th Bombay. I had been helping him overhaul a box of old books and papers, when his commission came suddenly to light. At the sight of it, he glanced nervously around; and a haunted look of terror came into his face, such as I had seen but once before—and that in the face of a mad man.

Everyone knew that there had been a mystery in Waterman's life, yet intimately as I had known him for over four years, I had been able to get no clue to it. I knew that he had been, previously, in India, but had never connected him in any way with the army, since his tastes seemed to lie in exactly the opposite direction.

He was a tall, gaunt man, with a clean shaven face, hair almost white, and steel gray eyes. He had the look of a man absolutely fearless, yet having passed through great danger. But at that moment his eyes, having circled the room, became fixed and glassy. He shuddered and turned deathly pale, with both hands he clutched the air as if protecting his throat from some unseen hand. He staggered and would have fallen, had I not supported him. After a moment, however, the spell seemed to pass; and he sank into a chair, still trembling. "You see what mere recollection will do for a fellow, when his nerve is gone," he said.

Then after a little encouragement he explained. "I have tried to forget that I was ever a soldier," he said. "For through that remembrance I am haunted. By what, I know not, yet it is through a Hindoo priest, whose idol I once desecrated, and beware of the Hindoo, for he has power of which we know nothing—power of the fourth dimension.

The Silver Disk.

"It was early in '57 that my regiment was called away to India to help put down the Sepoy rebellion. Upon our arrival at Calcutta, we found everything in confusion. Part of the native inhabitants had already joined the forces of the rebels; and another massacre like that at Cawnpore, was feared. Every day news of fresh atrocities at the hands of the rebels reached us.

"At last we were ordered into the interior, to attack a large force of the enemy, who were fortifying themselves in a small town. Although greatly outnumbered we encountered but little resistance. As we charged, the natives ran. We then turned to occupy their stronghold, and to pillage the town.

"I was first attracted by a large temple, standing somewhat apart. But upon entering, I saw a crowd of soldiers, already loaded with gold and silver, I looked around, trying to discover something of value that they had overlooked. The only thing left was a huge bronze idol, a worthless thing, compared with the vessels of gold and silver. It was perfectly plain, without ornament of any kind except for a small silver disk, that covered the mouth. This seemed to be a sacred charm. For, as I pulled it away, the whole lower part swung open, and out sprang a monster, half man, half beast. There it stood, its long hairy arms swinging to and fro, its eyes flashing fire. I tried to run; but those eyes held me powerless. A long accusing finger, claw tipped, was pointed at me, and a hindoo curse, all the more terrible, since only half understood, came shrieking forth from bloody jaws and glistening fangs. It jumped forward with a hollow laugh. Struck dumb with terror, I started backward, stumbled and fainted dead away.

"Two months later I awoke in the fever hospital at Calcutta. Remembrance seemed dim, and I did not know where I had received that checker work of gashes,

The Silver Disk.

across my chest. And worst of all, my nerve was gone.

"I secured a discharge from the army and sailed for England.

"The sun was bright and the sea breeze made me feel young again. I strolled up and down the deck, thinking of the life I was leaving behind, and careless as to the future. I drew from my pocket a small silver disk, that I had found in my kit the day before. It seemed, in some way, to be closely connected with my life, I knew not how. It was delicately carved, on one side with mystic Hindoo characters, on the other with the likeness of a creature—not of this earth—yet one that, somewhere it seemed, I had seen before, a figure, half man, half beast, with bloody jaws and eyes on fire. Yes, those eyes, where had I seen them before? As I looked they seemed to grow. They held me powerless. I seemed to be hypnotized.

"Then it all came back, that shadowy afternoon in the temple, the idol that opened, and the demon. Again I heard that hollow laugh, and turning I was horrified to see, emerging from the open hatch, near by, the monster itself just as I had last seen it. It clutched at my throat, while I struggled vainly, still holding that unfortunate piece of silver. At the sight of it, I was released; and the monster, snatching the disk, gave an exultant cry and plunged overboard. Its duty was done, its mission accomplished. Yet there was no splash, no ripple on the sea; and a thin wreath of vapor floated out behind."

He sat musing. The fire had died out. The winter twilight had come upon us. "I am feeble" he murmured. "My hair is white. My spirit is gone. But even yet, through remembrance, the Hindoo haunts me still."

Prisoners Among Savages.

A Story of the Revolutionary War.

JOHN L. M'CLOUD.

I was Lieutenant Colonel, and was connected with the army of Washington during the war of the Revolution, from its inception till the final surrender of the British troops to our great chief by Lord Cornwallace, on the 18th of October, 1781, which effectually put an end to British rule throughout the entire boundaries of the American Colonies and their Territories.

During the latter part of the Summer of 1779 a force of nearly five thousand men, under Sullivan and Clinton, were sent to punish and if possible to wipe out the Indians and Tories who had a strong hold along the Susquehanna River. By this expedition the cruelties of Wyoming were in great measure avenged. Both the Indians and Tories concerned in the expedition were nearly annihilated. The savages were especially driven to the very verge of destruction, and a large number of the vilest Tories were either killed or taken prisoners. These dregs, the Indians and Tories, that had saved themselves from destruction on the Susquehanna River, who were now fortified on Tioga River, and at Elmira, were utterly routed and scattered in every direction, and the whole country between the Susquehanna and Genesee Rivers was wasted, and forty Indian villages were utterly destroyed. But I myself and a few besides in my regiment, who were connected with the expedition, did not fare so well. Among this number was Jo. Brown, a captain under my command. My men fought like tigers to save themselves, and the ground all around them was covered with blood, and, so to speak, alive with dead savages. This is a Hibernianism, I know, and perhaps not altogether elegant, but let it go.

Prisoners Among Savages.

The upshot of this matter was that myself and Jo. having become quite separated from our main army, while in the pursuit, and in the act of killing red men, were surrounded by about twenty savages and made prisoners of war, and hustled off with them in their flight. For a minute we cut them down, right and left, but soon convinced that further resistance would be not only futile, but suicidal, we capitulated and surrendered ourselves as prisoners of war. We knew that it in all probability, meant either the tomahawk or the stake, sooner or later. Such a fate usually met prisoners who were at that time carried off into the wilderness by savages.

In a very few minutes we were entirely off the field, and had well entered the woods, and the deep shadows of the forests had shut us from the view of civilization and the last white man. Presently Jo. and I were tethered with strong thongs, except as to our legs. We judged that it was now about four o'clock in the afternoon. For the first hour we traveled not less than five miles. That was pretty good, especially when it is considered that our arms were made fast together behind. We were guarded by two savages on each side of us and two in front and two in the rear of us, making no chance of escape possible. It will be readily understood that we were filled to the brim with most gloomy reflections.

We pushed our weary way through the gloomy shadows of the black woods, now each moment growing blacker. It is not saying much to say it was the saddest and most sorrowful journey Jo. and I ever made together. There was, of course, a bare possibility that, by some odd chance, we might get away from the always alert and ready red man, but we could see no possibility. For awhile I tested our eight special guards, as to their English speaking powers. It did not take me long to become altogether satisfied of their entire ignorance of

Prisoners Among Savages.

the English language. Jo. and I agreed that they could not speak in English at all, nor understand a word that we said to them. As nearly as we could learn, they all belonged to the Delaware tribe. As nearly as we could count them, there were about 125. They were all stalwart fellows, ranging from twenty-five to forty-five years old. Every one was able bodied and well limbed. They could fight or run successfully. When we stopped to camp for the night, I believed myself to be deeper in the forest than I had ever been before, though I had been born and reared in the midst of this great wilderness of America, and, as I looked occasionally into the savage faces around me, I could honestly say to myself and to Jo:

"We are nearer to death, and a cruel one, than we have ever been before."

"That remains to be proved," said Jo. in a quiet but determined voice, and there appeared more determination in his face than I had ever seen before, and I have always known him to be a most determined man.

We dared not talk much, nor in any manner, except in a regular and quiet voice. Our legs were now securely tied, and we were lying flat on our backs. They gave us a little food to eat, but, I would say quantity by far exceeded quality. It smelled like the body of a dead horse that the crows had picked at for a week in hot weather. They also gave us some water to drink—enough, and good enough, for it was out of a running brook.

We were so tired that we slept that night as soundly as if we had been on beds of down. In the early morning, after eating something, we pushed on again deeper and deeper into the wilderness. The savages, all except two or three, slept as deeply as if they had been logs of wood or blocks of stone. Jo. and I were wakeful and uneasy. Two savages were all the time near us and

Prisoners Among Savages.

they were wary and watchful, as savages are usually known to be in such circumstances.

During the long and tedious night, there appeared no opportunity for action. At last daylight came with its good cheer. All day we traveled again, eating but little. We noticed that the red men were becoming a trifle, just a trifle, less watchful than they had been up to this time.

"To-night or never, will be our time," I said to Jo.

"I know it," he answered, "and Colonel, you will find me ready."

The night was a glorious one. Over the whole hemisphere above us it was filled with glory. I could see, through the tall forest trees, as their branches waved to and fro in the slight breeze that moved above and through them, the glory and grandure of all. I could see, I should say, the light of more than one million flashing, twinkling diamonds, falling down upon my eyes, as I lay upon my back gazing out through those dark woods above me. And the moon, too, was marching slowly, silently on, over the soft blue of the great hemisphere. There was just then danger, great danger, impending over the heads of those sleeping guards, that they knew not of, nor dreamed of, that was being stayed from falling, by my hand, that was ready to fall as soon as I should withdraw it. Now the danger was growing greater to them every minute.

We had pretended to be sound asleep, Jo. and I, and were snoring quite preceptably for fully four hours, I should think. The three guards were all near each other and were surely off in a doze. I rolled over and looked at the guards. They had not been disturbed by my movements. I carefully rolled over once more in the same direction, till I lay on my side. I could now reach a tomahawk that lay by the side of a sleeping savage. I reached out and got hold of it, and rolled

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back again. The instrument was sharp, for I felt its edge. In a moment the tight thongs on my wrists and legs were severed. I waited until my blood got into full circulation before I moved. My excited state helped the motion of the blood. In a minute I had Jo's thongs cut, and then whispered him to lie still till his blood was moving. In almost no time we were on our feet, and in two seconds more there were two savages with their skulls broken in, and in another there was a blow made on the head of the third, while he was getting his eyes open, and then two white men were running more swiftly than they had ever ran before in all their lives; and there was a noise behind us which made it seem to us as if all hell had broken loose. While the whooping and yelling lasted, we were running, and we heard it more or less distinctly for about a half hour, and the horrible sounds only served to increase our speed.

Now, their noise began to die away, and presently we could only hear sounds that were faint and in the far distance. We seemed to be in the far distance too, only in another sense. We were absolutely winded. It happened that our lungs no longer worked, except almost impreseptably. We sat down, and for five minutes did nothing but listen and try to breathe, then we went on again and heard no sound of the enemy. Then I spoke:

"Well, Jo. what do you think?"

"I think it was the slickest job that ever two white men performed: Besides, there are three less savages in the American forests than there were when they went to sleep while on guard. I almost wished they had been Hessians or Tories, instead of Indian savages."

"Jo. do you really hate Tories and Hessians worse than you do Indians?"

"A hundred fold," Jo. answered quickly.

Prisoners Among Savages.

"I could forgive an Indian anything, but a Hessian or Tory, nothing."

We stood still now for two or three minutes, then I turned to Jo. and asked:

"Have you any idea, Jo. which way we ought to go in order to get back to the vicinity of New York or Philadelphia?"

"I have no definite idea," said he, but he pointed to the direction which we had been taking and said:

"I think it was from that direction that we came with the Indians."

I thought so too, and so we started off that way. As there were now beginning to be faint streaks in what we thought was the east, we judged that it was nearly four o'clock in the morning. We had each of us grabbed a gun from the side of the Indians we had killed as we started out. We found they were both loaded. We each had a tomahawk, so that we might be considered quite well armed.

"Now," said Jo., "let them come and get us if they hanker after the fun of burning us at the stake."

We began to move forward in a slow trot and felt sure that we could make fifty miles by one or two o'clock in the afternoon. We made our plans to make forty miles before we slept, and figured we could get back to camp the next day or the day after provided we met with no serious interruption, which we scarcely expected as the Indians were all massed for war.

Just as we were thinking of stopping for a rest Jo. saw two large wild turkeys. He turned to me and motioned for me to halt and then crept up as near them as he thought was safe. He carefully laid down his gun, took his tomahawk in his right hand and started with all his speed towards them, yelling with all his might. He had frightened the birds so with his yelling that they hesitated about taking flight. Hurling his

Prisoners Among Savages.

tomahawk he struck the largest one in the neck and completely severed the head from the body. The small one got away. Now we were provided with dinner and supper and enough would be left for a good breakfast in the morning.

To the Jews God called his son "Jehovah Jirah." This meant, I believe, God will provide. And he will. At any rate we got the turkey—fully ten pounds when dressed—and at the same time saved the charge in Jo.'s gun. That might mean another dead Indian, or at least a dead Tory or Hessian.

The turkey lasted us until we reached our lines. We had no other mishaps.

A Plea.

w.

Should I weep not for loved one who have gone,
Are they but sleeping;
And over there until a brighter dawn
A watch are keeping;
Oh do they see us with a broader sight
Than mortals have;
With watchful care to lead our steps aright,
From falling save.

First comes a day of gladness, bright and gay,
When all is fair;
Then weeping sadness with her mantle gray
Fills all the air;
And blushing Summer all to soon gives place
To Winter's chill,
So glowing life gives up its hopeless race,
And has its fill.

Now is there any place behind this change,
Some higher mind?
Or can my eyes with their too feeble range
A something find
Which satisfies my longing, makes so free
From anxious fear,
As when I think a spirit watches me,
A Father near?

Oh lead me, show me, tell me what is true
Point out the way;
And guide my groping mind the darkness through
Into the day,
Make me believe in that which peaceful joy
To you has brought;
To me it seems but Fany's false decoy
To silence thought.

Editorial Comment.

College Seasons. "It is a peculiar fact that the three terms of college life seem almost co incident with and determined by the concomitant seasons of the year. The Autumnal semester opens when the last gasps of a dying summer may be heard in the rustling leaves which still cling to the withering branches, when the feeling of decadence prevades the air and the spirit of the times the Zeit Geist, is the pale and palsied shape of approaching death. The college spirit is largely the same. The occasional outbursts of enthusiasm on the gridiron are replaced by the growing inertia and heedlessness of the season's tendency. Winter brings "the center of indifference." World dead without means life crowded within, into slumber. We work more diligently than at any other time of the year but only because the resistance of externals is removed, and we move more easily in the road of progress. But the advent of Spring brings more abundantly, perhaps, to the young man and woman, in the spring time of life than to any other the renewing sense of a resurrected vitality. College work takes a new impetus, College spirit reawakens and lives in its halcyon days. College activities of all sorts beoome more intense and purposful. But is is only for a very limited time. Summer's coming casts its shadow on before and long in advance of its arrival, the spirit of its arm-chair ease or better its hammock-tree shade ease begins to make its impression and we become, slowly but surely, the victims of laziness. Perhaps it would be better otherwise but it makes life a dream which otherwise would be a miserable, dull and cheerless routine. And we, naughty children that we are, only passively commit ourselves to natures keepings and bless things as we find them.

A change of plan in the arrangement for this year needs explanation on the part of the staff. The usual order of things has been to publish a tenth issue of the index at commencement. Bringing as it does two numbers in June it has been found difficult to make it a financial succes. Accordingly it has been thought wise to omit one issue and make the Commencement issue at that time the regular June issue.

Due to a combination of prohibitive circumstances the March issue was delayed and we have been forced to take the step now rather than later.

Around the Campus.

EDITED BY WALLACE W. WRIGHT.

MARGARET BOYDEN ASSISTANTS BEATRICE COCHRANE

"Spring is came!"

Now, watch the strollers!

Van Dis—"Next room please!"

Ehle is sick with the grippe at Hickory Corners.

Hinkle passed his vacation tuning pianos in and around Mendon.

Phelps is detained at his home in Ovid, Michigan, by illness.

Dr. Williams' son Maynard, has entered the preparatory department.

Miss Mary Phillips spent a part of her vacation in Battle Creek.

Fisher, found that Battle Creek was a very pleasant place to visit. Strange!

Miss Belle Herman visited with friend in Olivet, during the spring recess.

Miss Sue Ellison spent a part of the vacation in Ann Arbor.

Miss Lydia Smith, visited some of her friends near Mendon recently.

Gangier filled the pulpit of the First Baptist Church at Jackson. March 6.

Miss Josephine Thompson of Chicago visited Miss Fisher at the Hall recently.

Some one has taken all the wind out of Hewitt's "Sheets." Albertine has eloped with a handsome man.

The Misses Christina Burns and Carolyn Edwards are home from the Chicago University for their vacation.

McCabe has taken the spring term for a hunting trip in the Northern Penninsula of Michigan with his brother.

Some much needed additions to the heating plant of Bowen Hall have just been made, now that spring is well under way.

Crandall, McMullen and Hatch stayed in Kalamazoo and pursued studies in kindergarden during the vacation.

Miss Bessee has left for Des Moines College to finish her college course with her class there.

Miss Wilkinson has gone to Chicago. She will take her degree from the Chicago Unniversity in June.

Around the Campus.

Rumor says that D. W. Smith had some very *pressing* business in Green Oak during the vacation.

Miss Maud Chesney spent part of her vacation week with her sister Miss Laura at Bellevue, Michigan.

A gay bunch of freshmen arrayed in *robes de nuit* awakened hideous echoes in the Domitory recently.

North, Lenderink and Capt. Van Dis went to Detroit on March 23 with the Kalamazoo Y. M. C. A. team to play basket ball.

We understand that Leighton was very much disappointed at missing Giddings' sermon at Augusta the other night.

Echo from the English class room, "It is to be hoped that he will get pneumonia and then we will be rid of him."

Rev. Wright, pastor of the First M. E. Church of Schoolcraft, is taking studies in the college this term.

B. L. Johnson has left school to take up the real estate business with his brother in Eastern New York state.

The students who have not completed all their mathematics are delighted with the new regulations that makes Conics elective in the A B and Ph. B courses.

Miss Maizie Slocum entertained several young ladies in honor of her guest, Miss Alexandrene La Tourette, of Fenton, Friday evening March 20.

Frank Blue has left college to accept a position as mail clerk between Detroit and Chicago on the Michigan Central R. R.

Oh these Freshman! The other day H—k—e was showing a letter to with the inscription "S. W. A. K." written in a dainty feminine hand across the back, and asking the boys what it meant!

Miss Maud Barkenbus entertained a number of her college friends at her home in Vine street, Friday evening, March 13, in honor of Miss Bessee and Miss Wilkinson.

Mr. Dye played host to a few of his friends, Thursday evening, March 12, in honor of his birthday. A few uninvited guests strayed in during the evening, and the last ones disposed of the nice large birthday cake that his "sisters" had kindly left.

On Tuesday evening, March 3, Dr. and Mrs. Stetson entertained the members of the Senior class at tea. The grave and dignified upper classmen laid aside their principal of plain living and high thinking to do ample justice to a bountiful supper, after which they spent a very pleasant evening.

Around the Campus.

"CASHNER'S COLLECTION AGENCY."

Posted on "Murphy's" door by the Coal Baron.
"Once upon an evening dreary, while I pondered weak and weary
O'er some tones I ancient lore,
While I nodded, nearly napping on my
Door there came a tapping,
And a voice cried sharply snapping,
'I've a bill you're seen before!'
Suddenly aroused, I muttered,
'Who is tapping at my door?'
'Just the Baron, nothing more!'"

With apologies to Poe.

On the evening of March 6, a very fine oratorical contest was held in Bowen Hall for the purpose of selecting a representative for Kalamazoo in the Intercollegiate Oratorical Association contest to be held in Olivet, March 26. There were two candidates. McMullen presented an oration entitled, "Modern Chivalry" in his usual pleasing manner, and it called forth much well deserved applause on account of its fine thought and able delivery. Upjohn spoke on "A Study in Destiny" which showed very well the talent of the speaker both in writing and talking, and which won for him the prize.

Athletic Notes.

EDITED BY GEO. F. DASHER, '04.

The Track Meet. On the afternoon of March twenty-sixth in the Olivet gymnasium, Kalamazoo and Olivet held an indoor track meet, at which the Congregationalists were the victors by a score of 53 to 13. The Kalamazoo team showed up well in the events it had trained in, but in the others the lack of systematic training was painfully evident. Van Dis and Fisher were the only two of the Kalamazoo boys that got the best of their rivals, but the rest of the team fought gamely for the glory of the Orange and Black. The team is not discouraged by the showing made at this indoor meet, but on the other hand, the boys are confident that a far different showing will be made if the two teams meet this spring in an outdoor contest. The summary of events at the recent meet, is as follows:
15 yard dash—Van Dis, (K), first; Ellis, (O), second.
Shot Put—Betts, (O), first; Bair, (O), second. 37 feet, 4 inches, which establishes a new intercollegiate record.
Broad Jump—Davis, (O), first; Fisher, (K), second, 9¼ inches.
Pole Vault—Loomis, (O), and Bishop, (O), tied at 8 feet 6 inches.
Running High Jump—Fisher, (K), first; Betts, (O), second, 5 feet, 4½ inches.
Rope Climbing—Ellis, (O), first; Bishop, (O), second, 5¾ seconds.
High Kick—Bishop, (O), first; Betts, (O), tied at 8 feet.
Featherweight Wrestling won by Stillwell, (O), from Donaldson.
Lightweight Wrestling won by Caldwell, (O), from Pinckard.
Welterweight Wrestling won by North, (O), from Van Dis.
Heavyweight Wrestling won by Olivet through default.
Officials of the Meet—Referee, H. B. Hall of Olivet. Judges, Prof. G. A. Knapp of Olivet and A. Lenderink of Kalamazoo. Scorers, J. M. Gray of Olivet and P. C. Stetson of Kalamazoo.

Base Ball Schedule. The management of the baseball team have arranged one of the heaviest schedules ever undertaken by our college team. With the four pitchers at our disposal, and with the abundance of other material at hand, we may rest assured that our college will hold its own against teams in its class, and make a fine showing against the members of the "Big Nine," with whom it crosses bats. The schedule as arranged at present, but which may be changed in a few of the dates, is as follows: Michigan at Kalamazoo, April 15th; Olivet at Olivet, April 18th;

Athletic Notes.

Notre Dame at Notre Dame, April 22nd; Beloit at Kalamazoo, April 23rd; Hillsdale at Kalamazoo, April 25th and 27th; Michigan Agricultural College at Kalamazoo, April 29th; Albion at Kalamazoo, May 4th; DePauw at Kalamazoo, May 8th; Holland at Kalamazoo, May 13th; Holland at Holland, May 16th; Albion at Albion, May 22nd; M. A. C. at Lansing, May 23rd; Olivet at Kalamazoo, May 25th; Northwestern at Kalamazoo, May 29th; Alma at Kalamazoo, May 30th; Notre Dame at Kalamazoo, June 3rd; Field Days, June 5th and 6th; Ypsilanti at Ypsilanti, June 13th; Alumni game during commencement week.

Base The diamond on the campus was worked into condition for infield work before vacation, so that the spring holidays were devoted by the base ball squad to hard practice. All of the candidates reported for practice on Wednesday, so that the balance of the week was devoted to practice games. By this time the management have a selection of players in mind, but no information has as yet been given out. In the box Sanger, Schrier, Hurd, A. DeGroot and Johnson, have been worked out, while Sanborn, Killifer, MacDonald, Giddings and Polly, have been tried at the receiver's end of the battery. At first, there are three candidates for the honors, MacDonald of last year's team, together with Sanger and DeVisser, have all been making good showing at the initial sack. At second, Captain North has the field all to himself, and his playing this spring, shows a good reason for the scarcity of candidates. Third base is the center of fight for the infield position, and the battle is hotly waged. The outcome is yet unknown. There are four candidates for the position, Killifer, Giddings, Anderson and Dasher, of last year's team. Hause seems to be alone in his glory at short, but all the other infielders are candidates or possibilities, at that position. In the out field, there is a host of candidates for the coach to "differentiate." In addition to the men who may be crowded out from the infield, there are Kalmbach, Steele, Anderson, DeVisser, Giddings, Deal, Polly, Rector and G. DeGroot. From this group of material, a team will soon be selected, and then hard practice commenced, in order that a high grade of team work may be developed in time for the opening game of the season with the University of Michigan.

Alumni Jottings.

EDITED BY B. E. ROBISON.

R. E. Cody, '01, has discontinued his work in the University of Chicago and has accepted the pastorate of the Tabernacle Baptist church at LaCrosse, Wisconsin for a year.

C. M. Dinsmore, '00, of the University of Chicago, spent a few hours in Kalamazoo on Thursday Feb. 19, while enroute to Detroit. Mr. Dinsmore has charge of an energetic class engaged in the study of India as a mission field.

A. J. Weeks, '03, spent his spring vacation doing evangelistic work with a church near Boston, Mass.

H. D. Schultz, '99, pastor of the Scotten Ave. Baptist church at Detroit expects to sever his connection with the church in order to enter the Divinity School, University of Chicago.

Miss Christina Burns, '02, was in chapel March 26, renewing former acquaintances.

A. F. Purkiss, '00, spent March 27 at the college. He has nearly completed his course in the Divinity School, University of Chicago, and has accepted the pastorate of a church at Green Bay, Wisconsin.

W. L. Munger, '71, on March 15 closed a very successful four year pastorate with the Ganson street church Jackson. Robert Gordon, of Paw Paw, a former student of Kalamazoo has accepted a call to the church and will begin his work there in June.

Miss Mona Mace, '02, one of the teachers at White Pigeon, is spending her spring vacation at her home in Kalamazoo.

E. J. Pierce, '02, is touring some of the eastern states presenting "The Widow Bedott."

A. W. Brown, '02, has been compelled to give up his course of study at Crozer Theological Seminary, on account of ill health. A letter recently written by Mr. Brown from New York City stated that he was planning for a trip to Europe.

F. R. Williams, '01, will sever his connection with the Ovid schools in June and in September will assume the duties of principal in the Armada High School.

Faint, illegible text, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.

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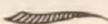
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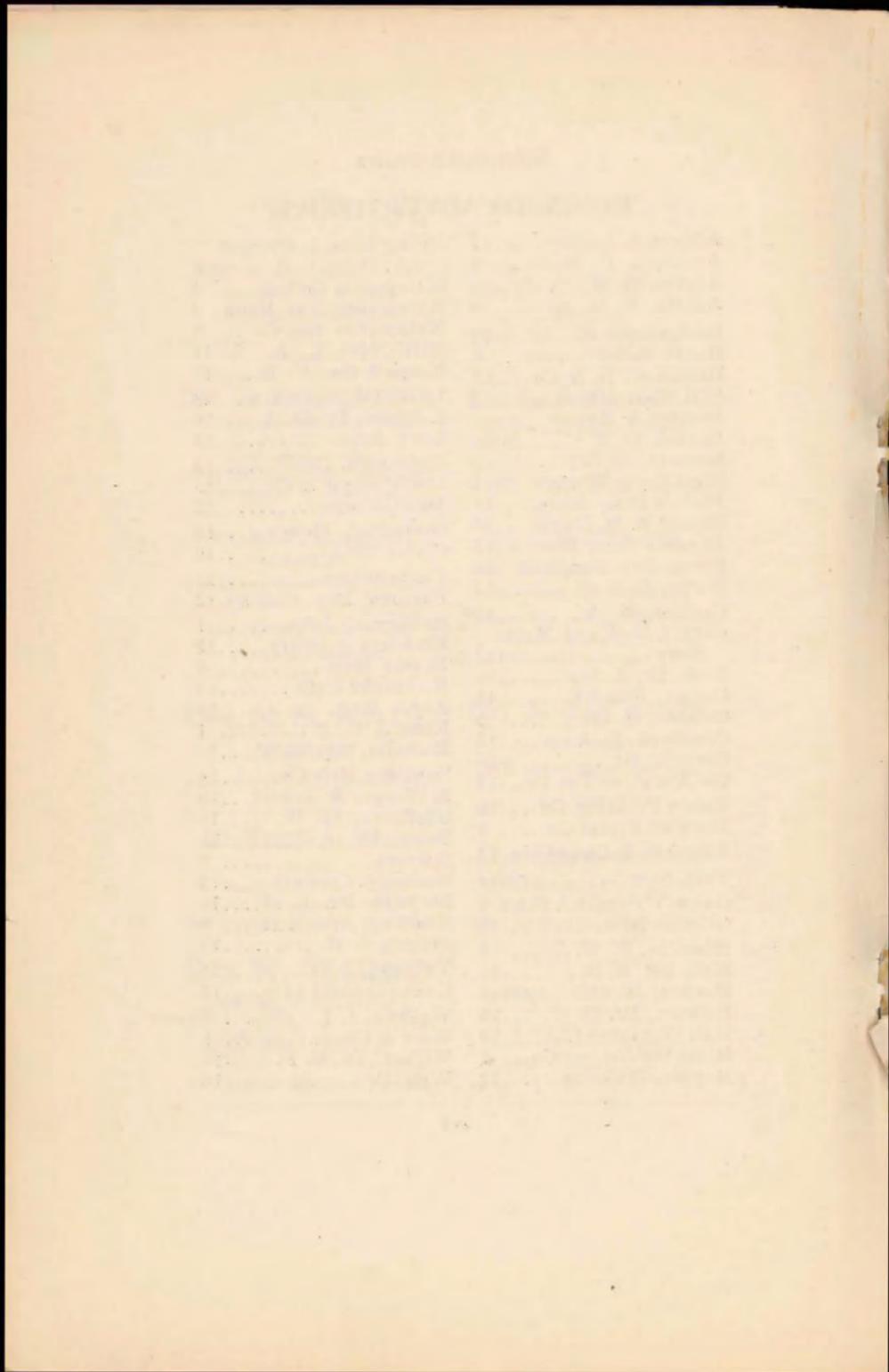
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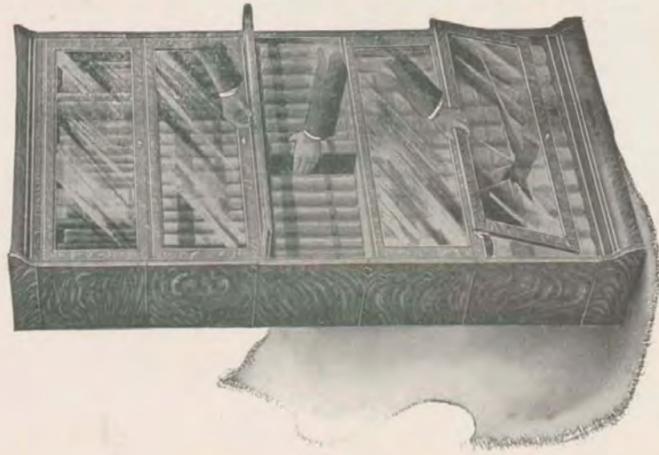
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