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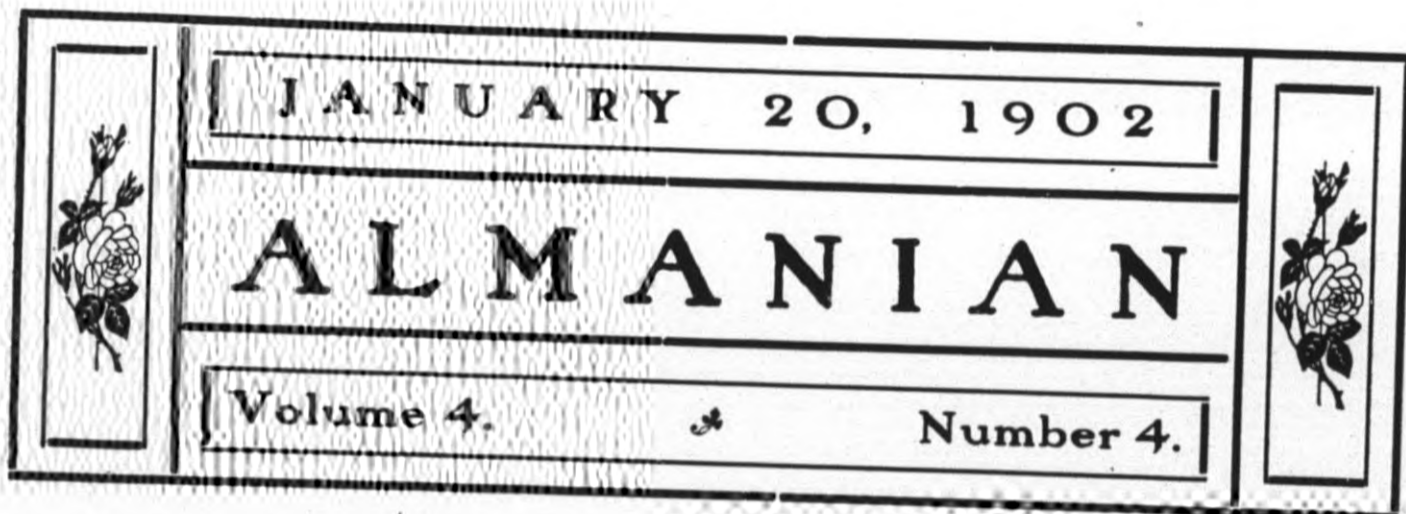
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A Misunderstanding

J. DONALD MCGILL.

FOR six years Tom Colston had worked for a living. Once his father had been rich, but foolish investments brought an end to a life full of promises. Tom had entered college in his twentieth year, four months later the father died and when debts had been paid, Tom, the sole heir, found himself penniless and alone. The first realization of his position nearly prostrated the boy, but with characteristic determination he struck out for himself and now as engineer on the Denver division of the——R. R., life again seemed bright and worth living.

He had worked his way up from the humble position of wiper and made the acquaintance meantime of a young fellow by the name of Davis. One Sunday a short time before Tom had been promoted to engineer Davis took him along when he went to call on a young lady friend of his, Lola Hartley, he had said to Tom.

"I just want you to see her, old man, it will do those sorrowful eyes of yours good."

Indeed Miss Hearfly *did* do Tom's eyes good. For the first time in six years he looked happy. Her dark singular type of beauty struck a responsive cord in the big fellow's heart, and he found himself struggling to avoid being drawn into the enchanted sphere of adoration. At first the injustice to Davis made Tom hold back. It seemed using the young fellow wrongly but a sudden realization that he loved the little girl with the sweet face and the great dark eyes, made Tom cast aside all hesitation and scruples and enter into a suit with her which he prayed might have a happy ending.

For some time this went on Tom was promoted to engineer of 266 the flyer, and life became a happy care free existence. Lola seemed to care for him, she was always happy when he came to see her, and every morning when he flew by with the express she stood at the gate and waved her handkerchief.

Sunday had come at last. It had seemed a month since the last one,

thought Tom, as he walked swiftly down the track toward the Hartley villa. This was his day of rest and his heart leaped with joy with the thought of an afternoon with Lola. As he turned from the track toward the gate of the Hartley home, only a few rods distance, he saw Lola standing there. As he came up she held out her hand with a smile.

"I was looking for you, Mr. Colston."

"I hardly dared hope that you were," he said earnestly, grasping her hand as only a strong good man can. He laughed.

"Yes,—I do many unexpected things," then turning added. "Come into the garden, Mr. Colston, our old seat has been without company for a whole week."

Tom followed her, wondering if the seat had been half as lonesome as he. The garden was a beautiful spot, there were so many shaded paths and secluded nooks. Not far from the gate there was a little arbor overhung by the leafy branches of a great tree. There was a long path leading from it to the house. Tom had often admired its length and cooling attractiveness.

As they turned into the little space, Lola sank into the old seat, and looked up at Tom.

"Why are you so silent, Mr. Colston? it isn't at all like you."

For a moment longer Tom stood—then suddenly sat down by Lola's side and took one of her hands in his. His voice shook, but with a tender pleading he said:

"No it isn't like me, little girl, but it is from uncertainty that I am silent. For a long time my heart has struggled to find utterance, and now I want to speak."

Lola bent her head, and the sweet face darkened with a surging flush of scarlet. Tom's heart was beating, oh so hard. He had started to tell her, tho, and a mad desire to tell her all overcame him, and with increasing confidence he continued.

"Since that Sunday weeks ago when we first met Lola, my heart has been yearning for you. Oh, *how* I love you! My life now demands something which you alone can give, Lola. You alone sweetheart,—love, oh tell me that you love me, tell me that you care for me." Then raising her hand passionately to his lips he imprinted a long kiss upon the slender fingers, now trembling with—emotion? Tom could not tell. A confusing dimness affected his eyes, and his senses seemed dumb, from the realization of what he had just said, what would she say? Would this end their friendship? His whole frame shook with emotion. Ah if she would only speak. To Tom it seemed an age before her voice broke the stillness. As a matter of fact it was but about ten seconds, and had he looked into her sparkling eyes he would have read his answer with a heart full of joy. But the enormity or his offense in speaking so to her whom a prince would scarce dared have spoken depressed his spirits until his eyes sought the ground.

Lola arose, withdrawing her hand from Tom's unconscious grasp. Her voice wandered at first, the mischievous gleam in her eyes telling plainly its cause.

"Mr. Colston,—you—you—I fear you have forgotten yourself. My esteem."

Tom interrupted her staggering to his feet with his face crimson.

"Oh, I pray you Lola—Miss Hartly—forgive me forgive! I should have known, oh! why *did* I speak—."

"Hush!" Lola's eyes still danced. "I may forgive you—you—but no, I will leave you to yourself. It may do you good. With these words she turned and walked slowly up the long path toward the house. Tom sank back on the seat with a groan of despair. To him all hope was gone, his dreams were shattered.

Lola had only been out of his sight for a few moments when a scraping noise aroused him from his reverie. Looking up he beheld a messenger dismounting from his wheel a short distance from him. The boy rapidly approached and handed Tom a yellow message. The latter tore it open and read its contents with a resigned shrug of his shoulders. It said:

Colton:—

Train No. 6 stuck somewhere in mountains west. Take No. 226 and proceed, slowly, toward Big Cut and locate them. Start at once.
Stanton.

For a few moments Tom gazed helplessly up the path where Lola had disappeared, then, as the messenger mounted his wheel, he arose and followed him. Something told him that he was doing wrongly but then, duty was paramount—and too, Lola had left him. Was she coming back? He feared not—his suit was lost.

When Tom reached the round-house his engine was already on the turntable, breathing with life and apparently eager to be off. Steve the fireman sat on the step, smoking his black pipe. Not until Tom had climbed to his seat did he realize that his engineer was present. Then with a ex-

clamation of surprise and apology he took his place opposite.

Tom did not speak. His mind seemed too heavily oppressed to allow words to flow. He grasped the lever and drew it back. Slowly the great iron monster crept forward. Tom pulled his cap down over his eyes and gave the lever a sweep backward. The engine gained momentum rapidly and in a moment was flying down the track with great speed. The curve was reached and Steve gasped as they tore around it with hair raising suddenness. There was now a level stretch of track clear to the mountains without a curve. It seemed as though the wheels of 266 scarcely touched the rails—so great was the speed she maintained. The Hartley villa was left behind in a blue smoke and dust. Tom had not even glanced toward the gate. Had he done so, he would beheld Lola, with tears in her eyes, frantically waving her little handkerchief.

But the engineer seemed blind and without reason. Had not the orders been to proceed *slowly*? But they were forgotten in the overwhelming grief which filled his heart.

Steve marvelled at the short time in which the mountains were reached. Never before had they made such a run. He was peering through the narrow window in the front of the cab, watching the approaching wall of rock, around which they would turn. A fear possessed his heart, for a sharp turn always had terrors for him. This time his fears were well grounded. As the engine swung around the corner of rock, his eyes beheld a long train of freight cars standing motionless before them, not

a hundred yards distant. He was paralyzed with horror, and could not move. But Tom had seen them too, and his white face grew whiter as he suddenly threw on the air brakes and closed the throttle. But it was of no avail the distance was too short. With tightened jaws Tom met his fate, the terrific crash and roar of the collision sounding indistinct to his fleeing senses.

(To be continued,)



EVOLUTION OF A FRESHMAN.

A Freshman sat in the chape dim,
Stiff and erect and still,
And faithfully sang the opening hymn,
And read the Psalms with a will.

The Sophomore sat with a languid care
With his arms on the forward seat,
The last French novel was on his knee,
And a newspaper was at his feet.

With back to the front the Junior sat,
His seat was the middle aisle,
And cautiously now he'd wave his hat,
As he caught the maiden's smile.

Fervently then the preacher spoke,
With his eyes on the Senior's chair,
But in that aisle no disturbance broke,
For there was no Senior there.

A Romance of the North.

BERTHA A. HIGBEE, '04.

IT was a joyous May day in 1673 and two travelers were making their way through the tangled woods of the northern Michigan country. They were two holy men. Joliet and Marquette who were exploring this beautiful new world for France. A year before Grandfontaine the governor of Acadia had commissioned Joliet to make his way to the Mascoutin country, to explore the Mississippi to its mouth, which was supposed to be at the gulf of California, and to discover the South Sea.

The 17th of May 1673 found Joliet at St. Ignace mission where Father Marquette joined him in his expedition. Two trusty Indians led the way. The trail was rough, but above, the spring sun shown bright and the birds sang merry carols, and either side the narrow track the belated arbutus slyly peeped out from its dusky cover of leaves.

Father Marquette stooped to gather a cluster of the pale pink blossoms and one of his guides, more garrulous than was the wont of the Indians turned and said. "Umph! One Indian princess die—she beautiful—the snow spirit love her—he make her a flower hide her under leaves—but she come out in moon of leaves."

The little procession threaded its way silently through the forest. This day and several others passed uneventful, but on the seventh the Big Sea Water was sighted, and that night the Jesuits and red men camped

beside the water of Green Bay. At daybreak they were astir again ready to start due west to the Wisconsin river.

In a rare June morning the river was reached and in a partial clearing of the woods along the bank was discovered the wigwam of a great chief. Father Marquette surprised by the thought of meeting unexpectedly a hostile chief was reassured by the guides. "Big Blue Spear our friend—he not scalp us."

The visitors were greeted by Big Blue Spear himself,—a noble warrior who advanced from his wigwam and inquired of the Indians from the Michigan country, concerning the gentle faced white strangers. Joliet came forward and was begging a lodging for the night when a maiden appeared between the wigwam curtains. She was the daughter of Big Blue Spear, the Princess Herons Plume. She vanished again as quickly as she had come, but soon returned with maize and herbs and kettle and began to prepare a supper for her father's guests.

Father Marquette talked eagerly about this new country and learned much from Big Blue Spear concerning the Mississippi and the way that led thither. The priest spoke the red man's language readily and he rejoiced that the dialect of this tribe differed very slightly from that of the tribes farther east. "Big Water there" the chief was saying as he pointed to

the westward "big water run fast drown white man quick."

After supper the Frenchmen sat near the fire. Joliet was holding his crucifix reverently as he gazed across the river and watched the shadows deepen in the forest beyond.

"A solus ortu usque ad occasum laudabile nomen domini,"—he murmured.

But the eyes of Marquette were fixed upon the chief's daughter. He thought of the arbutus he had picked a few weeks before, and of the legend his guide had told him, and he said to himself that such a maiden as this must have been the heroine of that tale. "Ah she would make a good Christain, I know" he mused.

The Princess' gaze was bent upon him.

"I will tell her of our great God" he said and breathing a prayer, Marquette arose and walked to the girl's side.

"Will you talk with me?" he asked. "I will tell you of the white man's Manitou." Then responding to the maiden's look of pleasure he sat down and in simple words told the story of the cross.

When he had finished the Princess spoke slowly. "We have Great Spirit too—but he not die for us—he not keep us from the Evil Spirit he is terrible terrible—he not love us."

After a long silence she questioned the holy father: "You say he die for Indians too?"

The fire was low. Joliet and the guides were sleeping. Big Blue Spear had gone long since to his wigwam and still Marquette talked to the Princess of the Great Spirit of the white man.

At length the girl stood up and walked slowly toward the tent. Suddenly turning she whispered. "Me love your Great Spirit too."

It was the middle of June when the Father of waters was first seen by the missionary explorers and two months later the travellers had turned their faces eastward.

In a September afternoon the Wisconsin was reached again and when the weary priest appeared on the bank opposite Big Blue Spear's wigwam, a young Indian glided silently in his canoe out across the river to meet them. He beckoned them to his boat without a word. His face was stolidly inexpressive. To Marquette's inquiry for the chief and his daughter the dusky boatman only mumbled an unintelligible answer.

When the shore was reached, the white men observed the neglect apparent about the place. Only ashes marked where the fire had been, and not a person was to be seen. Mystified by the strange demeanor of the young Indian and by the silence, Marquette was venturing another question when he saw Big Blue Spear coming towards them from the woods.

The haughty chief walked with bowed head. As he approached the priest he held out a rude cross to him, and said.

"Heron's Plume love white man's Manitou—she gone to white man's happy hunting ground—she tell Big Blue Spear to love white man's Great Spirit too—she make cross for Big Blue Spear." The young Indian groaned and turned away. He had loved the Princess too.

Then Marquette repeated to the great chief the story which he had told to Heron's Plume.

October found the good Father Marquette in Green Bay again. His heart was yearning for his loved children at the St. Ignace mission, but bodily weakness prevented his return.

One night after the first snow had fallen an Indian came to the mission

house at Green Bay. Marquette recognized him as the silent Indian youth who had rowed him across the Wisconsin on his return with Joliet from the west.

"Big Blue Spear die—he tell white man he love white man's Great Spirit too," and laying a mass of wampum and furs at Marquette feet the young red man glided away.



PERPLEXING QUESTIONS.

I have some queries in my mind:
They vex my very brain:
I cannot answer them myself—
Won't some one please explain?

What is it Robert Burns so oft?
What food did Joseph Cook?
Did E. P. Roe across a lake,
A river, or a brook?

Was Thomas Gray when he was young?
What books did T. B. Read?
Why is it Samuel Smiles so much?
Is E. E. Hale indeed?

What's Robert Browning? Tell me where
Does Henry Cabot Lodge?
Did David Swing so very high?
Just why did Mary Dodge?

Did Lewis Carroll all the time?
Was Edgar Wilson Nye?
Who was it said give Thomas More?
Did Anthony Hope, and why?

Did Harriet Beecher Stowe her goods
Where they were quite secure?
Has Livingstone a name that will
For evermore endure?

Longfellow's height was just how much?
And what the U. S. Grant?
What is it Thomas Knox about?
Please answer, for I can't.

May Kingsley in Western Collegian.

"A Shadow."

WM. WINTON. '04.

SATURDAY November 22nd was a memorable day in Alma College. On that day, a special train from Alma carried a victorious football team to the Michigan Agricultural College. The result you all know, but I desire to speak to you of one of your "companions in travel."

In the adjoining smoking-car, sat a gentleman, Elbert Hubbard. The evening before he had delivered in the Alma opera house, a lecture upon "The Roycrofters And Their Work." As he began the more interesting part of his lecture, that part bearing directly upon the work of the "Roycrofters," a veneered shadow of something in the distance, seemed to be coming to view. As he continued his discourse further this "Shadow" grew more real and at last seemed quite distinct. What that "Shadow" was is the chief excuse for the writing of this paper.

There is in England a workingman's college and a "Guild Society." Both of these organizations owe their existence to the sacrifice and earnestness of one man, John Ruskin. The ideas which Ruskin advanced by way of English Social Reform, took their wanted course and found a very large expression in these two institutions. No one I believe has ever honestly doubted the earnest sincerity of John Ruskin, for from a willing heart, he gave gladly his own fortune, for the promotion of his work. He fully believed in "Art" and in its important message to the world. He was truly one of the pro-

phets of the 19th century, who had great faith in his vision of what true "Art" could accomplish. The workmen of England among whom, he worked so faithfully are almost unanimous in their appreciation of his labors for them and they have accepted the "Workingman's College" as an earnest type of his friendship for them. Christian people have reason to rejoice in the founder of their faith who spoke and exemplified such a gospel of "good will toward men" that its influencing power has laid its strong hand upon such great social reformers as John Ruskin. It is again, a beautiful thing that expression "good will toward men" always restores four-fold sweetness in one's own life, and that "unselfishness" becomes "selfishness" purified. While the life of Ruskin witnessed several keen personal sorrows, the greatness and good of his work brought into his life gentleness and sincere love. Who can doubt it who has ever looked into his kindly face?

But great men always have poor imitators "followers" who seem to miss the purpose and vision of their "master" and who sometimes willfully mar the design of his ardent plans, for merely selfish gain. If Elbert Hubbard told us the "truth" about himself and his work, then he certainly belongs to this class and I have no reason to doubt that he did, for it was with very evident pride that he reiterated the "Ego" of his entire work. What a beautiful thought that was

about "doing something for someone else" especially when imitation antique chairs and tables sell at very exorbitant prices. "I am not a robber for I only take from the rich that I may restore to the poor" was spoken even before Hubbard's time. And indeed what a miserable reproduction of Ruskin, Hubbard is anyway! He loves to make books after the fashion of the Venetians in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries and to even preach the "gospel of Ruskin" in adulterated "job-lots" for a great many dollars and cents.

The work of the "Roycrofters" is a mere veneered shadow of the "Workingman's College" and the "Guild Society," so far removed by spirit from the original, that it is barely discernible, yet Hubbard would have us believe him to be a disciple of John Ruskin. One thing Hubbard omitted, he did not describe to us what he be-

lieved the inmost feelings of his employers to be, but if that almost invariable thing "human nature" has not been entirely perverted in East Aurora it must have revealed to him that when you make a person happy at positively no sacrifice to yourself but rather to your own evident great gain, he is not half so "happy" as he seems.

Elbert Hubbard is not the first man who has had almost unlimited opportunities for doing good with great gain to himself. "There are others" and if this be his "order," well and good but he belongs, then to an entirely different class than John Ruskin. Its partly the difference between taking the "Millions Out" and the "putting them in."

"Be not deceived"—I am sure we were not, there's a great difference between Elbert Hubbard and John Ruskin.



I WONDER WHY.

A RONDEAU.

I wonder why, in olden time,
 In every race and every clime,
 The maiden always swooned they say,
 When armored knight of courtier gay
 Recounted tales of war and crime.

A lattice casement he must climb
 To tell his love in measured rhyme
 To a maiden stowed in a tower gray.
 I wonder why!

Now maidens smile a smile sublime
 And daintily munch a pickled lime,
 All decked in manliest array;
 No time have maidens, now-a-day,
 For lover's word or wedding chime,
 I wonder why!

Fiction in Reading of a Student.

H. A. WILCOX, '04.

THE only way to refresh the mind after confining the mental energies closely to a definite and severe course of thought, is to turn the attention into another channel. Experimental psychologists tell us that no one brain cell is used to emit more than one thought and that by diverting the mental energies those brain cells which have been in constant use become rested and assume their normal shape.

Nothing is more refreshing to a tired brain than to be able to take up a good book of fiction. After several hours hard study with mathematics or some dry scientific treatise with what pleasure one takes up a good story. But while we should utilize fiction as a kind of recreation to refresh and rest the mind, we should not allow ourselves to think that such is the chief office, or use of fiction. Good fiction—and it is my purpose to speak only of good fiction—has a far higher purpose than this.

Much of the best and most profound thought first finds popular expression in fiction. Often theories of the whole purpose of life are illustrated by a story; grand reforms are championed within the pages of a novel. Thus in "Les Miserables," Victor Hugo presents vividly to our minds the crying ills of the French body politic—social, commercial, political, moral—in all their awful reality.

Much of the philosophy included in fiction would never have a larger audience than that composed of scholars

and profound thinkers if it were to be found only in the form of essays and theses. Anyone possessing the least bit of appreciation for pure and noble sentiments, or for the heroic elements in the commonplace existence, or having any sense of the serious in life cannot but feel thrilled and inspired with higher aims and more unselfish desires after reading one of George Elliotts' books. Yet if those same noble thoughts were presented in the form of sermons or philosophical treatises, think you that they would gain as large a hearing?

Many are inclined to skip the philosophizing and moralizing, as well as the descriptive portions of a book and take interest only in the plot; but this is doing an injustice to yourself as well as to the author. If a book is worthy to be read at all it should be read in its entirety. In many books, the plot is the element of least importance. To one who reads simply to get the plot or story, George Eliot's books must seem very dry. It is necessary to become interested in her characters by closely observing their development—to become acquainted with them, so to speak—before one can appreciate what they do and say.

In no other field of literature are the opportunities for studying human character so great as in fiction. The advantages to be derived from such a study do not lie so much in enabling one to read the characters of his associates as it teaches us to sympathize with others in their short-comings,

and discourages the tendency to attribute good deeds to selfish motives. More important still, such characters as the Jewess Rebecca and Jean Valjeau teach us that the truly grand and beautiful souls are too often those which the world or society, fails to recognize as such.

The historical novel will always be popular—in fact it is hard to imagine how any work of fiction, if true to human nature, and to conditions which are or have been established, can fail to be or to become historical. Just at present the novelists have a marked propensity to give their books historical settings. While the historical novel may not afford the student very authentic authority for history it serves to put life and reality into what he has acquired from other sources; and as a rule the first-class historical novelist can be relied upon as to the true spirit of the time in which his characters are placed.

However there are instances in which authors have given an historical argument in the form of a novel, when the argument would have been much more effective, if presented in the form of an historical essay. I have in mind especially Mr. Charles Pidgin's book "Blennerhasset" in which he attempts to defend or rather excuse Aaron Burr. The plot is decidedly stupid; in fact the book has no real literary merits whatever and the argument in favor of Burr loses all effect by the confusing mixture of real and fictitious evidence. If Mr. Pidgin had any substantial argument in fact, an historical essay defending Burr would have attracted almost universal interest in America, but a hasty reading of Blennerhasset is sufficient to reveal that

his argument is of no weight. It is doubtful whether the author expected to be taken seriously. He evidently realized that anything in the way of a book treating of Aaron Burr would meet with a large sale, and as a matter of fact the book has sold out of mere curiosity. From this we may derive the rule that an argumentative theme, depending upon historical fact for a true conclusion, is not to be taken seriously when clothed in fiction.

It must however be conceded that fiction offers great advantages for the portrayal of social conditions—manner, habits and customs of a nation or community at a chosen stage in its development. Thus Scott in *Ivanhoe* gives us a vivid and trustworthy picture of English society during the latter half of the twelfth century, and most of the other Waverly novels give a history of the long and heroic struggle of the Scots for independence; Richard Carvel portrays the social and political conditions in England in Fox and Pitt's time and presents the plantation life in colonial Virginia, while "The Crisis," the companion piece of "Richard Carvel," is laid in the midst of the great civil strife of sixty-one-to-five; and "Quo Vadis" depicts the revolting corruption and licentiousness of Rome under Nero and the blood-curdling cruelties of that utterly contemptible despot with such awful reality and vigor as could no simple narration of the historical events, however well told.

I have herein endeavored to show only some of the many reasons why a student should supplement his more severe studies by the reading of good fiction. But let no one waste his

time in reading fiction of an inferior order better read one book of real merit than a dozen of mediocre value, while much of the cheap insipid sentimental sort, as well as the bravo variety, is positively demoralizing. But even the reading of good fiction may be carried to excess. For while occasionally there is found a student of a severe turn of mind who does not read enough fiction, the majority of young people—college

students not excepted—confine their leisure reading too exclusively to fiction,—if indeed, they do not stop with the “joke page”; whereas, it should not be given more than an equal place with the history, biography and the poetical and philosophical essay. Thus restricted it will occupy its right place in the reading of a student—Fiction, so far from supplanting, should serve as an aid to severer study.



SOME ANCIENT PROVERBS REVISED.

By Poor Richard the II. '05.

Absence makes the heart grow fonder for another girl.

Never put off till tomorrow what can be done next week.

Man is an animal that cooks his victuals,—unless his wife does it.

Money makes the mare go providing your'e a good driver and it isn't a balky horse.

Matches may be made in heaven, but the honeymoon is usually spent on the earth.

One today is worth a million yesterdays.

Every man is the architect of his own fortune, but sometimes he lets the job to a contractor.

A small leak will sink a great ship, but a large one does it quicker.

Diligence is the mother of good luck and the mother-in-law of success.

Perhaps love keeps the cold out better than a cloak, but its a pretty thin garment for zero weather.

Experience is a dear teacher, and you can't bluff her.

In the battle of life the regular is always a better fighter than the volunteer.

A half a loaf is usually better than no bread, but it generally depends upon the quality of the bread, and the size of the loaf.

God doesn't help them that help themselves to their neighbor's chicken-roost.

A Vacation Story.

(A true story experienced by one of the "Naughty Fours.")



A CROWD of small boys playing at the corner, suddenly saw a buxom girl with nothing but a slight cape about her shoulders, no hat, or even rubbers on, run hurriedly out of a house door into the snow and sleet which was coming down fast. They saw her continue to run as swiftly as the sleet and ice beneath would permit, towards the little corner grocery on the outskirts of the city.

The customers and store loungers saw an excited girl, panting for breath, enter and ask for the use of the 'phone. It was granted and she rang up central.

This was what the people heard,—
"Hello! number 308 East Side please,
"Hello! is this the B—department store? Did you find a ticket to S—near the—you didn't understand me? Did you find a ticket—do you catch it?—to S—near the glove counter—catch it?—or the book counter at the front of the store? Did you catch all I said? Please see if it can be found." After a moment, "yes central, I got them—on awaiting a reply." Again "yes, I'm waiting"—"yes, I'm still waiting." Then "oh! you didn't! thank you for your trouble. Good-bye."

An even more anxious looking girl left the store and the passers by wondered why she looked so disconsolate, and was hurrying so fast, and dressed so carelessly. The snow was gradually becoming more like rain.

The boys saw the girl re-enter the house and what went on inside they didn't know, but in a few moments they saw her come out with coat, hat and gloves on, purse hanging on her arm, and go hastily toward the street car.

She entered. The passengers noticed a dejected girl, one who evidently had something on her mind. The car, it seemed didn't move fast enough, every time it stopped to take in, and leave off passengers she moved nervously. Finally she asked the young man at her right what time does the L. S. & M. train leave for S—? "At 4:40" he replied. It was 4:15 then. "How many blocks from the B—department store is the L. S. & M. depot?" "About ten blocks." "Had I better try to catch a car, or had I better walk directly to the depot to catch the train?" "You had better walk to avoid delay in awaiting a car." "Thank you," she said.

The car reached the corner and she walked hastily two or three blocks to the store. The rain was coming down fast. Everybody was carrying an umbrella, but she had none with her, nor did she feel the rain as she hurried on her way. The passing crowd noticed a tired girl, wet with the rain, and heated by her swift gait. She didn't stop for a moment till she reached the store.

Once inside she looked searchingly at the various counters—asked the clerks some questions about a ticket, but seemed to get no satisfaction. All

the fatigue of the day and her present disappointment revealed itself in her flushed face.

She left the store without finding what she seemed to be searching. She crossed the street, the clock in the tower showed 4:30—ten minutes for ten blocks—a block a minute. Could she do it? She must, for if she didn't, she couldn't reach home that night and that would mean disappointment at home.

The people from their windows and those passing by were wondering why this girl with her skirts gathered up off the wet walks, was running so gracelessly and perhaps even boyishly but perhaps she had a reason.

One long block passed—two blocks, three, four, five—the depot lights shone clearer, six, seven.—trains were heard arriving and leaving, was one of them hers?—eight nine—the omnibuses were in line waiting. Ten blocks passed and a girl was seen rushing quickly across the street into the station. It was crowded, though

she didn't notice, for she went swiftly in the direction of the ticket office and asked if the L. S. and M. train for the west had gone. "Standing on track No. 1 right now," he said. "A ticket for S—please" and she reluctantly drew forth the last of holiday money. She took the ticket, held this one firmly, and was told to enter car No. 194.

The passengers all ready seated saw a sadly drenched personage enter, take a seat and make herself as comfortable as possible. She seemed to be amused at something for she was seen to smile occasionally as though she had had a funny experience.

These are the different views of boys, store loungers, street car passengers, passers-by clerks and station people as each saw this same buxom girl on her "wild goose chase" for a lost rail-way ticket, on a rainy day. Nevertheless she arrived home safely and may the money spent bring double its worth in experience and the pleasure in relating it.



CHANGE IN KINDERGARTEN.

A change was made in the faculty of the Kindergarten Training school during the Christmas vacation, which proved something of a surprise to most students. Miss Mary Hamilton, principal, resigned and Mrs. Plum who for many years previous to last fall had been in charge of the work, shortened her leave of absence and returned to take up the work.

All students will regret the departure of Miss Hamilton. During her

short stay she proved herself a friend to all, and there is scarcely a student that does not recall some kindness from her hands. Ill health and other unforeseen difficulties compelled her resignation.

We are glad to have Mrs. Plum with us again, and rest assured of the continued usefulness and efficiency of the department under her management.

: : : :

SOPHOMORE EXHIBITION.

The Sophomore exhibition was given Friday evening, January 23rd. The program given was good, and a large crowd present. The Freshman class entertained us at Wright Hall after the program, which was as follows:

...Program...

Music,	Oragonaise du Cid, (For two pianos) MISS WALLACE, MISS WATSON.	<i>Massinet</i>
Prayer.		
Music,	Recessional, MR. TIMBY.	<i>(Kipling) DeKoven</i>
Oration,	"Andrew Johnson," LEVI BUTLER.	
Oration,	"The Know Nothing Party," O. CHARLES CHAPMAN.	
Essay,	"The Chinese as They See Us," MILLIE B. CUVREL.	
Music,	(a) Florian's Song, (b) Snowflakes, MISS HOOPER.	<i>Godard Cowen</i>
Oration,	"Jonathan Edwards," HAROLD GARFIELD GAUNT.	
Essay,	"Forestry," CAROLYN HASTINGS.	
Oration,	"Tomorrow," DAVID A. JOHNSON.	
Music,	Spring Song MISS SERGEANT.	<i>Liebling</i>
Essay,	"The Personal Problem of Charity," M. BERYL KEFGEN.	
Essay,	"The Australian Ballot System," LEOLA LAUTERBACH.	
Oration,	"Universal Peace," CHARLES MORE.	
Music,	"The Chaso," MR. MCBRIDE.	<i>Mattie</i>



Class in Sophomore Rhetoricals:

Levi Butler	Carolyn Hastings
O. Charles Chapman	David A. Johnson
Millie B. Cuvrel	M. Beryl Kefgen
Harold Garfield Gaunt	Leola Lauderbach
Charles More	



ALMANIAN.

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JANUARY 20, 1902.

A WORD OF PROTEST.

AT the beginning of the year it was announced that the Almanian would not stand for any indiscriminate criticism of the college or its management. It still preserves that policy.

Recently however, an event took place, so flagrant in its character, and so directly opposed to the spirit of Alma College that it cannot pass without notice.

The annual exhibition of the Sophomore class was given last Friday, January 23, and was an event in which nearly every person in Alma College was deeply interested.

One class, however, the senior class so far forgot its dignity and the courtesy due to the underclassmen as to arrange a class spread at just the hour appointed for the exhibition to begin; and not only this, but they actually obtained permission from the member of the faculty in charge of such matters, to hold the spread at that hour.

Such a disrespectful breach of courtesy and college ethics on the part of a sister class and of the faculty representative should not in my estimation pass without a word of disapproval.

May it never happen again in the history of Alma College.

John Wirt Dunning.

—•C•—

DOWN in the basement of Hood Museum packed away in boxes and never seen or heard of by the students of Alma College, is what is perhaps one of the most valuable mineral collections in the United States. They represent the life work of Dr. Winchell, one of the most eminent geologists of the past half century. They were secured for Alma by shrewd management on the part of the president of the college and for a large price. Alma bid against the U. of M. the U. of Wisconsin and a number of colleges to secure the collection, but thus far of what

good has the possession of this collection been. It has never been brought to the light. It has been of no use at all to the students.

A person of authority recently declared that the specimens were becoming ruined from their long confinement in the boxes, and many of them would soon become worthless. Why the delay in mounting them? If there is no one in Alma who can do the work it would be a matter of economy to hire an expert to do it. The students would appreciate it too if they were allowed access to the museum during the day time, instead of always finding the building locked when they desire to enter.



IN a southern college the star half-back sold himself to the opposing team and thus deprived his institution of great honors. There are men who will take a paper until asked for their subscription, and then ask that their name be taken from the list. There was once a man who ran with all speed to ask his pastor to go after the doctor for his sick child, and while the good pastor was wading through snow drifts to bring aid to the little sufferer, the father was busily engaged in looting his chicken coop. Mayor Ames of Minneapolis sat in a

buggy with his feet up and smoked cigars at his wife's funeral. At the Galveston disaster men became so inhuman in the robberies as to cut off dead women's fingers, to get possession of their rings. There are men in this world, who will owe you when you fail in business and when you get a fresh start will come back and ask for more credit; but all the above mentioned are gentlemen and scholars alongside of the man who will sneak into an unprotected college building on Sunday night when honest people are behaving quietly at home, and carry out the chapel chairs. Such a man would elope with his chum's grandmother.—"STUDENT."



THE recent religious services and their unusual interest and success are but an example of what can be accomplished by an organized and centered effort of the student body for any cause. Alma is to be congratulated that this effort was in such a noble purpose. At the beginning of the present term Dr. Bruske asked that the emphasis be placed now upon the religious life of the students. May the spirit that characterizes our athletics, and the spirit that was shown in the recent meetings, be the spirit of our religious life.



ALUMNI NOTES.

THE news of the result of the Alma M. A. C. football game, for the intercollegiate championship on Saturday, November 22, was awaited with fully as much interest by the alumni and former students of Alma as the students themselves, and it was indeed with rejoicing that the news of another successful season in a sport at which Alma has held her own since its establishment was received. The securing of a championship for two out of three successive years from the older institution is deserving of special mention and the result worthy of the spirit and enthusiasm which from the first was put into football. We had the privilege of witnessing this championship game which clearly showed the superiority of Alma's team. Though as usual outweighed the team work was excellent and gains were made almost at will. And the defense was especially gratifying. In the first year of football it was simply a case of which side had the ball, but now the defense has been wonderfully developed in all teams which gives a far better opportunity for each side to show its true merits. Again we hail Alma's football team as champions and trust that success will but arouse enthusiasm for future and greater victories. There are indoor track and base ball events to come. Be not content with laurels already received but push on and strive for victory in all events.

One of the most pleasing features of the last game was the large attendance of students and others from Alma. In former years an athletic team from Alma was pleased to have the accompaniment of one or two loyal rooters. Now almost the entire student body gets a special car and attends the game while those who find it impossible to get away, await the team at the depot to welcome home the victors. Nor are they to be out yelled by the home students but keep up their energies until exhausted and victory is won. And they are not discouraged by the ingentlemanly conduct of a few students who consider college loyalty and spirit the stealing of visitors ribbons, pennants, canes or hats. Such treatment has never been accorded a visiting team at Alma, and we trust never shall. These actions, however, were those of but a few and not approved by the student body, for there is no where among the colleges a more friendly spirit than at the M. A. C.

The announcement by President Bruske that an effort is being made to place Alma on an independent footing is received with pleasure and we have no doubt that within the near future the accomplishment of the desired result will be effected. Here is another place where Alma is to be sincerely congratulated. Its birth was with the announcement that there would be no debt incurred and that

promise has been carried out to the letter. It is one of very few colleges in the country which can say that at no time has any debt been placed upon it to hinder progress. The efforts necessary for this result can perhaps be imagined, and should always stand as an excellent reward for the efforts of those who have accomplished it. In accomplishing the last resolve it will be necessary for former students to assist as much as possible in the work. They are the ones who can appreciate the needs of the college and what an endowment will accomplish towards development along all lines. Every year something new and necessary is added to the equipment, and it will not be many years before Alma will be on the basis where it belongs. The spirit shown in athletics should pervade all lines of work and a student when leaving college should still maintain his active interest its welfare and contribute to its advancement so far as possible.

One way in which former students can show a small interest in college events is to subscribe for the ALMANIAN and send in an article or personal notes that it may be made as interesting as possible. A college magazine is or should be the voice of the faculty and student and should be the means for upbuilding the institution and cementing carousing college enthusiasm in all lines.

Miss Anna Girmus, '96, has returned to Anna Ill., where she is teaching.

A. W. Beckner, formerly principal of the Commercial department, is at Rockford, Ill.

J. C. Foote, '00, has resumed his work at Lewiston Academy, Wichita, Kas.

C. E. Scott, '98, preached at Grayling during the summer. He is now at Princeton.

W. B. Robinson, '01, has entered Harvard Law School. He was at Columbia last year.

H. P. Bush, '01, is still acting as commissioner of schools for Tuscola county.

C. W. Sidebotham, '01, is again at Princeton after preaching near Ypsilanti during the summer.

O. Rickerd is at the U. of M. studying medicine.

Alex Wills, at Alma during '95-'96, has returned to Newport News and has a very responsible position with the Newport News Shipbuilding Co.

A. L. Toner, '95, is pastor of the Presbyterian church at Three River.

W. F. Knox, '98, is one of the proprietors of a "Soo" paper. He is active in politics and his paper is enjoying a boom.

Miss Wimfred Trapp, '01, is teaching in the Alma schools.

Miss Wheelie Plum, '00, is teaching in Ithaca high schools.

One of the most interesting contributions to the January "Smart Set," is a story by Edward Clark Marsh, '96, known to Alma as "Ted."

Maurice Grigsby, '98, has been called to the pastorate of the First Presbyterian church of Mt. Pleasant, Mich.

A mistake was made in the last alumni notes concerning Wesley Bradford, '02. He is taking special work in science in Cornell University.

Last month's alumni notes arrived to late for publication through delay in the mails.

Chas. Long, '02, visited in Alma during the holidays.

ATHLETICS.

AT the last meeting of the board of directors of the new Intercollegiate the following rules are adopted governing the amateur status of contestants.

"An amateur is a person who has never competed in an open competition or for money, or under a false name, or with a professional for a prize, or with a professional where gate money is received, nor has ever at any time taught, pursued or assisted at athletic exercises for money, or for any valuable consideration. But nothing in this definition shall be construed to prohibit the competition between amateurs for cups, presents, medals, or other prizes than money.

To prevent any misunderstanding in reading the above, the Association calls attention to the following explanations and adjudications:

An athlete has forfeited his right to compete as an amateur, and has thereby become a professional, by—

(a) Ever having competed in an open contest or any sort of athletic exercise, i. e., a competition, the entries to which are open to all, irrespective as to whether the competitors are amateurs or professional, and whether such competition be for a prize or not.

(b) Ever having competed for money in any athletic exercise.

(c) Ever having competed under a false name in any athletic contest.

(d) Ever having taught or pursued as a means of livelihood any athletic exercise.

(e) Ever having directly or indirectly accepted or received remuneration for engaging in any athletic exercise.

An athlete shall hereafter forfeit his right to compete as an amateur, and shall thereby become a professional, if at any time, he shall—

(a) Directly or indirectly receive payment for training or coaching any other person in an athletic exercise.

(b) Directly or indirectly receive payment for services personally rendered in teaching any athletic exercise.

An amateur shall not forfeit his right to compete as an amateur, and shall not become a professional, by—

(a) Receiving compensation for services rendered as ticket-taker or ticket seller at any contest or exhibition of amateur athletics.

(b) Receiving compensation for services personally rendered as Secretary, Treasurer, Manager, or superintendent of any amateur athletic club.

(c) Receiving compensation as editor, correspondent, or reporter of, or contributor to, any sporting, athletic, or other paper or periodical.

(d) Running, managing, or directing, for prospective profit, any sporting, athletic, or other paper or periodical.

(e) Receiving compensation for services personally rendered as official handicapper, under the direction and authority of any athletic association.

(f) Receiving from a club of which he shall be a member, the amount of his expenses necessarily incurred in

travelling to and from the place of an amateur contest.

(g) Nothing in this rule shall be construed so as to consider a man a professional who has played on a college team against a professional."

Base Ball Schedule.

Alma's Base Ball schedule has not been completed as yet but the following championship games will be played:

Alma at M. A. C., Albion at Alma,

Alma at Olivet, Alma at Kalamazoo, Alma at Hillsdale.

There will be other games with Albion, M. A. C., Hillsdale, Ferris Industrial school and Detroit college.

Basket Ball.

Basket ball has been engaging the attention of the students for some time, and great interest has been shown.

Teams from the College and Aca-

demy have met twice each winning a victory. In the first the College won by the exciting score of 9 to 8, and the Academy redeemed itself in the second game 16 to 9.

Alma vs. Saginaw.

On January 10, the regular team met the Saginaw Y. M. C. A. in the college gymnasium and won what proved to be an exciting contest. During the first half it was anybody's game and baskets were numerous on both sides, Fair doing some star work for Saginaw and Whitney for Alma. Williams threw a difficult goal from near the center of the field. In the

second half there was but little scoring and Alma finally won on Saginaw's fouls. Line up—

B. Beckrow	} Forwards	{ Whitney
Fair		
G. Beckrow	} Center	{ Shiner
Kelsey		
Cresswell	{ Williams	

Score, Alma 18, Saginaw 15.

An All-Ages Eleven.

An All-World eleven has recently been selected.

Hercules.....	Center
Sampson.....	Right Guard
Goliath.....	Left Guard
Caesar.....	Right Tackle
Joshua.....	Left Tackle
Stonewall Jackson.....	Right End
Father Time.....	Left End
Iseral Putman.....	Right Half Back
Alexander the Great.....	Left Half Back
Bacchus.....	Full Back
Napoleon.....	Quarter Back

The Delineator says the team won't do. It objects to Hercules, because of his frequent sprees, and adds:

Sampson at right guard is out of the question. Any football player who would so basely betray the honor of his team as did this powerful temple-destroyer, should be cut by all his acquaintance. A player who went

out calling the night before the big game with the Philstines, and let the young lady cut off all his long, curling locks, certainly has not the football spirit. He would never do on the All-World eleven.

Napoleon is a very fair strategist,

but there is now a better general, as it is chronicled in the song "Napoleon" 'was that marched them up. Who was it marched him down 'Twas Mr. Dooley. To Dooley goes the palm, though wicked slander says he prefers three fingers.



SPECIAL RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

Probably no other event in the recent history of the college—and that is to say in her entire history—has awakened such general and heartfelt interest in things religious and moral as the special services of January 9 to 16. The meetings were held each afternoon at 3:30, and from the first the college chapel was crowded. An effort was made to secure the presence of every student in college and this effort was blessed with wonderful success.

Never has the writer been present at meetings which so abounded in helpful and noble sentiments; nor

which furnished greater uplift to the spiritual life, as these. The spirit of God was manifestly present, and the prayers of the Christian students and faculty were answered in a number of students who began their Christian life as a result.

In connection with the afternoon meetings, Dr. Bruske preached, each morning, beautiful and soul stirring sermons which were listened to, with wrapt attention by all.

May this be but the beginning of a work that shall see every student of the college, accept the religion on which the institution, itself is founded.

W.



* | **NEWS ITEMS and ITEM BOX.** | *

NEWS ITEMS.

We are glad at the return of Miss Gelston, who was compelled to leave school after Thanksgiving on account of the illness of her mother. Miss Bristol who took her place during her absence has returned to her home in Mason.

The excellent sleighing has been made the most of by the students the past three weeks. There have been class rides, "stiddies rides," et cetera.

Several new books have been

added to the library recently, in the line of fiction.

The football men are now wearing new sweaters with the football "A." They came as a Christmas gift from the students and faculty.

A recent number of the Olivet Echo contains a picture of the Olivet team with the legend "Intercollegiate Champions" under it. It is a remarkable team. The first ten to nothing champions in the history of Michigan. (Alma 10; Olivet 0.)

ITEM BOX.

The paths of discharge among the brain cells sometimes become so deep and fixed that permanent habits are formed. The supposition seems to be held by some people at Wright Hall that the "waiters" have eaten so much that the habit gastronomic exercise has become so fixed that it can be performed under the most discouraging circumstances even without the aid of sufficient ether waves of eight by which to preceive the objects to be masticated.

Is This Herby?

They tell how forth the arrow sped
When William shot the apple;
But who can calculate the speed
Of him who's late for chapel.

Professor (in Greek history)—
"When a Roman wished to deliver an

address to the people where did he do it?"

Bright student—"He did it be (Forum)."

Student—"Professor, which is the logical way of reaching a conclusion?"

Professor—"Take a train of thought, my boy."

Student(translating)—Cæsar omnibus completis in Galliam summa diligenta prospectus est.—"Cæsar, the omnibus being full, set out for Gaul on the top of diligence."

A student in one of the universities recently received the following letter from his father: "My dear son:—Accept my heartiest congratulations; I was engaged to the same Miss Bunter when I was in college, and can appre-

ciate the fun you are having. Go it while you are young." Your loving father.

"When rain falls does it ever rise again?", asked the professor of chemistry.

"Yes sir"

"When"?

"In dew time, professor."

What The Ponies Think.

When the German horse and the Latin horse,
And the French horse and the Greek,
And the Spanish horse and the Hebrew horse
In council together speak,
The question will be, Shall we work so much
Unless our wages they raise?
The common opinion will then be such
That the votes will all be *neighs*.

Irritable school teacher: "Now then stupid, what's the next word? What comes after cheese?"

Dull Boy—"A mouse, sir."

The Sophomore at the Play.

The sophomore sat in the front parquet,
All was serene as a summer in May,
Until King Richard began to pray,
"A horse! a horse!" in a faithful way.

When the sophomore sprang from the seat,
they say,

And cried, the poor kings fears to allay,

"I'll get you a horse without delay,

I know what it is—I have felt that way."

A youthful student lately raised the ghost of Horace by construing "Poeta nascitur, non fit," to mean. "It is not fit that a poet should be born."



CLASS and SOCIETY NOTES.

SENIOR.

Dear Hal! Old boy we stole your fudge,
We did it for a joke,
But when we saw how sad you were,
Our hearts were nearly broke.
We can't bring it back to you,
But we have made some more,
And that you will accept, we
Right humbly do implore.

The class gave a sleigh ride to St. Louis two weeks ago, and enjoyed a spread at the Park House.

The class surprised Mr. Ronald at his home last Friday evening!

The class pins arrived during vacation and were forwarded to the members before school opened. They are generally classed the "cutest ever."

It is a psychological fact that when a person attempts to recall anything his eyes turn inward toward the brain. Prof. M.—Miss Messinger, where do you turn your eyes when you attempt to recall anything? Miss M. (thinking) "Why into space."

JUNIOR.

McBride and Gaunt are contemplating a course in the Scranton correspondence school.

Wilcox and Hurst, are the juniors elected as delegates to the Y. M. C. A. convention.

C. D. Wolfe is lumbering with his brother in Poyntelle, Pa. Since leaving Alma he has had the misfortune of losing a finger.

Last Saturday the juniors class enjoyed a delightful sleigh ride to St. Louis. Mr. Bangs drove in from the

country with sleighs. and after an enjoyable ride, the class was very pleasantly entertained at the home of Miss Schmidt in St. Louis.

This class claims the original idea of a class Christmas tree, in which each member of the class gave every other member a present. There being thirteen in the class everybody received even dozen presents. The tree was held in the office of Mr. Hall on the Thursday evening before the holiday vacation.

Most students will receive this number of the ALMANIAN on the day of the junior exhibition. If no junior items ever appear again you will know the reason.

SOPOMORE.

Miss Thorburn entertained Miss Cobb during the Christmas vacation.

Mr. E. Webber returned to College a week, and Mr. Ardis two weeks late.

A short time before vacation the class enjoyed a spread, at the home of Earl Webber, in honor of J. "Cam." Hartness. A very pleasant evening was spent during the course of which the juniors made us an unexpected but welcome call.

FRESHMAN.

Dr. Bruske's room was the scene of wild confusion one afternoon recently when the class president encountered a mop, a waste basket a broom and a

chair, as he emerged with his lady love.

A certain soph, thought he could scrap,
He did. He did.
He pitched on a little freshman chap,
He did. He did.
But freshie was not from Hackensack,
He soon had Sophie upon his back,
And nows he's cheered by all his pack.
Hurrah for the freshman kid!

"Boneing" for exams has deprived the reception room of Andy's smiling face for the last few weeks. We hope the exams (?) will soon be over?

"Billy" Caple made a very pleasant trip to Midland during the holidays. (Wonder why.)

The Freshmen were pleasantly entertained by Miss Nelson at her home in Ithaca recently.

There has been much talk in the freshman class recently about a basket ball team, but what is the use of a team when there is no other class to play.

The sleeping and waking thought of some of the freshmen boys is. "Why cannot some people mind their own business?"

Since the new arrangement of seats in the dining room, Miss McCord has frequently favored her neighbors with her delightful involuntary solos.

Notice.

A coming duel between Cooper and Williams, cause Cooper wants to change seats with Williams.



ZETA SIGMA.

The officers for the new term are as follows: Pres., Wallace Webber; vice pres., John Shiner; sec'y Earl Webber; treas., Chas. Chapman; executive committee, John Shiner, Earl Webber, Wirt Dunning.

The above were installed Monday

evening Jan. 12. The opening address of the president was full of interest and foresight. Plans for better work were given, and the necessity of a greater variety of productions at the society public was emphasized. Early preparations for the Washington's Birthday banquet was advised.

Accordingly a committee was appointed to arrange for that occasion and one of the grandest events in the history of the society is expected. A large number of the Alumni are to be present.

After much diplomatic maneuvering a committee of the society have received from the faculty a greater assertion of Zeta Sigma rights in the form of a padlock for the door.

Hereafter more emphasis will be placed on delivery in the productions of the society, and the work of the present term will be arranged with that "end in view."

A committee is arranging for the Washington's Birthday banquet Feb. 22. An effort will be made to secure the presence of a large number of Alumni.



PHI PHI ALPHA.

On a certain evening last December the Philomathean and Phi Phi Alpha societies could be seen making their way in solitary couples over the icy sidewalks to the parlors of the Presbyterian church. They found the rooms tastefully decorated with evergreen and holly.

After they had enjoyed the scene and each others company for a short-time, these same couples sat down to a feast such as only a ladies aid society could prepare.

The toasts namely:—
 "Our Hosts" Miss Dubois,
 "Satellites" Mr. Burnett,
 "Future of the Phi Phi Alpha" . Miss Butler,
 "Wit" Mr. McGill,
 with Mr. Johnson as toastmaster were
 all excellent.

During the evening the lights went
 out, and while some went upstairs to
 find what was wrong others tried the

candle power of matches. It was
 found that some kid from down town
 had tied one end of a long string to
 the main switch, and had run up town
 with the other end.

Then after having posed before
 Tom's camera, they all made their
 slow and tedious way homeward, over
 the slippery sidewalks.



DR. E. A. BAGLEY,

PHYSICIAN and
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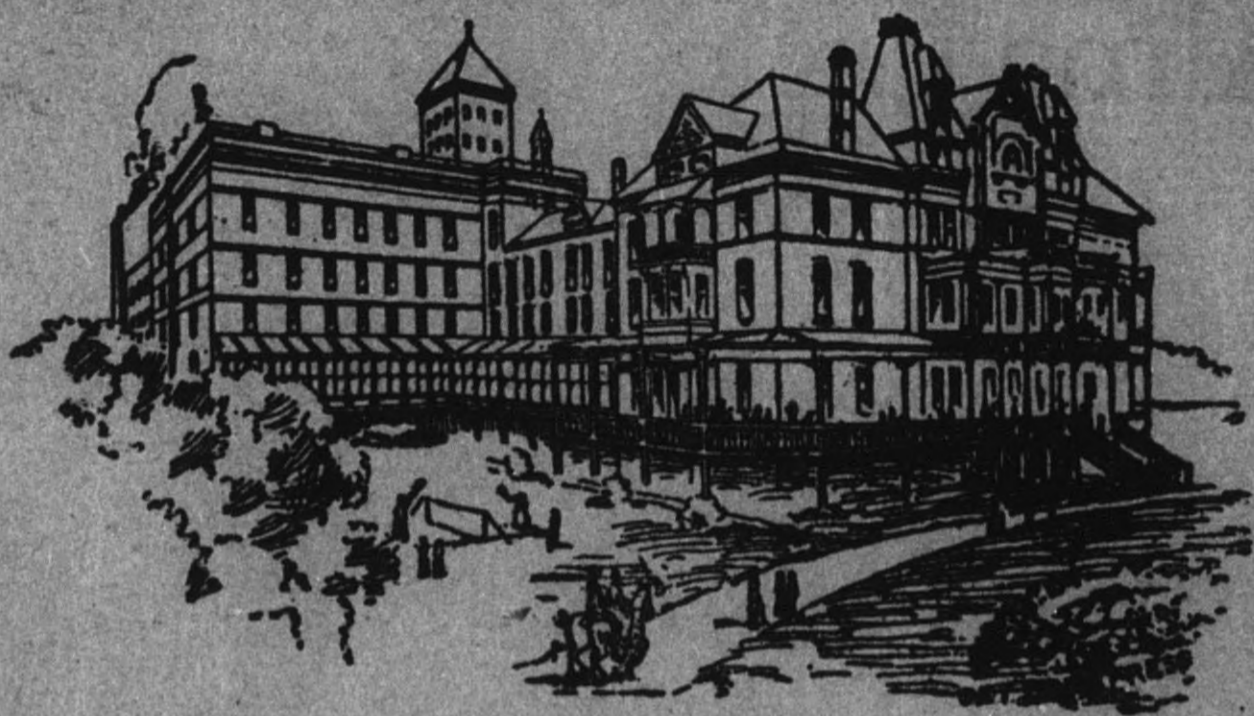
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