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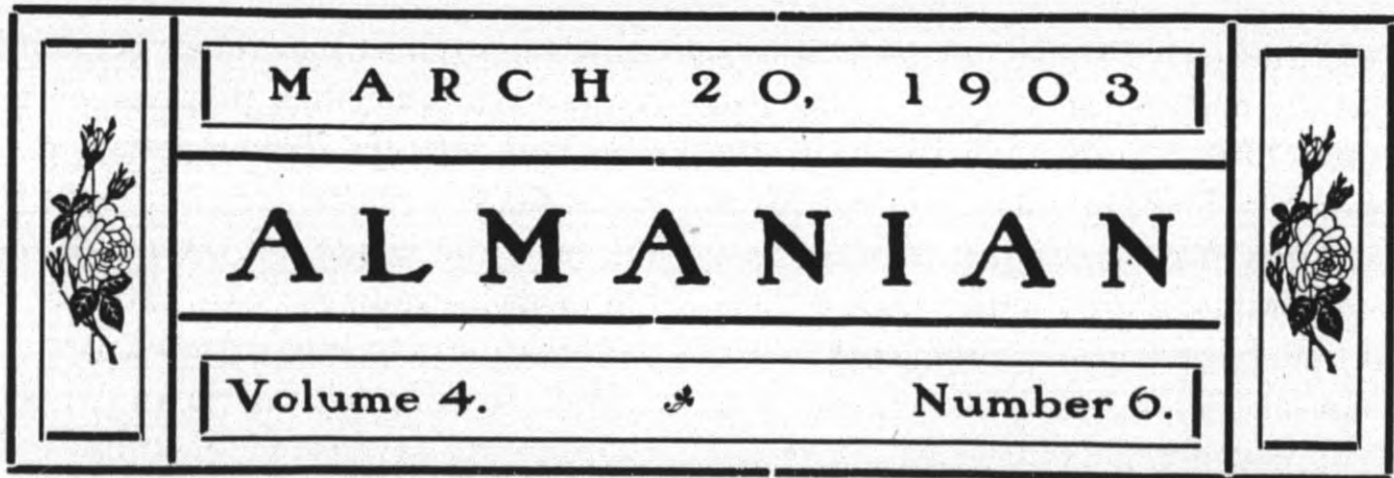
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When Fate was in the Balance.

(A Story of Sheridan's Ride.)

"'06"

Historians have never agreed in explaining the sudden appearance of Gen. Sheridan at the battle of Shenandoah, in the moment when his army was all but routed. Some declare that he heard the firing at Winchester, 25 miles to the rear of his army; others, that the conference with Grant's emissary was held at a farmhouse, five miles from camp. The following tale is based on information received from an uncle of the author, who was an aide-de-camp on Sheridan's staff. He declares that it is utterly impossible that Sheridan could have heard the firing from Winchester, so far from the scene of action:

IN the days when the passions of civil strife were stirring the heart of the nation; when men both North and South, gladly forsook home and friends for principles they believed to be right; when oftentimes friend was arrayed against friend and brother against brother; the beautiful Shenandoah valley became the scene of one of the most picturesque struggles of the entire war. Close as it was to the city of Washington; the South relying upon its fertility and accessibility, had long used it as a point from which to conduct operations against the northern capitol.

Late in the summer of 1864 Gen. Earley had approached within six miles of that fort-girdled city, but, hearing that Sheridan was about to raid the valley, he had returned, only to be driven back, step by step, mile by mile, before the impetuous attacks of the Union cavalry.

Sheridan's orders had been to destroy everything that fell to his hands, and seldom had a work of destruction been carried on more completely. In a few weeks fields of ripening corn had been trampled under the hoofs of hundreds of cavalry; while massive barns, stored with vast quantities of grain now stood mere blackened ruins. None of the beautiful herbage which that spring had decked the valley, now remained, save here and there a solitary oak, yellowing in its autumnal foliage.

At the close of a beautiful autumn day in September, upon one of the solitary hills overlooking the valley, two men sat alone. One wore the uniform of the Confederacy; the other was clad in the blue of the North. Below in the deepening dusk, the camp fires of the two armies were flickering, scarce five miles apart. The two had met that day upon the picket lines. There had been instant

recognition. They were brothers. At the opening of the war, one had gone to the North, the other to the South. The Unionist was heard to speak. "You are right, brother, my sympathies are with the South. There has not been a night that I have not laid in my tent and thought of you and my home far away in Dixie; but still I feel that the accursed evil of slavery must be blotted out. Were it not for that I would this night leave and go with you as you have asked. I am almost persuaded, but I cannot go."

The other had started to leave when the Unionist placed a detaining hand on his shoulder.

"Stay," he said, "I will leave it to the casting of the dice. After all it matters not. The love of father and mother should stand far above the love of country."

So saying he took from his haversack two small cubes and handed them to his brother.

"If it be your fortune to win, I will go with you," he said. "If not I return to night to fight it out to the bitter end."

The man in grey cast the cubes upon the ground. The count registered nine. With trembling hands the other took the dice. Slowly he released them from his palms. The first to fall was six, the second, one,

"Tis right my brother, my cause is henceforth yours, the South shall be my home, and for her my battles shall be fought. I must go straight to Gen. Earley, for I have information that may yet win for him a victory over the North; and may God forgive me my treachery."

An hour later a Union deserter pre-

sented himself at the rebel general's tent and informed him that Gen. Sheridan had left the Union camp that night for Winchester, twenty miles to the rear, and would not return till the following evening. An attack at daybreak was hastily planned.

With the first light of dawn, 11,000 Confederate cavalry were within two miles of the Union camp. At six firing commenced. The Union army was taken completely by surprise. Their general was at Winchester some 20 miles at the rear. For a while they made a stubborn resistance, but utterly unprepared for fight, some with their horses unsaddled; some with only sabres in their hands, while others were dismounted, with only their small arms; they were gradually pressed back. Toward the middle of the forenoon, what had been an orderly retreat became a flight; and flight became a panic. Men threw down whatever they had except their arms. Haversacks, blankets and canteens were scattered everywhere in the path of the rebels closely following.

Gen. Sheridan, the night before, had stopped with Paul Barnard a wealthy merchant whom Sheridan had known since a boy and who lived at Winchester with his only daughter Rebecca. The general had not slept that night. His business was to meet an emissary from Gen. Grant with whom he was to entrust his plans for the future campaign in the valley. As it was nearly daybreak when the last word had been spoken, he had planned to sleep during the day and return to his troops in the early evening. As he was about to enter the house after bidding his messenger fare-

well, he observed his host's daughter emerging from the stables with a saddled pony. She gaily challenged the general for a ride and though wearied he gallantly accepted her invitation.

Their way took them along the old Winchester road that Sheridan traveled the evening before. Ten miles had already been covered, when on ascending a steep hill, to their ears there came the faint sound of distant firing. They stopped and listened. The sounds grew louder, till gradually from a mere popping of small arms, it increased and grew into the distinct rattle of musketry. With an anxious glance at his companion, Sheridan, without a word put the spurs to his horse and was lost to view far down the valley.

The Union forces had lost all hope. Gen. Wright, who had been left in command was unable to check their headlong flight, while behind the confederate cavalry were relentlessly pressing on. Suddenly in a whirl of dust the black charger of Sheridan appeared. The general himself waving his sword aloft shouted to the

broken ranks, "Boys we're going back."

As if by magic, the disorganized column wheeled, and following their leader turned from rout, again upon the foe. The fierceness of their valor stopped the enemy in the midst of his victorious advance. He recoiled; and Sheridan urging on his men, dashed again and again against them. The tide of battle was turned and that night victory rested in the Union camp.

Had the Union picket not deserted, Gen. Earley would never have made that unexpected morning attack and the headlong flight of the Union troops at Shenandoah would never have appeared on the pages of history. Had Sheridan slept that morning; had Rebecca never asked him to accompany her on her ride, how different might have been the course of history. Washington might indeed have been entered and the capital sacked.

Thus upon such small things as the shaking of the dice or a maiden's wish do the fates of nations often hang.

Classical and Science Club.

Since the last number of the Almanian the Classical Club has held two regular meetings. At the meeting held on February 21 papers were read by Mr. McBride on "Roman Amusements" and Miss Cuvrell on "A Scene in the Theatre of Dionysius." Both papers were exceedingly entertaining and reports by the members on the various Greek and Roman amusements were interesting.

The second meeting was held last Saturday, the subject being Greek and Roman education. Papers were given by Miss Bair on "The Education of the Greek Boy," and on "The Training of the Roman Boy" by Mr. Winton.

The Science Club met in the Kindergarten room on Jan. 28. The club listened to an interesting lecture by Prof. Notestein on "Poisonous Snakes of North America."

PSYCHE.

Say! young man,
Look here!

Have you heard the latest rule in vogue
To make you chew and masticate by rule
Unchangeable as those of Median old?
No matter whether Stevie's pies and cakes,
Of various makes,
Are filling every nook and seam of your
Digestive apparatus nigh to bursting,
You will be forced by powers that make
For hygienic Righteousness
To waste your gastric juice in vain attempts
On food that you don't want or need?

CUPID.

Aw,
Go on,
You don't say so!

PSYCHE.

And do you know
About the penalty attached to this abomination of all abominations
most abominable?
If not I'll tell you.
Nor breakfast, luncheon, dinner shall you miss.
On pain of these calamities most dire,
From spreads and visitings, from Friday nights
Outside your room,
And that most dear of all your joys,
Our annual reception,
Shall you be barred by hands that falter not.
Oh, don't I pity you?

CUPID.

!!!!

J. L. McB.

An Allegory of Contrast.

J. WIRT DUNNING, '04

ONCE upon a time, two beings, one a man, one a woman were born. The beautiful springtime, the joyous birds, the golden sunshine and the sweet blossoming flowers, welcomed them to Terra's lovely vale. In the clear night time, for them, the twinkling stars jeweled the sky, and in the morn diamond drops of dew bedecked the earth. The gentle breezes blew their sweet lullabys; crystal streams watered their pure sweet lips; and Earth, the loving mother of all, nourished and sheltered them in her bosom. Childhood was a sweet, happy dream. *Years flew by.*

Then, one day, in a beautiful palace, thronged with beings like themselves, amid the sweet perfumes of flowers, and with faint music filling the scented air, these two souls met. The dazzling lights of the chandeliers above seemed to cast a halo round the heads of both as they stood there together. Their hearts were pure and white as the lilies they had gathered in childhood. Deceit, Envy, Jealousy, Hate, Pride—all were far away, in the dark regions of the night. *Their hands clasped.* The man gazed upon the radiant beauty of the maiden; he saw the love that filled her eyes; and the sweet incense of purity in her heart. *She* beheld in him a soul whom no sin spotted; a stalwart, true and noble knight; a follower of his God. Instantly they loved.

Then he gently took the maiden by the hand and led her far out into the world. Hand in hand they travelled a long and weary journey. Hills and

mountains rose ceaselessly before them; narrow passes and deep abysses crossed their path; thorns tore their feet and jagged rocks cut their hands; cold snows and scorching heat chilled and burned their tender flesh; but still they toiled on.

At last the Hill of Hope was reached. From its summit they saw stretching far below them the beautiful Valley of Happiness and Joy. A meadow rich in flowers and waving grass; a level plain set here and there with groves of palms; and deep blue lakes invited them to rest. The songs of sweet throated birds and the lulling murmur of bees, over the blossoms, mingled with the low rushing of cool waters. Every want seemed there supplied. "Shall we enter," he said. She gazed rapturously upon him and softly whispered, "Yes."

They entered the shining valley and there beneath the palms they found a home prepared. Upon the lintel their names were written. Beneath the cool ivy shade they sat down to rest from their journey. She drew closer to him and placed her hands in his. Her head sank lower upon his breast and at last pillowed itself above his heart. Their eyes gazed in silent rapture. He bowed his head to hers. Their lips met. The dying sun sank lower toward the Hills of Hope. A golden beam broke through the leaves above, and shone down upon them. It lingered for a while, as if reluctant to depart from its lovely resting place. But at last it yielded, and left them there alone.

Can it be that Heaven is this?

* * * * *

Thus the lives of these souls were lived as a sweet and holy song.

Then one day a stranger came to the valley and asked for shelter. His name was Sin but they knew him not. They gave him the best they had; but no return for their love did he give to them. His mission in the valley was to seek a bride for his own son, Death. Finally one day he led the maiden away and told of his mission; asking her to go. At first her pure soul revolted but he held the maiden and the man so deeply in his clutches that they could not force him off.

Then the other stranger came,—Death, the son of Sin. Silently he stole the maiden away. In despair the man searched the valley far and wide. Then again he entered the great world. He traversed land and sea, but all in vain. At length Despair seized his heart. Torn and bleeding he lay down upon the rocky way he tra-

veled, to rest for a while, and fell asleep.

While he slept, the maiden wearily toiled past. Suddenly she saw him lying there, and joy again filled her heart. She called him by name, but he answered not. All night long she tried to rouse him but he lay lifeless. At length she thought him dead. Then casting her mantle over him to protect his body from the vultures, she passed on, weeping out the bitter anguish of her heart.

When he woke he found her mantle there but knew that she was far away. In haste he started again always searching, always hoping.

Many times in the vast eternity they passed, each seeking the other. Once she recognized him but he passed and did not notice her. Thus through eternity they loved and sought and wept in vain.

Can it be that Hell is this.

“Tow Heads” and “Raven Locks.”

Early this term several of the auburn haired gentlemen of the college, began to strut around like ward aldermen and cross over to the other side of the street when a wiry haired brunette was seen approaching. The cause of this exuberance soon leaked out; and shortly the announcement was made that a club of “Tow Heads” had been organized. Now the organization is in full swing and is comprised of the following “fellows” Brooke, Great White Tow Head; Hurst, Second White Tow Head; Cooper, Recording Tow Head; Johnson, High Lord Keeper of

the Chink; Anderson, High Lord Keeper of the Sacred Locks; Soule, Commissary; Shiner, Raw Recruit.

Already there is opposition and the “blacks” have organized the “Raven Locks Push.” Helmer is Chief It; Brown, second It; Gaunt third It; and Chapman, Ardis, and Burnett members. There is talk of a rush between the two organizations and to offset the danger a society of “Mongrels” has been proposed. They will strive to keep peace between factions. Here’s to all of them.

: : : : : : : : :

A Phase of Clean Athletics.

HAROLD G. GAUNT, '05

WE pride ourselves in college upon our clean athletics. It is true that college games lack the roughness and brutality that often characterize the sports of athletic clubs, city organizations, and even many high school associations. The contrast is always brought out when colleges meet professional teams, and we have just reason to feel proud that the colleges maintain so high a standard in athletic sports. It is what every college should stand for, and nothing should ever be allowed to lower the standard.

There is one phase of unclean athletics, however, into which even the colleges are drifting. This part is played largely by those on the side lines, and I refer to the custom of betting. This is entirely out of harmony with the true spirit of college sports, and is a greater evil than we imagine it to be. It is not so noticeable in the small college but in the larger institutions and universities it is becoming quite prevalent. The big games of the recent foot ball season were marked by an increased amount of this form of gambling.

There must be a reason for this. Certainly the students of today are not morally inferior to those of former years. Walter Camp said, at a banquet given to him by the business men of Chicago, recently, that this tendency toward betting among students was due mainly to the example of the business men. They support college athletics liberally, and at the games their betting is much in evidence. Witnessed by students, the evil of it is lost sight of and college men have followed their example.

Something ought to be done to correct this evil. The colleges may not be able to suppress it among outsiders, but a mighty effort ought to be made to discourage it among students. No one wishes to have the college games placed on a level with horse-racing, and the tendency of betting is to lead to some such a level.

It may be wondered what importance this subject bears to Alma where athletics are the cleanest in this respect. It was with pleasure that the writer heard many compliments from men of other Michigan colleges last summer as to the conduct of Alma's men upon athletic trips, and especially at the Intercollegiate. At the latter, while some men were making bets upon the events, Alma's men refrained from this entirely. Still the ever present desire to speculate exists, and we should be on our guard. We should do our utmost to discourage even petty stakes, and bets over trivial matters. They lead to larger forms of gambling to which no one desires Alma's athletics lowered.

But it is sometimes remarked that a man is unloyal to his team and college who will refuse to back up his team with a bet. This is certainly not true. Loyalty to Alma Mater is not measured by how much money a man will stake upon her. Even the one challenging the bet will have a greater respect for the man who refuses to accept it, though he may not say so or show it.

Everyone ought to feel a personal interest in this matter. As we love our college sports and the spirit that prevades her athletics, let us fight this evil and strive to keep the standard high.

A Modern Love Song.

In the state of Mass.
There lives a lass
I love to go N. C.
No other Miss.,
Can e'er I Wis.;
Be half so dear to Me.

R. I. is blue
And her cheeks the hue
Of shells where waters swash;
On her pink, white phiz
There Nev. Ariz.
The least complexion Wash.

La! Could I win
Id. ask of nothing more,
But only dream
Upon the theme,
And Con. it o'er and Ore.

Why is it, pray,
I can't Ala,
This love that makes me Ill.?
N. Y., O. Wy.
Kan. Nev. Vir. I
Propose to her my will.

I shun the task
'Twould be to ask
This gentle maid to wed,
Ind. so, to press
My suit, I guess
Alaska Pa. instead.

Extracts from the Letters : : : : of a College Student.


"FRESHMAN SORROWS."

The following are selections from a little booklet written by President W. DeWitt Hyde, of Bowdoin, entitled, "The Evolution of a College Student." The series is under four titles: "Freshman Sorrows," "Sophomore Conceits," "Junior Misgivings" and "Senior Prospects." The narrative they tell is so true to life and withal so interesting that permission has been obtained for the use of selections from them in the ALMANIAN. Next month will appear "Sophomore Conceits."

BRADFORD COLLEGE,

October 24, 1901.

Dear Father and Mother,

OUR letter, with welcome check enclosed, is at hand. I noticed your advice to "wear the same sized hat, and keep sawing wood;" but really I didn't need it; for the Sophs attend to the former, and the Profs provide for the latter.

No, I am not suffering from "swelled head" yet. You know you wished me to keep up my music. Last week a notice was put on the bulletin-board, inviting all candidates for the College Glee Club to appear at a certain room at nine o'clock Saturday evening. Among the candidates who came were two other Freshmen and myself. They told us that we must all put on dress suits, as personal appearance was a large element in fitness for the position. As I did not have any, they lent me one, or rather parts of two, waistcoat and trousers that were far too small, and a coat that was miles too big. Then they had us come in to make bows, and show how we would lead in a prima donna. Then they had us stand on our heels and sing low notes; stand on tiptoes and sing high notes; sing everything we knew, from comic songs to the doxology in long metre; and finally, about half-past eleven, dismissed us with the statement that

the other two were the better singers, but that my presence and personal appearance was greatly in my favor, and that the decision would be announced on the bulletin-board the next morning. We had not been out of the room two minutes before we realized that we had been awfully "taken in." I did not sleep much that night; and whenever I fell into a doze, the vision of that bulletin-board would dance before my eyes and wake me up. If ever I wished I was dead and buried, I did that night.

You needn't worry about my clothes; they are all right. I tore a three-cornered hole in my trousers the other day, but I fixed it up first-rate. I tried one of those needles to begin with, but it was no use. So I fished out a darning needle, got some black linen thread and went at it. I took the thread double and twisted, left a long end at the beginning, sewed it over and over, as you call it, taking stitches about a quarter of an inch apart, fetched back the end next to the needle to the long end at the beginning, and tied them together. Some Sophs made great fun of it; wanted to know if I was trying to demonstrate the *pons asinorum* on my trousers leg. That night I ripped up the whole seam, or whatever you call it, I had made, turned the trousers wrong side out, proceeded as before, except that I took

stitches only half as big, tied the ends on the inside where they don't show, and the trousers look as well as ever.

You ask particularly about my religious life. I don't know what to say. The first morning I went to chapel, some one, who seemed to be the usher, asked me if I would like to rent a sitting. I was fool enough to give him a dollar for a seat; and then he ushered me into a pew at one side near the front which is reserved for the Faculty. I tell you I didn't feel much like praying that morning.

It is a good deal harder to be a Christian here in College than it was at home, and the things that ought to be a help seem to be a hindrance. I expect to have rather a sorry time of it here for a while; but by far the greatest of my sorrows is that I have not been more faithfully,

Your dutiful and grateful boy,

CLARENCE MANSFIELD.

BRADFORD COLLEGE,

May 30, 1901.

My Dear Helen—

I wonder if time flies as swiftly with you Willoughby College girls as with us? It seems but yesterday that we were gliding along together to the music of the merry sleigh-bells over the glistening snow. Of course you have your good times there. Your afternoon teas tendered by Sophomores to Freshmen; your debates in the gymnasium on municipal suffrage for women; your Halloween frolics; your basket ball tests; your boat races rowed for form only; your mid-night lunches interrupted by "the Pestilence that walketh in darkness,"—that nickname of yours for a meddling Prof.

beats the record,—are all very delightful as portrayed in your charming letters; but compared with foot ball and base ball, boxing and fencing, rushes and tugs-of-war, turkey suppers on the Faculty table with any one of the three parties the owner of the turkeys, the college authorities or the upper-classmen liable to swoop down on you at any moment and gobble up the feast, I must confess that your worst dissipation seems a little tame.

Boys and girls make very different kind of students. I think we get along better apart than together. You are docile, conscientious, and at least outwardly courteous. You eat whatever is set before you, asking no questions for consciences' sake. You study just as hard whether you like a subject or not. You do your best every time.

Now, that is very sweet and lovely. But I should think it would spoil your teachers to treat them that way. If we don't like a thing, we say so. As for these fellows that try to cram their old philology down our throats, we make their existence pretty uncomfortable. The other day the Latin tutor asked a fellow the gender of *ovum*, and he answered, "You can't tell until it's hatched." They won't teach us anything we want to know, and so we won't learn anything they want to teach. We keep asking the same old question over and over again, and make him explain the simplest of all his favorite fine distinctions every time it occurs.

Well, I must stop somewhere. I really did not know I was so interested in my studies, or had so many theories of education. You always understand

me better than anybody else does. When I began this letter, I didn't think I cared much about these things anyway. But you are so in earnest

about them that I believe I have caught the inspiration.

Your faithful friend,
CLARENCE MANSFIELD.

Additions to the Library.

During the past two weeks nearly one hundred new volumes have been added to the college library. The list comprises many educational and scientific books, some fiction and several valuable additions to the classical library.

Among the new arrivals are:

CLASSICAL—"Pagan and Christian Rome," by Lanciani; "Translation of Seneca," Temple edition; "Hannibal," by W. O. Morris; "Story of Athens," by H. C. Butter; "Echoes of the Sabine Farm," by Engene Field; "Pompeii," by August Man; "Cicero and His Friends," by Boisier; "Augustus Caesar," by Firth.

PEDOGOGICAL — Warner's "Study of Children," "Science of Fairy Tales,"

Hartland; "Beckonings From Little Hands," DuBois; "Republic of Childhood," Wiggins & Smith; "Education and Heredity," Guyon; "Childrens Crusade," Gray; and many others.

SCIENTIFIC—"Cell Study," Wilson; "Life of a Bee," Maeterlinck; History of Mathematics, Cajori; "Physical Determinations, Kebsey; "Other Suns Than Ours," Proctor.

ENGLISH AND FICTION—"Art of Fiction," Besant; "Philosophy of Short Story," Mathews; "Forces in Fiction," Burton; Jones, Berdoe's and Mrs. Oir's works on Browning; two editions of Tennyson and number of Shakesperian Commentaries.

There are now 18487 books catalogued in the library.



The following poem is one of the most unique literary curiosities in literature. A year was spent in collecting the quotations which were combined into the following poem.

Life--A Literary Curiosity.

By Mrs. H. A. DEMING. in Century.

Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?—Young.
Life's a short summer—man is but a flower.—Dr. Johnson.
By turns we catch the fatal brrath and die;—Pope.
The cradle and the tomb, alas; how nigh.—Prior.
To be, better far than not to be.—Sewell.
Tho all man's life may seem but a tradegy;—Spencer.
But light cares speak where mighty cares are dumb.—Daniel.
The bottom is but shallow whence they come.—Sir W. Raleigh.
Thy fate is the common fate of all;—Longfellow.
Unmingled joys here no man befall;—Southwell.
Nature to each allots his proper sphere.—Congreve.
Fortune makes folly her peculiar care.—Churchill.
Custom does often reason overrule.—Rochester.
And throws a cruel sunshine on a fool—Armstrong.
Live well; how long or short permit to Heaven.—Milton.
They who forgive most shall be most forgiven.—Bailey.
Sin may be clasped so close we cannot see its face.—French.
Vile intercourse where virtue has no place;—Somerville.
Then keep each passion down, however dear.—Thompson.
Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear.—Byron.
Her sensual snares let faithless pleasure lay.—Smollett.
With craft and skill to ruin and betray;—Crabbe.
Soar not too high to fall but stoop to rise;—Massinger.
We masters grow of all that we despise.—Crowley.
Oh, then, renounce that impious self-esteem.—Beatrice.
Riches have wings and grandeur is a dream.—Cooper.
Think not ambition wise, because 'tis brave,—Sir W. Davenant.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave;—Gray.
What is ambition? 'Tis but a glorious cheat,—Willis.
Only destruction to the brave and great.—Addison.
What'a all the gaudy glitter of a crown?—Dryden.
The way to bliss lies not on beds of down.—F. Quarles.
How long we live, not years, bnt actions tell;—Watkins.
That man lives twice who lives the first life well.—Herrick.
Make then, while yet you may, your God your friend.—Moson.
Whom Christians worship, yet not comprehend.—Hill.
The trust that's given guard, and to yourself be just.—Dana.
For live we how we may, yet die we must.—Shakespeare.

A Day in Ayr.

MARY C. GELSTON.

"Auld Ayr, whom n'er a town surpasses
For honest men and bonnie lasses."

AT the end of four days' trip from Edinburg through the beautiful region rendered historic by Scott, across the Trossachs, over Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond, and including a climb of Ben Lomond, we arrived in the little town of Ayr, hallowed by its associations with another of Scotland's poets. So great is the interest of the place because of Burns' sweet genius immortalized in some of his tenderest verses and wittiest songs, that the town and its environs have come to be known as the Land of Burns. Thither during the summer season, thousands of tourists travel, who cherish an admiration for this poet, more dear perhaps to the Scottish hearts than even Scott himself.

It was evening when we arrived, and we soon found ourselves in the little coffee room of the King's Arms. At the end of the room hung a picture of Burns, whose handsome, kindly face, we were told, looks down from the wall of nearly every cottage in Ayr.

The next evening we started upon our tour of exploration, walking up High street, which runs east and west through the town. The road-way and sidewalks are paved with cobblestones, and the only division between them is a shallow gutter; so we were sometimes on the sidewalk, sometimes in the road, which-ever was most convenient at the moment. As we walked through High street, we could but notice the austere character of the

Scotch even in their houses. There was no superfluous ornament, but the houses rose from the pavement, severe, white, with thatched roofs, the straw of which was usually weathered to a cold gray. Neither were we detained by alluring shop windows, as we might have been in many another European city.

We soon paused before the Tam o' Shanter. Yes, the very house in which Tam and Louter Johnny drank the foaming ale, which grew better with each successive draught, as the two cronies learned with boozy happiness, while the buxom lady stood ready to replenish the copious cups when emptied. The Tam o' Shanter is a plain, plastered, thatched little inn. Over the door is a sign-board with a painting of Tam leaving the house, "Weel mounted on his gray mare Meg," and the Louter grasping his hand in maudlin affection, before he starts in the dark and storm toward Alloway.

The birthplace of the poet, the monument, Allorvay Kirk, and the "Auld brig o' Doon" are clustered together about three miles from the town. The road to them is not remarkably pretty, but interesting, for every tree and brook and meadow daisy recall to us.

"The simple bard, rough at the rustic plow,
Learning his tuneful trade from every
bough."

A slight bend in the road brought us suddenly upon the Burns Cottage, in which the poet was born. It is a low-roofed, thatched cottage, one story high, with the walls white with

a fresh coat of white wash. We entered the kitchen, with its floor of flagstones somewhat broken. Opposite the door ticked an old clock which reached almost to the low ceiling. Near us was the old fire-place, and on another side of the room, a sideboard turned towards us its rows of plates, which however, failed to interest when we were told that they had probably formed no part of the original furnishing of the Burns Cottage. In the further corner of the room is an alcove, with an old fashioned bedstead hidden by curtains. There, while a violent storm was raging outside, our poet was born January 25, 1759. There is a tradition that the father, riding in haste to summon the doctor, met on the river brink an old gypsy, whom he helped to cross the swollen stream, and:

"The gossip keekit (1) in his loof; (2)
Quo' she, what lives will see the proof,
This waly (3) boy will nae coof—(4)
I think we'll ca' him Robin.

He'll hae misfortune great and sma,
But aye a heart aboon them a';
He'll be a credit to us a'—
We'll a be proud o' Robin.

In a little room from the kitchen are some interesting relics, among them Highland Mary's spinning wheel. Everything recalls to us the poet. We see him growing into boyhood, always wayward in spite of godly parents, and with his naturally quick imagination kindled into life by the songs and stories of an old woman who lived in the family, about devils, ghosts, witches and brownies. The result was that the fields and woods about Ayr were, for our poet, full of queer little people of the goblin world, and these fancies gave him his first literary impulse. Then he fell in love,

(1) looked. (2) palm. (3) goodly. (4) fool.

and with love came bitter sorrows than he had yet known—sorrows, yes, but poetry also! A mistaken, unhappy life was Burns', we cannot deny it, excuse him as we may. Carlyle in his matchless essay sums up the fragmentary and incomplete life and character of the poet, Burns in the following words: "The plan of a mighty edifice had been sketched: some columns, porticoes, firm masses of building stand completed. But the work is broken off in the middle, almost the beginning, and rises among us beautiful and sad, at once unfinished and a ruin." "Alas! he kenn'd his weakness well." What sadder commentary did a poet ever make upon his own life than we find in "A Bard's Epitaph!"

"The poor inhabitant below
Was quick to learn and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow
And sober flame;
But thoughtless follies laid him low
And stained his name!"

And then those words of warning,—

"Know prudent, cautious self-control
Is wisdom's root."

A few steps from the cottage is "Alloway's auld haunted kirk," bleak, roofless, with nothing left but its two gable ends and sides covered with vines. We went up three or four steps from the roadside, and found ourselves in a little graveyard where the graves are crowded close together, old and new. Here lie Burns' father and mother. The poet himself was buried at Dumfries. The church was very old even in Burns' time, having been built three centuries and a half ago.

The bell which hung in the belfry until recently was dated 1657. It was taken down, so our guide told us,

because the boys would persist in ringing it. The perversity of boys' nature seems to be the same the world over. Our guide, by the way was self appointed; a typical old Scotchman, who seemed to be working about the grave yard, and perhaps at the same time lying in wait for tourists. He added much to our pleasure, for he was filled with a devoted admiration for Burns, whom he spoke of familiarly as "Robin," or "our Robbie." It was therefore with no grudging feeling that, on leaving, we put into his hand the customary fee. He took us around to the little window on the western side where "Sam stood like ane bewitch'd" and watched the witches at their gambols, and then he picked for us some leaves from a very old sycamore tree near by, which we carefully pressed.

The monument is on the banks of the Doan, not far from the cottage and the kirk. It is built of stone in the form of a circular temple, with Corinthian columns supporting the dome. In the pedestal is a room containing a few relics, such as Bonny Jean's wedding ring, Bibles given by Burns to Highland Mary, etc. The monument in its architectural effect cannot be compared to the exquisite Gothic memorial to Scott in Edinburg; but it is enclosed in a beautiful little garden within a stone's throw of the "Banks and braes of Bonny Doon."

On our return to Ayr, we went to see the "twa brigs" which span the river that divides the town. The reader of Burns will remember the dialogue that occurs between the two structures, the new bridge sneeringly asking the old one:

"Will your poor narrow foot-path of a street,
Where twa wheelbarrows tremble when they meet,
Your ruined, formless bulk o' stane and lime,
Compare wi' brigs o' modern times?"

And the other one answers:

"Conceited gowk! puff'd up wi' windy pride!
This mony a year I've stood the flood and tide;
And though with crazy eild⁽¹⁾ I'm sair for fairn,⁽²⁾
I'll be a brig when ye're a shapless cairn!"

A prophecy which was fulfilled, for there came a time when the new "brig" was indeed a "shapeless cairn," while the old one still bore its burden of traffic.

Five o'clock came, and we were to leave for Carlisle that evening, so we wended our way back over High street to the King's Arms. But, alas, what a different scene the street presented from that which met our eyes in the morning! It was Saturday and a holiday, and Scotch whiskey had been flowing freely. Drawing the veil of oblivion over this return walk through High street, we look back upon the day spent in Ayr as a "Red Letter Day."

(1) old age. (2) distressed.



Y. M. C. A.

IF conduct is a fair index of character, the religious nature of the men at Alma this year is in a healthier condition than it has been before in the memory of the present generation of students. I do not mean that all the fellows, or any of them, for that matter, have reached the goal of Sainted Perfection yet. Indeed we are noticeably short this year on the long-winded sanctimonious type of disciple. But the facts stated in the following paragraph would seem to indicate that the first sentence of this paragraph is not an idle boast.

The average attendance at the Sunday afternoon men's prayer meeting is almost double that of last year. Of course this is partly due to the fact that the boys are in the Dorm this year, and probably more to the fact that the Association has a room of its own. But there is a remarkable degree of earnestness manifested at these meetings.

The quantity and quality of work done in devotional Bible study, Westminster Catechism study, under Dr.

Spencer, mission study, and personal work is a decided advance over former years. But better than these, the moral atmosphere about the college, on the athletic field and in the gymnasium is purer than heretofore.

Boasting about athletics may be justifiable, but about almost anything else it is apt to be offensive, especially about religious work. The writer of this item has been conscious that he is running the risk of being adjudged a boaster. The article is written that the alumni may learn of the good work.

But this happy state of affairs is not an occasion for boasting, gratifying as it may be. The explanation of it lies largely in the working of all the college religious machinery. Mr. Chas. D. Hurry and Dr. W. K. Spencer have been factors in it, but no one man, nor any five men are responsible for this harmony. It is the product of the prayerful co-operation of faculty, college men, preps, and commercial students for the attainment of one great end, the "summum bonum" of the institution.

H. N. R.

DR. SPENCER'S CLASS.

One of the most influential and inspiring adjuncts to the religious life among the men this year has been the Bible class, conducted by Dr. Spencer. A cut of this class appears on the opposite page.

Fully forty men have regularly engaged in the studies of the Bible, with the Westminster Catechism as a basis. Never before has such interest been felt at Alma in any Bible study move-

ment, and the good accomplished cannot be measured. Several of the young men have this year began christian lives, and the christian men of the college have never before been so active in christian work. A very large part of this can be traced to the clear, logical and spiritual expositions of the Bible, which Dr. Spencer has given each Sunday morning.

H. N. R.





ALMANIAN.

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MARCH 20, 1903.

SUBSCRIPTIONS DUE.

THE observing reader of the Almanian has noticed on this page a statement that all subscriptions are due within six months from date of first issue. The sixth month closes with this issue and about one

hundred subscriptions are now due. There has been considerable carelessness in this, in the past, so that the business management has been compelled to write dunning letters all summer, so have not been able to pay all bills when due. The present management is very desirous of being able to pay all bills before commencement, but in order to do this it will be necessary for every subscription to be paid. Let us show the promptness in this that is so characteristic of Alma students and alumni. *Bus. Manager.*

A lecture by Congressman Landis last Tuesday closed the Alma lecture course for the season of 1902-03. Never before has the course received such large patronage from the students and townspeople as during the past winter and the lectures have been on the whole satisfactory entertaining and instructive. However, there is no denying that the entertainments given this year were much inferior to those of last year, and this in the face of an increased patronage. On the whole it is safe to say that the course was this year a disappointment to most students.

In the first place only four entertainments were given. The ticket prices were \$1.00, and ten cents for seat reservation. This made the price of each entertainment thirty five cents. At this rate the course proved no cheaper than the single attractions. At this price it seems that a better course could have been secured. None of the speakers this year began to compare with DeMotte and Dixon who spoke last year. Presumably there was some money made. If so, it should be used next year to secure

more or else better attractions if the price is to remain the same.

—○—

IN chapel recently Dr. Bruske called the attention of the students to the advantages of the civil service examinations. Certainly his advice for every student to take the examination was wise. There is probably no better opportunity for college men and women than in the employ of the government. Certainly there is nothing better to fall back on in a time of need than a position in the civil service, which is won in competition and from which there is no removal.

—○—

AS the spring approaches and outdoor athletics begin to come front, there is always a strong tendency to neglect other things notably studies. We should not forget that athletics and studies go hand

in hand and that the underlying principle of athletics is "a sound mind in a sound body." The recent ruling of the faculty in forbidding any student who has been "conditioned" in any study from playing on a team of the college cannot but meet the approval of all. While athletics are indispensable to any college, we must at least place them secondary to the real purpose of our being here.

—○—

ALMA now has a chance to enter the Intercollegiate Oratical league and another year should see us represented. Committees have been appointed from the five societies and now have the matter of making application for membership under consideration. The time has now come for Alma to take on Intercollegiate relations in intellectual efforts as well as in religious and athletic life. May success attend the movement.



Athletics.

BASE BALL.

THE coming season will witness the entrance of Alma into intercollegiate base ball. The only colleges which have been met on the diamond in former years are Albion and M. A. C. and been beaten in each contest by Albion. This year M. A. C. will have practically the same team as last year. Albion has her infielders back but will have a new battery and one or two out fielders. Hillsdale has her star twirler of last year but will need a new catcher and several fielders. Kalamazoo and Olivet will require a number of new players but both have many candidates from which to pick. By the above short summary of the base ball conditions in the various colleges it will be seen that Alma will have to put forth strenuous efforts if she would have a successful season on the diamond. The M. I. A. A. colleges are to be congratulated on the excellency of their base ball prospects and the lovers of the college game can be assured that the contests presented to them will excel the usual standard. Alma has her share of the bright outlooks. There are five of last years team who will try for positions on the nine. McBridé, J. W. Dunning, Whitney, H. B. Dunning and Helmer.

These men beside many other candidates have practised in the gymnasium since the Christmas vacation and during the fair weather in March have done much work outside on the campus. W. R. Baker, captain of the team last year, will assist in building up the nine by working with the reserves. He has a bad knee which will probably prevent him from playing on the varsity. Fuller who was captain of the team in '01 will probably play if his knee becomes strong enough. Of the new men it is too early to say which shows up the best. There is an abundance of material however from which to recruit the varsity and also to build up a strong second team. The faculty and student body are heartily in sympathy with all athletic endeavors and a sufficient sum has been raised to secure new uniforms. Alma spirit demands a high standard of athletics but it also demands, what the Michigan colleges are coming to ask more seriously, a spirit of fairness in intercollegiate relations. Strife for victory is a good thing and Alma will strive with all her science, skill and might but she demands as the other colleges are doing far more fraternity and less bitterness as a result of athletic contests.

DIRECTORS' MEETING.

The board of directors of the M. I. A. A. met at Battle Creek Friday night, March 6. It was voted to hold the annual field day at Albion June

5th and 6th. Bids were received for medals and the contract granted to Mr. Bracket of Lansing, who will also present a cup, which shall be con-

tested for by the relay teams. The following is the order of events as finally agreed upon by the board.

FRIDAY P. M.

- 120 yd. hurdle race. (trial heat)
- Running broad jump.
- 100 yd. dash. (trial heat)
- 1 mile run.
- Pole vault.
- 100 yd. dash. (final heat)
- Running high jump.
- 120 yd. hurdle race. (final heat)
- Semi final ball game.

FRIDAY EVENING.

- Middle weight wrestling.
- Individual club swinging.
- Light weight wrestling.
- Horizontal bar.
- Heavy weight wrestling.
- Parallel bars.
- Feather weight wrestling.
- Tumbling.
- Welter weight wrestling.

SATURDAY A. M.

- 220 yd. hurdle race. (trial heat)
- 880 yd. run.
- Punting foot ball.
- 220 yd. dash. (trial heat)

- 2 mile run.
- 440 yd. run.
- Shot put.
- 220 yd. dash. (final heat)
- Discus throw.
- Hammer throw.
- 210 yd. hurdle race. (final heat)

SATURDAY P. M.

- Relay race.
- Base ball game.

There is a pennant to be awarded to the college winning the indoor meet, the track and field meet, the base ball championship and the tennis tournament. An assessment of twenty-five cents each was levied on the total enrollment of each of the colleges. The profits accruing from field day will be divided up among the colleges in proportion as the assessment was levied. An admission of twenty-five cents will be charged at each of the four meetings or a ticket entitling the bearer to admission to all the sports will be sold for seventy-five cents.

A. J. Helmer,
Intercollegiate Director.

INDOOR MEET.

The annual indoor meet of the Athletic Association, held last Friday evening was one of the best that has been held in years. The contests were close and intruding; and developed the fact that Alma has this year some good material for intercollegiate contests.

Especially did the wrestlers show up strong. In the heavyweight, Brown surprised everybody by throwing Hurst. Phillips in the welter and light weights threw Preston. The first contest, however, proved a hard

one, for Phillips underrated Preston, and only his resourcefulness and experience saved him. Marshall and Davis put up a lively match in the middle weight, Marshall winning by superior strength. Shankland threw Sweigart in the featherweight.

The most wonderful performance of the evening was Whitney's exhibition in the high kick. With no competition to spur him on, he raised the college record seven inches and did it with an ease and grace that promises even better things. Twice

he touched the pan at 8 feet 11½ inches, and just missed it at 9 feet.

Hyney and Preston did some creditable work on the Horizontal bars, and Shankland, Kratzenburg and Jennings did some tumbling.

The high jump was tied by Anderson and Hyney.

SUMMARY OF EVENTS.

Heavy weight wrestling.

Brown 1st. Time 2:50.

Hurst 2nd.

Bag Punching.

Moon, Kratzenburg and Phillips.

Middle weight wrestling.

Marshall 1st. Time 2:30.

A. Davis 2nd.

Running high jump.

Anderson } tied. 4 ft. 9 inches.
Hyney }

Horizontal bars.

Hyney and Preston.

Fence vault.

Anderson 1st. 5 ft. 5 inches.

Sweigart 2nd.

High kick.

Whitney. 8ft. 11½ inches.

Welter weight wrestling.

Phillips 1st. 2:45.

Preston 2nd.

Tumbling.

Kratzenburg, Jennings and Shankland.

Snap under bar.

Williams 1st. 3 minutes.

Preston 2nd.

Feather weight wrestling.

Shankland 1st. 1.45.

Sweigart 2nd.

Ladder work

Kratzenburg, Rogers.

Phillips gave an exhibition of club swinging.



Item Box.

"What supports the sun in the heavens," asked the Physics prof.

"Why its beams," replied the bright student.

There was a young man in Woonsocket,
Whose picture was worn in a locket.
He married the belle;
And ere long it befell
They took out the locket to hock it.

Why is it that when you strike a cat's fur on a dark night the sparks fly? Why is it when you strike a certain place on the campus known as the library steps, the sparks always fly?

Although athletic girls are strong,
And run and jump and row,
A girl who never trained at all
Can draw six-foot beau.—*Judge.*

"You are a brick, I do aver,"
Quoth Fred to Bessie at his side:
"A sort of pressed brick, as it were,"
She laughingly replied.—*Ex.*

The following poem was recently painted on the main building of Brown University by some of the Sophomores as a warning to the Freshmen:

"Little Willie is a Freshmen
And wherever he is seen
He reminds one of the meadows,
He is always fresh and green.
All the salt in the ocean
Sprinkled over Willie's flesh
Would not make one bit of difference.
Willie will be always fresh."

The monkey lost his hold and fell
into the crocodiles jaws. Even then

his wits did not desert him. "I just dropped in for dinner," he said, with an engaging smile.—*Yale Record.*

Willie had a little task,
Making Hydrogen.
Made it in a closed-up flask,
"Dust to dust.—Amen."—*Ex.*

This month the jokes are for the most part stolen from the daily papers. Our joke editor tried to swallow one of his own "gags" that recently appeared in the Almanian, and it so lacerated his throat that he has been unable to work ever since.

I swore she was my queen, and yet,
No smile of joy suffused her face.
She simply answered: "I regret
To say I am another's ace."

"Shall I brain him?" cried the hazer, and the victims courage fell. "You can't, he is a freshman; just hit him on the head," was the reply.

There was a young man from Alma,
Who called on his best girl's papa.
Her father was in
But clung to the tin,
So the young man said "Ta Ta."

They had just started for a stroll.
"There is our minister," he said, "I'm going to ask him to join us." "To join us?" Oh George this is so sudden."

Glee Club Contest.

The time for sending College songs for the Glee Club competition, for the best College song, has been continued to April 15th. All songs must be sent to Prof. J. T. Ewing before that date.

THE "ALMANIAN PRIMER." - Being an A B C Book, : :
: : For the Little Folks.



Is this Herby?
 Yes this is Herby.
 He is making a speech.
 Why does he open his mouth so wide?
 He is trying to let a big word pass out.
 He has a rule book in his hand.
 What is a rule book?
 Ask the man in the audience with the
 plug hat.
 He will tell you.
 That is Prexy.
 Oh let us see a picture of Prexy!

HERE HE IS.

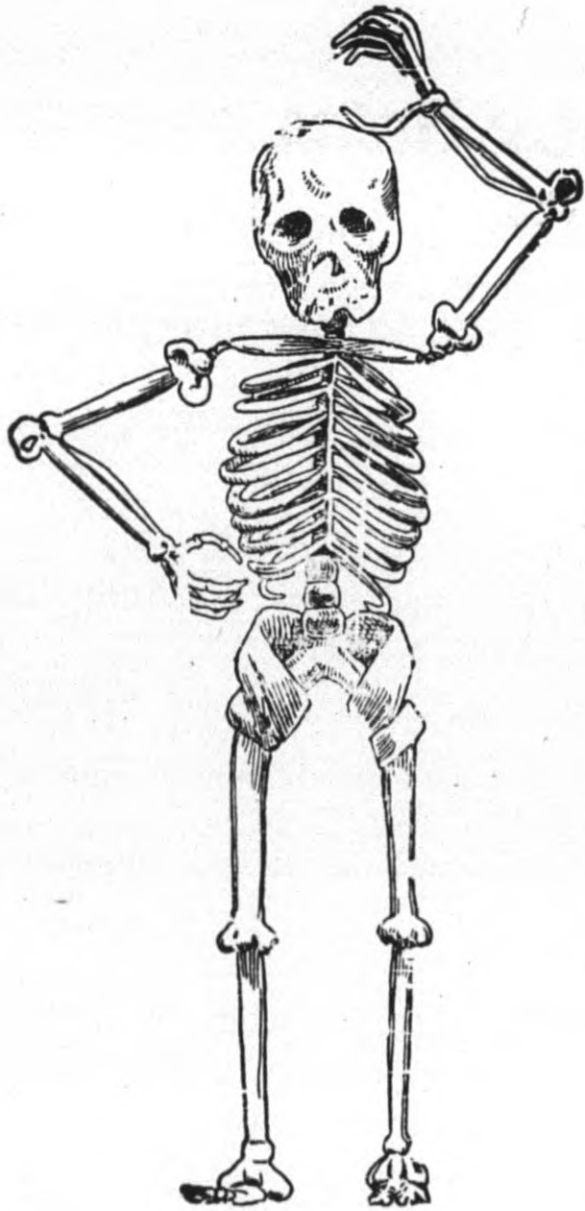
Yes but where are his whiskers?
 I don't know, but his wife has a new sofa pillow.
 Is this a good picture of Prexy?
 ACH, nein mein Freund.
 This is a good picture of an Irishman.
 What has he in his hand?
 I don't know, but I think it is the point to one of
 Prof. J. W.'s jokes.
 It is so hard to make out what it is.



Run, Pussy, Run!
 I just saw Miss Allen around the corner.
 When you jump over the fence, don't be afraid of
 hurting Gaunt.
 His girl is with him, he will not notice it
 What a sweet voice you have, Kitty.
 Wouldn't you like to join the Glee Club?
 Ain't the moon beautiful to-night.

Here is a group picture of the "Tow-Heads."
 Wouldn't you like to join us?
 No, the circle is complete now.
 Where are the "Raven Locks."
 They never had their picture taken like the
 "Tow-Heads."





What have we here?
This is the star boarder of Wright Hall.

What makes this man so thin?
He studied too hard when he was a Junior.

Did anything else make him worse?
Yes, he began to rush a girl when he was a Freshman and look at him now.

What is he scratching his head for?
He is a Senior and hasn't anything else to do.

POOR MAN.

Here we have a young chicken.
What makes him run?
George Timby has been waiting a week to "lift" him when he is hatched.



Why does he chase the bug then?
It is only a "humbug" and he is using it as an excuse to get away from T. George.

See the shell!
It is broken.
Yes the chick broke it with his bill.
His bill is a wooden bill.
It is therefore a "board bill."
No wonder the shell went "broke."

Little children study this lesson well.
Work hard and you will some day get married, maybe.
Next time we will have a lesson on the Musem steps.
Nobody has ever been able to get near enough to take a picture yet.

Class and Society Notes.

JUNIOR.

All disputes of the day settled with neatness and dispatch in the Junior debates at ten o'clock every Friday.

The Junior class was most agreeably entertained at the home of Ray Bangs, Saturday, March 14. After a ramble through the woods, all partook of a delightful spread.

Did you ever see a J. Hop? Stick a pin into him.

Perez, once with '04 will be graduated at U. of M. this year. What's 'e matter now?



SOPHOMORE.

The class enjoyed a warm sugar spread at the home of Miss Cuvrell on Friday evening, March 13.

James Bond of the University spent Sunday, March 8, with H. G. Gaunt.

Mr. D. A. Johnson, who was called home by the death of his father, will not return until after vacation.

A certain Freshman girl spells preparing, "prepairing." This is easily accounted for, since pre-pairing is common among Freshmen.



FRESHMAN.

A very exciting debate occurred in the American History class on the subject, "Resolved that the Presidency of Andrew Jackson was on the Whole Salutary." The affirmative side was taken by Miss Louther, Mr. Davey and Miss Laing, the negative, by Mr. Cooper, Miss McCord and Mr. Soule. Both sides displayed a thorough mastery of the subject, and the discussion was so equally balanced that the judges, with much difficulty made the decision which was finally an-

nounced, one point in favor of the affirmative. The class was so pleasantly entertained and instructed that a motion to spread the debating team and class was carried on the spot.



ACADEMY.

With apologies to the author we publish the following:

They stood on the bridge and trembled
As the clock in the court house tower
Pointed with wild exaltation
To the fateful ten-five hour.

"Oh what shall we do?" she whispered.
"There's but one thing plain to me;
That's to go through with trembling
And face the powers that be."

It is simply impossible to put the rest in verse, as there was a decided lack of poetry in the rest of the tale. So we leave it to you, dear reader, to imagine the rest.

According to the latest reports, Sparta was at an early period, blown up by an earth quake.

It seems that the second year class is taking Bible five times a week now. On Monday Prof. Clizbe instructs the class, while during the remainder of the week, Prof. Cook has the class.

E. W. discovers, upon translating her German, that the German peasant "earns his sour bread by the sweat of his brow."



KINDERGARTEN.

"It must be fun to be a bird
And warble one sweet song;
But I should hate to be a tree,
And stand it all day long.

A new kind of jumping-jack appeared one night in one of the corridors. Ever since then some of the young ladies have been mindful how they approach paper baskets.

Class pins for the Senior class have arrived.

Miss Amy Pnillips has given up her Kindergarten course as she expects to be married during the spring. Her classmates and many friends she has left behind, unite in extending congratulations and best wishes.

The text for that day was rather a difficult one for the little girl to comprehend, being, "Let no man be ashamed to suffer as a Christian." So when asked to repeat it, she said, "Let no man be ashamed to eat his supper in the kitchen."

One of the best lectures we have listened to this year in Frœbel society was given by Prof. West, on the Chemistry of Sugar. The whole process of making sugar was illustrated, and refreshments were passed so that all might partake of the sweet thereof.

PHI PHI ALPHA.

The Phi Phi Alpha's have been debating some lately, and have decided some of the most weighty questions of the day.

Our president has been called home for a time by the death of his father. The Phi Phi's extend to him their heart-felt sympathy.

The Phi Phi's heartily endorse the project of getting Alma into the Oratorical League. Alma has not done much in that line yet and we stand ready to help her on all we can.

"G. W." and "Billy" tried recently to make the society pay for a little spread of their own. It wouldn't work.

The Phi Phi's tackled the parliamentary rules one evening this last month, with the result that two of their members came within an ace of being lynched.



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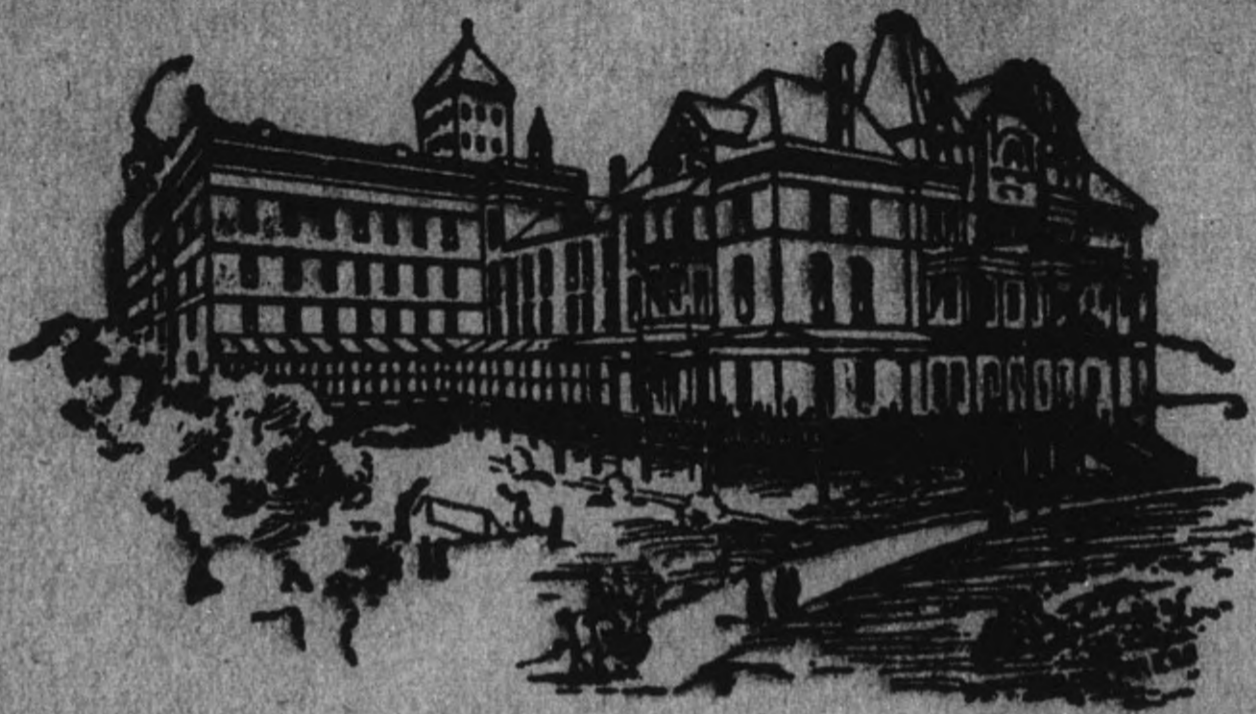
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