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J. Wirt Dunning

Wallace F. Webber

TO THE FACULTY AND STUDENTS OF ALMA COLLEGE; TO HER LOYAL ALUMNI; TO THE MANY UNDERCLASSMEN WHO HAVE ASSISTED IN THE PREPARATION OF THESE PAGES, DURING THE PAST YEAR; TO THE BUSINESS MEN OF ALMA THROUGH WHOSE SUPPORT THE ALMANIAN IS MADE POSSIBLE; AND TO ALL WHO HAVE IN ANY WAY CONTRIBUTED TO IT'S SUCCESS; THE EDITORS DESIRE TO EXPRESS THEIR GRATEFUL APPRECIATION AND THANKS FOR THE SUPPORT SO KINDLY GIVEN. TO OUR SUCCESSORS WE COMMEND THE SPIRIT OF LOYALTY AND HELPFULNESS DISPLAYED BY ALL.

J. WIRT DUNNING, Editor.

WALLACE F. WEBBER, Business Manager.

JUNE 20, 1903

ALMANIAN

Volume 4. Number 8.

Alma's Sixteenth Year.

ALMA COLLEGE—this, the sixteenth year, has been a very prosperous one. The enrollment is the largest in the history of the institution, and what is more gratifying to its friends, the attendance has been very uniform during the year, nearly all the students remaining to its close.

A spirit of studious earnestness has been prevalent and excellent work has been done in all departments. There has been observed also a more than usually deep religious feeling. Special services were held during the Week of Prayer and several conversions resulted as well as a deepening of the religious life of those who were already Christians. This result was in no small degree due to the personal work of the members of the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A.

These societies have a large membership and are very active in promoting the religious life of the College and have been very useful in assisting new students to adjust themselves to the varied conditions of student life.

As auxiliaries to the regular work there are maintained two clubs. The Classical Club aims to foster in its members an abiding interest in the life of the Greeks and Romans, by the study and discussion of special themes and by frequent surveys in the field of current thought upon classical subjects. It supplements the formal study of the classics by excursions into regions of investigation only incidentally touched upon in the course of class room work.

A bound volume made up of the papers contributed by the members is deposited each year in the college library. College students in Latin or Greek are eligible to membership.

The Science Club has had good meetings this year and both the regular programs and the general discussions which follow them have been interesting. There have been a few papers read giving the results of personal observations of the members and these are the sort which it is one of the main purposes of the Club to foster. For the rest the programs have consisted of reviews and biographical sketches of noted scientists.

Mr. Bradfield, '02, who is studying at Cornell Uuiversity, has given the Club a fine collection of fungi.

It is to be hoped that another year some of our members may be able to spend a part of the summer at one of the seaside or lakeside biological stations. But wherever we are this

summer we may have one of our own.

In Wright Hall, completed a little more than a year ago, our young ladies have the comforts and watchful oversight of a well regulated home. Steam heat and electric lights make it perfectly safe. Bath rooms are also provided.

The health and physical development of the students being a matter of no less concern than the mental moral training, we are glad to announce that a friend of the college has made it possible for young ladies to have as regular and as systematic training next year as the young men have heretofore enjoyed.

The results of the physical training of the young men in the gymnasium and on the field and track have long been a matter of satisfaction to all.

Especially is this true since the opening of Davis Field early last fall. This athletic field, second to that of no other college in the state, was fitted up for us through the generosity of Mr. Chas. H. Davis of Saginaw, another staunch friend of Alma College.

Our appreciation of the field is shown in the vigorous and skilful practice that enabled our eleven to win the Michigan College Championship. No other team crossed the Alma goal line once last fall. The influence of Davis Field will reach far beyond graduation day.

Pioneer Hall, formerly Ladies' Hall, was refitted last summer and is now furnished with electric lights as well as steam heat and bath rooms. Four new rooms and a fine hall for the Y. M. C. A. were made of the former dining room. Here the young men may find a home amidst Christian influences. The young men have also the priviledge of boarding at the Wright Hall dining room at a very reasonable rate.

Through the generosity of friends many additions have been made to the library. Governor Bliss gave his Congressional library of —— volumes. Mr. A. W. Wright gave money which was expended in purchasing books in whatever department of the library there was a deficiency, and in extending its general scope. Prof. J. W. Ewing made numerous additions in Pedagogy and allied lines.

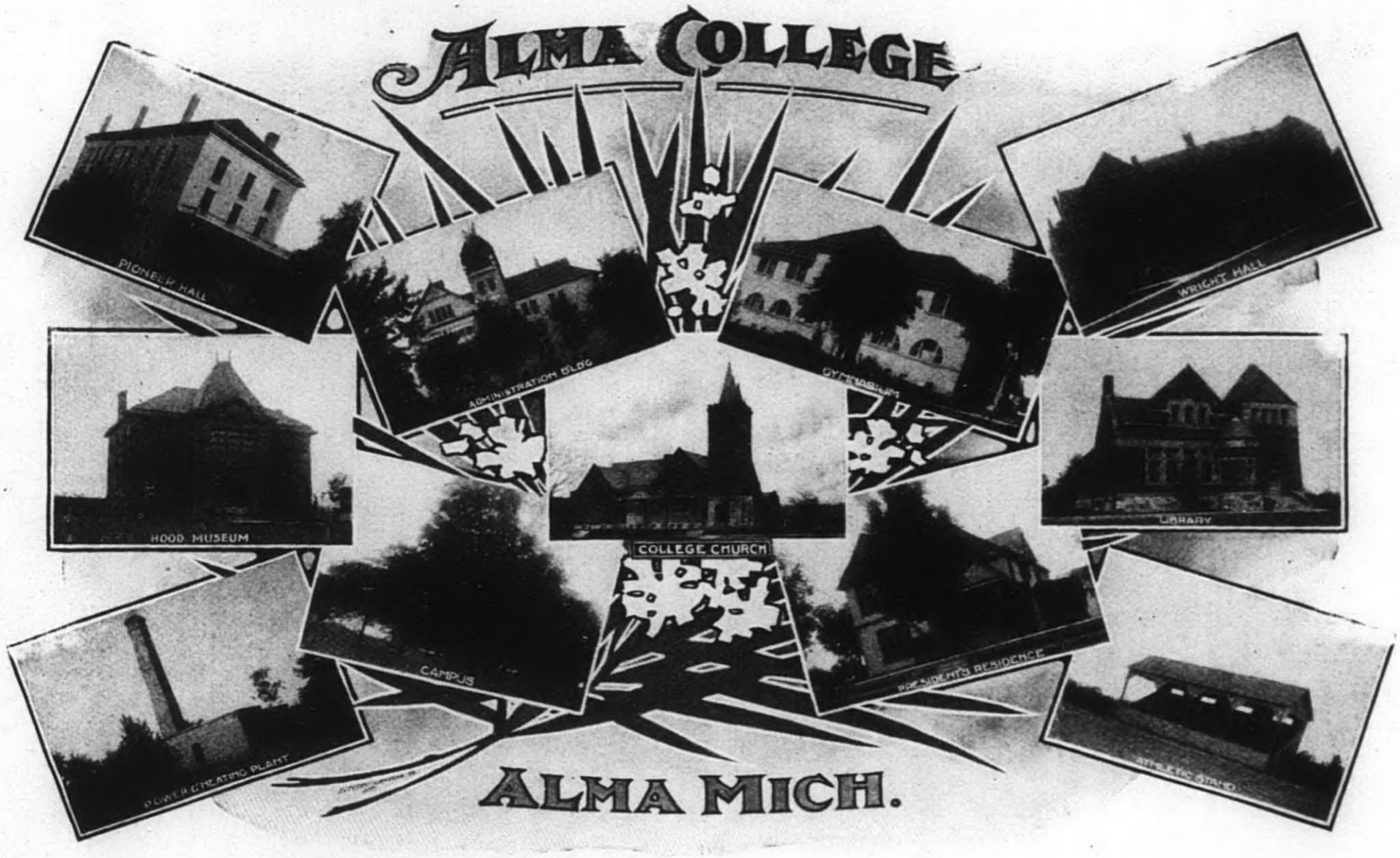
Many others gave books that enlarge the usefulness of the library. All recognize that the library is the heart of the material equipment for mental discipline and development.

The Chemical, the Physical and the Biological laboratories are well adapted to their respective fields, though each could use additional equipment to advantage.

Hood Museum has been enriched by the gift of cases from Mrs. Hood of Saginaw and Hon. Alfred Lane of Lansing.

It is hoped that the famous Winchell collection of fossils may soon be made accessible for study. The college is to be congratulated on the possession of this splendid collection and it needs only classification and arrangement to become a veritable treasure house to the geologist and paleologist.

Finally it is to be noted that the future of Alma College is bright and full of hope and the students of coming days will have in a still richer fulness what we now have—a Christian College education under home influences.


ALMA COLLEGE
PIONEER HALL
WRIGHT HALL
ADMINISTRATION BLDG
GYMNASIUM
HOOD MUSEUM
LIBRARY
COLLEGE CHURCH
CAMPUS
PRESIDENT'S RESIDENCE
POWER & HEATING PLANT
ATHLETIC STAND
ALMA MICH.

Third Floor Back

ETHELBERT W. WALDRON, ex. '04.

"IT strikes me as a strange thing, Barkworth," went on the older man, who was ahead, "that a young fellow like you should want to go into journalism. It never pays very well, and there's nothing in it at the end."

"Well, I don't know, Gregory. You see it's different with me. I always seem to know I would do something of the kind. Didn't have to decide or hesitate or anything like that. Just as soon as I got out at the University last June I came on and struck for a job direct. First it was a little nasty; but now I am beginning to love it. Then there things that—count. We run against life."

"Yes," the other man answered, plodding on a while in silence, "yes, I suppose so. We will do more or less. Now I imagine you're building on quite a scoop out of to-night's business."

Barkworth grinned a little,

"Well, maybe. That depends. Chance of any fun?"

"No, not much. May be a little, if our man shows fight. I don't suppose I ought to have come off on this alone, but Fenwick's the only man free at the office to-night, and he's a stiff. I could have got MacArthus by phone, though. You want to remember I can swear you in as a deputy any minute. You want to keep your fingers limber for your hip pocket."

"All right."

"Spague said he'd be at the Griswold corner at eleven," Gregory ran on, after an interval. He stopped where a lodging-house sign threw a misty radiance across the curb, and drew out his silver watch. "It's five minutes to, now."

"You said this fellow worked alone?" Barkworth asked, watching the older man button his coat.

"Yes, we know that. He's been known of a long time, but he jumps around so we've never had enough in our hands to take him. His goods is the most dangerous that's been in the city since we broke up the Harkness gang, five years ago. Now we're off again. Hello!" he broke off abruptly, his eyes catching the number over the doorway as he turned. "What's the number?"

Barkworth stepped out of the ring of light. "One sixty—one sixty-seven."

"One sixty-seven, one sixty-nine, one seventy-one—there it is, third front, first stairway.',

Barkworth picked his way down the gutter at Gregory's heels; they crossed the slippery sidewalk to a low covered doorway, thrusting out of an empty window-cracked store-front.

"Ah," mused Gregory, stepping back into the drizzle an instant, "four floors: second floor cigar factory, dark; third floor, lit in the rear. We'll try third floor back, Barkworth." He shoved open the swinging door at the rear of the covered entrance. They went up the stairs slowly, their overshoes, sodden with water, sucking and spitting at every step.

At the head of the second flight Gregory stopped, loosening the buttons on his overcoat as he waited for the man behind him.

"I guess I'll press you in anyway," he said softly, as Barkworth paused beside him. "Here, leave your coat buttoned; keep your hands in front of you. Now walk on just ahead of me, and stop at the—one, two, three—third door and knock. Stand close to the casing this way. If he comes to the door lift your right foot off the floor a second and I'll step out and cover him. You'll know him,—pale face, stoop shoulders. Remember keep your hands in front of you. Say a gentleman below wants to speak with Mr. Fenton."

Barkworth strode down the dim hall, stopped at the third door and knocked. The room inside was dark, but as his knuckles touched the panel he fancied he heard something move within, a rustle of sound and a hurried hush. Ten tense seconds he waited, then knocked again sharply. This time the movement within was unmistakable; a chair creaked, there were footfalls, and someone came accross the room toward the door. There was the rattle of a key, a struggle with the lock, then a slit of light jumped upward, the door sprang open. Invouluntarily Barkworth drew back a step, and his hand went up to brush the drippings from his hat from his eyes.

A woman faced him. pale and slight, holding a hand lamp in her hand.

"Mr. Fenton," he began,—"there is some one below to speak to Mr. Fenton." Over her shoulder he could see an open door; but a low folding screen was drawn across it, half hiding the further room. Behinb the screen a light burned, and behind the light someone was moving, a man who coughed constantly, a dry hacking cough, regular as a clock-tick.

"Yes—" the woman answered tentaively, moving slightly to look back to the further room. But as her face turned in the close lamplight, the man sprung suddenly forward, jerking out three quick syllables:

"Katherine!"

She started, facing him swiftly, half fearfully.

"Will!"

Somehow she set the lamp down safely, and they clung to one another, she almost sobbing against his shoulder.

"Katherine, Katherine," he repeated again and again, "you here—you here?"

"Yes," she answered, drawing back a little from his arms, "I—I went away with him, and I married him. It has been very hard sometimes, but--but we have been happy."

"Now," she ran on, after a moment, "and now, Will, we're going away. Joe says he's got enough so we can go and live somewhere where we can see something green. We're all ready, and we'd been thinking of leaving—of leaving Monday."

Barkworth looked up and over her shoulder he saw a young man, pale and stoop shouldered, standing in the door of the further room, staring at them strangely.

"Will," the girl said suddenly, drawing his face back to her, "did you come—did you come looking for me?" Her eyes tried to hold his, but his look wavered.

"No," he began uncertainly, "no not that. Wait. I want to see Gregory. He's here in the hall." He loosened his fingers from her gently. "Just a

second," he nodded, and strode out, leaving the woman and man staring in each other's eyes.

Gregory had fallen back from the open door, and he peered around in the dark a little to no purpose, thinking at each step to lay his hand on his arm. He moved to the head of the stairs then, but Gregory was not there. A little startled, he started down, stopping once or twice to call softly:

"Gregory! Gregory!"

But there was no answer. At the second floor landing Barkworth stared into emptiuess, too. He was turning back, thinking he had missed his man, whon suddenly he saw Gregory standing in the shadow by the hall-window, almost at his elbow. A thread of moonlight struck furtively through the panes and splotched the floor between them. They faced each other an instant in silence.

"I knew there was something," the older man began. "You—"

"Yes," Barkworth caught up, finding words "my sister. She went—she went away,—five years,—we never heard,—and now she's—she's here. Gregory," he moved nearer to the window, trying to see into the dim alley. "Gregory, she went away to marry him, and she says she's been happy. Now she says they're going away; he's going to give it up, and tney're going away, somewhere, somewhere away from this."

"Yes," said the other.

"I don't know what we can do except that perhaps she'll take some money, and we can go then. It comes so hard; I can't—I can't hardly think what to do." His voice broke in a note of trouble.

"Yes," said Gregory slowly, his quiet eyes clinging to Barkworth's face, "it is hard, I suppose. I think I can see how it would be with—with. But we have to get use to it."

"Why—why—why—" Barkworth broke in on suddenly. "What—what do you mean, Gregory? What do you mean?" His eyes leaped out in eagerness, but that hard, dull eagerness, that seems to know its own answer. He heard Gregory's voice move on a droon of sound.

"She will go free."

"Go free!"

"Yes."

"Good God, Gregory, you can do this,—you can come away with me and—leave them. It isn't anything to you, and it's so much to—to me and her. You can, Gregory. Say you can." He pressed forward, his fingers closing on the old man's arm.

The man's mouth and eyes hardened. With a quick turn of his shoulder he threw off the boy's fingers and drew back.

"No. No you see I can't. You have no right—wait! Perhaps we have—we are wrong."

Barkworth had fallen back against the window. "No," he said dully. "I saw things.... But he's going away, Gregory. It makes no difference now. It makes no difference to you. You won't?"

"No, I say! You can't see how it is with me. Be reasonable, Barkworth."

"Reasonable, reasonable," the boy repeated bitterly, falling back against the window again. Shrugging, Gregory swung his face to the stairs; Barkworth leaped at him.

Gregory wheeled quick as fire. Snarling, he sent the boy back against the wall, with a hard heave of his shoulders. His overcoat flipped open, and the star on his breast glinted an instant in the light from the window.

"Enough, cub!" he snapped. "Enough!"

The boy followed him out of sight with dull eyes. He heard the footfalls then in the hall above. The door must have been closed, for it opened, swung an instant, then shut. After that his tense ears caught nothing. He moved a little, and tried to see out of the window, but the moon had gone, and there was only a blank grimy wall. Following a half-framed thought then, he groped for a stair-rail, and started down toward the street.

The drizzle had ceased; the sky, high over the roofs, was crowded with swift gray clouds. It was cooler; the wet sidewalks were glazing. A chill wind struck down the street, and Barkworth drew his collar closer under his chin. He saw someone turn the corner then, and as he stepped back into the covered doorway he fancied he heard his name called. He shoved the swinging door open an inch, listening. Then he pushed it wide. It was Gregory.

"Barkworth," the man was calling softly, from the head of the stairs.

"Barkworth, come here a moment."

Barkworth ran up, three steps at a lead, and at the top he almost sprawled over Gregory, who wos stooping over something on the floor.

"I want you to help me with this." he went on quietly, not looking np. "It's only an old soap-box. I dumped a lot of the dies in it and jammed the cover on. It's deuced heavy. I couldn't imagine where you'd gone."

For a breath a refusal flamed up in Barkworth's thought. But when the older man tilted the near corner of the box up with a short "catch there," he stooped, and they straightened together. Slowly they wrestled the weight downward, step by step, breathing hard.

When they had worked through the swinging door at the bottom and had set the box down on the stone doorstep, the two men fronted each other, in the faint light from the street.

"Where's your man?" Barkworth asked, as coldly as he could.

"Got away," the other snapped. "Got away," damn it. There's some more stuff above. Help me with it, will you?" He shoved in to the stairs again.

Barkworth followed mechanically, his brain in a daze. The door of the room was ajar. A lamp was burning on the table inside the door. Barkworth gaped over Gregory's shoulder. Both rooms were empty.

Gregory kicked a chair out of his way and shouldered into the second room.

"Got away, damn it," he said again. "The minute he saw who I was he slammed a chair at my chins, and the woman blew on the lights. God, before I could draw a gun they were gone like rats, and snapped the key in my eyes." He kicked again against a heavy door set in the inside wall. "Gone a mile now."

"I don,t care," he went on, after a silence; "I've got his stuff. I've put him out of business. Here's more of it I'll gamble."

At one side of the room there was a shallow artificial fireplace, and straightening, Gregory drove his heel strongly against the wooden back. At the second blow the boards began to give. He got his fingers between two of them then, and wrenched them out one after another. There was a hole in the wall behind the boards, and it was crowded full,—tools and scaps of metal and bottles of strange colored liquids.

"Ah, this will do," he said, eyeing the room sharply. There was a gasoline stove in the corner, and he pulled it away from the wall and dragged a broken box from behind it. Somehow the mass was crammed into it; Gregory's pockets bristled with wrenches and files; and Barkworth moved forward, and they lifted the box from the floor and edged toward the door. Gregory blew out the lamp, and then slammed the hall door shut with his foot behind them.

When they reached the street, they set the box down beside the other one on the doorstep, and both stepped out on the sidewalk. Before either man could speak, Barkworth swung round, with an exclamation.

The next door, the door at the other end of the empty windows, flung suddenly open, and someone dashed down the street steps. It was a woman, running toward them. It was Katherine.

Her quick eyes ran from one of them to the other. Barkworth stepped forward to meet her, but she was past him, her hair just brushing his cheek. He suddenly grew rigid, for she flung her arms around Gregory's neck and kissed him. She drew back a little then, breathing deeply; her lips stirred, trying to frame words.

All in a breath something rushed upon Barkworth, an idea, snapping the web he floundered in. A light leaped in his eyes; he sprang forward, hand outstretched.

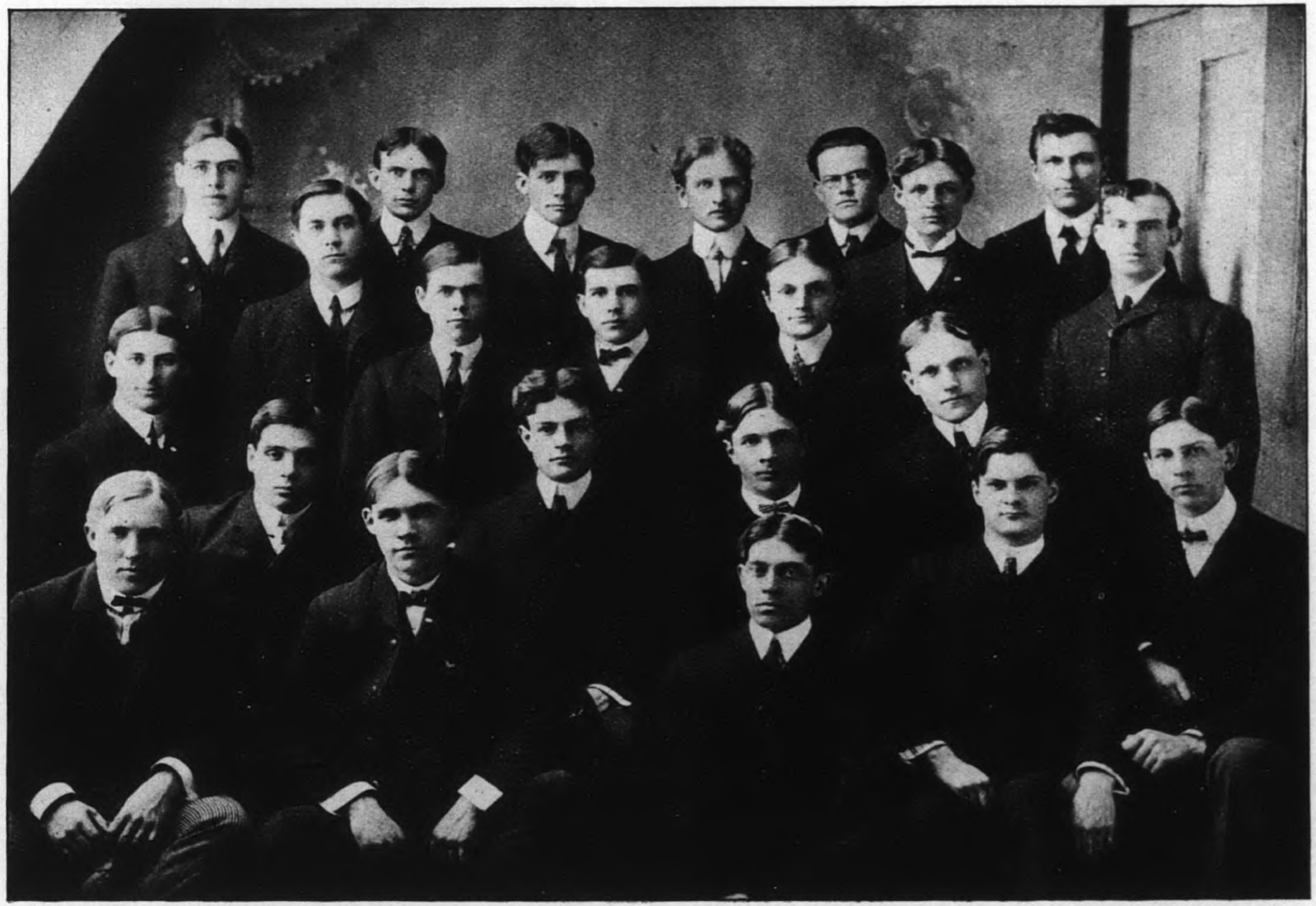
But Gregory brushed him back.

"None of that," he jerked out between his teeth. "Look around, you dolt! Can't you see the girl's fainting?"

Located at Last—Home is where the grub is.

Chicago University students have composed a long metre doxology in honor of their founder as follows:

"Praise John from whom oil blessings flow,
Praise him oil creatures here below,
Praise him above, ye heavenly hosts,
Praise Harper some, but John D. most."



Zeta Sigma '03

Sophomore Conceits.

(The letters of a Sophomore.)

BRADFORD COLLEGE,
November 30, 1903.

MY DEAR HELEN:—

THE foot-ball season is over, and I must tell you about it. As you know, we won the championship, and I happened to play quite an important part in it. The opposing team was made up of great giants from the farms; while our team were mostly light city boys, quick as lightning, and up to all the tricks and fine points. Their game was to mass themselves on one weak point in the line, and pound away at that time after time. In spite of all that we could do they would gain a few feet each time, and it looked as though they would win by steadily shoving us inch by inch down the field. When they had it almost over, we made a great brace and held them, and got the ball.

Then we made a long gain, bringing the ball within forty yards of their goal. The time was nearly up; and if we had lost it again, the game would have been either a tie or a defeat. As a last resort the signal was given for a goal from the field. The ball was passed to me. I had just got time for a drop kick in the general direction of the goal, without an instant for taking aim, when their biggest man came down on me, and that was the last I can remember. All my force had gone into the kick, and I was standing still, and had almost lost my balance in the act of kicking, while he weighed seventy pounds more than I, and was coming at full speed, you can imagine that I went down into the mud with a good deal of force onto the frozen ground.

The next thing I knew I was in my room, and the doctor was working over me. To my first question, "Was it a goal?" the captain replied, "Yes, old man; you won the game for us." My injury proved to be nothing serious, and a few stitches in a scalp wound was all the medical treatment necessary. By the way, don't mention this part of the affair around home, where the folks will be likely to hear of it. They would worry, and that would do no good. I was at loss how to charge up the doctor's bill on my cash account; but in view of the stitches I charged it to "sewing." I am just having a glorious time of it this year. There are lots of foolish girls here, as there are everywhere, and I don't see why a fellow should not have some fun with them. My football prowess has opened the doors of all the best society to me, and I am lionized wherever I go. I can take my pick of the girls and I get along with them first rate. They talk football as soon as they are introduced, and that is a subject on which I feel perfectly at home. There are half a dozen on whom I made a perfect mash; and perhaps I ought to confess that there is one in particular toward whom I am inclined to reciprocate. She is a little older than I (some of the fellows who are jealous of me call her the college widow), but with shrugging of her shoulders and elevating her eyes when one makes a particularly piquant remark, she is young enough in her manner. We led the

dance the other evening; and it was great fun to see the fellows green with envy, and the longing looks of more than one girl, whose eyes as much as said, "Oh, if I were only where that girl is."

Let me tell you what happened here the other night. We have an instructor whom we hate. I don't know just why. He is a wooden fellow. He tries to apply high-school methods of discipline and instruction to college men! Just think of it! We don't propose to stand it. So we "fixed" his recitation-room the other night, and among other things propped up the skeleton from the Medical School in his chair, and put between his teeth strips of paper on which the instructor's oft-recurring phrases were inscribed. I was in it. The dean got onto it, and I was summoned to his office. I expected I should catch it, and was making arrangements to leave town on an early train. The dean, however, did not refer to the affair once. He said that he was afraid that I was not giving to my studies the undivided attention that they deserved, and asked what was the trouble? We talked over my plans and purposes in so far as I have any; and then he tried to show me how these studies in general, and the one which is taught in that room in particular, have a vital relation to my whole intellectual future.

Now isn't that way ahead of your dean's foolish methods of petticoat government. Why doesn't she treat you like human beings. A man would never put up with what you do.

Faithfully your friend,

CLARENCE MANSFIELD.

BRADFORD COLLEGE,
April 8, 1895.

DEAR MOTHER:—

THAT is just like you, mother, "to look with more favor on my friendship for Helen than on my passion for Kate," or the "college widow," as you hatefully insist on calling her. You are a woman, and you can't see things as I do. Why, Kate just adores me; idolizes me; says that in all the history of the college there never was a fellow quite like me. Now, that is the sort of a girl for me. She makes me feel satisfied with myself. And she *is* pretty and fascinating.

I have had enough of Helen. What a fellow wants of a girl is some one to reflect with a halo of symyathy and admiration his own views and opinions. He doesn't want to be stirred up and set to thinking. Now, you know I want to please you in everything. But in these matters you must admit that I am a more competent judge of what suits me than anybody else can be for me. I always respected Helen, and do still; but for real solid happiness all to ourself, give me Kate every time. So don't worry, mother. It will all come out right in the end, and you will come to see these things as I do.

As for the Y. M. C. A. and that sort of thing which you inquire about, to tell the truth, I haven't been much lately. Between football and society my time has been pretty well taken up. I believe in having a good time, and letting everybody else have the same; I believe in father's version of

the Golden Rule, which is, you know, "Do to others as you think they would do to you if they had a chance." I don't see why we should cast our lives into narrow and contracted grooves marked out for us in primitive times, when the world was just emerging from barbarism.

Don't be anxious about my religious condition. If you don't like my creed my practice is all right. I haven't done anything I would be ashamed to have you know, except a little foolishness that doesn't amount to anything, and isn't worth mentioning. And as long as I honestly try to do as you would have me, I can't go far astray.

Your affectionate

CLARENCE.

The progress of this age is grand,
No more he "takes his pen in hand."
The business man smit by her charms
Takes the typewriter in his arms.

The scorcher motering swift and fleet
Ran into Deacon Brace.
The scorcher fell some forty feet,
The deacon fell from grace.

Alpha Theta '03

Francisca's Water-Lillies.

MARJORIE WARD DEARING, ex. '05.

THE Princess Lou was pulled a little way up on the sand as I came along. The Princess Lou is father's row-boat—it is long and slender and painted white with red bands, and it has woven seats and red cushions and the name is painted across the bows in gold letters.

I sat down on the edge and began to teeter up and down and press my foot into the sand. The lake looked blue and still; it is very shallow and so clear you can see quite to the bottom, when you are 'way out from the shore.

I love to row the Princess Lou; I am ten and I can row. I am very strong, in fact my biceps is astonishing, John Gray says—he thinks when I am a few years older I will be an athlete like he is. He has two bronze medals he won at college—"for experience in oarsmanship," it says on them. I wish you could see his medals.

The Princess Lou rocked a little up and down and crunched on the pebbles. I thought perhaps Francesca would like a ride—Francesca and I are great chums. She is twenty but she doesn't seem to be very old. I ran across the beach and up the slope toward her cottage—Francesca's cottage is next to ours.

"Fran-ces-ca!"

She came out on the porch with a book in her hand.

"Let's go out on the lake Francesca, Father has left the Princess Lou on the beach."

"That will be lovely, Bobby," she said. She laid her book down on the porch-rail and we ran down to the beach, together. Then I went after the oars and pushed the boat down into the water. Francesca seated herself in the stern and I shoved off. It was clever the way I got the boat turnee around and out into the water. I can row fine except when there are girls in, and they wiggle. Francesca does not wiggle. I love Francesca.

She is very beautiful; she often wears a blue dress with white anchors on it. She always looks pretty in the Princess Lou.

Francesca likes to talk to me. She is twenty as I told you before, and I am only going on eleven, but boys know more for their age than girls.

"Did you ever see the water clearer, Francesca?" She was leaning over the side of the boat. "It seems as if you could almost pick up that shell down there."

"Yes," she said, "and see how the colors change. Right here by the boat it is green, then it shades off into blue, and as you look farther away it gets dark, dark blue and then deep purple—beyond that there are the green bushes along the shore away over there."

"It would make a good picture, wouldn't it, Francesca? and look at that bend, too—see how it curves around."

"Let's go over there, Bobby—look around there in that cove—aren't there some water-lilies there?"

I turned the boat and headed for the bend. Francesca loves water-lilies.

"Are those all wilted that John Gray had yesterday?"

"Are what all wilted, Bobby?'

"Why, John Gray had a whole big bunch of water-lilies yesterday. I asked him for some to take to you, and he said they were for you, anyway. Didn't he bring them?"

"I didn't want them, Bobby."

"Why, Francesca—they were *beautiful.* He said they were for a 'peace-offering'—what is a 'peace-offering', Francesca?"

"I don't know, child. Look out, now, Bobby, how you get around this curve—there—aren't they beauties?"

. I paddled up among the reeds and grasses and Francesca leaned over and tried to pick the lilies. I got out my jack-knife and cut some off—their stalks are too tough to pull.

We drifted almost to the shore. A long piece of log had fallen down and stuck away out in the water. The boat got wedged in between this and a piece of driftwood and I couldn't get started out. The water was deep in that cove and we were just out of reach of the bank. Francesca wanted to take the oars, but she is a girl and I couldn't trust her.

"Let's just stay here a little while," I said, "then my arms'll get rested and I'll pull us out of here." After a few minutes I tried again, but the logs were so solid. Then I let Francesca try, but she couldn't move us. I was just going to try to crawl out on the log and crawl over to the bank, when we saw some one coming along on the top of the bluff. It was some one in a white coat and cap, and I thought it might be, yes—it was John Gray.

"John Gray! Ho—Jo-h-n!"

"*Don't,* Bobbie, *Don't,*" whispered Francesca.

"Why, he can get us out of this, Francesca. John G-ra-y!"

He turned and looked down at us. I waved my cap and he came running down the steep bank. He had to catch himself by a tree, or he would have fallen into the lake.

"Well, well, Bobbie, what's this?" He looked at me, and the boat pinned in between the logs.

"I was trying to get some water-lilies, and the boat floated up in here too far and got stuck. Francesca and I have been trying and trying and we can't budge it an inch." I looked at Francesca but she didn't say a word. Her cheeks were as pink as a rose and her hat was pulled down over her eyes. John Gray siood on a boggy tuft of grass and hung on to a tree.

"Let me see," he said, "I think I can climb along this log, and take hold of Francesca's hand and help her over, if she stands up and reaches out as far as she can."

Francesca stood up and put out her hand. Then she put one foot on the log. It seemed to be solid. John Gray pulled her up; she gave a jump and he lifted her over to the shore. As she sprang from the boat, it gave a sharp lurch backward—the block of wood on the other side gave way, and the boat swung out into free water. I took hold of one oar and began to paddle out.

"You and Francesca come along down the shore aways where there's a good place to get in," I called.

I paddled out of the cove and along till there was a good level space, and then pulled up to the edge. Francesca got in again; John Gray wasn't coming, but I made him. My arms were so tired.

"Come on, John, you row," I said. I sat down with Francesca in the end, and John took the oars. It was getting late and the sun was almost down. A cool breeze came up Francesca shivered and I put my head against her arm. The boat kept swaying back and forth, and the water plashed and splashed against the sides.

I must have dropped to sleep. When I woke up, the sun had gone down and everything was dark. I sat up and rubbed my eyes.

"Wh-e-re are we, Francesca?"

We're almost home, Bobby. See, there's the pier."

"You'll come out with me again tomorrow, for some lilies, Francesca? I won't let the boat get stuck, again."

"Never mind about the lilies, Bobby dear. John will get us some tomorrow, I guess.

We floated up and the boat bmmped softly against the pier. John kissed me as he lifted me out. He kissed Erancesca, too. I love Francesca but I never kiss her.

He backed the boat and took out the oars and cushions. There were some wilted water-lilies in the bottom of the boat. I gathered them up and threw them into the water.

Francesca can have some more tomorrow.

A Modern Duet.

HE

Oh, will you be my honey.
I havn't any money
But I'll make your future sunny
With my love bye and bye.

SHE

Now don't, I beg, get funny,
I cannot be your honey.
You haven't any money
And that's the reason why.

TOGETHER

I haven't any money
I cannot be your honey, etc.

When Does Education Begin.

GEORGE B. RANDELS, 1900.

What is the age at which real education begins? A correct answer requires more thought upon the philosophy of education than one at first might suppose. Some would say at birth. In a sense this is correct. Others say at five or six, and in a sense this is correct. I am going to say that real education does not commence till 13 or 14. You will require me to give reasons to justify such an answer, especially since the vast majority stop school before this age.

One's conclusions depend very largely upon the assumptions he starts with. Without argument I shall assume that the end of education is to so fit a person that he can fill well his place in the social organism. Further this social organism—our civilization—is highly artificial. Growing up naturally will not fit one for a place in this artificial organism. The person must be changed from his original nature and helped by education to attain the ideal nature which must characterize one whom society considers desirable.

Further I consider there can be no education except it rest on the subject's power of assimilation and on a willingness to be educated. A blockhead, if there ever were such a creature, would be utterly beyond the teacher's power to help. For the true teacher is within. Being educated is not having knowledge poured in. Then psychologically, before true education can begin the boy or girl must have reached a period of mental development when there is a desire and capability for the transforming education.

When do you say a person fills well his place in society? When he acts well. Now, a person may act through force of habit, that is mechanically, or with a conscious and reasoned purpose. There can be no progress under first kind of activity. At least under new conditions one must act consciously. What a citizen does determines his value to society. What he does is determined by his opinions. Let correct opinions be formed and actions will take care of themselves. It is hardly necessary to present evidence to show the truth of this statement. But more for illustration than for proof call to mind how the actions of whole nations are determined by the opinions they hold. We have an example in our own Civil War where the opposing opinions of North and South determined their actions in that strife.

We might at first thought conclude that most good could be done by giving the pupil ready made opinions. But ready made opinions don't fit. And even if ready made opinions were valuable it is a fact that every young man or woman reaches a time in life when they want opinions of their own. Opinions of value are determined by knowledge. True education is giving knowledge in such a way that the pupil may form opinions which will guide his activities. Further it is the function of the educator to guide the learner in the process of assimilation, to warn him from hasty conclusions, to inspire him with an

earnest desire to know the best thought of all ages and countries, and withal not dampen the enthusiasm in cherishing the highest ideals so natural to youth.

When can education of this sort begin? It seems to me that the facts of mental development indicate the period of adolescence as being the one in which this work can be most profitably done. There has been a new birth. A new creature is born entirely different from the boy or girl. Childish things are put away along with childish reasoning and childish ideals. The change in the whole nature is revolutionary. Before there was blind faith and unquestioning obedience and the mind was marked by great receptivity of fact and opinion. Now, it is all activity and questioning. A will and a conscience now appear, a strong will and a most exacting conscience—a conscience which wants the absolute right, also a mind longing for absolute truth. Even uncivilized people noted the longing of youth at this period to get into the place they were best fitted for and where they could do the most good. Let me cite in illustration one custom. It was the custom among the Omaha Indians to send the boy of 12 out into the wilderness alone. Though he had bow and arrow he was forbidden to kill any animal but commanded to fast four days. At the end of the period of fasting he ascended a high hill and lifted up his voice to the Great Spirit and with a melody appealingly prayerful said: "God! here, poor and needy I stand." This reveals the inmost state of every boy at this age.

Then I say this time in life answers well the first condition, that of readiness to learn: more than readiness, it is an unquenchable desire. As I said, up till this time there was a gross receptivity, and also a favorable time for habit forming, but no restless longing to solve problems. Now there is a passion for settling all the problems the age is heir to. It is all free from selfishness. For now is the time when the sense of duty dawns. Now it is when things can be done because they ought. Very often the worry in trying to solve these problems takes the form of despairing doubt. The boy would sacrifice all to solve these problems. We have for the first time the right attitude of the will for successful student work.

And it is not until this time that the mental development is sufficient to generalize opinions for one's self. The new birth marks the dawn of the higher reasoning powers. All in all it seems the mental conditions of adolescence are peculiarly fitted for the sort of education we deem best.

It is worth while noting that among primitive peoples the whole education is confined to a few days of special training at the beginning of this period. But we of today have almost entirely lost sight of che peculiar advantages of this period.

But you wonder what of all those years which go before. Are they not educative? No. They are but years of preparation. They are but years spent in getting tools and gathering facts to be used in succeeding period. Learning to read is not getting an education. It is getting a tool.

Ability to read and write does not transform a person from his original nature to an ideal nature. Not even

ability to read most difficult tongues can so transform. I am not saying but the literature they open up will furnish literature of transforming power. The languages should be gotten during the earlier years. For the period of adolescence is too precious to be spent over grammar and dictionary of dead languages. But not every language, though it be a modern language or even English is a dead language to him who does not get from it a wealth of wisdom and knowledge to help in forming rational opinions, and which does not inspire him with lofty ideals. Every language tho it has not been spoken for thousands of years is a living language to him who can draw upon its wealth of wisdom.

Another result of our not seeing the value of this period is that the state allows children to quit school just at the age when years are of most educational value. But are not the great masses who quit school educated? Fortunately life is a great educator. Uuder the stress of life they form opinions, but so often based on insufficient data. The school ought to furnish more systematic knowledge and ought to save the young person from many blunders which he would make if not guided.

Another conclusion I wish to draw is that because we have not recognized the period of adolescence our so called education in latter high school and early college years remains one of drill and tool getting suited to the preceding period, but to a very large extent neither matter nor method are suited to help the boy solve his problems. I doubt not but that one great reason so many boys leave school is that the educator does not give them any assurance that they will get help from the school on the problems of their life and their life work.

My plea is for the recognition of the value in education of the adolescent period, and for greater thought by educators upon the educational problem of how to adapt the school to the needs of adolescents and perhaps even to ask for deeper thought upon the meaning of education.

It took place in a dairy. The milkman was pouring milk through a fine wire sieve. Hundreds of microbes were caught in the meshes. Other microbes sat on the edge of the crocks and looked sorrowful. Their relations were being strained.

The Mistake.

I dreamed a dream—methought I saw a throng,
Such as I could not number well.
The weak were there, commingled with the strong;
Whither they went I could not tell.

I joined this mass, by some strange force impelled.
Though thousands pressed on every side,
None noticed that the throng by me was swelled.
Each for himself his strength applied.

Many I saw who perished by the way,
Too weary grown by toil and strife;
But onward moved the mass without delay,
Regardless of the loss of life.

A little maiden, weak and poorly clad,
With tear-stained eyes looked up at me,
And with a trembling voice and accents sad
She spoke and said imploringly:

"Give me your hand, kind sir, or I must die.
Pray lead me on my way,—I'm weak.
From side to side I'm tossed by passersby
Who will not listen while I speak."

Impatiently I thrust her from my side,
And forward with new vigor pressed.
"Alone myself, how can I others guide,"
Thought I, "though many weep distressed?"

On and still on I sped, e'en as if mad.
To neither side I cast a look:
No thought I gave to helpless ones and sad
Whom on my way I overtook.

Ere long this maiden whom I left behind,
Passed by, a lovely lady grown,
A youth was by her side with features kind,
And in his hand he held her own.

At length, beside the way I saw a grove—
In heavenly beauty 'twas arrayed.
The birds sang merrily carols of love
On branches perched, by breezes swayed.

I heard the rippling brooklets as they flowed;
I saw the lilies on the bank;
The palmtree in its richest verdure glowed,
Whose roots the silver nectar drank.

Beneath a shady tree upon the grass,
With smiles that told of Love's sweet bliss,
Clasped hand in hand, there sat this lad and lass,
While Hope beamed through her eyes and his.

While standing there beholding this fair scene,
A hand was laid upon my head.
Its touch was cold as death —'twas spare and lean
I felt benumbed—my reason fled.

I turned my head and saw there at my side
A woman, old and wan and grey.
Her sunken eyes—her cheeks so pale and dried—
Still in my mem'ry lingering stay.

In accents harsh that shook my frame with fear.
While pointing with her bony hand
Upon that place by purest love made dear,
She spoke, the while my face she scanned.

"That maiden whom thou seest in yonder spot,
Who pleadiugly looked up at thee,
But whom thou spurned in wrath and aided not—
That maid was Opportunity.

"Since thou did spurn her when she plead with thee
And wast not moved by tears she shed.
Henceforth I'll be thy gnide—thy company
Whose presence thou shall always dread.

"Peace thou shall never find; for where I am
There peace and rest can never dwell.
My name's Remorse—whom by words of mine I damn
Finds while he lives that life is Hell."

David A. Johnson, '05.

The Dreamers and : : : : The Christian Knight

(*The Contrast.*)

A. B.

IN the great hall of a palace, twilight nestled and darkness was slowly creeping out the distant corners. On one side of the room was a hugh fireplace in which lay great moss-covered logs, smouldering and crackling. Tiny tongues of flame burst forth shedding a bronze like glow over the tapestried walls. The massive and-irons grinned upon a King and his courtiers who lounged about the room, each happy in his own dreams. The eyes of each glared vacantly at candles which stood in carved silver scones about the room. The small yellow flames which struggied upward, painted for each one a picture of his selfish fancies.

The King sat in a massive chair apart from his courtiers with his elbow resting on its arm, while his eyes, for a time, gazed deep and searchingly into the mysterious fire, and then wandered listlessly to a large candle whose wax melted and splashed like tears on the burnished silver.

Who could interpret his thoughts! His face would cloud and grow sullen as though he saw before him a lost battle or a faithless statesman, and again It would glow wirh merriment.

The gambler gave a sleepy laugh, as in his dreams he saw the dice fall with the sixes up—and then a shower of sparkling gold.

The candles flickered, smoked and their flames struggled bravely upward in yellow lines of light.

The King's sister, as she sat counting her jewels, laughed in pitying scorn at the poor man in whose heart her name was written; then turned to look at the young courtier before whose sensual eyes a candle burnəd, and who could give her a wreath of gems and gold. The small black wick before the eyes of the dreaming priest took the form of a crozier, and in his fancy he felt the weight of a mitre upon his head. A rich and gorgeous green replaced his plain black robe All the beauty of Rome flooded his mind, and the candle's flame before him grew larger in the huge Dream of Self. The wind hissed and howled, and rattled the massive shutters with doleful sound, but they still dreamed on into tne night.

Suddenly a knock was heard on the great carved door and It swung open to admit the cloaked figure. Small drifts of snow blew in and settled on the rugs. On the threshold stood a Christian Knight, his hair blown by the wind, and his cheeks cut by the swirling sleet. On his left arm and shielded by one end of his cloak, lay a little poverty-stricken child, asleep, with it's small thin arms clasped about his neck. In his right hand he carried by its cruciform hilt an unsheathed sword, and on the end of it rested a small candle whose light shot upward in a holy blue triune flame. All eyes were turned upon him, yet they were still dull from dreaming. He stood on the threshold for a moment gazing

about the great luxurious room, until he saw the King, and, crossing, he stood before him in a reverent manner.

"Art thou the one who bears the name of King? Then why do you lounge here amidst all this ease and luxury, with your thoughts centered upon yourself? Why do you care for the poor people whom God hath placed in your care? Why do you forget, that this very night your poor subjects are crying in sore distress for their King? Why—I say, do you not forget yourself, for I do declare that the only heathen on God's earth is the egotist."

The King sat erect in his chair and looked at the Christian Knight. Then rising, he took the large candle from out its silver scone and flung it among the coals, and stooping he lifted the long sword from where it had fallen in the ashes, and buckled it to his side. The clanking of the steel awakened the little child sleeping on the arm of the Knight, and it cried for food. The Princess left her place of comfort and hurried to the Knight. Streching forth her arms, she said, "Let me take the child." The Knight removed an end of his cloak which lay softly over the child's head, as if to give her the babe, but seeing the rich jewels which covered her arms, he held the child closer. Impulsively she stripped her arms of the gaudy gems and flung them on the rug at her feet. "Lest they might hurt him," she said, and taking the child she passed quietly from the room, to give it food.

The Knight put the small cathedral candle in the silver scone, in the place of the one removed by the King. The chimes of the cathedral tolled forth in rythmic melody the midnight hour. The Gambler suddenly sprang from his chair and flung the dice at his feet. All had now risen, but the priest who was still deep in thought with his eyes resting on the sickly flame of his candle.

Tne Knight stood before him with his accusing eyes, piercing his very soul. Suddenly the Priest unable to stand the searching gaze of the Knight longer, cried, "For pity's sake speak!" and the Knight replied, "For Pity's Sake I will speak. You, you are a priest—a priest of God, whose duty it is to preach God's word, to help the suffering and comfort the afflicted. And here I find you dreaming in the King's palace. Dreaming of the time when you will be greater tnan you ever can be. While the very night I was in the chapel, and found it deserted. The door had been left open; the wind rnshed in carrying dead leaves through the aisles. It was dark, as all the candles save this one near the altar had been blown out. Little scared birds clutched frantically at the cross where hung the Savior's image.

A few discouraged sinners had come through all the storm ro kneel before the altar and receive the blessing of their priest. They went away, dark in their sin and filled with discouragement.

I heard the pitiful crying of a child, and taking the one small alsar candle, came out into the court yard to look for it. I found it shivering on the steps of the castle where it had been left. And through all his misery you sit dreaming! He looked long at the crouching priest and then turned to go. With one impulse, the courtiers took their candles and flung them

amongst the smouldering coals where they shot up the chimney in black curls of smoke.

The King went to the Knight who was standing near the massive door, and laying a hand on his shoulder said, "Stay with us and teach us the way. Do not leave us. Show us how to live good and Godly lives." "No," replied the Knight, "My missson is in the world, there are still souls to save and suffering to allay. There is a great work for me to do, I must be about my Father's bnsiness." And so saying, he drew his mantle about him more closely, and went out into the night. The King looked at his courtiers and said, 'So, he is gone." And they all bowed their heads in shame. As the Knight passed out into the winter's cold and a world of suffering, a voice came back as if it were the voice of God.

"Follow thou me."

Compensation.

If all we heard was music
Our ears would surely balk.
We'd gladly pause to listen
To ordinary talk.
If life was but a poem
It surely would disclose
Occasions when we'd hunger
For unpretentious prose.

The world would grow weary
Of laughter year by year.
The garden of enjoyment
Must be watered by a tear.

Ode to the Plugger.

How dear to the faculty is the honest-eyed plugger,
When the days for exams begin to draw near,
When the books have grown musty and flunks by the dozen
Fill body with anguish and bosom with fear.
His close application and great preparation
Relieves them of worry and care,
They listen with delight to his perfect recitation
And jot down a hundred each time that he's there.
The studious plugger, the diligent plugger,
The unfailing plugger who has but one care.

The unfailing plugger, oh, isn't he a treasure?
His efforts are honest, intentions divine,
To see him lead the class 'tis such a pleasure,
To follow his footsteps takes all their time.
To bluff the professors he never would dare,
He never cuts his studies for he is aware
To secure a hundred he must always be there.
The studious plugger, the diligent plugger,
The unfailing plugger who has but one care.

How dear is the plugger at time of exam,
His notes are all copied, his drawings complete;
But down in their hearts the professors all d—m
At the thoughts of the showing he'll make at the meet.
His muscles are flabby and nerve all gone,
His ankles being weak he is condemned as unsound,
His pedal extremities covered with corns.
The leary-eyed plugger, the round-shouldered plugger,
Oh! why don't the lobster go back and sit down?

Rag time '04

College Knight-Errantry.

WILLARD K. SPENCER

EUROPE was controlled by Chivalry in the middle ages. The serf obeyed his master: the noble served his feudal lord: anointed kings sat on their thrones; but Chivalry shaped the laws, determined customs, chose national heroes, and became judge and creator of the popular spirit. When Chivalry's work was done, God's providential ordering brought it to its grave. Gunpowder made armor useless. One of the by-products of the Crusades was the elevation of the serfs and the founding of the Free City. Constantinople's capture brought about the Renaissance. Printing was invented. Luther gave Germany its Reformation. Then Cervantes buried Chivalry; while in our day Tennyson composed its epitaph.

But leadership did not pass from men when Chivalry died. Each generation has its guides and champions. In the sixteenth century the Knight was clad in mail: the twentieth century leader wears the scholar's gown. True, many noble workers for humanity have never passed the threshold of the School, just as many warriors in the middle ages did not wear the golden spurs of knighthood. But as a class the leaders of the world's thought and action are school men, college-bred. The scholar in politics has long been in evidence. In business the college-bred man has advantage over his competitors. Training tells: in every avenue of industry it is the man behind the tool that wins success. Remembering therefore that the college graduate stands in the place of the knight, the earnest student may with profit study the Knightly Training, the Knightly Spirit and the Knightly Life. The training of a boy designed for Knighthood began when he was 8 years old. Then he was placed as a page in the castle of some worthy lord. He was taught to ride, to wield his lance, to manage sword and shield. Maxims of courage, patience, honor and piety were given him. He learned leach-craft and a rude surgery. At 14 he became an esquire and followed his lord to battle. And if he proved worthy of the honor, at 21 he was dubbed a belted knight. In all this there is a resemblance to the education of the scholar. As learning's page the boy goes through the lower schools: as esquire he begins his higher training in the college. The tilt-yard is replaced by the gymnasium and athletic field; and he is foolish who neglects physical training and yet hopes to hold his own in after struggles. For the world today demands for service strong-bodied and red-blooded men. Yet in college the emphasis is put on mental rather than physical development. The curriculum is intended to build a full-orbed mind. The study of the languages develops memory, taste, discrimination. Mathematics and logic with their stern rules and inevitable deductions train the reasoning power. Natural science calls for accuracy, allegiance to truth, the spirit of reverence. Much that the college boy learns, he soon forgets. The quarter-century graduate would probably be unable to pass the entrance examination of his *Alma Mater* But in spite

of all forgetfulness, his training will abide. For he will have learned *how to think* clearly, logically, independently, a power rare indeed today; he will have learned *how to read*. And to him who knows how to read, what to read and has a love of reading, the stored-up riches of the centuries are bequeathed. He has made Emerson's words his own,—

> I am the owner of the sphere,
> Of the seven stars and the solar year,
> Of Cæsar's hand and Plato's brain,
> Of Lord Christ's heart and Shakespeare's strain.

And in the ideal college the student will be taught *to speak and write*, a necessary requisite of leadership. Whatever else he may or may not know, the man who possesses these three gifts is in the truest sense *an educated man.*

When the esquire was made a knight, certain solemn ceremonies took place. He was led to a bath in emblem of purification. He was clothed in a white tunic, symbolic of innocence; a red robe, type of the blood he was to shed; a black coat, showing the death he was to dare for duty. He fasted 24 hours to prove his resolution. Then he was asked, "with what purpose he desired to become a knight. For if it was to be rich,—to take his ease and receive honor undeserved; he was unworthy of knightnood and would be a disgrace to Chivalry." Answering the question aright, he received the accolade with the words, "be valiant, bold and loyal." He was sworn to chastity, modesty, reverence, courage. He was to fear God, serve his king, and die a thousand deaths rather than deny Christ. What an inspiration this antique custom should be to a collegian. He also must possess the knightly spirit. In his very training he has pledged himself to Truth. He sees men everywhere misled by error, content with forms, tricked out in shams and conventions. Yet he is sworn to deal with realities. He cannot be content with sounds which have no truth behind them. For years he has been taught to ask the question *why;* and now he is unsatisfied nntil he finds the answer. He hears men clamoring about words used in different meanings: so he attends to definitions. He is confronted with false statements: so he instinctively verifies his references. Together with this worship of reality there exists the spirit of modesty. He realizes that he does not know so very much. He is to be a learner all through life. He welcomes truth from every quarter and every hand; for he recognizes that there are other kinds of education than that he has received. He never poses as a great discoverer. He does not talk about his own acquirements. He has a vision of the infinity of truth; and is not ashamed to say, "I do not know."

Truth-seeking joined with modesty results in reverence. And reverence is but another name for Fear of God. The true scholar sees the creator in his works. "I am thinking God's thoughts over again after him," said Kepler, after a night of watching the stars through his telescope. Agassiz began his summer school at Penikese by a moment of silent prayer. All knowledge is but a little globe of light ensphered in an universe of darkness. The mystery in which we move is God and reverence befits one who

draws near to God's presence to try to understand His work.

In such a spirit the Knight went forth to serve his generation. He was not to seek wealth or strive for glory without desert. He was to protect innocence, defend the helpless, keep faith inviolably, and ever fight for the advantage of the common weal. Is not this the duty of the college graduate? If knowledge is power, and a trained mind gives one advantage in the race of life: then education marries responsibility to privilege. And since statistics prove that the nation's thinkers and leaders come from the ranks of the college-bred, what a weight of obligation is loaded upon each one who goes out from College halls! Today the people struggle with great questions: they are captivated by charletons, misled by demagogues. The breach between the rich and poor is deepened by men interested in class alienation. Politics is largely left to professional leaders. Business is often carried on in anti-christian and immoral ways. Society is many times a hindrance rather than a help to human elevation. In our great cities shivering wretches huddle in cellars, while wealth is so adorned with jewels, that special police are detailed to guard the snobbish exhibitions of extravagance. Here is demand for true Knight-errantry. The war is to be carried on, not by means of sword and lance, but with the powerful weapons of ideas and influence. Leadership is needed: for greater problems than our fathers knew are to be solved by the oncoming generation. But if the spirit of ancient knighthood is handed down to America's modern chivalry, we can fearlessly face the future and conquer the nation's deadliest foes.

: : : : : : : : : :

Miss Winnie McFinney so cute,
Fed always, and only an frutte.
Said she: "Let the coarse,
Eat of beef and of horse,
I'm a peach and that's all there is tutte.

The Day of Reckoning.

(Being an account of the earth's second desolation.)

J. WIRT DUNNING, '04.

I.

THERE was deathlike silence throughout the vast assembly as Professor Gottshire took his seat. The tenth annual meeting of the International League of Scientists had been remarkable in other respects, but the final paper of that remarkable meeting, by Professor Gottshire, and in fact the final sentence of that wonderful effort, embodying as it did the most stupendous conclusion that the scientific world had ever reached, came like a thunderbolt to the ears of his auditors. In the gallaries the faces of gay society women grew pale, strong men beside them wept, while the great body of scientists seated directly in front of the platform, stared in speechless amazement at the magic spell the speaker had cast upon them.

His final words were these: "In conclusion, gentlemen, it has always been agreed by us that when the creator placed upon this earth the two great living kingdoms, vegetable and animal, he likewise placed within them power to use certain porrions of atmospheric air as food upon which to live and grow. In his wisdom he so arranged that there should be an interdependence between these two great kingdoms. Plants, we know, by taking up the poisonous gasses that man rejects, and by utilizing them as food, return them again to the air in the form of oxygen, which is the essential food of humanity and without which it cannot live a single hour. We have always agreed that man is at sole dependence for his existance upon the plant world.

In spite of his dependence he has always been a ruthless destroyer of her works. Nothing has ever stood in the way of his greed for gold. Before him mighty forests have fallen, for his home and for his fuel. He has continued in his devastating sway until now, save in a few secluded places, and in the islands of the sea, not a sign of vegitation is anywhere to be seen. Can we not trace the mighty forest fires which have swept away the vegetation of Africa and South America to the hand of man? One hundred years ago upon this earth there were fields of waving grain and ripening corn. Today where are they? Gone. And in their place nothing save smoky and sweltering cities. Who could have dreamed at the dawn of the twentieth century that this proud metropolis in which we are now assembled would some day stretch its borders to the very banks of the Mississippi.

I have come now to my final word. Atmospheric air normally contains 79.02 parts of nitrogen to 20.94 parts of oxygen. At the close of the year 1902 these were the approximate percentages of vegetable and animal food the air contained. I have now the startling statement to make that this normal proportion has been destroyed. Atmospheric air today contains but 12 percent of oxygen to 87 of nitrogen. Today there are no plants to purify the air and man is consuming oxygen faster than nature can give its supply.

Within ten years from today if vegetation is continually destroyed not a soul will be alive upon this earth. God has once destroyed this earth by water. The Bible declares that it will a second time perish by fire. Science denies it. Men will die a second time by strangulation, from a want of life-giving oxygen.

I can say no more. I have only to shout my warning cry. The end is near. *Beware.*"

Not a word was spoken as the assembly left the hall. The papers next morning derided the strange conclusion of the Harvard professor. The world had stood for 6000 years. There was no need to fear. From the pulpit denunciations were heaped upon this seeming scoffer of the Bible. Gradually, people, removed from the magic spell of his oratory, went back to their old ways of living. Professor Gottshire resigned from his position and was soon forgotten.

II.

IN WHICH THE NEWSPAPER PLAYS A ROLE.

On January 25, 2115, some ten years after this remarkable meeting, the New York Herald contained the following editorial announcement:

"The entire front page of the Herald has been purchased for tomorrow by a party who will not permit his name to be used. We can vouch for his good intentions, but are not at liberty to reveal his purpose, which he has concealed even from the editors. The regular news appearing on page one, will be found on page six."

Simultaneously it was noticed that all the papers, not only of America, but of Europe, Africa and all the islands, contained the same announcement. The world was astir. There was little sleep that night. At about three in the morning a dispatch was received at the offices of the Herald. It was dated from Doorsville, Wyoming, and was unsigned. From the Herald offices it was flashed to newspapers all over the world, who had been holding off publication till this, the appointed hour. Within fifty minutes newsboys were hurrying the edition to every home in the world.

As the papers were opened, there on the front page of each, printed in glaring headlines and translated into every known tongue, appeared these fateful words:

"The end is at hand. Be prepared. The atmosphere to day contains 91 parts of nitrogen and 8 parts of oxygen."

For a second time Professor Gottshire had issued his warning to the world; and a second time that warning was to go unheeded.

III.

A DISASTROUS CORONATION.

June 20, 2115 had been set for the coronation of the youthfull Victoria II. On that day to, she was to be wedded to the Crown Prince of Germany with all the pomp of empire. The ceremonies were made public and the people of both nations had been invited. On the outskirts of London a large balcony had been erected which could be seen for fully a mile.

The day dawned bright and clear. Gay crowds thronged the mighty city. The marriage ceremony had been announced for noon, and when the young queen and her lover arose they looked down into the faces of fully a million applauding spectators.

Slowly the archbishop spoke the

first words of the ceremony. A hush fell upon the multitude. When he had finished the queen started to reply, but as she did so she was seen suddenly to grow pale. Her lips refused to move, and she sank fainting by her lovers side. He stooped to assist her, but he had no sooner done so than he too grew weak and fell above her. The guards standing near lifted them gently but could not bear their weight and they too fell back lifeless. The crowd was in confusion. The archbishop turned and attempted to calm their fears, but as he did so he suddenly wavered, stumbled, and fell from the balcony to the pavement below.

A wild discordant shriek now broke forth from the crowd. In the centre of the mob there was wildest confusion. With cries of anguish men fell dying upon one another, vainly clutching at their throats. Soon the gay, active throng became but a heap of lifeless bodies. A few escaped only to die an hour later. Away from congested regions some lived even a day, but forty hours saw not a living thing upon the earth. Professor Gottshire's warning had come to late.

THE FULFILLMENT.

But meantime what of him. Immediately at the close ef that memorable meeting, when he had announced his conclusions to the world, he had resigned his position at Harvard and moved to the village of Doorsville, Wyoming; here to prepare for the doom that he knew was to overtake the earth sooner or later.

Upon one of the moumtains surrounding the village he erected a hut of solid asbestos over a heavy iron frame. Within were placed necessary provisions for a stay of six years. Beneath in a large cellar were stored vast quantities of liquid air, which being costantly released kept atmosphere within the hut perfectly pure. For two years preceeding the final closing of the hut experiments were continually made to insure that all was safe.

Prof Gottshire had taken with him four of his pupils from Harvard who trusted his theories implicitely, and who were to stay with him in his long wait in the hut; for here the intrepid professor had determined to remain till last possible chance of escape from death was cut off, hoping that in the meantime when all life on the earth was destroyed. the atmosphere might return again to a habitable condition.

His wife had declared that she too, would share his fate, and accordingly, being a scientist no less than her husband, a similar house was erected for her on the island of Cuba near the city of Havana. Nor was she to be alone in her long vigil.

On June 10, Miss Clarinda Williams of 243 Broadway, New York, received the following letter from Herbert Langdon, one of the students with Prof. Gottshire.

Doorsville, Wyoming, June 9th. 2115.

MY DEAR CLARINDA:—*Regarding our preparations for avoiding the direful catastrophe that is to come upon the earth ere the close of the present month, I am writing for the last time. Everything has been arranged and you are to meet the other girls in New York the fifteenth and from there journey to Cuba with Mrs. Gottshire. We will leave here tomorrow by way of New Orleans and have everything in readiness to say a hasty fare-*

well before seperating; as the huts must be closed by June 20. I hope you have become reconciled to our fate, as I know it is absolutely the only way of escape. Until I see you believe me

Your lover,
Herbert Langdon.

On the 17th the party met at Havana and to say farewell. Two days later the women received a wireless message saying that Professor Gottshire and his followers had arrived at their destination and on the morning of the 20th the huts were closed.

The first indication that either had of the doom that had overtaken the world was the appearance, a month later of thick smoky clouds completely enveloping the heavens. Gottshire was at loss to account for it. The smoke could be accounted for in no way but by fire, and how could fire exist in an atmosphere containing only a little more than seven per cent oxygen?

It was a week before the problem was solved, at length a solution was opened. When all animal life had perished and there was no longer a consumer of oxygen it had accumulated rapidly, The winds and the sea had fanned the air, Everywhere from other sources it had rushed in, in enormous quantities driving out the impure atmosphere. Soon the air became largely made up of this inflammable substance, and atmospheric conditions were reversed. Thus air became a higly inflammable substance. A comet passing or perhaps a stroke of lightening had ignited the whole and thus by law known to science God had indeed destroyed the earth by fire.

In another month the air outside was sufficiently cleared and the party for the first time emerged from the hut. Before them everything was spread out in blackened ruin. Not a sign of life anywhere. They soon strapped packs upon their backs and started on their long journey to Cuba. They passed many cities on their way, the only sign of these mighty centres of traffic now remaining, being here and there a large mound, as of melted lava. Occasionally some building that had proven stronger than the rest had withstood the intense heat.

Arrived at St. Louis they found that the waters of the Mississippi had been completely dried and the mud at the bottom baked hard and forming a perfect highway. Down this they journeyed to New Orleans. There, only a few twisted iron beams of the gigantic cotton ware houses still stood like watchful sentinels over the death and ruin about them.

Their canvas boat was soon launched and the voyage to Cuba begun. As they neared the spot where the beautiful harbor of Havana had once stood, they saw above on a lofty ridge overlooking the sea the solitary hut which was the object of their search. From its topmost peak the American flag was gaily fluttering in the breeze. Joy filled the breasts of all. Yes, there upon the roof five feminine forms could be distinguished outlined against the sky waving them a joyful welcome. They knelt in the boat and offered a prayer of thanksgiving for their deliverance.

And here I must leave my story for other pens. I would gladly enter the field of romance and tell you of the happy life the little colony led. How God planted on this earth a better race, forgetful of the follies of the last.

I cannot indeed tell you how a newer and better government was formed under the stars and stripes; how and in a way least anticipated in the hearts of its early promoters America at last became a world power. These I consider, matters, to trivial for me and entirely out of keeping with my character as a simple narrator of bare fact.

The facts here narrated are from the dairy of my great-grandmother who was the wife of Herbert Langdon one of the Harvard students who escaped that awful destruction whlch befell the earth in the summer of 2115.

In The Spring Time.

When the sap begins its flowing
And the robin's songs we hear,
With delight we plan on going
To the sugar camp each year.

Perhapa we'll ride upon the car track,
In a most luxurious way.
For ou the hand-car with no hack
Is the most fun, so they say.

Did you ever see a hear-dance
In the middle of the night?
Well, if not, why there's your chance
While the moon is shining bright.

So we hail the coming Spring days
As the gladdest days of all:
And in after years to Alma, praise
Will never cease to fall.

For her doors will close behind us
After these bright days are gone,
And the great world's varied business
Will demand us, one by one.

K. G. '03.

SENIOR CLASS RECORDS.

LUCIUS S. BAGLEY—
President Zeta Sigma '03; President Athletic Association '02; Track Manager '00

W. RAY BAKER—
Base ball Captain 1902; Critic Zeta Sigma '03.

JOHN Y. BROOKE—
Critic Zeta Sigma; Keeper of Archives, Zeta Sigma.

MARGARET FITZPATRICK

PEARL FULLER—
Football Captain 1901 and 1902; Base ball Captain 1901; Track Captain 1902; Class President '00.

BESSIE PAULINE HAZELTON—
Valedictorian 1903; Assistant Editor Almanian.

ARTHUR J. HELMER—
Base ball Captain 1903; President Zeta Sigma 1903; Intercollegiate Director; President Athletic Association; Class President '03.

MYRTLE IONE NICHOLSON—
President Alpha Theta '03.

HUGH N. RONALD—
President Zeta Sigma; Base ball Manager 1903; Class President '99; President Y. M. C. A. 1903.

JOHN S. SHINER—
Vice-President Zeta Sigma.

HENRY H. SOULE—
Critic, Zeta Sigma; Track Manager 1900.

LAURA B. SOULE—
Vice-President Y. W C. A.

MARAGRET K. TAYLOR

T. GEORGE TIMBY—
President Glee Club; Critic Zeta Sigma.

ALICE B. THOMPSON—
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WALLACE E. WEBBER—
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ESSAY G. HOOPER.
President Alpha Theta.

SADIE MESSINGER.
President Alpha Theta.

Senior Class '03

A Word About Reading.

L. S. BROOKE, '96.

AN old lesson has come to me in a new way of late, and a word about it may not be untimely.

What shall a person read? The libraries are loaded down with books rusty with age, and the printers are turning out new ones at the rate of 4000 per year.

The *Book Man* and the *Book Lover* and the *Book Review* and many others are trying to tell us what is best among all this, and publish tests of the most popular books of the month and year.

What is one to do? We answer, nothing. Let him keep his head. Let him not lose himself in this great city of books. Because there are thousands of stores on Broadway, one does not need to go through them all to get what he needs, or to see what he wishes.

But how is a man to select a few books? By the advertisements? No. In fact, he does not need to select at all. The years have done that for him. The literary struggle for existance has done it; has brought to prominence *quality* and consigned *quantity* to the oblivion of rich men's book shelves. Read the books. Let the publications go by.

The most cultured man in Princeton, Dr. DeWitt, reads little but the old standard books but he reads them often. Herbert Spencer says that if he read as much as other people he would know as little. It is striking how few books great men read in their youth—Benjamin Franklin and Abraham Lincoln, et al. Garfields library was the Bible and Tennyson.

But why read at all, aside from the pleasure of it? Ruskin has a theory in his Kings Treasurers: Mathew Arnold has a better in his Essays in Criticism Series II. Read these and learn why.

There are three kinds of readers; cauniverous, herbiverous, carniverous: would you be a *full* man, be the first; would you be entertained, be the second; but if you are "weak in the faith," shun the herbs—eat meat; chew it, digest it; tomorrow eat more.

Well He Might.

A Pole by the name of Wizisky,
Remarkably fond of his whisky,
With a corkscrew at four
Tried to open his door—
And cried: "Wash ze matter with zis key?
—*New Orleans Time Democrat.*

ALMANIAN.

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Entered as second class matter at the Post Office, at Alma, Michigan.

JUNE 20, 1903.

WE'RE glad to see you're back, Prexy.

THE freshman ex. this year was a very creditable performance and speaks well for the future of the class.

THE ALMANIAN wishes you all a pleasant and profitable vacation, "and may you all come back prepared to do good hard work," as the profs say.

DURING a recent exhibition in the college chapel a bullet from a gun in the hands of some careless individual stationed back of the boiler house, crashed through the window, and several narrowly escaped permanent injury from broken glass. As it was, the bullet struck the ceiling and none were seriously injured. Such carelessness is criminal and the offender if caught should be punished; more than this—college sentiment should not allow firearms to be brought on the campus nor in the buildings. They are absolutely useless elements in college life and withal dangerous.

THE senior class is this year the largest in the history of the college. Strangely enough it is the only class that has retained it's original number throughout the course. It is the problem of the small college everywhere to hold it's students who enter in the freshman year, and Alma does this much better than the average college. Our classes in the college department are, however, not so large as they should be considering our numbers. It is the general sentiment of the student body that too much attention is given to the auxiliary departments and not enough to the college proper. It is the college department that is to give the college it's name in the outside world; and this year that is the only department which shows a decrease in numbers.

IT is with feelings of great satisfac- that students and faculty alike can look back upon the record of the past year. Never, I believe, has there prevailed a more busy, thoughtful and harmonious spirit than has been true of the year 1902–1903.

In the real student work of recitations the standard has seldom been higher than this year, and the work done has been excellent.

The literary life of the societies has been very active, and the public exhibitions have displayed a standard ahead of past years. Debating promises good things for the future.

After many years of spasmodic effort, Alma has now taken her full place in intercollegiate relations. During the year we have become a member of the Intercollegiate Athletic Association and of the Oratorical League. Last fall we turned out our second champion football team, and while the base ball season was not a success this year, it has shown us our weak points and we will be able to turn out a winning team next spring. Already arrangements are being made for a collegiate debate with Hanover College, our sister institution in Indiana, and we will next spring send a representative to the Michigan oratorical contest.

Withal the religious life of the college has been deepened and I believe this has had much to do with the success and good feeling in other lines.

Altogether I believe Alma is to be congratulated on her sixteenth year of existance.

THE following from the Saturday Evening Post is expressive of much of the sentiment of men outside the college, and represents the extreme view of the new education:

"A rich self-made Chicago man has put himself to a great deal of trouble to write a book tending to show by statistics and other facts that for purposes of success in business the college education is a failure. Many of the college people are laughing at him—and beyond question he does go to the extreme of an extreme. At the same time the man is honest, and the sound idea in his book will bear fruit.

"There is a theory that the body can be properly developed only by forms of manual labor which are otherwise absolutely useless. Hence a boy scorns to learn farming or gardening or a trade, and spends years in studying football, handball, polo and billiards. There is a theory that the mind can be properly developed only by forms of mental labor which are otherwise absolutely useless.

"Let the ordinary college graduate honestly answer this question: Except for 'making a front,' how much use have your Latin and Greek, your analytical geometry and differential calculus, ever been to you?

"The fact is that at the basis of much 'sport' and much 'higher education' lies the notion that there is superiority in ability to do what the mass of mankind has not had the leasure to learn to do.

"As the run of humanity is secretly snobbish, the craving for ornaments that are supposed to constitute the 'gentleman,' for the useless hands and impeding frilleries that are supposed to constitute the 'lady,' would perish indefinitely but for one unsurmountable fact. That is—more and more the world is getting to be a place

where only the worker, only the lusty, alive 'hustler,' can maintain a foothold. And the colleges will have to recognize the fact and to drop their beloved, moth-eaten trappings of mediævalism."

Athletics.

Since Mr. Hatch left last January, the athletics of the college have been under the direction of Pearl Fuller of the class of '03. It is probable that Mr. Fuller will occupy the position of physical director next year.

Pearl Fuller.

Alma has never turned out an athlete who has won greater laurels in athletics during his college course, nor one who is so well fitted to take the position of instructor, as Mr. Fuller. He has played continuously on the football team since his entry into college and had previously three years' high school experience. On the track he has been the mainstay of the college and he played on the base ball team two years.

For the past two years, Fuller has been captain of the football team, and always has been a star man.

He has had coaching under Fauver of Oberlin, Mortimer of Chicago, and "War Horse" Allen, who is recognized as one of the best coachers in the country.

Fuller has accepted a position as chemist with a mining company in Minnesota.

BASE BALL.

The baseball season this year has not been a howling success from the standpoint of games won. The team had the brightest of prospects at the begining of the year, and it was hoped to reach the finals in the Intercollegiate at least. Those hopes were dashed and

the only satisfaction that can be had from the cup games is that we succeeded in beating Olivet out for fifth place.

It is safe to say that Alma had this year the best material in some years., but the one thing which was necessary to make a good team was wanting—a coach. If the present season does nothing more than show the college the unwisdom of sending out a championship football team in the fall and a tail-end baseball team in the spring, it will not have been in vain. The idea that one man can coach track and baseball teams at the same time is a long exploded theory, and until Alma secures a special coach for baseball, and a good one too, we will never get any higher than we are at present; and all the good that a championship team in football may do the college, will be killed by a poor baseball team; all the enthusiasm that the one creates, will be destroyed by the other, and we will remain at a standstill. Another year should see Alma have a coach during baseball season, who gives his time exclusively to the work of training out a winning team.

J. Wirt Dunning

Alma vs. M. A. C.

The game with M. A. C. proved to be one of the fastest and cleanest games that ever has been played in Alma diamond. It has been closely contested from start to finish and both sides were repeatedly retired without getting a man to first. Alma had but two chances to score; in the first and fifth when Helmer reached third but the necessary hits were not forthcoming. The fielding of both teams was excellent, but the Alma men simply couldn't hit the ball when hits were needed.

M. A. C. scored two in the fourth by a lucky drive just behind short when men were on third and second. In the ninth two errors and a hit gave them three more. The batting work of both teams was superb, and Alma's outfield showed much improvement over the Albion game.

ALMA.	AB	R	H	O	A	M. A. C.	AB	R	H	O	A
Helmer, 2	3	0	1	1	0	R'm'n 1b	4	1	0	12	0
Dunning, c	4	0	0	9	3	A'st'g, ss	5	0	1	0	1
Davis, 3	4	0	0	1	3	G'ni'n, cf	5	0	1	1	0
Whitney, s	3	0	0	2	0	Bu't'n, 3b	5	1	1	3	1
B. Dunning, 1	3	0	0	10	0	Tower, rf	4	0	1	0	0
Baker, r	3	0	0	0	1	Lower, c	4	1	1	8	1
Webber, l	3	0	0	0	0	Pinnance, p	4	1	1	0	6
Steep, m	3	0	0	2	0	Bw'd'h, lf	4	1	0	3	0
McBride, p	3	0	0	1	3	Wilcox, 2b	4	0	1	0	1
Totals	29	0	1	27	13	Totais	39	5	7	27	10

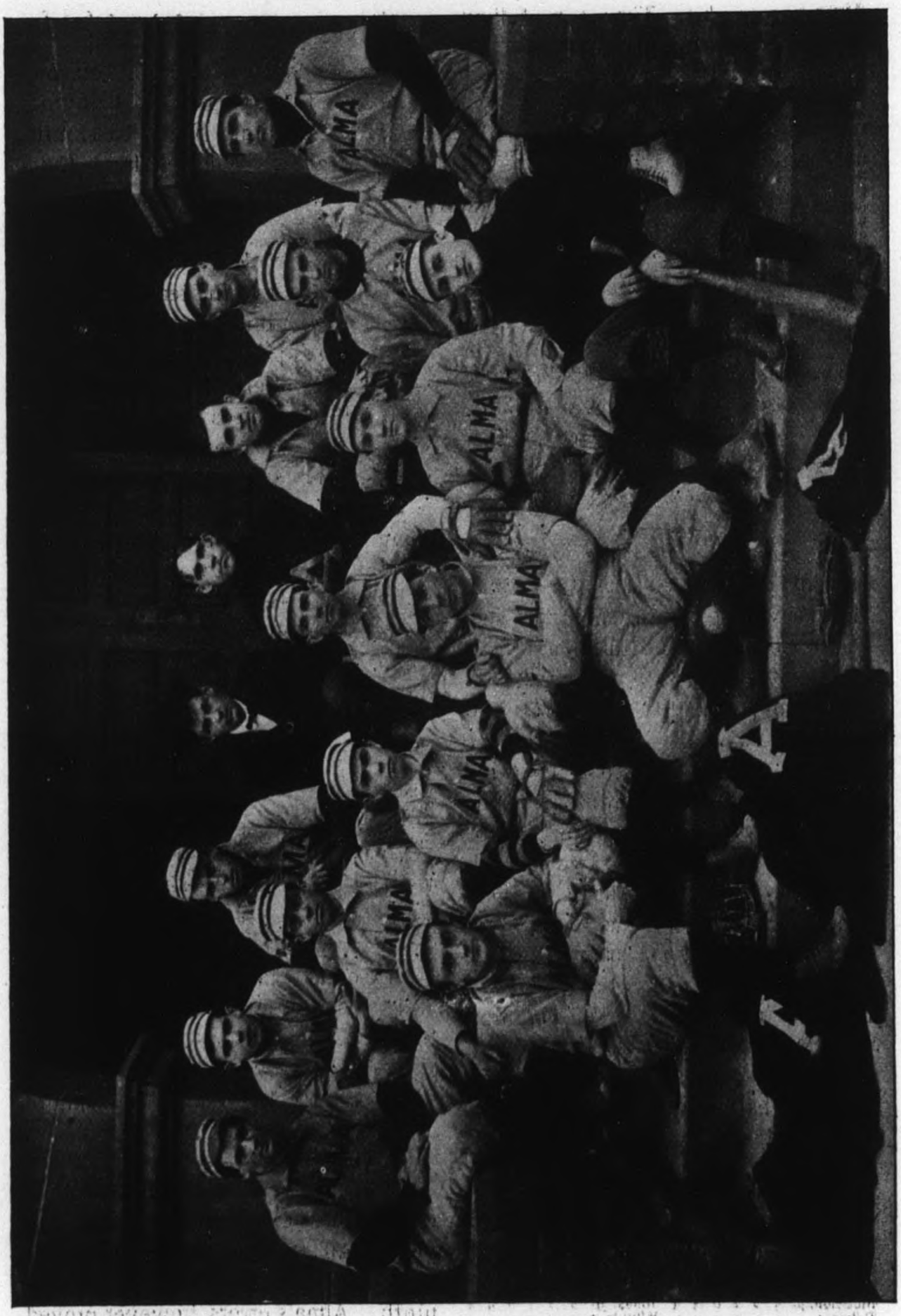
Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
M. A. C.	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	3	5
Alma	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

Errors—B. Dunning 2, McBride 1, Davis 2, Wilcox 1. Baces on balls—off Pinnace 1. Stolen bases—Helmer 2. Sacrifice hits, Tower, Pinnace. Struck out—by McBride 10, by Pinnace 9. Umpire—Hanson. Time—1:20.

Alma vs. Hillsdale.

The first trip which the team took resulted in one victory and one defeat. Hillsdale proved a strong propopition and their hard hitting, together with several misplays by Alma's infield, lost the game. McBride did not pitch in his usual form and was pounded for 16 hits, Johnson getting two home runs, one a ball batted into the grand stand. Webber made a costly error in the first inning. With two out and the bases full, he lost a fly that gave Hillsdale four runs. Up to the ninth inning Johnson allowed

Baseball Team, 03.



Alma but one hit. Then Alma fell on him for four singles and a double.

Score:

ALMA.

	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Helmer 2b	5	1	1	5	0	2
W. D'nl'g c	4	2	1	7	4	0
Davis, 3b	5	0	1	0	3	2
Whitney, s	5	2	0	5	1	3
B. Dnl'g, 1b	4	1	0	9	0	0
Baker, r	3	1	1	0	0	0
Webber, l	4	0	0	0	0	1
Steep, m	3	1	1	1	0	0
McBride, p	4	0	0	0	3	1
Totals	37	8	5	24	11	9

HILLSDALE.

	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Hayes 3b	4	1	1	0	2	5
Zeigler c	5	1	2	12	1	0
Bell, s	5	4	1	1	5	0
Depew, 1b	5	2	2	11	0	1
Boone, r	5	1	2	0	0	0
Brown, m	5	3	1	0	0	0
Neufang, 2	5	2	2	2	1	1
Westcott, l	5	2	3	1	0	0
Johnson, p	5	2	2	0	6	1
	44	18	16	27	12	8

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Alma	3	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	3--8
Hillsdale	4	0	5	0	0	2	1	6	0-18

Summary; Two base hits—Davis, Zeigler, Bell, Boone, Brown; Home runs—Johnson, 2; Bases on balls—Dunning, Bader, Hayes, 2; Struck out—by Johnson 9, by McBride 4.

The game at Olivet the next day proved an easy victory for Alma. McBride was sent in to pitch his second consecutive game and held Olivet down to five hits. He was given excellent support and Olivet never had a chance to win. Eyke was very wild and the Alma batters pounded him for 12 hits in 8 innings. His support was ragged except in the outfield, where Bishop made two beautiful running catches. Alma's outfield showed up the best it has this season. Adams was put in at centre and made two fine catchcs. Webber caught a hard one in the ninth. W. Dunning was hit on the arm in the third by a pitched ball but continued the game. The men batted well and secured hits when they were needed.

Score:

ALMA.

	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Whitney, s	2	2	0	1	1	0
Helmer, 2b	4	2	1	1	2	0
B. D'nl'g, 1b	5	1	1	4	0	1
W. D'nl'g, c	4	0	1	10	1	0
Davis, 3b	5	1	2	1	2	1
McBride, p.	5	2	2	0	3	1
Baker, r	4	1	2	0	0	0
Webber, l	4	3	1	2	0	0
Adams. m	4	2	3	2	0	0
Totals	38	15	12	21	9	4

OLIVET.

	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Lewis, c	4	1	1	8	0	1
Ellis, s	3	1	0	1	0	0
Eyke, p	4	0	1	1	1	1
Bishop, l	3	1	0	2	0	0
Wilson, 2b	2	1	1	1	3	2
Jones, 3b	2	1	1	0	2	2
Millik'n, m	2	1	0	1	0	0
George, r.	3	0	0	0	0	0
Grey, 1b	3	1	1	7	0	1
	26	7	5	21	6	7

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Alma	0	4	0	0	3	2	6	0-15
Olivet	1	1	0	2	2	1	0	0- 7

Bases on balls, off Eyke 5, off McBride 4; Hit by pitcher, Dunning, Helmer, Milliken. Two base hits, Adams, Baker. Wild pitches, Eyke 3. Passed ball, Lewis.

Alma's Second Trip.

The second trip the team made included an exhibition game at Albion and the championship game at M. A. C. The team left, somewhat discouraged. It was discovered that Dunning's arm had been broken in the Olivet game and he was unable to play, for the remainder of the season. Adams and Baker were both used in the box and Burnett was tried behind the bat in the Albion game. The men were unable to hit Rehm, while Albion took advantage of Alma's errors and hit the ball hard, winning 11 to 2.

ALMA.

	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Whitney s	4	0	0	2	4	2
Helmer 2b	4	0	0	4	3	1
B. D'ning 1	4	0	0	9	1	1
Davis 3	4	0	0	0	0	1
McBride m	4	1	2	5	0	1
Baker p, r.	4	1	0	0	4	1
Webber l	3	0	0	2	0	0
Burnett c	2	0	0	5	1	0
Adams r, p.	3	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	30	2	2	27	13	7

ALBION.

	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Striker r	6	3	3	1	1	0
McKale m.	5	2	3	2	0	1
Church 1	5	1	1	17	0	0
Kn'kerb'r	3	4	0	0	0	3
Brewer 2	3	2	1	3	2	0
Bliss c	5	2	1	4	0	1
Matthews s	4	2	1	0	3	1
Brail l	4	1	2	0	0	1
Rehm p	5	0	1	0	6	0
Totals	41	11	13	27	15	4

Three base hits, Striker, Mcbride; Two base hits, McKale 2, Church; Struck out, by Rehm 4, by Adams 2, by Baker 2; Bases on balls, by Adams 2, by Baker 3, by Rehm 1. Umpire Jacobs. Time 1:30.

The game at M. A. C. was the closest and most exciting contest of the year. All through the game Alma landed on Pinnace and led up to the ninth. Alma's errors, however proved costly, and with an inexperienced catcher against them the M. A. C. men

stole bases like fiends. Mcbride pitched a fine game and batted hard, securing four hits in five times up. He was ably supported by Ben Dunning and Whitney and Helmer, but costly errors lost the game at critical stages. In the ninth Alma led but M. A. C. succeeded in getting enough to win on lucky hits and two costly errors. Score:

ALMA.	AB	R	H	O	A	E	M. A. C.	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Baker r	5	2	0	1	0	0	Wilcox s	2	0	0	1	0	1
Dunning 1	5	3	1	15	0	0	Gunnison m	5	2	2	2	0	2
Whitney s	5	2	2	2	2	1	Burke 1	5	0	1	13	2	0
McBride p	5	3	4	0	6	0	Millar 3	5	2	1	3	0	0
Davis 3	5	0	2	1	1	2	Tower c	5	2	2	4	3	0
Helmer 2	4	0	0	1	4	1	Pinnance p	5	1	0	2	4	0
Adams m	4	0	0	0	0	0	Frazer r	4	0	0	0	0	0
Webber l	4	0	0	3	0	0	Bowditch l	4	2	2	1	0	0
Burnett c	4	0	0	2	0	0	Rasmussen l	4	1	0	1	5	1
							Towner s	3	1	1	0	0	0
	41	10	9	25	13	4	Totals	42	11	9	27	14	4

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Alma	3	0	3	0	2	0	0	0	2	10
M. A. C.	0	0	1	1	4	0	2	0	3	11

Bases on balls—off Pinnace 2, off McBride 1. Three base hit—McBride. Double play—Pinance, Burke and Tower. Hit by pitcher—by McBride 1. Struck out—by Pinance 6, by McBride 2. Passed balls—Burnett 2. Time—2:10. Umpire—Fitzgibbon. Attendance—750.

Alma's Average.

J. L. McBride was elected base ball captain by the team at a meeting held last week. McBride hos pitched for two seasons on the team and previous to that played field.

Alma's baseball captain for the past six years have been:

1898—P. H. Bruske
1899—M. A. Holmes
1900—J. Wirt Dunning
1901—Peorl Fuller
1602—W. R. Backer
1903—A. J. Helmer.

Batting and fielding averages of the team.

	Batting	Fielding
McBride	.352	.835
Davis	.243	.696
B. Dunning	.189	.924
Adams	.187	.666
Whitney	.186	.842
W. Dunning	.167	.984
Helmer	.166	.850
Steep	.153	.666
Webber	.121	.750
Baker	.115	.818
Burnett	.000	.750

McBride leads the batters and J. W. Dunning the fielders. B. Dunning Whitney and Helmer have played steady fielding games, and for the first three games the two former had an average of 1,000.

WRESTLING.

M. A. C. vs. Alma.

Friday May 22, 7:30 found our men ready to try their skill with the M. A. C.'s brawny wrestlers. Every man was nerved to the occasion and ready to do his best. The bouts were to be three for each wt. and the decision given to be formed from the number of falls and aggressiveness of the wrestlers.

Beechler was called first to meet Decker in the heavy wt. Little time was lost in getting acquainted and Decker got a fall on Beechler in 51 seconds.

Next came Bird and Hurst in the middle wt. Hurst got a fall on Bird in 20 seconds. Things looked better and we took courage.

Johnson and Hoag in welter wt. wrestled a draw, much aggressiveness being shown on both sides.

Clark and Phillips worked out their four minutes and referee called draw, Phillips doing fine work against M. A. C.'s best wrestler.

One of the most interesting bouts occurred next, Jennings and Chandler doing some fast work in exchanging holds and defensive work, Jennings securing a fall in 45 seconds.

Johnson and Hoag wrestled 1 minute, 20 seconds, Johnson securing the fall.

Clark then threw Phillips in 25 seconds.

Beechler threw Decker in 25 seconds.

Bird threw Hurst in 30 seconds.

Chandler and Jennings did some fine work both in offense and defense. Bout declared a draw.

Johnson downed Hoag in 1 minute, 50 seconds, having clearly the better of his man throughout the bout.

Clark and Phillips wrestled 2 minutes, 5 seconds, Clark securing the fall. Good science was displayed on both sides, making the bout interesting from all view points.

Beechler and Decker tussled for 3 minutes, Beechler securing the fall.

Hurst again threw Bird in 20 seconds, thus winning the first wrestling match for Alma and defeating a college which has always been held sure champions in wrestling.

Much hard work has been done by the men during the past winter and spring and they are well deserving of their honor. *Fuller.*

ALMA COLLEGE RECORDS.

Football Records.

'94	Alma vs. Saginaw	6	0
	" Saginaw	8	0
'95	Alma vs. Shepherd	24	0
	" Kalamazoo	8	12
'99	Alma vs. Ionia	18	16
	" M. A. C.	0	0
	" M. A. C.	18	16
'97	Alma vs. Mt. Pleasant	18	0
	" Ionia	24	4
	" M. A. C.	16	30
	" M. A. C.	4	38
	" Ferris	32	4
	" Olivet	16	0
'98	Alma vs. Mt. Pleasant	12	0
	" Saginaw	6	5
	" U. of M. Fr'shm'n	5	6
	" Saginaw	6	28
'99	Alma vs. Mt. Pleasant	12	0
	" M. A. C.	11	11
	" Kalamazoo	5	5
	" U. of M. Fr'shm'n	5	5
	" U. of M. Reserves	0	15
	" Saginaw	34	0
1900	Alma vs. High School	54	0
	" Ferris	41	0
	" Oberlin	5	6
	" D. A. C.	5	0
	" Albion	12	12
	" M. A. C.	23	0
	" Olivet	6	11
	" Lansing City	11	6
	" Olivet	6	0
	" Albion	23	0
'01	Alma vs. High School	11	0
	" M. A. C.	6	5
	" D. A. C.	5	23
	" Ferris	12	0
	" Albion	0	5
	" Saginaw	5	0
'02	Alma vs. High School	5	0
	" Elsie	23	0
	" Albion	12	0
	" Kalamazoo	23	0
	" Albion	6	18
	" Ferris	12	0
	" Olivet	10	0
	" M. A. C.	23	5

Total football score for Alma:

Alma	507.
Opponents	117.

Alma	Games Won	31.
"	" Lost	11.
"	" Tied	5.

Baseball Records.

'98	Alma vs.	Mt. Pleasant	14	11
	"	Indians	5	6
	"	Mt. Pleasant	0	5
	"	U. of M.	3	14
	"	Shepherd Pr'f'ls	5	17
	"	Edmore	11	2
	"	Tri County t'm	18	5
'99	Alma vs.	St. Louis, Ithaca	18	6
	"	Normal	25	4
	"	Midland	6	7
	"	Indians	16	10
	"	Edmore	16	16
	"	Normal	0	0
1900	Alma vs.	M. A. C.	9	11
	"	Ferris	8	4
	"	Alma P'fess'n'ls	11	18
	"	Normals	12	10
	"	Ithaca	18	5
	"	Normals	11	7
	"	Indians	19	6
'01	Alma vs.	Newark	20	0
	"	M. A. C.	9	4
	"	Albion	2	12
	"	Mt. Pleasant	13	11
'02	Alma vs.	Albion	5	17
	"	Ferris	8	0
	"	Albion	5	23
	"	M. A. C.	5	3
	"	Detroit College	12	0
	"	Normals	16	3
	"	Alumni	12	1
	"	Mt. Pleasant	10	5
'03	Alma vs.	Albion	1	8
'03	Alma vs.	M. A. C.	10	11
	"	M. A. C.	0	5
	"	Hilldale	8	18
	"	Olivet	17	5
	"	Albion	2	11

Field Records.

100 yard dash, 10 1-10 s—John Jameson.

220 yard dash, 23 2-5 s—J. C. Foote.

440 yard run, 53 s—S. Schenck.

120 yard hurdle, 17 1-5 s.—P. Fuller.

220 yard hurdle, 27 1-5 s.—C. E. Scott.

½ mile run, 2 m. 13 s.—O. Richard.

1 mile run, 4 m. 54 s.—O. Richard.

College relay—Schenck, Long, Monteith, Fuller.

Class relay, 3 m. 54 s.—Class of '05.

Running broad jump, 20 ft. 2 in.—W. T. Johnson.

Running high jvmp, 5 ft. 2 in.—J. B. Stevens.

Standing broad jump, 9 ft. 9 in.—C. Long.

Pole vault, 9 ft. 10 in.—F. Glass.

Hammer throw, 124 ft. 3 in.—P Fuller.

Shot put, 37 ft. 1 in.—R. Beechler.

High kick, 8 ft. 11½in.—C. Whitney.

Running hop, step and jump, 43 ft. 4 in.—W. T. Johnson.

Snap under bar, 9 ft. 3 in.—F. Glass.

Fence vault, 6 ft. 11 in.—W. H. Long.

INTERCOLLEIATE FIELD DAY.

What was perhaps the most successful athletic meet ever held by the colleges closed last Saturday under a cloud of sadness. At almost the last hour of the meet Cuyler S. North, captain of the Kalamazoo base ball team and one of the best known athletes in the Intercollegiate, was suddenly killed by a passenger train while going from the athletic field to the depot. But one event remained to be pulled off, the final game for the base ball championship between Albion and Kalamazoo. This was immediately called off and everything closed. Mr. North was on his way to the depot to meet friends which arrived on the train that killed him. He was very badly mangled and died almost instantly, never regaining consciousness. It is the saddest event that has occured in the Michigan colleges since Mr. McKee was killed at Detroit two years ago.

The meet itself was very successful from every standpoint. The weather was perfect, the crowds large, and very fast work done.

Five records were broken. Millar, of M. A. C., raised the pole vault to 10 feet 4 inches; Church lowered the 120 yard hurdles to 16 3-5 seconds; Burrington cleared 21 feet 9½ inches in the broad jump; Church lowered the 220 hurdles to 26 2-5 seconds; and Bell, of Hillsdale established the first record in the football punt of 135 feet 1-3 inch. The record in the mile run was equalled by Phillips, of M. A. C.

Alma had no entries in the outdoor work except in the hurdles and weights. Kratzenburg took third in the 220 hurdles and was very close behind the winner. Beechler was second in the shot put. Johnson in the hammer had an off day and failed to qualify.

In the indoor meet and in tennis the Alma teams made a fine showing. Hyney, of Alma, had no trouble in defeating all comers in the singles in tennis. On the first day he won easily from Wheeler, of M. A. C., 6-4; 4-6; 6-1. Then Friday he defeated White of Albion 9-7; and 8-6. In the doubles Baker and Hyney easily defeated the M. A. C. team, but in the finals lost to Albion by a close score. Hyney had been playing so much that both his feet and hands were blistered badly and he was almost unable to play. One first and one second in tennis is thought remarkable.

In the indoor meet, Jennings took first in the special weight wrestling and first with Kratzenburg in the tumbling. Johnson and Hurst took seconds in their weights in wrestling and Sweigart was first in club swinging. We came in a close second to M. A. C., the winners, the final points being, M. A. C. 28, Alma 21. Hillsdale was third.

In the outdoor work the final score stood: M. A. C.., 58; Olivet, 29 2-3; Albion, 23 1-3; Kalamazoo, 7; Alma 4.

The summary of events below:—

100-yard dash—Moon, M. A. C., first; VanDis, Kalamazoo, second; Hill, Albion, third; time 10 2-5 seconds.

Running broad jump—Burrington, M. A. C., first; Moon, M. A. C., second; Brewer, Albion, third; distance 21 feet 9 1-2 inches.

120-yard hurdles—Church, Albion,

Track Team '03.

first; Bartell, Albion, second; Betts, Olivet, third; time 16 3-5 seconds.

Running high jump—Bell, Hillsdale, first; Betts, Olivet, second; Moon, M. A. C., third; height 5 feet 4 1-2 inches.

Pole vault—Millar, M. A. C., first; Blanchard, M. A. C., second; Bell, Hillsdale; Loomis, Olivet; and Bishop, Olivet, tied for third: height 10 feet 4 inches.

Mile run—Phillips, M. A. C., first; Baker, Hillsdale, second; Olin, M. A. C., third; time, 4:28 2-5.

220-yard hurdles—First, Church, Albion; second, Martin, M. A. C.; third. Kratzenburg, Alma; time, 26 2-5.

880-yard dash—First, Meeks, M. A. C.; second, Johnson, Olivet; third Waner, Albion; time, 5 2-5.

Football punt—First, Bell, Hillsdale; second, Burrington, M. A. C.; third, Burke, M. A. C.; distance; 135 feet 1 1-3 inches.

Two-mile run—First, Leech, Olivet; second, Baker, Hillsdale; Olin, M. A. C.; time, 11:39 4-5.

440-yard run—First; Milliken, Olivet; second, Vandis; third, Varren, M. A. C.; time, 53 3-5.

16-pound shot put—First, Betts, Olivet; second, Beechler, Alma; third, Hill, Albion; distance, 36 feet 6 1-2 inches.

220-yd dash—First, Moon, M. A. C.; second, Milliken, Olivet; third, Vandis, Kalamazoo; time, 22 1-2.

Discus throw—First, Kratz, M. A. C.; second, Brewer, Albion; third, Bliss, Albion; distance 99 feet.

Hammer throw—First, Deross, Hillsdale; second, Blair, Olivet; third, Farleman, M. A. C.; distance 103 feet 7 inches.

Indoor Events.

The indoor events resulted as follows:

Middle-weight wrestling—First, Wolf, Hillsdale; second, Hurst, Alma.

Individual club swinging—First, Swiggartt, Alma; second, Mack, M. A. C.; third Fenn, Hillsdale.

Light-weight wrestling—First, Clark, M. A. C.; second, Ball, Olivet.

Horizontal bar—First, Rathman, Albion; second, Platt, Albion; third, Balbach, M. A. C.

Heavy-weight wrestling—First, Bell, Hillsdale; second, Wolf, Hillsdale.

Parallel bar work—First, Balbach, M. A. C.; second, Platt, Albion.

Featherweight wrestling—First, Coldren, Hillsdale; second, Smith, M. A. C.

Welterweight wrestling—First, Fryman, M. A. C.; second, Caldwell, Olivet.

Special class wrestling, 125 pounds—First, Jennings, Alma; second, Smith, M. A. C.

ZETA SIGMA--PHI PHI ALPHA DEBATE.

EVER since Alma went down to defeat before the Albion debaters in 1901, we have felt that we were deficient in oratory and debating. We have felt that we had the men to make good debaters, if they could only get the proper training, and could be interested in it, so as to develop their abilities in debating, as in the other college activities. In order to develop good debaters an interest in debating will have to be developed among the whole student body. A healthy spirit of rivalry will have to exist among the different literary societies. In order to develop this spirit and develop ability in debating, the Phi Phi Alpha literary society challenged the Zeta Sigma society for a public debate on the evening of May 25, upon the question—"Resolved that the canteen should be restored to the United States Army." This challenge was promptly accepted by the Zeta Sigma, and the affirmative side of the question was chosen. Messrs. Helmer, Dunning and McBride were chosen to represent the Zeta Sigma, and Messrs. Johnson, Butler and King the Phi Phi Alphas. The zeal with which these men entered upon the debate is highly commendatory. Official documents upon the subject were secured from our congressman. Representative Darragh of St. Louis was especially kind in forwarding documents and offering the use of his Congressianal Records. The debate took place in college chapel, on Monday evening, May 25. Rev. W. K. Spencer acted as presiding officer. Miss Mary L. Allen, Prof. Hanson and Prof. J. T. Ewing acted as judges. Mr. Helmer opened the debate by saying that the affirmative in maintaining that side of the question was not pleading against temperance, but that it would try to prove that the condition of the army was much better under the canteen law than since the law had been repealed. Mr. Johnson followed by carefully outlining the proof which the negative would put forth. Mr. Dunning brought up government statistics in great numbers to prove that the army was in better condition when they had the canteen than before it. Mr. Butler attempted to prove that the soldiers were better without the canteen than with it by what some army officers and newspapers had written. Mr. McBride showed the moral degradation resulting from the soldiers going to the low class saloons. Mr. King, the last speaker, emphasized the fact that the government was maintaining a low ideal in setting itself up as a dispenser of liquors. The rebuttal speeches were good, and showed that the debaters had the facts of the case well in hand. As a whole the debate was entirely worthy of the literary societies represented and was a very worthy beginning in inter-society debates. The decision of the judges gave the debate to Zeta Sigma. They demonstrated the fact that Alma has considerable good debating material, if it is only developed. May the good work go on and may we soon have a debating

team, which will place Alma among the first rank of Michigan's colleges in debating as well as athletics. With the entrance of Alma in the Michigan Intercollegiate Oratorical Association next year, we should make vast strides in oratory and debate.

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CHAS. D. HURREY,
Secretary State Y. M. C. A.

Alma's Vacation Group, Greenville, 1903.

Class and Society Notes.

CLASSES.

SENIOR.

The Seniors have been trying all the year to decide upon a class memorial to leave for the college. Upon the recommendation of Dr. Bruske a committee was sent by the class to Riverdale to look at a large stone near there. The class, after the return of the committee, decided to have the stone brought here and placed upon the campus, but the man who agreed to draw it here met with an accident, and at present it is in the ditch just three miles this side of Riverdale, and the class, as yet, has reached no decision as to what they will do about it.

During Dr. Bruske's absence the Ethic Class has been in charge of Mr. Helmer.

JUNIOR.

A junior comes out one day with a fine defense of his habitual tardiness by saying that it never harms anyone else that he is late. The next day we find him in bed at the appointed time and delaying a whole riding party for half an hour.

Bangs will attend the summer school at Ann Arbor during vacation.

The time is fast approaching when we can look back and say:

> "Oh the men from Juniordom
> They are very, very bum! !"

We feel that we are unspotted, by visiting eyes, owing to our lack of numerical ladies, but we hope that by commencement week, when our pins arrive, we will be known as the '04 combine.

The climax of junior class affairs was reached last Saturday when the class visited the whole day at the home of Mr. Winton's grandfather, Mr. Sickels. Leaving Alma at seven a. m., the farm was reached at ten o'clock. Time was given for all to warm up and then came the dinner. O, that dinner! Commencement dinner at Wright Hall looks like one of Tracy's egg sandwiches. After dinner the beautiful farm was viewed and reviewed. We walked through the fields and woods, stood on the rustic bridge, sang everything in the song book, and posed for a picture. At five o'clock lunch was served that we might get back to Wright Hall by ten o'clock. After this we departed, wishing Mr. Sickles many happy returns of Decoration Day, since this was his eightieth birthday.

SOPHOMORE.

One evening last week the sophomore class was royally entertained at the home of Miss Pringle.

Mr. Ardis will return to college commencement week.

Mr. Gaunt spent Sunday at his home near Vassar.

Messrs. Beechler, Johnson, and Philipps took part in the wrestling match at M. A. C. and added to the honor of the class by winuing two out of three events in which they participated.

Mr. Philipps, who has been ill during the past week, is convalescent.

Mr. Brown has left college but may be expected back for commencement.

Mr. Chapman had the misfortune to break his arm in the freshman-sophomore ball game, while defending the honor of the class.

For the third time this year the sophomores have demonstrated their superiority over the "freshies." The third occasion was a freshman-sophomore base ball game, which resulted in a score of ten to six in favor of '05.

FRESHMAN.

Soph.—"Aren't the freshman hats just too sweet for anything!"

Prof. M.'s soliloquy—"What a grand success the freshman ex. turned out to be!! Well, after all, that is inevitably the case when a class shows such a spirit of docility, such a quiet submission to the powers that be, as *this* freshman class has."

Freshman originality cropped out last week in an unprecedented theatrical performance given in college chapel for the benefit of the art department. The freshman show was preceded by two well-enacted farces by the art students. The characters in the play proper were well chosen, while the star actors, Miss McCord and Mr. Cooley, displayed rare theatrical ability.

KINDERGARTEN.

Miss Bessie M. Brodie, kg. '01 is taking special work with Mrs. Plum and is assisting he in her various duties. For the past two years she has been teaching in Manistee in the public kindergartens.

The senior class are now busy with their final examinations. A sigh of relief will soon be heard.

Miss Anna M. Evans has secured a fine position in the public kindergarten of Ionia, where she expects to be next year. As yet, only one of the remainder of the class know where they may be situated, positively. Miss Harriet Soule has accepted a good position in Shepherd.

Frœbel society wound up its year's work last evening with the election of the following capable officers: Miss Orena Schenk, president; Miss Watson, vice president; Miss Thompson, secretary; and Miss Garland, treasurer. They showed their excellent spirit in the form of a *spread*, where seniors and juniors rejoiced together once more before the year closed.

SOCIETIES.

ZETA SIGMA.

Three new members have been added to the list of Zeta Sigma men.

The election of officers for the first term next fall takes place this week. The election will be of considerable interest to all members, and more especially the spread which follows it.

The society had the pleasure of entertaining the Alpha Theta girls the evening of May 18th, in the Y. M. C. A. rooms. It was an enjoyable event, a change from the strict routine of society work. All the boys heartily agreed, even though the ice cream was nearly stolen, that "a little nonsense now and then is the 'proper thing' for the best of men." But we had to leave at half past ten.

PHI PHI ALPHA.

We were glad to receive M. L. Marshall into the society a few weeks ago.

With more or less trouble on either side, the photographer took our picture the other day, but it was worth what trouble it caused.

The debate with the Zeta Sigmas was satisfactory in every way but one—we didn't win. Our debaters were congratulated all around, and—well just wait till they are juniors and seniors.

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A Freshman Song.

Tune—"*Comin' through the Rye.*"

Never broke a regulation,
  Never told a lie.
Never missed a recitation,
  But we don't know why.

Never want to run or whistle,
  Dean says 'tain't polite.
Never make a wretched fizzle,
  When we don't recite.

Always love examinations,
  Never on the street;
Never nibble sweet confections
  When we can't get meat.

When in the hall we meet a student,
  Never stop to talk;
Never take a step imprudent,
  When we do not walk.

To our teachers we are tender,
  And will be again.
Never name the other gender,
  Save to say Amen.

You may gather from these data,
  Just how good we be.
We're as proud of Alma College
  As she is of we.

J. L.

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