

OCTOBER NUMBER, 1903

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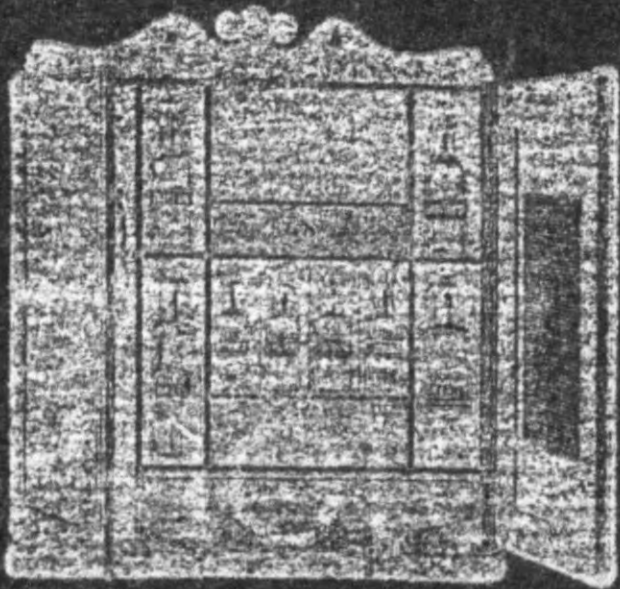
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J. Wirt Dunning.



Wm. Winton Jr.

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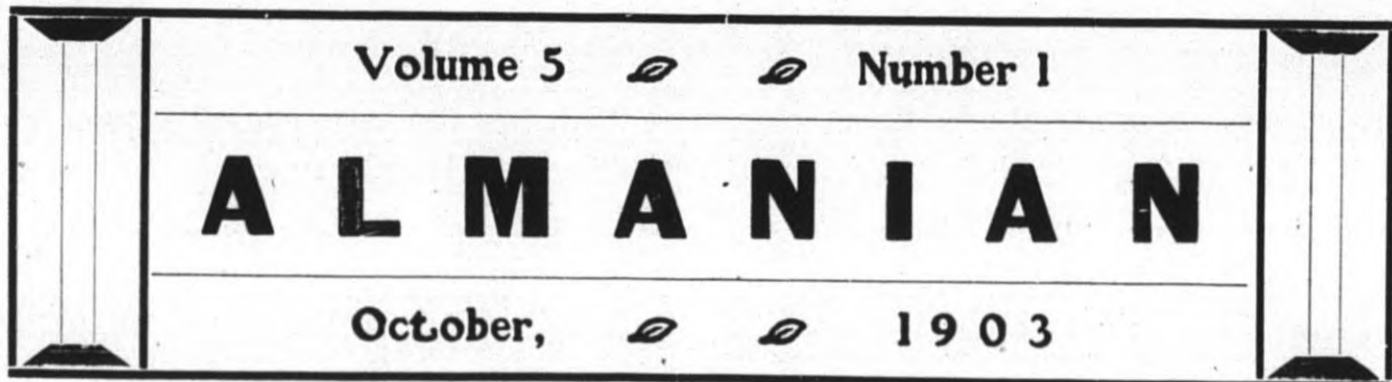
TO ALL STUDENTS OF ALMA COLLEGE, PAST AND PRESENT, THE ALMANIAN GIVES ITS GREETINGS, AT THE OPENING OF THIS ITS FIFTH VOLUME. THAT ITS PAGES MAY PROVE FAR MORE USEFUL THAN EVER BEFORE; THAT IT MAY APPROACH WITH EACH NUMBER NEARER THE IDEAL COLLEGE MAGAZINE; THAT IT MAY OFFER WITH UTMOST FAIRNESS ALL THAT CONTRIBUTES TO THE WELFARE OF THE ENTIRE COLLEGE, IS THE HOPE OF THE MANAGEMENT.—THAT WE WILL DO ALL IN OUR POWER TO ACCOMPLISH THESE ENDS, IS OUR PLEDGE AND PROMISE.—TO THE FRESHMAN CLASS, TO THEIR SILENT FEARS, TO THEIR FOND AMBITIONS AND LOFTY DREAMS OF FUTURE GREATNESS, WE DEDICATE THIS NUMBER.

J. WIRT DUNNING, Editor-in-Chief.

WM. WINTON, JR., Business Manager.

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## Wilton Turner.

PREP. '08.

**T**HE sun had risen early on that beautiful August morning; and as it advanced to the top of the wooded Vermont hills the dew and dampness of the night yielded to its warming rays; then as it left the green cedars and pines and rose majestically into the blue of heaven it left behind it a heat almost unbearable. Now just at midday it seemed to pause for a moment as if reluctant to yield to its waning powers of the afternoon.

Everything about the farm was wrapped in the stillness of the noon hour. Along the fragrant lanes not a breath of wind stirred the leaves of the mountain ashes, whose berries had already begun to show the first faint blush of autumn. Down in the pasture land the cattle stood knee deep in the water of the creek, endeavoring to ward off the intense heat of the sun, while thousands of insects tortured them not less mercilessly, the long leaves of the ripening corn were rolled and curled into beautiful green spirals; the bees hovered over clover blossoms in the meadow, and down in the woodland, the squirrels had retired to their tree top homes, after their morning raid upon the neighboring corn fields.

Suddenly the stillness was broken by the loud screech of the dinner horn.

From underneath one of the many solitary pine trees that covered Woodland farm, a young man arose, and hanging a sythe, which he had used but little that morning, to one of the limbs of the tree, slowly turned his way to the house.

In appearance there was little remarkable in Wilton Turner. His dress was that of the typical farmer, but something about his whole make-up seemed to indicate more than a mere laborer. He had completed his course in the school of the neighboring village, the year before, and that fall had planned to enter college, but during the summer both his father and mother had died and he had been compelled to remain at home and work to pay the many little debts his father owed. Someday, he told himself, he would sell the little farm, and with the money he would enter the great world to secure what he most craved.—an education.

Meanwhile in a home across the street a very different scene was being enacted. In a comfortable sitting room, an aged father and mother and an only daughter were engaged in an

animated conversation. Upon the table lay an opened letter it was from the Dean of Williams College and announced that Rosa Williams had received the highest honors for Latin in the state and was awarded the state prize—a scholarship in Williams College. The girl's face was flushed at thoughts of her success. But one thing clouded her happiness. She loved Wilton Turner. From early childhood they had been companions; they had romped over the hills together when children; they had attended school together; together they had planned the future. When Will had decided not to enter college she too had given up her hopes, and they were to be married that year. Now all was changed. To her had come the chance of a lifetime. A career was opened before her. She must go. Her love and his could wait. After all it was only for a year and then she would return to him. A year could never matter.

As she saw Will emerging from the house after dinner, she gaily ran across the road for her usual noonday chat with him. As she told him of her fortune, a cloud covered his face, his hands shook, and he was about to tell her that she must not go, but at length he mastered his selfishness and spoke, "yes it is right, you should go. It will be hard, but I can wait."

That afternoon he could not work. Tears filled his eyes and the sythe refused to move in his hands. At evening he returned to the house sick at heart. She came to see him often in the days that followed, and they passed quickly till her departure. At length she went promising devotion to him.

With her the year passed quickly. Brilliant, and handsome she soon became a leader in her class. Everywhere and with everyone she was popular. She wrote often to Will, telling him of her college life. He read her letters with joy at the nearing time when she would return to him. At the close of the year it was with sadness that she said good bye to her friends, not expecting to see them again.

\* \* \* \*

Again it was August, again the ashes were beginning to show their ripened fruit, again the bees hovered over the late clover blossoms. The summer has passed quickly. Will and Rose have been very happy together, but as time advances he notices a sadness creeping over her. He soon guessed the cause and spoke to her. She was happy here,—yes,—but she was sad to think she could not return.

That night Will did not sleep. For long hours he sat in thought. Then he prayed.

Next day he called Rose's father across to see him. Seated in the little room which he had fitted up as a study they talked for a long time. At length rising he opened a drawer of the table, and taking out a small bag, he poured its contents upon the table. There rolled out many neat rolls of bills and silver coin. "There it is," he said, "I will take no refusal. I have toiled and saved for two years to get it. It is mine. I have a right to use it as I please. I saved it for her. I thought she would stay and enjoy it with me, but it best for her to go. You must take it. I command you to. Give it to her and never on



your life tell her who gave it to you. The old man took the money.

That night Rose told Will that she could return to school. Her father had been to the city that afternoon, she told him, and secured the money from a friend. She returned that fall and Will remained at home toiling alone. Her letters came less frequently than before, but when the summer came again, he was as near to her as ever. That fall he again called her father to him and turned over all that he had saved. She returned for her junior year. From time to time her father received requests from her for money.

Someway Will always found it out and the money was sent. One by one he sold the useful farm tools; he worked early and late. The selfishness in him was completely mastered, by the love that glorified and made him noble. He would see that she finished now: then how happy he would be when she returned to him a cultured woman. As she returned to the last year of her college life, it was with promises of love upon her lips,

June came at last and with it the hour of her triumph. He determined to go and see her in that hour. He would not tell her, then when it was over he would seek her out and how happy she would be to see him. He arrived late and seated himself well back in the crowd unnoticed. He saw her there. At last she came forward to deliver the valedictory of her class. She spoke of the noble purposes of life and of the greenness of true living "Love," said she "should be the moving impulse of every life, and no life is worthy that is not spent in sacrifice and toil for others."

Alas, how little did she realize the hard truth of her words.

When it was over he stationed himself at the door. He would meet her as she came out. How happy she would be to see him. He waited long and at length he saw her coming. As she approached she stepped forward, but she did not see him and passed by.

He determined to wait and seek her that evening. Then he could tell of her of the truth of her noble words that afternoon. He went at eight o'clock, but was informed by the maid that Miss Williams had left fifteen minutes before for the commencement ball. He strolled across the campus and strayed into the galleries overlooking the ball room. For a long time he sat and gazed upon the scene below. The dazzling lights, the perfume laden air, the music of the orchestra, the rhythmic movement of the dancers, all seemed a wonderful dream to him. At length exhausted he sought a quiet corner behind some palms and fell asleep.

He was awakened by voices near him, and he seemed to recognize the them. He looked out. Yes it was she. With her was a young man immaculately clad in evening dress. Between his fingers he gracefully held a cigarette. He was speaking.

"Yes, it will be easy enough. We can go to New York to-morrow and in less than a week we can get a boat for Cuba— "but"

Then they passed from his hearing. He rose with a start. What could those words mean? Ah, he had misunderstood them surely. The man had not been speaking of her when he had said "we." Will then looked

at his watch. There was still time to catch the late train home. He determined to go that night. She would return tomorrow, at any rate he would meet her at the evening train, then he would take her home to himself.

Next evening he arrived at the depot some minutes before train time, an evening paper was lying there upon the seat mechanically he picked it up and glanced at the headlines. Suddenly his eyes were arrested by something sent a shiver through his body. Could it be possible? There he read these words:

---

A ROMANTIC COLLEGE ELOPEMENT.

Richard Waldron and Rose Williams Married on the day of their graduation.

WILL TRAVEL IN CUBA.

---

He read no more. Like a madman he rushed out into the night. The train had arrived, but she was not among the passengers. His horse was forgotten, everything, save that mad torturing thought that it had all ended in this. He took no note of where he wandered. Down the road he fled toward home. When he reached the old bridge where he had been with her so often he sank down beside it and broke out in passionate weeping. It is seldom that a man weeps, but when he does it is with that anguish of the soul that knows no peace. Travellers passing late that night saw him there, but none could comfort him. He remained till

far into the night, and in the morning he was gone, and they never saw him again.

\* \* \* \*

A few days later the girl's aged mother and father received a letter from her. She was married and happy and about to start on a honeymoon in the south. She hoped they would forgive her; she was sure by this time that her old friend, Will Turner had recovered from that foolish love of their childhood.

She never knew of the awful sacrifice that had purchased her happiness. She never knew of the life whose ruin her joy had caused.

\* \* \* \*

On one of the many islands that crowd the beautiful Pine Lake, situated in the forest of the northern peninsula of Michigan, for many years a lonely hermit has lived. No man had ever heard his story, and all that was ever known was that he came there one summer day and had never been known to say a word to anyone. A few months ago some excursionists landed on the island, and there by the door of his hut, lay the hermit dead. At the autopsy it was discovered that the walls of his heart were worn thin and had finally bursted. Experts declared too, that his brain had for a long time been paralyzed. In rumaging around this hut I found a small note book, and from the entries made therein, obtained facts for the sorrowful tale which I have given.





### Freedom, Justice and Right.

Freedom, Justice and Right! Ye sons of men,  
Did human voice e'er stir God's atmosphere  
With nobler accents than these words impart?  
Ye daughters of kings, lords or humble serfs,  
Did e'er your bosoms swell to sounds more grand?

Freedom! thy children sang thy glorious praise  
Upon New England's coast in centuries past.  
The warblers of the mystic wilds sat mute  
And gazed in rapturous awe—their heads bent low—  
Upon these bold intruders of their peace,  
Whose songs of cheer in accents clear and sweet  
Rose high o'er sylvan verdure, sweet with dwe,  
And echoed back from hills and mountain slopes,  
Filled every glade with music more sublime  
Than e'er before broke silence on a Western shore.

Freedom! for thee ten thousand hearts have bled.  
When fair Columbia's sons—brave patriots true—  
In fond and close embrace their loved ones clasped,  
Then cast a longing look, the last perchance,  
On home, that dearest spot in all the world,  
Thy name, on ruby lips the last farewell,  
Gave strength to brawny arm to wield the sword  
'Gainst which no Briton's mail, though strong, was proof.

Justice! when Time's unerring pendulum,  
Its last vibration o'er, has ushered in  
Eternitie's unknown realities,  
Then thou upon thy throne of righteousness  
Shall on each man his just reward bestow.  
No cloak of public fame wove from fibres  
Torn from the grand mantle of Character,  
And decorated with the perfumed flowers  
Plucked from the stems that adorned Honor's crown,  
Can then conceal the dagger from whose blow  
The Queen of Right fell prostrate to the ground.

Where now reigns Right? Where is her honored throne?  
Do men her cause extol by roar of guns,  
And propogate it by the swords sharp edge?

Has freedom lost its savor in an age,  
Possessed of unrivaled intelligence,  
That armies marching 'neath its emblem grand  
Bring bondage, with death's cold and chilling hand,  
To those who justly would its blessing claim?

Is love for freedom to be guaged by race,  
Or are the miles of distance from a shore  
Where its banner is wafted to the skies,  
So many iron links in Slavery's chain?

Has life, God's gift, its sweeter savors lost?  
Has human blood that flows from innocent veins  
No weight in Heaven's scale's, that mighty powers  
Such things ignore, and drown men's cries  
That rise in prayer to Providence for aid,  
By the mighty cannon's thundering roars,  
And 'neath the battle's smoky panoylp  
Their wreathing, wailing, helpless forms conceal,  
That men of honor and integrity  
The agonies inflicted may not see,  
When Right by Might lies vanquished on the field?

*David A. Johnson.*

## Colonel Dace a "Living" Man of Virginia.

WM. WINTON, '04.

**S**IXTY two years ago, according to the calendar of Fate, John Tyler occupied the chair of President of United States. A whig candidate for Vice President he became at Harrison's death a Democratic President. A man, Virginia bred, he was considered seeseptible to "pulls" from Virginia men. Our story has to do with one of these "pull" men of Viriginin, Colonel Dace by name and reputation.

Not more famous are the Oxford men who obtain their "Livings" at the hands of the established church and who are confirmed believers in church Doctrine than was Colonel Dace, of the early '30's, who obtained his "Living" by the sale of extra "nigger's" and who was a confirmed believer in Nature's oldest doctrine, that of following the line of least resistance.

Colonel Dace was one of the few men who, in his own quiet way, had predicted Harrison's death and a Democratic successor in the person of the Whig Vice President, John Tyler. The Colonel had also in his own quiet way obtained support for Tyler, and now in that eventful year of 1841 he findshimself prepared to make a "pull" with Tyler.

One of the peculiar things about Colonel Dace was that in all of his political work, none, as yet, had carried him over Virginia's line into Maryland, and hence all of the political jobbery so well known in Washington was but of the slightest "hear-say" to him. Of this little "hear-say" one thing only had impressed Colonel Dace, he had heard that there

were a few offices(?) at the disposal of the President which while offering good salaries made very few demands upon their holders. The Colonel had revolved that fact over and over in his mind and at last, having sufficiently digested its intellectual and financial import, he decided to visit President Tyler in person and to secure; if possible, one of these salaried officeless offices.

Accordingly only four months after Tyler's accession Colonel Dace announced, one morning, to his family and private friends, that he would leave in the afternoon on very important business at Washington. "Business with the President, if you please," was Colonel Dace's answer to all respective inquiries as to his mission in Washington.

The carriage that rolled out of "Old Cottonwood" that afternoon carried a very important personage, but the coach that stopped at the White House two days following carried a more perplexed one. The Colonel was particularly troubled as to how he should broach so important a matter as his to the President. He had been told that one word, "sinecure," would express it all, but of this he was not fully confident. To merely breathe the word "sinecure" in the President's hearing seemed to him like trifling and he must have some better way.

Colonel Dace thus troubled in his mind was ushered into Tyler's presence after the usual greetings Tyler ventured the suggestion, so common place to Presidents, that inasmuch as



his friendship with Colonel Dace had not been without gain he supposed the Colonel had come to seek a personal favor. "Yes, yes, quite so. Indeed, I think you are right, President. I have heard it confidentially said that there are at your disposal some 'Sina Kurays,' and if not out of harmony with your plans in that direction, it would be a very agreeable thing to me to receive one of these 'Sina Kurays,' and I promise you to handle it with care. "Well," replied Tyler, "you might look around a little and see if you can find any such thing as a 'Sina Kuray' and I might add that you are welcome to the first one you find."

Not appreciating the fullness of Tyler's suggestion Colonel Dace excused himself and at once began his search for the pearl of great price, a gilded "Sina Kuray." He wandered into the lobby of the White House and there his eyes fell upon the portrait of Andrew Jackson. The Colonel's eyes immediately filled with tears and his tremulous voice uttered "Oh! Andrew, you were a good fellow, especially to the poor man, you had a way of your own for doing things and it wasn't such a darn mean one either.

How the people loved you, Andrew, and myself among them, Those were

good times then, you cannot know the awful conditions now, Andrew. You did your work well, you were a good fellow, and now you are resting in Beelzebub's bosom."

The White House Guard had seen and heard many peculiar things, he was not at all unfamiliar with eccentric things. He added, "Never was such an eulogy pronounced over a beloved President. I say, Colonel, you're entitled to the best sinecure that "Uncle John Tyler" can give you, and if you wait until he is dead I believe you'll get it for I'm confident that he would be entirely unwilling to have one go unawarded who could by word immortalize his death and increase his honor. Colonel Dace did not hear these last words, but moved slowly off, still pondering his great word 'Sina Kuray' and when "Old Cottonwood" called on him, several days later, for a report of his successes in Washington the Colonel answered "When Tyler's dead I'm to have a 'Sina Kuray' I found one in front of a portrait of Andrew Jackson, in the White House, and the guard promised it to me at Tyler's death, meanwhile we'll have to sell an extra 'Nigger' or two."

: : : : : : : : :

---

**Question and Answer.**

J. W. D.

You asked me why I love you,  
 Sweetheart mine and dearest?  
 Go ask the clouds above you,  
 Where stormy skies are drearest,  
 Why do they love the sunshine?  
 When thou their answer hearest,  
 Then I will tell thee why I love thee  
 Sweetheart mine and dearest.

# A Page in Cupid's Note Book

AND THE EXHIBITS IT CONTAINED.

J. WIRT DUNNING, '04.

## EXHIBIT I.

A telegram from Mr. Archibald Morgan, son of the general manager of the N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R., to Miss Dorthea Williams, Kensington College, Kensington-on-the-Hudson:

*SS. Deutschland, June 10, 1903.  
Miss Dorothea Williams, Kensington  
College:*

*Back from continent today.  
Will call tonight.*

ARCHIBALD MORGAN.

## EXHIBIT II.

A note from Dorothea Williams to Mr. John Becker, B. LL., a recent graduate from Harvard, now a struggling attorney in Broux borough, New York City:

*Dear Jack.—I regret exceedingly that I shall not be able to keep my engagement with you for the theatre tonight. The unexpected arrival of friends from Europe makes it impossible. You know I hate to disappoint you but this is imperative. Forgive.*

*Your own*

DOROTHEA.

*Kensington, June 10, 1903.*

## EXHIBIT III.

A letter from John Becker to Dorothea Williams:

*Office of John Becker, Att'y-at-law,  
681 Waverly Bldg., June 11, 1903.*

*Dear Dorothea:—Your note came to me just as I was closing office last night. It was the disappointment of the season. Now I'll tell you what I did. Two seats in the parquet and one of them va-*

*cant offered me no hopes of an evening's pleasure, so I sold them to a broker and determined to give myself an outing up the Hudson. I took the 7:15 car for Tarrytown, intending to spend the evening at the club with the fellows; but we were just nearing the Kensington grounds when the car jumped the track and there we were, blocked, for an hour at least. Methought of my Dorothea, and I sauntered across the campus, toward your sorority house. I thought perhaps I might catch a glimpse of you and your friends inside; and what pictures of delight came to my mind as I imagined you seated in the midst of your girl companions, leading them in many a merry whirl of girl's gossip. I walked by the house several times, but there was no sign. I was just thinking that I had better hurry back to my car when I chanced to glance in at the small reception room window. Drat it! When I saw that cad Morgan there alone with you, I was madder than I ever was on the gridiron. Friends from Europe indeed! I didn't know he was back, but I see by my paper this morning, that he, with his papa and mamma, arrived yesterday. I thought you had meant it when you said you had given him up for good. I might have known. you have deceived me in regard to him so many times before. Yes, you "hated to disappoint" me, you did. I see now why you have been putting me off so long.*



*If that lobster of a Morgan is to have the precedence he did when here last summer, I quit, and am glad to be rid of it all, for I shall have peace of mind anyway and I shall give you a piece of mind when I see you too. Pardon the pun.*

JACK.

EXHIBIT IV.

A note from Dorothea Williams to John Becker, given to the janitor, to post, but forgotten and carried in his pocket one month before discovery.

*Kensington College, June 11, 4 p. m.*

*Dearest Jack—Your letter came this morning. You dear old boy, how could you misunderstand me. You know I love you more than anybody else on this earth, and I will explain it all to you when you come up again. Do come to-night, dear boy, I want to see you so much.*

*Your loving*

DOROTHEA.

EXHIBIT V.

Extract of a letter from Archibald Morgan to Miss Dorothea Williams.

*\* \* \* Now in regard to the matter which I spoke of on the evening of my return from Europe. Father has offered to turn over to me his stock in the N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R. if I will marry. He will also build for me a beautiful home in Manhattan and will turn over to me the management of his cotton interests in Louisiana. All these I lay at your feet, together with my own self. If you will accept me I will make you a princess in fact if not in name. I must know your answer at once, as father has said he would withdraw his offer in two*

*weeks. I am giving you the first opportunity because I believe I love you.*

*Your obedient servant,*

ARCHIBALD MORGAN.

June 17, '03.

EXHIBIT VI.

A letter from Dorothea Williams to Mr. Morgan, but sent to Mr. Becker by mistake.

*Kensington College, July 19, '03.*

*Dear Mr. Morgan:—I thank you for the honor you have conferred on me in offerering to make me your wife. Such opportunities are great and to be hasty is contrary to my nature. I must think of it a week before replying definitely. Meanwhile I shall think much of you and can bid you hope that I shall be*

*Yours,*

DOROTHEA W.

A letter to Mr. Becker but sent to Mr. Morgan by mistake.

*Kensington College, June, 19, '03.*

*My Own Dearest Jack:—Why haven't you answered my note. I can't believe that you have deserted me, and I haven't had a glimpse of you for two weeks. Oh, you dear old fellow, you must come now for I'm in an awful fix. That foolish Morgan has proposed to me, and demands an answer at once. He said a whole lot of things about railroad stocks, stone houses, etc. Imagine a big know nothing like him throwing himself at me in that way, when he knows I love my own Jack more than all his houses, fine clothes, yachts, etc. Come to me at once, Jack, and rescue me from the "snnre*

*of the fowler,"*

*and believe me,*

*Yours only,*

*DOROTHEA.*

*P. S. I have to give him his answer in a week. What shall it be?*

EXHIBIT VII.

Note from Morgan to Dorothea Williams.

*June 20, 1903:*

*Miss Williams.*

*Madam:—The enclosed note addressed to "My Own Dearest Jack" came to me by mistake yesterday. I take it, from the contents that I am not the person for whom it was intended, so I return it that it may be sent to its rightful owner. My offer of the 17th is withdrawn.*

*Sincerely*

*ARCHIBALD MORGAN.*

EXHIBIT VII.

Law office of John Becker, B., S. C.

*June 21, 1903.*

*Dear Miss Williams:—You evidently made a mistake when you sent me the enclosed note addressed to Mr. Archibald Morgan. I suppose if I had done the honorable thing I should have returned it to you unread, but being a lawyer, my natural instincts overcame me and I read it. I have been hoping to hear from you this long while and I opened the letter eagerly, only to find that I had been disappointed in you, and to learn that you are a fickle, selfish and unlovable person who has returned for the constant devotion I have given you, only the assurance that you are willing to marry another man.*

*My hopes in you being so rudely shattered, and my feelings so wounded that I cannot work, I have determined to close my office and leave the city at once. I shall go to Boston tomorrow. I have \$600 saved and after I have spent a few hours on the old campus, I shall embark on the Alberta for Europe, where I am assured of never seeing you again. I hope you will find your Croesus all you expect him to be, and I should be a low down cur if I didn't wish you some sort of happiness in your newly acquired chattels.*

*Probably when you get this I shall be far out upon the ocean, —so far that I hope there will*

*never be a chance to return. Strange that I did not see your true character before.*

*Yours truly,*

*JOHN BECKER.*

EXHIBIT IX.

A Railroad ticket issued on the night of June 21st, 1903.

BOSTON & NEW YORK	
AIR LINE	
—	
NEW YORK	
TO	
BOSTON	
—	
CONTRACT.	
This ticket permits holder whose signature appears below to travel on through train from New York to station named at head of this contract.	
—	
The holder relinquishes all claims to loss of baggage or accident.	
—	
It is valid only on fast train leaving New York at 11 p. m. on date named on back.	
—	
This train is last train connecting with Dominion steamers Alberta and Wauneta and is issued only to holders of first class tickets on Dominion line.	
—	
The holder takes all risks and assumes all responsibility and in no case is this ticket transferable.	
This ticket is not valid unless the signature of original purchaser appears below.	
—	
Signature:	<i>Dorothea Williams.</i>

EXHIBIT X.

A page on the Register of the Dominion Liner Alberta, from Boston to The Hague.

St. R.	10	William Wilson	Boston
St. R.	40	John Becker, attorney	New York
St. Rs.	1-2	J. L. Atherton, family	Denver
Berth,	60	George Zeniski	Boston
Parlor	1	Dorothea Williams	Kensington
St. R.	12	H. A. Brewster	Philadelphia

EXHIBIT XI.

A telegram from The Hague to the New York Tribune.

*Tribune, New York, July 4, 1903.*

*Special:—At St. Aloysius church today, Miss Dorothea Williams, of Kensington, N. Y. daughter of Hon. Bently Williams. U. S.*



*Senator from New York, was married to Mr. John Becker, a promising attorney of New York City. The only guests present were the Ameri-*

*can minister, L. A. Chatfield and family, and his chief secretary, Stephen A. Williams, a brother of the bride.*

### Oldt Michigan.

Written for jollification meeting at  
Lakeside Conference.

F. R. HURST, '04.

Vat schtate it iss dat's best of all?  
Die schtate dot plays die best football?  
Die schtate dot ve all lofe to call  
Oldt Michigan.

Dots vere you findt die lofty pine,  
Die mineral spring und copper mine,  
But aber nicht Catawba vein,  
In Michigan.

Ve're up to all die latest schtyles;  
Die girls dey hafe die schweetest smiles  
As can be seen for half a miles,  
In Michigan.

Die apples dere iss over-grown,  
Die trees mit loads of peaches moan,  
But ach! dem prunes dey iss unknown  
In Michigan.

Ve know it iss not by mishaps  
Ve crowdt die oders of die maps,  
Ve do it 'cause ve are die chaps  
Von Michigan.

Some folks sings of Otterbein,  
Oders sings "Die Wachtam Rhein,"  
But ve shust toast midt Rhennish vein,  
Oldt Michigan.

Now beoples ve don't vant to blow,  
But ve're ahead und ve all know  
Dot oder schtates don't hafe no show  
Mit Michigan.

Und ven dot final day shall come,  
Die schtates dey come up one by one,  
All oder schtates vill hafe to run  
Von Michigan.

Dey'll say, "Ohio, get dee hence;"  
"Go pack and sit down by die fence,"  
"You schtates all look like tirty cents."  
Mit Michigan.

# The True Individual Power of Man.

ALUMNUS.

**T**HERE is a much greater truth than realized in the oft repeated lesson of the modest violet and the stately rose, that the tiny flower has its mission and work in the world as truly as the beautiful rose. In a comfortable home among the hills of New Hampshire there was born a little boy. On some day, a family, living on their devastated plantation in Southern Georgia, was gladdened by the gift of a son. These two children were totally unlike in nature as well as in appearance. Both were carefully reared. The one in the northern hills was dark, with a countenance expressing great firmness and determination. As he grew into manhood he showed a power to grapple with conditions and to bend and control them to his will. Many would say he was born to be a leader.

The fair-haired youth in the southern home grows up strong in many virtues. He is sought by all because of sympathy and help which goes out to all. He is a power because of the wealth of tenderness and love in his nature.

The one thinks rapidly but takes in all the situation and generally forms good judgment. The other is slow, rather cautious, possessing a very investigating mind. These two take their places in the world among men. In New Hampshire, we find a man busy in the marts of trade. He becomes head of important business enterprises. He takes active part in reform movements pushes them on to a successful issue. Some years later, there

spreads over the county news of a great invention, and the name of a quiet, unobtrusive man in Georgia becomes familiar to all.

These men with different ambitions and different gifts were each becoming a success in life. The one could not do the work of the other. Many persons meeting the two as children would have drawn unfavorable comparisons and would have predicted a future for but one.

There is much of this unjust weighing of merit prevalent in the world. In our narrowness and our partial view of things we are crippling ourselves and very often those who come under our influence. It is not enough to take a casual view and say, "Oh, yes, I know each person has his work to do and no one can do it for him." There is a much deeper meaning in all this. Each soul has a God given power enabling him to accomplish that which no one else can. In some this is very apparent; in others it is hidden, but no less is it a part of their being. It is this power in each man and woman which puts mankind on a common basis. In this do we stand the same in God's sight. All the time are we noting the different personalities about us and speaking of the fact that no two people in the world are alike, but we are continually drawing comparisons. Undoubtedly, there is greater strength in some one line in certain individuals, but could we probe deep enough we would find in this character, pronounced weaker, a power in another



direction which the former did not possess.

Great encouragement should come to us in recognizing this truth. In this possession we stand alone. However weak we may feel as we contemplate the great things others do, if we are wide awake to all there is about us and are doing our best we will work out the end of our existence, than which a greater work cannot be done. A bright, energetic young lady once asked her teacher if she thought each person had a special talent. The teacher replied that she believed if we do our duty where we are the talent will be discovered. Certainly if we are keenly alive to our environment and grasp every opportunity that comes to us a rounded development of character will result and all

our powers will be used. But who of us is doing this?

A realization of this sublime part of our being ennobles our lives. With it there comes a dignity, a strength, a sense of responsibility, and a helpfulness to others. It awakens these and removes much that is weakening. How much discouragement would be left us if we ceased to measure what we do with the work of others? If we believe in this individual power would we not lose the envy this is marring and dwarfing the lives of many? We are losing sight of the power within us and not expecting the great things of ourselves God intended. Let us take hold of our princely inheritance and use it fully, thus accomplishing the good of man and the glory of God.

---

### The Parting.

J. W. D.

Love, to you this parting brings no pain,  
 No grief that quenched must rise again,  
 Love's sweet voice to you has passed unheard,  
 And your soul within was never stirred  
 By the life which offered on the shrine  
 Longed each hour to lose itself in thine.

As for me deep sorrow fills my breast,  
 Like the bird when torn and robbed it's nest,  
 With it's cry of weeping fills the air,  
 That it's hopes lie torn and shattered there;  
 So my heart now breaks, and anguish deep,  
 It's life blood draws, and I sob and weep,  
 As I fell our life strands slowly sever  
 And we say "Good bye;" forever—forever.

## Two Views of the Scrap.

### FRESHMAN.

**N**EVER in the history of Alma College has the Green Ribbon Class held honor as dearly as does the present one. It was after one of their class meetings that the Freshmen showed how Class affrays should be ended. On Sept. 23, the president of the Green Ribboners called a meeting of the class. While quietly engaged in the business at hand rather suspicious noises were heard in the region of the door. The Freshman at once suspected their disorderly neighbors, the Sophomores. When the Sergeant-at-arms announced this to be the case, with characteristic coolness, the G. R. boys adjourned, to meet again in the hall where other business was waiting to be transacted. Two Sophs had aimlessly (?) strayed from the rest of their flock, and seeing that a meeting was in progress, were exercising their mischief-loving properties in blocking the door. It took the smallest fraction of a second to show how such insults were to be received, but by their dowlful howls the rest of their gang were brought to the scene of action. At the first onslaught some of the Freshmen went down but, remembering their duties to the rest of the class and the institution, they quickly took their proper places—on a Sophie's breast. During his frantic struggles for freedom one of the Sophies was "put out of the business" and so he spent the rest of the day advertising for his lost imagination. The '06 class had pressed many special students into service besides using all

its own men, and yet, since most of the G. Rs. were present, the class of '07 won! Next morning a meeting of the Sophs was called up Salt River presided over by the undertaker.

It seems strange that after such a lesson the Sophs were not satisfied. Evidently a word from the wise is not always sufficient. Three days later they thought themselves sufficiently recovered from their former defeat in spite of a heavy rain determined to try Dame fortune again. While quietly enjoying a spread given by one of the '07 ladies, the warning grunt of the Sophs was again heard.

The Freshmen knew that they were up against great odds. The '06s, were the aggressors and so had the class out in force (about thirteen) while the '07s had only ten. What should they do? It did not take even a second tho't to decide that to go down under such circumstances would be no defeat. So putting the girls in a safe place they went to their fate. Many a lame point or muscle reminded the Sophs for many days after that the G. Rs. did not submit tamely. Several times the tide had seemed turning in their favor. In several instances one Freshmen had two Sohpies beneath him. Had the class been oue in full force their is no doubt as to the outcome as in both rushes the '07s have shown much superior qualities.

The G. Rs. question the Sophs assertion of their defeat. What tho' were overcome by superior numbers



and brute force? Their honor can stand and fall then to have stood at never be doubted Is it not better to all?

---

SOPHOMORE.

When the Freshman class got on top of half a dozen Sophomores on the 24th of September, they thought they had licked the Sophomore class. They were sadly disillusioned a few days later, when they did meet the class of '06 on Prexy's lawn, at 10:30 P. M. The cause of this midnight affray was the inability of the youthful class of '07 to keep a secret, so "creamy" were the prospects before them. Their innocent delight was unbounded as they looked forward to their first college spread. To be sure the unmerciful elements tried hard to cloud their spirits, but no 'twas all in vain. At eight o'clock they were at the home of the President's daughter, the boys playing carroms and looking at pictures, while the girls were trying to play post-office by themselves in the next room. As the time for departure drew near, and the Freshmen were engaged in a farewell game of "needle's eye," loud talking was heard on the outside, and

since the boys were somewhat intimidated by the sound, the professor's niece went to the window and reported that a large crowd had gathered, and that among them were the Sophomores. The guests suddenly decided to stay a little longer, and then started to play on the piano to keep up a show of confidence. The Sophomores had just come from an enjoyable evening at Cooper's room, and now they sat down to await the departure of Freshmen. After a rather long delay, caused by their unwillingness to get their clothes wet and dirty, the class of '07 came out the front door and attacked the Sophomores. The result was not for a moment in doubt, for the Freshmen soon went down to defeat. A few minutes later a dozen bedraggled Freshies might have been seen wending their different ways homeward, some with girls, others without them. The Sophomores only regret is that Prexy was not there to see the fun.

---

Prexy declares there's no place in heaven or on earth for a class rush.

**A Suggestion.**

Wild thunder pealed the heavens through  
Imperial Zeus his cloak about his shoulders  
drew  
While lusty gales their music on his whisk-  
ers blew  
And sweat upon his brow stood out like  
drops of dew.  
O! Stygian shores dark Pluto trembled in  
his lair

And to the ceiling rose his long, dishevelled  
hair

Judge Alceus forgets his Judgements fair  
While Furies, bats; and harpies cleave the  
slimy, murky air.

On earth mankind the mortal down on their  
faces fell.

What means this mighty hubbub, this awful  
piercing, frightful yell  
This wild discordant, shriek and deadly,  
doleful spell

'Tis the Freshmen and the Sophomores a  
scrapping down in hell.


  
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OCTOBER, 1903.

WITH this issue of The Almanian some explanation of its place in college life at Alma may be in order.

First and foremost The Almanian is a students' paper. Upon our title page appears the legend "Published by the Students of Alma College." This statement does not mean that the paper is to be the work of a few students, or even of the editors. A students' paper should be one in which every student has a part. It is our hope that all students will consider The Almanian thus.

To have a part in anything one

must contribute to its success, and The Almanian invites every student to have a part in its welfare.

The pages of this magazine are open at all times to literary contributions from the student body, and also from the alumni, and during the coming year every student who can in any way contribute to its literary success is earnestly invited to do so. It is only by working together that we can accomplish our ends, and the editors will gladly welcome any contribution that is up to the standard set before.

—•O•—

THE editor is often asked to present in these pages, many of the personal grievances of students against the faculty. Oftentimes these grievances amount to mere nothing. The Almanian is open at all times for a fair discussion of all problems that come up, as between students and faculty. Its pages are however no place for virulent criticism of the institution nor its management. It should reflect only the best of our life and bury as deep as possible all that is bad. Nothing that does not conduce to the best welfare of the college as a whole should be published. It is the hope of the editors that the Almanian will be used as an organ for the expression of students views on all subjects of the college welfare, but let us avoid the extreme and the harmful.

—•O•—

THE Almanian will this year have on its list the following exchanges with other college papers, "The Academic," Hudson, Ohio; "Acta Victoriana," Victoria University, Toronto; "The Black and Magenta," Concord



Ohio; "The Adelbert," Adelbert College; "The Holcad," Westminster College, Pennsylvania; "The Kiliklik" Heidelberg University; Olivet Echo; M. A. C. Record; Albion Pleiod; Kalamazoo College Index; Adrain World, Oberlin Review; "The Inlander;" U. of M." Collegiate Herald," Geneseo,

Ill; New Hampshire College Monthly and Allegany Campus.

These will be placed in the reading room of the library and all students are asked to consult them for the news of other schools.

Others will be added and announced in the future.

### Lecture Course.

The lecture course committee of the town and college has this year arranged for the best program that has ever been given in Alma. The course last year was considerable of a disappointment, and the numbers were scarcely up to the standard of past years. This year however no pains has been spared to get the best attractions. The committee had its choice of four courses from the leading Bureaus of the country and finally decided on accepting a seasons' course of five numbers from the Slayton Bureau of Chicago.

A perusal of the advance catalogue readily shows its worth. There will this year be a treat for music lovers, three of the numbers being musical.

The first to come is Ovid Musin the celebrated Belgian violinist, who this year is to make an eleven weeks stay in America. He has been heard in Alma before and is a performer of international repute.

The second number will be Wallace Bruce Amsbury and the Wagner Ladies Quartette. Amsbury is a rising reader and poet and his recitations

are said to be equal to the best. The Wagner Ladies Quartette has been together for four years and has gained an enviable reputation.

Dr. Edward Burton McDowell will come third with his lecture on Western Travel, illustrated by the stereoptican and motion pictures.

The fourth will be the Dr. Ion Jackson Concert Co. Dr. Ion Jackson, of New York, is one of the best known tenors in the country and Miss Maybelle Crawford is a contralto of rare merit. Miss Fay Hill, pianist is a third member of the company.

Last of all will come George R. Wendling and his new lecture "The Imperial Book". Wendling is probably the best known platform orator today and his lecture "Saul of Tarsus," has been declared equal to anything of Beecher, Gough or Phillips, His will form a fitting close of the course.

The committee is especially to be congratulated on securing such a large representation of musical talent. The sale of tickets has been large, and the first number will be given Nov. 24th.

# Alumni Notes.

**D**URING the past summer the editor has been in receipt of numerous communications from alumni saying that the alumni department toward the close of last year was lamentably weak. No one is more cognizant of this fact than the editor himself. It is the desire of the management of the Almanian to make the magazine an alumni paper as well an undergraduate one. To this end the alumni organization has been allowed one associate editor and in years past his work has been well done. Upon the resignation of Mr. Mc Cabe last year, however no successor was appointed. This accounts for the lack of of alumni interest in the later numbers of the Almanian.

So far as I have been able to learn no alumni editor has been chosen for this year. To have a strong alumni department an alumnus should have charge of it. It is impossible for an undergraduate to keep in touch with all the alumni, expect as they communicate with him. If the alumni, in the absence of a regular alumni

editor, will cooperate with the editor of the Almanian, and each month forward him anything that will be of interest in the department, he will do all in his power to make it a success.

Contributions of a literary nature from the alumni are always welcome to the pages of the Almanian, and are earnestly requested. Last year twenty three letters were addressed to alumni requesting contributions, and there were but four responses.

To make the Almanian a worthy college representative, we must all work together for its good. We this year lose several of our strongest advertisers and the financial support already in sight will not carry the magazine beyond the first semester. Every alumnus should have the paper and support it loyally.

I shall endeavor to make the Almanian better, in every way, this year in spite of discouragements and I trust it will be a welcome visitor to all.

With best wishes,

J. WIRT DUNNING.

## Personals of the Alumni.

B. S. Bates (Rev.) is continued Pastor of the Presbyterian church at Hebron Illinois.

H. P. Bush subscribes for the Almanian on the back of a postal addressed "to the teachers of Tuscola County," under his title, Commissioner of schools.

A. J. Van Page (Rev.) is continued Pastor of the Presbyterian church at Marengo, Ill. Newell Dwight Hillis, pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn

and other noted preachers have occupied Mr. Van Page's pulpit during the summer.

C. E. Scott (Rev.) continues his subscription to the Almanian. Scott is one of the few pastors who marries without making trouble for his church. His address is Grayling Mich.

Miss Carolyn Butter, of "01," has a position in the high school at Libertyville, Ill.

Jacob Foote, of "00," is taking post



graduate work Harvard University.

Wm. H. Long (Rev.) is Moderator of the Petoskey Presbytery and pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Elk Rapids, Mich.

Miss Elizabeth Jones, of '96," still requests the Almanian sent to Bismark, N. D. She spent her summer on the coast.

L. S. Brooke (Rev.) continues his pastorate at Howell, Mich. He and Long both attended the Winona Lake (Ind.) Bible Conference.

W. F. Knox, with '98 writes from the "Soo" is secretary and general manager of the Sault News Printing Co., who publish the Evening News (Soo) and the (Weekly) "Sault Ste Marie News."

Miss Ida. Kinsel, "Kg. 1902," is taking a post-graduate course in Kindergarten work at the Ypsilanti Normal.

Mrs. Sherman (Bessie McLean,) of '93, writes from Keeseville, N. Y. Mr. and Mrs. Sherman expect to change their address from Brooklyn soon.

L. S. Bagley, of '03, continues his position in the Alma State Savings Bank. W. F. Webber, of '03, has a similar position at Linden, Mich.

Wesley Bradfield, of '02, last year at Cornell University, is this year at University of Michigan, He spent part of his vacation with Prof. Roth, of that instution investigating the forests of Michigan. "Brad." hopes to get the Master of Science degree in Forestry this coming year.

William J. Ewing, of '02, addressed the Almanian from Homewood, Ill., where he has charge of the Presbyterian church.

W. E. Brebner with '01, Commercial addresses the Almanian from Coeur d'alene, Idaho, where he is en-

gaged in banking and commercial work.

Miss Laura B. Soule, of '03, is an instructor for the coming year in the Menaul School, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Miss Rosa M. Lowry, '02, K. G., is beginning her second year's work at Monroe, Utah, as Home Missionary Teacher. She speaks of the monthly visits of the Almanian as being the arrivals of a friend.

Pearl Fuller, of '03, who accepted work with the Stevenson Iron Co., of Hibbing, Minn., has returned to Alma, Alma, Rah! where he will be coach of the '03, Football team.

E. E. Fell, of '02, is continued Superintendent of Schools at East Tawas, Mich.

Wesley Sidebotham, of '02, received the M. A. degree from Princeton University this summer.

Miss Pauline B. Hazelton, of '02, is instructor of Greek in the Collegiate Institute at Genesco, Ill.

John S. Shiner is principal of the Alma public schools.

H. H. Soule is in business as a contractor at Alma.

Margaret K. Taylor is at home in Almont, Mich.

Alice B. Thompson, is teaching in New Mexico.

Wallace F. Webber enters the bankers iife at Linden, Mich.

Miss Mary O. Hunting, '93, is teaching in the schools of Ludington, Mich.

Chas. Long, '02, will continue his medical course in Chicago, University this year.

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#### The Class of '03.

L. S. Bagley is with the Alma Savings bank.

T. George Timby is taking music and post graduate work in chemistry in Alma.

W. R. Baker is located in Alma for the present.

John Y. Brooke and H. N. Ronald have entered Princeton Seminary.

Arthur J. Helmer is instructor in Science and Chemistry at St. John's Mich.

Miss Bessie Pauline Hezelton is pro-

fessor of Greek and German in Geuese Academy Geuese III.

Miss Myrtle Nicholson is at her home in Manistique, Mich.

Lucius W. Mills, Jr., ex, '01, of Detroit was united in marriage on the evening of Sept. 8th to Miss Sadie Van Ostrand, of Mason. Prof. Jay Clizbe performed the ceremony. "Lushies" many friends among the old students all congratulate him.

### Friday Night at Wright Hall.

Miss A. (appearing with a heavenly smile)—"Now children, in consideration of the fact that the social life in Alma was a complete failure last year—You know that there were a few who came to like each other a little too well, and some plan must be formulated to present the repetition of this unpleasant occurrence this year (am I using too big words for you, children? Ah well! then I will try to speak simpler.) Of course you are altogether too young to pair up and go out walking. Your mamma's wouldn't let you do that at home you know. And now that you are away from home, from mamma and papa, I must take the place of your mamma's. To avoid the unpleasantness of last year, as I said, I have decided upon something that I know you will all like, O ever so much! I see you are all so anxious to hear what it may be, that I must not keep you waiting any longer. Now keep your little hands still and don't whisper. There, that's nice children. My plan is this. We are going to turn this room into a playhouse on Friday evenings. Won't that be lovely?"

(Clapping of hands and expressions of childish delight.) "And then we

will play such nice little games as 'London bridge is falling down', and then we will play school and let some of you be teachers, and then we will play 'pussy wants a corner' and 'drop the handkerchief' and other little games, O ever so nice, won't that be lovely?" ['Goodie! goodie!! goodie!!!' from the children (?)] "Now we will commence with 'drop the handkerchief' and all play." (The game proceeds and Miss A— walks around the room to see that all are playing. She sees a boy and a girl sitting together) "O you naughty little girl! Why aren't you in the game? What would your mamma say if she knew how naughty you were? Shame! shame!! naughty! naughty girl!! Come! that's a nice little girl. Isn't it lovely? Well now I guess we have played long enough for tonight. Now you must say your little prayers like good children and go to bed. Let's all come again next Friday night and maybe we can think of some more games. Now isn't this much nicer than to sit around or to go out walking in the cold, cold, evening air? Good night! good night. O isn't it just perfectly lovely?"

: : : : : : : : :



# Athletic Notes.

**T**HE Michigan Colleges are now launched on their second championship football season since the new association was formed a little over a year ago. This year bids fair to be a successful one for all. Most of the colleges report a large amount of new material, and while many of the stars of last years teams are gone, all the colleges appear to have lost equally and so the relative merits of the teams at this early date are much the same as last. It is probable that all the teams will be weaker than usual owing to the loss of experienced men.

Of the five colleges in the association four have new coaches: Albion has Nufer, a former player, and later of U. of M.; Brewer, of Albion last year, goes to M. A. C.; Fuller, Alma's captain last year returns to coach; Kalamazoo, has a Bucknell University player; Woodruff is at Hillsdale; Hall remains at Olivet.

The schedule is arranged so that each team will meet all the others and will close on Thanksgiving day.

Alma's chances this year are fair. The loss of McBride, Fuller, Hartness, Whitney, Beechler and Helmer will be seriously felt but the new material is good and with the enthusiasm that is already being shown by the student body, the maroon and cream will rank well up among the colleges of the season.

The team as it has played thus far is lighter than last year's eleven weighing 155 pounds.

The men who have played in the earlier games and their records are as follows:

Wm. Brown, right tackle and captain is playing his third year on the college team. In the 1900 team he was one of the best ground gainers on the championship team. In 1901 he was not in school. Last year he played a star game the entire season, and was elected captain at the close of the season. His high school experience was had at Ithaca where he played two years. Brown weighs 155 pounds and is 5 ft, 7 in tall.

F. R. Hurst is playing his third year at left tackle. He is a tower of strength on defense and carries the ball well. In 1900 he played his first football on the Alma scrubs and made the team the following year. He is 5 ft 6 in tall and weighs 165 pounds. His home is Elk Rapids.

Ray Bangs, right guard, is a product of Alma high school and is playing his fourth year on the college team. Bangs is light, weighing but 145, but holds his own against much heavier opponents.

Stanley Schenck came to Alma in 1901, from the Cass City high school and played guard on the team that year. Last year he was not in school, but returns this year stronger than before. He is playing his old position in the line and is being used also at half. He weighs 175 pounds and is 6 ft, 1 in tall.

Carlyle Carr, left end, played last year on the scrub team, where he showed remarkable speed in carrying the ball. He has developed excellent qualities this year and plays a strong game. He has had previous training at Notre Dame University, he weighs 145 and his height is 5 ft 9 in.

Joseph Rogers, right end and half back is playing college football for the first time. He has had training on the Marquette high school team, is fast and is developing into a strong player and good ground gainer. He weighs 150 and his height is 5 ft 9 in.

"Nick" Therry, quarter, is playing on a college team for the first time. He has had some experience on the college scrubs, but is practically a new man. He has, however, great possibilities and plays his difficult position like a veteran.

Carl Anderson, left halfback, was one of last years' star players. He previously had four years experience on the team of the Ishpeming high school team, which has so long held the state championship. He is 5 ft, 11 inches tall and weighs 155 ponnds.

Ralph Hyney, fullback, has had previous experience at Albion college, where he played before entering Alma. This is his first year in Alma's football and he is showing up well. Weight 160; height 5 ft, 11 in.

Gaylord Nelson has had experience for three years in the Ithaca high school which has turned out so many star players, and as a lineman is fast rounding into 'varsity form.

Cavin Ronald, end, played on last year's team in one game and has been on Alma's scrub team for two years. He is light but is speedy.

Herbert Schultz comes from the Middleton high school. He has had some experience in football and is an all round athlete. He has been playing at half.

Frank Angel, center, came to Alma last year with no previous experience, but developed so rapidly that he was picked by the M. A. C. Record as a

member of the All-Intercollegiate team. He weighs 170 and is 5 ft, 11 in tall.

Oren Fletcher, left guard, has played three years on the Alma high school team and comes to college this year with good prospects. He is heavy and plays a fast game, and will in all probabilitiy play his position regularly.

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#### Fuller to Coach.

When students returned to Alma three weeks ago, prospects for securing a coach were somewhat gloomy. During the summer every effort had been made to secure a suitable coach but all in vain, and when school opened there was none in sight. At the last moment, however, Pearl Fuller, captain of the 1901 and the 1902 teams, changed his plans and decided to return as coach. Fuller was offered the position at his graduation last spring, but decided not to coach. He accepted a position with a mining company in Minnesota. He succeeded in getting a seven months' leave of absence from his employer and will remain throughout the winter.

Alma could scarcely have secured a better man. Fuller has played four years on the college team and has won A's in track and base ball. He has been under the best of coaches, including Edwin Fauver, Allen, Mortimer and Hatch; and has all the requisites of a successful instructor in the game. He has the confidence of the men, and we should have a successful season under his tutelage.

2'189

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#### First Annual Meeting.

In accordance with the constitution of the M. I. A. A. the board of directors held



their first annual meeting at the Albion House, Albion, Friday evening, Oct. 2. All directors were present: H. C. Marvin from Kalamazoo, A. J. Anderson from M. A. C.; W. J. Boon, from Hillsdale; Gerald Bechtel, from Albion; Jesse M. Gray, from Olivet, and David A. Johnson, from Alma. The meeting was called to order by Gerald Bechtel at about 7:30 o'clock, and Gray was appointed chairman. Thereupon the board proceeded with the election of officers. David A. Johnson was elected president, and immediately took his place as chairman of the meeting. H. C. Marvin was elected first vice-president; A. J. Anderson, second vice-president; Gerald Bechtel, secretary, and W. J. Boon, treasurer.

Two amendments which were proposed at the last meeting of the directors were passed: one to the effect that the treasurer receive \$25 a year for his services, and the other providing for six judges for the annual field meet.

A discussion then followed in regard to the printing of the new constitution. Last year's director from Kalamazoo who had promised to get the constitution printed, had failed to do so. Upon motion the chair appointed Gray and Marvin as a committee to look after the matter. After a short discussion which followed in regard to Field Day, the meeting adjourned.

The board will hold its next meeting in January, probably at Battle Creek.



**Alma vs. Elsie.**

Alma vs. Elsie—On the first Saturday of the year, when but three of

the regulars had returned, a pickup team, composed of second team men, new candidates, and old "grads," journeyed to Elsie and met defeat (6 to 0) at the hands of the Elsie Giants. Chas. Long, the oldtime fullback, filled the position and played a star game.

A return game was arranged for Saturday, October 3, and the team took sweet revenge for its defeat, scoring 17 points in fifteen minute halves. The team had had two weeks' coaching and presented practically the same lineup as met M. A. C. Alma scored twice in the first half and once in the second. Therry made a phenomenal 65 yard run on the kick off and Capt. Brown, Anderson, Carr and Rogers carried the ball in good shape. Hyney kicked two goals.



**FIRST CHAMPIONSHIP GAME.**

**Alma—M. A. C. Scores.**

Alma 18	'96	M. A. C. 16
Alma 0		M. A. C. 0
Alma 16	'97	M. A. C. 30
No game	'98	
Alma 11	'99	M. A. C. 11
Alma 23	'00	M. A. C. 0
Alma 6	'01	M. A. C. 5
Alma 16	'02	M. A. C. 5
Alma 0	'03	M. A. C. 11

"They came, they saw, they conquered." After five years of defeat at the hands of Alma, M. A. C. last Saturday succeeded, finally, in breaking the hoo which Alma has always presented to her. The game was won after as hard a battle as has been seen on Davis Field, and although Alma was never in scoring distance, every inch of ground gained on either side was gained only after a struggle. The score was 11 to 0.

There was little that was spectacular

about the game itself. At times the work on both sides was ragged. The best team work done was when Alma held M. A. C. on her three yard line after being shoved down the field for ten minutes. The individual work of Brown and McBride, of Alma, and McKenna and Millar, of M. A. C., was unusually good, but as a whole the work of both teams was that to be expected so early in the season. Fumbings and penalties were very frequent, and interferences were not good.

Although Fuller's men were defeated, there was the belief on the part of every one who saw the game that Alma had material for a great team. In the three weeks that the men have worked they have accomplished marvels, and showed much improvement over the Elsie game. Captain Brown is much stronger than last year and cannot be duplicated as a ground gainer. Anderson, McBride and Hyney are going to make a strong combination of backs before the season closes. The new men will work up into a strong line before the season is over.

M. A. C. has some great players. They run their interferences low, and although they lacked in form, were started with snap and strength.

Alma was in this game deprived of two of her strongest men, Hurst and Bangs, and there are many who believe that their presence would have reversed the score.

As it was M. A. C. won the game entirely on its merits, and deserved to win.

It was 2:45 when the teams lined up, with M. A. C. defending the east goal. The kick off was received on

the 10 yard line and advanced 15 yards. By a series of short gains M. A. C. carried it to the center of the field. There she was held for downs. Alma was penalized and forced to punt. M. A. C. then carried it to Alma's three yard line, where a battle royal took place. Alma made a magnificent stand and held. She was unable to gain, however, and M. A. C. shoved it over after fourteen minutes of play.

On the next kick off, M. A. C. advanced the ball to the 40 yard line and McKenna covered 30 on a double pass. Alma secured the ball, and returned it to the center. McBride took Rogers' place. The ball was secured by M. A. C., and she was penalized 20 yards for off side as the half closed.

Things started bright for Alma at the beginning of the second half. McBride got the ball on the kick off and advanced it nearly to the center of the field. Then by a series of bucks and tackle plays it was advanced to M. A. C.'s 30 yard line, the nearest to scoring Alma got. The ball was lost, however, and the farmers slowly worked it to Alma's 7 yard line. There on a beautifully worked quarter back kick she scored her second touchdown and kicked goal.

After that the ball changed hands frequently, both sides being forced to punt often, while there were many fumbles and penalties. The game closed with the fall in M. A. C.'s possession on her own 40 yard line.

The line up:—

M. A. C.		Alma
Miller	l e	Carr
Beel	l t	Fletcher, Nelson
Cace	l g	Schenck
Decker	c	Angel
Peck, Shaw	r g	McCallum
Kratz	r t	Brown
Ashley	r e	Decker
Small	q b	Therry
Hahn	l h	Anderson



McKenna, Lampke  
Doty

r h  
f

Hyney  
Rogers

Referee, Prof. Thomas, Ann Arbor;  
Timekeeper, Wells, Ithaca; Head lines-  
man, Mitchell, Alma.

J. W. D.



**Second Team.**

The second team organized last week and elected Harold Gaunt '05, of Vassar, captain. There are on the team a number of men who are show-

ing up in fine shape and the close of the year may see some of them on the 'varsity line up. Several games with neighboring high schools will probably be played. The line up contains the following men: Marchmount, c; Kratzenburg, r g; McCollum, l g; Gaunt, r t; Allured, l t; Johnson, r e; Clayton, l e; Himmelhoch, q; Jones, r h; Schultz, l h; Hoooper, f; Conklin, Chatfield, Welch.

**Campus Notes.**

Davis Field, during the summer had grown up to a rank growth of weeds, and the football manager, had to put in good time to get it into shape for the first game.

Pioneer Hall has been fitted up with new steam fixtures throughout.

The base ball manager has already arranged for two games next spring, Big Rapids, April 17, and Olivet April 24. Arrangements are being made to secure a coach.

The Winchell collection of mineralogy which has laid so long in the boxes in Hood museum is being mounted and classified.

The opening receptions of the Christian associations were largely attended this year and were delightfully informal.

Dr. Butler, of the sanitarium, gave the address at the opening of college. His subject was, "Wanted, A Man."

Prof. West is erecting a house near the campus.

The book store established by the college this year has proven a great success and has saved the students from 25 to 40 per cent. on their books.

The art studio is being extensively repaired. The improvements contemplated for last year were not finished and are being completed now. When finished the studio will be the most attractive room in the college buildings.

For the first time in many years the boys this year outnumber the girls, there being some twenty more boys registered.

The two tennis courts formerly belonging to the Orient and Protestant clubs, but which were turned over to the athletic association are in a state of sad neglect.



# Class and Society Notes.

## SENIOR.

Herbert A. Wilcox, of Alma, has been elected President of the Senior class. The other officers are Elizabeth, St. Louis, vice president, Raymond H. Bangs, Alma, secretary-treasurer; James L. McBride, McBain, editor; Ray Swigart, Alma, member of board of control.

When the class of '04 had its genesis it numbered nearly forty. Our ranks have now thinned to an even dozen, five girls and seven boys.

It is the intention of the class to usher in the caps and gowns before the present term is over.

Miss Schmidt and Mr. McBride gave a union birthday party to the class Oct. 1st, and by so doing inaugurated a custom that will be observed throughout the year.

We were much disappointed when we learned that Miss Louise Strange could not return this year. She was compelled to leave before the end of last year and continued ill health renders her finishing this year unadvisable.

M. J. Stormzand, a member of the class of '01 of Hope College, and who has been engaged in newspaper work for three years, has entered the Senior class.



## JUNIOR.

We are now Juniors. How strange it all seems this evolution of the Freshmen. But we have reached the third step in our college life and now applying anxious grasping mind to Logic and Psychology are preparing ourselves to develop into sober digni-

fied Seniors like Mr. Hurst and Miss Stringham.

Our class this year numbers but thirteen. This sounds rather unlucky. But our success depends not upon numbers but upon the character and conscientious work of each member. '05 has high aims and no thought of failure.

The class of '05 elected the following officers for the ensuing year: president, Miss Leola L. Lauderbach; vice president, Earl Webber; secretary, Will Brown; treasurer, J. Norman King; Almanian reporter, Miss Millie B. Cuvrell; member board of control, David A. Johnson.

We are very sorry to lose so many members of our class this year,

Mr. Phillips is labouriously studying the science of Medicine in Chicago and will doubtless graduate there as M. D.

Mr. Leonard has gone to New Mexico, to work for a mining company and leaves us with vision of success and future wealth.

Mr. Ardis remains at home this year and then expects to enter the University.

We lose but one girl—and Why?—Announcements later.

Mr. Brown's favorite song is "Good morning Carrie." If you hear him singing don't be surprised.

Have you noticed how forward (for - Ward) Mr. Johnson is?

If in need of a chaperone get a Junior boy. As to their ability inquire of the Freshman girls.

The class spent a pleasant evening at Miss Pringle's Saturday Sept 26th.



It was rainy but the spirits of the class members were certainly not dampened.

Miss Butler and Miss Mey attended class meeting Wednesday Sept. 30.



**SOPHOMORE.**

At the first meeting the Sophomore class elected the following officers for the year: president, Fred Soule; vice president, Lillian Hunt; secretary, Jessie Long; treasurer, Chas. Pringle; class director of Almanian, Wm. Cooper; and class reporter, Edith Henson.

Several new students have joined our worthy ranks, there are Mr. Pringle, Mr. Moore, Mr. Schenck, and Miss Roben and Mr. They.

There was a Freshmen-Sophomore skirmish on third floor last week, but the regular Sophomore-Freshmen rush did not take place until Saturday night, the 26th when the Sophmores proved that quality not quantity prevails.

Heard in the Freshmen Biology;—"Morphology is the study of dead-animals."

Wanted—A President's daughter and a Professor's niece.



**FRESHMAN.**

Ripa, Kipa, Zah!

Ripa. Kipa, Zah!

'07! '07!

Rah! Rah! Rah!

The maroon and white is threatened with a shade of green this year. One out of every nine or ten students is a Freshman.

The class elected for the first semester: Wm. Rohlf, pres.; Alfred Conklin, vice-pres.; Miss Bagley, sec.; Miss Susie Hawes, treas. Their office

hours will be sent on request.

Miss A. (in Freshman English, trying to draw the word "isolated" from a verdant Freshie) If you were all alone on a desert isle, what would you be?

Miss H. (dolefully) "Forsaken."

One of the Sophs (Seedy C. of the wooden shoes) has become so enamored with a Freshman lassie that he has agreed to stay out of all class rushes and to include us in his prayers.

Don't "Hell-up your sell-uf" but "Blame! bleed! blow! blest!" If you are troubled with consumption or the blues, join our rhetorical class.

The Freshmen were gloriously entertained at President Bruske's residence, Sept. 26. It rained pitch-forks and Sophies outside, but neither leaked in. For further particulars, see elsewhere in this number.



**MUSIC DEPARTMENT.**

The chorus has organized this year much stronger than last, and is now hard ot work on the cantata the "Triumph of David," which will probably be presented sometime before the close of the present term.

The faculty of the department of music will give a public recital in the college chapel Tuesday evening, October 27.

There have been two changes in the faculty of the department this year. Miss Kulls, of Saginaw, takes the place of Prof. Milliken as instructor in violin and Miss Bessie Sargeant, becomes assistant instructor in piano.



**ZETA SIGMA.**

The following men have been initiated into Zeta Sigma from the various classes: Senior, Martin Stormzand;

Sophomore, Claude Cooley, Therry; Freshmen, Casterlain, Fred Conklin, Himmelhoch, C. P. Bates, H. Benton Dunning, Gaylord Nelson, Wm. Rohlf.

The officers for the present term are: President, J. Wirt Dunning, '04; vice-president, J. L. McBride, '04; secretary, Chas Chapman, '05; treasurer, Fred Soule, '06; critics, H. Wilcox, '04, and F. H. Hurst, '04.

The society is planning to hold its annual anniversary banquet on the Monday before Thanksgiving.

The society has now come into the exclusive possession of the society room, and steps will be taken soon to complete the furnishing which was begun two years ago.

Things look bright for an excellent term's work. The new men are a strong lot, and the membership limit is full. The impromptu work is being emphasized.



#### ALPHA THETA.

The Alpha Theta society held their first meeting for the year on Monday evening, September 21st. There are a number of the Alpha Theta girls not back and some of the officers did not return. The officers as the list has been completed are as follows: Pres., Kate Bair; vice-pres., Bertha Higbee; sec'y, Gladys Nelson; corres-sec'y,

Leola Lauderback; treas., Carolyn Hatings; 1st critic, Elizabeth Smidt; 2nd critic, Alice McCord; sentinel; Lillian Hurst; guide, Millie Cuvrel.

There has been one initiation at which time there were taken into the society three new members—Blanche Roben, Lillian Crandell and Edith Henson.

The society has commenced this fall a course of study on Modern Japan—it's present day problems and it's conditions; political, social, intellectual and religious.



#### PHI PHI ALPHA.

The Phi Phi Alpha held its first meeting Monday evening Sept. 21st. The meeting was opened by appropriate speeches by President King and others.

The public meeting of Sept. 28. though not largely attended was thoroughly enjoyed by all present. The main subject for the evening was a debate, entitled, Resolved, that the scientific course is a better course to pursue than the classical, following by several in impromptus. The affirmative was ably taken by Messrs Butler and P. Allurd while the negative was defended by Johnson and Cratzburg. Both sides advanced able arguments but the negative won by one point over the affirmative.

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### Answers to Correspondents.

M. L. A.—How can I induce fractious children to keep in out of the damp evening air?

Ans.—In case the children are very young as your wards seem to be. I should as a last measure resort to

spanking. The paths of discharge in the brain during this operation, leave a very vivid impression, especially in the very young.

H G. G.—We know of no such disease as maryitis, but we should con-



sider from the nature of the symptom you state that it is incurable.

A. P. C.—I was busily engaged the other day in figuring up what Methusaleh's board bill must have been, when a Senior entered the room and began to talk. I snapped my fingers at him to no purpose; what shall I do?

Ans.—“Use Force.”

Anxious Freshman — Socrates is considered by some “The greatest of the Sons of Men,” others believe it to be George Ade.

Sophomore—I tenderly love a beautiful girl who lives in an ivy covered cottage with a new porch. Can you tell me what will take stains of green paint out of the seat of a pair of broadcloth trousers.

Ans.—Useless, donate the trousers to a Freshman.

J. W. E.—Who was the author of the saying: “A bird in the hand is worth two on the roost.”

T. George Timby.

X Harper—I am looking for a house-keeper. I am tired of doing my own cooking. Can you help me.

Ans.—We can't. “Run with patience the race set before you.”

H. A. W.—On what day of the month does Dec. 1 come; and how

often are the yearly elections held.

Ans.—The first of December comes on the oneth of that month. The yearly elections are held annually every six months.

A. Mc.—Is it proper for a girl of fourteen to receive attentions from a young man?

Ans.—It all depends.

F. C.—Who is the author of those beautiful lines:

“O, mushy, moozy itte bitte dirl  
O, hushy, hushy, squshy, ittle  
Pearl.”

Ans.—There were written by Julius Ceasar as he crossed the Styx.

W. S.—I would like to exchange jacknives, unsight, unseen, with subscriber of this sheet. I have also an agents outfit that I would like to exchange for farm property in Kansas.

Hand Car—Set a bear trap just inside your door; tie your money in a sock and conceal it in the mattress, and wear all your clothes to bed. Take a dose of “Anti-nightmare,” and you will be entirely free from burglars.

Old Grad.—Your application for membership into the “Beta Drums” cannot be acted on at present. The frat is down with acute Facultitis.

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### The Blossom.

J. W. D.

I wandered o'er the meadow,  
One summer morning, bright and fair,  
About me choicest blossoms,  
With their fragrance filled the air.  
A blossom “Love,” my path adorned,  
And on its cheek a drop of honey clear,  
I plucked the flower; placed it to my lips,  
But in the plucking of it, the drop  
Was changed into a salty tear.

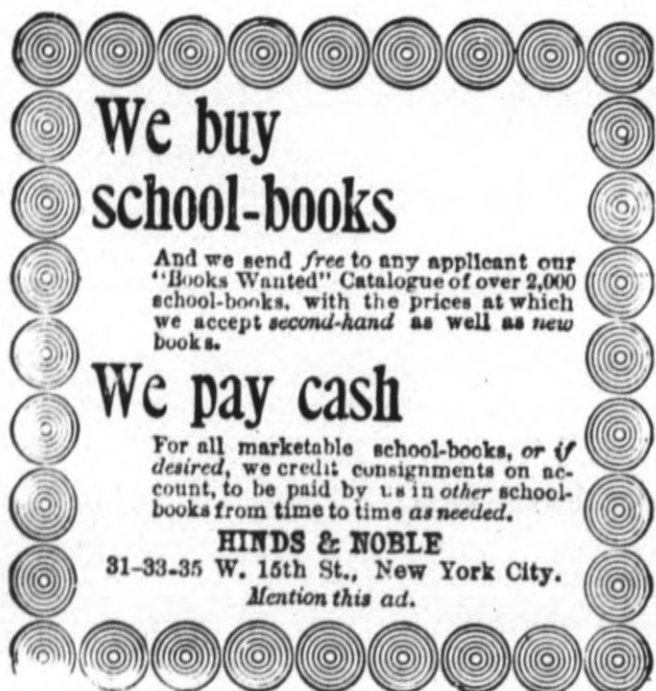
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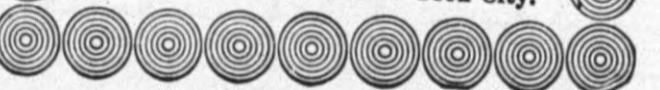
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