

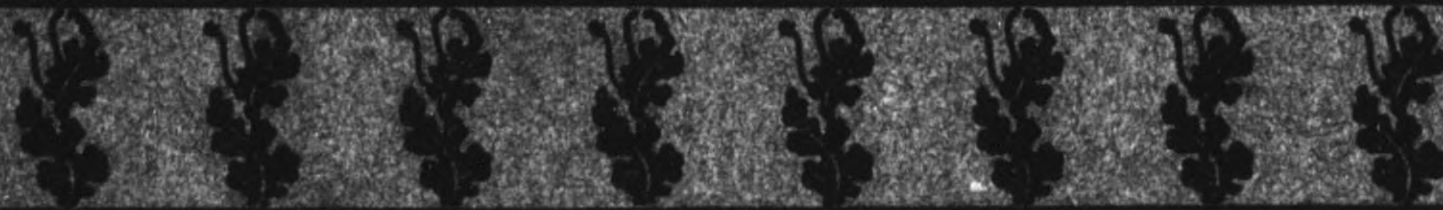
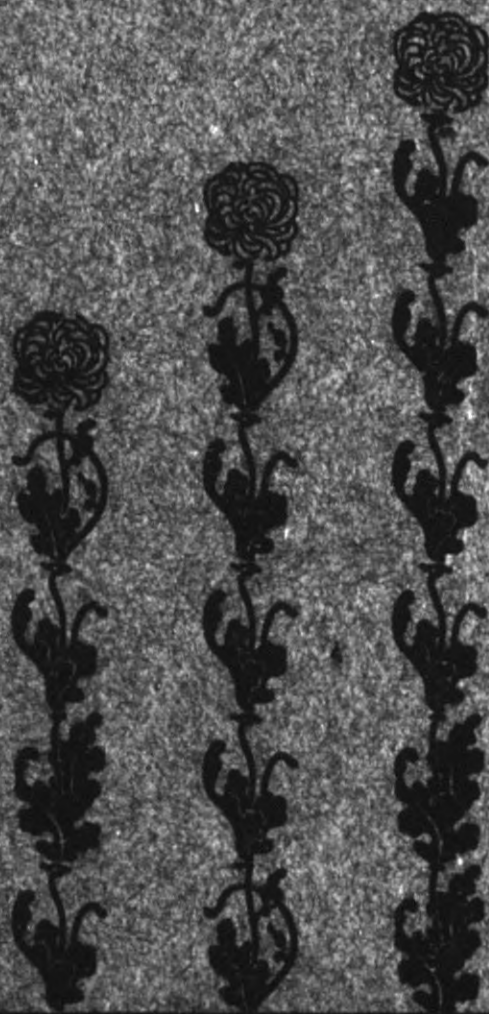
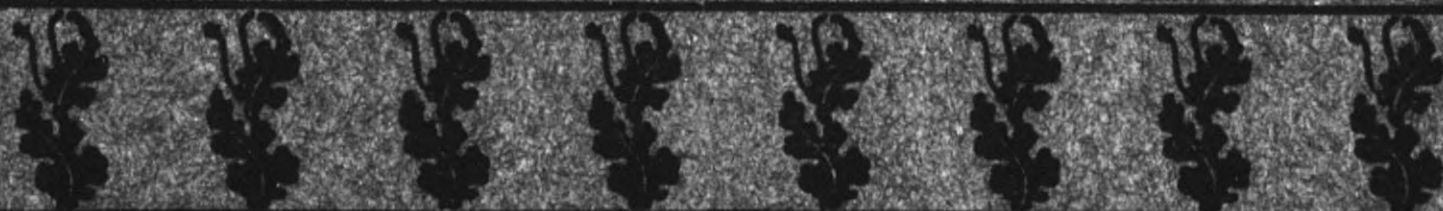
Copy 3

Vol. 5,

JANUARY, 1904,

No. 4.

ALMANIAN



PUBLISHED BY
THE STUDENTS OF ALMA COLLEGE,
ALMA, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.

F. J. SEIDLER

... Maker of ...

Photographs

Stein-Bloch Clothing,
Monarch Shirts,
Dutchess Trousers,
Hawes' Hats.

All the good things at

MESSINGER'S

Headquarters for All Men's Wear.

BARGAINS

In Furniture During
the Month of
February
at

J. W. DEAN'S, Alma

Students . . .

Patronize Our Advertisers.

Wright House...

First-Class Accommo-
dations, Model Service

LIVERY

Good Rigs at Reasonable
Prices.

LAUNDRY

The Best Machinery, Skilled
Workmen, Latest Methods, make
our work satisfactory.

Students' Patronage
Solicited.

J. H. LANCASHIRE & CO.
Proprietors.

A. B. Scattergood

Solicits the College
Trade for



Glass Pins and
Souvenir Spoons

Watches Repaired and
Guaranteed.

TEACHERS WANTED!

We need at once a few more Teachers, both experienced and inexperienced. More calls this year than ever before. Schools supplied with competent teachers free of cost. Address, with stamp,

AMERICAN TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION,

174 Randolph Building, MEMPHIS, TENN.

1423 Arch Street, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

E. A. Bivins, Druggist.



Fine Stationery Choicest Perfumes Lowney's Chocolates

E. A. BIVINS,

Alma, Mich.

Davis Bros.,

Tonsorial Parlors.

Bath Room
in Connection

HAIR TRIMMING AND FACE
MASSAGE A SPECIALTY. FIRST-
CLASS WORK GUARANTEED.
STUDENTS TRADE SOLICITED.

RHODES' DRUG STORE

College Supplies of
All Kinds. : : :

CHARLES RHODES,
Druggist.

TUGER'S

St. Louis, - Mich.

Ready-to- Wear Goods.

Students try Shopping
by Mail. : : :

For Young Ladies:

Sewed Underwear, Knit Underwear, Corsets, Neckwear, Handkerchiefs, Hosiery and Gloves, Toilet Articles, Suits, Garments.

For Young Men:

Full Line of Furnishings in Underwear, Hosiery, Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Collars, Cuffs, Neckwear.

Send for Catalogue
and Prices.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

The Taylor-Wol'enden Co.,

Woodward-ave. and State-st.

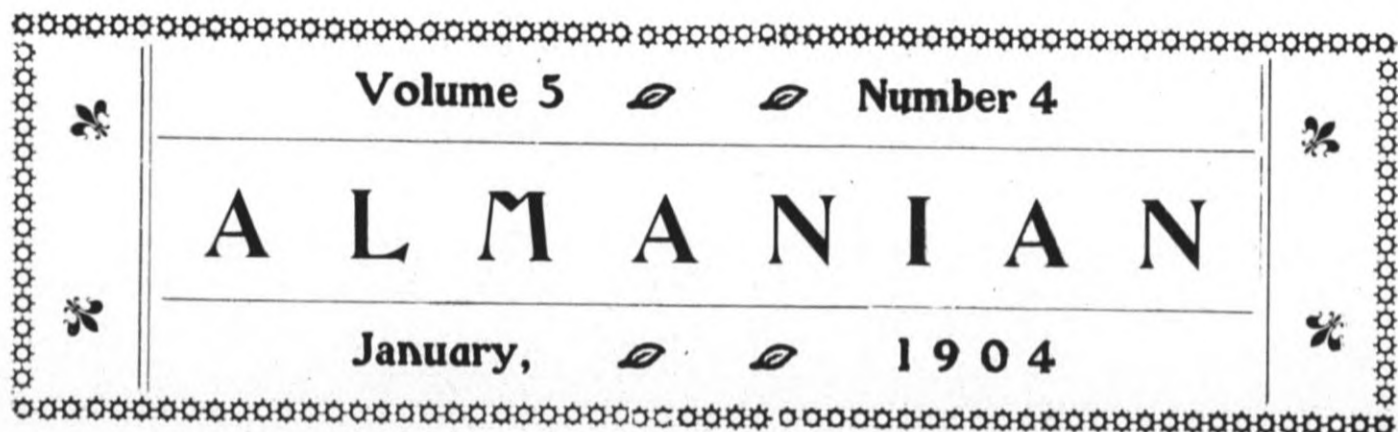
DETROIT



C O N T E N T S .

The Heroism of Slim.....	87
FRED CONKLIN, '07.	
The Last of the Chieftains (<i>Poem</i>) .	89
J. WIRT DUNNING, '04.	
Something Scotch.....	90
KATHERINE M. N	
The Mystery of Dooley.....	94
J. L. MCBRIDE.	
The Companionship of Books.....	98
HAROLD G. GAUNT.	
A Trip to the Mountaineer's Land.....	100
HARRY E. PORTER, '98.	
Editorial.....	102
Alumni Notes.....	104
News Items.....	106





"The Heroism of Slim."

(Continued from November Issue of Almanian.)

A DAY had passed since the memorable fight in the yards. Tim McFanney had been discharged and Slim now had his place as guidesman of the big iron ladle in the casting room.

Boss McKane was running about giving orders and carefully preparing the moulds for the four o'clock cast, while Slim, all excitement, blundering peacefully at everything he set his hand to, could hardly wait till afternoon to see, for the first time in his life, this wonderful spectacle.

Dinner time soon came and there was a general rush to "peg" at the time machine, wash, and begin the pleasant task of interviewing lunch pails. Slim sat down on a pile of old iron pipe in the moulding room and began his dinner alone. He was not popular among his fellow workmen, but today that made little difference to him for he had so much to occupy his mind that he had no time to dwell upon his lonely condition.

The door of the casting room had been left ajar, and as Slim sat eating his lunch he noticed a man walking stealthily around in the opposite room

near the iron ladle,—then the door shut him from view. Slim thought but little of the incident, however, till the noon whistle blew, when the man in the casting room came through the door, looked straight at Slim, turned quickly and hastened towards the street. The man was Tim McFanney.

When Tim reached the street he sauntered around the yards till he found the boss. McKane looked him over carefully and demanded gruffly what he wanted this time of the day, and Tim began asking in a pleading voice if he might not be given another trial at the foundry. He seemed utterly subdued. His whole attitude was one of submission, but there was a sinister look in his small beady eyes, now fixed on the ground, which the "Boss" did not see.

"Well" said McKane at length, "if you behave yourself, I'll give you another trial, but if you don't"—here he paused, shrugged his shoulders, and continued, "Why out ye goes," and Tim knew he meant what he said.

The time for the cast had come. A man with a long iron rod was making an incision low down in the side of

the furnace, and soon there poured forth a steady stream, as from a pump spout. It was semi-liquid colorless mass, glowing so fiercely that the unaccustomed eye could not gaze at it for long at a time. The dark figures moving about quickly and silently in the gloom had to think rapidly in this supreme hour of opportunity to direct the flow of the traveling iron. After part had been run off into moulds for pigs, the remainder was caught in a great iron ladle lined with clay and transported to the converter to be made into steel.

The firey liquid was poured into the capacious mouth of the converter and suddenly with a terrific roar the blast was turned on. Slim thought he had never seen so grand a sight and stood watching the changing flame as it issued from the mouth of the converter; now red, now blue, now the palest violet, just as the colors of a Roman candle change from hue to hue.

The molten mass was now to be poured into Slim's ladle and transported to the cars to be made into "pigs" and tested. Slowly the steel flowed from the converter into the ladle amid a shower of sparks, but something was wrong; the chain refused to work.

Boss McKane saw the danger at once and yelled to McFannev to go to Slim's assistance. He dared not disobey, though he knew of danger lurking there of which the others little dreamed.

Slim tugged at his guide chain in vain, and meanwhile the ladle became heavier and heavier; the crane cracked

and bent under the strain, till at last a link in the chain snapped and the immense ladle toppled and fell with a crash to the floor, sending a flood of molten steel in all directions.

Wildest confusion followed. Men were fleeing in all directions to escape the intense heat and the white shining stream that carried destruction in its path.

The boss who had been standing near the ladle at the time of the accident, was now hopelessly caught among the chains that had formed a part of the crane. He cried pitiously for assistance; but no one came, all feared the blinding heat.

There was, however, one chance for McKane's life and Slim saw it. Seizing a huge iron bar he ran within three or four feet of the mass, and working like one possessed, tried to cut a new channel for it. Into to this it finally came now sending up a shower of sparks as it struck some small obstacle, now eddying 'round a larger one till at last Slim dropped his bar and fell exhausted, overcome by heat.

The tide was turned, and the boss was saved, but Slim was sent to the hospital, and the one who caused him injuries died as the result of his own evil work. The steel link that had broken, did not leave the jagged edge it should have left, but was perfectly smooth showing that it had been sawed, and McFannev who had sawed it, paid for his villiany by his own death, for he had been caught in that flood by molten steel.

FRED CONKLIN, '07.



The Last of the Chieftains.

Lines Suggested by Clyde Fitch's Painting, "The Last of the Chieftains."

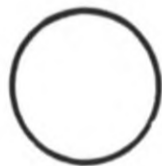
J. WIRT DUNNING, '04.

*Lonely and sad with his face to the westering sun proudly turning,
Homes of his ancestors wasted and red deer the forest all spurning;
Longingly casting a look to the wide-stretching, billowing "Dead Lands,"
Up on the peak of the sky-towering mountain a silent Red Chief stands.*

*Furrowed with years of hard fighting to stem the proud march of a nation,
Conquered at last by his foe, he turns from his tribe's desolation;
Westward, yet westward his fateful march pressing in toil never ending—
Where the Pacific's calm waters glow golden with each sun's descending.*

*Lost in the maelstrom of strife, checked by the ocean's broad river,
Faded his glory of life, and useless his bow and his quiver,
Ended at last is his struggle and loudly his last call is ringing;
Over the sweep of the river, his comrades his death march are singing.*

*Men of a civilized nation, pray pause in your mad race for power!
Back in the ages primeval, God gave to the red man this dower.
Then out from thy storehouse of treasure, pour forth of thy riches and learning,
Weep for the red men whose hearts for the land of their fathers are yearning.*



"Something Scotch"

KATHERINE M. INGLIS.

THE chaos out of which the earth evolved seems to have departed reluctantly from Scotland. The "Without form and voidness" is characteristic of her early history. A Scotch mist hangs over the black mountainous country for ages. Occasionally the ragged edges of the mist lift and groups of men emerge, and they are always fighting. Celts seem to have been there before the beginning of years, and the much disputed Pict has left the relics of his glimmering civilization all over the country. In the fifth and sixth century come veritable gleams of sunshine, for Saxon Edwin invaded the land, and built, they say, his capital Edwinstown, the Edinburg of today; and with him came the Irish missionaries, Saint Columba at their head, and the monasteries became patches of light in the surrounding darkness and it is worth remembering that the Kingdom of Arthur Pendragon lay between the Roman walls, built one from the Clyde to the Forth, the other between the Tyne and the Solway.

Think of the mingling of races in that little country, of hostile races too. Saxon and Norman pushing up from the south; Celt and Pict forming in on the west, and Scandanavian Vikings swooping down from the north. Each race hating and despising the other, and among the Celts at least each tribe and family hating the other with the deadliest hatred:

"Dragons in their prime
That tare each other in the slime"
Seems indeed to have been
"Mellow music matched with them."

This war of clans and races is the key to Scottish history. Always fight-

ing, usually with each other, only uniting against a common enemy. Highlanders uniting to keep out lowlanders, and Highlanders and Lowlanders at last uniting against England, Scotland's dearest foe, who throughout her history divides with his Satanic Majesty the honor of the title of "The Auld Enemy." Doctor Brown's dog was unmistakably a Scotch dog, and came rightfully by his inheritance, of whom his master, "Eh Sirs! Life is just full o' seriousness for him. He never gets enough o' fighting."

* * * *

Now how is one to write of the characteristics of a race made up of so many elements. Saxon and Norman and Celt have intermarried and mingled, and a Scotchman with all these hostile elements inside himself may well sigh with Saint Paul over his warring members; and yet when the Scotchman rises to name and use and fame, and he often does, his biographers make a point of emphasizing the fact that he inherits all the virtues of both Highland and Lowland ancestors.

We are told I believe that the Irish trace their descent back to a grandson of Shem, but the Scotch go further back by eleven generations, for every orthodox Scotchman will tell you that he is descended from Adam, and if he is a Highlander he will add that Gaelic was spoken in the Garden of Eden. Gaelic is certainly akin to Hebrew and all loyal Scotchmen believe that the Scone stone now in Westminster, was the stone on which Jacob pillowed his head the night of his golden ladder vision. It was brought to Scone by

the prophet Jeremiah who also brought TeeTephi, the Princess Royal of Israel, who founded the royal line of both Scotland and Ireland. Now this must be true because there is a picture of Jeremiah arriving at Scone with the stone under his arm in the House of Parliament at Edinburg, and further that is how England with her Scotch ruler crowned on the Scone stone is able to appropriate to herself all the blessings of the Old Testament, the Anglo Saxons being the lost ten tribes of Israel. The curses are generously left to the other two tribes.

You remember that Jamie Soutar in the Bonnie Briar Bush sums up his neighbors thus:

"There's a puckle good fowk in the parish and ain ar too o' the ither, but the maist o' us are half and between."

After all, man is just a bifurcated animal, as Carlyle says, and a Scotchman is bifurcated like the rest of the world. He is patriotic, religious, prudent, and eminently warlike, but you could match all these qualities in other nations. And yet at the last analysis, while you find in him the same qualities and attributes that you find in other men, still their combination into a Scotchman is something unique. In natural courage, intelligence, perseverance, selfcommand, and forethought, the Scot is pre-eminent. He has the love of adventure and thirst for knowledge of the Saxon, and the ardor and susceptibility of the Celt. It is not to be denied that he shows the scurvy side of these qualities, that his courage is sometimes foolhardiness; his intelligence marred by pedantry and conceit; his perseverance sometimes becomes obstinancy and his forethought, mean-

ness and miserliness. A mean Scotchman is the meanest thing on earth, it being a fundamental law of the universe that there must be a few exceptions to prove the rules. At least it may be said of the Scot, that he excels in whatever he undertakes, even in meanness.

To the very virtues which he shares with other nations, he gives a local coloring. Take patriotism. There is a strong charm about mountainous countries, and the dwellers therein have always a deep love for home. Witness Judea, Greece, Switzerland and Scotland. This arises in part, I believe, from the struggle for existence, which always endears the soil to men, and partly from the communion with nature which isolation and solitude bring. But there is a continuity about Scotch patriotism which does not appear on the surface, at least, in other countries. In Switzerland, William Tell is a myth, but in Scotland, Bruce and Wallace are living memories. To illustrate: Not long ago some English tourists visited the field of Bannockburn, and a country blacksmith pointed out with much intelligence, the position of the two armies, the stone on which was fixed Bruce's standard, etc. The gentlemen on leaving offered him half a crown each. "Na, na!" replied the Scotchman with much pride, "It has cost ye enough already."

Now the battle of Bannockburn was fought in 1314, but to this blacksmith it was a defeat from which the English still suffered. A similar story is told in Lockhart's Life of Scott of the blacksmith whom Sir Walter had formerly known as a horse doctor, and whom he afterwards found at a small

country town in England, practicing medicine; with a reckless use of "calomy and laudemy," apologizing for the harm he might do by the assurance that it would "be a long time before he had made up for Flodden."

The same spirit is in the Scottish songs. No Scotchman ever sings "Scots wha hae wi Wallace bled," without losing his own personality for the time being. I myself with Scotchness diluted in a great measure by education and environment, have often bled with Wallace and have only forgotten my wounds, because of the excitement of being led on to victory by Bruce. This is true on the other side, of the wail over Flodden.

"We hae nae mair lilling at our yone milking,

Women and bairns are heartless and wae
Sighing and moaning on ilka green gloaming

The flowers o' the forest are a' wede away."

To a Scotchman it is the wail for his own brothers and sons.

I have spoken of the loyalty of the Highlander with his slogan, "another for Hector." Here is another more modern tale which with all its incongruity stirs the heart a little.

One of the lairds or Abercairnie proposed to "go out," as it was called, on the occasion of one of the Stewart risings, but this was not with the will of his old serving man, who, when Abercairnie was pulling on his boots, preparing to go, overturned a kettle of boiling water upon his legs so as to disable him from joining his friends, saying, "Tak that. Let them field wha feel like, stay ye at hame and be Laird of Abercairnie." The loyalty of servants to their masters is as typical as that of gentlemen to their king.

As for Scotch conceit, you all know

of the Scotchman's prayer, that God would "gie" him a canny conceit of "himsel." This is credited to Mr. Arthur Balfour: "and that is the one prayer that is sure of an affirmative answer." Stevenson in "Kidnapped," in the scene where David Balfour and Alan Breck overcome the whole crew of a sailing vessel, has given a perfect delineation of this Scotch conceit in its weakness and strength, when David says: "He (Alan) came up to me with open arms. 'Come to my arms,' he cried, and embraced and kissed me hard upon both cheeks. 'David,' said he, 'I love you like a brother. And O man,' he cried in kind of ecstasy, 'am I no a bonnie fighter?' All the while the flush was in his face and his eyes were as bright as a five year old child's with a new toy."

That a Scotchman is deeply religious goes without saying, but in that he has his own peculiarities also. His experiences and feelings are hardly to be expressed in words: but the intellectual side of Theology and dogma is his topic of daily conversation. As MacLapen puts it, "Farmers could state the esoteric doctrine of spiritual independence between the stilts of the plow and talk familiarly of "co-ordinate jurisdiction with mutual subordination," and he lays this to the fact that "intellect has been brought to a fine edge by the Shorter Catechism."

There is a touch of the mystic in every Scotsman, Highlander or Lowlander, though it predominates in the Celt. All of them see visions or dream dreams at some time or other. The shepherd in the lonely moors feels invisible presences, even in the daytime and like Sir Galahad he

muses on joys that will not cease till "this weight and size, this heart and eyes are touched, are turned to finest air." "Mun," said Jamie Soutar sternly to an Englishman, who called a sunset "glorious," "Will you no keep ae word for the 21st of Revelation?" One result of this is that to a true Scotsman death is merely an episode. His heart has been so long in the unseen world, that the mere moving there is a small matter. You all know of the Scotch elder, who on his deathbed told his pastor that "he was very comfortable, just a wee bit confused wi' the flitting," but there is a story of an old Scotch lady perhaps not so familiar. When dying a tremendous storm of rain and thunder came on, so as to shake the house. In her own quaint, eccentric spirit, and with no thought of profane or light allusions, she looked up and quietly remarked "Ech sirs! What a night for me to be fleeing through the air."

Love of country is a very distinctive and to me a very lovable trait of Scotch character. "Tak a stick to a Highlander," said Waster Lunny, "and it's no him you hurt, but his ancestors. Likewise it's his ancestors that stanes you for it." This, without doubt, is carrying the feeling too far, but many a brave deed has been done and many a noble life lived "for the honor of the family." There is something Hebraistic about this. A Scotchman can well understand the feelings which impelled the Jewish race to call on the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. The religious life of Scotland may be

bare of form and ceremonial, but it has its own rites and liturgy.

It is the custom to make New Year's Eve the time for all members of the family to gather around the hearthstone of the head of the house. The evening is spent in games and family jest and story and as the hours slip away song after song is called for and sung. One could write a volume on those songs. All of Scottish pride and pathos and humor and love of home and country are in the medley. "Scotts wha hae," and "Bonnie Doon," and "John of Hazeldean," and "Logie of Buchen," and "Bonnie Charlie's gone awa," and "Lochhabben nae mair," and many others. But as midnight rings out hand clasps hand and there is no need to ask what shall be the greeting to the new year. And so on wings of song rise the words which, as McLaren says, no Scottish man ever sings with a dry heart.

"God of Bethel by whose hand
Thy people still are fed,
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led,

Our vows, our prayers we now present
Before thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers! Be the God
Of each succeeding race.

Such blessings from thy gracious hand,
Our humble prayers implore,
And thou shalt be our chosen God,
Our portion evermore."

They were our fathers, and Celt or Saxon, Highlander or Lowlander, gentleman or peasant, Jacobite or Covenanter, they were a God-loving, freedom loving, brave, fearless, loyal, steadfast race of men. Let us thank their God for their memory and ask to be made worthy of them.

The Mystery of Dooley

—(A Tale of The Barracks.)—

J. L. MC BRIDE, '04.

IN Kennedy's saloon, the Devil and his own had been holding high carnival. The overturned chairs; the worried face of Kennedy himself; the grimy lamps that swayed and flickered in the stuffy atmosphere; the tattered hangings that reeked with the odor of long burnt tobacco; all these loudly testified to a good old time: here and there on the rude benches were lying men in all stages of intoxication, some sleeping, some still trying to tell their drunken sorrows in the sleepers' ears. Over by the stove was a group of those who had not imbibed so heavily and who were still aware of the outer world. Only one of them was a civilian. He had the height and girth of a giant, with arms and limbs whose great size seemed still more increased by his careless western dress. The rest were soldiers from the fort, one with the chevrons of a first sergeant on his sleeve.

They had already prolonged their revel far into the night and presently they rose on drunken limbs to seek the barracks, where perhaps reprimands and guard house awaited them. Almost at the same moment, the door was opened from without and a snow-covered figure entered. They looked at him and "Well if it ain't Dude," said the sergeant. "Come, Dooley, let's have a drink and then go home."

All those who could stand lined up at the bar, waiting for the two men by the door. Dooley had backed up against the door and Sergeant Howard had followed him in his idiotic persistence. "Hey! What do you

mean? Won't you drink?" Dooley shook his head and laid his hand on the doorknob. There was a second voice almost like a growl: "We'll see see about that! You won't drink?" The man in citizens' clothes had joined the sergeant. Dooley looked white even in the flickering light of the few lamps, but said nothing. "You'll fight then," and with an oath, the giant stepped toward him, but the door had opened and the other had gone.

The next morning those who had heard of Dooley's inglorious retreat voted him a coward. Being a raw recruit he had none to defend him, even had defense been possible. And moreover, because of his quiet unobtrusive air he was cordially disliked by a majority of Co. E. Even his bunkmate hardly knew him; and so for a time his lot was hard, for many a thinly veiled taunt and sneer without disguise of any were hurled at him. But he managed in course of time to live down some of their illfeeling and soon a few of the better spirits found in him congenial company. What to call him, they knew not at first, but his wellkept clothes and shining equipment soon furnished one. It was "Dude" Dooley and "Dude" Dooley he remained until the Little Big Horn claimed him as her own.

The Dude was a vigorous athlete and in all the sports of the fort he took part; that is in all but one. No one could persuade him to don the gloves and to no one did he ever give a sufficient reason for declining. He seemed to have a horror of them, and

yet no one could say that his one hundred eighty pounds and his courage that was only too manifest in other lines, was his excuse for not learning to "use his hands" as they termed the manly art. Once in a while some venturesome spirit would carry things a little too far but the Dude's only response was a sickly little smile. He turned a deaf ear even to Sergeant Howard who was something of a fighter and for whom in spite of his fits of drunkenness all the men had a strong regard.

And so in one way or another time at the little post wore away. Spring gave place to summer, and summer in turn withdrew before autumn's approach. There were several cases of drunks, a few desertions, and sometimes an outbreak by some lawless red man, causing a few days excitement, but that was all. Life was monotonous, but the Dude had no worse time than the rest. He now had as bunky a young fellow by the name of Smith over whom he exercised a sort of paternal watchfulness because of that soldierly weakness toward whiskey. Smith simply would drink and the convivial spirits that frequented Kennedy's usually insisted that he be one of them. But thoughtful days in the guardhouse, painful reprimands from his superior officers, and the Dude's persistent friendship helped him, and late in September he discovered that Kennedy's whiskey was most inessential to his happiness. He and Dooley became quite chummy and more than once had the younger man threatened to chastise the few who still remembered the Dude's lack of nerve a year before. Men cannot for-

get when another has failed to display that cardinal virtue, and I suppose that deadly hatred of the gloves kept the old story alive.

Once in a while Citizen Andrews would tell the loungers at Kennedy's what he would do to the Dude at some future time, but his promised victim never entered the saloon and Dooley himself never betrayed any interest in the matter. Only once did Smith mention the happening of a year ago to him, and then the other had smiled and congratulated himself on having escaped both the licking and the drink. Smith was puzzled, but knew enough to suppress his curiosity.

October and November dragged slowly by and December brought Xmas with a heavy fall of snow. All day long Smith had seemed restless, and as the Dude paced along the chilly wall he wondered if the other's struggle had been in vain. Ten o'clock came and brought with it this relief. The Dude hastened to the barracks and found that most of the men had gone to Kennedy's. With them they had taken poor Smith. Hardly waiting to warm his chilled limbs, he started on special permit toward the distant windows of Kennedy's place, which seemed to flash far across the snow, a cheerful welcome. It was the same room from which he had fled so hastily twelve months before, but now no idle curiosity led him thither. Smith must be gotten away from them, and with that thought he felt a fierce desire to punish him who had been the poor fellow's undoing.

Some of the fellows then in the room knew of the fight he had been

making for his friend, and one or two lurched heavily away as the Dude approached. Smith stood at the bar with a full glass in his hand, but at sight of the Dude's face he stopped, stared, then set the whisky down.

Aw, seen a ghost? Drink man, drink! Here's to the Dude!"

Some drank, but Smith did not, and he turned to go on trembling limbs as the Dude took his arm.

"Here, what you doing?" and the civilian of a year ago stood in his way. "Smith wants a drink before he goes, and so do you!" Just for an instant, the Dude stopped and seemed about to raise his arm. Again he grew as white as he did a year ago. He called out, "Get out of my way, you!" But the other could not have moved even had he so desired, for a crowd now surrounded the three, and as he saw Sergeant Howard take Smith's arm, he swore a terrible oath at the Dude.

Instantly both men raised their arms, but the man in plain clothes struck first. But the blow never landed; there was only a drawing back of the Dude's head, and then he too struck. It wasn't much of a blow; it meant only a slight slip with the right foot, and with the straightening of the arm, a slight tilting forward of the whole body.

But the thud which Andrews struck the floor meant volumes. Without a glance at the form on the floor or at anything else, the Dude turned to look for Smith, but Sergeant Howard stood in the way. "And so you can fight, my, my pretty Dude! Well, lick me too, or, by God, you'll drink my health." The Dude's hand went to his head in salute; perhaps it was mockery anyway; he was master of

himself once more. "Sergeant," he said, still with that mocking hand to his head, "you're my superior officer. I wouldn't dare to fight you." Instantly Howard had stripped to the coat with the white stripes upon the sleeve.

Then he lifted the glass that Smith had left untasted and flung the whisky straight at Dooley's face. "Here, drink your friend's whisky." With a jerk of his head he shook the liquor from his face, and then laughed a queer little laugh. Then he, too, laid aside his coat, handing his tie and collar to Kennedy, before he stepped toward the waiting sergeant. It seemed queer that the Dude should hold out his hand to the other; but he did so, and then quickly withdrawing it, said; "Oh, I forgot; you don't do that in a bar-room, do you?"

Quickly the fight was on. With the regular saloon brawl rush, Howard came at his opponent, but the Dude was not there, and the surprised man had a little tingling spot on his cheek to remind him that the other had taken pains to leave his mark before giving way. Round and round they went, now fast, now slow. The Dude was without a sign of a blow and the sergeant was panting hard from his endeavor to end the affair at once. Another rush and another netted him nothing; and then the Dude murmured through smiling lips: "Tired, sergeant? Feel like resting?" With a furious growl Howard sprang forward; but this time the other stood his ground. There was no retreat, but instead there was that same step forward, that same lurch of the body, that same straightening of the arm, and the sergeant had run into something that stopped him as if it were a

stone wall, that jarred him from toe to crown. Now it was the sergeant's turn to retreat, but in an instant the Dude advanced a single step and far inside the other's feeble grasp he swung his right. Down went the sergeant like a man of clay, down and out. Dooley looked at him and a vicious glare came into his eyes as he turned to the others.

"Well, my devil's gentleman, who's next?" he said. But involuntarily they backed toward the wall. Then without a word he picked up his coat and collar and tie and led Smith home.

The next morning one of his cronies visited the sergeant as he lay with aching head in the hospital. This was the news he brought.

"Edward Dooley, who was arrested because of his contest with Kid Martin, was released from custody last night. It will be remembered that Martin died the next day after thier fight."

It was a clipping that that there Dude had given Smith, taken from a paper some months before.

Then Co. E understood Dude Dooley's hatred of the gloves, and Smith was never asked to drink again.

DARE VAS AN OLT VOMANS.

Dare vas on olt vomans,
 Und vot did you dink?
 She lived upon nuddings
 Bud vickles und drink;
 Bud vun day der Doctors
 Set, "Voman, bevare!
 Such a many vee microbes
 Vill ged you in dare!"
 Ub spoke der olt vomans
 Mit a vink uf der eye,
 "Uf microbes like vickles
 Den vy shouldn't I?"

The Companionship of Books.

HAROLD G. GAUNT, '05.

“ Oh for a booke and a shadie nooke,
Eyther in doore or out ;
With the grene leaves whispering overhead
Or the street cryes all about.
Where I maie reade all at my ease,
Both of the newe and old ;
For a jollie goode book whereon to look,
Is better to me than golde.”

—*English Old Song.*

THE man who finds in books companions as dear as earthly friends, companions who not only furnish pleasure and amusement, but who soothe his cares, rest his troubled mind, and inspire him to higher ideals and more perfect living, has in deed found one secret which makes life worth living.

There is something that comes to the book-lover from his reading which it is impossible to explain to the one to whom reading is a bore. It may be found in the pages of prose or history, philosophy or fiction, history or biography, but whatever the source the benefit is essentially the same. But because a person does not find pleasure and profit in every kind of literature, does not necessarily prove that he is narrow. Nearly everyone has his favorite books and some people are interested in only a few forms and kinds of literary productions. The philosophical mind is likely to be most interested in philosophy and psychological matter, the student of history loves most the stories of mankind and nations, while many others fail to be interested in anything but fiction or poetry.

But the man who loves all books, and appreciates any style or kind of productions, has a great advantage over the one who does not. For him

books are truly companions. Whatever his mood or disposition he can find comfort and consolation in his reading. Sir John Lubbock speaks of a library as a “true fairyland, a Very palace of delight, a heaven of repose from the storms and troubles of the world.” For the tired mind which desires a relaxation from mental labor there is rest and repose in books. Perhaps it is at this time that poetry answers the need. Again the brain may be active and calls for something which will require deep study and reasoning. But whatever the frame of mind, there is always something which meets the demand.

I do not agree fully with the man who has said, “Books, like friends, should be few, and well chosen.” While we should exercise care in our choice of reading, we are too apt to limit our reading by narrow bounds. Lord Brougham’s advice seems to me to be the better. He says that it is well to read everything of something, and something of everything. By this means we will not only ascertain the bent of our own tastes, but we will increase our appreciation of the best in literature.

The value of this attainment cannot be better expressed than in the words of Sydney Smith: ‘ Well and happily has that man conducted his understanding who has learned to derive from books a regular and rational delight. There are many consolations in the mind of such a man which no common life can ever afford, and many enjoyments which it has not to give. It is worth while in the days of our youth to strive hard for this great

discipline ; to pass sleepless nights for it ; to give up to it laborious days ; to spurn for it present pleasures ; to endure for it afflicting poverty ; to wade for it through darkness and sorrow and contempt, as the spirits of the world have ever done in all ages and all times."

The question arises as to how this love of books can be acquired. It may be doubted that a man who has no particular liking for literature, can learn "to derive from books a regular and rational delight," and find them companions for any hour of joy or loneliness. But we know that any student is broadened by mental training, and that by continual reading his narrow appreciation of reading of literature will reach out so as to include all that is worth reading. It may not be easily acquired, and different people will realize different degrees of attainment, but it is certain that discipline and training can make a book-lover of the man for whom books have no charm.

It will hardly be asked if it is worth while. Lincoln thought it worth while to walk miles, and to make any sacrifice for a book that he wanted,

and then to spend the night before the open fire-place, devouring its contents. The great men of all ages have testified to the inestimable value of books. Cicero described a room without books as a body without a soul. Carlyle considered his collection of books worth a university education. Gibbon declared that he would not exchange his love of reading for all the treasures of India. Macaulay, with all that wealth and fame could bring him, found his greatest delights in his books. All the honors and rewards which his own pen brought him were not to be compared to the pleasure he derived from the works of others.

If, in the past, when books were not only expensive and hard to procure, but many of the best works still unwritten, — men considered them above everything else, in this day we ought to value all the more highly the accumulated literature of all ages. By means of our books and libraries we can converse with the greatest minds of every age, visit every land, in any period of history, and have as our friends the best companions the world affords.

LEEDLE CHACK HORNER.

Leedle Chack Horner
 Got in a Corner
 Down in der Street dey call Vall,
 He lost efery penny
 So he vont make any
 Christmas presents next Fall.

A Trip to the Mountaineer's Land.

HARRY E. PORTER, '98.

FIVE O'CLOCK! Umph? Five o'clock and you'll have to be getting up if you are going to Brookville today.

It was Monday morning, the preacher's Sunday, a day he is usually very glad to see, after the wearing work of the Sabbath. But this Monday was to be anything but a day of rest. Presbytery had appointed this particular preacher to assist in organizing a church fifty miles up the Little Kanawha river, nearly in the edge of the mountains, and the pastor in charge had asked that he come on Monday and give the people a sort of revival up to the day set for the organization which was to take place on Thursday. There was an early train to catch which would carry him twenty-five miles to Elizabeth; "from there" said the pastor in charge "we will drive. The water is now too low for the smallest gasoline boats to run."

That twenty-five miles is soon passed over, a beautiful ride along the Little Kanawha valley, the hills towering [four or five hundred feet above on either side. A survey of the crowd that makes up a trip along this road is interesting. From the busy city-like people one finds rushing up and down the streets of Parkersburg a peculiar selection is always found ready to take this trip. Oil men, lumbermen, farmers and even the doctors, judges and merchants who live in the interior have some how largely adopted the customs of these backwoods people. Slouch hats, woolen shirts, corduroy coats and trousers

largely compose the dress of these travelers.

Elizabeth! All for Elizabeth! The preacher alighted to find his friends waiting. Soon a good livery outfit was ready and 9:30 found us enroute again for Brooksville. "How far," was asked, "twenty-two miles by road was the reply, "but it will take us till four o'clock," and indeed it did. "West Virginia" say the inhabitants "is a great farming country. Your farm is just turned upon edge and you farm both sides." So you see what that trip is like. Up hill, down hill, corkscrewing about to get a moderate incline to reach the summit, then down again, four miles to make one mile; often times one can get out and go cross lots and by clambering up or down a steep hill, cut off perhaps a half mile of the road and catch a good resting spell before the team overtakes him.

Twice we ferry the river, once we ford it. "This" says the driver, pointing to a half dozen tumble down cabins "is Burning Springs. At one time three thousand people lived here." "Impossible!" "Yes," he went on "here was a big oil field once and people rushed in from all sides. But after a time most of the oil gave out and the people moved away." We stopped only long enough to get a drink at a splendid sulphur spring which a Michigan magnate would covet for a sanatorium sight; then on. Dinner at Creston; then on again.

Four o'clock; Brookville at last! and nothing very exciting at that. The preacher had been expecting a sort of

interior city, but no; about twenty-five or thirty houses, and a hundred or more people composed the places and population. But there were friends, because there were christian people. The writer has found that go where you will in city, country or backwoods, but find a christian and you find a friend. The home may be humble; the manners may be crude; but a christian heart is synonymous with a warm heart; so it was here.

A Sunday school missionary had come here two years before and organized a Sunday school. Among others a big brawny blacksmith had become interested, and although he had been a bad man before he found Christ and that settled it. There he is today, an elder in that new church. It would be interesting to tell more about him, but look him over and you would say with the writer, "God has laid that man up here on purpose and kept him to be an elder in the church." The meetings were held, it was touching to see the eagerness of the people for the gospel. Our city people go to parks, walk the street or stay at home, do anything except go to church; probably fifteen hundred people out of the twenty thousand in Parkersburg attend church on Sunday. Think of it! If you think this estimate is too small count it up for your own town. But here, the whole town turned out to church, nearly everybody, and each night at the gospel invitation from five

to eight persons desired to accept Christ.

Well, the week passed by. The day of departure came. The preacher started home. The first eight miles meant a three hours' drive; so, as the Sunday school missionary was going and proposed to walk, the preacher proposed to. He forgot, however, that there was a river to ford, but having started there was no backing out. How did he get across? Why he just took off his shoes and waded—waded the Little Kanawha, put his shoes on again and started, suffering no further inconvenience than to carry a few pebbles in his shoes the rest of the way as mementoes of the experiment. The home trip was interesting but must be passed over, only stopping to say, it was a changeful bit of traveling; eight miles on foot, ten miles further by hack, then six miles by a gasoline boat. This was a delightful ride, which was thoroughly enjoyed, especially from the pilot house; then home to Parkersburg by rail with a two mile street car ride to finish. Rather varied it was indeed, but it is only a typical day of travel for West Virginia.

This closed the week. Sunday found the preacher behind his own pulpit in his own church, much the same only a little more appreciative of the work and needs of brethren in the more obscure, but certainly much deserving fields.

MARY'S LEEDLE LAMB.

Mary had had a Persian lamb;
 Ids fleece vas round her neck;
 Her Papa had a leedle fit
 Because he wrote her check.



ALMANIAN.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE STUDENTS OF ALMA COLLEGE
ALMA, MICHIGAN

Subscription Price

One Year \$1 00
Single Copy 15

JOHN WIRT DUNNING, 1904 - Editor-in-Chief
WM WINTON, JR. - Business Manager

Class Editors

J. L. McBRIDE, - - - - Class of 1904
MILLIE CUVRELL, - - - - Class of 1905
EDITH HENSON, - - - - Class of 1906
PAUL ALLURD - - - - Class of 1907
THOMPSON, - - - - Kindergarten Class

PROF. JAMES MITCHELL, Chairman Board of Control

CONTRIBUTIONS and items of interest are earnestly solicited from students, alumni and friends.
ALL COMMUNICATIONS for publication should be addressed to the EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
ALL SUBSCRIPTIONS should be paid and all checks made payable to the BUSINESS MANAGER.
SUBSCRIBERS not receiving their papers on time will confer a favor by notifying the Business Manager.
ALL SUBSCRIPTIONS are due in six months after first issue.

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

JANUARY, 1904.

EDITORIAL CHANGES.

WITH this number of The Almanian the present editor severs his connection with the editorial pages of the magazine. Conditions of health have made it necessary for me to leave school and also The Almanian.

Contrary to the sentiment that is usually expressed on such an occasion, I will say that it is with no feeling of regret that I relinquish the duties of editor.

During the sixteen months that I have had charge of The Almanian there has been something of pleasure connected with the work; considerable that is directly the reverse. As is to be expected, there has come considerable criticism from the three classes I have endeavored to please—students, alumni and faculty. This is, however, to be expected. An effort has been made to satisfy the demands of all, and I hope it has not been entirely unsuccessful.

The greatest difficulty that confronts an editor of a magazine like The Almanian is the problem of securing enough and suitable material to fill its pages. The Almanian is peculiarly unfortunate in this respect. Upon the editor devolves the duty of doing everything, from editorials to class notes. The duties are peculiarly varied and consist of writing editorials, stories, rhymes, news items, class notes, jokes, and even the alumni column. Such is the varied assortment of labor that is called for on the part of the editor.

There should be some change whereby more is called for on the part of the students and alumni and less on the part of the editor. The Almanian should be more of a *students* paper. I trust that my successor will be more successful in this than I have been.

I have asked J. L. McBride, '04, to take charge of the paper for the remainder of the year, and I am confident that this will meet with approval from all friends of The Almanian. Mr. McBride has been of valuable assistance to the literary pages of The Almanian in times past and the magazine under his charge should attain its

best possibilities for the remainder of the year.

J. WIRT DUNNING.



FOOTBALL AND THE FIRECRACKER.

THE Saturday Evening Post contains the following pointed editorial, on the football question: "The football season is a thing of the past. The last cheer has been given; the last college yell has long ago been heard. The time has come when we can count up the dead and the wounded. The number of the wounded is small. Most of the casualties, too, are not serious. A broken tooth the dentist can mend; the sprained ankle does not prevent the student attending classes.

"But the dead awaken other emotions. Their number the past season was nineteen. This number includes all deaths in college and high-school play, from Colby College on the Kennebec to Leland Stanford University on the Pacific Coast. The number is almost twice the number of the previous year. But as one knows the con-

dition of football players, one is compelled to believe that no small share of these fatalities is not the legitimate result of football.

Among those killed were those who had hardly donned football suits before they entered the game in which they lost their lives. Not a few of them were playing teams much heavier in weight or without proper training. In only a few cases in which the teams were properly trained has death resulted.

The argument derived from the fatal character of football, for the elimination of the game from the American sports is weak. The argument becomes yet weaker when placed in comparison with the fatalities of the last Fourth of July, 1903. The number of deaths was no less than 470. Four hundred and seventy deaths—the result of one day's sport of a single year! The number is greater than the number of all who have been killed in all the games of football in all the twenty-five years in which it has been a sport in the American college."

WITHOUT YOU.

Though perfumes scent the air,
 And skies are soft and blue,
 Though shores be fresh and fair,
 I long for you, for you.
 I sigh for cold gray skies,
 And the chill sleet slanting through.
 It is fair—but I close my eyes
 And I long for you, for you.

Alumni Notes.

The Bruske-Plum Wedding,

Miss Mary Wheeler Plum, a graduate of Alma college, class '00, daughter of Mrs. Mary D. Plum, and Paul Hale Bruske, also graduate of Alma College, class '98, son of Dr. and Mrs. A. F. Bruske, were married in Minneapolis, Minn., at the home of the bride's grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Hart, 242 Harriet avenue. December 23, at 5 o'clock p.m.

The groom is a successful journalist, at present on the staff of the Detroit Tribune, while Miss Plum has been for two years teaching in the high school of Ithaca, Mich., with great acceptance. The wedding occasion was a most happy one in all its appointments. Between forty and fifty guests were present, relatives and intimate friends of the bride and groom. For their reception the home was decorated with the adornments appropriate to the Christmas season. Wreaths and sprays of holly combined to good effect through the rooms and vases of poinsettias gave splashes of brighter color on tables and mantles.

The bride wore a dainty gown of white silk, fashioned from her mother's wedding dress, trimmed with point lace. A tulle veil and a shower bouquet of lillies of the valley completed the costume. Miss Florence Plum, sister of the bride, was the maid of honor, and was gowned in green silk mull over taffeta and held maidenhair ferns. The bridesmaids were Miss Sue Wier, of Minneapolis, and Miss Esther Bruske, of Alma. They wore gowns of white Swiss, with girdles and stocks of green silk, and carried holly and mistletoe. The Rev.

John B. Stevens, pastor of the Presbyterian church of Twin Bridges, Montana, who is also a graduate of Alma college of the class of '98, was best man.

President A. F. Bruske pronounced them husband and wife, using for the purpose a modified form of the longer ceremony.

The bride was most worthily remembered by her friends in Minneapolis, Alma, Saginaw, Ithaca, Detroit, Bay City, Chicago, Indianapolis and many other places. There was well nigh a wilderness of beautiful presents selected with wonderful skill and combining the useful with the beautiful in such a manner as almost to persuade one that there must have been some kind of understanding among the givers, so that there should be a harmonious whole.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruske will establish their home in the beautiful City of the Straits, whither they will be followed by the best wishes of their friends.

Rev. C. E. Scott, 98, Grayling, Mich., in conjunction with the Methodist pastor of the same place, has succeeded in effecting several necessary and useful reforms in the community.

Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Bruske gave a reception to their friends in college and town at the president's home shortly after the opening of the term.

Rev. Chas. E. Blanchard, '93, is the subject of a worthy article in a recent issue of the Michigan Presbyterian. The Big Rapids (Mich.) church is prospering under Mr. Blanchard's leadership.

John N. Booth, 02, reporter on the Ishpeming Mining Journal, spent the holidays with his parents near Alma.

R. S. Brown, ex-02, was at his home in Ithaca for the holidays. He has recently been made head chemist for the Stevenson Mining Company at Hibbing, Minnesota. Michigan Copper, above par, has a place in Brown's inside pocket.

Miss Daisy Hard, 01, has her posi-

tion of last year at Colville, Washington.

Chas. Long, ex-02, now in Chicago University Medical College, will have a position in St. Louis, Mo., at the Universal Exposition.

Harry Reed, 01, Sorsogon Province, Phillipines, is still laboring among the Quasi-Americans. It is reported that Alma will have some of the representatives of our new possessions..

A REFLECTION.

It is so hard for me to understand
 The whys and wherefors of this life of ours;
 The end of strife, what disappointment means,
 And brings to one who only feels the pain.
 O God, can toil mingled with sweet rest,
 Do more for man than all those other thing
 Which some are prone to call our transient joys,
 That have for their full life one single hour?
 Can this be wholly true? Do throbbing brow
 And wearied arms that strive so uselessly,
 Make us, at last forgetful of the ache
 More noble men, more fit for better things?
 Teach me thy lessons, life that I may know
 How clouds and snow, how bitter blasts of wind
 And failure's modest taunt "Ye toiled in vain"
 Assist me to become a conqueror.

M. B. '04.

News Items.

Class and Society and General News of the College and Its Doings.

The officers of Zeta Sigma for the present term are as follows: President, J. L. McBride, '04; vice, Frank R. Hurst, '04, secretary, H. G. Gaunt, '05; treasurer, Cavin Ronald, '06; critics, M. J. Stormzand, '04, Wm. Winton '04.

During the past week there has been a valuable addition to the library in the shape of a new twenty volume edition of the world's literature which contains many of the most recently discovered manuscripts.

The enrollment is slightly increased this term over last term, several having entered in the academy and commercial departments.

In the practice game of basketball, last Wednesday afternoon, the first team defeated the second team 51 to 14.

There has been a large amount of sickness among the students during the past week, mostly occasioned by hard colds.

Rev. Wm. Bryant, of Bay City, one of Alma's prominent friends, was present in chapel recently.

At the last moment the management of the basketball team received a letter from the management of the Sault Ste. Marie basketball team cancelling the games scheduled for Christmas and the trip was abandoned.

Wm. S. Cooper and David Johnson attended the state college bible conference at Ann Arbor, Jan. 10 and 11.

A special meeting for men was held in the Y. M. C. A. rooms Sunday afternoon, Jan. 17. The meeting was led by C. D. Hurrey, college secretary of the Y. M. C. A.

The track manager has received a letter from M. A. C. asking for a dual track meet to be held on March 28, and it is probable that the track men will be put at work at once preparatory.

Martin J. Stormzand and Louise T. Strange entertained the senior class at Wright Hall recently.

Rev. W. H. Long, '98 and Edgar Church, of Ithaca, visited college the first of the term.

Fred Soul attended the meeting of the state oratorical association at Jackson the first of last week, as Alma's representative.

Will Frost has been received into Zeta Sigma.

Regular gymnasium work was begun last week under the direction of Coach Fuller. The basketball men are practicing everyday from 5 to 6 o'clock.

The third number of the lecture course, by Dr. McDowell, was given Jan. 14. The next number will be the Ion Jackson Concert Co., on Feb. 5.

Dr. Bruske attended the state teachers association at Ann Arbor during the holidays and spoke on the subject, "What the College Expects of the Students."

Prof. Mitchell attended the annual meeting of the American Historical society at New Orleans, during the holidays.

In response to a call for baseball candidates, last week about twenty responded. There is an abundance of pitchers and outfielders, but infield positions are in doubt. Of last years team, McBride, B. Dunning, Davis,

Adams, Hyney and Webber will play this year.

A game with Ypsilanti, one with Mt. Pleasant and one with either Detroit college or Detroit Central high school has been added to the baseball schedule published last month.

"Uncle Billy's" Death.

Former students will be surprised to learn of the death of "Uncle Billy" Rogers. "Uncle Billy" has long been one of the picturesque characters of the college. He was 86 years old and his death came suddenly at the home of a daughter in Mt. Clemens, where he had gone to spend the winter. "Billy" was one of the first white men to enter this part of the state, and at one time his corn fields waved where the college now stands. He was always present at Alma's athletic contests, and used to claim that when he sold his land he stipulated that he should have free admission. At any rate he always passed the gatekeeper without a challenge. He was official weather prophet of the college, and a soothsayer of rare merit; seldom failing to pick the winner in a football or baseball game. What student does not have visions of this jovial old apostle of the past, as he journeyed past the dormitories each day, to the village for his morning constitutional and a new "Henry Clay."

Mr. Corbin's Visit.

Seldom have missionary interests in the college been given a greater boost in Alma college than through the visit of Mr. St. Paul Leiton Corbin, a student volunteer secretary from Oberlin. Mr. Corbin is himself a volunteer and next summer will leave for northern

China to take the place of one of the missionaries murdered in the recent Boxer uprising. He spent three days at the college, arriving Thursday night. Friday and Saturday nearly fifty students had private interviews with Mr. Corbin, and Sunday afternoon a mass meeting was held in the Y. M. C. A. hall at which 150 were present and a very stirring speech was given.

At the close of the meeting one hundred dollars was pledged by the students for foreign missionary work. Of this amount one-half will go to the support of Mr. and Mrs. Weston T. Johnson, Alma's missionaries in northern Japan.

This is double the amount previously given, and is the largest popular subscription that has been raised at the college for any purpose, in many years.

Special Religious Services.

In accordance with the usual custom of the college, the first two weeks of the new year were devoted to special religious services under the direction of the students and faculty. Three years ago at the suggestion of Dr. Bruske it was purposed to emphasize the religious life of the college during the winter term in the same manner that the athletic life is emphasized in the fall—by the whole college pulling together to that end.

Meetings have been held for the past two weeks every day at 3:30 in the afternoon and have been attended by nearly the entire student body. These meetings have been led by members of the student body and faculty and were supplemented by a short talk from President Bruske each

morning in chapel. Much good promises to result from them and the religious life of the college has received great impetus. State Secretary C. D. Hurrey of the Y. M. C. A. and Miss Stewart of the Y. W. C. A. were present for several days, and their presence and helpful talks were very inspiring.

Opening Term Lecture.

One of the most interesting and entertaining lectures that has ever been given in the college chapel, was that of Miss Inglis, head of the modern language department, at the opening of the term Tuesday morning. Her subject she announced as "Something Scotch," and the entire effort was devoted to a sketch of Scottish history and an estimate of the character of this interesting people.

Miss Inglis' style was especially entertaining in that it was written in picturesque narrative and interspersed with interesting story and delightful comment. She traced the romantic history of the early life of the country and developed much of the early tradition and love common to the people, down to the losing of Scottish independence. Then taking up the life of the individual Scot the students were given an amusing and delightful picture of this interesting people. A portion of this lecture is given in this number of the Almanian.

Meeting of M. I. A. A. Directors.

The second meeting of the directors of the M. I. A. A. convened at the Post Tavern, Battle Creek, Friday evening, Jan. 8. Directors from all the colleges were present. After the reading of the minutes, a discussion as to the

advisability of amending the rule requiring a student to carry $\frac{2}{3}$ work in the college, followed. There is a rule stating that a student must have been in college ten weeks before he participates in spring athletics, and another requiring him to $\frac{2}{3}$ work when he enters into competition. An amendment was not considered advisable, but the Board interpreted this rule to mean that the student must carry $\frac{2}{3}$ work during the entire ten weeks.

The director from Kalamazoo brought up the question of deciding the baseball championship by percentage rather than by the games won, making the final game at Field Day an exhibition game. After some discussion it was decided that a change in the present method was not advisable. The same director also advised an amendment to the rule declaring those professionals who play summer baseball with professionals where a gate fee is collected. This also met with the disapproval of the board.

After some discussion a committee was appointed to investigate the reasons for doing away with the championship cup in football. The board seemed to be unanimous in favoring a championship to be awarded in football, and this committee is to present such an amendment at the next meeting if they do not find sufficient reasons for doing away with such championship.

Discussions relative to arrangements for Field Day followed, and a committee was appointed to make arrangements for the purchase of medals, after which the meeting was adjourned.

The next meeting will probably be held at the beginning of the spring term for the final arrangements for

Field Day, and such other business as may come before the board.

Intercollegiate Bible Study Institute.

The first Michigan Intercollegiate Bible Study Institute was held at Albion College, January 9th to 10th. Such a meeting was somewhat of an experiment in this state, but all who attended must have felt convinced that the experiment was a success. The purposes of the Institute were defined at the opening session as follows: 1st, education; 2nd, inspiration; 3rd, consecration. These three purposes were kept well in view during every session, as the titles of the subjects discussed will show. About a dozen papers were presented, among which may be mentioned the following: "Qualification of Bible Class Leader," "Methods of Maintaining Attendance," "Need of Personal Bible Study," "Claims of the Bible upon Young People."

The delegates from other colleges were rather few in number, but everyone was deeply interested in the work, so that success was assured. An especially helpful feature was the informal discussion which took place after each address. The Albion students were very hospitable and cordial, and did all in their power to make the meetings successful. We feel sure that if the meetings are held each year a great increase and improvement in Bible study throughout the state will be the result.

W. S. C.

A Word From an Alumnus.

In a recent issue of the "Almanian" I read a suggestion as to the honor system, which is practiced at many of our educational institutions. May I be

permitted to say a word on the subject?

The honor system means in the first place, a maximum amount of work on the part of the student, and a minimum amount of work on the part of the instructor. The responsibility for any act, or for any trust whatever is placed on the shoulders of the student. The action following any breach of trust must be inaugurated by the student; and in many instances the action taken by the student is final.

To the student under honor system, a breach of trust is in itself the highest offense. A short time ago, at one of the leading Universities of the country the honor system was practiced at all examinations. A freshman was reported to the junior committee who had such cases in charge. The chairman of that committee explained to him what his offense had been and warned him not to repeat it. A short time after, another prelim was held and the offense was repeated. The committee then decided that the freshman must leave the University. He was notified of the action taken by the juniors and left. His parents brought the case before the directors of his college, who informed them that nothing could be done, as they fully approved of the action taken by the students. This is only one case out of many. This case also shows that there are always people in whom the sense of honor is either dormant or absent. But all will agree that this is an exception. Each student is on an equal footing with every other student and all are *men*.

On the other hand no student can successfully be placed under the honor system unless he is willing to be. If

the student understands what it means and is willing to abide by its rulings, there can be no better form of government.

The writer has talked with many men who have been students under the control of the honor system, and with others who have been instructors and professors where the honor system was in force. Each, one and all agreed that the actual results obtained were far better than what were even expected under any other form of control or government.

Can it be put into practice wherever desired? It can, if the students know what it means and are ready for its proper enforcement as well as its benefits.

All must work for the same end, and some, at least, of the Alumni desire nothing better for our Alma mater.

Brad, '02,

M.A.C., 52; Alma, 7.

The basket ball team met defeat last Saturday at the hands of the strong M.A.C. team 52 to 7. Alma showed up better in the first half, but was no match for their opponents.

ALMA.	Position.	M.A.C.
Cratsenburg	R.F.	Haftenkamp
Jennings	L.F.	Schaefer
Schenck	C.I.G.	Balbach
-----	C.	Gill
McCallom	L.G.	Millar
Anderson	R.G.	Tuttle

Goals from field, Balbach, 4; Haftenkamp, 11; Schaefer, 4; Millar, 1; Tuttle, 2; Gill, 3; Schenck, 1; Cratsenburg, 1. Goals from foul: Balbach, 2; Jennings, 3. Fouls, Balbach, 2; Haftenkamp, 3; Schaefer, 1; Millar, 1; Tuttle, 1; Gill, 2; Schenck, 2; Anderson, 1. Reteree, Fuller of Alma. Umpire, Brewer of M.A.C.

Sophomore Exhibition.

The Sophomore exhibition was given in the college chapel, January 22, and was a decided credit to the

class. The program was as follows: Music, "Israfil," Mr. Timby; music, "Etude," Miss Sergeant; oration, The Honest Lawyer, Mr. Claude Cooley; essay, Greek Architecture, Miss Lillian Crandell; music, "My Native Land," Mr. Fuller; oration, The Fall of Feudalism, Mr. William Cooper; essay, A National Type of Culture, Miss Edith Henson; oration, Kishineff, Mr. Howard Potter; music, "When Dorcas Passes By," Miss DeLong; essay, Japanese Poetry, Miss Lillian Hunt; oration, Danger of Emigration, Mr. Charles Therry; music, "Jubal Overture," Misses Messinger, Sergeant, Chatters, Wallace.

Sophomore Notes.

Mr. Cavin Ronald has left school much to the regret of the class, for the president who used us safely through the Freshman struggle, has won the regard of more than one member of the class.

Miss Lillian Hunt represented the sophomore class in the P. M. railroad wreck, Jan. 4th 1904.

St. Nick sometimes brings a gift implying a deep underlying significance, and from out its sparkling depths flashes of hidden thoughts and affections burst forth—and even some college sophomores realize this and the weighty transaction cause an admirable dignity to be assured by the participants.

Freshman.

The Freshman sleighride just before vacation was a "howling" success. Whether our chaperon followed Miss Allen's instruction or not, we do not know, but he did extremely well.

We are very sorry to lose from among our number, Mr. Conklin, who

is home at Marquette very ill with typhoid fever. He may not be able to return this year.

Y. W. C. A.

The Young Women's Christian Association has had a most encouraging semester. The Sunday afternoon meetings have been especially helpful this year, many of them being gospel services, and the attendance at these meetings has shown an increase over that of the two preceding years.

The association was represented at the State Convention in November by ten delegates who brought much inspiration and help from the Grand Rapids meetings. The report from that convention occupied two services most profitably.

One-half of the young women in college are enrolled as members of the association, and it is expected that the next canvass, soon to be made, will increase the membership.

The Mission Study class has been using the text this year "The Rise and Progress of Protestant Missions." There is a Personal Workers' class under the directions of Miss Inglis; and Dr. Spencer has had a Bible class on which a study of the parable has been followed. These courses have been of real value and much help to all those enrolled in them.

Kindergarten.

Every member of the department is back after spending a pleasant vacation.

"South Carolina" writes that she will be with us during commencement week.

The seniors expect to take up bead ruffle weaving soon.

For hot roasted "peanuts" see the juniors.

Miss Blossom Evans is doing splendid work at Ionia.

As soon as the electric lights are paid for the department will take up a subscription to buy a carpet for Miss Hobson's room for the sake of the second floor girls.

Herby, take notice! Miss G—'s reception hours are from seven-thirty to nine, not eight to nine as formerly.

Miss Alice Beardsley writes of her intentions to spend commencement with us.

Scene I. 11 p. m. Miss Watson and radiator.

Scene II. 11:15 Miss Allen on the veranda holding candle. Miss Watson on the road unattended.

Scene III. 11:20 Edna, Hauser and the radiator. Miss Allen and candle in hot pursuit.

Scene IV. 12:45 Edna, Houser, and Miss Allen tired, but happy. Quiet resigns on second floor.

Miss Brodie entertained the department at a thimble party last month.

The juniors have organized their class with Miss Gilbert as president, Miss Ball as vice and Miss Cooper as secretary and treasurer.

Miss Oreno Schneck has recovered her natural color. This is particularly evident when asked to go for a sleigh-ride.

A new department is to be added to Alma college. Any desirous of a course in sweeping and dusting apply at once to Grace Cooper as a limited number only can be taken. Practical demonstration given. Office hours, 7:20 to 8 a. m., 11 to 11:55 a. m., 9:50 to 10 p. m.

Miss Grace Breece '03 who is teaching at Shepherd spent vacation at her home in Mt. Gilead, O.

It is evident that some of the seniors need instructions regarding the distinctions of names of vehicles as one was heard, on seeing a wagon pass by, warning the children not to "catch on bobs."

Miss Winifred McClinton '02 who is teaching at the Soo, spent her vacation with her brother, Dr. N. F. McClinton.

Jan. 9, Mr. David Johnson left for Battle Creek to stay over Sunday.

Jan. 10. Three trays sent to room 41.

Jan. 11. Mr. Johnson returned from his trip south this morning.

Jan. 11. Miss Ward seen in reception room.

Mr. G— the foreign student seems to have mastered enough English to become an inspector of "Garland" stoves and ranges.

Here's a Ball for Adams
Round and soft and sweet,
Here is sister's parlor
Where they often meet.

A very enjoyable class-meeting was held in Miss Kase's room. Coffee and crumbs were served.

Mrs. Periam '02, was severely burned in the Chicago disaster and is now in a hospital there.

SING A SONG OF STREET CARS.

Sing a song of street cars,
Seats all full mit chaps;
Four end twenty ladies
Hanging py der straps;
Ven der door vas opened
Der men began to read
All der atvertisements
Abould new breakfast feed.
All der vimmen, smiling,
Hopped from feet to feets,
Bud der Mucilage Brothers
Stuck fast to der seats.

REJECTED.

The World denies her prophets with rash
breath,
Makes rich her slaves, her flatterers adorns;
To Wisdom's lips she presses drowsy death,
And on the brow Divine a crown of thorns.
Yet blessed, though neglected and despised!—
Who for the World himself hath sacrificed;
Who hears unmoved her witless mockery,
While to his spirit, slighted and misprised,
Whisper the voices of Eternity! X.V.Z.



SING TO ME SONGS OF MY OLD HOME.

Sing to me songs of my old home,
They call to me memories blest,
Sing them to me in the twilight,
They fill me with peace and with rest.
Sing to me songs of my old home,
I'm weary with toil and with care,
Sing to me while eve' lingers,
They lighten the burdens I bear.
Sing to me songs of my old home,
Of faces I long to behold,
Sing them to me when I'm lonely
Their music gives gladness untold.
Sing to me songs of my old home,
No balm is so sweet to my soul,
Sing, when my tears are fast falling
Naught else has such power to console.
Sing to me songs of my old home,
Sweet home of my childhood's glad
years,
Sing them, oh sing them full often
Their cadence dispel's sorrow's tears.
D. A. J. '05.

DR. E. A. BAGLEY,

PHYSICIAN and
SURGEON.

Office: Opera House Block. Office Hours: 1:30
to 4:30 and 7 to 8 p. m. Diseases of the
Eye and Ear a specialty.

DR. N. F. MCCLINTON,

Graduate of University
of Michigan.

Office: New Pollasky Block. Office Hours: 1:30
to 4:30 and 7 to 8:30 p. m. Night calls at
residence. Telephone from office, without
calling central.

DR. E. T. LAMB,

PHYSICIAN AND
SURGEON.

Office in Bahlke,
Block.

ALMA, MICH.

DR. F. G. OLP,

DENTIST.

Twelve years' experience. Teeth ex-
tracted without pain.

New Pollasky Block

Alma, Mich.

School & College



Lecture notes can be satisfactorily made only
with a pen that never skips and never floods.
The new spoon feed makes

**Waterman's
Ideal
Fountain Pen**

Absolutely Reliable.

It is used and endorsed by professors and students
in most institutions of learning the world over.
Purchase through your home dealer, writing
us when you are not served satisfactorily.

L. F. Waterman Co., Main Office, 173 Broadway, N.Y.

...BUY AT...

Kelly's Racket Store

YOUR STATIONERY IN THE BOX
FROM 10 to 25c.

Also, FINE CANDIES.

A. J. KELLY.

DAVIES',

The Up-to-Date Establishment.

Jewelry and

. Millinery Goods

W. T. DAVIES,
Jeweler
and Optician.

MRS. W. T. DAVIES,
Millinery and
Fancy Goods.

F. HAMMER,

Dealer
in...

Fresh, Salt
and
Smoked Meats,
Oysters, Fish
and
Game
in Season.

Telephone No. 40.

ALMA, MICH.

J. A. Bittner,

FLORIST.

Alma,

Mich.

When in Saginaw

Be sure and call at our Big Store for
**Men's and Boys' Clothing,
 Furnishing Goods,
 Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes.**

Fine Merchant
 Tailoring
 A Specialty.

Heavenrich Bros. & Company,
 SAGINAW, MICH.

...J. F. Plimley...

MANUFACTURING JEWELER

Fraternity Pins. Class Pins.
 Badges and Medals of All Kinds.

30-34 BENNETT BUILDING.

Detroit, - - Mich.

No Ink-Stained Fingers.

No Troublesome Dropper.

No Caps do Unscrew.



None of the Objectional Features of the
 Old Style Pen. Made in Four Sizes, with
 every Style of Gold Pen. Prices from

\$2.50 to \$5.00.

For Further Information and Catalogue,
 apply to WM. R. SWEET, or write
 direct to us.

The Schaf Fountain Pen Co.,
 Spitzer Building, TOLEDO, OHIO



Alma Roller Mills

...FLOUR...

Alma, Mich.,

is Good Flour

STAMPS



50 different rare China, Mexico, Porto
 Rico, etc., and Album only **5c.** 105
 rare Hawaii, Peru, etc., and Album
 only **10c.** 500 fine foreign only **10c.**
 Agents Wanted—50 to 75 per cent commission.
 New 68 pp. list and **\$1.00** worth of coupons
Free. We buy stamps.

STANDARD STAMP CO., St. Louis, Mo.

J. H. WINTON,

Attorney and
 Solicitor,

ITHACA, - - MICHIGAN.

ESTABLISHED 1892.

Stephen Lane Folger,

180 BROADWAY,

NEW YORK.

WATCHES-DIAMONDS-JEWELRY.
 CLUB AND COLLEGE PINS AND RINGS.
 GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS.

**A clean store, a
fresh stock of
staple goods is part
of a community's
safeguard.**

E. J. SMITH, The Grocer,
(Successor to Scranton & Co.)
Phone 20, ALMA, MICH.

**School Books
in a hurry**

And at New York prices, singly or by the dozen, may be obtained *second-hand or new*, by any boy or girl in the remotest hamlet, or any teacher or official anywhere, and

Delivery prepaid

Brand new, complete alphabetical catalogue, *free*, of school books of *all publishers*, if you mention this ad.

HINDS & NOBLE
31-33-35 W. 15th St., New York City.

The Intercollegiate Bureau
of . .
Academic
Costume.



Makers of
the . .

CAPS, GOWNS AND HOODS
to Alma and the other American Colleges and
Universities from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Illustrated Bulletin, Samples Etc.
sent upon request

COTRELL & LEONARD,
Albany, N. Y.

**J. S. Caple
& Son,**

General Hardware

Alma,

Mich.

Alma Restaurant and Bakery

Give us a trial on
our...

**Excellent Baked Goods, Confectionery,
Hand-Made Candies a Specialty.**

Our Lunches can't be excelled. We make a Specialty of College Trade.

Yours truly,

Alma, Mich.

METZGER & McCLURE

TEACHERS ——— TEACHERS

Teachers wishing to prepare for Examination should write immediately for our Teachers' Interstate Examination Course, as taught by mail. This Course is endorsed by many leading educators, and every progressive teacher who wishes to advance in his profession should begin work immediately. Address nearest office, with stamp, for reply.

AMERICAN TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION,

174 Randolph Building,
Memphis, Tenn.

1423 Arch Street,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Steinway Pianos

The beautiful toned STEINWAY GRAND in the College Chapel was purchased at the Music House of

Grinnell Bros.

219-223 Woodward-ave., Detroit

Exclusive Steinway Agents
for Michigan

MUNN & COMPANY

OF NEW YORK CITY,

PUBLISHERS OF

The Scientific American
And Patent Agents.

Wish to announce that they will advertise in this space for one year.

Make Your Trip

⌘ Down Town ⌘

A pleasant one by taking

REFRESHMENTS

— AT —

BILLY MILLER'S.

The Hayt & Pierce Co.,

ERY, LAMPS AND CHINA.

Dealers in DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES, CLOTHING,
SHOES, BOOKS, STATION-

Full Line of Gymnasium Shoes.

OPERA HOUSE BLOCK.

Alma College

ALMA, MICHIGAN.

Offers ample instruction
in the following Courses
of Study:

- (1)—The Classical.
- (2)—The Scientific.
- (3)—The Philosophical.
- (4)—The Literary.
- (5)—The Pedagogical for those desiring Life Certificates.
- (6)—The Training for Kindergarten Teachers.
- (7)—The Commercial for those wishing a Business Education.
- (8)—The Music Department.
- (9)—The Art Department.
- (10)—The Academy, Preparatory to the College.

The expenses are very low. From one hundred to one hundred and fifty dollars pays all the college bills for one year, including board, room, rent and washing. This can be greatly reduced by various forms of self-help.

There are SEVENTY FREE SCHOLARSHIPS for students having an average standing of 90 in their studies of the previous year.

For catalog and further information, address,

A. P. COOK, Secretary.

S. L. Bennett's



Up-to-Date Bakery and
Confectionery.

Home Made Candies
Light Lunches

Fancy Baked Goods
Oysters to Suit

Refreshments of all Kinds for Society Spreads,
Etc., a Specialty.

Prompt Service.

See "Stavie."

The Students' Popular Resort,

Phone No. 2.

ALMA, MICHIGAN