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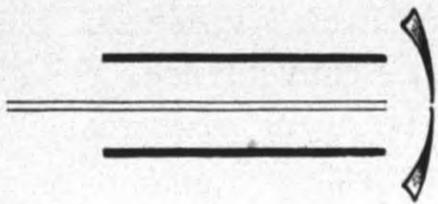
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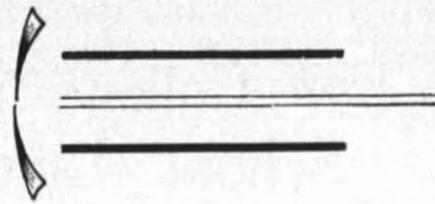


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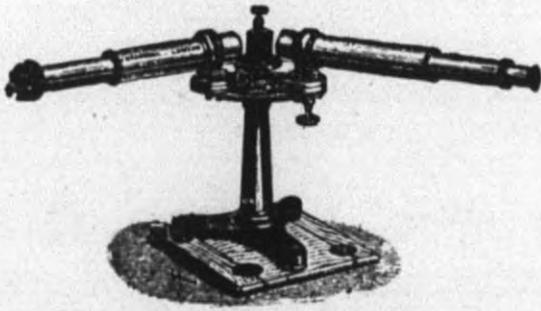
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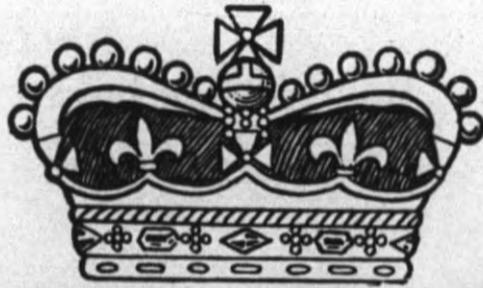
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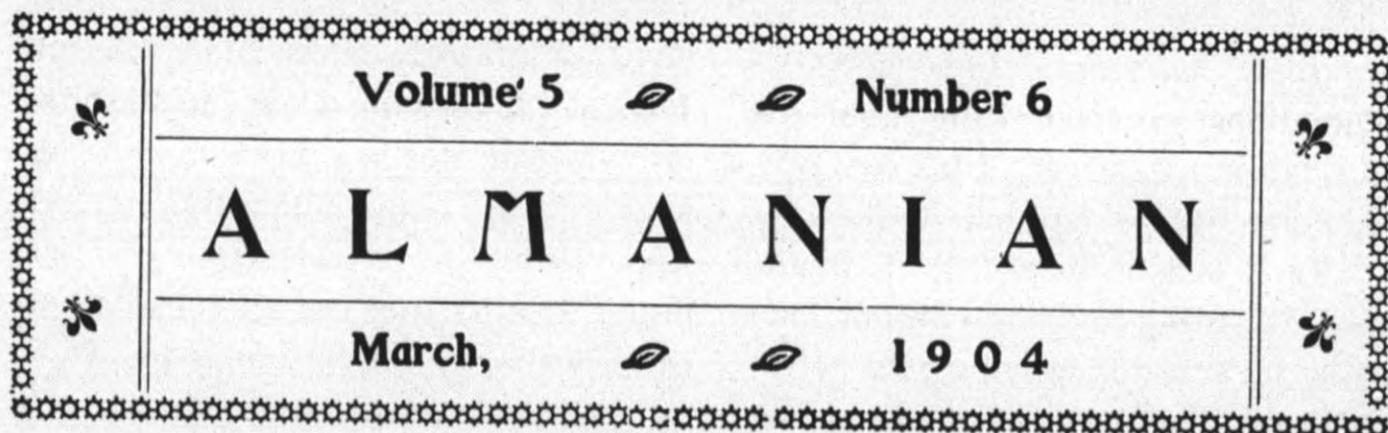
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Some Shakespearean Fathers.

OF the five fathers. Prospero, Capulet, King Lear, Frederick and Shylock, only one was a thoroughly good and two of them seem thoroughly bad fathers. Capulet, the father of Juliet, when we first meet him speaks as though he were a fair minded man and a good father. When Paris comes to him and asks for the hand of Juliet, Capulet replies:

"She is the hopeful lady of my hearth;
But woo her gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part."

Immediately we begin to think that Capulet is a loving parent, whose life is bound up in that of his daughter, and though he hates to part with her, yet, if her happiness is at stake, he will give his consent to her marriage. Only a short time afterwards we find him arranging for Juliet's marriage and even setting the day without consulting his daughter's wishes at all, and we finally see the father Capulet as he really is, when, after finding that Juliet will on no account consent to a marriage with Paris, he shows himself a father with little love for his daughter, but with a great love for exerting his power over her. He abuses her in most heartless terms and tells her that she shall marry Paris or be dis-

inherited. We feel that he is the kind of a man who seems very kind and considerate of his family before others, but who, in reality is cruel and domineering.

As in *Romeo and Juliet* our impressions change as the play advances, so in *King Lear* our ideas alter with the course of the play, but in this case our ideas change for the better instead of for the worse. At first as we see King Lear questioning his three daughters as to how great their affection for him is, and rewarding the older ones after the extravagant and hypocritical expression of their feelings toward him, and disinheriting his youngest daughter because of her mild avowal of a love in reality deeper than her sister's, our sympathy is all for Cordelia and we almost despise the old king who seems so unjust, and yet, as the play progresses and we behold the poor old father so cruelly treated by his elder daughter, our sympathy goes out toward him and we feel that he speaks the truth when he says that he is "more sinned against than sinning." At last, however, he finds his youngest daughter again, and is permitted to be happy in her love, though for only a few short hours. As we

see them together, their positions seem almost reversed; King Lear, the poor old man deprived of his servants, his home, his kingdom, broken in mind and body is as a little child, and Cordelia strong and sympathetic and caring for him tenderly seems to exemplify the mother and her love.

The poor king's sorrow when he finds that his daughters have cast him off, shows that he must have been possessed of a true spirit of father-love or his agony would not have been so intense. His expressions as he wandered half crazed in the storm are pitiful in the extreme.

"Spit fire! Spout rain!
Nor wind, rain, thunder, fire are my daughters,
I tax not you, you elements with unkindness;
I never gave you kingdom, called you children,
You owe me no subscription; then let fall
Your horrible pleasure; here I stand
A poor infirm, weak and despised old man,
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That have with two pernicious daughters
joined
Your high engenderd battles 'gainst a head
So old and white as this."

In marked contrast with this we have the words of Shylock when he finds that his daughter Jessica has departed carrying with her some of his valuables.

"My daughter! O my ducats! O my daughter!
Fled with a christian! O my christian ducats!
Justice! the law! my ducats and my daughter!
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, stolen from me by my
daughter!
And jewels, two stones, two rich and precious
stones,
Stolen by my daughter! Justice! find the girl!
She hath the stones upon her and the ducats!"

We find that the Jew rates his ducats as far more value than his daughter. Doubtless he had some little sparks of affection for her, but he had a great deal more love for his wealth, and he was not afraid to show that

love, but he never shows his love for Jessica. Jessica herself seems to show no affection for her father and she says that her home is far from happy. Apparently she is conscious of her father's faults, and is half ashamed of their unhappy life for she says:

"Alack! what heinous sin it is in me
To be ashamed to be my father's child,
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners."

Duke Frederick, father of Celia in *As You Like It*, appears as a kind father in many respects. At the time when he banishes his brother, he allows Rosalind to remain, because he fears the effect of a separation upon Celia. Yet he finally becomes so angered by Rosalind's presence, that even Celia's prayers will not avail to keep her with her friend. We really catch very few glimpses of Frederick in his relations to Celia and we have to form our estimate of him as a father largely from Celia's attitude toward him. That Celia's love for her father was less than her love for Rosalind is shown by her preferring to accompany Rosalind rather than to remain with her father. Frederick seems a much kinder father than any of the others we have considered and yet his love for Celia was not nearly so intense as that of King Lear for Cordelia.

Prospero is the father we can truly admire, who not only possesses deep love for his daughter, but shows it, and tries to provide for her to the best of his ability. The scene in which Prospero and Miranda are first before us shows that their relation was almost ideal; the father, gentle, loving and wishing the best things for his daughter, the daughter also loving and obedient and respectful. We find that Miranda's father has been her one

tutor and has sought to develop her character into that of a noble woman. She has been the one comfort of his life on the island, even when he brought her there a tiny child. He says:

"O, a cherubim
Thou wast, that did preserve me."

This furnishes a strong contrast with the speech of Shylock, when he says:

"I would my daughter were dead at my feet, and the jewels in her ear! would she were hearsed at my foot and the ducats in her coffin." Capulet seems very much like Shylock when he finds that Juliet will not yield to his wishes to marry Paris, and he reproaches her bitterly."

"Disobedient Wretch!
I tell thee what; get thee to church Thursday
And never after look me in the face.
Wife, we scarce thought us blest
That God had lent us but this only child,
But now I see this one is one too much
And that we have a curse in having her."

King Lear cast off his daughter Cordelia for a very small offense, but we do not find him showing any of the heartlessness expressed in these speeches of Shylock and Capulet. He frankly says that he loved Cordelia

best of all, and though we can find an excuse for his conduct, we feel that perhaps it was not an easy thing for him to do and he suffered as much as Cordelia.

We see that these men with the exception of King Lear are in the same circumstances in one respect, they are all fathers of only daughters. Shylock and Capulet are somewhat similar in their characters as fathers, though there is a vast difference in their daughters. King Lear has the most bitter experience of them all. The fate of Juliet would have aroused in a true father a sense of remorse almost unbearable, and though even the hard heart of Capulet seems to be moved, we do not see in him the intense suffering of King Lear. Frederick appeals to us as neither very kind nor very unkind. He does not seem to suffer much when deprived of his daughter, and he does not seem to care much about her company. In Prospero we find a father possessing all of these virtues of a true father, and it is Prospero and Miranda who stand out before us as the nearest approach to the ideal relation of father and daughter.

EMBARRASSED YOUNG MAN—"Have you—er—got any cradles?" Shopman—"Yes, sir." Young Man (becoming still more embarrassed)—"In cases where—where—when it wasn't just—just what you expected, you know, and—and—and you have to buy cradles, do you buy two, or—or one cradle big enough for both of em."—Tit-Bits.

Five O'clock and After.

JESSIE LAING.

HARRY and Bob were rivals, and thereby hangs the tale. Betty was the heroine, with the heroine's usual rich brown curls, sun kissed with gold, and the large and wonderful violet eyes and the cherry lips. But it must be admitted that the heroine possessed the unusual freckles, and the unusual sort of nose, that turns inquisitively and sancily toward the sky. Betty was a mischief, a scapegrace, a problem, also a terror, especially to her patient and impatient instructors of learning. Bob and Harry were small boys, extraordinary in no way; but there was a bone of contention between them, and the bone was Betty.

The small maiden was well aware of the fact, and it rejoiced her exceedingly. Today she has had reports of a conversation recently held between the two young men of her closest acquaintance.

Said Harry, "Say Bob, you don't know what I'm goin' to do after school tonight."

"What you goin' to do?" was scornfully asked.

"There's bully ice on the creek, an' I'm goin' to take Betty home."

Bob was aghast, and his tongue refused to move.

The evident discomfiture of his enemy raised Harry to the pinnacle of joy. "My big sister was took home last night by a feller an' I guess I'll do same's he."

Bob had now recovered his self possession, also the Indian stoicism which he had jealously cultivated in his admiration for the red-skinned braves.

"She didn't say she'd go, I know all right."

"N-no, but she's goin' to just the same," boasted Harry.

"Huh," the laconic reply was sniffed, and the dignified speaker walked off, resolve in his stout heart and determination shining in his eagle eye. "You see Mr. Bragg Harry if I shant take Betty home every single night this week."

Wicked little Betty heard all about the discussion from her closest bosom friend who had accidentally (?) been obliged to listen, and the naughty heroine was ready for fun. She meant to go skating that night above all things. That day countless apples were rolled to her seat and many were the glances from eyes peeping over big geography books. Betty was neutral, receiving all gifts with grace, and bestowing sweet smiles impartially.

For a wonder, Betty didn't have to stay after school, all alone with the teacher and the loud-ticking clock and the dreadful quiet and the view through the window of tops of bare trees and gray sky. At last the bell sounded, and Room D marched out as fast as was decently possible, most of the boys facilitating matters by applying spurs in the shape of pins. Then America's embryo statesmen tumbled head long down the stairway in their ardor, and the future household queens of America's embryo statesmen flew wildly along the hall, tying hoods and buttoning coats while sliding down the banisters, with Betty always in the lead.

Then there was a mad race between the queens and the statesmen for the little creek. The statesmen came up first and the leader of the queens was a close second. She graciously allowed Harry to put on one skate and Bob the other. With Harry she skated first, but a brilliant smile flashed upon Bob had made him hopeful. After a time Bob was allowed the privilege of a turn, but coming back, a fateful stick tripped up the heroine so that she fell despite the valiant efforts of the strong young brave to save her.

"Ho! ho! ho! *You* let her fa—all," a taunting voice called out. "*You* can't skate. I'd be asha—amed."

The Indian stoicism gave way and the young warrior rushed with fire and vengeance in his eyes against the foe. They met and there was wild confusion. "Sic 'em, sic 'em" and "Hold 'im Bob" and "You'r a peach" with shouts and joyous yells swelled the uproar.

The heroine was wildly excited dancing about as best she could on her steel feet. She liked it. Betty was a coquette, and wasn't it about her they were fighting? It was a great distinction. But soon she saw that the fighters were very angry, and she thought, blood thirsty. She went as near as she dared.

"Harry," she screamed, "Stop it this minute. I hate you Harry Smith. Stop I sa—ay."

Amid the din the warriors gradually began to hear the voice of their heart's desire. They ceased their strife, looked at the heroine, then glared at each other and separated.

Betty smiled at the badly disheveled

Bob and demurely remarked that "it was pretty near supper time."

Twisting his coat button and deeply blushing, Bob asked, "K—kin y—you go home with me Betty?"

"I guess so," said Betty with bashfully drooping eyes.

The skates were taken off, and the hero and heroine clambered up the bank and crawled through the fence. But when the sidewalk was reached, their tongues refused to move and the embarrassed little boy and girl walked on, feeling the weight of age and experience pressing upon them.

After several blocks, when the silent Betty saw her home ahead, she began to wonder what her mother would think of this unprecedented manner of returning from the ice. Betty always told her mother everything, but she didn't want her to know of this experience too suddenly. She wanted to gradually lead up to the subject and not have it all at once thrust upon her mother's sight.

"I can go the rest of the way all right Bob an' you needn't bother coming any farther."

The boy was slightly crestfallen, but said "Good bye," and each walked away for some distance. But Betty was sorry to have Bob feel badly, for hadn't he bravely fought for her? And wouldn't he have stayed in the conflict to the end if she had not prevented?

She turned and called "Bob, say Bob."

The hero turned quickly.

"Bob, I'm going skating tomorrow. Then Betty ran.

: : : : : :

The Coachman's Child.

IT was a cold winter evening; the wind blew sharply and light flurries of snow in the afternoon had changed to clouds of downy flakes. The sky was dark and cast a cloak of gloom upon the earth beneath.

In the stately mansion of Richard Barlton, the stock broker, all was comfort and warmth. The fire blazed in the open fire place, sending long dancing shadows on the walls of the still unlighted library. Before the fire place in a large leather rocker sat Mr. Barlton himself. He was apparently in deep thought for his face was buried in his hands and he remained perfectly still. He was thinking of the cold winter night, nearly seven years ago, when he had been informed by the servant that a gentleman, who remained in the hall, desired to see him at once on important business. He was somewhat surprised to hear of a visitor at that time of the night, but ordered the servant to bring the gentleman in. The servant returned, but found the hall deserted; on the floor, however, he found a large basket with a note attached. Mr. Barlton was at once acquainted with the singular occurrence and in looking into the basket, discovered an infant child—a little girl, only about a week old.

He immediately called his young wife and together they read the note:

"Mr. Barlton: This is the deed of a desperate man. The child is my only possession on this earth. Her mother died only this morning. For the last three months, work was not to be had. It was steal, beg or starve. Too proud to beg, I stole. My thefts have been discovered and I must flee.

In the name of God, I commend my little one to your care and protection."

After this strange occurrence, much debate was held as to whether they should turn the infant over to the Orphans Home or adopt it.

The young wife at once took a fancy to the child and her strong love and persuasion won against the arguments of her husband.

By careful nursing and great care the babe was snatched from the outstretched hands of death and soon became the delight and joy of her adopted parents.

She was christened Lillian, for her angelic face and delicate constitution were like a lily. From babyhood with its prattling and cooing, she grew to childhood, and her first lisplings of "mamma" and "papa" were received with great joy. Still there lurked in the hearts of her fond parents, fears for her future life: the lack of care and attention during the first few days of her life had made her weak and frail of body, but all that a loving mother could do had been bestowed upon her during her later life.

One day a wrinkled, stooped man with hair, gray long before its time, had asked for a position in the household or stables of the Barltons. As no position was then vacant he was refused, but after several months, he had returned and was given a position as coachman. From the first he had manifested a deep concern in the little child and whenever Mrs. Barlton and her little daughter were to be driven any place he always stopped to smile and look with earnest eyes upon the child.

Dan, as the coachman was called,

from his honesty and devotion to his work soon rose in the opinion of Richard Barlton, but why he took such an interest in the child, neither he nor his wife could imagine. One day Mrs. Barlton came upon him suddenly and saw him caressing the dark brown hair of the child and speaking to her in earnest tones. With a startled look he said, "Pardon me, misses, but I always loved children. I once had a dear little girl like she is," and he turned away with a tear in his eye.

When Lillian became nearly seven she was seized by a sudden sickness, her frail little body made a valiant struggle, but it soon became evident to the nurse and physicians that she must soon succumb to the inevitable. Patiently had Richard Barlton and his wife waited for signs of recovery, but she seemed only to weaken. Day after day had Dan inquired about Lillian's health and when he was told that she was slowly but surely dying, his eyes filled with tears and he walked away with bowed head. Night after night he paced the stable floors with restless steps and a look of pain and anxiety written on his face.

One cold afternoon in answer to his usual query he had been told that Lillian could not possibly live until morning. On that stormy night as Richard Barlton sat before the warm fire place in his library brooding over the sickness of the child and thinking of the circumstances which had placed her with him to bless and comfort his life, the clock in the hall struck eleven. It aroused him from his painful

thoughts and he quietly stole to the chamber of the dying child. "Has the end come yet?" he asked, and his wife, choking down a sob, replied, "not yet."

Again he returned to the dark library and gazed at the bright embers in the fire place, soon they began to lose their brilliancy and the fire grew low. He thought of his child, who, too was slowly sinking. Suddenly there came a knock on the door and Dan, the coachman, staggered into the room, "I can bear it no longer, take me to my child, I must see her. I am her father, she is my all," sobbed the man and great tears rolled down his hard face.

Poor old Dan was taken to the chamber of the fair Lillian, there he knelt beside the bed of the unconscious child and the first prayer that had passed his lips in many a year, went forth to his God that his child might be spared. His husky voice spoke in accents of love to his dear one, "I am your father, child, speak to me. Only know that you have a father who loves you tenderly. Out-cast though I am, I love you, speak to me, child."

Only sobs from those present and the ticking of the mantle clock, was the answer to the entreaty, for the soul of the child had returned to its Maker.

Outside the wind still blew sharp and cold and the snow in great soft flakes fell gently against the window panes.

A. S. ADAMS

Oratorical Contest.

PERHAPS the readers of The Almanian will be interested in hearing the adventures of the Alma delegation to the Intercollegiate Oratorical Contest at Adrian. The delegation, consisting of the orator, Mr. Soule, and one rooter, arrived at Milan at nine p. m. on Thursday. There would be no train for Adrian until midnight, so we decided to stay in Milan until morning and proceeded to look up a hotel. We found one, but the proprietor had retired, and darkness reigned. After we had knocked several times, the door was opened, and a nose appeared. Then more nose, and still more, until finally

at the conclusion of the first part of the program, gave the "Alma Rah;" with all the force of their lungs.

Every one of the orations was a masterpiece. All of us who have heard Mr. Soule deliver his oration on "Phillips Brooks," know its excellence. It can only be said here, that at Adrian Mr. Soule delivered it better than ever before, and gained great and sincere applause. Through some mistake, one of the judges on composition had not been heard from at the time of the contest, and it was necessary to send away the audience without announcing the result. Next morning, however, the missing report came in,

COLLEGE	NAME	ORATION	RANK		
			Comp	Deliv	Total
Ypsilanti	McKay	Robert E. Lee	2	1	1
Olivet	Felton	Zwingli	1	4	2
M. A. C.	Miss Davis	Alexander Hamilton	3	5	3
Hope	Pelgrim	The Liberator of Protestantism	7	2	4
Alma	Soule	Phillips Brooks	8	3	5
Albion	Lancaster	Tyrrany or Tolerance	6	7	6
Adrian	Miss McCollum	The Search for the North Pole— What it Means	4	9	6
Kalamazoo	Lockhart	Robert Bruce	5	8	8
Hillsdale	Miss Allen	Excellent Deeds the Supreme Life	9	6	9

a man appeared at the other end of it, who ushered us to our room. In the morning we continued on our way to Adrian, arriving there about 10 a. m.

The contest was held at eight p. m. in Downs Hall, a handsome, roomy place, excellent to speak in. The stage was prettily decorated with college banners, one from Alma having a conspicuous place. Some of the colleges from the southern part of the state had large delegations present to cheer their representatives, and these enlivened the program by means of college yells. The Alma delegation was not to be outdone in this, and,

and it was found that Mr. McKay, representing Ypsilanti, had won first place. His oration was entitled "Robert E. Lee," and was a masterly work. The good wishes of Alma will go with him to the Interstate Contest at Notre Dame next May.

The Alma delegation visited at the writer's home in Detroit over Sunday, and Sunday evening attended the Trumbull Avenue Presbyterian church, one of the largest in the city, to hear a sermon by the Rev. Fred Soule, on the text: "Phillips Brooks." If you wish to know how that came about, ask Fred. W. S. C.

The Girl I Once Knew.

As I sat all alone in the twilight,
Recollecting the scenes that are past,
And the shadows about me seemed peopled
With faces forgotten at last.
In the garden of memories fancies,
Like a magic flower, there grew
The bewitching, elusive features
Of the girl that I once knew.

In the depths of the dreamy darkness,
Other phantoms appeared to me,
Provoking, roguish dream-maidens,
With cheeks that were dimpling in glee,
But the fairest in all the vision
Was my fancy's picture of you,
O maid! with the charming graces,
Of the girl that I once knew.



Then that face of ethereal beauty
Led me back through the years flown away,
Till I paused before memory's picture
Of scenes that are, even today,
Possessed with a lingering sweetness,
And filled with delights that subdue
Me again to the joyous serfdom
Of the girl that I once knew.

Those long happy days in the summer,
When just you and I slipped away
To sit side by side near the river,
And list to the bob-o-links lay.
'Twas then that the flowers were lovely;
But red roses and violets blue
Lost their fragrance in my adoration,
Of the girl that I once knew.

Years have passed but I am still dreaming
Of you and those happier days;
Still for you and those hallowed mem'ries
I am giving to God heartfelt praise,
And I pray that he still may be mindful,
And guard you—'tis all I can do
For the happiness, joy and welfare
Of the girl that I once knew.

Mc. B.

Phillips Brooks, the Man of Influence.

—FRED J. SOULE.

AMONG the men who did notable work during the nineteenth century was Phillips Brooks. He succeeded, for he had qualities by which success is always won. His was not a life of wonderful achievements as the world usually considers them. In him there was not that one-sided development which usually excites admiration for public men. He was a normal man. His was a well-rounded character. His whole energy was devoted to the interests of humanity, not in a general way but by directly influencing the lives of men.

In this practical age we often question whether the man who accomplishes other than useful results has a place among the leaders. Some there are who are delving into science or philosophy, searching for new truth; others are directing the course of events, shaping life and history. Which are the greater? we ask. Each has a different sphere. Let each have its own standard of greatness, if attainment must measure greatness. But can any man be better judged than by that which lies back of achievement, which makes possible achievement itself—personality? In this lay the real greatness of Phillips Brooks. If he was true to the world, it was because of this. If he was true to himself, here was the explanation. His whole influence, his entire mastery of the wills of men, his keen sympathy with human problems were due to the man within him, enkindled by the spark of the Divine.

The facts in the life of Phillips Brooks are few and simple. He was born in Boston in 1835, of parents representing the best and the most sturdy elements of New England character. He was graduated from Harvard and from the theological seminary at Alexandria, Virginia. As a preacher he was ranked among the most successful of his time, and although his services were sought by many churches he confined his work to three pastorates—two in Philadelphia, one in Boston. The last two years of his life he was bishop of the diocese of Massachusetts.

These few facts represent the life of one of the most influential men of the last century. He was pre-eminently a preacher. It is difficult to understand his power as such, more difficult to explain it. Many have tried to solve the secret, but the mystery still remains. He is compared with preachers whose reputation is cherished in the history of the church, but the comparison shows the difference more prominent than the resemblance.

He was not primarily an orator. He was not a master of style nor even of diction. His thoughts had his greatest care.

He spoke to an audience as a man might speak to a friend, pouring forth with swift though seldom impassioned earnestness the feelings of his lofty spirit. The listeners thought not of the expression. They were entranced by the strength and the sweetness and the beauty of the truth which he presented. But he had only to stand before them, to let them see him, and they were conquered. That by which he won them was a rare combination of powers: the magnificent presence, the commanding stature, the flash of the eye, and the thorough manliness and tender sympathy which his whole being expressed. These rather than the graces of language were the weapons of his thought.

There are perhaps two things for which Phillips Brooks may interest us—his breadth and his genius. His was a receptive mind. It was open to all the wealth of knowledge about him, whether in word or thought, whether in nature or character. It was sensitive to all that was good in men. Thus he was continually grasping elements that were as invigorating to his mind as the air, which he breathed, to his body. And receiving freely he was able to give forth so much that was inspiring. His mind was kept active and the energy created under the direction of his keen perception was effective in its every test.

But he was not only broad-minded. He was known for his tolerant spirit. We admire a man who does not allow prejudice to influence his views, who can judge truth honestly, regardless of party or creed. Such a man was Phillips Brooks. Consequently he was claimed by several religious denominations, for he recognized truths in each. He was thoroughly progressive in spirit, but to any tendency toward skepticism he was directly opposed. Yet he put aside controversy, recognizing its danger. "Conduct is larger than belief" was his foremost principle.

Great as our admiration may be for his intellect or his broad conceptions, for his character it is greater. He was frank and natural, of strong will and fine instincts, hating the base and loving whatever was noble. He saw in everyone something that was good. He made men feel that they were nobler than they thought. His optimism inspired them. His honest bearing, his strong convictions earnestly spoken revealed that manliness for which all respected him.

The secret of his character was simply this: he lived as he truly believed. This was the ideal which he ever held before him. It was his own ideal, but it fostered within him generous impulses, and a will responsive to duty, making his character complete. I may use a single direct quotation from his biographer, Alexander Allen. "He was like a lyre played upon in quick

responsiveness by the spiritual forces in the universe, whether in nature or the history of man, anxious to miss no chord of the heavenly harmony. Out of this process was born the preacher who in turn was to play upon humanity as a lyre, evoking from it the same response which his own soul had rendered back to the choir of the immortals. Beneath the indescribably rich contents of his mind and heart there was a deeper simplicity. There was but one rule to follow; he must be the man he ought to be and was made to be, to do always the thing he ought to do, and then bring the world which he loved to his own standards."

If we study the nature of Phillips Brooks to determine just where is the seat of his power, we may feel the inspiration of his intellect and decide that here lies the secret. But we are awed by his grand character and grant that here is equal power. Then as we detect his rare genius, we conclude that in his whole being, his whole personality is his strength. I dare not say then that his genius was the secret of his power as a preacher. It was, however, wholly a genius for preaching. His mind, his character, his whole self was subservient to it. He was to the pulpit what great poets who have given fullest expression to life, are to literature. His genius consisted in effective expression of spiritual truth. It implied a divine insight into such truth, an insight that could reveal perplexities. This was unquestionably his great gift.

Such are some of the powers of the man who found his highest ideal in a useful life. It is no wonder then that he stands as the representative of the influential leader. When we know his motives, we can begin to understand how he quickened the lives of thousands in Philadelphia and Boston, how he breathed inspiration into the men at Harvard, how the fresh vigor of his writings has fostered in his many readers thoughts of nobleness, purity and strength.

I can see him now as he stood so many times before that vast assemblage in the "Holy Trinity" at Boston. I can feel the hush of those thousands as they gazed upon him—the embodiment of earthly power. I can imagine the hearts of those listeners slowly but surely becoming conquered by the truth which poured from his very soul. Yes, here he was master of men, for he was servant of God. It is no wonder then that Boston caught the fervor of his belief.

At Harvard he was a power for good. He loved the school which had graduated him. He loved the young men there. Had he followed his real desire, he would have left the work of the church to enter the life of the university. It was the great crisis of his life when he was called to Harvard as college preach-

er and professor of Christian Ethics. He longed for the change,—but was it duty's call? Institutions of learning throughout the whole country anxiously waited, for it was a crisis in the life of Harvard as well. Although he saw before him perhaps greater possibilities, although he might now realize his fondest desire, he put aside all and remained with his church. The students lost a professor, but not his influence, for he was often among them, inspiring them with his great, sympathetic spirit.

The soul of the great preacher was ever craving for broader activity. He longed to write, to spread abroad the burning truths which quickened his whole spirit. Because of his duties, his writings were limited, but what he has given us are the gems of his thought. He wrote the same truths which he preached, for the preacher within him was master of both will and intellect. And what he taught was the same that he believed and lived.

Thus we get a glimpse of the man, a man who had breadth of resource, but who with all this held in power that one secret of success—the genius to concentrate his mind, soul, all upon that which he believed a higher power had intended for him. Every man is brought into this world to accomplish one particular thing. He must first learn that thing, then do it. And if he does this he has attained success, whether he be the humble laborer of a village or the leader of a nation. That Phillips Brooks fulfilled the divine purpose for his life is not denied. Whatever he laid his hands upon was moulded into more perfect form. When we grasp the full power of his intellect and the full simplicity of his character, we perceive with what harmony these two were interwoven that the one purpose in him might be realized. And that one purpose was to make men better. How he cherished it! How he centered his whole activity upon it! How well he fulfilled it! Many a one never knew what a true life was until Phillips Brooks revealed it by his own. Many a one never felt a burning in his own soul until Phillips Brooks set it on fire by the spirit of God within him.

Such influence is never exerted in vain. Such power for good is never felt and then forgotten. It lives to inspire the motives of men, and elevate the sentiments of a people. And more than this, it lives to endear in the hearts of a nation the memory of him who has raised the standards of his fellow man. By all that love virtue the name of Phillips Brooks will ever be cherished.



Short Story, Rhyme and Spasym.

Was Instinct Right?

"You don't believe what I tell you" and the younger of the two college men looked up at the other enquiringly, almost pleadingly.

These two men George Gerber and Edward Stranguard had been the best of chums for two years ever since Gerber had entered college in Stranguard's junior year. It was a strange fellowship and one which had been much talked, but which could not be understood. Each had his own aims, his own hopes and aspirations and his own friends. So far as outsiders could see they had nothing in common.

Stranguard was exceptionally popular and an almost brilliant student, a man of honor to the core always natural and always perfectly at ease—the perfect gentleman which only such a man can be. Gerber although as well known and almost as good a student and a gentleman in the world's eyes, nevertheless left that indescribable impression upon one by which instinct makes us say, "I can't tell why, but I don't quite trust him."

Stranguard was Gerber's senior by about two years. Both had seen much of the world for their ages, but this experience had affected them in very different ways. It had made of the one a noble man, generous, frank and an ardent student of nature while the other had become studied in his actions and can we say almost studied in his very instincts? He seemed always to pick out his part and to play it perfectly.

The realization of this fact had gradually found its way into Stranguard's mind. He loved his friend, but after all did he exactly trust him? Did he have the confidence in him that he had in some of the other fellows? He had tried to face the question squarely and honestly and he had tried also to give his friend the benefit of the doubt, if doubt there was. He had been compelled to answer in the negative, to admit that in his mind there was a suspicion which he could neither define nor get rid of. Why did this doubt insist on confronting him? Why could not these last few days be happy ones without this gloomy shadow in the background?

These questions perplexed him continually and today Gerber had told him something in which Stranguard felt his insincerity. He remained silent, but his manner told Gerber he was not fully believed. So he had said, "You don't believe what I tell you, would you if it were on my death bed?" No! he did not believe it, he remained silent no longer. He told his friend what had been on his mind—all the struggles he had had, and how he had tried to overcome his prejudice. Gerber only laughed and said, "Come don't let that bother you. You have been working too hard and it won't look so black after you are rested."

Nothing more was said, the days passed and they separated not knowing where they would meet again.

* * * * *

Years have passed. Stranguard and Gerber have never met again. Each has been busy with his affairs and they have been in different parts of the world,

For awhile after leaving college they corresponded, but this gradually died out and now one does not know where the other is.

Stranguard has come back to the old college for the first visit since his graduation. Often he had planned this visit, but never before had it been possible for him to come. Among the old surroundings he thought more than ever of his old friends and the one who naturally took the largest place in his thoughts was Gerber. He had never forgotten him in all these years and many times there had come to his mind the conversation they had had such a short time before they had separated. He had met many men, he had always studied human nature, he had even met some men with characters similar to that of Gerber, but he had never been able to decide how far their sincerity extended. He had many times asked himself almost the same question which Gerber had asked him, "Would you believe me on my death-bed?"

Gerber often visited the old college and was well known there. Stranguard knew this and so made inquiries concerning his friend. He learned that he had died a few weeks before. He found that Gerber had lived an actually beautiful life and had died

as he had lived—a triumphant christian.

After Stranguard left the man and as he was passing back along the shaded the shaded walk, the same old question came back to him. Was his friend sincere? Or had he acted his part in death as it seemed to Stranguard he had in life? Had this playing a part become so instilled into his mind—into his very life and soul that even when it came to death he could act the ideal instead of his real self? He could not tell and he realized that study it as he might he never would be able to tell.

A. McC.

In Defence of Riley.

E. A. H., '06.

Some folks like them high-flown rimes writ
up in master style,
What talks of things so strange to me that,
gee! I fairly bile
A tryin' to think who Phoebus wuz, an'
what that old chap done
That they should sing his praises from the
dawn till settin' sun.
My grandson Jack, sez he to me, "You
hain't no 'preciation;"
And then he read some trash about a Niobe
of a nation—
A pesky, muddlin' puzzle 'tis in every
bloomin' line.
Thank you, none of that for me ef you call
that sublime.
Now there's a poet chap that writes of com-
mon things before us,
Of birds and bees and breezes and the hally-
looyer chorus
Of a rooster; and the medder where the
happy robin sings
A peaceful kind o' music; but it pulls at my
heart-strings
And makes me feel all stirred up like, and
brings back other tunes
When every Sabbath morn my heart re-
sponded to the chimes,
Which e'en yet make the valley ring; and
gazin' at the dew,
I wonder ef the God of love still loves this
sinner too.

Preparing for Summer.

Now doth the busy family man
Begin to save and hoard,
So that his wife and daughter may
Indulge in country board.

The mosquito is like a prima donna, she
sings and presents her bill.

"With 'hash' and 'stew' and 'potpie;'"
Cried Boarder Number One,
"This doing roast beef over
Is being overdone."

MILLIONAIRE (with marriageable daugh-
ter)—"But what can you do, young man?
Haven't you some special talent or taste—
some bent, as they say? Applicant (dub-
iously)—"No—not that I can think of—ex-
cept that I am a little bow-legged."

"Don't let my carving this chicken dis-
turb your conversation," said the young hus-
band, red and perspiring, to the company at
table. "I can do it even better if you keep
on talking and pay no attention to me."—

"I am Mr. Phake, sir," said the obstru-
sive stranger, "maker of Phake's panacea."
"Ah, yes," remarked Cadleigh. "Your
medicine, sir, has benefitted me greatly."
"Glad to hear it. I—" "Yes, a rich uncle
of mine took it, and I was his sole heir."

Caller: "For goodness sake, what is that
noise?"

Hausekeep: "Girl next door is having
her voice cultivated."

Caller: "Huh! What are they doing—
plowing it?"

Hausekeep: "I don't know, but the
sound of it is harrowing."

"Yes," said the haughty young woman
who was a Colonial Dame as well as a
Daughter of the Revolution, "my great-
great-grand sire fell at Bunker Hill." "Ice
or banana skin?" inquired the polite young
man from Milwaukee.



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MARCH, 1904.

"HONOR has been justified of her children in Princeton by the prompt expulsion of five freshmen caught buying examination papers. Princeton, it will be recalled, makes honesty in examination a matter of the individual student's word, and of the collective honor of the student body. No student is under faculty surveillance in the examination room, and he is responsible not to the faculty, but to a committee of his peers, to

which cases of cheating are referred.'

"It shows a healthy tone of student sentiment, proves that the "honor system" is a certain safeguard against dishonorable practices and that the large measure of self government so generally allowed at Princeton, as elsewhere, is not always in danger of being abused."

The above are two clippings taken from a New York and a Cleveland daily. At Princeton during the semester examinations five freshmen were detected in cheating and were of course summarily expelled. The freshmen's dishonesty would not have been detected by the faculty, but it was both detected and punished by the student committee. This happening means much to Princeton directly and much also to the other colleges, whether they have adopted the "honor system" or not.

For over ten years this system has been in vogue in Princeton, and in that time but one other case similar to the above has occurred. In the first place, this shows that the student body can be trusted to keep itself free from even the imputation of unfairness. In every institution, there may be, just as there were at Princeton, a few who will so far forget themselves and their purpose in coming to college as to commit such crimes against themselves, for crimes they certainly are. But the common consciousness of students is decidedly against such actions. They are one with the faculty in striving to make themselves better men, both in heart and mind, through their chance at a higher education. It is also an indication of a second happy circumstance. In days gone by the undergraduate body was

wont to consider the faculty and itself natural mortal enemies. But this belief is passing away and college students are beginning to understand that they are not here primarily to make some professor's days and nights to be days and nights filled with apprehension and dread, or to steal the bell clapper and to Limburger Faculty Row in the college chapel. Such things may be all right but they are not the objects for which colleges were established. Students are recognizing their opportunities and striving to make the most of what a four years' course affords.

Here in Alma we believe that we are on the upgrade along this line, and that faculty and students are not so very different in their views of such matters. There is more of a mutual trust than ever before. And this one circumstance can be noticed also. In the class of the professor who puts his classes most upon their honor, both in recitation and examination, there is by far better work done by the student, and besides, between class and professor there is a more cordial feeling.

No college man desires to be, and will naturally resent being, treated like a pupil still in the grades. While we may not be ready to adopt the "honor system" in all its completeness, nevertheless we have advanced far enough to respond with hearty goodwill to the trust reposed in us.

THE athletics of any institution are in a healthy condition, when even dignified professors and instructors are so carried away by college spirit that they forget their class-room staidness and become, both in voice and

gesture, one of the student body. During the recent game with M. A. C. one of our professors, and we are proud of him, too, furnished us with an illustration of what college spirit really is. Throat, hat, umbrella, dignity and everything else were forgotten in the one thought, that "Alma must win." It is this spirit that wins; it is this spirit that in college develops wholesome, hearty manhood and womanhood. Strength does not always consist of numbers. Determination on the part of the players themselves, and sympathy, forcibly and loudly expressed by the spectators, are also factors in winning a victory. Our foot ball campaign was not fruitful of victories, and perhaps to this is due the fact that Alma spirit has been slumbering for the last three months. We use that word advisedly for we are confident that no spirit could have been resurrected so quickly as ours was on February 27th. We had been simply asleep. We have made a good beginning, let's keep it up. When vacation is over the track and the diamond will demand our attention. We want a winning team on both and the spirit that we show will help out wonderfully.

WE VENTURE to predict that February 22, 1905 will be differently observed in Alma than it was this year. It hardly seems right that the birthday of the Father of our Country should pass by without some little celebration. And yet the dean of Wright Hall was the only one who seemed to remember the day. True, Zeta Sigma did honor to Washington in their usual way, but their banquet was a strictly society affair. The

observation of such a day as the 22nd should mean much to both students and faculty. When we forget our great men and their sacrifices for us, we are very apt to forget our duty as American citizens. No formal celebration is necessary, but a speech after the chapel exercises, or a patriotic hymn would have done something towards impressing Washington upon the student body. Some allowance must be made because Dr. Bruske was out of town on that day, but we might have had a speech from someone else. We are not too busy for that.

A bachelor I cast about to find
 A wife with health and some experience;
 No maiden coy, but me with ripened
 mind

And common sence.

What class, I wondered might hold her I
 sought

To bless the lot of me, lone hopeless wight?
 The maidens? No! The widows, yes, I thought
 The widows might.

Ah, well! she came at last, a withching thing;
 We plighted troth, and all my world seemed
 bright

Beside her money would have graced a king,
 The widows mite.

A mite! Ha! Ha! A hundred "thon" per year!
 A royal sum! My hopes were all alight
 Alas for me, I soon had cause to fear
 The widows might.

And now when up the silent stairs I steal
 On tiptoe softly, in the dead of night
 She's always waiting me, and then I feel
 The widow smite.

Athletics.

Alma 20—M. A. C. 14.

"Patience brings its own reward."



THE hours that our basketball boys have spent in the gymnasium, striving to perfect their team-play, and accuracy in basket throwing have not been without avail, and as a direct result of their faithful work, Alma turned the tables upon M. A. C.

Feb. 28 The Farmers were overconfident, and if one is to judge from Alma's former showing in the Armory at Lansing, they had good reason to value us lightly. But overconfidence does more in losing than in winning games and M. A. C. lost partially through her tremendous confidence in herself. They were probably somewhat handicapped by the absence of Haftencamp, but there was no weak spot in the team.

The game started out with a rush, Alma securing the first two baskets. M. A. C. then seemed to realize that the men who played here were different from those whom they had defeated and she started in to win. The first half was very fierce, and sometimes rather rough, but both teams were matched in this respect. Alma was never headed and finished the half with a score of 10 to 5 in her favor.

The second half was a repetition of the first, with the Farmers' doing rather better work than they had previously. They scored 9 points in the 20 minutes to Alma's 10.

In team-work Alma was every bit M. A. C.'s equal and in shooting for baskets she surpassed her opponents. The Farmer boys seemed to be a trifle

more acquainted with the fine points of the game, but this did not make much material difference.

The lineup was as follows:

Alma: Jennings, f; Cratzenburg, f; Schenck, c and capt.; Marshall, g; McCollum, g.

M. A. C.: Shafer, f; Bauld, Balbach, f; Gill, c; Tuttle, f; Balbach, Hunt, f. Score, Alma 20, M. A. C. 14.

Goals from field, Kratz 4, Schenck 2, McCollum 1, Jennings 1, Tuttle 2, Gill 1, Schaefer 1, Bauld 1, Balbach 1. From fouls Jennings 4, Balbach 2. Officials, Fuller and Millar.

The Exhibition.

Friday evening March 4th the girls of Alma made their debut as athletes in the gymnasium. Their exercises consisted of a dumbbell drill and graceful calisthenies. There was not a single hitch during the whole twenty minutes and both Miss Salsbury and her girls are to be congratulated on the success that was their's.

After the girls retired, the shotput was announced. This was won at 34 feet by Marshall. The high dive was won by Jennings at 5 feet 4 inches. Hyney, Ridpath and Sweigart gave an exhibition on the parallel bars. The club swinging by Sweigart and the bag punching by Moon was very good. In the wrestling bouts, Angell won from Cooley in heavy weight. Hurst and Marshall in the next weight received no decision; the match between Moon and Sweigart was declared no contest, as was the featherweight between Sweigart and Welch. Sprague and Jennings gave a fine wrestle in the special weight and Therry threw

Hull in the light weight. Our indoor team is just about as strong as that of last years. A very good house attended the exhibition.

Baseball.

As the time for the early practice games draw near much interest is centered on the baseball team and its prospects for the coming season. Last year witnessed Alma's entrance into intercollegiate baseball and while the season was disastrous in the point of games won, yet as a whole it showed that our chances for the next season would be better, and with a coach we would be able to uphold the honor of the Maroon and Cream more successfully against the other colleges of the state.

This year M. A. C. and Albion will have strong teams, nearly all of last year's men being back. M. A. C. however has lost Pinnance, the Indian twirler. Kalamazoo will not be as strong as last year, but has a large number of candidates to pick from. Hillsdale can be counted on to place a good fast team in the field. Olivet appears to be bothered by the same thing as she was last year—the want of a good pitcher.

Thus it is easy to see that the other colleges of the M. I. A. A. will all be in positions to put forth their utmost efforts to capture the baseball penant. Alma will also strive to be in a like condition and has every prospect of a successful season on the diamond.

That we have always been weak in baseball is evident from a glance at the records of the games played in the past. This has been due in a large degree to the fact that the teams heretofore have not been properly coached.

This old difficulty will not stand in the way this year as the services of a special baseball coach have been secured for the coming season. Coach E. F. Fisher has had a great deal of experience on the diamond, having played with several professional teams during the last few years. He has also coached the baseball team of Hamilton college. He will join the team on Davis field after the spring vacation.

Of last year's squad six men are back; McBride, B. Dunning, Adams, Davis, Webber and Hyney. Capt. McBride pitched on last year's team and will probably do the most of the pitching this year. B. Dunning has played first base for the last two years and will try again for his old position. Adams played center field last year and will probably try for that position this year. Davis, last year's third baseman will try for catcher's position. Webber played left field and will probably try for the outfield again. Hyney who played part of last season will also try for one of the fields. This year there are three vacant positions in the infield; second base, short stop, and third base, which will have to be filled.

There are many men trying for the various positions among these may be mentioned, Gleason, Baker, Jones, Nelson, Schultz, R. Anderson, S. Johnson, Wagner, Carr, Decker and Therry.

Of these men it is hard to make any definite statements, but there is an abundance of material to recruit the varsity and also to form a strong second team. The men have been working in the gymnasium to get in condition for outdoor practice, which will

begin as soon as the weather becomes fair.

The diamond on Davis' field proved to be one of the fastest in the intercollegiate last year and the large grandstand affords seating facilities for 400.

The faculty and student body heartily sympathize with all athletic endeavors and backed by their enthusiastic support the team hopes to have a successful season.

This year's schedule is perhaps the hardest and best baseball schedule that Alma has ever had arranged and

Manager Chapman is to be congratulated upon his efforts. The following is the schedule:

Apr. 13—Mt. Pleasant at Mt. Pleasant.

Apr. 16—Big Rapids at Big Rapids.

Apr. 23—Olivet at Alma.

Apr. 30—D. C. of M. at Detroit.

May 3—D. C. of M. at Alma.

May 6—Ypsilanti at Ypsilanti.

May 7—M. A. C. at M. A. C.

May 13—Albion at Albion.

May 21—Hillsdale at Hillsdale.

May 28—M. A. C. at Alma.

A. S. ADAMS.

At Eighteenth street she rustled in;
Her silk-lined skirt she swirled;
And next to me she sat, did she—
A parasol she twirled.

Her dainty waist of white p. k.,
Hat, gloves, and all were neat,
She laid a handsome music roll
Between us on the seat.

At Congress-st. she hop-skipped out,
With nervous, hurrying gait;
The music roll was left behind—
I saw it just too late.

In curious mood I opened it,
To run its contents o'er—
Perchance 'twas rag-time that she played,
Perchance a Wagner score.

Hello! What's this that greets my eyes?
Not music! No, by jove!
No comic song can equal this—
My lucky treasure trove:

Two deviled eggs, a wienerwurst,
A sandwich made of ham,
Cross sections of a jelly roll,
Spread in between with jam.

A little can of potted tongue,
An orange ripe and round,
Two pickles and some radishes,
And that was all I found.

News Items.

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

Joe Rogers was taken to Brainard's Hospital, March 2nd. He had been sick for a few days and he was taken to the hospital in order that he might receive better attention.

A band of Y. M. C. A. men may hold a series of meetings either in Lenawee Co., or in the Thumb during the spring vacation. It is likely that Hurst, Stormzand, Chapman, Webber, King, Allured, Johnson and Cratzenburg will be the men to go.

Will Cooper '06, was the only one from Alma to attend the intercollegiate debate at Adrian. He and Mr. Soule afterwards spent the Sabbath at the former's home in Detroit.

Miss Kefgen's mother and little sister from Cass City visited her for a few days during the first week of March.

Miss Ward's mother of Birmingham, Mich., made the "Midget" a flying visit.

Eleanor Wallace spent a week in Saginaw with her sister, Mrs. Rosevear, returning March 2nd.

Prof. Harper made this contribution to the Almanian. "He is called Edwin Adams." The professor's favorite quotation is from Shakespeare; "Me thought I heard a voice saying sleep no more."

The work of the school of music has been somewhat interrupted by the illness of both Miss Bushnell and Miss Sergeant. Miss Bushnell was at her home for a few days recuperating. Miss Booth has also been quite ill.

Our art teacher should have an assistant for she is compelled to work too hard.

Birge Swift of Harbor springs who was here 98-99 was graduated from the Detroit College of Medicine and is located in the southern part of the state.

I asked her my rienne to be,
As I took her little manus;
O no! it cannot be Moncher,
But you be my tyrannus.

A letter was received a short time ago from W. L. Steele '00 of Calaban, Cal. Part of the letter was as follows: "I have been around the northern coast of Alaska touching at various points from Cape Nome, Cape Prince of Wales and Pt. Barrow to Cape Bathurst and Bank's Land. At one time was as far north as 74 degrees and 10 minutes. I also touched at several Siberian ports and a truly God-forsaken land it is except for its furs and precious metals. We were locked in the ice for 42 days and I saw little prospects of ever getting out, as we had but two months' provisions and winter was fast drawing on."

J. W. Dunning is now in San Francisco. He spent a week at Grand Canyon and two weeks at Los Angeles.

J. L. McBride preached in Merrill March 7th and in Greenville March 14th.

The seniors have already begun their plans for Arbor day. They also intend to make their class day a memorable affair.

Howard Potter with '06 has left college to teach for the rest of the year at Carson City.

Nellie Stringham was called home by the death of her uncle, March 1st.

Alma will send a strong track team to Albion this year. Besides the indoor

men there will be Schenk, Schultz and Decker for the sprints and jumps; Johnson and Cratzenburg for the weights and hurdles; and Sweet and Moon for the distance events.

The Choral Union gave its third and last concert for the organ fund March 8th. It was Dudley Buck's "Triumph of David" and the soloists were Essie Hooper, soprano; Leon McMannis, tenor; Edna Watson, contralto; James L. McBride, baritone; Lucias Bagley, bass. The chorus was directed by Mrs. St. John.

Miss Garland's sister from Howell, visited at Alma for a week.

The services of a special 'handyman' have been secured for Wright Hall.

Much enthusiasm is being manifested over baseball. About twenty men are in regular training.

Here are some of the things you may see on the campus:

- A Sweet—Heart
- A Bair—Hunt
- A Gaunt—Angell
- A Strange—Ward.

One of our little prep girls was heard inquiring of herself, "Ammi Wright, or am I wrong." "You are daffy" her friend told her and perhaps the little prep thought so too.

The annual election of the Young Women's Christian Association was held on February 8th. The following officers were elected: Miss Leola Lauderbach, president; Miss Hunt, vice-president; Miss Cooper, secretary; Miss Reardon, treasurer.

Sophomore.

In Sophomore French.—

Freshman—I don't understand that order of awds why is it that acy.

Miss I.—That is partie license. Freshman— Miss I.—do you think they ought to have partie license in French?

Mrs. Van Horn, nee Edith Hensen, a member of our class and our former class editor, left college at the beginning of the semester because her health would not permit her to continue her duties. The members of class were—well to say surprised would be putting it mildly—when they heard one morning that she had taken up other duties. No one suspected when she left college that she was to be married. As one of the professors said when told about it, "Too bad—Miss Hensen was such a bright girl." The class extend their best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Van Horn.

Mr. Soule went to Adrian on Friday March 4th as Alma's representative in the oratorical contest. He was accompanied by Mr. Cooper.

Kindergarten Alumni.

The class of '01 is widely scattered. Miss Madge Christie is still teaching in Utah, where she has been since her graduation, and is doing excellent work.

Miss Harriet Woodward is teaching this year in New Mexico.

Miss Mary Mitchell is teaching for the third year in Delray, Mich.

Miss Isa Tracy has been teaching in Mobile, Alabama, but has lately returned to her home.

Miss Mabel Wood is teaching in her home town, Caro, Mich.

Miss Grace Mouser is still at Ithaca, where she has been for three years.

Miss Cornelia Wheeler is at her home in Northville this year.

Miss Anna Sanderson is teaching in a girl's school in California.

Miss Grace Grant has been very ill, and is at her home in Saginaw.

Miss Donna Hill has a position in Detroit this year.

Miss Belle Conat, '02, has resigned her position in Detroit on account of her father's serious illness.

Miss Mabel Sweeney, '02, is teaching in Pentoga, Mich.

Kindergartin.

Miss Hobson is back and reports her sister as much better.

Father calls me Hazel—
 Mother calls me late;
 Sister calls me Timmy—
 But the fellers call me swate.

Miss Leta Gilbert went to Bay City the ninth to attend a wedding. Announcements later.

The following notice was found posted in the kindergarten room recently:

ADVICE TO SENIORS.

Study not, but
 Stiddy!
 Study "The Boy Problem"
 and
 "The Psychology of Husbands."

HERE.

Signed: Earl Webber.

Philomathean.

The following officers have been elected for the remainder of the year: President, Susie Hawes; vice-president, Lou Olp; secretary, Julia Morton; treasurer, Helen Cook; secretary, Caro Whitney; critic, Edith Cook.

Ruth Bristol has recently been initiated into the society.

We extend our congratulations to Miss Edith Cook who so admirably represented us in the oratorical contest.

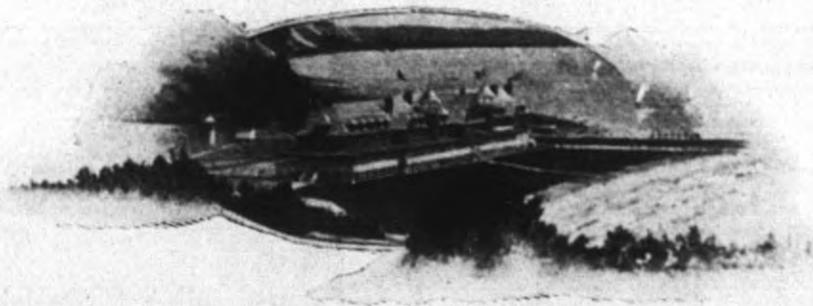
The plan of writing original stories was tried last meeting, many interesting leap year stories being written.

"If you ever come up to my house" said her dad,
 "I'll break you in two with a club
 I'll jab you, I'll choke you, I'll be your death warrant,
 You'll certainly know you've been drubbed."
 "Don't trouble yourself, I have been there all day"
 Then her dad went and did what he had to.
 And the youth sadly said as he crawled off and died,
 "You have acted ex-post—expost farto."

Near a gasoline stove on a summer's day,
 Sat Tom and his sister Lottie;
 The reservoir leaked, the cook struck a match,
 And now—"requiescant in peace."

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