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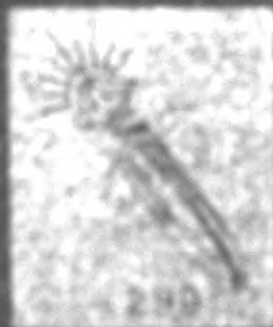
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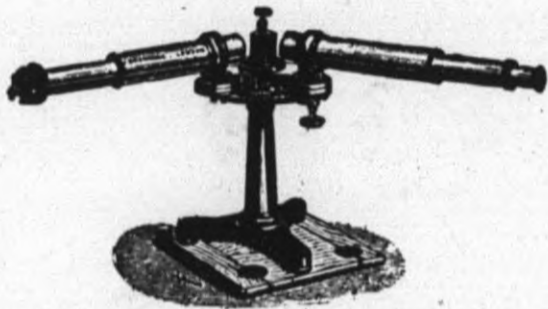
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✻ ✻ ✻

'El Canon Grande del Colorado... 163

J. WIRT DUNNING.

✻ ✻ ✻

The Philosophy of the Atonement
As Developed by Browning..... 167

H. A. WILCOX.

✻ ✻ ✻

Short Stories and Spasms..... 170

Told Without Meaning. 170

The Ski Races at Ishpeming . . 171

The Doings of a Donkey 173

On Spreads 174

✻ ✻ ✻

The Rose That Bloomed (*Poem*).. 176

D. A. J., '05.

✻ ✻ ✻

Editorial 177

✻ ✻ ✻

Athletic Notes..... 179

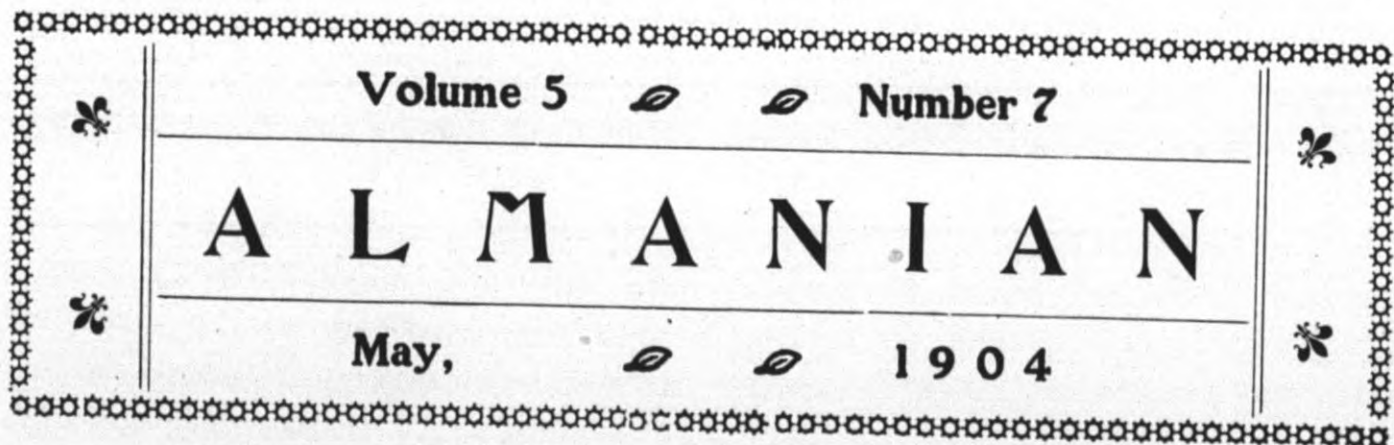
✻ ✻ ✻

News Items 181

✻ ✻ ✻

The Bells of Wright Hall (*Poem*).. 184





'El Canon Grande del Colorado.

J. WIRT DUNNING, Los Angeles, California.

AWAY back in the deserts of Arizona, where for days a boiling sun beats down from a brazen sky, upon a thirsty waste of arid sand and cactus; where occasionally a lonely cypress lifts its branches in mute appeal for water, and no answer ever comes; where lie bleaching in the sun the bones of many a beast and human traveller whose dying hours were filled with sweet visions of flowing rivers and laughing brooks and whose lips cracked for a single drop of the moisture their stricken fancy pictured; here where there is no sound save perhaps the shrill wolf-like call of the coyote, lean scavenger of the desert as in the moonlight he journeys forth from his den in a far off "dunne," to seek his prey; in the midst of all this desolation lies one of nature's marvels.

No pen can e'er describe its beauty; no oratory can fitly acclaim; no painter's brush e'er conceive; no picture e'er portray. But one mind has ever read; but one eye has ever seen; but one tongue could tell of this marvel—the tongue, the eye, the mind of him who made it.

We are told that the Hanging Gardens of Babylon were a wonder to all the world; we have seen men journey across land and sea to gaze upon the pyramids of Egypt, to ramble among the ruins of Rome and Athens, to bask in Italy's sunny skies; but he who has not seen the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, has not seen that which means more than any work of man, for here he beholds the most stupendous work of the handicraft of God.

* * *

The day had been intensely hot upon the desert. It was a long and dusty ride from the little wind swept city of Williams to the Canyon's rim. As we neared our journey's end, heavy clouds were seen gathering in the north, and ere we alighted within a few yards of the canyon's rim a heavy mist was falling.

Quickly I hastened to the Canyon's edge. The gorge was completely hid! There before me was stretched out nothing save a sea of fleecy white; a fog so thick that it had become a massive cloud completely obscuring the vast abyss. But as it rolled and

tossed in billows like the sea, strange emotions filled my breast. After journeying these thousand miles to see this wonder am I doomed to disappointment? What vision do those obscuring clouds conceal? I waited long but no answer came.

Perhaps it is better on the eve of a great discovery to have the curtain drawn for a while. They say that the night before Columbus landed in the new world was the blackest of his voyage, and the watchman from the masthead did not see the land, until with the rising sun, it burst upon him in all its prophetic beauty.

I have a world to discover tomorrow.

The fog has lifted next morning and the mountain air is crisp and clear. The sun is just beginning to tinge the last in all his glory as I walk along, the path that leads to the canyon's edge. A fringe of pines along the rim conceals the view, but I hurriedly break through and am standing within a foot of the most stupendous and awful scene that nature knows. Involuntary I shudder and step back, my knees tremble and I can only say, "My God, there it is!"

A mighty gorge a mile and a half in perpendicular depth; 300 miles long and 7 miles to its opposite side, containing in its vast embrace, lofty mountains that tower 5,000 feet above its lowest depth; deep valleys clad in flowering vines and mountain pine; gigantic sandstone cliffs in whose caves dwelt a prehistoric race; rolling plateaus decked with waving grass; a chaotic tumbling of Silurian rocks; and far to the north and west across the canyon a towering wall seven thousand feet above the level of the desert; and far below, the rustling

turbulent Colorado—from where I stand a tiny silver thread—this is "El Canon Grande del Colorado."

Into this terrible cleft, that thrusts its yawning crack to my very feet, one might toss all the gigantic buildings of every city in the land top on top and above them pile all the ships that sail the seas, and their presence in all their vastness would scarce be noticed. I cannot comprehend it. The unique, the fearful, the irresistible charm of it holds me spell bound. There is a spirit of tragedy in this chaotic tumbling of gigantic rocks. There is something that frightens you in its appalling immensity, and you gaze you know not why. Perhaps it is its matchless beauty that enthralls you. Perhaps it is the melody of its gorgeous purples, its Pompeian reds and yellows, its mixtures of emerald green and azure blue, its rainbow splendor of gold and white. At the rivers' brink black Cambrian rocks; above come purple, green and red of every shade, to the yellow sandstone of the cliffs, on, to peaks whose summits are still white with patches of lingering snow. Along the towering walls, jutting forth from crevices appear beautiful flowering vines and on shelves of rocks along the "Bright Angel" trail a growth of scrubby pine, while flowering cacti with their pink blossoms scent the air with a delightful fragrance. Mountain birds are heard singing and they fly from rock to rock.

Occasionally a tiny puff of white is seen to gather about one of the sandstone peaks. It spreads and rises until quickly the whole top is enveloped in a fleecy cloud. Then suddenly as if by magic it disappears as the sun

rises higher even the dark ravines far down in the abysmal depths are lighted up. Each time grows more distinct. I can see the camp half way down the "Bright Angel" trail, and from where I sit the large tents appear even smaller than the paper on which I write. At last wearied, but not tiring of the scene I return to the hotel.

That night I again walked to the edge of the canyon. A shimmering lake of silvery vapor rolled its noiseless tide against the mountains and laved their terraces and shrines. The night was white with the splendor of the moon. Advancing cautiously to the brink, I lay down upon my face and peered far down into the spectral void. No voice of man nor cry of bird, nor roar of blast resounded from those awful corridors of silence. I cast a stone over the edge. The sound of its fall was lost in that sunken realm of chaos.

The scene by night was even more beautiful than that by day. Slowly I walked along the rim. Once I heard a footfall and stopped. I saw near me a man taking a last look at the canyon. I heard him say: "Good bye, Old Canyon, maybe some day I'll see you again, maybe never"—and there was a tone of sadness in his voice.

Next morning I descended the Bright Angel trail to the river. A slight rain was falling above, and an occasional flurry of snow warned me to desist; but securing a light alpen-stock at a nearby camp, I started out alone.

The journey to the river requires four hours although the perpendicular depth of the canyon is less than 8,000 feet, the intricate windings of the trail make a journey of more than

eight miles ere the lowest depth is reached. Slowly down its ladder like windings I make my way. Occasionally I reach a place where there is room enough for two burros to pass; then again it narrows down to a mere shelf along a perpendicular rock, spanning what seems to be impassable crevices and at last landing safely on one of the level breathing spaces, but always down, down. When I reached the level of 5,000 feet I paused to look above. The trail along which I have passed is hid from view by loosened rocks and vegetation, and I scarce can believe that I have descended that lofty, perpendicular ledge of rock that towers 5,000 feet above me; and as I look far below a feeling of the terrible vastness of it all comes upon me. But when I reach a level plateau 2,000 feet lower and look aloft, my journey seems almost a miracle. From here I can gain a wide sweeping view of the entire canyon for thirty miles either way, which in the air of the mountains leaves far, distant peaks bold and distinct as the outlines of the mighty wall behind me. I can hear already the roaring of the river and as I look above along the river I see that the entire landscape is enveloped in a cloud. Up there, a heavy snow is falling, but here it is as warm as summer, and the bright sunshine as it reflects from sparkling granite walls and the rushing tide below dazzles me. I am standing in beautiful green grass, knee-deep, and not far distant are the tents of the half way camp. For two hours I remain here enthralled by grandeur of the scene. Its beauty I could comprehend from above but its vastness only here.

From the plateau to the river the

descent is very rapid, and I am standing in the soft sand almost before I know it. But a surprise awaits me here. That, which yesterday from above, had seemed only a tiny thread is manifested now into a raging flood. A stone thrown with all my strength falls far short of the middle of the stream. I can understand now how in the centuries past this tide has worn its way so deep. Few boatmen dare to cross its rushing flood, and its victims are half of all who tried it. One man alone has ever passed through the long course safely.

Looking up and down the stream I can count forty-seven towering peaks of sandstone and granite, and as the sun sparkles upon them and clouds of fleecy white are seen to gather about

their summits after a strange contrast to the semi-darkness of the cleft into which the last 2,000 feet of my journey has brought me.

It was a long and toilsome climb back to the rim, but many a time I stopped to rest and view the scene below me. It was dusk when I arrived at the hotel and the large searchlight from its roof was already sending its white flashes of light far down along the trail, to right belated travelers along their way.

Two days longer I lingered near the canyon and explored it for many miles along its rim. When I left it was with feelings of reluctance, but it was with a deeper reverence for and a better knowledge of the glory and the power of the God who made it.

Der Draffling man don't haff no fon.
 He's all der time upon der run,
 Gits up at five o'clock or so
 Gulps down he's preakfast, den must go
 To catch a drain und ride away
 Und make dree towns all in von tay.
 He neffer can haff any fon.
 He hass to eat vile on der run
 Shust like a horse vats picks der grass,
 He hass to eat vile going fast.
 Off him you cannot say, "Er isst"
 Nein wil ein sferd er immer "frisst."

the sferd

The Philosophy of the Atonement as Developed by Browning.

By H. A. WILCOX.

IN HIS poem "Saul," Robert Browning has shown most beautifully how salvation, coming through God, *revealed in the flesh*, was the only manner in which man could be saved; for to elevate man from his lost estate, required infinite power and infinite love, and *man could comprehend* these only as they were *revealed in human form*.

Saul is typical of sin-laden humanity, despairing and *unredeemed*. In the 4th stanza of the poem, he is represented as standing, silent and despondent, almost unto death, amid the darkness of the inner tent, leaning against the tent-prop and clinging to the cross support. Obviously this picture is typical of despairing humanity, bowed down with the burden of sin, and enveloped in darkness and ignorance.

David, who has come to comfort Saul and to attempt to call him back to a desire and appreciation of life, represents the limitation to the highest human love and human power.

There is, it seems to me, a deep significance in the progression of the appeal by which David attempts to restore Saul to himself. He begins by playing the simple melodies, which appeal to the brute creation, and progresses upward; each succeeding song being more beautiful, and loftier and grander in sentiment, than the preceding one. At the song of the Levites, Saul groaned; showing that he was awakened to the consciousness of his condition and of David's pre-

sence. Then in quick succession, David sang of the joy of living; of the grandeur of the universe; of the pride which Saul's father had taken in him; of the complete trust with which his mother gave him to God's care, when he went out to battle; of the glory and power with which God had crowned him. Then Saul was struck with the sound of his name.

"Death was past, life not come: so he waited."

Saul was now convinced that life was good, yet did not seek after it. In the eleventh stanza David is represented as saying: "He lets me praise life, gives assent, yet would die for his own part." How typical of wavering, sin-oppressed humanity. Although the sinner may be conscious-stricken and self-convicted of sin; although he may recognize that his course of sin leads to death, while on the other hand, righteousness leads to life and perfect happiness, yet he is unable to turn away from sin unto righteousness by his own strength; his will power is not strong enough to enable him to carry out his convictions.

David exerts his uttermost powers of reason, song and love in one supreme and final effort to restore Saul to life and happiness. He has been appealing to his physical nature; he now appeals to his soul:—

"Leave the flesh to the fate it was fit for! the spirit be thine!
By the spirit when age shalt overcome thee, thou still shalt enjoy
More indeed, than at first when unconscious, the life of a boy."

David appeals to Saul's sense of duty to his subjects. He shows him

how, if he answers the call of duty his fame will live after him; how the effect of his deeds would constantly increase, throughout all the subsequent ages, and how each succeeding age would praise Saul more loudly than the preceding one—

“Ever flash of passion and power long
over shall thrill
Thy whole people, the countless, with
ardor, 'till they give forth
A cheer to their sons who in turn, fill
the South and the North
With the radiance thy deed was the germ
of.”

David has done his uttermost; Saul is restored to his physical life, but not to the uttermost of it—restored to a passive willingness to live; but not to desire to live. The marks of sin and despondency are still there, and cannot be effaced by man's power or man's love. Parallel to this attempt by David was the attempted restoration of man by the law, by the institution of the tabernacle, and finally by the supreme heights of human power and sacrificial love, the lives and deaths of the prophets—the highest human effort failed to restore humanity: it had failed to restore Saul. David suddenly realized this, and awakened to the fact that only infinite love and infinite power could restore Saul to perfect happiness.

The first sixteen stanzas of the poem are taken up by the entrance of David and his appeal to restore Saul. In the seventh stanza, David speaks of the omnipotence of God, and recognizes that only by submitting to God can fallen humanity be elevated—

“And thus looking whither and around
me, I ever renew
(With that stoop of the soul which in
bending upraises it too)
The submission of man's nothing-per-
fect to God's all complete
As by each new offering in spirit I
climb to his feet.”

But while David admits the omnipotence of God, he at first doubts God's infinite love. He doubts whether God's love can transcend human love. Man is willing to suffer for his fellow men: David doubts if God would do as much. But he realizes the inconsistency of his doubt. He knows that God has given man his power of loving, and that the creature cannot surpass the creator—

“Do I find love so full in my nature,
God's ultimate gift,
That I doubt that his own love can com-
pete with it?”

Thus David recognizes in God infinite love directing infinite knowledge and power.

The eighteenth stanza contains the real exposition of Salvation through Christ. God is both able and willing to save lost humanity. All that man need do for his part is to be willing to receive it.

“What stopped my despair?
This:—its not what man does which ex-
alts him, but what man would do!”

Man's part in the change is, then, one of unobjectified desire; of complete submission and resignation to God's power. But—and herein lies the explanation of the mystery of the incarnation—in order that God may rescue humanity there must be a bond of sympathy between God and man. Man must realize his own helplessness and must recognize God's power and willingness to restore him. This could only be realized by God's condescending to suffer with and for man. David knows that God will do this, as he says:—

“Would I suffer for him that I love? So
would thou—so wilt thou.”

But man cannot comprehend suffering except in the flesh. Therefore God was made manifest in the flesh

and came to live among men as a man, suffering and dying because of the sins of humanity; and Christ still stands and ever will stand, in the form of a man, pleading for humanity before the throne of the father. He is still the nail-pierced Christ, even as he appeared before his disciples, after his resurrection. In the words of the poet—

“Oh Saul! it shall be
A face like my face that receives thee; a
man like to me.
Thou shalt love, and be loved by for-
ever: a Hand like this Hand
Shall throw open the gates of new life
to thee!
See the Christ stand.”

The last stanza, the nineteenth, contains David's prophetic vision of the consternation among the hosts of Satan upon beholding that highest manifestation of God's infinite love. All the hosts of hell are arrayed in one final conflict to bring about man's dis-

truction, but they fail—Christ has conquered death.

History is rife with illustration how martyrdom increases the following of a cause. The common herd,—timid and cowardly,—are made heroic by the courage of one, who has such explicit and complete faith in God and the righteousness of the cause which he champions, that he is ready to lay down his life sooner than recant. The world is forced to stand with bowed heads; made speechless, and overcome by awe at such heroism. It was by such heroism that the Protestant Reformation was accomplished. Such heroism is mightier than armies. But this does not explain how the sins of the world were in some mysterious manner all heaped upon one head—neither does it explain the resurrection. Oh the mystery of it all! But at least it is a mystery in a measure made conceivable if not comprehensible in this masterly exposition by Browning.

Knows he that never took a pinch,
Nosey, the pleasure thence which flows?
Knows he the titillating joys
Which my nose knows?
O Nose, I am as proud of thee
As any mountain of its snows.
I gaze on thee and feel that pride
A Roman knows.

Short Stories and Spasms.

Told Without Meaning.

—A Change of Weather,—

DARKNESS had not yet given way before the dawn as his canoe drifted slowly from the shore; but far away over the eastern hills the dull sky grew roseate beneath the caresses of the invisible sun. Across the lake the fog was just lifting its shadowy fingers from the water faintly revealing the dim outlines of the further shore. That peace which a summer's night alone can give, brooded over all; only the little waves that gurgled in delight or the chirping of sparrows about the eaves of the hotel disturbed the profound quiet. In all nature there was no false note; sky and earth, land and water were in perfect harmony.

The morning seemed to intoxicate the man in the canoe, by its beauties, for he leaned back with half closed eyes that continued to drink in newer sights and lovelier scenes. But he was not alone in his reveries; among the gnarled trunks of the beeches, there glimmered a woman's white dress. She, too, seemed lost to the world as she approached the canoe. Of the two, the man was the first to become aware of the other's presence, and he quietly watched to see her surprise when she should notice him. But there was no surprise when she did see the face turned so attentively toward her. Only a half smile told that she had seen him. Was the smile a challenge? One sweep of the paddle had driven the canoe upon the shore and he held out his hand toward her. There was an instant's hesitation and then she too was in the lit-

tle craft beside him. In silence he paddled along, she watching the water trickle through her fingers; he gazing at this girl who had come to him, so unbidden yet not unwelcome.

Soon the sun appeared and threw its blinding rays directly into her face, and with half-unconscious gallantry he turned the canoe sharply aside beneath the shade of great trees that lined the shore. Still in silence he drove the canoe upon the sandy beach and helped her out, and together they started, he with basket in hand, toward three great pines a little back from the shore. There, they found a little spring and with clumsy hands he began to spread the breakfast cloth. With a little gurgle of delight she took it from him and with deft fingers she spread out its snowy folds. Afterwards, she laid out the breakfast seeming to know just what his basket contained. Their little meal was finished also in silence. But after the dishes had again been laid away in the basket he lay back against the great pine, and looked at her.

"Well?" she said.

"I was just wondering," he began, "what a whole life like this would be. Would it bring the same satisfying pleasure that this morning has, or would we need new scenes, new activities, new faces to help out? Could I ever find myself lonely and longing for something different, if I always had a woman like you near me, and these birds and flowers, and the lake and the woods as well?"

She looked away to where, across the lake the windows of the hotel

flashed back the sun. At length she turned her face toward him.

"I do not know. Why bother yourself with such queries as that," she told him; "Is it not enough that you are happy now, that we can come out here away from all the world and be ourselves? Today is here for us to enjoy and the morrow will be ours too perhaps: but lets be happy now."

He said nothing more but closed his eyes for a few moments. Then he softly questioned, "What is your name, O maid of the morning?"

For a time she studied him and then "You may call me Eve," she said. "But we must be going now, Adam."

He arose obediently and placed her in the canoe. Their journey home was all too short. As he neared the shore he looked at her questionly; "Oh Eve, will you come again with me on the morrow?" he asked.

"I will be here rain or shine," she told him and went her way.

The next morning found them back under the pines. This time he told her of his days at college, of his ambitions, of his hopes, of his busy days in the office, of his lonely evenings in his city home. She said but little but hers was a silence eloquent with sympathy. This morning she wished to walk home across the fields, and as they parted he again asked, "Am I too bold, O Eve? Will tomorrow be mine also, rain or shine?"

"Rain or shine," she answered.

On that third morning, gray clouds had overcast the sky. It had not rained but the day looked dreary enough. The canoe was back in the same spot and for a half hour it hovered about the shore. But this time, the woman did not come. Suddenly the

sun flashed through breaking clouds, but the man had turned away. In his heart was a dull feeling of disappointment, a sense of aching pain. Soon he passed around the point but back there screened by the willows, and clad in white, was a daughter of Eve.

Two or three dears and two or three sweets;
Two or three balls and two or three treats;
Two or three serenades given as a lure;
Two or three oaths—how much they endure;
Two or three messages sent in one day;
Two or three soft speeches made by the way;
Two or three tickets for two or three times;
Two or three love-letters writ all in rhymes;
Two or three months keeping strict to these
rules

Can never fail making a couple of fools.

Mother—Harry Tucker is the worst boy in school, Tommy, and I want you to keep as far from him as possible.

Tommy—I do, ma. He is always at the head of our class.

The Ski Races at Ishpeming.

C. ELBRIDGE ANDERSON.

IT IS in Norway and Sweden, that country of the hardy Norseman, that ski riding had its birth. And well might it be the birth-place of such a noble sport, for its snow-covered hills and mountains breed a spirit of great daring, something very necessary to the ski rider.

Among the hardest of our foreign born citizens the Skandinavian takes a high place. Quickly assimilating American ideas, he still retains some of his old-country customs, and thus he has brought us a sport in which we can revel, in its daring, joyous and health giving dangers.

In the hilly northern states, Minnesota and the upper peninsula of Michi-

gan, this sport has been taken up with great enthusiasm and an annual tournament, participated in by the best riders of the country, is held at Ishpeming on the twenty-second of February.

This year the day was an ideal one and the town was crowded with riders and spectators from near and far. The hill was in perfect condition and but for a light snow, was very "fast". About two o'clock in the afternoon over five thousand people impatiently awaited the call of the bugle which would announce the start of the contest. Clear and loud it rang forth on the wintery air and away up at the top of the hill could be discerned a slowly moving speck. But gathering speed quickly, on it came, faster and faster, till one could but hold his breath in anticipation of the result when the swiftly moving rider should reach and leave the high "bump" which lay in his path. At last, like a streak of lightning, he came on and shot off the end of the heaped-up snow, like a bird just beginning its startled flight. It seemed as though he would never drop back to earth, but would soar on and on. In reality, however, only a few seconds passed when down he came with a hard slap on the soft snow, then swiftly glided onward. And on his terrific leap this first jumper had covered over eighty feet before landing.

And so on through the long list of jumper's, some jumping farther, some falling in their efforts, skis, legs and arms twisted to a great tangle, but all seeming full of the joy of sailing through the free air.

But to the eyes of all, the most wonderful exhibition of the tourna-

ment was the jumping of little Carl Tallsen the young son of a Norseman, and only eight years of age. The other jumpers were men who had learned the art of riding from years of practice. As the bugle called the little fellow on his downward start, the crowd held its breath, afraid and yet not afraid, for his skill was well known yet fearing the accident that comes often to the best of riders. Faster than a swiftly moving train, the youngster flew down the steep hill and when he left the end of the bump it was with the grace and precision of an old timer. With his arms spread wide, he appeared like some great swift-flying bird, so fast was he traveling. When at last he landed, it was like a veteran rider, and he sped gracefully on over the plain until the momentum gathered on the incline was entirely spent. Three times he repeated the ride, each time jumping farther than before, The first jump was of forty-nine feet, the second fifty and the third of fifty-five feet. The announcer called out the results to the assembled spectators after each jump, and it was after the last and farthest jump that he called, "Carl Tallsen, the midget wonder, has made a worlds record for the ski-jump by jumping fifty-five feet, the longest jump on record for one of his age."

As the prizes were but small for this event, many of the spectators demanded that they be allowed to still further reward the little man, and as a result this eight year old boy now has quite a respectable bank account, which he tells me is the beginning of his savings for college. You see he has a big brother who is an athlete in one of our large western schools and

Carl says he is going to do as "my big brother does."

A Matter of Grammar.

Whithin a private box I sat beside
 A Boston maiden, stately and precise,
 And saw Signora Vermicelli glide
 Across the stage; and then, with wonder-
 ing eyes,
 I saw her grasp her skirts with motion quick—
 There was a wicked twinkle in her eye—
 And then I saw La Vermicelli kick,
 Right, left—I am afraid to say how high.
 Thrilled, with the rest, by the amazing sight,
 I turned unto the maiden by my side.
 Who gave no signs of wonder or delight,
 And, "Heavens! did you see that feat?"
 I cried;
 Whereto this Boston maiden prim and neat,
 Replied, "Excuse me, sir—I saw those
 feet."

"I've come to tell you sir, that the photographs you took of us the other day are not at all satisfactory. Why, my husband looks like an ape."

"Well, madam, you should have thought of that before you had him taken."

The Doings of a Donkey.

K. G. T., '04.

THE donkey stood still with the persistency that is said to be one of the chief characteristics of the mule family and flapped his ears lazily in the soft sunshine of a Georgia afternoon. What cared he for the fact that he had lost his reputation as "a nice quiet beast, sah, never been known to balk, sah." Good to look at he certainly was with his fat body and sleek, glossy coat, fairly radiating contentment and cheerfulness in the lazy sunshine.

Why should he care for the man who was fuming at the delay his persistency caused or for the gentle re-

monstrance of the lady who sat on the seat beside him?

They were both Northerners who were spending the winter months in X—, Georgia, a rather quiet place, so when both had received invitations to a party given in the next town some twelve miles distant they had accepted with alacrity, hailing with delight the novel experience of driving across country with the docile creature hitched to a rather dilapidated carriage provided for them by their host, it in fact being the only available conveyance.

They had started off gaily after lunch anticipating an early arrival but here they were at five o'clock in the afternoon a little more than half of their trip accomplished, not a house in sight and the donkey with no more evident intention of moving than the Rock of Gibraltar.

"How much farther have we to go?" asked she.

"About four miles," he said, casting a reproachful look at the beast who eyed him with such wicked complacency.

"Shall I help you to alight?" he continued. "No doubt you are tired sitting so long and I guess we will have plenty of time to view the surrounding country."

"I am tired," "but isn't there anything we can do to make that donkey go! We will be late for dinner and they will be worried about us."

"Let 'em worry," he said sitting down beside her, "I am rather beginning to enjoy the situation, We may as well be merry for you may be sure 'that donkey' won't move an inch until he gets ready." In an altered voice he continued impetuously, "Miss Sid-

ney—Margaret—this is an opportunity I cannot ignore, I have wished to speak to you alone ever since I discovered that you were staying at the same place as myself. You have not avoided me exactly but something has happened each time to prevent. Now I must speak: I know now what a great happiness I have missed by not trusting you more fully—but, fool, fool that I was, I rushed off in hot haste not wishing or caring for an explanation until I had waited so long I dared not ask it. Now I know I was wrong and can only beg you to forgive me and let me hope a little—just a little, Margaret. Look up, dear, say ‘Yes.’”

The long eyelashes were lifted for an instant and the look he saw there was answer enough.

When they finally looked about them all that could be seen of the donkey was a mere speck in the distance.

“That blessed donkey,” he said.

“Triplets,” said wee, Willie Winkletop with a very knowing air, “always comes to poor families. It’s when God sends them a whole line of samples to pick from, and they hasn’t enough money to pay the expressman to take two of ’em back.”

At a Morning Service.

“Off started the nimble soprano with the laudable though striking announcement—‘I will wash.’ Straightway the alto, not to be outdone, declared she would wash. And the tenor finding it to be the thing, warbled forth he would wash. Then the deep-chested basso, as though calling up all his fortitude for the plunge, bellowed forth the stern resolve that he would wash. Next a short interlude on the organ, strongly suggestive of the escaping steam, or plash of the waves, after which the choir individually

and collectively asserted the firm, unshaken resolve that they would wash.

“At last they solved the problem, stating that they proposed to ‘wash their hands in innoency, so will the altar of the Lord be compassed.’”

On Spreads.

FOR pity’s sake let someone start a new fad to take the place of this eternal spreading. All we like sheep have gone astray.

But someone pipes up, “It is the monotony of the small town that causes it. What else is there to do?” Not so my young friend, for if you go from one end of the country to the other you will find essentially the same state of things whether the school be located in New York, Chicago, Oshkosh or Podunk, Ind. The amount of chemical work we can do in that long tube known as the alimentary canal is not anything to be especially proud of. Rather, to be pitied is the big, sluggish creature who makes a digestive vat of his stomach, because he succeeds so well that he is likely never to reform, but will die complacently fat and bald-headed, anywhere from forty to sixty without ever having achieved anything worth while. To be pitied also is the slim attractive young creature, with dark circles about her eyes. She will live to reform and regret but at thirty she will look forty and so on.

People who are forever “spreading” deserve the fate of the geese, who have their feet nailed to a board while the attendant goes along the line and crams nice soft food down their gullets with an instrument like a ramrod. This makes their flesh nice and tender for epicures. You may be making yourself soft and delicate but if the

king of the Cannibal islands had you and made that sort of diet compulsory you would esteem it a grievance.

The young girl occasionally met with, who considers herself capable of reproving her mamma is simply silly, but if any mother is always cooking up stuff to send to her children at school, she deserves to be told. "Mother take back your cake."

We all applaud our star athletic vociferously, but we choose to be great in other lines, performing deeds of valor in reducing to pulp sickly combinations miscalled food at all hours of the day and night, then lie abed to recover and renew the attack.

We perform heroic feats in the chemical line, in eliminating from our system various poisons, tea and coffee poison, tobacco poison, alcohol poisons from the fermentation of imperfectly digested food. The feeling of malaise, the tired feeling of the patent medicine adv. which result from the eliminating

of poisons, reduces life to ennui. Unlike Longfellow's ship the sufferer does not "feel the thrill of life along his keel." Students who belong in this class will be found out late at night. The feeling of malaise kills sleep and makes serious work difficult and there is nothing left to do but to seek the companionship of their fellow sufferers and imagine they are having a good time. Such people need to be reminded of what their father and grand-fathers have done before them and that it is up to them to at least equal their record.

It is said that our fore-fathers who conquered the wilderness, ate and drank as we cannot. That was not, however, all the memory that they have left behind.

The South Sea Islander under his fig tree with plenty of bananas and cocoanuts around is the great specialist on spreads.

: : : : : :

She Called My Bluff.

By S. W. Gillilan.

She called my bluff,

Indeed she did.

Since then the truth

Cannot be hid.

I'd made the usual display
Of borrowed virtues day by day;
I'd smiled o'er mishaps, just as though
My disposish were always so.
I'd strewed my money without stint,
Of poverty dropped ne'er a hint—
You know the rest; this is enough
To make you know the same old bluff.

She called it, though—

Ah, yes; for she
Believed it all

And married me!

The Rose That Bloomed.

D. A. J., 05.

I plucked a rose, the sweetest rose
That sunbeams ever gently kissed.
It faded fast, until at last
Its former fragrance sweet I missed.

A dream I dreamed, which throughout teemed
With happy hopes and fond delights.
A cry of pain pierced nerves and brain
And brought me from my dreamy flights.

Far distant quite, all shining bright,
Methought I saw a heav'nly land.
I cursed that ground, when erst I found
'Twas but a desert's burning sand.

Thus hopes decay, joys pass away:
Life is but as a passing dream.
On earth, naught's sure,—naught shall endure,
And things are not 'oft what they seem.

O peace! O rest! thou welcome guest!
Why do thy joys so quickly fly?
O star of hope! Why dost thou ope
Thine eyelid fair, so soon to die?

O heav'n on earth! wherefore thy birth?
Wherefore the perfume of thy rose,
When thy heart beat is but so fleet
And when so soon thy blossom blows?

O joy! O pain! O fate, let rain
Your mingled drops of woe and bliss!
O demons cursed in Styx immersed
Pour forth your venom, raze and hiss!

Soul take thine ease—live as thou please,
Nor shun the fruit forbid to taste.
There's one reward. The cold green sward
Shall grow o'er all our bodies' waste.

Come Bacchus fair, thy train prepare!
Come with thy revelry and dance!
I'll sip and sing, and fear no sting,
But let thy draught my soul entrance!

What need of toil in life's turmoil,
To stem the tide of sin and wrong,
When at the end, for foe and friend
Is but a grave, no victor's song!

Those eyes' beams bright, told of a sight
Far too sublime for mortal tongue.
Those lips were mute—heav'n could not suit
To mortal voice, the songs there sung.

No 'tis not fate that guards the gate
From life to death—from death to life.
There is a hand—a loving hand
That still supports through pain and strife.

The rose may fade, but soon its blade
Shall brighter bloom in fairer fields.
Hopes may decay, flesh turn to clay,
But death full sure their increase yields.

Come peace or pain, I'll not complain;
I'll bear life's shifting weals and woes.
The hand that leads, supplies all needs,
And o'er my path its radiance throws.

Rest soul! O rest upon the breast
That swells in sympathy for thee.
When time's no more, and toil is o'er,
All meaning clear thou then shall see.

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MAY, 1904.

PERSONAL liberty is something that every man and woman craves for, and must have, if they are to develop properly. To us, who are students, this does not necessarily mean total unrestraint and freedom from all rules and regulations, any more than freedom in the state means exemption from obedience to the law. If it did, anarchy as harmful to Alma as real anarchy is to the life of the state would prevail. Many objections,

real objections that cannot easily be overruled, have been made to our "Blue Book" and especially to some of the social regulations. But of late greater privileges have been granted by our Dean, and they have been granted, not only because we have outgrown the old regime, but because the Dean believes that trust upon her part must meet with loyalty upon our part. We believe that as college men and women, we are entitled to more of these concessions, and we know that we will get them, if they can be granted to us. It depends only upon ourselves, for trust that is brought about by ourselves is the one thing that can do away with rules.

THIS is the last issue before the 11th commencement, and we think it not unwise to give an urgent exhortation that every alumnus and former student should try to return to his Alma Mater for the few days of commencement week. Alma has now an alumni organization that numbers more than the undergraduate body, and two local associations. It seems a pity that we do not hear more about it. Surely a sufficient number will be present June 15 to 19, to have an alumni banquet but we who are still undergrads want to see more than a banquet. Doubtless, Alma was, and is still, as dear to the "old boys" as she is to us of today, but we desire to make sure of it. And so we, as those who still sit in Alma's halls in the same chairs that you once occupied; and who, as students, feel the force of the same traditions and sentiments that made themselves felt in your days, now but pleasant mem-

ories, ask you, who can, to return to that to be an Alma man once, means
our college on the hill, and to show us to be an Alma man forever.

REUNION.

Talkin' 'bout "Reunions"—waren't none
like them that's gone,
An' I'm gettin' mighty anxious for the next
that's comin on!
Can't have 'em boys, too often! We're all
a-gettin gray,
An' ever' year comes closer to the last
Reunion day!

Talkin' 'bout "Reunions"—I want 'em
right along!
I want to hooray in the rain when "Alma"
is the Song!
Can't meet the boys too often! We're
gettin' mighty gray,
An' ever' year comes closer to the last
Reunion day.

"South Carolina."

Athletic Notes.

Track Work.

The track team is doing great work on the field. Schenck the 100 yd. man is lowering his record each week. McCollum and Cratzenberg take a distance handicap each week and he can now trot the 100 in 103-5. Cratz is developing into a splendid hurdler, his form and speed being first-class. Ridpath has been using the pole most successfully. Schultz, the star catcher for Alma is also trying for the hurdles. He will be a great help to Cratz. Slayton, Cook, Wagstaff, Therry and Sweet are all promising candidates for the team.

Olivet 5—Alma 2.

Olivet college defeated Alma on Davis Field in one of the neatest and fastest games ever played here. The game was close and stood a tie at the eighth when Olivet sent four men across the plate in quick succession. Alma scored one in the ninth, when Hyney batted a three bagger, and trying to get home on it, was put out. Both teams played great ball and the best team for that day won out.

	A.B.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Davis, s	4	0	2	2	1
Carr, r	4	0	2	0	0
McBride, p	4	0	0	4	0
Adams, 2	3	0	1	2	0
Dunning, 1	4	0	1	0	0
Schultz, c	4	0	7	2	0
Webber, 1	4	0	1	0	1
Marshall, 3	4	2	1	4	1
Hyney, m	4	2	0	0	0
Totals:	35	5	27	14	3

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Alma	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	1—2
Olivet	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	4	*—5

Alma 15—Shepherd 8.

Alma ran up 15 scores against the Shepherd Professionals, April 27. The game was very slow and featureless from first to last. Shepherd used three men in the box but all looked alike. Errors were numerous but Alma's errors were neither so many nor so costly.

Alma 7—Detroit C. of M. 2.

Alma scored a second victory April 30, against the Detroit College of Medicine. Detroit secured but three hits and Alma was able to get one when she needed it. The game reflected great credit upon Coach Fisher as the team work was excellent. The Medics were compelled to put in two subs as the regulars missed their train.

The finals were:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Alma	1	2	1	1	1	1	0	0	0—7
D. C. M.	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0—2

Alma 10—D. C. M. 14.

Detroit C. of M. turned the tables on the team May 2nd, defeating them 14 to 10. The game was characterised by many errors and loose playing but the teams used the stick to good advantage. The game was lost for Alma in the first, when Gleason gave three passes and hit three men, netting the Medics six runs. McBride replaced him in the second but was hit hard. Allen was hit freely and Alma should have won.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Alma	0	2	2	2	4	0	0	0	0—10
D. C. M.	6	0	1	0	0	5	2	0	0—14

The batteries were: Alma, McBride and Schultz; D. C. M., Allen and Morrahan.

M. A. C. 10—Alma 2.

M. A. C. succeeded in winning a 10 to 2 victory against Alma May 7. Alma's work was ragged at critical times and the Farmers earned only half their runs. Alma batted better than usual but could not bunch any of their hits. Both Millar and McBride pitched good ball. M. A. C's five runs in the fourth came after two men were out and the side should have been easily retired.

	AB.	H.	O.	A.	E.				
Davis, s	5	2	0	1	3				
Adams, l	3	1	4	0	0				
McBride, p	4	1	1	3	1				
Hyney, m	4	0	2	0	0				
Anderson, r	3	1	1	0	0				
Marshall, 3	4	2	0	1	0				
Schultz, c	4	2	8	1	1				
Dunning, 1	4	0	5	0	0				
Jones, 2	4	0	2	0	1				
Totals	35	9	23	6	6				
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
M. A. C.	0	0	0	5	0	1	2	2	*—10
Alma	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1—2



News Items.

—Alumni, Class and Society, and General News of the College and its Doings.—

From Distant Tripoli.

I am well and happy and trying to "fill a little place" in my Lord's vineyard. My work this year is different from that of former years in Syria. By reason of prevailing illness in and around Tripoli, we were obliged to close our boarding school, so my work has been since Nov. 16 in a district a few miles to the south of the city, known as "The Kura." I am located in a small village called Fia where I have organized a small girls' school and am doing considerable calling among the people and securing them in my own house. I hope the Spirit is laying hold of the hearts of some, and the work will go on after I leave. I expect to stay here two weeks longer and to spend most of the time from now to July first in similar work in various villages. I should be glad of the prayers of friends in Alma, for I am in some sense your representative here. I hope to visit you some time next year if all is well as my first furlough begins in July.

Yours sincerely,
BERNICE HUNTING.

Mrs. J. W. Ewing has gone to St. Louis to take in the exposition. The professor will join her after college closes.

Miss Copeman of Lapeer spent a few days with her many friends here the last of April.

J. L. McBride '04 was at home April 14th, to be present at the wedding of his sister.

Ora Wallace was the guest of her sisters for a few days after vacation.

"Midget" Ward made a trip to Pontiac to look over the kindergarten of that city. She will teach there next year.

Mr. Ridpath from Petoskey visited his son at the college two days.

Miss Louise Strange '04 on account of her mother's illness was not able to return to college after vacation.

Ray Chatfield spent one week in Brainard hospital and a second week at Bay City convalescing from the Scarlet fever.

William Winton is preaching every Sabbath at Ewart, Mich.

Norman King gave a missionary talk before the Y. M. C. A. at Owosso, Sunday, May 7th.

Bertha A. Higbee '04 was in Grand Rapids April 29th and 30th attending the annual meeting of the Woman's Northwestern Board of Missions. Miss Higbee may go over to Japan this fall to teach the young idea of that island how to shoot.

Miss Clara Pringle '06 left for Detroit May 2nd to visit a sister who lives there. Earl is still doing nicely, thank you.

Hurst and Webber spent Sunday the 7th in Ithaca visiting friends.

Coach Fisher pitched the Detroit College of Medicine team to victory at Shepherd May 2nd. Mr. Fisher is a Junior Medic.

"Jonesie" returned to college after a siege of the measles. The Farmers down at Lansing were inquiring whether Jonesie was our 100 yard man and were somewhat frightened by the sprinting he did in the baseball game at that place.

Pearl Fuller our Athletic Instructor has gone to take up his work at Hibbing Minn. We very much regret that Coach Fuller can not be here for the rest of the athletic season.

David Johnson '05 our M. I. A. A. director spent two days in Albion the last of the month, attending the meeting of the board.

Prof. A. P. Cook will have a new home completed on the lot just east of the Marsh residence before the snow flies. This will make three new faculty homes within a year, Prof. Ewing's and Mrs. St. John's being the others.

The pleasantest spread of the year was given by the Froebel to the Phi Phi Alphas society at an informal May party in the kindergarten room May 2nd. The Froebels entertained in their usual inimitable style and made the evening pass very quickly by appropriate festivities of which the winding of a May pole was a prominent part.

The validictorian for '04 will be Kate Bair of Alma. The class chose four other representatives and the faculty three for commencement day. They are J. L. McBride, Herbert A. Wilcox, Elizabeth Schmidt, Bertha A. Higbee, J. Wirt Dunning, William Winton, and Martyn J. Stormzand.

Miss Bair, the validictorian is one well deserving of her honors. She entered the preparatory department in '98 graduated from the prep in '00 and has from the very first stood very high in class work. She will teach in Ovid high school next year.

The boys from Princeton will be back this year. Wesley Sidebotham who has been called to the church at

Hartington Kansas and Donald S. Carmichael will be ordained.

Rev. Charles E. Blanchard '93 who has been pastor of the Big Rapids church has been called to the First Church of Pontiac.

Coach Eisher has also left to accept the management of the independent team at East Jordan. Mr. Fisher made many friends while in Alma and made himself solid as a splendid baseball coach. We hope to have him with us next year again.

Dr. Bruske has received the first consignment for his Ethical Laboratory. It consists of a statue of Moses, a splendid copy of Hoffman's, "Jesus in the Temple," and two busts, one of Socrates and the other of the Roman emperor, Marcus Aurelius.

Weston M. Johnson '99 has written a very interesting letter to Dr. Bruske as to his work in Japan. He also sent some copies of books that are exceedingly rare in this country.

Arbor Day was observed in the afternoon of April 30th with all sorts of celebrations, the usual tree planting and great demonstrations of class spirit. The campus was a scene of activity early in the morning as the Sophs planted their tree at 2 o'clock.

The Freshmen had a ride and breakfast up the river. The Seniors observed the customary Senior order of business marching to breakfast and chapel to a slow dirge that sounded like a dieing "Hot Time". A '06 flag first occupied the staff on college hall, but was soon displaced by a '07 emblem. Then the preps' took a hand in the game, but Prof. Cook ran up "Old Glory" and put a stop to proceedings.

Senior.

Mr. McBride spent the 14th at home having returned to McBain to attend his sister's wedding on that day.

Miss Strange has again been obliged to return home this time because of serious illness of her mother. She will not return before commencement.

Mr. Winton preached at Merrill on the 24th supplying the pulpit of the Congregational church.

The Senior class was most delightfully entertained by the Juniors on the evening of April 16th. The sumptuous spread and the gracious entertainment of the naughty-fives marked the pleasurable occasion as a red-letter day for the guests.

Miss Schmidt supplied the vacancy in the English and German department of the Ithaca high school during one week of the past month.

The students in the pedagogy department are engaged in visiting schools this term. Miss Bair and Miss Schmidt each spent a day at Ovid; Mr. Swigart visited the high school at Clare, and other students are observing methods in the Alma schools.

Miss Bair has been engaged to teach Latin and English in the high school at Ovid next year.

**Sophomore Notes.**

The class of '06 deeply regret the loss of Mr. Cooley and Miss McCord. It is sad to think that Wright Hall will never again be gladdened by one of Alice's involuntary solos.

The Sophomore Botany class has of late been frequently out walking during study hours without permission. Prof. Harper had better look out.—There are others.

Freshman Notes.

The Freshmen have met with all the popular and appropriate afflictions, from quincy to appendicitis, from home-sickness and spring fever to privilege cuts, but the hair cutter has left us alone.

Prof. N: you boys may remain on this side with the girls, "if you will pay good attention."

"To the girls, you mean?" asked the Baron.

"If you wish" said the prof. from force of habit.

Prof. M. (excitedly to Miss R.) Have you a right to enslave any man?

She: why—a—I never—

She never finished.

Prof. Mitchell and J. W. Ewing got mixed up one morning, and our history class, especially those who had not their lessons, enjoyed an interesting talk on the times bifo' de wa' by him who had been right there.

Prof. Butler is doing well, thank you.

**Kindergarten.**

There was a mouse
On second floor.
That hungry was
For K. G. lore.
He called on Nell
Wee Midget too
And they just yelled
And swiftly flew.
O foolish Nell
And Midget too.
That mouse was much
More scared than you.

Miss Leta Gilbert spent Sunday, April 17th, at her home in Bay City.

Miss Ross has been substituting in Ithaca for Miss Mouser who has been ill.

Second floor girls have been having donation spreads in "Midget's" room. Nothing like getting used to a thing.

Miss Higgins has taken up work in the commercial department.

Miss Watson sang in the Presbyterian church at Ithaca, on Easter Sunday.

Some of the boys are becoming expert fudge makers. Ask "Timmy."

The banquet given by the Phi Phi Alphas to the Froebel society in the Presbyterian church parlors was a most successful affair in every way. The boys proved their ability to entertain and a very enjoyable time was had by all present.

The Bells of Wright Hall.

Hear the ringing of the bells,
 Rising bells!
 What a blissful lot of sleepiness their harmony dispels!
 In the bright morning light,
 How they laugh in their delight,
 At the drowsy eyes unclosing
 From a nap.
 For the sleepy girls and boys
 Care not for the bells or noise,
 Only wish to sleep. Their joys
 All too soon will leave them.
 'Tis no snap
 To be called back in a hurry
 To this world of cares and worry,
 By their everlasting verberating clap.
 Still they dream. It may seem
 Not so long since first bells called them,
 When lo! What is't they hear?
 'Tis the bells for breakfast ringing!
 Boys and girls from bed are springing,
 Hurry into clothes and singing—
 "Call me early, mother dear."
 Oh the ringing of the bells,
 Rising bells!
 What a depth of misery their doleful sound foretells!
 Of the ratings, oh, so fearful,
 And the interviews—not cheerful
 And of promises so tearful
 To amend.
 Let us tack a little moral,
 To this gay and gladsome choral,
 'Ere we end.
 Boys and girls, if you would be
 Gay and happy, blithe and free,
 You must rise when first you hear the rising bells!



Take
Your
Feet

—TO—



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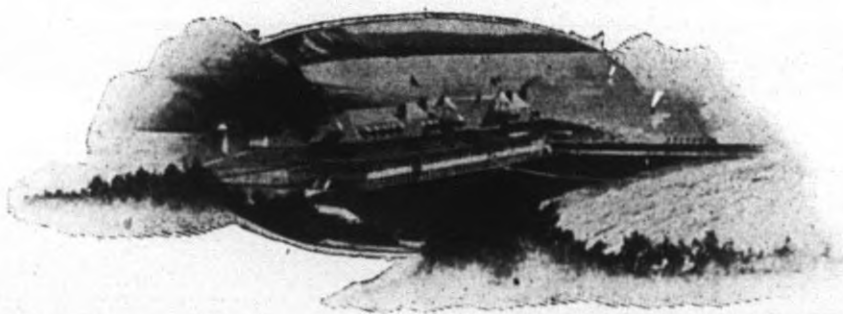
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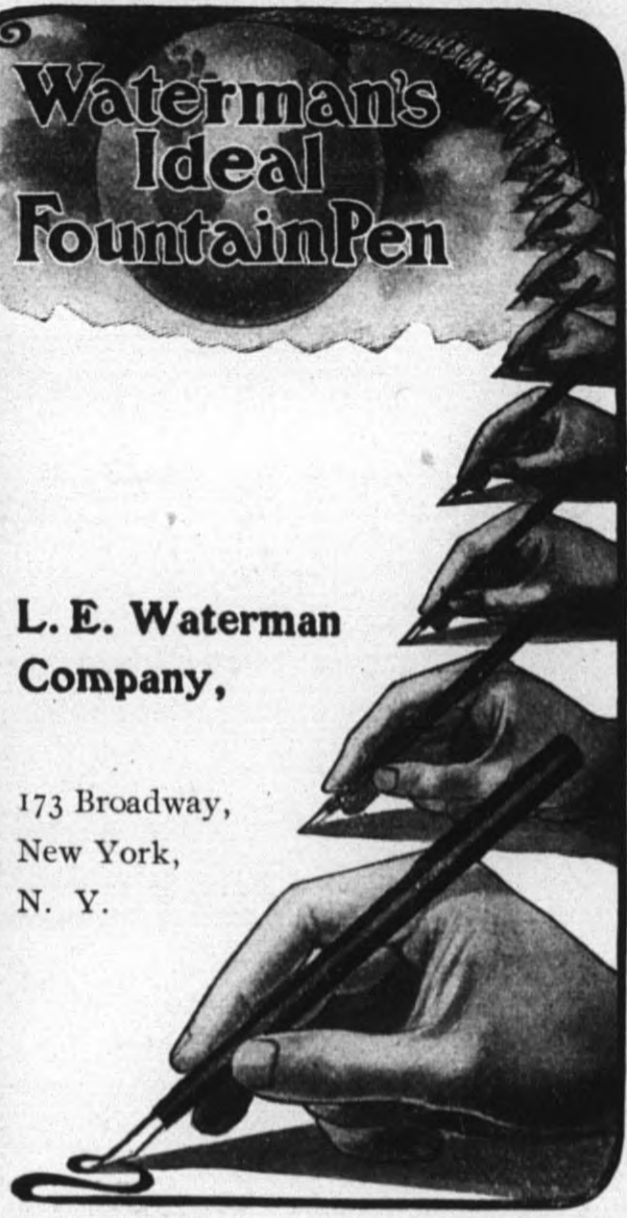
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