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# ALMANIAN.

## Commencement Number

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THE STUDENTS OF ALMA COLLEGE  
Alma, Michigan, U. S. A.

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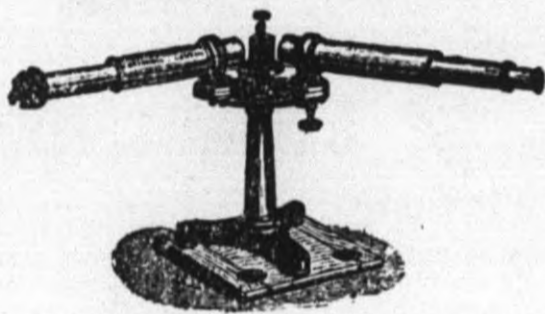
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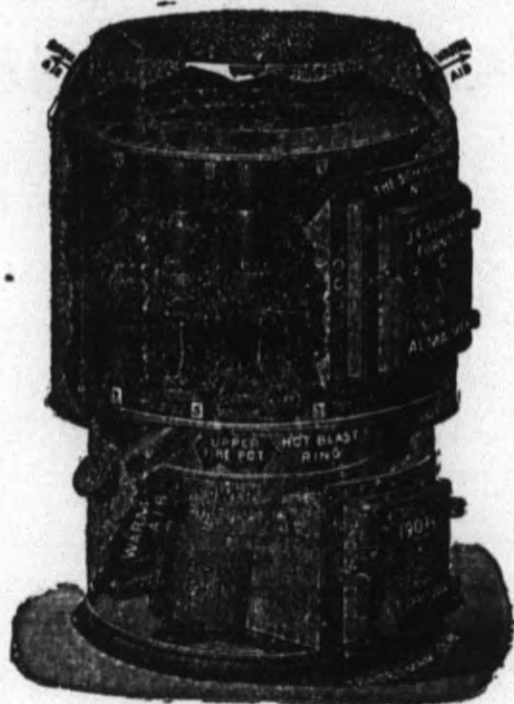
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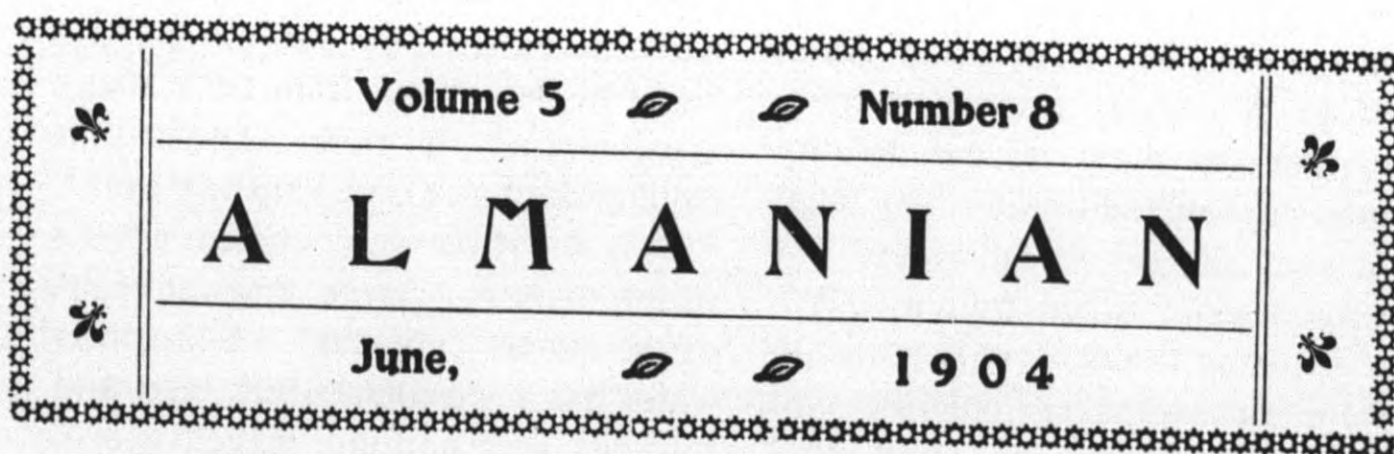
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## Water and Disease.

FRANCIS E. WEST.

**T**HERE is probably no one thing that causes more disease than impure water. That the public realizes this is shown from the fact that a city recently spent \$4,000,000 for the purpose of investigating its water supply. Water is the great scavenger and purifier yet not only furnishes a good medium for the growth of bacteria but is also potent in their dissemination.

The object of this paper is to treat briefly, the question "What is pure water?" to give some of the ways by which water may become contaminated or made impure, and to state how some of these impurities can be detected. From a chemical standpoint but little of the water used for drinking purposes is pure. Pure water (aqua destillata, H<sub>2</sub>O) is a colorless, odorless and nearly tasteless liquid. We speak of boiled water, from which only a part of the impurities have been removed, as tasting flat; pure water is even more insipid, in fact, it is the impurities

that give to water its agreeable taste and sparkle.

Most drinking water is hard, that is, it contains an excess of calcium, magnesium, or both. If the calcium (lime) is in the form of a carbonate (CaCO<sub>3</sub>) it causes temporary hardness, if in the form of a sulphate (CaSO<sub>4</sub>), permanent hardness. By boiling the water, the carbon dioxide is removed from the water and then the lime (CaCO<sub>3</sub>) settles to the bottom of the dish, the tea-kettle for example, as it is insoluble in water free from carbon dioxide (CO<sub>2</sub>). Lime in the form of a sulphate is not removed by boiling.

Generally speaking, by impure water is meant water that contains large amounts of organic matter or bacteria. Little attention is paid to the inorganic constituents found in water for, as a rule, these are not injurious unless found in large excess, but stress is placed upon the amount of organic matter present, for, if present in any large degree, we are led to believe that the water has been

contaminated by sewerage or animal refuse. Some of the things looked for in water containing large amounts of organic matter, are chlorine, ammonia, nitrates, and nitrites.

In order that an analysis of water shall be of value, several samples from different parts of the locality should be analyzed to determine what is known as the "local value." A sample of water taken from a well in San Antonio, Texas, would probably contain an excess of chlorine and still this would be no proof that the water had been contaminated by vegetable or animal refuse for the excess of common salt in the soil. However, if the same amount of chlorine was found in the wells of Alma, which are far removed from bodies of salt water, it would be considered proof that the water had been contaminated with organic matter, especially, if the amount of chlorine found in any one well was above the general average for the community.

A chemical test of drinking water will show, only in a general way that the water is contaminated with sewerage or animal refuse. Rabbit tracks in the snow are proof that a rabbit has been present at some time but they give no clue as to whether the rabbit was gray or white, however, they should be a warning to people who have young fruit trees; so the presence of organic matter in drinking water should place people on their guard for disease producing germs but at the same time it is no proof that the water will produce disease. If water is found to contain some organic matter and it must be used for drinking purposes, the only way to render it non toxic is by boil-

ing. This will not only kill all bacteria but will remove some of the lime but if there is much organic matter it may not be very wholesome even after boiling. A Chicagoan, when asked why he did not boil the water he was using from Lake Michigan, replied "I prefer drinking a menagerie to a grave-yard any time." This is about the only choice offered where there is a large amount of organic matter present. Sometimes water has a peculiar odor, taste and turbidity and nothing makes people more suspicious of drinking water than bad odors and taste, it being so suggestive of dead and dying things. Bad odors are due generally to the growth of some minute plant or animal in the water; however the drinking water in Alma is not as subject to contamination from this source as is the water in larger cities where it is stored in open reservoirs. Among the flowering plants found growing in water supplies are eel grass, pickle weed and water plantain but these are harmful only as they collect foreign matter and decay. It is the flowerless plant, algae, that produces, except in the case of certain minerals, most of the bad odors and tastes of drinking water but none of the products of these algae are known to be injurious to health.

Germs, more properly bacteria, are plants and are treated under that division of botany known as bacteriology and are the smallest of microscopic organisms. They are formed everywhere, in water, air, and soil and may be classified in regard to form as follows: cocci or micrococci, those having spherical cells, bacilli, those having rod-like cells, and spirilla, or those



having spiral like cells. They are again divided into aerobic and anaerobic according as they require or do not require air for their growth. Some forms can live without air provided they can produce fermentation.

Bacteria may also be divided into two more groups or classes according to the substances on which they live, if on live substances they are called parasitic, if on dead substances saprophytic. The latter are great benefactors in that they aid in resolving dead animal and vegetable matter into its component parts thus making vegetable growth possible. The former exists only at the expense of the more highly organized members of both the animal and vegetable kingdoms. As an example of this, we have the *Bacillus influenza* which causes that common disease the "grip" and the bacterium causing pear-blight. Among the saprophytic forms of bacteria, the following are very useful to man: the *Bacillus aceti* produces vinegar, the *Bacillus lacticus* makes the manufacture of cheese from milk possible, and the *micrococcus nitrificans* enables certain plants (legumes) to make use of the free nitrogen of the air and are therefore great savers of soil fertility. Next summer, pull up a clover plant and look for the little nodules on the roots, these are the factories where, by some unknown process, the free nitrogen as the air is transformed into nitrates and nitrites and made available for plant food. Upon the work of this bacterium hangs the future of American agriculture.

Bacteria can be seen with a high power microscope but not sufficiently identified. Resort is therefore made

to artificial cultures by means of which the different species are separated. The culture used may consist of many different substances but gelatine is extensively used and upon this the plant is grown. The gelatine is placed in a shallow dish and a few drops of the suspected water added, then it is placed in an oven and kept at the temperature of the body, 37 or 38 degrees C. In a few days the bacteria will begin to grow and the gelatine will have a mottled appearance due to the many different kinds of bacteria present in the water. If the germ of typhoid fever is present, the spots on the gelatine will be grayish white in color and have uneven edges. The nature and growth of these bacteria are carefully studied and also the effect upon the gelatine. If the water is being examined for typhoid germs, some of this grayish-white colony is taken and is continued until there is but one specie or kind of bacteria present, when this is accomplished, the culture is called a pure culture. A guinea pig or white rat is inoculated with some of this pure culture and the animal is then placed in a warm, quiet place and the result noted. A careful record is kept of the temperature of the animal, the loss of appetite and secretions, etc. If the symptoms of the animal are those of typhoid fever and if, after the animal dies, there is found typhoid bacteria in these parts of the animal which are usually effected by the disease, namely, the liver, spleen and intestines, it would be considered proof that typhoid bacteria existed in the water examined. It is possible to inoculate animals with cultivated varieties of bacteria so that in time they become

immune to the disease; upon this principle is based the anti-toxine treatment. The scene in a bacteriological laboratory is a pitiful one indeed. Here are these little animals suffering with diphtheria, typhoid fever, tuberculosis, and many other diseases and many other diseases and only those who have had some of these diseases can fully realize the extent of their sufferings.

Among the more common bacteria which are found in water, the bacterium of typhoid fever is the most difficult to identify for the following reasons:

1. Veterinary science knows no such disease as typhoid fever and animals in their natural state are not subject to this disease, therefore there are many obstacles to its faithful reproduction in the lower animals.

2. The water may not contain any bacteria of typhoid fever at the time the examination is made, for, as a rule, it is not until after several have become sick with the disease that samples of the water are sent for analysis.

3. The bacterium, *Coli communis*, closely resembles the *B. typhosus* in shape and the nature of its growth and is also closely associated with it in the alimentary canal and the one may be easily mistaken for the other. However, this germ is useful in that

it shows that water has been contaminated with animal refuse.

Antiseptics will prevent bacteria from growing and the following are some of the best: Corrosive sublimate ( $HgCl_2$ ), carbolic acid ( $C_6H_5OH$ ), and chloride of lime ( $CaOCl_2$ .) The only sure way of killing bacteria in water is to boil it and it should boil for fifteen or twenty minutes, for bacteria in certain stages (endospore) are very resistant to both chemicals and heat. Freezing will not kill these plants and this is not strange when the chess plant has been seen growing on a block of ice and ants freeze during the winter without being killed.

The human body needs a liberal supply of water and as this need is, or is not supplied, depends largely the length of life. This is well illustrated by a statement made in a bulletin recently issued by the Chicago Board of Health which reads as follows: Statistics show an increase in the average duration of human life in Chicago in less than a single generation, thirty years, of 111% or more than double in 1903 than in 1872." This increase has been due largely to the removal of the germ laden waters of the Chicago river by the drainage canal and to the supplying of purer drinking water.

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"Both my grand-parents," said '07, "were noted for their courtly manners and sterling rectitude."

"Yes?" replied '04." Did you ever read that Italian scientist's book on "Degenerates?"

## Senior Class.

WHEN Alma opened its doors to the Freshman class in 1900, about forty-five students entered her halls, expecting to finish their collegiate training either here or in some other school; of these but twelve will receive their diploma from Alma this month, and of the rest, about as many more will graduate from the technical and professional schools of the state. The greatest dropping off came at the end of the Freshman year. Some were unable to return because of financial reasons, and to a few, Cornell, Michigan, and Houghton offered greater attractions. Those

that returned as sophomores remained for the most part during the next two years, and the majority for the senior year.

The whole class will be found in the ranks of the teachers or ministers. Five of the men will take their theological work at Princeton, six of the class will be in the high schools of the state and but one is undecided as to her next year's work. Two of the class that expected to finish this year were compelled to leave at the end of the first semester. Following are the names of those who have completed the course and will graduate June 16:

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### PERSONALE OF THE CLASS.

Kate Bair, A. B. Alma, valedictorian, president of Alpha Theta 1904. President of junior class, will teach in the Ovid High School next year.

J. W. Dunning, A. B. Holt, baseball captain, 1900. Editor Almanian 1903 and 1904, president of Zeta Sigma, will go to Princeton this fall.

Bertha A. Higbee, Ph. B. Marquette, president Y. W. C. A. 1904. President Alpha Theta 1904, will teach next year.

Franklin R. Hurst, S. B. Elk Rapids, president of Zeta Sigma 1904. President Y. M. C. A. 1904. Will teach in the Traverse City High School.

James L. McBride, A. B. McBain, captain baseball team 1904. President choral union 1903. President Zeta Sigma, 1904, will attend Princeton Seminary.

Leora Morton, S. B. Alma, will teach next year.

Raymond Swigart, Alma, president Athletic Association 1904, will teach at Clare next year.

Martin J. Stormzand, A. B. Grand Rapids, Critic Zeta Sigma, will attend Princeton Seminary next fall.

Nell Stringham S. B. Carson City, may return for further work next year.

Elizabeth Schmidt, Ph. B. St. Louis, president Alpha Theta, will teach at Ovid.

Herbert A. Wilcox, S. B. Alma, senior class president, Critic Zeta Sigma 1904 will be at Princeton next year.

William Winton, Ph. B. Ithaca, Critic Zeta Sigma, business manager of Almanian, will probably attend Princeton Seminary.

## A Village Sketch.

**T**HE little village was all astir with excitement. That very day the minister had received a letter from his sweetheart, and she was waiting for him in Dundee where they were to be married. Mr. James had been at the postoffice when the mail was distributed, and he himself had seen the fair young Englishman hurriedly open his letter with the exclamation: "My darling is at Dundee!"

"Yes, them's his very words—and his face got as pink as a piney, too, when he had said 'em."

Andy Howard had taken Mr. Anbry to the station, seven miles away, where he might catch the afternoon train to Dundee, and now the curiosity of the community could scarcely be restrained. The next week would see the minister home again with his English bride.

A week was none too long a time however for the women of the Sewing Society who were getting the tiny parsonage ready for its new mistress. They had scrubbed and polished and painted and furnished and arranged, until the outside of the house was as resplendent as the inside, and the larder was choked with such good things as only the women of Honeydale knew how to make.

In the little parlor they had put the gorgeous rag carpet, which the Society had made for the Breens, predecessors of Mr. Aubrey, but which they had refrained from presenting when Mr. Breen was accused of base heresy, it having been authoritatively asserted by James who heard it from Hal Judson who had it from one of the church deacons, through several deacons'

wives, that Breen had uttered misgivings concerning the necessity of immersion for salvation. The unanimous opinion of the church was that a minister with such views was a menace to a true Baptist community; and so Mr. Breen had gone away and Mrs. Breen with him, but without the carpet, which was to have been the occasion of a donation party the very week that the terrible news came out.

But now, Mr. Aubrey, having proved himself so exemplary a pastor, the Society had voted the carpet to him and his bride. The floor had been well padded with new straw before the carpet was laid, so that every step was accompanied by loud crackling, which as Mrs. Howard said, "made the room sound so clean." Mr. Aubrey's book-case had been dusted a dozen times and the books arranged as many times by as many different members of the Society. On the little centre table, with its vivid green wool mat, stood a vase of roses arranged with the same stiff symmetry that characterized the books. But the crowning glory of the efforts of the women was a silk crazy quilt which they had spread over the ministers bed—a memorial of unexampled gorgeous grotesqueness. The "blocks" had been made by different women in the church, who, ever since the news of the coming of a bride had been announced, had striven to rival one another in combining fancy stitches and brilliant silks which composed those blocks. The result, they pronounced, with a sigh, "jest beautiful," and many times during the preparations in the parsonage one and

another of the good women would run into the bed room to admire their masterpiece.

The day of the bride's arrival was perfect. The June roses hung in great clusters over the little porch; the peonies were flashing their brilliant blossoms beside the door step, and the air was heavy with the fragrance of the locust blooms. Every woman in the village was up betimes and had her house-work finished early, in order to be free to see the bride when she should come; and long before noon a head was to be seen at every window which faced on the village street leading up to the parsonage.

Mrs. Howard, being a deacon's wife and living next door to the new home was to receive the minister and his wife. She had run to the gate every fifteen minutes that afternoon and in the intervals nervously rearranged the chairs or reset the table.

The shadows of the poplars were glancing far athwart the dusty street when Andy's little grey horses reached the corners. Andy's breast thrilled at the sense of his importance, and he whipped his team smartly and dashed up the street with an almost military flourish—greatly to the dismay of the heads at the windows; but when the bride stepped from the carriage, the spectators had reached their gates and and were able to catch a glimpse of a brown, travel-stained gown as Mrs. Aubrey disappeared from her porch.

The next morning boxes and trunks began to arrive until the pile was almost as high as the cottage itself. Then commenced the unpacking during which period every woman in the parish invented errands to the parsonage in order to see what was con-

tained in those boxes from beyond the sea. The delicate pink china, the few choice pictures, the heavy damask and her grandfather's silver candlesticks were hardly noticed by the Honeydale housewives; glimpses of gay gowns interested them most of all, and tantalized them, too; for those the bride did not offer to display before them; and each woman went home trying to allay her unsatisfied curiosity with the belief that surely the minister's wife would soon wear some of those gowns. The glimmer of yellow satin which Mrs. James' eye had caught corroborated the rumor that the bridal gown was of that material, so that worthy woman hastened to spread abroad the news that she had seen the wedding dress and that the bride would appear in church in that the next Sunday.

Yellow satin was a myth to the wearers of plain wool and muslin in Honeydale; so the eagerness for Sunday and its revelations was all the more intense after this report.

Sunday came and with it disappointment; it was cloudy and when the minister came down the aisle with his beautiful bride on his arm, the eyes of Honeydale which were fixed upon them, saw only a simple plum-colored dress—of satin to be sure, but very simple and modestly made. Disappointment gave way to pleasure for the older ones, for, after all, plum-colored satin was rather more eloquent than any gown possessed in Honeydale; but for the little girls the disappointment was real and unsoftened. The gossip of their elders had given them gay visions of a being from fairy land, and nothing but yellow satin could satisfy their longings.

Another week rolled by, and the bride's second Sunday was all glorious sunshine. She had wakened with the thought that she was in her own sweet English country. The horrible nightmare of the rag carpet and green mat and silk quilt was wholly gone. In her half-dream she fancied that the rich chorus of bird songs came from the tall elms by her father's house. Then she dreamed again as she had dreamed for so many mornings of the day when she would wear her loveliest gown and pledge her life and love to her John across the ocean. A robin hopped upon the window sill and roused her with his carol.

At breakfast as she poured the coffee into the dainty pink cups, she said,

"John dear, I think I should like to wear my wedding gown today as I could not wear it when we were married. This is the sort of day I had hoped our wedding day should be—and I should like to wear my yellow dress this morning."

And John smiled his answer:

"Yes dear, you shall wear it, and this shall be a part of our wedding day."

All Honeydale was at church again that morning. Aubrey preached an eloquent sermon, but his wife was the only one who realized that he was at his best that day. As she sat with her sweet face turned toward him, following his words with her fine sympathy, the eyes and thoughts of the congregation were fixed upon her.

She was a picture such as no person in Honeydale had ever dreamed of. The rich gown fell in shimmering folds about her slender figure, and billowy puffs of costly lace completed the vision of beauty. A high hat of satin like her gown and trimmed with lace accentuated the blackness of her hair.

The little girls nestled beside their mothers in glad content. A flesh and blood princess in a golden robe was before them, their fairy tale was come true. To one of those little girls, no real princess, arrayed in cloth of gold and richest jewels, will ever seem so truly regal or half so beautiful as that English girl in her yellow satin on that fair June day 'n the long ago.

: : : : :

#### "Pinholes."

The stars at night are nothing more  
Than pinholes in the blue,  
That open in the evening dusk  
To let the light pass through.

Now if the blanket of the night  
Had not these pinholes many  
What would our lovers do for light?  
Indeed! They'd have not any.

It must be day behind these holes  
That twinkle, jump and smile.  
I'd like to turn 'em wrong side out  
'N have daylight all the while.

J. W. D.

## "Town" or "Gown."

**H**ELLO! There's something up with the boss tonight, I reckon. It's nearly 'alf past and 'e 'asn't given us 'is benediction." The sound of hammer, chisel and plane suddenly ceased and following the speaker's glance, every head turned anxiously toward a closed door at a distant end of the half finished building. Several minutes passed. One by one the workmen put away their tools and casting a glance at the closed door went quietly out into the street.

Within the little room, all unconscious of the almost oppressive silence which followed the merry ring of the workmen's tools stood an old man apparently intent upon a scroll which was slowly fashioning itself beneath his skillful fingers. Richard Harding was not a day dreamer. At seventy-five, he still retained a goodly share of his youthful vigor and energy, so much indeed that the simile "as sprightly as old Mr. Harding" had become almost proverbial throughout good old Cambridgeshire.

But a strange mood had come upon the old man and for some reason he himself could not explain he put forth no effort against it. As the twilight deepened, one faint lingering ray of sunlight touched golden a tiny shaving which fell from the delicate tool with which he worked and the old man smiled when he thought how much it looked like Dorothy's hair. For some reason, everything, today, reminded him of Dorothy. Even the blue chalk line which traced the intricate pattern danced before him in the shape of two mischievous eyes. Dorothy's hair had long ago turned a

beautiful silvery grey, framing eyes which although not so bright a blue as in her youth, could sometimes twinkle in the same old way. But it was the other Dorothy, the one with the golden hair and laughing eyes who had been in his thoughts all afternoon as they traveled unrestrained over the past.

Someone crossed the street whistling. The old man started. The wrinkles in his forehead deepened and an impatient scowl overspread his face as he tried in vain to straighten his tangled thoughts. That tune was connected with Dorothy but how he could not think. Soon the wrinkles began to disappear and a light broke over his countenance. It was a familiar tune. He had heard it on one of the most eventful nights of his life and had sung it himself scores of times since but in spite of his efforts he could not recall the words. Figures and events passed rapidly through his mind. In fancy, the old man stood again, a lad, under the old willow tree at Trinity College bridge. Dorothy was at his side, They were watching the shadow of the willow dancing on the water. He remembered that he broke off a twig and holding it out to the girl was about to tell her something that had often before been on his tongue's end when a loud tramping of feet on the bridge broke the silence. Five or six "Gowns" while crossing, had discovered the two in the shadow and sang down at them—

"At eve when the moonlight shines on  
the water

Taking your sweetheart out for a walk—"

A smile passed over the old man's face as he remembered how quickly

Dorothy had scrambled up the bank and how fearful she had been that through their loitering, they would be late for the concert. The smile vanished as quickly as it came, Memory brought forth another picture. The youthful Richard, again, felt himself firmly in the grasp of several "Gowns" while in astonishment and rage, he beheld the Marquis of Queensbury triumphantly marching off with Dorothy to the concert.

History was repeating itself. The "Gowns" were playing the same prank that years before had caused the great Tom Thumb riots. In every day of public rejoicing and especially on "Guy Fawkes Day," the ever burning hostilities between Town and Gown broke out anew. On this occasion, the Gowns evidently sought to add more fuel to the fire for it was the eve of the fifth of November.

There was something of personal enmity in the glance which the Marquis cast at Richard struggling in the grasp of the undergraduates. My lord had subjected the young man to many petty insults since the last regata when Richard defeated the Marquis and carried off a victory for the Towns. Guy Fawkes night found Richard more anxious than usual to begin the rush for he hoped that during the evening, he might encounter the Marquis. His wish was granted in an unexpected manner.

Scarcely fifty gowns had congregated on Market Square before Richard had assembled as large a body of Towns. Soon similar detachments from other directions joined them and the riot began in earnest. In a twinkling cabs and "coppers" were on the spot and a third element entered

into the fight. The Towns fought as if the very honor of their country depended upon their victory and the Gowns as if inspired by no less a motive bravely kept the enemy at bay. Finally, in the midst of an onslaught of Gowns armed with barrel-staves from a near by cooper's shop, Richard suddenly found himself separated from his followers, face to face with the Marquis. Without a word, the two men closed but before either could show his superior strength a falling scaffolding struck both to the ground. Towns and Gowns of one accord sprang to the rescue but at the appearance of their common foe with the brass buttons both sides retreated and in spite of their combined protests, the culprits were pushed into an ambulance and driven rapidly away.

Standing alone in the twilight one by one the events of that night passed through the old man's mind. He winced with the pain of his fractured arm and scowled across the work-bench at an imaginary Marquis. Once, more in fancy, he struggled with the two strong policemen and at last, in utter exhaustion allowed himself to be carried with the man he despised to the hospital ward. When his worst fears were realized and again sweet faced Dorothy entered with the physician, in spite of the flight of time, he writhed in the same agony. He ground his teeth with suppressed rage as my lord's bantering words of greeting fell upon his ears. "Methinks Mistress Dorothy, had you worn that garb last evening, all the maids of Cambridge town would fain adopt the nurses' costume." Dorothy flushed a rosy red and cast a sidelong glance



at the other patient. A smile hovered on the old man's face as he lingered lovingly over the next memory. He felt something fall on the cot beside him and reaching out his hand he grasped—a twig of willow!

Among the glaring bonfires on Marquet square, the riot was still raging but in his heart Richard felt that Towns had won.

\* \* \*

Twilight had deepened into dusk. Again, the silence was broken by a merry whistle. Again, the old man started. It was the same tune that had sent him into his reverie. Nearer and nearer came the sound. Other voices took up the air until the streets rang with the strain—

"Oh don't you remember the fifth of  
November;  
Gun-powder, treason and plot,  
I see no good reason why gun-powder  
treason  
Should ever be forgot."

It was Guy Fawkes night. Strange  
that it had escaped him! Seizing his

hat, the old man rushed out into the mob. Towns and Gowns were out full force. "Down with the Gowns!" "Long live the Towns!" rose to his lips but the words remained unuttered. His eyes were fastened on a bright curly head in the midst of a detachment of Gowns. Now the air rang with the answer "Down with the Towns! Long live the Gowns!" Could he join them even for the sake of his little college lad? Slowly the old man turned away and with bowed head he reverently said, "God bless the lads of merrie England." For a moment there was a lull in the confusion then faintly from a distance came a snatch of familiar song. Town and Gown swelled the chorus and the old man with face turned toward home and Dorothy joined them with trembling voice

"'Tis a rich, rough gem  
Deny it who can.  
'Tis the island home  
Of the Englishman."

---

Six Chapters.

A little glance,  
A little dance,  
And this is chapter one;

A little kiss,  
A little bliss,  
And chapter two is done;

A little hand,  
A little band,  
Ah, this chapter three;

A little priest,  
A little feast,  
This chapter four must be;

A little row,  
A little vow,  
How chapter five 's o'er cast;

A little flit,  
A little "writ,"  
And chapter six at last.

## Leaves from the Joal of Silasurn Marner. : : : :

**S**UNDAY EVENING :—“Sarah has this night promised to marry me and it will only be until such time when we both shall have laid by a little money, I by weaving and she as a servant girl, that we will begin housekeeping. I’m a happy man this night and I thank God for it. William shall meet with us often on Sunday afternoons as he has done that he may not be lonesome and when we are married he shall visit us very often.”

After prayer meeting (some months later)—“I feel strangely ill. They say I was in sort of a trance at meeting this evening—I can’t understand it. It wouldn’t be so hard but William said he believed it to be a visitation of Satan—how could he believe ill o’ me? But he told me in a brotherly way on account of the friendship we have always bore one-another so I’ll take it in the spirit he said it.”

Some weeks later—“Sarah has acted cold to me of late—since my strange visitation at meeting. She seems to have to force herself to act as she used to to me and almost shrinks from me. I asked her today if she wished the engagement broken but she said ‘we couldn’t think on it seeing how it had been announced in church.’ ”

A few days later:—“William and I have been watching with our senior deacon, who is ill—we take turns.”

The next evening:—“ ‘God will clear me.’ I’ve had one o’ those awful visitations again and the deacon’s church money has been taken while it was upon me—just what William

warned me of—and they think I took it. But William and Sarah at least will know I’m innocent and ‘God will clear me.’ ”

A day later:—“I have been examined and I can prove nothing. Woe is me—but God will clear the innocent when the lot is taken. William too thinks I am guilty: but I remember now what I did with the knife—I gave it to William and he didn’t give it back.”

The next day:—“The lot has been taken and I’m declared guilty. Now I know that William has deceived me. He has laid the plot and he is the guilty one. There is no just God in Heaven if he neglects the innocent so. And Sarah too will cast me off.”

Two days later:—I have been working again today, but I can’t shake off this dreadful feeling of injustice to the righteous. The minister and deacon have been here to break off the promise between Sarah and me. What shall I do with no friends and no God to cling to?”

A month later:—“Sarah is married to William Dane—I see it all now. They were false, both of them. I shall leave this place.”

At Raveloe, returning from Mrs. Osgood’s:—“Five guineas, and no one to share them. They belong to me—all to me and no one else. They will stay by me and neither forsake nor reproach me for what I didn’t do. What are friends but hypocrites? I’ll have these guineas for my friends. people call them hard and cold but they seem warmer to me than men and women. I shall keep them and

increase them and they shall comfort me."

Some years later:—"How full of gold this pot is getting. I'll just keep them in these bags. How I love to bathe my hands in this deep pile. My guineas! my guineas!—this is all that makes my life worth living."

Fifteen years after his arrival in Raveloe:—"My guineas! my guineas! Some one has taken the only consolation I had—now I'm ready to give up and die. Who could be so mean as to take my last comfort from me?"

After the money has been taken:—"How good the neighbors have been, after all, since my money was taken. There's old Macey who urged me to buy a Sunday suit and go to church and be neighborly; and kind Mrs. Winthrop is worried at my weaving a Sunday. Why should they care for me?"

New Year's night:—"I sat musing and I thought I saw some gold gleaming in the firelight. No, it was a bunch of golden hair—a little child asleep in my cottage. It brought to mind my old home in Lantern-yard and my old relations and friendships. I took the child on my knee and fed her some porridge and then when she cried 'mammy' I took her outside and looked to see where she came from and there I found her mother frozen to death out by the furze bush. I went to the Red House where they were having a New Year's party and the doctor and Godfrey came to see who the woman was. Mr. Cass presumed that the child be taken to the Home but I would not listen on that seeing how she'd been sent me from the darkness, just where my money had gone. He gave me some money

to care for her."

The same week:—"Mrs. Winthrop gave me a lot of Aaron's old baby clothes, all mended and nice and clean and she told me just how to care for her. She says she must have a name and be christened like decent folks—so I think I'll name her after my mother and sister Hepsibah and call her Eppie for short. I'll have her christened too, seeing Mrs. Winthrop thinks I'd ought to, for she knows."

Sixteen years later, Sunday evening:—"Here it is sixteen years since I lost my gold and it has been brought back to me; and it has been sixteen years since Eppie came but I wouldn't give Eppie for twice the sum of gold. But Eppie told me just this afternoon how Aaron and she had been talking o' marriage but they're going to let me live with them always. She asked me if I had anything against it, but I said 'It's not I who will say a word contrary.' I won't lose her—I'll just share her. I just feel kind o' like owning her after all these years and I'm the proudest of her than of my finest linen. How proud I felt when she told her own father after he had confessed the fact to her, how I had been a father to her when she had known no other and that we had been happy together and she wouldn't think o' leaving me now. Yet I feel in debt to Mr. Godfrey Cass for not claiming her before—for letting me have the care o' her and her love. Well, I've come to give in to Mrs. Winthrop—I know now there's a kind Providence who somehow or other brings things around alright in the end though we can't see anything but ill in them at all with our narrow sight."


  
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JUNE, 1904.

**T**HE remarks of Dr. Bruske concerning the observance of Decoration Day were very wisely put, but they compel us to ask ourselves this question, are we Americans forgetting the real significance of this day that has been especially set apart from the rest, and do the graves that are marked with the flag of our country on May 30th of each year, mean less to us than to our fathers? We are inclined to answer in the affirmative, but we do not

believe that Americans of today are less patriotic than their sires. Simply because the "bonfires and illuminations" of John Adams' time are lacking upon such occasions, does not mean that love of country is not a present day virtue. Still we think that if more thought were given to our country if more attention were paid to her problems, if more reverence were shown to her great dead upon such days, our national holidays would be far more beneficial. The day and its meaning should be inseparable, and both should emphasize the duty of each citizen of this republic.



**W**HILE at Albion, one of the spectators said that, no matter whether Alma played winning ball or not, her team was free from the professionalism which characterized some of the other Michigan college teams. At another time, while conversing about one member—perhaps the most valuable member—of a M. I. A. A. team, the athletic director of his college said that undoubtedly the man in question was a professional in spirit and probably in fact. In view of these two statements that refer to a condition in college baseball which every college man knows to exist, it seems to be time to take action as to our M. I. A. A. rules relative to professional baseball. If men can play ball for their summer's work, let's say so. But, on the other hand, if the rule is to remain, let's try to enforce it. It seems a pity that this rule of ours can be overridden by those who will so far forget themselves as to draw pay for working in clothing stores or keeping books, when they have done neither the one or

the other, but have earned their money through playing for some professional town team. For their business ability, they could not be kept one moment in the stores to which they go upon Saturday night to draw their pay. They know that this is no exaggeration and so do we.

It is sadly true that great difficulties lie in the way of enforcing this rule. Well, let's cut it out or get one that can not be derided. And above all, let's get beyond that point where one director is afraid to throw a few stones lest somebody break in his own glass house.



It has been more than two years since the Almanian chronicled the sad death of our loved hero, Robert McKee.

Nearly a generation of students has passed since the sorrowful announcement of his death came to us. He is Alma's one martyr. He risked and lost his life for her glory. He was her Christian man and hero while he lived, and the memory of his noble character will long live after the memory of his physical bravery and courage is forgotten.

To Robert McKee the man, and the hero, some memorial should be erected on the campus; some emblem should proclaim to the world our love and honor to his noble life. It is to be hoped that ere the present generation of students is gone, some lasting memorial fitting to his life will be seen on the campus, where he used to live and labor for his college and his fellow students.



## Athletic Notes.

**I**T is idle to say that this has not been a successful baseball season so far as the number of games won is concerned. Alma has not won a college game and makes no excuses for her defeats. The season has been very backward and although Fisher was here five weeks, the conditions of the grounds made much practice under his direction impossible. We sincerely hope that Mr. Fisher may return next year. Alma's weakness at the bat was partially remedied, but not enough to win games. When hits meant runs, there was not a hit forthcoming.

About half of this year's squad will return next year and if a good coach is provided there is no reason why a good team cannot be developed. We believe that the weakness of the team lay not in the team itself but in the lack of a coach, when a coach was necessary. The students and faculty were very generous, but in a small college, popular subscription will not go a great ways. If other colleges can secure a coach, surely Alma, the one college that has made such rapid progress in regard to costly buildings and other lines can provide funds sufficient to pay the salary of a coach for two months. It is a well-known fact that Alma's football teams have done more to make Alma known throughout the state than any other instrumentality. Why not do something for baseball or else cut it out entirely? No man likes to be defeated every Saturday and no man cares for a college whose team is usually unsuccessful.

The personnel of the team was as follows: Herbert Schultz, catcher; next year you will see Schultz the best catcher in the intercollegiate. James L. McBride, pitcher and captain; McBride has been a member of the team for five years, but this is his last year. H. Benton Dunning, first base; the very best man for the initial sack Alma has ever had. Andrew Adams, left field; Adams will not return next year. Glenn Davis, shortstop; may return next year. Leroy Marshall, third; Marshall has six years of baseball here and will develop into a strong player. Jack Jones, second; played but part of the season but put up a good game. Ralph Hyney, center; batted and fielded, his position perfectly. Roy Anderson, right; a heady player and will make a strong man next year. Will Gleason and "Jonny" Johnson will make valuable men next year. Earl Webber played field and has been on the team four years.

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### Alma vs. M. A. C.

In the last game of the season M. A. C. secured an easy victory from Alma by the score 11 to 0.

Hyde who pitched for the farmers had Alma at his mercy and five hits scattered in four innings were all that Alma's battle's secured. In addition he struck out thirteen men. In contrast to Alma's weakness at the bat M. A. C. showed up strong. Both pitchers had excellent control and not a base on balls was registered against them. Alma's fielding game was the best of the season, and M. A. C. was well nigh faultless. Alma had a

chance to score in the second inning but the necessary hit was not forthcoming.

will. Both teams played fine fielding games.

---

**Alma vs. Albion.**

Decoration Day Alma met defeat at the hands of Albion by precisely the same score as in the M. A. C. game. Again it was inability to hit that lost the game. The only man to connect was Davis, and his lone hit was useless. Alma never had a chance to score, while Albion scored almost at

---

**Alma vs. Owosso.**

On the return from Albion the team met Owosso professionals on Tuesday. Alma batted the best of the season, securing nine hits from Owosso's crack pitcher. The fast fielding of the professionals kept the score down however, and they pulled out a victory 7 to 1.

---

**Antony and Cleopatra.**

When Cleopatra was a queen  
She dwelt in splendid pomp;  
A giddier gal was never seen—  
She was the village romp.

She met Marc Antony one day,  
When he flew in from Rome,  
And for her, so historians say  
He left his happy home.

He moved his Saratoga trunk  
To Cleopatra's flat;  
She called him "Anty" (this was bunk)  
And he called Cleo "Pat.,"

I wasn't there, but I have heard,  
They carried on just frightful;  
The climax, it may be inferred,  
Was not at all delightful,

Marc's neighbors back in dear old Rome  
Began to knock and knife,  
Until the gossip reached his home  
And exercised his wife.

Then Marc committed suicide,  
A reckless thing to do:  
And Cleopatra up and cried,  
And then remarked, "Here, too."

She sent to Keeley's for a snake,  
And let it bite like fury,  
The coroner arranged a wake  
And hustled up a jury.

# News Items.

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

Donald S. Carmichael and Wesley Sidebotham, both of '01, were ordained by the Presbytery of Saginaw at Alma May 19.

Watson B. Robinson, '01, will graduate from the Harvard Law school this month. Mr. Robinson will probably go in with a New York firm.

Harry Elmer Reed, '01, late of the Philippine islands, has returned home and will probably be here commencement week.

Egbert E. Fell, '01, superintendent of schools at Tawas, was in Alma the first of June.

David Johnson, '05, went to his home at Tustin to deliver an address before the graduating class from the high school.

Abram Van Page, '97, pastor of the church at Marengo, Ill., was in Alma the first week of June.

Prof. Notestein has returned from Chicago. He has not yet recovered from the effects from the operation and will not resume his work this year.

Misses Belle and Nell Wallace attended the May Festival at Saginaw.

A large delegation consisting of Misses Bushnell, Sergeant and Buchanan and Messrs. Timby, McManis and Cooper went to the Grand Rapids Festival.

Mr. and Mrs. Gaines, tenor and soprano from Detroit, will give the commencement concert Wednesday night. They will be assisted by Miss Hohly, pianist.

J. Wirt Dunning returned from California, May 20. The trip improved his health very much.

J. L. McBride went home May 21 to preach in his father's pulpit.

Judge Carr, of Cassopolis, visited his son May 8.

Miss Johnson, State Secretary of the Y. W. C. A. was here June 1st and 2nd.

Franklin McKabe, '98, of Owosso, was in Alma to see the M. A. C. game and remained over the Sabbath.

J. Wirt Dunning preached in Beaverton June 5.

W. J. Ewing, '02, who is at McCormick, was licensed by Saginaw Presbytery May 19th. Mr. Ewing will be in Illinois this summer.

Ray Swigart, '04, will teach in the high school at Clare this summer.

Martin Stormzand preached at Merrill May 29th.

Winnifred Carl, '01, of Wyandotte, visited at Wright Hall May 28 to 30.

Midget Ward was a guest of Lena Dyer, of Vestaburg, May 30.

Beryl Inglis, of Bay City, visited her aunt the first week in June.

Eleanor Wallace visited her sister in Saginaw May 18th to 25th.

The track team took three firsts in the dual meet with M. A. C. It was hoped that the team would be the best Alma has as yet turned out but things did not materialize owing to the lack of a coach.

Miss Salsbury, instructor in German, has been compelled to give up her work on account of ill health.

The pupils of Miss Kull gave a recital May 31, that was the first one ever given by the drawers of the bow. There was some excellent



work in the program as rendered.

Miss Lang, '06, injured her knee in a game of tennis and was compelled to go home the last of May.

Will Rohlf and Ralph McCollum have left college.

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#### For War News

If the place is on the Chinese coast remember the number of your laundry ticket multiply it by six and subtract what is left. If a Russian name add three portions, sneeze cross your fingers and forget it.

---

#### Senior.

Mr. Winton entertained the Naughty-Fours at his grandfather's home on Decoration day, in honor of the 81st anniversary of Mr. Sickles' birth. The long ride and the feast of good things at the farm made the occasion a red letter day in the class history.

Mr. McBride has been engaged to preach at Omena during the summer months.

Mr. Winton will conduct one of the Mission Study Classes at Lakeside during the summer Y. M. C. A. conference.

Miss Bair's birthday was celebrated at her home last month by a dinner party given to the class.

Mr. Swigart has accepted the principalship of the Clare high school for next year.

Mr. Hurst has been elected general secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association at M. A. C. for next year.

---

"He is the flower of the family?"

M:—"Yes, he seems to be a blooming idiot."

---

#### Junior.

Mr. Johnson delivered the graduating address for the class of 1904 at Tustin, Mich.

Prof. Mitchell—(In Political Econo-

my) Miss—a—Miss Mey, if you could get one man for fifty cents and another for a dollar, wouldn't you be rather suspicious of the fifty cent man? Which would you rather have?

Miss Mey—Why, Professor, I think it would depend on how well I knew them.

Miss Kefgen in her search for unknowns of the sixth group has found (K) and considers it the most interesting of any yet discovered.

Wanted—A furnished house to be ready for occupancy by the middle of August, 1903. A lost Junior.

Dr. Bruske (calling role)—Hen Butler.

Hen Butler—Present.

Dr. Bruske—Fraulein Lauderback.

Fraulein Lauderback (cordially) Hello!

It has been decided in a heated debate in junior rhetorical that the rules of Alma college are too strict for the proper development of social life.

Have you noticed the grave and dignified manner of the Juniors lately? They are beginning to feel the responsibility which will soon be theirs.

---

Johnson:—"Bought a new saw mill, eh? What you goin' to do with it?"

Tomson:—"Bring out a bran new breakfast food."

---

#### Sophomore.

We have reached the end of our sophomore year. We are one step farther from that state of existence where verdure of newly budded ideals and the freshness of discovered possibilities make pessimism a thing unknown, drive melancholy into headlong flight, and call forth ecstasy to reign alone—where indeed the knowledge that "ignorance is bliss" makes

every day a period of rapture and every night an untroubled dream! It is with regret that we leave our sophomore colors to the class that will take our place. May our successors never disgrace the "old gold" and change our regret to shame! Much as we may salute the green next year as it floats triumphant from the flag pole, much as we may cheer the '08's as they mop their elders in the mud on Percy's lawn or spread them upon the chapel floor, yet ever will we remember that we have once been sophomores and that the colors which we were so proud of must still be honored! Be brave, freshies! Don't let your failures of the past year discourage you! If you can lick the '08's we will pat you on the back for the sake of "Auld Lang Syne."

Let this be your resolve, freshies, for the coming year: "We hereby swear—by the glories of Israel, by the sweetness of Esther, by the verdure of Olive's, by the Frost which chills us, by the Professor's neice, by Venus, by Whiskers, by Paul the apostle (of a sophomore girl), by Dunning our debtors, by Earnest ('s) efforts—to be upright (as far as we are able on Wright Hall board) to be present except on Arbor day and all other legal holidays; and to strive to keep forever the favor of that omnipotent council of our Alma Mater, the faculty.

The class extends its heartfelt sympathy to our "cripple" and to all those who mourn her absence from chapel and the campus. Cheer up, Bill, we are informed that she will be able to resume botanical excursions in the near future.

"Didn't you say there were accidentals in that music?" said Mr. Cumsox. "A great many," said the daughter with musical ambitions. "Well, it is a great comfort to know that you were not doing it all on purpose."

#### Freshman.

The class enjoyed a most delightful evening and sumptuous banquet at the home of Miss Bagley May 27.

It was probably the pressing duties and heavy responsibilities of his office that led our president to leave college a month early—and even our friends—the Sophs have placed a black band of mourning around the figures on their club house chimney.

"Loud" persons are usually too much for sensitive ones. Such was the case between Tan Tight Shoe and Wright Foote, both from Caro, Mich. The affair caused one of us much pain and disappointment during these lovely May days.

You must forgive our jolly little girl artist for putting on her Sunday dress Saturday in hopes of hastening the pleasant days to come. As we have stated before: she means well.

A correspondent to the "Gardner" asks:—"When is the time to pinch chrysanthemums?" Surely the answer is obvious:—"When there is no one about."

#### Kindergarten.

Miss Gilbert spent the last Sunday of May at her home in Bay City.

The department was royally entertained in Saginaw the 20th of May by the kindergartners of that city. The main feature was a children's party in the afternoon where sashes and pig-tails reigned supreme. After playing kindergarten games and winding the May pole we sat down to a delicious spread then went home

"tired but happy."

The last meeting of the Froebel society was one of the most enjoyable of the year. The senior prophecy by Miss Bailey was especially fine and many interesting facts were disclosed. The Kindergarten Chronicle, edited by Miss Gilbert was one of the best numbers written this year.

Q.—Where is that tall kindergarten girl going with that fishing pole and basket?

A.—She is going to Cast—er—line.

Q. What has she in the basket?

A. Peanuts gave her Bates.

Miss C—r—Jack Frost songs should be sung in winter only.

The seniors have secured Hon. Perry F. Powers to deliver their commencement address.

Miss Burnett and Miss Evans will not be able to be with us commencement as was expected. Miss Burnett will return next year.

Senior exams are over and the girls are consequently very happy. Nearly all of the girls have positions for next year.

A country minister in a certain location took permanent leave of his congregation in the following pathetic manner:

"Brothers and sisters I have come to say good-bye. I don't think God loves this church, because none of you ever die. I don't think you love one another, because I never marry any of you. I don't think you love me, because you have not paid my

salary; your donations are mouldy fruit and wormy apples and 'by their fruits ye shall know them.'

"Brothers, I am going away to a better place. I have been called to be chaplain of a penitentiary. Where I go ye cannot come, but I go to prepare a place for you, and may the Lord have mercy on your souls. Good-bye."

Then and Now.

In  
Days  
long  
ago (in  
the six-  
ties you  
know) when  
grandma  
went walking  
she held  
her skirts so.

What  
would  
she say if  
she saw girls  
today with  
skirts  
clutched  
so tightly  
they all  
look  
this  
way?

## "Immortalities."

Oh God,  
What is that small,  
Unrestive spark within,  
That keeps  
Me toiling on  
To heights I cannot know?  
That when  
The foothills reached  
I long to scale the peaks;  
And then  
The summit gained  
And all on earth below  
I long  
To place my feet  
On some far-distant star?  
A child,  
I longed to reach  
Maturer years of man;  
But once  
Attained it is  
Not all it seemed to be.  
I see  
On every hand  
Men die with tasks undone.  
I see  
The brave man wronged  
While cowards safely flee.  
The weak  
Are crushed beneath  
The loads the strong should bear.  
The good  
Oft suffer here  
For crimes the guilty do,  
And oft  
A mother weeps  
For sins her son commits;  
And all  
About us here  
Is wrong of every kind,  
And with  
Unbalanced scales  
A partial justice sits,  
And showers  
Her rich rewards  
On those her fancy greets.  
Not thus,  
O God, did'st thou  
Intend it all to be.  
The heights  
We cannot reach,  
The men we strive to be  
The tasks  
Undone; the wrongs  
Unrighted here on earth,  
This ne'er  
Unending strife  
And struggle up to thee—  
All this  
Convinceth me  
Of immortality.

*J. W. Dunning.*  
Easter, 1904.

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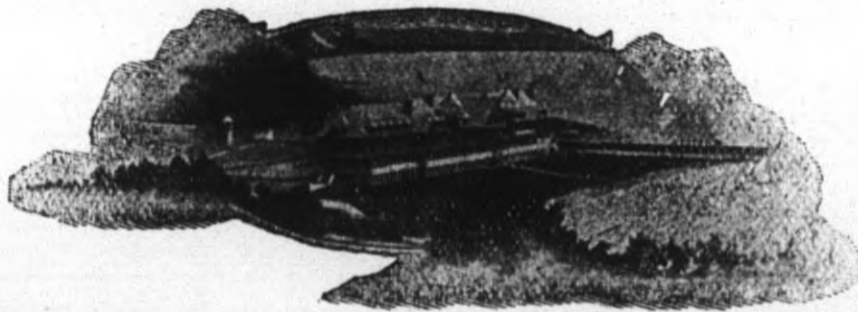
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