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ALMANIAN  
November  
1904



1904

Dedicated to  
OUR  
Football  
BOYS





Wilson	Schenck, (Capt) f b	Fletcher, r t
Marshall, r g	Angell c	Schultz, r e
Johnson, r h	Casterlin, q b	Horst, l g
	McCollum, l t	
Moon,	Gaunt, (Capt Scrubs)	Carr, l e
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## What Fun.

---

Ain't you ever been a fishin'  
On a swelterin' summer day,  
When the nook down by the pasture  
Seemed callin' you away  
From the kids and their recitin'?—  
Though you knew you'd have to  
pay

For a skippin' off alone like that  
And leaving work for play;  
It's lots of fun!

You'd see Bill Culver goin'  
With his pole down toward the  
brook;  
You'd think, "Now, sure, he's al-  
most there—

Yes, now, there goes his hook;"  
Then you'd get to studyin',  
Your face down in your book;  
You'd turn your eyes from watchin'  
him,

But soon you'd take one look—  
Then how you'd run!

Old Bill would see you comin',  
He'd tell you "now lay low;"  
But he'd get you out an agle worm

And tell you where to throw.  
Then you'd sit and fish and fish—  
You'd catch a bass you'd know—  
And so you'd wait and wait in vain  
Until 'twas time to go;  
But still 'twas fun!

You'd hear the whistle blowin',  
You'd look back at the school;  
There everything was quiet,  
But sure you must be fooled.  
It couldn't be four hours  
Since you had broke the rule,  
And sneaked off to the river  
Where the air was nice and cool;  
Bnt now 'twas done!

Then for home you'd go a flyin';  
O shoot! your pa was there!  
You hated like the deuce to see him,  
You knew he'd pull your hair  
And lick you with that hickory gad—  
You'd skip if you only dare—  
But you'd have to take your  
trouncin'  
And show you did care,  
For fishin's fun!



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- ALMANIAN -

NOVEMBER,

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1904

IN THE CORRIDOR.

VELMA SHARP, EX '06

VERA ran up the steps of the Conservatory and opened the door on a group of girls gathered around the reading table at the end of the main corridor. "Is he late?" she asked, breathlessly, as she tossed her music-satchel on a chair and began drawing off her gloves.

"My dearly beloved child," said a tall brunette, with mock solemnity, "you astonish me. Do you mean to declare to this assembly that you have been in this conservatory for this length of time and yet do not know that it is a sort of waiting-station?"

"Oh, that is very well, Winifred," responded Vera, "I know His Highness is usually anywhere from five to thirty minutes behind schedule, but, just the same, every time I happen to be the least fraction of a minute late he is exactly on time, and then—ugh!" There was a chorus of laughter and sympathetic exclamations from the girls.

"Well, you are fortunate this time," remarked a studious-looking

girl with eye-glasses, who was reading the "Courier,"—"what time do you come?"

"Eleven," answered Vera, "and it is eleven-five now. Any of you girls know where there is an unused piano? I must go over those octaves just once."

"Every one is in use," said Lillian Hale; "anyway you wouldn't have time. What do you play today?"

"Bach Chopin and Schumann, and if His Highness doesn't tear his hair I shall be surprised—haven't had such a lesson in a month."

"It's too bad about you," observed a girl who sat at the end of the table. "You know you do that Schumann like an artist."

"Why, I didn't know you were there, Bertski; you were so quiet I thought it must be somebody else. Oh, don't let your little angry passions rise!" as she dodged a magazine the insulted young lady aimed at her head. "I just made a simple statement. By the way, just keep the change and I'll return that com-



pliment some day—perhaps. What are you doing?"

"What am I trying to do, you mean," groaned Bert—otherwise Alberta Reynolds, violinist. "I've been working on this Fugue for the last half hour, and with the racket you girls are making I have accomplished exactly four measures, and it's an easy wager they're wrong."

"His Highness just opened the door—I'm next, so listen for the explosion," and Vera disappeared into the studio at the other end of the corridor.

"We'll be paying a dollar a seat to hear her some day," said Winifred. "She has it in her, all right."

Just then the door opened to admit a tall, slender girl, who was greeted with cries of admiration.

"What splendid furs!" "Such beauties!" "Were they a present?"

"Indeed they were," laughed Sybella. "Papa—for my birthday. Who's in now?"

"Vera," responded Winifred. "His Highness is late, so you won't go in for fifteen minutes yet."

Alberta, who had been frowningly biting the end of her pencil, rose from her chair and slapped her manuscript book shut. "No use trying to write here. By the way, do you know that Harold's opera is to be put on in June?"

"Really? Isn't that splendid! What theater?" queried the girls.

"Broadway, I understand. And Florence and Carl and half a dozen others are going in the chorus. Don't I wish I could sing!"

"Never mind, Paganinni, you do enough for one mortal being," and

Lillian gave her ear a friendly tweak and walked up the corridor.

In front of the main studio she stopped and, after listening a moment, called: "Just listen to Vera, will you?"

"That's not Vera," protested Winifred, "that's His Highness. You never heard Vera do octaves like that!"

"Just the same," insisted Lillian, "I believe that's Vera."

"Well, dear me! Why don't you peek and see?" demanded Alberta; "it doesn't cost anything to settle it, you know."

"Peek nothing!" said Sybella, warningly. "Fritz said if he had anyone looking through that key-hole again he'd plug it up. His Highness is on to that little game."

"I'm always afraid to look, anyway, for fear he will open the door unexpectedly some time. And just imagine what would happen then!"

The girls laughed at Lillian's well-feigned look of terror, but Alberta said, as she walked up to the door, "Well, I'm sure that's Vera, and I'm going to find out."

The others followed her and sat down on the "prisoner's bench"—the couch opposite the door where students sat when waiting for their turn in the studio.

Alberta plumped down on her knees in front of the door and leaned against it with her hands, while she shut one eye and applied the other to the hole.

"It's Vera," she announced, triumphantly. Then lowering her voice, she added: "I can't see His

Highness; he must be sitting over here by the door listening to her."

"Yes, probably," assented Sybella. "He often does that when he wants to get the effect of—" She stopped with a smothered exclamation, for the door suddenly opened and Alberta fell flat on her hands and knees on the floor in front of His Highness.

There was an instance of horrified silence, and then with a hysterical giggle the girls fled. The astonishment on His Highness' face was equalled only by the color on Alberta's as she scrambled to her feet.

"Oh, I—I beg your pardon," she stammered.

Just at that moment she caught sight of Vera at the piano with half her handkerchief stuffed into her mouth, and, as the ridiculous side of the situation struck her, she laughed outright. Then before either had a chance to speak she turned and ran.

There was no one at the end of the corridor, but she could hear peals of laughter from somewhere near, so she went on to the organ room.

As she opened the door she was greeted with shrieks of uncontrollable mirth from the girls who were sitting on the organ bench, on the piano stool and on the floor—every one apparently in the last stages of helpless idiocy.

"Now will you be good!"

"Aren't you glad you found out?"

"Did His Highness say 'this is so sudden?'"

"But did you see the look on his face!" and Lillian collapsed in a shaking heap on the floor.

"Don't I wish I had had a kodak!

It would have made my fortune, you know—the picture entitled, 'Actual incident illustrating the reverent spirit in which the director of the Park Conservatory is held by the students.' Oh, if I ever get over this!" choked Winifred, as she wiped her eyes. "Bert, if you could have seen yourself! But what did he say?"

Alberta had seated herself on the broad window-sill and was fanning herself with a piece of music as she waited for the girls to subside.

"Say?" she exclaimed, "he didn't say anything—he didn't have a chance! You don't imagine that I waited around for a little conversation, do you?"

"Well, hardly," giggled Sybella.

"That sounds rather peculiar, Sy, but I'll forgive you this time. You see, girls, I had a longing to see you and came without delay. I wonder if His Highness is standing there yet? I didn't look back to see."

They all went off into another gale of laughter, in the midst of which Vera opened the door. She was immediately pounced upon with questions of "What did he say?" "Did he say anything?" As soon as she had a chance she said: "He opened the door to go to the office, and when Bert disappeared," with a giggle, "he went. When he came back I was simply weak from laughing, and he looked at me with a little twinkle in his eyes and remarked: 'Miss Reynolds came in rather abruptly, did she not? She is a very original young lady.'"

A general laugh followed and Al-

berta jumped from the window-sill and made a low bow. Vera continued: "He went right on with my lesson then and didn't say anything else, but I saw his shoulders shake twice while I was playing. Really, Bert, if you could have seen yourself—!" and she succumbed to another spasm of mirth.

Sybella looked at her watch. "Well, friends," she said, "it's nearly twelve and I'm famished. Who's going over to Hale's to lunch with me?"

"I will go if you will wait till I take this Hayden up to Christine," said Lillian.

"All right, hustle."

"Well," remarked Alberta, "I guess I'll go with you—don't know as I care to be in too close proximity to that studio when he comes out."

"Guess not," laughed the girls as they went back to the corridor and began to gather up their music and wraps.

As Lillian ran upstairs Winifred

called after her, "I have a rehearsal at twelve. Will you be back this afternoon for the concert training?"

"Sure," came back over the banister, and Winifred picked up her music and disappeared into studio four.

Sybella slowly pulled on her gloves and then held Alberta's coat for her while she asked, "Did you have a good lesson, Vera?"

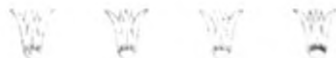
"Um-um," came from Vera, who had two hat pins in her mouth and was viciously jabbing another in the back of her hat. As she put the last one in place she remarked, "Most interesting lesson this year,"—then glancing at the clock, "Look at that now! Just six minutes to get to an engagement eight blocks off."

She hurried out fastening her fur, but stopped in the doorway to call back, "Are you going to wait for Lillian?"

"Yes," answered Alberta.

"All right, goodbye."

"Goodbye."



#### 20th Century Honesty.

A man was talking with his friend about some very real experience.

"Why, say, just the other day the conductor on a car gave me a twenty dollar gold piece instead of a nickel."

"Is that possible?" Did you return it?"

"Well—eh—to be honest—I didn't!"  
—Harp. W.

# "Verses from Princeton."

BY J. W. D.

## THE CLOUD PATHS.

Today I stood on yonder glistening peak,  
Girt round with mountain snow;  
Where springtime's golden sun shines  
fair  
And sets the fleecy crags aglow.

Around me furrowed many a deep  
crevasse,  
Where hidden streamlets flow;  
And far beneath in vine-clad valleys lap,  
The yellow daisies grow.

But not earth's glory held my steadfast  
gaze,  
Its grandeur passed unseen;  
I looked not on its mountains towering  
high,  
Nor on its valleys green.

But far away in distant azure vault,  
From whence the southbird flies,  
I see above the low horizon there  
A tiny cloud arise.

And then o'er lofty crest of western hills,  
Where eagle's scream one hears,  
As if sent forth by some divining fate,  
Its counterpart appears.

Alone in heaven's blue the vapory fair  
Are tossed in veering flight;  
Behind the meeting place of earth and  
sky  
Their comrades watch the sight.

By shifting winds, through many a  
changing path,  
Each on its course is sped;  
At length by weary struggle long  
They meet—are blinded overhead.

Thus years ago above earth's summits  
bare  
Your cloud and mine arose;  
Yours came from out the southland fair,  
Mine from the land of snows.

And tossed about o'er earth by circum-  
stance,  
Fate kept our paths apart;  
We meet at last; fair love, awake;  
And we are blended heart with heart.

## RECOLLECTION.

To conjure up sweet memories of the  
past,  
To think of some fair sunlit day in June,  
When nature bursting forth seemed all in  
tune  
To love's frail harmonies, too sweet to  
last,  
And in the breath of autumn's chilly  
blast,  
To find the odors of the rose's frail  
bloom  
That woke and flowered and faded all too  
soon,  
And then its petals to the whirlwind cast  
\* \* \* \* \*  
'Twas then we lingered by the shady  
stream,  
Your fluttering heart its echo found in  
mine,  
And from your eyes shone out love's pur-  
est gleam—  
Oh, take me back to moments thus  
divine  
And let me dream again that sweet, sweet  
dream.

---

## WINGED VICTORY.

Winged Victory!  
I stand and gaze on thee,  
And in a dream  
I see, I see  
Old Thrace—  
The Thrace of long ago.  
Entranced I climb her crags  
And wander to and fro  
Amongst her marbled fanes.  
O, Samothrace,  
What is thy secret dim?  
What is thy mystery?  
Unveil thy face;  
Give love for love;  
And as I cry, "O Greece, O Troy!"  
"O men and Gods of centuries dead!"  
Touch thou my lifted head,  
And let me see  
Winged Victory!

# HIS FIRST VENTURE.

FRED J. SOULE

**D**OUGLE was a Swede. He ought to have been a Scotchman, for his name was Scotch, and "it's all in a name," they say. But that didn't make him Scotch. He had the big, muscular frame, the broad shoulders, the light hair and self-confidence of a typical native of good old Sweden. He had never seen Sweden, however. In fact, his father, he said, had never lived in Sweden, else his name wouldn't be Dougle. It wouldn't be patriotic to live in Sweden with a Scotch name. A person must be a Hanson, or a Sanderson, or a Jamieson, or an Anderson, to be a true-blooded, loyal citizen of that stern, northern land. And yet Dougle was as patriotic to the interests of his home land as if he lived there and possessed a worthy name. And so he found it necessary to explain that title by which he was known. The most satisfactory way seemed to advance the theory and tenaciously hold to it that his grandfather in some manner made an exchange of names with a Highland native on his journey to America, and for fear the officers would suspect his motives in re-claiming it, and would send him back, not to Sweden, but to Scotland, he submitted to the name of Dougle. Now Dougle, Jr., knew there was a flaw in this argument, for it was very doubtful if an immigration officer would mistake the Swedish brogue for the Gaelic. But Dougle was prepared to clinch his argument by means of his fist, should anyone be so painstaking as to search for fal-

lacies in his theory.

At twenty-four Dougle found himself face to face with the world, or, rather, with America and Sweden, as he was proud to think of it. He had to his account 187 pounds of good, solid brawn, a university education, six years' football experience, \$2,000 in cash, and a fine stock of common sense. As he sat on the veranda of his northern Michigan home one night in July just after commencement, he began to add up assets as he called them, to determine just what valuation he could place to the name of Tom Dougle. He calculated and came to the conclusion that he was worth "a pretty neat little sum." When he came to the liabilities he discovered that the thing he was "liable to" was to stay around home and in his father's mine, with prospects ahead of only a few hundred more in currency and possibly twenty more advoirdupois.

He didn't like things that way. It wouldn't be a bad idea to let people hear the name of Tom Dougle once in a while, even if it was Scotch. The more he thought the more the idea pleased him. It was the middle of July when he concluded that it was time to make a move for himself. But he did not know what the move was to be. One day he stopped in the office after work. He noticed a stranger there talking with one of the men. The next evening the stranger was waiting for him.

"Quite a smooth looking fellow," thought Tom. "I wonder what's

up.”

“Your name is Dougle,” said the man, as he offered his hand.

“Yes, sir.”

“Working in the mine just now, they tell me.”

“Yes, sir.”

“Intend to tie yourself down here?”

Dougle’s 187 pounds began to feel pretty tightly confined. The stranger noticed that things were becoming rather strained.

“Well, Dougle,” he said, with a laugh, “I see you don’t recognize me. I’ve changed in the last thirteen months. The only time we ever met was in the Michigan-Minnesota game a year ago last fall. I was quite impressed with you that day—might better say by you, for it was several days before my stomach got pressed out again after the bunt you gave me in the second half.

Dougle’s face lighted up. “O, Martin, the Minnesota half.” Out went his hand again. “Glad to see you. Come on up to the house with me to supper.”

So the business that Martin had was delayed until late that night. Football occupied the evening.

Since graduating the year before, Martin had been west, an engineer in a northern Colorado mine of his uncle’s. He had recently returned to Minnesota. Just after his arrival his uncle wrote him that he had had to foreclose on the property of a little lead mine on Red Creek, south of Denver. The exact situation was explained. The mine, if worked a little longer, would result in a fair-

paying concern. At any rate, it would be a good prospect for speculation. This latter appealed to Martin. The uncle made him a price which simply covered his own investment in the property, and promised to back him if it cost more than expected to set the mine in running order again. Martin had visited the mine once, knew the prospect, and at once began to search for a partner to take an investment in it. He had thought of Dougle, the Michigan law grad, and here he was, making him the proposition. They discussed the plans way along into the night. The result was that the next week Wm. Martin and Tom Dougle were on their way to Denver. Martin’s uncle went down to Red Creek with them, and they examined the unoccupied mine. One vein of lead just begun, another still untouched offered some promise. The shaft house and other buildings were situated on a beautiful site just south of the little town called Red City. The city itself was built on a small level, almost a plateau, which extended to the south with but a gentle incline for several miles, where it was abruptly broken by the steep side of Little Giant mountain. As the level approached the mountain side it grew narrower and narrower, so that as it joined with the mountain only a small passage was left for those who would go on up to the peak. Down across this little neck of land flowed the swift stream so inappropriately called Red Creek. Almost at the end of this peculiar little level, before it was changed into a steeper ascent, were

the buildings of Little Grant mine. Dougle admired the beauty of the place—the mountain behind him, the widening level before him, the steep descent on either side. But one thing there was to curb his enthusiasm. Situated about two miles below him at the very edge of the city was the mammoth concern of the Red City Mining Co. He wondered if that prosperous company would in any way effect the business of his own mine. But he was afraid of no venture.

The next day found Martin and Dougle possessors of the Little Giant. It was at once agreed that Martin should look after the mine and Dougle attend to outside management. He also found an opening for some law practice down in the city. They started out with eleven men. For two months they worked with fair success on the old vein. When they came to the new vein, even Martin was astonished at its value. They doubled their force. The little track which passed down the slope by the Red Creek Mining Company's works began to be quite a busy line.

One night Martin and Dougle were in the down town office, where evening usually found them, for a short time at least, discussing business. In the midst of their discussion, Martin said:

"Dougle, I think it would pay us to add more men. The vein shows itself to be bigger every day, and it's fine grade, yes, sir, first-class. I really think those men didn't know what they were thinking about when they let that mine go back."

"That's the very question that has troubled my mind ever since I have seen this affair succeeding," said Dougle. "If those men knew that vein was there, why did they let the mine go? I had about concluded there was something we didn't know. I've just found it out. This afternoon the lawyer for the Big Gulch mine was in here. He is beginning suit against the Red Creek people and knows their dealings. He said the Red Creek Company practically drove out the Little Giant Co. Now, if this is true, why haven't we met any of their opposition?"

"Dougle, if that's the case, they will be at it again. Yesterday one of their engineers was up and I took him through. He seemed pleased with our prospect."

While they were discussing the question some one entered the hall and knocked at the door.

"Come in," said Dougle.

Howell, manager of the Red Creek mine entered. "How are you, Mr. Dougle?" As he saw Martin he became slightly embarrassed for a moment. Only Dougle noticed it.

"Gentlemen, I've a proposition to make you," he said, after a short talk. "Our man Stanton was up to your mine yesterday." He seemed reluctant to mention it to Dougle, but knew that Martin would sooner or later. "We understand that you would consider the sale of your property."

"We had thought some of it," said Dougle.

"At \$10,000," added Howell.

"Yes, sir."

"Now, gentlemen," he said, "we have for several reasons considered it wise to make you an offer on this property. We understand by the way that this cost you \$3,200."

"Where did you get that?" thought Dougle.

Martin had the look of a bloodhound.

"We have estimated its value, also, and as a result offer you \$6,400, twice your investment," he continued.

"Mr. Howell," said Dougle, holding his temper, "our price, as I have said, is \$10,000."

"Certainly, certainly," said Howell, and left abruptly.

"I'd like to have given him one in the nose," yelled Martin.

"Never mind, old man, there's something up. That was simply and plainly a challenge. Now keep your eyes open." The next day Dougle found the following letter in the office:

Red Creek, Col., 8-14-19—  
Dougle & Martin,  
City.

Dear Sirs:—Our books show that lease of land for tracks from your mine to Red City station expires ten days from date. Having decided to erect a new crusher on present site of track, we are of necessity prevented from further lease.

Respectfully,  
Red Creek Mining Co.  
Per Howell.

"The blooming idiots!" yelled Martin.

"Mightly shrewd move," said Dougle.

"But they promised extension of

lease."

"Yes, and we were fools enough to take their word. Now they're saying, 'come around to our terms.' By the kings of Sweden, they'll come to our terms or we'll bust. Martin, we'll put that track around to the east of them, cut through the ridge on the right bank of the river and swing back to the town."

"But it will cost \$2,000 if it costs a cent."

"We will do it if it costs the mine! Begin tomorrow. 'Twill be done in a month. We have the old track for ten days yet. They will never beat Tom Dougle!"

Within twenty-three days the truck cars were swiftly gliding around the Red Creek works down to the city.

"Not so bad after all, Martin," said Dougle, as the first car went down. "We have shown them that we mean business, if it did cost \$1,200."

One morning about a week after, before the sun had arisen, Martin came tearing into Dougle's room and yelled:

"Get a move on you; something's up."

"What's the matter?"

"Last night they dammed the river. Water's rising. By daylight 'twill be into the shaft and then we're gone. If we don't sue them for—"

"Sue for nothing," said Dougle. "They've got a right to dam that river."

"But why did they do it?"

"For a race, probably, to the new



crushers."

"But they've done it in one night."

"Yes, two jumps at once! Planned to soak us by morning. They must have had things started, but we did happen to know it. There are their lights now," he said, as they passed along.

He stopped and remained in silence for many minutes. Martin waited impatiently.

"Martin, how many men have we?"

"Thirty-two."

"There's one thing to be done, and only one. Put all at work—both shifts. The water can't rise more than a foot or two this morning. Throw a bank across the hollow in front of the shaft house. That will check the water awhile. Keep crushers going. We won't shut down entirely for any one. Then cut a ditch from just above the shaft house straight to the edge of the level and let the water go over. Then we will dam it."

"Dam it?"

"Yes, dam it. Dam is just below the ditch. See?"

"And dry them up?"

"Exactly."

"But they'll break the dam."

"So much the better; it will wash 'em out."

"Dougle, you're a brick," exclaimed Martin.

"They'll think so when I hit."

By seven they had the shaft house protected. At the same time a part of the men had a ditch well started. By ten the water was almost at the

top of the embankment; the ditch was within a rod of the edge. By eleven the water was gushing down the descent rooting up turf and underbrush.

Dougle stood watching it a moment and turned away. "Well, Martin, let's go and get breakfast; I guess it's time."

The night men were allowed to go home. The day men were ordered to widen the ditch.

"We'll keep digging at it until it takes the majority of stream. Then for the dam. Get things ready on the quiet."

A few mornings later Howell was coming up to the mine when he saw that the river had lowered to a narrow stream. As far as he could see up toward the little mine there was a muddy gulch. He turned abruptly toward the city again. An hour later a team drove swiftly up to the Little Giant establishment. Two men were standing on the rough looking dam of rocks and crushed ore. The team stopped.

"Good morning, gentlemen," said Howell.

"Morning," said Dougle.

"You seem to have a monopoly on water, Mr. Dougle?"

"Exactly. Saw it coming our way and captured it."

"You don't mean that our dam did you any injury?"

"Not personally," said Dougle, with a grin.

"Do you still hold your property at \$10,000, Mr. Dougle?"

"Yes, sir. That is, plus recent necessary improvements. Total,

\$15,000."

"Damn it!" muttered Howell, as he turned to his companion.

"Done already!" chuckled Martin.

The next morning Howell ap-

peared in the office of Dougle & Martin with check in full. As he disappeared again around the corner he caught what sounded like the boisterous tones of a football yell.



## "Zanzidore and Zeliot."

Zanzidore and Zeliot were lovers  
twain

When first this world began to be,  
Long, long ago.

Each the other pledged his love and  
to remain

The one the other's devotee,  
Both hearts aglow.

Thus they lived; each in the other's  
love content,

And dreamed not that their joy  
might end

Too full of hope.

Each upon the other's happiness was  
bent—

A love too full to comprehend—  
Too great its scope.

Neither knew when first that love  
began to spring;

But year by year it grew apace  
Deep in each breast.

Childhood's days brought Cupid's  
arrow with its sting

When both were starting on life's  
race,

E'er love's grim test.

But their parents—gods to human  
women wed,

Were wrath when they that love  
beheld

Surpassing theirs.

Gods must be superior to all earthly  
bred—

By greater motives be impelled  
Than earthly heirs.

Living thus—so near—the parents  
plainly saw

No power could stem love's onward  
course—

By naught be bent.

Interfere they must, to change love's  
natural law

In these two hearts, by divine force  
Divinely sent.

"Zanzidore and Zeliot must parted  
be;

The universe must be between  
That love to stay.

Then if o'er that distance they each  
other see,

No harm to see or to be seen;  
Love has no way."

Thus they reasoned. Action swiftly  
followed thought.

Two messengers toward earth were  
sent,

These two to part.

Both through space toward heav'n  
on winged arms were brought.

To carry out their god's intent  
Each played his part.

Zanzidore was placed in one extreme

—the north—  
 To shine upon the earth below,  
     As star he glowed.  
 Zeliot from south her radiance pour-  
     ed forth,  
 Where distance farther fails to go.  
     There she abode.  
 Looking o'er the space between—  
     both hearts still warm—  
 They both began to plan away,  
     Each from his place.  
 Secretly they planned that they  
     might not inform  
 The gods who slept nor night nor  
     day,—  
     A jealous race.  
 Slow they worked, that e'en the gods  
     could not detect  
 That year which followed year mark-  
     ed change  
     In their domain.  
 Year by year a new-born star the  
     sky bedecked;  
 So slow that decades showed naught  
     strange  
     To mar their reign.  
 When ten million years had passed,  
     a starry bridge,

The "Milky Way," since called by  
     man,  
     Spanned that expanse.  
 Forming on the universe a lofty  
     ridge;  
 Such feat involved the lovers' plan  
     'Gainst divine plans.  
 Thus completed, o'er that way the  
     lovers sped  
 As swift as thought, by Cupid  
     spurred,  
     Life's all to seek.  
 In each other's arms, glad tears of  
     joy were shed;  
 Each spoke his love, each listening  
     heard  
     The other speak.  
 Such is love. It knows no distance;  
     lives with time;  
 And finds a way where none there  
     seems;  
     Naught bars its course.  
 Heights that other powers defy, true  
     love can climb.  
 Hope's star which gleamed but no  
     more gleams,  
     Love soon restores.  
     D. A. JOHNSON, '05.



A Freshman's evolution up to, includ-  
 ing, and shortly after first initiation and  
 class scrap:

Chump,  
 Stump,  
 Jump,  
 Dump,  
 Thump,  
 Bump,  
 Pump,  
 Lump.

## “Moike on Football.”

**F**AITH, boiys, oi saw sumthin' what made me haid stan' on edge this last week. Me son Patrick he's gone to cawledge. He says its moighty fine. He says he no more'n got off th' train as when a lot of goiys with red badges kam runnin' all over 'm at onct. Wan of 'em he spoke up and says: 'How are you?' 'Moighty fine,' says Pat. 'Ever play foot-ball, old man?' Now oi'd punched him in th' talker if he'd called me 'old man,' an' oi'm older 'an me son by thairty years. But Pat's like his mather, he niver gits mad. Pat says 'fore he know'd it he was a being carried along an' every wan a yellin'. Well, they got him to play foot-ball. Now of all th' daredevilish, blood spittin' capers, that game's the wust wan, sure. Oi told Pat as oi got hum that tho' he war Irish from th' sole of his walkers to the color of his hair, he looked more like the chief of th' Rollinthe-mudinees. Boiys, do you know wat it's loike?"

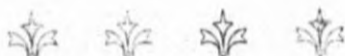
“Sure an' we don't Moike.”

“Wal, boiys, they got a great big battlefield up there all fenced in so no wan kin run away. They got the middle all cris-crost with white paint. Oi axed a man what for, an' he says that if they run out of th' marks they get shot. Faith an' me thot if that's it oi'll keep by me boiy an' if he kums out oi'll push 'im back. So oi got right up clos. Wal, purty soon me boiy kum runnin' out with a dozen men in their war paint, all chasin' 'im. Thar, me thot, he's

got sumthin' an' they're tryin' to get it. I axed a girrul wat that was. She said 'twas a pigskin. Oi made up me mind 'twas a ball an' me boiy Pat had squeezed it till it was peaked. Wal, he kept th' pigskin till a goiy kum an' took it an' stood it on its head. Then Pat's tribe spread all over th' field, and wan big injun kicked what was left of that pig almost to th' fence. Then every wan yelled. I didn't yell, 'cause oi wasn't hurt, but th' fust oi knowed all them savages had piled on wan poor chap, an' they'd killed him sure, but th' goiy blowed a treaty of peace. Then they did somethin' funny. They all got on their han's an' 'nees and with their faces right in each others. I thot they was a beggin' pardon back and forth, but sum wan gave a war-whoop an' they all tried to kill everybody agin. Th' next toime Pat tossed th' pig and a big Cherokee giv it a kick. Oi thot that meant retreat, for th' tribe with the yellow gears turned an' run with Pat an' his'n right after. But a big chief happened to be back there. He got th' pork and run for th' gate. Oi yelled to ketch 'im. Pat run. Everybody else got tired but 'im. Th' big Mohawk got as far as a thing that looks loike me wife's clothes-pole and he tumbled. Pat nabbed 'im. He needn't have done it, oi thot, 'cause he's dead. I thot some wan shot him. But when they had mopped him he kum out an' kicked th' ball. They all yelled but me. Oi thot me boiy Pat could kum nearer

to th' pole than that. Oi started hum, but as oi got to th' gate oi heard the war-whoop agin, an' faith if they hadn't begun all over. Oi axed Pat afterwards why he didn't run away with th' ball and kick it at th' stick. But he grinned an' said he loiked to sav his wind. I told 'im oi'd ruther lose me wind than half me tribe. They carried off four of his tribe dead. But Pat just kept still. He ain't loike his dad, Moike.

When they got done they carried wan big chief of th' other tribe away on their heads. Oi axed Pat why his tribe didn't carry 'im off on their heads. He said they were too sore. Oi didn't know which he meant. Pat seemed to feel bad, but oi told 'im that he needn't feel bad sure, 'cause he caught th' other son-of-a-gun every time 'fore he got off the field.' —(Moike.)



## At Other Co-Eds.

Albion's class spirit seems to have reached highest pitch this year. The Sophs were pretty smooth, sending into the Freshman class meeting four or five of their own men, who put on Freshie countenances and proceeded to control elections and draw up a constitution. Green posters told the story the next day.

Kalamazoo Sophomores took off the victory also. Challenging the Freshmen with green leaves placed under their plates at the tables, they waited for trouble. They got it. The Freshies put up their flag and it took their opposers over two hours to get it down.

M. A. C. faculty spirit has succeeded in quelling the annual scrap. The fellows have to content themselves with feeding the young ones soap and giving them lessons in fancy walking.

At the Detroit College of Medicine the Sophs dragged the Freshmen out

of the buildings and taught them the high dive into one of the park fountains.

The big rush at the U. of W. resulted in happy victory for the Sophs. The engagement was strictly naval, class rafts being the battleships. No one, luckily, was drowned, though the fight continued nearly four hours.

There are enrolled at M. A. C. this year 825, at the Normal 925, at Ann Arbor over 4,000.

Kalamazoo has found is quite practical to have the coach play on the team. Wonder if it wouldn't have been a paying experiment to let "Tug" play on the "Maroon and White" lineup?

If you aspire to a professorship in German you'd better read some of the names in Hope's "Anchor." You will find it a pretty good course.

The Intercollegiate is proving to be an excellent paper.



# ALMANIAN.

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NOVEMBER, 1904.

**A** GAIN and again have students and alumni expressed a wish for a real, representative college song. We sing all kinds of jingles, but when an occasion of some importance brings visitors among us, we have nothing worth while to sing to them. When the synod of Michigan were in Alma, a few fellows worked up a little poem, but it hap-

pened—as it always will happen—that they were the only ones that knew it. If we had a good song that could be sung on all occasions it would be learned by the whole student body. Two years ago the Glee Club offered fifteen dollars as a prize for the best poem, but even with that incentive not one was sent in. That shows that we can't get a song by offering to pay for it. So the thing left to do is to appeal to your loyalty. Yes, this is the same old appeal which has been employed by every college in the state for years, the appeal to loyalty. But what of that? Loyalty ought to increase rather than diminish. Lets get up enough enthusiasm to do a little thing, which will surely result in a great thing. We ought to have this song right away. To bring the matter to a conclusion, as soon as possible the Almanian asks you—this means college students, preps, K. G.'s, commercials and musical aspirants—the Almanian asks you to contribute a poem of not less than three nor more than five stanzas, exclusive of refrain, which shall be adapted for use as a marching song. Sign your name to the poem and hand it to the editor, or drop it in the item box, some time before December 14. Three competent judges will select the best one, which shall be published in the December Almanian as "The Song of Alma College." You have about three weeks to do this. You can do it in a third of the time if you will. If you can make a rhyme, try! Don't let this occasion go by without a college song!

**T**HE football season is drawing to its close. In many colleges the last game has been played. We have watched the teams throughout the state, hoping against hope that one great stain on Michigan's athletics might this year be cleared away. But still we see—possibly not to as great an extent as usual—the spirit of professionalism. Alma again plants herself in deadly opposition to it. Larger schools laugh to themselves as they think how much their fifty dollar half or their eighty dollar tackle has done for them. And then they claim they win their victories. The truth is they buy them. Is football or any other college game to become a means of glory, which can be judged according to the money placed at its disposal? Is the college that can bid the highest going to be one that will win the larger number of games? It looks that way. Last spring the team that won the baseball honors had a pitcher who had played for his greenbacks many a time, and we are pretty well assured that he was getting them then. That particular college took some pride in the fact. Yes, of course, it gave them confidence to see a man like that in the box! Why have this kind of sport in college? We can see plenty of it under its own proper title. Why label it amateur, when there's nothing amateur about it? The better element in all our schools recognize the danger to which the M. I. A. A. is exposed. At a recent meeting of the directors steps were taken to remedy the fault.

It is hoped that amendments to the constitution may have the desired effect. But amendments alone can do nothing; there must be a general hatred and opposition to the indecent methods. The colleges that persist in killing the true spirit of athletics ought to be hammered at and hammered at until they became ashamed of their own unjust dealings and "play fair."

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**S**OME time ago the editor received a letter from an old Alma man now in one of the larger universities. Among his descriptions of college events, he spoke of the annual senior parade. Most of you know something of such a spirited demonstration, but have you ever stopped to think of its real meaning to college life? This is but one of many occurrences in older institutions which have become established traditions. To this and to others the whole student body look forward year after year with an expectancy much like that with which one awaits a Christmas festivity or a holiday celebration. And this display of spirit and life effects college very much as the national celebration effects the country. It adds to the power of the great current of enthusiasm. It stimulates the sentiments of loyalty and patriotism. The very fact that each class of these higher schools has some annual events which must be brought to pass—and that, too, in an original manner—lends impetus to further continuance of study. This is a reason why the junior and senior

classes of the universities are large and grow larger each year. And on the other hand, that the smaller college lacks this element, suggests why these classes in the small college remain so small. In Alma the two upper classes have very few members, and yet as freshmen they had many in their ranks. How do you account for this? Is it not because there is too little to attract them? Do they not feel that in two years they have realized about all they can in the college life? Do they not then look about for a brighter field? In a college like ours a good curriculum alone will not hold men. We must have broad college life. We can never attain this fully till we have traditional events—both ridiculous and sensible—that leave pleasant memories for years to come. Think a moment. You can see where we lack. Let's wake up! Let's take a step ahead!

---

**T**HE proposition made by the famous diamond king meets our consideration again. Olivet last

year had the honor of sending from its ranks, with hearty congratulation on his success, the son of the president. Dr. Bruske has no son in college, we are sorry to say, but there are several other brilliant youths who could well aspire to this advantage waiting to be seized. Three years at Oxford with a well-filled wallet at the beginning of the course! Why the latter is a thing almost unknown at Alma! See what a possibility. Some one in the present senior class ought to take the examination, which will be offered some time during the coming month of January. Better to try and fail than never try at all. Possibly there is no one this year who could meet all the requirements, but there are undergraduates here who should begin right now to plan on that scholarship. Remember, we must have an Alma man at Oxford. As the worthy president says, we will soon have representative men in all parts of the world.



## ALUMNI.

**T**HE editor believes that while we are all interested in the news items, in "what is" rather than what "may be," we shall nevertheless find profit in suggestions for the advancement and permanent growth of our Alma Mater. The columns of the Almanian should more largely

express the opinions of the college militant—the active fighting ranks of the alumni, as year by year they send students back to fill their places. Nothing stands more to the credit of Alma alumni than does their real interest taken in Alma after leaving her, but let us have that interest ex-



pressed, not only by personal work for new students, but also by printed statements and suggestions expressing our best wishes, our fondest hopes for our Alma Mater. The editor would be glad if the alumni columns some one month of the year could present a front like this: "What we think is most needed at Alma," and under such a heading present signed opinions from Alma graduates. One condition it would be necessary to observe, that we have only that form of "thought" which tends to express itself in action. Thus one alumnus expresses himself of desiring to see a permanent prize endowment athletic fund. As a former athlete and one interested in clean sports, how much will he subscribe for such endowment? Another desires to see the library of the college extended into some new or hitherto partially occupied field. How much will he and other graduates whom he may influence give toward its establishment? Discussion also should be free and follow such suggestions as meet with favor that proper modifications might ensue. In the name of "that great time coming for the alumni next June," let us begin to create a healthy sentiment for some things which will cause a closer union of the alumni in or through the interests of different desires.

The present employment of the editor has served to reveal a number of interesting things relative to the student body of Alma, chiefest of which is this, that the student of only one or two years' residence at

Alma has been an active working force in securing more candidates for admission. Only recently my attention was called to a new student at Alma, who was secured by a former Alma student—a lady now the wife of a physician in the "thumb" of Michigan. This lady made a special trip of a number of miles to interest and encourage the new student. Greater credit and honor is due, in a constantly increasing ratio, to many a student at Alma who never had the privilege of graduating from any of her departments. And when by any opportunity I can avail myself of news concerning these "honor" men and women, I shall devote a generous amount of "alumni page" to their recognition.

But what shall I say of that "04" pin of mine? "Oh! you are from Alma? Well, what kind of girls have they in Alma? I understand that the early days of October were christened in an autumnal shower of bread crumbs and curses." While little credence is ever given by sanity to exaggerated newspaper reports, it is nevertheless unpleasant to be hailed by the gossip monger with verbage, doing an injustice to Alma's co-eds and their reputation of being the best girls in Michigan.

---

"And Bessie Granted." Mr. Wesley Bradfield, "02," and Miss Bessie Grant were united in marriage at Saginaw by Professor Clizbe since college opened. "Brad" has charge of a forestry reservation in Roscommon county.

John Booth, '02, for over a year with "The Houghton Mining Journal," spent a part of September and October at his parents' home near Alma, before leaving for the west.

D. S. Carmichael, '01, is on earth again. The Presbyterian church of Holly, Michigan, has called him to its pastorate.

P. H. Bruske, '98, of Detroit, is father, "proud," of course, of a son. Why should not his name be Prosperous Hale Bruske, Jr?

T. G. Timby, '03, has a position with the Williams Asphalt Mastic Co., now located at Alma.

How's this for an alumni reunion? G. B. Randels, '00; A. J. Helmer, '03; Miss Kate Bair, '04; and Miss Elizabeth Schmidt, '04, at St. Johns recently.

John B. Stevens, '98, writes from Twin Bridges, Montana, "The item

of absorbing interest to me at present is the fact that during the holidays I expect to be married. It gives me pleasure to at least inform the old boys 'I follow in their lead.' " He reports his work in Montana as very interesting, and that he has an attachment for the great Blue mountains.

W. P. Davis, '02, commercial, now has a position as traveling salesman for the Stoner Candy Co. of Saginaw.

Geo. Eckfield, '03, commercial, has the position of bookkeeper with the Caro Sugar Co.

H. L. Griffin, '01-'02, academy, is now in charge of the shorthand department of the International Business College at Saginaw.

Miss Belle Conat, Kg., '02, made a visit at the college the first days of October.



## ATHLETICS.

Girls' gymnasium work under the instruction of Miss Brightman is progressing excellently. Boys' classes will begin soon after the Thanksgiving vacation.

The one fellow outside of the team and the coach who has done much for the welfare of the team is Gaunt, the captain of the scrubs. For two years he has kept the second team together and furnished support for the 'varsity.

The Elsie boys still keep at it.

They have had a coach this year and have improved (that is, in their play) wonderfully.

The team has had several accidents this year which occurred at critical times in some cases. Wilson and Carr both received bad sprains in the knee and ankle. Capt. Schenck was kept from practice a long time on account of a broken thumb. He suffered the accident in the first part of the Kazoo game, but had the grit to keep up the fight.

**THE MEN WHO DID THE WORK.**

The men that have won honor for Alma this year are a class of fellows who can't be surpassed in manliness and spirit in the State of Michigan.

Furthermore, in every game played on Davis field they have exhibited, with great satisfaction to every spectator, a fairness which many of their opponents admired but did not possess. The men whom Ferris' school sent up to Alma displayed the most ungentlemanly conduct, one of the players even becoming so wild and maddened as to attempt to use his fists on Alma's coach. Mt. Pleasant's play was simply indecent. Kalamazoo's men were very fair in their playing, but were almost pugilistic in the treatment of the referee, whose decisions they invariably objected to when he was using the utmost impartiality. Every man in Alma is a severe critic of bad play. The institution is an advocate of clean athletics, as the team this year has well displayed. The college is proud of the record the boys have made, not only in score, but in these other lines. We are proud of every man who defended Alma's goal.

**ALMA-MT. PLEASANT GAME.**

Hillsdale College cancelled the game for October 8, so the 'varsity went to Mt. Pleasant for a practice game with the High School team of that city. The team had evidently brought out the town to keep Alma from running up a score, and every indecent means that could be thought was employed for that purpose. Mt.

Pleasant took out forty minutes' time in the first half, thus preventing any possibility of fast work for Alma, upon which, being light, she depends for gains. No score was made in the first half, but in the second Capt. Schenck broke away for a 100-yard run for goal. The game was cut short ten minutes to let Alma catch the train. Alma has never received such mean, ungentlemanly treatment from any team. After the customary cheer for their opponents they were followed to the depot by the mob and were pelted with apples and clubs. Mt. Pleasant has yet to learn what common courtesy is.

**KALAMAZOO-ALMA.**

The first game of championship series was played October 15 on the home grounds. Alma was badly crippled, Carr, McCollum and Marshall playing at a disadvantage. Kazoo was heavier than Alma, but was slower and unsteady, making seven fumbles. Alma caught the disease, fumbling four times. On the first pass Alma made a bad slip, allowing the ball to roll way out to Kazoo's end, who carried it fifteen yards for the opponent's only touchdown. After this Alma got to work and a hard struggle followed for eleven minutes, when Johnson was put over for first touchdown. Only twice did Kazoo gain more than seven yards at a time. For Alma, Helmer made two 20-yard runs and one 15; Schultz an 18-yard for second touchdown; Schenck two 12-yard runs and a 10-yard buck. Ten yard gains were made by Johnson,

Fletcher, Wilson and Marshall. Kazoo at one time held Alma on the one-yard line, at another on the ten-yard. Only once, however, did they threaten Alma goal, when they were promptly held. Both teams were forced to punt repeatedly. Twice Kalamazoo saved their own punt. Though the game was by no means one-sided, if Alma had been in her usual condition her score would without doubt have been larger:

Line-up as follows:

Alma.	Position.	Kalamazoo.
Marshall.....	L. E.....	Puffer
Wilson.....	L.T.....	Post
Horst.....	L. G.....	Williams
Angell .....	C.....	Young
McColum.....	R. G.....	Rooks
Fletcher.....	R. T.....	Moore
Schultz.....	R.E.Giddings (Capt)	
Helmer.....	L.H....	Strutemeyer
Carr.....	Q. B.....	Phelps
Johnson.....	R. H.....	Arndts
Schenck (Capt).	F.B.....	Clapp

Referee—Tambling of Mt. Pleasant. Touchdowns—Johnson and Schultz. Time—25 and 20.

#### PRACTICE GAMES.

On October 18 the team defeated St. Louis in a short practice game with a score of 22 to 0. Three scrubs were in the lineup, but the team went right on in its usual fashion. St. Louis showed considerable advance over their condition earlier in the season and gave the boys some good practice.

Instead of the scheduled game at Detroit for October 22, Alma played at Elsie. The Elsie boys showed some better work than earlier in the season, and managed to score one touchdown, mainly by playing their

revolving wedge. Alma scored three touchdowns, one safety and two goals, making total of 19 to 5. Schenck and Carr were both out of the game. Schultz was placed at half back and showed excellent work. Johnson played Schenck's position and made some long line bucks. The greatest number of gains were made on end runs.

#### ALMA-OLIVET.

On October 29 Davis Field was the scene of the hardest battle Alma's team has entered. Alma lost by a score of 6 to 0. The touch down was made in the first half. Olivet received the ball on the kick off and were held in their tracks. After this the ball went back and forth for about twenty minutes neither side having the advantage. At last on a wing shift formation Olivet sent Arnold around Schultz's end for a 70 yards run. The remaining ten yards were made by a series of line bucks. In the second half the ball was in the visitors' territory most of the time and for ten minutes was within their ten-yard line. They played an excellent defense, once holding Alma when only two yards were necessary for a touchdown.

They blocked Alma's place-kick at one time. Twice Alma blocked their place-kicks, and repeatedly spoiled their punts. Schenck's punting was excellent, averaging over forty yards. Angell played a star game breaking over the center several times to cause a fumble by Olivet's quarter. Alma's defense was never better. An unprejudiced observer would say

that Alma played a game in every respect the equal of the opponents. Had the referee seen the foul play by Olivet in the long run that determined the game. The game would have ended without a score for either team. The spirit displayed on the side lines was a credit to Alma rooters.

ALMA-FERRIS.

The second game with the Big Rapids team resulted in a score of 29-0 for Alma. Coach Knickerbocker has improved the condition of his team since October but they were powerless when Alma started toward their goal. The game was played at Big Rapids with a big crowd to witness the defeat. A change was made in Alma's line up, Casterlin being placed at quarter, Carr at left end, McCollum at left tackle, Marshall at right guard. Casterlin gave signal's and ran the team like an "old man at the business." Carr made two touchdowns on long runs.

ALMA-ALBION.

In the the third championship game Alma went down to defeat before the strongest team of the intercollegiate and the best eleven Albion ever had. Olivet had been defeated by them 36-0, and so it was seen that the outcome for Alma was in a measure certain. Olivet's record was beaten however by nine points, the score being 27-0. Albion's men outweighed Alma's by about twenty-five pounds to the man, but their victory was not by any means the runaway class and their gains av-

eraged little more than three yards, barring one twenty run by Bliss for a touchdown. Alma was able several times to rush the ball well into Albion's territory, once getting to the 12 yard line. Carr made several good runs; Marshall and Helmer were sure for gains. Schenck's punting was the same as ever and several times put Albion to the other end of the field. Alma's team work was at it's best but was counterbalanced by opponents' weight. Several hundred rooters cheered Albion on to victory.

SCORES

Alma 15.	.....	St. Louis	0
" 23	.....	Elsie	0
" 48	.....	Big Rapids	0
" 6.	.....	Mt. Pleasant	0
" 12.	.....	Kalamazoo	6
" 22.	.....	St. Louis	0
" 19.	.....	Elsie	5
" 0.	.....	Olivet	6
" 29.	.....	Big Rapids	0
" 0	.....	Albion	27

BASKET BALL SCHEDULE

- Dec. 16. Bay City at Bay City.
- Jan. 13. Ypsilanti at Alma.
- Jan. 21. Olivet at Olivet.
- Feb. 4. M. A. C. at M. A. C.
- Feb. 24. Ypsilanti at Ypsilanti.
- Mar. 4. Saginaw at Alma.
- Mar. 13. M. A. C. at Alma.



## About the Campus.

### LOCALS.

Several Alma fellows saw Michigan win from Chicago.

Cratzenburg and Jennings were at the St. Louis Exposition last week.

The Choral Union will present a cantata at Christmas time.

A big campaign meeting in Wright Hall just before election resulted as follows: Roosevelt 62, Parker 7, Warner 42, Ferris 27.

Sutton's first practice at football gave him a broken ankle. He has been kept from classes several weeks.

An academy girl is crying, A Hors (t)—A Hors (t). My kingdom for a Hors (t).

The first number of the Lyceum Course, "The Cleveland Ladies' Orchestra was first class in every particular.

The Olivet game brought several old students and grads to Alma, among whom were Frank Hurst, Carl Whitney, Nellie Stringham and Kate Taylor.

The halloween party in the gym was a big affair. Wierd spirits held sway, attended by devils, clowns, indians, coons and dancing maids. Even the pumpkins smiled at some of the attires.

The Y. W. C. A. workers of Michigan held their 19th annual convention at Alma from November '10 to 13. Delegations came from most of the colleges and many city organizations, so that not only Wright Hall, but the hotels and many private residences were graced with the pre-

sence of Michigan's best young women. Sessions were held in the college chapel, in the Presbyterian church, and on Sunday in the various churches of the city.

The last few days of October were rather spirited. The Freshies decided to wear their green. The Sophs decided that they shouldn't, and when the young fellows appeared on the scene there was something doing. The scrap was rather individual for a while, "Si" of '07 being quite a star. He procured several badges but was later bruised badly by about a half dozen freshies. The affair met a climax on the lawn. Several Freshies were absent and the numbers were about equal. After the sod had been plowed up, and both sides had exhausted their strength they proceeded to stop and crow. The sophs crowed the loudest and thus got the victory, so they said. It was how-ever about "nip and tuck."

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### Y. M. C. A.

The Y. M. C. A. work is progressing excellently under the careful eye of our president, David Johnson. Many of the new men have joined the organization and give great help to the meetings. The visit of Mr. Chas. Hurrey some weeks ago added new inspiration to the work. Mr. Hurrey has become almost an essential helper in Alma's Y. M. C. A. Though his duties now extend over a wider field and he has to make visits to many more associations, he will still be able to visit here quite

often. He has many warm friends among the fellows, to whom he imparts much of his Christian spirit and influence. Another man who has done much to raise the standards of the Y. M. C. A. is the beloved Dr. Spencer. The bible classes which he has conducted will now have to look for another leader, and it is sincerely hoped that another may be found who can take his place among the students.

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#### ZETA SIGMA.

The society now numbers sixteen, Mr. Compton being the last member initiated.

The work is progressing under the best system which has been evidenced for a long time, every man doing his utmost to raise the standard of the society if possible, even above that which it has always maintained. Debate is receiving a great deal of attention this year. All subjects are given out previous to the meeting, so that every one may be well informed for any phase of it which is discussed.

The past two weeks all have been busy getting ready for the first great social event of the year, the Thanksgiving banquet. The "usual discussion" regarding this was not so strenuous this year, for every man "stood pat."

The annual public meeting of Zeta Sigma will take place in the chapel, Monday evening, December 19. The society has been divided into two sections, one of which will furnish the program for that evening. The other section will compete in the so-

ciety oratorical contest, December 12, at which time three men will be selected to represent us in the annual contest to be held in the chapel in January. This preliminary contest is secret, as are all the meetings, though three judges will be invited in to render the decision. These two events will command the greatest attention this term. After that the society will devote its effort entirely to debating.

The Freshman class furnish some excellent material this year. Three or four of their representation will take part in the society contest.

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#### ALPHA THETA.

The Alpha Theta society resumes its work with great enthusiasm and much promise. From Hades to Mt. Olympus, unusual events have transpired. Even Father Zeus opened his august eyes when the six "knockers at the outer gate" became (Daughters of Minerva.)

Misses Brown, Butler, Helen Cook, Edith Cook, Hoover and Pollard are the new members. In the absence of Miss Kefgen, Miss Strange has been elected vice-president. Prior to the regular work of the year, the society has been making a very interesting study of American folk-lore. Much time and attention will be given to extemporaneous speaking during the year.

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#### PHI PHI ALPHA.

In the past few weeks several new men have joined the society and are entering into the work with enthusi-

asm and zest. A debate upon the respective benefits of the Democratic and Republican state platforms was recently enjoyed by all and very enthusiastically discussed.

The society is preparing for the coming oratorical contest and already five or six have volunteered to take part. A contest will first be held in the society, and from the contestants there will be three chosen to participate in the local event. This year as last the literary programs are open to visitors, and we are always glad to welcome the friends of the society.

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#### SENIOR.

Our best spread of the year was given by our former classmate, Will Brown, at his home near Ithaca, before he left. It was a time enjoyed only once in a lifetime. It was a welcoming home of the prodigal child, with merriment complete. The wring was placed upon the neck of the fatted rooster until he expired for sheer joy, and his remains were devoured by the insatiable '05's.

After a long probation, during which the class has proven itself worthy, we at last donned our ascension robes Friday morning, October 14. We are small as a class, but here's hoping that the class which will leave Alma next June will be no dishonor to the caps and gowns which have been objects of awe and inspiration in the past. Long may they hang on the forms of the fair and the shoulders of the brave '05.

#### SOPHOMORE.

The Sophomore class has displayed such marked ability in its English that Miss Allan has assigned to us the writing of a college song. "Some have honors thrust upon them."

The force of gravity is more noticeable in the southwest corner of the chemical laboratory than in any other part of the college. Ask Miss Hayes.

The originality of the Sophomore girls was displayed in the novel spread given to the Freshmen girls a few weeks since at Wright Hall.

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#### FRESHMAN.

As a class we are certainly grateful to the editor for advancing the idea that a Freshman is one who knows enough to know that he doesn't know anything. It was certainly a bold, daring deed, and one that may injure his reputation as a sane man.

Taken as a whole, the thing most noticeable about the Freshman boys is that apparently many will never know a bachelor's bliss. Indeed, some have already gotten unto themselves "Stiddies," prominent among whom is our most honorable president, who could not come to our last spread until late, owing to a "greater attraction" elsewhere.

But there are individual members who stand in striking contrast to the above poor example. Among these it is very evident that Mr. S—— needs no "better half," for he has twice demonstrated before the class his ability to wash dishes.



O.K. N.W.

## Jottings and Exchanges.

"None but the brave can eat the fare."  
"Don't be a fool."—Collegian Dont's.

"Shaded hammock,  
Moonlight night,  
Blissful lovers,  
Out of sight.  
(Following Summer.)  
Same old hammock,  
Same old moon,  
Different lover,  
Same old spoon."

"I can understand the miracle of the Red Sea," said the brilliant theological student; "I can understand the rainfall of Manna, but I can't stomach Jonah."  
Nor could the fish, said the old divine.

At the door of Prof. J. W.'s room.  
Characters—Prof. and Withy.  
Withy—"After you, my dear Gaston."

The minister's son was fishing on Sunday. One of the worthies of the church happened to be out walking enjoying the pleasures and beauty which nature afforded on that warm afternoon. Suddenly his reverential mood was disturbed. He had stumbled upon the minister's boy.

"Why, James! Are you fishing on the Sabbath day?" he asked.

"Yis, sir; pap is right around the bend there!" answered Jimmy, glad to shift the responsibility.

We stood on the bridge in the darkness,  
The bridge down by the dam;  
The clock in the tower kept clanging  
Seven-eight-nine-ten.

The tones seemed most discordant;  
The jarred upon my ear;  
They seemed to break our pleasure  
And change our joy to fear.

We had not thought of orders,  
"Be back at nine-fifteen"—  
Command from the highest power,  
That immortal one—the Dean.

Then lamp-posts flew by like spectors,  
A score a minute or more;  
We reached the lighted palace,  
But bolted was the door.

We stopped and thought forlornly;  
Alas! a frightful scrape;  
But what!—O fortune bright,  
Our friend, the fire-'scape.  
—"Wright Hall."

### THE FRAY.

Saturday night,  
Troubles light,  
Hopes bright.  
Third floor—  
Not one more  
Abundant store.  
Stevie's buns,  
Cocoa done,  
Heaps of fun.  
Floor below,  
Up they go,  
Whispers low.  
Gym clad,  
Each one had  
Expression glad.  
Head of mob  
Takes the knob,  
All hearts throb.  
One lurk,  
Then a jerk—  
Awful work.  
Fight begins  
Midst dins  
An' dropping tins.  
Sunday fags  
Torns to rags,  
Hang like bags.  
Hairpins fly,  
With them ties,  
Cakes and pies.  
Mixed up crowd,  
Groans loud,  
Dust a cloud.  
Dean appears,  
No one hears,  
Have no fears.  
Last one falls,  
Exhaustion calls  
An end to brawls.  
No one lacked  
Eyes blacked,  
Heads cracked.  
In such a din,  
Beastly sin  
To be taken in.  
Mighty rough,  
Pretty tough,  
No bluff!

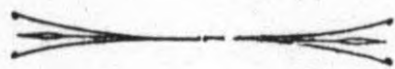
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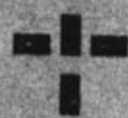
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