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FLOTSUM AND JETSUM.

KATHERINE M. INGLIS.

WE speak of a flood of memories, and the figure appeals to us all. Looking back over a past experience is like standing on the bank and watching the swollen stream, down which float branches and roots of trees, sticks and twigs. And some stand out in brighter color and clearer relief than others, and these one grasps and the rest float away.

One of the keen pleasures of a sea voyage is the sight of the "green things growing" when the voyage is over; and blessed is he who lands at Plymouth and spends his first week ashore in beautiful Devon. For the time being he asks no other blessedness. From the hour he enters the harbor and sees Duke's statue towering above the Shoe, and the masts of the ships in Sutton's Pool, where the Pilgrim fathers set sail, until he takes the train from Exeter to London, one lives in an enchanted land. The wonder is not that Blackmore and Kingsley and

Kipling were inspired by the beauty of the country, but that they were not more inspired. One day stands out by itself as "a gift of God a perfect day," when at the quaint little town of King's Bridge we took the coach for Dartmouth, not a tourist affair, but a regular coach, of the kind Dickens wrote about, which runs all year and carries mail as well as passengers and packages. And the driver, jolly Mr. Sanders, with his many stories, what grateful thoughts we send him for our pleasant drive.

"Have you ever studied geology?" asked one of our party.

"No, Miss," he replied, "I never had time to study or think or do much but drive."

He also resisted all temptation to discuss Chamberlain and the Education or License Bills, on the ground that if he talked politics or religion on the coach he was apt to get excited and whip the horses. Almost all his stories were against the

clergy. As we passed through the little hamlet of West Charleton he told of a chimney-sweep who got for each chimney he swept one shilling, one breakfast and one pint of cider. One morning the vicar met him and asked: "Well, Willie, how many chimneys have you swept this morning?" "Eleven, sir." "What! Eleven shillings, eleven breakfasts and eleven pints of cider and it is only eleven o'clock. Ah, Willie, you make your living pretty easily." "Yes, sir," replied the sweep. "We gentlemen of the black coats generally do."

Another story was of a vicar, whose vicarage we passed, who said to one of his parishioners very sadly that he had received a call to Liverpool and must go. "Is it a larger stipend?" asked the parishioner. "Yes, but it's not the money. It's only fifty pounds more." "Aye, but had it been fifty pounds less, the Lord would have been hoarse and you would not have heard this."

In Tolners, a quaint little town in which we spent a few hours, our antiquarian asked a woman if they had anything very old. "Any wiggely old houses?" she specified, seeing that she was not understood. "Why, no, Miss," said the woman in a puzzled way. "We have the parish church and the guild hall, and the Butterwalk, but I am afraid we have nothing atrocious."

One other quaint Devonshire memory comes to me. We had taken a drive in a coach out on Dartmoor, and had stopped at a little brick cottage for tea. "How strong this tea

looks," says the temperate member of the party. "It do look strong, Miss," assented the mistress of the house, "but you put a little milk in it, it will look much weaker."

There were many golden days in London, but one stands out most clearly, when we went in the morning to the Tait Gallery and saw the Watts pictures. It was on the day of his funeral, and we truly mourned his death; altruistically for the loss to the nation and the world, and personally because the price of photographs of his pictures rose immediately. But, after all, no photograph can at all reproduce the elusive fascination of his pictures. To look at "Love and Life" is to feel one's ideal raised; and who would dare be cruel or avaricious after looking at the terrible picture of the Minotam and Mammon?

The people who preach the illimitability of the human intellect and will have never been in a picture gallery I think. After two hours of bliss your eyes refuse to look and your mind to receive impressions, and although you are fully aware that you may never again have an opportunity to see these miracles, you proscurally go and have lunch at the nearest A. B. C. shop. There magic letters stand for Arseated Bread Company, and are synonymous with comfort, excellent fare and reasonable prices. However, on this day we sought out the "Dr. Chesshire Cheese," Dr. Johnson's favorite club-house on the strand, where he went for—whatever he drank—porter, probably. It was a

most disreputable place on the outside; a white ribbon would have turned red at sight of it; but inside there was a quaint eating room—with sawdust on the floor and oak tables and high-backed benches, and quaint dishes and tankards. We were as English as we could be, and ordered mutton chops and green peas and stewed cheese, which we were assured by the waiter was Dr. Johnson's favorite dish. *De gustibus non disputandum*, but if to like stewed cheese is an indication of greatness, we were weighed in the balance and found wanting.

After lunch we went to St. Paul's and wandered round Paternoster Row and Amen Corner, and then went to Lincoln's Inn Fields and saw some of the counts. The lord chief justice was very imposing with his robes and wig, but he evidently had a bad headache, and kept sniffing at a bottle of Crown Lavender salts, which gave us a fellow-feeling in spite of his splendor. For me London extends from Westminster to Trafalger Square, then down the strand to St. Paul's, and along Cheapside to St. Mary le Bow. Within those limits I know I am in London. In other places, even Oxford street and Picadilly, I simply have the feeling of a large city.

Paris, Fontainebleau, Versailles. People have written whole books about each of them. To me the most interesting things in Paris—not excepting the beautiful Sainte Chapelle—were the punch and Judy shows on the street corners, and the little poor children watching them, with

their strings and grimaces, all dressed alike, boys and girls to the age of twelve or fourteen, in black sateen pinafores, Mother Hubbard style. Never was a homelier, more sensible garment than that same black pinafore.

The forest of Fontainebleau is a fairy forest. One can believe every legend and tale of chivalry and adventure after driving through its glades and gorges, and seeing its grand trees, its hermits' cell, its brigands' cave and its rocky passes. And at the end of the drive one finds Barbizon, with its memories of Millet and Rousseau, with its beautiful gardens and quaint thatched roofs with the swallows nesting in the eaves. "Oh," cries the city-bred girl of the party, "I've often heard of them, but I never saw them growing before. Thus back through the sunset to the cheerful, homelike, white hotel with its red awnings and window-boxes of petunias, with cheery, pretty mademoiselle running out to learn if we had enjoyed our drive, and peering out our broken French with her pretty, imperfect English. And the daintily-served dinner in the court-yard, with orange trees in tubs, and oleanders and geraniums brightening every possible spot. And the chateau right opposite us. By a very small stretch of the imagination we might be Napoleon's guests. Then a little walk in the gloaming in the park of the chateau, a little talk on the balcony in the starlight and then to sleep until roused to another day of delight by the kindly "bonjour" of

the white-capped maid bringing the inevitable rolls and coffee.

Versailles is too immense. Even Napoleon found it so—and said it would take a man with a ten-men mind power to enjoy it as a whole. The Hall of Battles and the Crusaders' Hall must fill the souls of Frenchmen with patriotism. And to wander along the stone corridor, as they call it, with its beautiful statues of French kings and heroes, is to wander through Valhalla. One memory stands out clearly. In the park, as we were straying down toward the Trianon, was a family group—a mother, grandmother, commented Agnes, who had troubles of her own with that slippery language.

Now the flood of memories bring to sight bits of heather and whin, and bright rowan berries. When I walked through the streets of Edinburgh I felt tempted to say to every one I met, "Why, how do you do? Do you know it is seventeen years since I was here before, but you have not changed a bit." They all seemed like old friends, even the saury newsboy, who asked me to buy a paper, and when I hesitated, impudently sang, "Save me from a pauper's grave." And I am sure I have always known the quaint old man who did the honors of Greyfriars churchyard to us. When he showed us the tomb of George Buchanan, the tutor of James VI of Scotland and I of England, I said I feared Buchanan could not have been very proud of his pupil.

"Weel, weel," he answered, "Jamie Stuart was called the wisest fule in Christendom. We maun just

make the best o' that and think merifully o' them that's awa."

When we told him that we were collateral descendents of John Harbaston, and so had a share of interest in the martyrs' monument, he was very much delighted.

"Eh, now," he said, "there's millions, just millions will be envying you that."

I think myself he put the number a little high. One more Scotch day must be avoided—the day we saw Staffa and Iona—strange weird Staffa, with its basalt pillars and caves, and sweet, grassy Iona, with its many memorials of earliest Scotch history. The kindly guide with his cultured face and pleasant voice made the sight-seeing a pleasure.

"I am a MacLean," he remarked, with gentle pride, "but I will not be telling all I know about my ancestors, for much of it is not to their credit."

Calling attention to the peculiar feet of the bishops and kings in the effigies on the tombs, he said the belts were not strong on figure drawing, and when they came to the extremities they meandered a little. They certainly did.

At the end came a quiet week in Chester, gathering ourselves together and knitting our ravelled ends. Not having the means to make material collections of souvenirs, we counted up our immaterial ones and were fairly satisfied with the result. Our first was a collection of coronation stones, as in Newton Abbott Devonshire we had seen where William of Orange was crowned William II of England; in Kingston near London

we had seen the stone where the Saxon kings and the Normans to William Rufus had been crowned. In Westminster Abbey we saw the Stone stone, and in Iona we saw where it used to lie. Then we had a collection of special sermons, having heard one on the work of the Band of Mercy, one on South London missions, one addressed to the judge and lawyers on Assises Sunday, one on the Free Church case, and one on Episcopal mission work in Scotch cities. But our most unique collection was of superlative weather. We had the most beautiful summer in England of five years—the hottest weather Paris had known in nineteen years, the roughest passage in nine months over

the channel, the roughest over the Pentland Firth in three months, and the wintriest voyage home which the captain had ever known at that time of year. But even on that wintry voyage were beautiful days, especially one off the coast of Labrador, when icebergs and whales abounded. But the best day of the whole summer was when the train rolled up to the little wooden station and the face all eager with loving welcome stood out against a confused crowd of heads. "Journey's end in lover's greetings, every wise man's son doth know," wrote the great, kindly-hearted English poet. And, thank God, he wrote the truth.



The World's Notion of the Minister.

J. EARL WEBBER.

HOW does the world look upon the ministerial profession? What place in society is allotted to the ministry? Does the world have a correct view of this profession and does it give to him his proper place in the social organization of today? These are some of the questions I am going to attempt to answer.

I am not going to study the minister from the religious side, nor am I going to attempt to belittle this high and noble profession, for no one has more respect or admiration for the ministry than myself. But I am going to study him in a cold, impartial way, from the standpoint of a man of the world.

Society looks upon the minister differently than it does upon the doctor, the lawyer or the merchant. He is considered as belonging to a different order of beings. I do not say a higher order, because many believe him to be considerably below the average man.

The opinion held by many is that the minister is a useless member of society. He is simply a lazy man living on the charity of a few easy marks. No one doubts the usefulness of the doctor, the teacher or business man, and even the lawyer is looked upon as a being of some use; but the minister is looked upon as being a drug on the market. This

opinion is not only held by many non-christians, but it is surprising to what extent this idea is held by many supporters of the church, who contribute to his sustenance in a perfunctory manner and look upon him as a necessary evil. So much for this extreme view.

An entirely opposite view held by many, is that the minister is greatest and most helpful member of society. They consider him to be the most unselfish of persons, and the most abused and overworked mortal in existence and that heaven is too poor a place for such an admirable and all together lovely character to dwell in.

This opinion is as much in the extreme one way as the first is in the other, and both to a certain extent are wrong.

How does the hard-headed, practical business man look upon the ministry. It goes almost without saying that he considers him unpractical in the extreme, and if any one will study the situation closely he must admit that the opinion of the business man is based upon facts, for how many ministers are there who show a lamentable lack of knowledge of the rules of business. Of course the minister's work doesn't lie along that line, he is given more to contemplation and study, and, of course, can't be expected to be proficient along other lines, but nevertheless if he were of a more practical turn of mind the average business man would have greater respect for him.

Then what is the minister? No fair-minded person would agree with

idea that he is of no use to the world or that he is simply lazy and is following up his profession simply because it offers the greatest gain for the least amount of work, in spite the wide-spread notion that he is such.

But to believe that the minister is a martyr or angel incarnate and that he exists simply and solely for the betterment of his fellow men and is so unselfish as to forget himself entirely, is equally impossible. The minister is mortal like his brother and susceptible to all its weaknesses, and we should give him no higher place than he deserves.

No doubt the average minister is influenced by unselfish motives to enter his profession, and indeed he is to be commended for it, but after all does it call for such heroic sacrifice to be a benefactor of the race? Does he deserve any more praise than the elder or the Sunday school teacher? Is the minister called upon to make more sacrifices than the common run of people? We never hear of a preacher dying of starvation or suffering for the lack of clothing, he is always associated with the best class of people and is usually considered the leader in the community where he lives. To be sure he has his manifold duties, certainly he is often unjustly criticised, indeed he is called upon to do many unpleasant tasks, but so it is with the doctor, the merchant or farmer. However conceding that the world's people have wrong and unjust notions about misunderstood and unjustly criticised, isn't it possible that there

the minister, and that he is often is something about the minister which rise to these perverse opinions. Of course often individual ministers do unchristian things which bring upon himself and his brethren just criticism, but it is the exception rather than the rule, but take them as a whole isn't there something about their manners or modes of life which might easily give the impression that they are lazy or unpractical?

Whether it would be justifiable to say that the minister is averse to physical work or not, I am not prepared to state, but I am willing to say and with all the emphasis that I am capable, that the ministry as a whole is composed of an unpractical lot who don't get near enough to the people; there is too wide a gulf between the people and their minister. He isn't close enough to real life, he is too much in an atmosphere of study and meditation, and as long as he does continue in that atmosphere so long will he be unable to reach the majority of the people who he is trying to help. Sermonizing does but little good when compared with with the amount of good that can be done by reaching people personally and on common grounds.

The matter of dress does a good deal in widening the gulf between the minister and the people. Many a man is afraid of a minister and will cross the street rather than meet him; he is impressed with the idea that the minister belongs to another class, and the reason he does feel

so is largely because of the clerical appearance of the minister. Who is there who can't tell a minister a mile off. Clad in his everpresent Prince Albert, white or black tie and sanctimonious look he declares to the world his profession in as loud and unmistakable terms as if it were announced by a hundred accompanying heralds.

The very fact that he attires himself differently from the ordinary individual keeps him aloof from others, and the sooner this fact is appreciated the sooner will his influence for good increase. In this practical age if he wishes to be of any lasting use to mankind he must lay aside his clerical garb and come down to real life; he must get next to the world affairs; he must study things from a practical standpoint and not from untried theory.

The minister is indeed an important and essential factor in the social organism whether he is filling his place properly or not is a question. That he is doing much good is certain; that he is often misjudged is true, as is the fact that he is often criticised rightly. But whatever we may say for or against him, it must be admitted that he is falling short of his privileges by not getting near enough to mankind, and when this fact is appreciated and the fact remedied, the ministerial profession will not be laying itself liable to such extended criticism, more good will be accomplished, and the world will look upon the minister in a more favorable light.

"UPSTAIRS."

Brushing Off the Classroom Cobwebs.

H. A. H.

(Monday Morning—Em's Room.)

GOOD morning, Mrs. Peanuts."

"Good morning, Mrs. Emmy.
How's your constitution?"
(Prolonged groan from Em.) "Rheumatism in my pedal extremities."

"Em, I'm blue."

"Peanuts, what are you blue about?"

"Does it make any difference to you what I am blue about?"

"Well, Peanuts, your troubles aren't half as bad as mine, 'cause they couldn't be."

"Em, in the first place, I haven't any clothes and I haven't any money, and I don't know nothing."

"Well, Peanuts, I wouldn't care if I didn't have a rag to my back or a cent to my name; you don't know what troubles are. But you will know pretty soon if you don't take your departure, because my friend, Mrs. Allen, is real particular about me being down to breakfast on time."

(Voice from the hall): "Em, are you up?"

"Mind your business, Mrs. Wallace."

"Lovely, sweet-tempered Em!"

(Door thrown violently open):
"I've been scared to death. Did you get home on time last night, Em?"

"What is it to you, Mrs. Cooper?"

(Gong. General scramble for rollers, belts, etc., etc., while the girls tumble over each other down the stairs into the dining-room.

(Mondan Evening. Voices in the Hall.)

"Can anybody lend me a white belt?"

"I've got a dirty one."

"Don't want it; I've got that kind myself."

"Well, I've a clean one; if you keep it that way you may have it."

"Girls, girls, don't you know Miss Allen says that borrowing is not genteel. She would rather give a belt than lend one. Say, what time does the du-business begin?"

"My man is coming in ten minutes."

"You going to the du-business?"

"Yes, lovely one."

"Who are you going with to-night?"

"Don't have to tell. I'm particular to whom I tell my private affairs."

"Well, I didn't want to know any how. I just asked for manners. What are you going to wear on your head?"

"My pink rag."

"Well, good bye—I wish I had a man who belonged to the Zeta Moses. Say, girls, let's turn down all their beds for them."

(Tuesday)—"Say, have a good time at the thing-a-bob-im?"

"Dandy."

"What did you do?"

"Et."

.. "What did you eat?"

"Boneless hen, tomatoes inside of olives, white fish a la thump—and, what do you think, we had orange stuff with two straws in it. I felt like asking Prexy to turn his head

when I saw the two straws, but—oh, disappointment, that wasn't what they were for. The punch, was grand, but I wouldn't be sure what was in it, and I wouldn't like to tell in polite society how many times my glass was filled. And then we had toasts. Mr. Gaunt did things first, and then Mr. Chapman talked about girls, and Lillian got up and said that we girls were made after they had learned how to make things properly. Prexy talked about Almy; how to love her was a liberal education. Cassie made a speech about us all being brothers, and then we all went around and kissed Prexy good night."

(Wednesday, in Leta's room.)

"Say, Sweet, has your broom got its bonnet on?"

"My broom's bonnet is in the wash, and if it weren't I wouldn't give it to you, because you swept under your bed only yesterday."

(Approaching footsteps and excited voices in the hall.)

"Sweet, Sweet, Mrs. Allen says I've got to jump on a horse and ride to Moses."

"Well, Mahalie, what has 'accidentally' lodged in your cranium now?"

"Sweet, I'm feelin' real bad; can't you see the tears in my voice."

(Another voice.)

"What's the matter now, Hale? Dislocated your ear drum again?"

"I tell you Mrs. Allen says I've got to get on a horse and ride to Moses, and how in the world I'm going to do it I don't know."

"Mahala! for Pete's sake—no.

Mac's, Kratz' whose?—do tell us what you mean."

"Please excuse Mahala, girls, she's overcome. Miss Allen told us to ride on Pegasus to the Muses. We've got to write an Alma song for English."

(Mahala, from beneath a mountain of pillows, where she had thrown herself): "What shall I do! What shall I do!"

Rig-a-jig to Moses I go;

Rig-a-jig to Moses I go;

"What rhymes with go—will some one tell me?"

(A voice from the corner, noted for expressing itself in happy rhyme): "Rig-a-jig nothing, here's a better one than that—

Just because my light was on too long

After she had rung that awful gong;
She burst right through the door,
And gave forth an awful roar,
Just because my light was on too long."

"Girls, girls, what is all this disturbance about! Don't you realize that it is study hours? What does all this screeching mean?"

(A meek little voice from under the pillows): "Nothin', Miss Allen; we were just trying to catch Pegasus."

"Will you all go to your own rooms immediately?"

"Miss Allen, will you please tell me where I can find Pegasus?"

"In your own room."

(Thursday, 5:00 p. m., in the Dean's room. Miss Allen and Miss Inglis over the tea cups.)

"Come down to Billy Miller's tomorrow night with me and have an-

other beefsteak sandwich, will you, Miss Inglis?"

"Not on your tin type. I never was hungry in my life and never eat between meals. Do you, Miss Allen?"

"You bet; any old time I get a chance to go to Billy Miller's and don't, you'll know it."

(A bang at the front door, followed by a scurry of feet. Two faces beaming with health and happiness appear at the doorway.)

"Why, Miss Booth and Miss Gelston, I thought by the sounds I heard that about six men were hiking in here."

(Miss Gelston, clapping her hands excitedly, while her eyes danced with mischief): "What are you girls going to wear tonight?"

"Why tonight?"

(Miss Booth, interrupting): "Is it possible, Mary Louise, that you do not know that this is boy night?"

"My chocolate cinnamon drops! So it is. Well, I'm going to wear my pink dress what hasn't got no ruffle 'round the neck. What are you going to wear, Miss Gelston?"

"Oh, my dress with the little Moseses on it. I know somebody who likes it."

(Miss Booth, starting up so violently that tea cups and wafers fall ignominiously to the floor.)

"Jimminy, girls, quarter of six! Only fifteen minutes to make ourselves beautiful."

(Friday, 9:50 p. m. Louise's room, amid whispers and giggles.)

"Say, the gong's rung, but never

mind, she won't hear you girls."

"Are you sure, Louise?"

"Positive."

"Oh, I never was so tired in my life. It's too much to be out in society all evening and then come home to a vaudeville show. Don't ever give me another spread on Friday night."

"Zib certainly could go into grand opera with her prima donna stunt."

"Nelle would shine in a circus parade walking like an angel in the Passion Play. Say, Louise, is it time for Miss Allen to have her parade by?"

"Not while you're sober."

"Girls, my sides will break if I ever hear Peanuts say 'Don't you worry, Cornelia.'"

"Poor Peanuts! How many hair pins did you loose tonight? Have you started on the fifth or sixth dozen?"

"Never mind, Louise, if I'd sown them in your room they would have sprouted by this time."

(Creaking of ropes from the elevator shaft. Flying feet in the corridor.)

"Who's got nerve enough to run at this time of night?"

(Door thrown open.)

"Why, Lillian, what's the matter; have you seen a bull fight, or a mad dog, or an automobile race, or maybe it was Miss Allen?"

(Breathlessly): "William!"

* * * * *

Who'd a thunk it—

You an' me both.

Wagner and "The Simple Life."

ISRAEL HIMMELHOCH.

RECENTLY there landed upon our shores, at the invitation of President Roosevelt and other admirers, the author of the Simple Life. This man, who is attracting considerable attention in our country as he lectures in various cities; has a career which appeals to Americans. For like many of our own successful men, he was reared among the common people. As he was the oldest of four children, and but seven years old himself, the death of his father left him some responsibility. A widowed mother and the first-born child often figure in successful careers, and so it did in this case.

"For his education his mother sent him to the primary school, for culture he was turned loose with nature." And it was with this larger mother, as he became acquainted with the birds, the flowers and the trees, that he learned the first lessons of the simple life. After leaving the primary school he was taught the doctrines of the Lutheran theology by the pastor of the village; to this Greek and Latin were added. What a picture he must have made as he read his Iliad while doing the "Homeric duty of tending the kine."

It was but natural that Charles should study theology, as his father and paternal ancestors for many generations had been pastors. Perhaps you will think that while a student at the University of Strasbourg he was reserved and rather diffident. On the contrary, one biographer tells

us that not only did he take part in music and in doggerel verse-making, but often joined a crowd of youths bent on merry-making or serenading (so there is hope for some of our students).

After leaving the university he was an assistant pastor for a year. Up to this time he spoke and preached in German, but now, disappointed that his native country, Alsace, had been annexed to Germany, he eagerly studied French. At the age of thirty he made his first "entry into the great world at Paris," and by unceasing effort this small parish which was given him began to grow. His Sunday lectures to workingmen proved fruitful, so that mechanics and other artisans formed clubs for mutual benefit and protection. From these lectures he formed his essays and books, some of which are, "Justice," "Youth," "Courage," "Around the Hearthstone" and principally "The Simple Life."

Wagner has been likened to Robert Woods of Boston and Jane Addams in Chicago, in that he is interested in nearly every philanthropic enterprise undertaken in Paris. For Wagner believes in humanity "there are no insoluble problems for him, either in France or in the world." It is just a question of influencing men and women to lead better lives; an alliance of effort for moral support; a union of workers based upon no religious beliefs not upon convictions about life and death and the

mysteries of good and evil, but upon those of duty as patriots and citizens."

Wagner's character is best seen in his *Simple Life*, which is made up of several essays with simplicity as the main theme. If one were to make an outline of the book he would group the essays somewhat as follows:

(a) Introduction. 1—The Complete Life. 2—The Essence of Simplicity.

(b) Body. I—Material Subjects. 1—Simple Needs. 2—Simple Pleasures. 3—Simple Beauty. 4—The Mercenary Spirit and Simplicity. 5—Notoriety and the Inglorious Good. 6—The World and the Life of the Home.

II. Intellectual Subject. The Education for Simplicity. " ,

III. Moral Subjects. Simplicity of Speech. Simplicity of Duty. Pride and Simplicity in the Inter-course of Men.

IV. Spiritual Subject. Simplicity of Thought.

In the essays which have been placed under the introduction, Wagner explains his meaning of simplicity. Here are three men on the street, the one in his automobile, the others on foot, and one of them with tattered clothes. The first, who rides, may be more simple in his living than the others, provided he is sincere and is striving to be what he ought to be; the others on foot may envy the man riding; perhaps they are adverse to honest labor and dream only of idleness and pleasure. If so, they are not living the simple life. "Simplicity is a state of mind," and it does

not depend upon social and economic conditions. "Let a flower be a flower, a swallow a swallow, a rock a rock, and let a man be a man, and not a fox, a hare or hog or a bird of prey." And the chief reason we do not live simple lives is that we confuse the secondary with the essential.

Concerning material things, Wagner says the more goods a man has the more he wants. If our fathers could have foreseen the material advantages which we now possess, such as wholesome houses, more healthful foods, and abundant opportunities for culture, they would have predicted increased happiness and decreased competition for worldly goods. But today rich and poor alike are in the mad race for more possessions, and under the impression that money will procure everything, they see happiness ahead.

According to the above outline but one essay deals with intellectual subjects. This may be summed up in the following quotation "The law of education is to make free and reverential who shall be individual and fraternal." Passing from this, morality receives considerable attention. "The central law of life: to be one's self and fraternal." "All that we save in noise we gain in power." "Be sincere, moderate, simple in the expression of your feelings and opinions, in private and public alike, never pass beyond bounds, give out faithfully what is within you, and, above all, watch!" These quotations express his strongest points.

The last subject of which Wagner

writes according to the outline is Spirituality, from which the following is quoted: "Your religion is good if it is vital and active, if it nourishes in you confidence, if it is allied with what is best in you against what is worst, and holds forever before you the necessity of becoming a new man; if it makes you understand that pain is a deliverer; if it increases your respect for the conscience of others; if it renders forgiveness more easy, fortune less arrogant, duty more dear, the beyond less visionary. If it does these things it is good, little matter its name, however rudimentary it may be, when it fills this office it comes from the true source, it binds you to man and to God. In concluding, Wanger sounds this warning: "Remember the essential, forget the accessory."

One of the most interesting features of the book is the concrete examples. At the very beginning he attracts our attention with the following contrast: All is topsy turvy at the Blanchards, for they are busy with the arrangement for the mar-

riage of their daughter; there have been dinners of presentation, settlement dinners, reception dinners and bells for the past month, and all the time grandmother verging on eighty sits calmly by in her arm-chair, musing of the days when courtship and marriage were not so complex. Another strong feature is his forceful and terse sentences as, "Have confidence and hope; be kind." "Work out your mission." A poetic vein runs through various essays; it is noticeable in the description of a village festival: "In the honored sitting of antique costumes, genuine countrymen sing the folk songs, dance rustic dances, regale themselves with native drinks, and seem entirely in their element.

Perhaps it is because the simple life carries with it a message for everyone, that in some cities it has become more popular than the latest novel. It will be useful if it does no more than to carry with it this motto of Charles Wagner's: *Homo sumi: humani nihil a me alienum puto.*



"Freshie" Writes Again.

Alma, Michigan, 12-10-04.

DEAR PA:—

I guess I'll have to write again. I'm learning a lot. It's much different here than on the farm. I felt a little green when I first came, but I did not let anybody know it. I room with a Soph, and he gives me many a most usable pointer. The other night we wended our way to Billy Miller's eating parlors. I thought I'd get one on Prexy, so I got a pie and a bottle of milk charged to him. Bill—

that's the Soph—said it was the best joke he ever heard of. I guess it was all right. Prexy will pay that thirty cents like a man, for fear some one will find it out that 'twas up to him. I'm improving in my grammar excessively. That was always my weak point. It's surprising what a college will do for a fellow. Makes him mighty smooth. Why last week they had me up 'cause I stole chickens. Of course I didn't steal 'em, 'cause I went around to the rube the

next day and gave him a dollar. But the faculty thought I did. I gave them a long jingle and J. W. took it all in. He made an ascension to his feet and bespoke himself, saying that I was only a freshman and couldn't be guilty. He made a motion that I wasn't guilty. He never lost any chickens, he said. The motion was carried. Prof. of Finance amended that I pay my board bill, and so I will need \$11.17 2-3 cents at once. I spoke in my last letter of the social life here. I was not then in as good a position to be an authority as now. All the young gentlemen at once or thereby become st ddies. Before I was wise I asked a fellow what that meant, and he said "stay by her." I thought that would be nice. I asked a girl to the lecture course. She smiled, but I didn't see the joke. I'm all right now, though. I've cut out a first year prep. I have joined the Ytappacegg fraternity. It's Greek, I guess. We have only met once, when it was in my honor. I'm getting in the swim all right. I am keeping up well,

too. My marks are G, meaning good. I enclose a copy of the rule book, that you may understand and appreciate that we are under a code of law most satisfactory, and thus we subsequently retain a normal conduct. We are refrained from attending theaters, balls or saloons, and from going walking or riding, except when accompanied by two ladies—one young, one old. I forgot the old one the other even ng, and my privileges were severed. The Dean is the only lady I am now permitted to call on. The last time I called I asked if it wouldn't be a good idea to have free social intercourse. She seemed quite struck with the idea. Guess she thought I meant between her 'n me. Now, if you don't get this, let me know by return mail. I'll be home Christmas. The secretary said maybe I could have a prolonged leaf of absence. I told him I had plenty of foliage. He got mad and said he noticed the verdure. He will be all right though in a few days, 'cause he wants that eleven plunks. I am ever

YOUR WORTHY SON.



JUST A SPASM, '06.

SHE had her say and was gone. There lay here magazine by the hearth where it fell. There on the floor were his gloves, which had dropped as she picked up her coat. There was her empty chair still rocking back and forth—slowly—more slowly—now it had stopped. How desolate the room became of a sudden! And it was raining outside—cold, bleak December night. The storm tore at the window striving to wrench out the sash and rush in and quench the flickering flame which danced as if in play. What was storm to it? It cared not. It was happy. It had only a little time to live, and then it was gone. Why not be happy? Tempest did not trouble it, sheltered from the blast.

It could not sympathize with the trouble it had just witnessed. The silence became more silent, even vieing with the roar without as if to say, "Be done! Now let me reign!" How unbearable it all became! How treacherously calm it grew! Even the storm seemed to have swepted farther away. Was it sweeping her away? He broke from the spell that held him paralyzed. He hurried to the door. His hand was on the knob. But it was no use. She was gone—gone—whither? He turned and paced up and down the hall. "Thou fool, rage! rage! will that give recompense, will that atone?" He wheeled about in an instant. Did some one speak, or was a demon at his ear? He stopped. Before him

on the easel stood the pride of his heart—his life—his all. He stretched out his arms as he many times before had done. His face alighted. A smile drove off the gloom. But what! No! O Fate! Where was the beauty gone, where the charm, the love the eyes had spoken? No, that face had never looked at him with frown. No—that was not the ideal he had spent his incessant toil upon. That was not the fairy, the queen, that one spring morning had looked out to him from the pink bloom of the garden and for months and months had been imagination's lone companion. No—it stood defiant. Its attitude spoke vengeance. It seemed to hiss. He turned aside in wrath. "Thou deceiver!" he cried. "Thou vilest of beguilers! Thou fickle ideal! Begone. My reason hast thou stolen from me! False hope repayed. My heart hast thou set afire and utterly destroyed; enthroned instead ambi-

tion! Love hast thou driven out! Nought remains. And now thou scornest me! Begone, I say!" A blow and a crash and his idol lay torn and ruined at his feet.

The next evening the papers which came from the press contained the following:

MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARED

A peculiar and as yet unexplained thing happened this morning at 421 79th street. Persons who passed the house early noticed that it was lighted upstairs and down, though the sun was well up and there was no further need for light. The front door had blown open and the storm was beating in. A policeman also noticed the unusual occurrence several times, and at last stopped to inquire. He found the house deserted. A servant who came a little later was unable to explain the disappearance. The occupant of the place was the well-known artist, ———.





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DECEMBER, 1904.

THREE months ago the chapel was seated with opera chairs, not new ones, it is true, but nevertheless in excellent condition, marred only where an accident had caused such. Now some of them present the most unseemly appearance. The section where the "Commercials" sit is almost as valuable as a directory for that department, as is the college

catalogue itself. At any rate, there are scratched upon the backs of the seats the initials of nearly a dozen "worthy young gentlemen," besides mathematical attempts and other marks unintelligible. It is difficult to see why these particular young men are the chief culprits, but such they are, and let them be a little more careful. We ought to be so proud of the chapel that we add to its beauty rather than detract from it. If you want your "name up," put it up in a better manner.

WHEN the state Y. W. association met in Alma, many were the remarks about the beauty and convenience of the girls' home at Wright Hall. The college papers have in different ways spoken of the building which attracted so much admiration. We are all justly proud of the advantages that the president and some beneficent men and women throughout the state have placed at the disposal of Alma students. But the more we get the more we want. No one has entered the administration building during the past few weeks without being disgusted with the gases which have been wafted up from the lavatories in the basement. A person not interested in the sciences cannot recite about the beauties of Coleridge or Keats' poems when he is half choked with obnoxious gases. We sincerely hope that the Science Hall, which was spoken of last year, will soon be forthcoming, that the chemists and biologists may have a home of their own. In the meantime perhaps a door at the

head of the basement stairs would be of some value to students on the upper floors—at least to weak-lunged individuals.

THE recitals which are being given each month this year are a source of much enjoyment to all interested in music. The School of Music has become one of the prominent factors in the college work. That the students and faculty and citizens are interested in this department is well shown by constantly increasing numbers, who are present each time an entertainment is announced. Because no charge is made a few young gentlemen feel that they are at a little more liberty to be

boisterous. May they be thoughtful and give these recitals appreciative attention, for they well merit it.

DON'T be afraid to "Grunt." We have at hand a college paper with a column devoted to "grunts," and very expressive are they. We often hear men and women about the campus making criticisms and objections which would very fittingly come under such a heading. If you have any suggestions to make regarding the improvement of anything in the activities of our school, let us have them and we assure you that here they will have their greatest possible influence.



ALUMNI.

The editor wishes to express his thanks for the very kind manner in which his postal reply system has been received by the alumni. Owing to this the readers of the Almanian are allowed the excellent presentment of news for the month of December, part of which was crowded out of the last issue. Some of the names which appear in the columns this month have not been there for several years, and it is the editor's wish that their presence will give the reader as much pleasure as they have him.

Miss Letta Burns, '97, writes from Jamaica, Long Island, of her interest in the progress of Alma, and promises to give us some notes on her

work in the near future.

Jacob Klaase, '97, has become pastor of the Presbyterian church at Otisville, N. Y. Otisville is a beautiful summer resort in the Shawangunt Mountains, about 75 miles from New York City.

Miss Anna Girmus, '96, writes from her home at Bridgeport, Michigan: "It must have been that something called 'college spirit' that brought together a number of the old students on the special that carried the synod from Saginaw to Alma. There were the Messrs. Knowles, Long, McGaw, Brooke, Marsh, Blanchard and McKee. It seemed quite like returning after vacation in the olden days, and there

at the station were the students with the yells. How glad we were to hear those yells! It was an ideal welcome and the day one to be remembered." Miss Girmus says that she is cultivating land and health.

Francis W. Epley, '92, is instructor of physics and chemistry in the State Normal at Bellingham, Washington. The enrollment of the Normal corresponds very well with that at Alma. The school building is beautifully located overlooking Bellingham Bay. Bellingham is a city of about 25,000 people. The roses bloom until the Christmas season, while the temperature seldom raises to 75 degrees or lowers to any point below freezing.

C. E. Blanchard, '93, sends a very interesting manual of the First Presbyterian church of Pontiac, of which church he has been pastor since March 1st this year. This church was established in 1824, and during Mr. Blanchard's brief pastorate has added 26 members, expended \$2,000 in repairs and \$4,000 raised for the parsonage. The membership of the church is 450.

Mrs. J. C. Hubbard, nee Katherine Slater, '92, writes from her home at 55 Park street, Ashtabula, Ohio. She wonders why her address has not been changed in the college catalogue, but gives the Almanian the first opportunity to chronicle the above.

Harry E. Porter, '99, pastor of the Beechwood Presbyterian church at Parkersburg, West Virginia, writes a very interesting card about F. J. Martin and himself. Martin is pas-

tor of the Kanawha church at Charleston, W. Va. The Beechwood church are in process of erecting a fine new building. One hundred per cent. has been added to their membership during the year. Here's to the two "old fellows" representing Alma in West Virginia.

And how's this?

"REPUBLICAN RALLY!"

HON. A. L. MOORE,

Of Pontiac,

HENRY P. BUSH,

Commissioner of Schools,

Will address the citizens of Fairgrove and vicinity,

FRIDAY EVENING, NOV. 4,

At the Town Hall.

Come out and hear the national issues. Primary Reform and other state issues discussed."

Awful sorry I couldn't hear you '01, but I stole the bill just the same. It's only a college trick. Bush campaigned for Roosevelt and Warner, and the State of Michigan said, "It is well." Bush has issued a very interesting and helpful manual for the schools of Tuscola County.

And these are the '04's who witnessed the Alma-Olivet game on Oct. 29th: Frank Hurst, Ray Swigart, Miss Kate Bair, Leora Morton and Nelle Stringham.

Miss Kate Taylor, '03, attended the Alma-Olivet game.

Mrs. E. E. Casterton, nee Elizabeth Borland, special '99, is now superintendent of music in the West Bay City schools.

Miss Bernice Hunting, '91, missionary of the Presbyterian board at

Tripoli, Syria, is enjoying a furlough in America. She has visited the college and was one the speakers at the recent annual convention of the Young Women's Christian Association held at Alma.

Wm. H. Long, '98, after a very successful pastorate of Elk Rapids Presbyterian church covering a period of over three years, has resigned and has become pastor of the First Presbyterian church at Ludington, Mich.

Now the man Carmichael was never noted for revealing secrets. However, the editor is going to risk the prophecy that before the December Almanian goes on his journey he will be requested to stop at Holly, Michigan, where D. S. C., '01, will have married Miss Jenks, and where Mr. and Mrs. Carmichael will be pastor and assistant of the First Presbyterian church.

The Almanian always welcomes from alumni letters in which they describe their work. Old students who knew Miss Winifred Heston will be pleased to read the following extracts from a letter to Mrs. Bruske:

Miraj, S. M. C., India, Aug. 5, 1904.

MY DEAR MRS. BRUSKE:—

Since my last letter written from Kodoli I have spent three months in the hills studying. I am now in Miraj devoting myself to hospital work. Every one here is worked to death, but to me the work is congenial and is a pleasure. I am learning to understand better the women of India, but the task is difficult. They think so differently. Their lan-

guage beggars description. I have spent one year of study upon it and even now know very little about it.

The medical school, to which only young men of Christian character are admitted, occupies much of my time. I am lecturing on physiology. The courses given them are very similar to courses given medical students at home. We lack apparatus, however, and the students enter directly into the practical work for much of their knowledge.

I wish I could tell you all about our poor, poor India. I fear she will never know where her welfare lies. There is a holy city 70 miles distant. For days the roads thither have been crowded with pilgrims bound for the sacred shrine of their stone god. Their mission is to bestow money at the feet of the idol, wash their travel-stained garments in the holy water, and "purify" themselves by drinking of the same holy water. A half a million were there—with absolutely no sanitation, all dipping in a limited amount of water. For many days their devotion continued and then they scattered to their homes, carrying the cholera germs with them, and yet considering it a privilege to die while returning from such a holy mission. In our vicinity 23 died in one night, corpses being found along the roadside everywhere.

At sunset the other evening we were walking by a dried up river bet at the time a funeral pyre was being lighted. The victim was a Brahmin woman, who had died in the hospital. Two Brahmins who were administering the last rites stayed until her skull burst, then they betook themselves to a pool for purification. Such awful sights we see so often. If I were a man and a thinker I would ask nothing more interesting than to investigate the inner workings of the native government. But few foreigners ever penetrate the mysteries of these oriental people.

An Alma College catalogue recently fell into my hands, which rejoiced my heart. I am looking forward to seeing old Alma when my furlough is due.

WINIFRED HESTON.



ABOUT THE CAMPUS.

NEWS IN GENERAL.

Ralph McCollum has left school, being for the present at Lansing.

Harold Gaunt was home the 3d of December, and at Fairgrove Sunday following, where he preached in the Presbyterian church.

A bust of Immanuel Kant has been purchased by the college from the St. Louis Exposition Co. and will be placed in the ethical laboratory with Moses, Socrates and the rest of the worthies.

Every holiday brings graduates back to Alma. At Thanksgiving time the Misses Bair and Schmidt, '04's, Soule and Breece, Kg's, '03, and Ray Swigart, '04, were in Alma.

Raymond Bangs has left for Coffeyville, Kas. He informs us he will be in Alma again for a few days (we know why), then will depart for a permanent residence in the west.

Leora Morton, who is teaching in a school west of Alma, sent invitations for a weight social to several of the classes of the college.

Prexy has a dog and the dog likes Prexy. So much in fact that it accompanies him to recitations and lends its voice to the discussions.

The "Palo Post" came to the reading-table recently—editors Johnson and Wortman—and it's a hustler. Johnson was a Freshman last year in Alma.

The third year German class have caused the plaster in the chapel to groan and tear its hair by their rehearsals for that "Dutch" play.

Has anyone asked Butler how he likes a shower bath?

There is one young man in the college who persists in making dates from two to three weeks ahead of time. Some action must be taken.

The Almanian has not as yet received enough songs to complete the contest and decide upon one for college use. Let's have some more and start 1905 a-singing.

NEW LATIN CLASS STARTED.

West Prexeyville, Nov. 31, 1904.—Special.—(Associated Press Dispatch.)—One bright morning following our recent snowstorm Miss E—a—u—e and Mr. P—l A—u—e— were observed conjugating in concert the following irregular Latin verb, scipo, scipere, scipsi, scriptus. It is needless to state that the recitation was a perfect one.

Some of the young men of the institution took it upon themselves to study astronomy one night recently. They found, however, that the observatory was not the best place for their class to meet, so they removed to the front yard of Wright Hall, taking the large telescope with them. It required a team the next morning to restore the instrument to its usual place. The gentlemen were somewhat careless with the "scope" and several dollars worth of fixtures were lost.

Y. M. C. A.

The second annual bible conference of the Y. M. C. A. of the col-

leges of Michigan met at Olivet Saturday and Sabbath, Dec. 4th and 5th. The conference was opened at two o'clock Saturday afternoon by A. M. Chapan, president of Olivet association. The time was taken up by the speeches from several and an open discussion of the best means of increasing the study of the bible among the young men of our colleges. Special talks were given by Dr. Lancaster, president of Olivet college, and by Mr. Goodman, international secretary of Y. M. C. A. on the reason for bible study among men; also by Prof. Waterman of Hilldale. On Sabbath evening Mr. Goodman gave a very interesting lecture on the work of the Y. M. C. A. in general, illustrated by the stereoptican.

The whole conference was unique for an unusual display of fellowship and common interest among the students. Reports showed a decided increase in the number enrolled in bible study, but all felt the need of a more zealous effort in view of the great importance of the work.

Great credit is due the Olivet students for the royal treatment which they gave their visitors.

ZETA SIGMA.

THE great social event of the year took place on the Monday night of the Thanksgiving week at the Alma Springs Sanitarium. It was the anniversary banquet of the Zeta Sigma. Thirty-six ladies and gentlemen gathered around the festive board to celebrate the society's fifteenth birthday. Dr. Bruske and

wife were the guests of honor. Harold Gaunt acted as toastmaster and called for responses from Dr. Bruske, Miss Elizabeth Hunt of the Alpha Theta society and Messrs. Chapman and Casterlin of the Zeta Sigma. The sanitarium management spared no expense in laying before the hungry college students a feast most abundant. The occasion was pronounced the most enjoyable one in the history of the present generation of society men.

PH IPHI ALPHA.

Since the last issue of the Almanian our society room has been beautified by the addition of new curtains, which, with the improvements of last year, gives it a very cosy appearance. The work of the society is very satisfactory, showing a marked improvement over last year.

The object of the society at present is to keep in touch with current events, and to study the lives and works of the famous men of history, and of our own generation, a special line which is proving very interesting and instructive.

JUNIOR.

Card of thanks—To the girls of the Junior class—The sweet memories of that evening around the fireplace will never leave us (Joke).—THE BOYS.

Just think! Only two girls in our class! But such girls!

Chauser and Spenser have just gone through their annual ordeal of Junior criticism. It is Shakespear's turn next. How they must dread it!

The Alma editor of the Michigan Intercollegiate seems to have forgotten what Schenck did to him in last year's rush.

There was a young fellow named Soule,
Who was somewhat the shape of a pole,
But still he could write,
And he also could fight,
So he didn't very often get himself into a
very bad sort of a hole.

SOPHOMORE.

The basket-ball game of Dec. 1st between the Sophs and the Freshies, resulted in an overwhelming defeat for the wearers of the green. No surprise, however.

The members of the rhetorical class are again breathing easy, having completed their masterpieces for Dr. Bruske. But that does not signify that Dr. Bruske is breathing easy.

Somehow or other the majority of the Sophomores seem never to have heard the quotation that "Faint heart never won true friend."

One of the young men on the second year French class, mistaking the words "mon dieu" of a French prayer for an oath not suitable to be pronounced before ladies, translated them "My Land."

The members of the chemical class will have to handle their glassware more carefully or their will be little change left for Christmas shopping.

FRESHMAN.

There is little doing this month. Freshmen are counting the days between now and Christmas. A slight presidential escapade has nappened,

however, but comment MUST NOT be made upon it in these columns.

Prof. in History Class—Mr. S—, if a justice of a federal court was charged with misconduct, what was done with him?

Mr. S.—He was brought before a justice of the peace.

Mr. C—, in Algebra Class—I did not suppose o stood for anything. I supposed that was nothing.

Mr. H—, in History Class—Aaron Burr, when he heard the result of the election in New York, got mad and went west.

Mr. P—, in French Class—What does "Chere" mean?

Miss E—It means darling as near as anything.

ACADEMY.

If our noble seniors had the dignity of some of the present students in the academic department, it would be a pleasure for underclassmen to keep off the sidewalks whenever meeting them.

Teacher—What senses does music affect?

Student—The feet.

Teacher—What English word comes from graviter?

First Year Latin Pupil—Gravy.

The officers elected at the first class meeting of the academy '05 class are as follows:

Pres—E. Ewing.

Vice-Pres—M. L. Marshall.

Sec—Miss B. Wallace.

Treas—Miss E. Swigart.

The basket-ball team and the track team are somewhat crippled on account of the loss of Ralph McCollum, but we hope to have him here another year.

Abe Hart has left the academy to accept a position in one of the large ~~department~~ stores of Chicago.

ATHLETICS.

The athletic association grant A's this year only to those who have played the whole season of football. The following receive the emblem: Schenck, Johnson, Helmer, Schultz, McCollum, Fletcher, Angell, Marshall, Horst, Carr and Casterlin.

The picture of the team has been taken. It is good. Be sure and get one.

Coach Wilson gave his eleven a sumptuous "after-season" spread at his home at St. Louis a week ago Saturday night. A jolly time it was.

On the 1st of December Frank Angell was unanimously elected captain of next year's football team. Angell has played three years on the 'varsity and has won the favor of every man in college. Of an All-Michigan team there would be no better center in the intercollegiate. The fellows certainly made an excellent choice.

Under Coach Wilson, basket-ball and wrestling is progressing, and for both phases of the work the outlook is most encouraging.

The recent baseball elections resulted in the selection of Roy Marshall as captain and Prof. E. D. Pennell manager.

Louis Anderson is secretary of the athletic association, elected to fill the vacancy left by Fred Frost.

As is the time-honored custom, the students and faculty have presented to the football men sweaters and jerseys.

The basket-ball season opened

with a game between the Freshmen and Sophomores on December 1st. The Freshies made a brilliant start, but their opponents soon displayed their superior skill, and the score began to roll up, till it ended 24-4. The Sophs had old men, and, of course, were at an advantage. A good crowd lined up on either side of the gymnasium to cheer for the classes, and spirit ran high.

A GOOD ONE. (Waiters vs. College.)

A very close and interesting game of basket-ball was played last Wednesday afternoon between a team composed of Schenck, Marshall, Webber, Moon and Angell, representing the waiters, and Cratzenburg, Jennings, Johnson, Welch and Himmelhoch, representing the rest of the college.

The rivalry between the teams was very keen. However, the college representatives were so confident of victory that they had predicted a score of 40 to 0, but they came far short of their expectations, as the history of the game will show.

From the beginning it was very evident that both sides were out for blood, and this same fighting spirit lasted throughout the game.

Webber threw the first basket for the waiters, showing his ability to throw baskets as well as biscuits. After some moments of fast playing Jennings threw a basket for the collegians. Another basket was thrown for the collegians by Johnson, but

just to show that the waiters were still there with the goods, Marshall threw a foul, and in a few moments after threw a basket from the field, demonstrating his ability as a basket ball player as well as a most excellent waiter. The half ended with the score 5 to 4 in favor of the waiters. Although Jennings and Cratz, the crack forwards of the opposition, repeatedly had chances to throw baskets, yet somehow they had lost their nerve. However, the fact that Grandpa and Moon dogged their footsteps so constantly and kept repeatedly getting in their way might have been the cause for the fewness of the baskets which these above mentioned forwards threw. Grandpa and Moon certainly looked after those speedy forwards as closely as they do their tables over at Wright

Hall.

The second half was a repetition of the first, the college team procuring two baskets in succession, and Jennings also succeeded in throwing one foul after several vain attempts. However, Schenck duplicated this by scoring four more fouls for the waiters. For some minutes now the battle raged now in the waiters' territory, now in that of the opposition, until Johnson threw the last basket for the collegians just as the timekeeper was to call time, but in hopes that the waiters might even the score he kindly permitted the game to proceed a few moments longer, but the waiters seemed to have done their worst, so the time was called, ending the bloody carnage, the score being 11 to 9 in favor of the college.—A Waiter.



Among the Colleges.

From the view-point of scores, M. A. C. was very successful this year, with 380 chalk marks to her favor. But a sad accident happened, which, like the death of Robert McKee in Alma, cast a dark shadow over the whole institution. John W. Burdette, a freshman from Kentucky, received a fatal blow on his left side in a practice game the last week of play, which took from the fellowship of M. A. C. students a strong Christian man. The accident was not considered serious at first, but complications set in and he lived only a few

days. The remains were attended to the station by the Freshman class, who sent two of their members with the funeral party to Kentucky.

Hillsdale class spirit works late, but it is the real stuff. Recently the Sophs hoisted their flag on the flagpole and sent two of their stalwarts up with it to guard it. The scrap which soon ensued was contested both on the ground and at the top of the pole. Pres. Mauch called a halt and the affair was compromised, but the Freshies have since stolen the flag. They are a lawless class else-

Ok
N.E.S.

where it seems.

The autumn cover of Olivet's "Echo" is very artistic.

Albion and Hillsdale "Red Heads" are reorganized and are letting their lights shine. Where are Alma's "Raven-Locks" and "Tow-Heads," who, for the past year or two, have been so prominent? Better organize or people will think you are all bald.

"Stiddies" are opposed by Hillsdale's president. They ought to come to Alma.

Oberlin freshmen are wishing they weren't. They have been forbidden to wear class caps, to have first

choice as a college sale, to start a yell, to pass a faculty member without removing the hat, to lounge around the halls or sit on the library steps. Nothing, however, is said about the museum steps.

The Normal News says: "Don't forget the old folks at home; when too busy to write, send them the college paper." Good suggestion.

Senior-Junior class spirit has been running riot at Ypsi for weeks. Neither class is willing to give up. Such determination is sure sign of good teaching ability. Keep at it, pedagogs.



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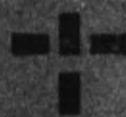
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