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VOL. 6.

JANUARY NUMBER

NO. 4.

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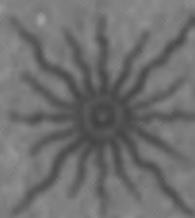
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A NEGLECTED DUTY.

THREE years ago last fall Alma College was in deep mourning. There passed away from among us one beloved and honored by students, faculty, alumni and all who knew him or had felt the influence of his brave and noble life. On October 8, 1901, Robert Ivan McKee, a senior, president of the Y. M. C. A., and left tackle on the foot ball team, was called home to his reward. His sad and untimely death came to all as a personal bereavement, and especially to those with whom he was intimately associated on the gridiron, in the class room, and in the work in the Young Men's Christian Association.

The story of his death is known to most of Alma's present student body, how his loyalty and ardent desire to see Alma "ever winning," induced him, against the orders of the college physician and the advice of his friends, to resume his old position on the foot ball team, where his superior ability and indomitable courage had been a tower of strength to the team for two previous years. An injury received in a game with D. A. C. on Saturday, added to the

serious internal ailment from which he had before suffered, and his death occurred at Brainerd hospital the following Tuesday afternoon.

The influence of his noble life, his sterling character, his sunny disposition, and his calm and unwavering spirit as he passed through the "dark valley," has left its impress upon Alma College, and "Bobbie" McKee will always be remembered as "Alma's Martyr."

But have we not neglected something? There cannot be found upon the campus or in any of the college buildings anything that bears tribute to his sacred memory. With the graduation of the class of 1905 there will have passed from the student body nearly everyone who knew him personally. Shall we not erect upon the campus, or hang in our halls, something that will tell of him we loved and who sacrificed his life among us? The influence of such a life will never die, and we ought to do all we can to perpetuate his memory among the student bodies that shall follow. Students and faculty of Alma College, let us give this matter our immediate attention.

—Harold G. Gaunt.

"VERA AMICITIA."

(To my Dear Friend "S.")

BY WM. ERNEST ROHLF.

HE was alone. Although it was one of the moderately warm days of August, an occasional tremor ran through his frame as though caused by a chill wind or an attack of ague. His very attitude showed utter dejection. For three hours he had been sitting there beside the table, his right elbow on the desk, his head resting in his hand. Not even had his eyes been raised except for an occasional hurried glance around the room, and then one could have seen that they were bloodshot and had a hunted, almost frenzied, expression. As he sits there let us take a brief look at him and his surroundings and see if we can fathom the mysterious cause of all this despondency.

Henry Von Roth was still in his first year as a graduate from the university. He was rather tall, broad shouldered, with light, wavy hair and a face that determined great strength of will. Those who knew him best had seen in his eyes looks of almost feminine tenderness, but they had also seen, on several occasions, that they could blaze in moments of enthusiasm or indignation, and they knew that when once he had made up his mind he was not apt to be mistaken and less apt to change his mind. He had been called a mental and physical Hercules. As a young advocate at the bar, stern jurors had been melted by his tenderness and

innocent clients had learned to trust his ability.

Just after the war of '66, the war that caused such a change in the map of Europe, Henry's father had come from Germany to the land where he knew that his personal liberty would not be molested. Often had the father told his son of those stirring days under William, the blind old king of Hanover; often had he spoken with just pride of his faithfulness to his sovereign even in that hopeless cause, and how, just at the eve of that disastrously decisive battle, the king had summoned him, and he always dwelt fondly upon this last scene. The king had been alone on this occasion, and as the elder Von Roth, then still a young man, entered, tears had sprung to the sightless eyes. "Von Roth," he had said, "I feel that on the morrow we shall lose the home for which we have been so hopelessly fighting. Perhaps I was wrong in causing all this bloodshed, but God knows I have never spared myself. Often have I heard during this short campaign the younger soldiers sighing for home; fathers praying for loved ones they never hoped to see again, and as I think of it, perhaps it is better that it should end even in this way. But what right," he had cried, with rising wrath, "had Otto von Bismarck, my stronger brother, to demand the small portion left me?" Then again

softly: "Von Roth, had I more men like you my cause would not be so hopeless. Were you in my place, or had I your eyes, we would still win. After we have fought and lost, when I am either dead or banished, forget your oath to me, but as you serve the great Bismarck, never forget your old blind King William." At parting he had left in Heinrich's hand a gold medal in token of regard for his services.

The morrow came and was lost for Hanover. Forget his oath? Never!

To Heinrich Von Roth this was still just as sacred as in the days when there was yet hope. He had lost his home; he had lost his king; he had lost his future prospects; but nothing could wrest from him his honor.

Heinrich Von Roth was one of those firm old Germans to whom duty was God. When he saw that for him all was lost, he took his wife and the little Henry, and turning his back on on the Vaterlandt, he resolved to win for himself a place in America. Thousands on that memorable night left Germany forever with a like resolve. In a measure he was successful. He won wealth; he saw his son grow to manhood possessing the father's strength and the mother's gentleness. As Henry reached his twentieth year he was sent to the university with a father's kindly word and a mother's prayer. The little mother! During all those years of war, in all the years of poverty which followed, she had been the one star which had always shone for father and son alike. No one will ever know of the heartaches she en-

dured while her husband, her hero, was away on the battlefield, for she was one of the uncomplaining kind, and God never reveals secrets. When the father was overly stern her gentle words softened her somewhat wayward son. As he went away he kissed away his mother's tears and said: "Never mind, mutterchen, in a few years you will be glad I went away—when you hear of my fame." And yet she feared that all might not be well.

The four years which Von Roth had spent in college had been much the same as those of any other student. He had met with much the same failures, had fought much the same battles, and even in the same way that thousands of other students have fought and won or lost. When he entered the university he had met and formed a friendship with one of the seniors. John Ravenwood, the senior, was attracted to this fair young German because of the zest he showed in all of his enterprises. It was flattering indeed to the young freshman to have this senior single him out of the crowd as a near companion and familiarly call him "Von." For half the year their friendship grew and then suddenly ceased. No one knew just why. Rumors were about as to dissipation on the part of Van Roth, but as he kept his work up to the usual standard, no one believed them. The next year Ravenwood went to the seminary to pursue his course and Von Roth stayed, forming new companions, and, alas, new habits.

Something of this is passing

through the mind of the young barrister as he is sitting alone in his little room. As he remembers his words to his mother, "Never mind, mutterchen," he rises and begins hurriedly to pace the floor. Oh, that he might blot out the last twelve hours and all that they mean to him! His mother had feared that all might not be well, and all had not been well. After Ravenwood had left the university the rumors concerning Von Roth had been substantiated. The students heard of late hours and questionable companions, but if any of this came to the ears of the authorities it at least did not warrant a dismissal. He finished his course, but the end was not yet reached.

We all know how the first few months, and sometimes years, in any profession, wear themselves away. At first Von Roth won great admiration by his eloquence and zeal, and he believed that fame had already been won. His letters home were bright and cheerful, but these golden days could not last forever. Time came when there were no cases to plead, and at first the hours were spent in study. This soon became wearisome and the young lawyer longed for some excitement. Oh, that he might again feel his blood tingle as he saw the eyes of his audience hang on his every word and felt his power as he swayed them to and fro at will! Last night one of his later companions at college had entered his office and they talked of college days and pranks, and before Von Roth knew it he was at his old pastime—gambling. At first he won

small stakes, then lost, until at last he, in desperation, had gone away beyond all limits. His willing companion knew that no matter how heavily he lost, the money would be forthcoming from some source. Now as Henry paces the floor he fully realizes what this will mean. He knows that his father will never forgive him for the disgrace if this becomes a public matter. Much rather would he give his last dollar than have his son not pay what he owes. The same conception of honor which drove Heinrich Von Roth penniless from Germany will again beggar him when once the truth reaches home. Again the little mother will be deprived of the luxury of wealth because her love will override all else. What shall Henry do? There is one alternative. Never must his parents know of his crime. Rather leave them to search the world in vain for the son that is no more, than to have a son who has brought them into disgrace.

He has reached his decision. At last he is perfectly calm. He turns quietly to his desk to destroy a few papers and clear up a few legal matters so that all may be ready for anyone who may have the duty of investigating his affairs. Having completed this in a satisfactory way he turns to his desk and, opening one of the receptacles, puts into his pocket a bright object which he finds there. Is that a smile on his face as he quietly walks out of the door? Perhaps it is such a smile as one might see on the face of one of Satan's messengers. Is there such a

thing as a perfectly calm soul after it has been tossed about in the turmoil of mental agony for time indefinite when the mortal clay has been the perpetrator of the injustice against itself? No! a thousand times no! Would God that the effects of evil might cease when the problem has been squarely faced, but instead of this all the finer, God-given qualities cry out with voices of thunder against this outrage and rack the sinner with pangs which will be exceeded only in the realms of the demon who has implanted the motives which gave the action birth! Instead of calm, the soul of Henry Von Roth is pointing a finger of reproach at the man saying with the voice of God himself: "Thou art the man! Thou art guilty! Thou shalt pay the penalty!"

Is there any wonder that the young man quickens his pace down the street? On former days he had been rejoiced at the calls and sweet notes of the birds as they screamed at each other out of sheer delight. Today these same cries fill him with a madness which will surely drive him insane. The bright rays of the sun used to make him feel as though there was indeed a kind all-father. Today it seems as though the beams were brands of fire filling with a fever, not only his system, but his head, his brains, his very heart. Once the fresh warm air fanned his flushed young face and sent the blood bounding on with a new impetus. Just now it seems as though he must choke if he feel its breath longer. Tell not one who is suffering thus

that life is all a pleasant dream, for he, in his scorn, will revile your tame, insipid mockery, feeling in himself the lie you are uttering! Thoughts flash back and forth through the mind of Von Roth, and in vain does he clutch at them to hold them long enough for consideration! He must think, and yet his head will burst with the very thinking. Is there not one memory which will justify his present act? Had he not read somewhere in the classics, while he was still in college, that a man's life was his own? Was it Plato or Socrates who said this? What motive had they given for so violent a move? Will that awful gnawing at his heart never cease? What did Cicero say about the madness of youth? Would that he had Cicero by the throat, that he might force him to retract his statements, for was he not even now perfectly calm? As he sees a small child playing by the wayside he longs to kick it from his sight, for what right has it to be happy? At last he reaches a place where he has spent many hours alone, drinking in the sweetness of nature and nature's God. Oh, the rest and peace he had enjoyed there! Perhaps the effect may be the same today. Yes, he does feel easier as he throws himself along the green bank. But what awful gnawing at his heartcore! That awful voice of reproach in his ears! Will they never cease?

At least the cool shade has a soothing effect upon his spirits, and to a small degree he is allowed to think. He reaches up and presses the hard, bright object to his side. At its

touch he breaks out into a shrill, unnatural laugh, which just as suddenly ceases. Is this indeed the voice which at times had been mellow and sweet as an Aeolean harp? Nothing could have had the same effect on him. Again he is plunged into the same agitated state, and again the maddening thoughts burn his brain. He draws the object from his pocket, looks at it fondly, for here is the cure for all his diseases. He laughs long and shrilly, when hark! What or who is that? He springs to his feet and turning around confronts—whom? Is this a delusion of an overwrought imagination, or is this Jack? If it is Jack, why is he here? When last they had parted they had both vowed never to cross one another's path if it could be avoided. Jack is the first to speak. "Von," he said, in his old familiar way, "Von, I don't want you to say a word." How pleasant these words sound, and how calm! "I don't want you to say a word until I am through. For reasons I know of, I believe I am here in the niche of time. We have both changed," (is he trying to talk against time?) "in the past four years, and along with this coat and black tie I have assumed new ideas. Last night I walked up your steps to visit you, resolved, if possible, to renew our old friendship. As I opened the door I saw all, and again my old feeling overcame me and I

walked away. It is merely Providence that brought me here today. By your appearance I know you lost heavily, and also what it means to you. Let me tell you something." Before his frank eyes the others assume again their look of sanity, and Jack sees he is gaining his end. "The first time I saw you," he continues, "I knew you were more than the ordinary man, and my mind has never changed. The fact that your gambling at college parted us ought to be forgotten. Now, I receive a fixed salary, and am independent as far as that goes. Yesterday I came to tell you I had fallen heir to seven thousand dollars, today let me offer them to you." Henry tries to protest, yet as a drowning man would refuse a cable thrown him. "What! Can't a man do as he pleases with his own?" cries Jack. "What better investment can a man make than to help a man who"—but he never finished the sentence. With a cry of deliverance Henry came—

But why should we reveal so sacred a scene as this? What right have we to hear the words that caught up again the ties of friendship so long broken? The erring one was redeemed, but at what a risk. Once again true friendship revealed itself as the one priceless possession, the one which only death can destroy.



Are the Standards of Scholarship Declining?

HAROLD G. GAUNT.

Ever since colleges and universities were founded the college man, the scholar, has been recognized as a leader. He has been a potent factor in the making of history, and he has been foremost in great achievements in every age. But never has the man of learning and education counted for so much as at the present time. We find the college man everywhere, and everywhere he is a leader in the world's work. He is entering every trade, profession and department of business, and is continually opening up new fields of enterprise along scientific lines. The world is coming to recognize that a college training does not unfit a man for practical life; that the man who has had the broadest training is not out of place anywhere, but that he is better qualified because of his education for the trusted and responsible positions of life than the so-called "self-made" man.

And while it is a fact that the number of college graduates is continually increasing from year to year, and that the college man is becoming more a leader in all departments of activity, it is fair to consider the question as to the standards of scholarship today as compared with the past. Are they declining?

It is difficult to answer this question or to arrive at a conclusion by basing our opinion upon a compar-

ison of the courses of instruction taught in the institutions of learning today with those of a few generations ago. There are so many things to take into consideration that we must weigh carefully all the evidence, and form our opinion with an unprejudiced mind. It would seem at first thought that the fact of the great increase in the output of the college indicated a decline in the standards of the requirements for graduation. Then, too, the great change in the courses, and the departure from the old lines of study to the broad fields of learning which the present courses afford, would also seem to indicate a lower standard, but these facts alone would not warrant such an opinion. We must consider the different circumstances which have brought about these changes, and determine, if possible, what relation, if any, these facts have with the great evolution in learning. Other signs just as indicative lead us to believe that instead of a decline in scholarship, the standards are not only as high, but even higher today than ever before.

And so it will be the purpose of this paper to discuss fairly some of these tendencies, and not to form an opinion without taking into consideration both sides of the question. But it is necessary to take a definite stand upon this question, and I shall

try to maintain, as I sincerely believe, that the standard of scholarship is not declining, that the scholar today is as much a scholar, a man of broad learning and education, as in previous generations.

The educational systems of our country have undergone a great change during the past few decades. A century ago there was but one form and method of education, the classical, composed principally of studies of the ancient languages and literatures, elementary mathematics to the extent now taught in high schools; a little rhetoric, logic and political economy; a bit of history and a mere delving into philosophy and into chemistry. The century has been one of evolution and development, diversification and systematization, and of the incorporation into the curriculum of the modern languages and literatures, highly developed mathematics, sociology and economics to a far greater extent than in the past, history and philosophy of all that man has done and thought, and added to all these are the branches of science which the last one hundred years have opened up.

It is hard to make a comparison as to the standard, between the courses today and those which our fathers pursued, because they are so different. But in the largest sense of the word scholarship, the broadened course of study does not look like a decline.

Perhaps what is looked upon as one of the most significant signs of a lowering of educational standards

is the enormous number of degrees granted by the educational institutions of the country. It is true that a bachelor's degree does not count for so much today as formerly, but because these degrees are handed out so liberally does not indicate a lowering in price. I believe the reason that a degree has lost a great deal of its value and importance is not because it costs less, but because there are so many higher degrees, and that the training for a bachelor's degree is today regarded as only the first step in the requirement of a liberal education.

The elective system has made great changes in educational circles, especially during the past few years. This is pointed to as one of the most alarming evils which threaten the standards of scholarship by those who deplore a departure from the old system of rigid, conservative education. But does the elective system tend to lower the standard? If we base our standard of scholarship along a definite line of study, it might be so. But the elective system has come in to meet the demand of the present age, and because a man is educated along a more definite line of study, with not so much time spent in generalization, does not necessarily indicate a decline.

The elective system is misunderstood by a great many. Some seem to think that in the schools where it prevails to a large extent, that the student may elect all his work, and that there is nothing of required work which he is compelled to take. But this is not so. In all schools

where the elective system is in vogue, a certain amount of work is compulsory, and stress is laid upon the fundamentals.

We hear a great deal today about the shortened college course. Many of our best educators have declared themselves in favor of a shorter course in college to be required for the bachelor degrees. Some colleges have adopted a three-year course, and in one, namely, John Hopkins, the course has always been of three years' duration.

The shortening of the college courses should seem to show that there were indications of a decline in educational standards. But if we are inclined to recognize a decline in this, I do not believe it is of enough consequence to cause any alarm. Very few of our colleges in this country have adopted shorter courses, and in all of these the amount of work required is practically the same as that in the full four-year course. In Harvard, the old four-year course is abridged about one-fourth for those who can take it in less time, and the same is true at Columbia, and to nearly the same degree at Cornell and New York University. At John Hopkins it is for the student to determine whether or not he can take it. The three-year course is open only to those who pass the matriculation examination. This examination includes those subjects usually classed as freshmen subjects in college. In this

way the student covers practically the work of an ordinary four-year course, it being shorter only in name.

It looks as though the shorter college course would be a universal thing in the future. But as it is planned and executed by the leading educational minds of the country, it does not indicate a decline in the standards of scholarship. President Butler, of Columbia University, who is an ardent advocate of the shortening of the college course, says: "It should be borne in mind that, contrary to the hypothesis of some critics, the new and shortened college course is not at all the result of the widely prevalent tendency to hurry or to hustle. Nor is it suggested by the needs of the professional schools in the great universities. It will, I think, displace the longer course, because it is intellectually, ethically and educationally better."

And so, because of these very reasons, which appear to some to be alarming facts indicating a decline, do I believe that the standards of scholarship are not declining. In the largest and truest sense of the term, I believe that we not only have a far greater number of scholars than ever before, but a better and higher grade of them. And I believe that the scholarship of today is of a higher type than ever before, because it stands not only for education and learning, but for the highest usefulness.



“ P E G G Y . ”

“I must be at my best tonight; there may be some who will recognize me.”

Yes, it was really she, Rilore Sheldon, (known as Peggie,) back in her own city after five long years of study abroad. She had always been an attractive girl—graceful, piquant. She was not particularly beautiful—blue eyes, slightly up-turned nose, small mouth with the reddest of lips and an abundance of golden-red hair, that had always been the one bane of her existence to keep in order, especially on damp days, when it was a solid mass of ringlets.

No one had ever dreamed of her as adopting the stage for a life work, yet this is what she had done, and the day for her initial performance in her old home, had really come. She wondered if Jan would see her, and Lou and Polly (old college chums), and whatever would prim and saintly Mary think if she would know her. And the boys—Tom and Jack—but no, Jack had gone off to the war and she had never heard of him since. Poor, dear Jack! Why hadn't she remained at home and married him as he had wished? She had never really loved him, but he was always so good to her and wanted to protect her when she was left an orphan. She had cried when he went to the front in war, but it was too late then, and—well, maybe somebody—but now her uncle had sent for her to come to Europe—to Berlin, and study; and she had gone and developed a magnificent voice.

She had spent two years in the operatic field abroad and was now touring her beloved states. So it was no little excitement she felt when she heard the city bells chime out the hour of six.

* * * * *

She was at her best. When the curtain lowered on the last act all sat perfectly still, spellbound by her beautiful voice and appearance—a vision long to be remembered.

She realized that she had won success and fame, and it was with a light heart that she entered her cab, tired but supremely happy. Had she been recognized? Would anyone call for her on the morrow? She was certain she had seen several familiar faces, but— What had happened? who had screamed? Was it imaginary? No—that was surely a child's voice. Peggy called repeatedly to the coachman, and finally the cab door swung open. There on the pavement she saw the form of a little child. His leg had been broken and he was dazed and frightened. He seemed to be alone—no one knew him. Peggy insisted that he be placed in the carriage and be taken to her hotel. Arriving there, a doctor was instantly summoned and the child's leg was soon in splinters. He called incessantly for his uncle, but couldn't tell who or where he was. Peggy was beside herself with anxiety, fearing consequences should the child continue to scream thus. Suddenly, however, there was a hurried knock and the maid entered,

saying that a gentleman had called to see his young nephew who, he had been informed, had met with an accident. Peggy sent the maid to have him come up at once. She bathed the boy's tear-swollen face and waited patiently for the entrance of the gentleman. He was talking with the doctor outside the door. The voice struck her rather familiarly, but no, it couldn't be. The door opened and Peggy turned to welcome—"Jack."

"Peggy." She never realized till now that she really did love him, and how he had always worshipped her. Both were suddenly brought back to earth by—

"Oh, uncle! I runned away, an' jes' when I wanted to go back to mommer I tumbled and got hurted, an' the good lady bringed me here an' the doctor man put some kindlin' wood on my leg. See? You isn't mad at me, is you?"

—X. Y. Z.



Two Views of the College Man.

FRED J. SOULE.

A CROWD of college fellows are going down our main street with their arms locked, let us imagine, their caps awry and faces glowing with pleasantness and good humor. Maybe they are whistling some rousing tune or singing "Bingo Was His Name," maybe they are giving nine rahs for the team and ending up with the good old college yell. A number of men, some from factory or shop, store or office, are standing on the corner talking business, politics and other things worthy of men's discussion, and, of course, see the boys as they come down from the campus. Two times out of three the fellows, if they happened to be on the same side of the street, find it necessary to push through the corner assemblage, employing in so doing a considerable force. "It's a college crowd," the men say, and

they hold to their tracks with a stubbornness quite characteristic of another species of animal. "We are under no obligations to them, nor are they better than we citizens and taxpayers are. We will assert our rights." You will observe that spirit—if you ever take the trouble to notice and watch for it—time after time, year after year. The college man is considered by the average working man as apart, as somewhat distant from the world, and anything that is practical or sensible. I have many a time heard the college fellows called by the most self-pleasing expressions, "blatters," "rowdies," "educated fools," and the like. If a fellow who is known to be a Y. M. C. A. worker or a student for the ministry is one of the "blatters," the "men of business" immediately reach the conclusion that they know

enough of that person to determine just what he is. "He lacks mind," they say; "he lacks common sense and without doubt the education he is getting will be put to no use by him, and the result of his college course will be four wasted years, slack habits and a complete loss of business ability, if he ever had any." Nor is their conclusion without weight or foundation, they will say, and will forthwith cite two or three poor fellows who never would—if they had so desired—have accomplished anything in business and profession. Why is this spirit manifest? Why does the condition exist that the college man is at the mercy of the laborer's opinion?

As you consider these instances I have stated, you may think that I am basing my assumption of this spirit upon too little fact, or upon too minor illustrations. But not only by the class of people whom I have mentioned is the idea held. This delusion—as I choose to call the idea—is maintained by other than the common laborer. The average merchant, the average leader of ordinary commercial and political life often have a similar belief, not so crude or vulgar, it may be, in its expression, but nevertheless in sentiment the same. One will say, "I have no use for the student with his cranium packed full of knowledge, which is excellent, indeed, to boast of, but useless in its application. I have no respect for his ability to think for himself, nor do I care for his theories and so-called logical conclusions. Success has been attained by me without books. Ex-

perience has been my teacher. Experience is the teacher of the majority of men like me. No, I haven't any use for the college man." Such, in a few words, expresses a widely cherished idea.

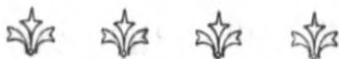
There is, however, another view of the educated man, which is far different from the one I have suggested to you. "The delusion" of the average laborer or business man is by no means the "delusion" of the greater business men, of the leaders of manufacturing enterprises or great commercial concerns, of corporations or railroad companies. It is not a delusion which has possessed the men who have in charge the management of the postal system, or any branch of the civil service, or the men who direct some national or world-wide movement. No, indeed! They do not want to trust those who have simply this common sense in which the "average man" boasts and trusts. They want the college man. They want the man of theory. They want the man who can think for himself and knows how he ought to think. They want the man of spirit, of energy, of study, of discernment, of ability to grasp large things and maintain what he asserts.

I believe that the higher business enterprises of our country are giving the college man a noble and elevated recognition, and one which he is becoming more worthy to receive year by year as the colleges grow in breadth of ideas. There is no reason why the college man should not receive this recognition. He is a human being just like the ideal being which

the average business leader would picture to your mind. At the outset the two might in truth be on the same plane. Why, then, should not the college man, with all his study, his inspiration for broader outlook, for intense thinking and life, why should not he advance beyond this standard with which we start, and, though detained four or eight years from practical experience, be better able in the end to cope with and outstrip this imaginary opponent. No, the average man, I believe, is in the wrong when he would deny the practicability of the college student or graduate. The narrow thinker is too liable to conflict the spirit, the life—if you choose to call it such—which a fellow evidences in college with the true life for which he is training himself and becoming fitted. The college man is not just beyond what is real. He is getting into the whirl and strife of business and is bound to overcome the somewhat popular idea which opposes him. Men may not understand his boisterous expression of spirit. They may not be able to appreciate just the cause for such. They may continue to allow this ignorance to prejudice their minds, but in the final test they will

of necessity concede his worth as a man of business and authority.

We will grant to any "experience lover" that college training does not teach a man to keep books or sell goods. But it does awaken him to the wide horizon about him which his poor opponent is not even able to scan. To strengthen this second view—the view of greter commercial companies—I might illustrate their favorable attitude toward the graduates of our higher institutions. I know of one construction company, captialized at \$15,000,000, that today seeks college men. It has an examination with which all applicants must comply, that not only shows its recognition of college men, but also proves the college graduate must be practical to meet the demand. The same company asserts that it has no use for beginners as cheap laborers. "We take several new men each year," they say, "and try to get the best. We feel a personal disappointment in any failure." College men know there is a strict demand and they are striving to be fitted and equipped for work. The college is indeed a valuable social factor. It is producing men that can lead in our great activities.



Prof. in Elocution: "When you have finished your piece bow gracefully and leave on tip-toe."

"Why on tip-toe?"

"Let 'em sleep."



ALMANIAN.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
STUDENTS OF ALMA COLLEGE
ALMA, MICHIGAN.

Subscription Price.

One Year\$1 00
Single Copy 15

FRED J. SOULE, 1906.....Editor-in-Chief
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J. EARL WEBBER, 1905...Business Mgr

Class Editors.

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Board of Control.

CONTRIBUTIONS and items of interest
are solicited from students, faculty,
alumni and friends.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS for publication
should be addressed to the Editor-in-
Chief.

SUBSCRIBERS not receiving their papers
on time will confer a favor by notify-
ing the Business Manager.

ALL SUBSCRIPTIONS are due in five
months after first issue.

Entered as second class matter at the
Post Office, at Alma, Michigan.

JANUARY, 1905.

Happy New Year!
Start the year right!
Here's to greater Success for
Alma!

EXAMINATIONS are coming.
Keep up to the high water
mark. Remember what Dr.
Bruske has said: "A bad record will
follow you all through life. It may

cause the loss of a position for you.
It will surely make you ashamed of
yourself at some time or other." All
glory be to the 'plugger!'

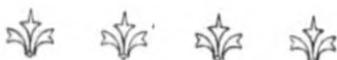
THIS is a season of approaching
storms—storms of oratory and
eloquence, which promise never
to have been surpassed in the history
of the college. Sophomores and Jun-
iors have caused the halls to ring for
several weeks. Aspirants for the
prize and the honors of the annual
contest are invoking the muses, or
vieing with Demosthenes for pre-
eminence. And well should they
labor. With only one year's mem-
bership in the Intercollegiate League
we have as yet a name and fame to
win for Alma in this line of work.
Some colleges call the whole matter
of oratorical contests lottery. Lot-
tery it may be, when the ability of
the contestants is about equal. But
not so if there are qualities evidenced
which go beyond the ordinary. If
one man is better than another the
judges can recognize it, and here's
to the college that will stand by the
decision without a wail and a cry
whether that decision be first or
whether it be sixth, seventh or
eighth. We have some good men in
the contest, and the man that goes to
Albion in March ought to go with
the hearty support of the college. If
he gets the gold medal, glory to him
and to us all. If not, we will work
till we do win it!

IT has been suggested by several
more space to news, and to the
that our paper should devote

general activities of the college. The management have had the same opinion, but they have given up to the more common expression that by the time the magazine is published much that was new at the time it was submitted to the printers has become old. It is true that a monthly magazine cannot be a newspaper. Many colleges have realized this and have substituted a bi-weekly or a weekly. By doing so, however, they have found it to be necessary to reduce the size of the paper, and as a result the writing of stories, discussions or essays is to a large extent neglected. Most Alma students agree that the monthly edition is best, because of the stimulus given to literary work. But the management have decided, notwithstanding the fact that the number of pages in each issue is limited, to give more attention to the news of the month. So don't object if you know beforehand

all that is published under this heading. Remember that possibly some alumni who are reading our columns may find things that are new to them though old to you. And remember, further, that at some future time you may wish to look back over your file of Almanians (if you save them) and recall events which are there mentioned.

THE appeal on the first page of this issue, for some remembrance of our beloved Robert McKee, who met such a sad death in a contest for Alma's supremacy, is indeed one worthy of an immediate and heartfelt response. Many of those who knew him are leaving each year, and there should be something to make the coming classes know of that firm Christian man whom God called to a more perfect home at the very beginning of life, consecrated to work in the Master's kingdom.



ALUMNI.

ALUMNI EDITORIALS.

Many of the Alumni have expressed their satisfaction to the editor for the excellent management of this year's Almanian—its general appearance, business backing and editorial make-up, and I am glad to extend for them, to the present management, our best wishes for the New Year. Many of us know by personal experience the ups and downs of the newspaper career, as

seen from Almanian headquarters, but surely the present management have made better use of the money at their command, and have given a better paper in every respect. Here's to Mr. Webber and Soule and their worthy supporters for the best things possible in 1905.

Miss Winnifred Heston's interesting letter is the kind which we need. Her experiences are more broad and

varied than those of the majority of the Alumni, but the personal insight which such a letter gives is what we hope to receive from many more of the Alumni. We are interested in one another's success and it is inspiring to know something of life's details, as well as its occasional record marks.

H. N. Ronald "03," Princeton "06," spent the Christmas holidays at his home in Alma.

Miss Elizabeth Schmidt "04," made a chapel call before going to her home in St. Louis for the holidays.

Miss Kate Bair "04," spent the holidays at her home in Alma.

F. R. Hurst "04," made a brief visit to the college just preceding the Christmas vacation. Then he went to Breckenridge, Merrill and other places before returning to M. A. C.

The editor met on holiday trains the following former and present Alma students: Frank Grover, ex-"03;" H. N. Ronald, "03;" J. Earle Webber, "05;" J. N. King, "05;" H. G. Grant, "05;" H. L. Griffin, ex-Academy, Ray Moon, Academy, Levi Butter, "05."

Rev. Maurice Grigsby "98," has received and accepted a call to the Central Presbyterian church of Roseland, a suburb of Chicago. Roseland is a city of 35,000 inhabitants. Mr. Grigsby was installed as pastor on the 16th day of December.

R. J. McLandress "88-92" at Alma, is pastor of one of the oldest Presbyterian churches in Michigan,

the church at Lapeer, organized in 1834. This is the only Presbyterian church in Lapeer county. Lapeer has 4,000 inhabitants. The editor made a pleasant call at McLandress study in December.

H. P. Bush "01," is very popular in his capacity of Tuscola County School Commissioner. His office is located in the Caro postoffice building, where the editor found him, in December, very busy counselling in the perplexities and vexations of the schoolmaster's career. Bush is always glad to see anyone from Alma.

Birge Swift "98," special student at Alma and former president of the Adelpic society, is now practicing medicine at Middleville, Michigan. He has received an offer from the government to be one of the special physicians for Panama.

Watson B. Robinson "01" Alma, and "04" Harvard law, is connected with a large law firm in New York street, New York city. We are glad to locate you, Ardis.

Walter R. Ardis ex-"05," is on the office force of the West End Manufacturing company, manufacturers of coal tar products, roofing and building papers, 73 Murray street, city. We are glad to locate you, Ardis.

A. J. Van Page "97" Marengo, Ill. "Glad to say something later on. Nothing new at present." Mr. Van Page is evidently enjoying that one common blessing of mankind, 'the steadiness of these present circumstances.'

Elton Brock, former editor of the Almanian, graduate of the class of 1902, suddenly appeared in Alma during the Christmas vacation. He came for a ten day visit with parents and friends in the city. Brock is of the hustling Alma stock, and has won for himself the position of manager of a new Mexico mine. We were glad to see you back to Michigan, Brock.

Wilbur Nelson, a former student at Alma, later attending at Kalamazoo and Newton Theological Seminary, Boston, is now located in the city of Rutherford, New Jersey. This place is but a few miles from New York city. He is pastor of the First Baptist church there.

H. H. Soule, '03, has just completed a large house for Prof. Miliken of Bay City. Soule is carrying on a large contracting business.

Friends of John Schwarder, a

student at Alma 1901-1902, received for a Christmas present photographs of himself, taken in the timber lands of Montana. John is holding down a large timber claim and busies himself cooking meals in the little log shanty and handing over groceries from a nearby store. He will no doubt be one of the lumber kings of the west within a few years.

Several of the Alma boys at Princeton spent the holidays in New York city.

Miss Grace Breece, K. G. '03, spent her Christmas vacation at her home in Indiana. With Miss Harriet Soule, '03, she returned to Shepard January 7, where they begin work in the new school building which the village has just completed.

We learn that the wedding bells rang out for Chas. Wolfe, a former student, during the Christmas time.



ABOUT THE CAMPUS.

OPENING DAY.

Lecture by
PROF. J. W. EWING.

ON January 3 the college was again opened to another term of work and incidently—examinations. Students returning had the satisfied smiles which are inspired by devoted parents, by a two weeks' visit, and by fat turkey. A good assemblage met in the chapel on the first morning to listen to the customary lecture, which this time

was delivered by our worthy professor, J. W. Ewing. His address was full of interest to all. He described a trip to Boston by the way of the St. Lawrence in going, and New York, Albany and Buffalo in returning. The occasion of his visit was the National Teachers' Association at Boston, in attendance at which were 35,000 instructors of the schools, colleges and universities of our country. The purpose of his lecture was to picture some of the historical

places which he visited, places made famous by colonial and revolutionary times. Most beautifully did he describe Quebec and Montreal, with the great fort which has stood for so many years the defense of the upper St. Lawrence. Boston's oldest historic places were added to the presentation. The lecture proved one of the most entertaining that we have listened to for some time.

THE WEEK OF PRAYER.

The first week of the year, as has been the custom for years past, was devoted to special prayer meetings. Each afternoon from 3:15 to 4:15 students and faculty met together for renewed strength and renewed purposes for the coming year. The meetings proved most helpful. There was a spirit manifested which showed that the power of God is in our midst. Effort is being put forth for a revival of religious thought and activities, for more rounded Christian development in the lives of the students. This week of prayer is indeed one of the rich blessings of the college. Meetings were also continued into the following week.

RECITAL.

On the evening of January 10 the college enjoyed a rare musical treat. W. C. E. Seebeck, pianist, and Robert Broice, tenor, both of Chicago, entertained the music lovers of Alma in the college chapel. A large number were present to enjoy the program presented.

THE CLOSING WEEK.

The closing week of last term was full of interest to all. Many alumni and friends of the college were on the campus, several addresses were delivered at the chapel exercises, the third year German class presented "Flocksmann als Erzieher," and the Zeta Zigma literary society gave its annual public program. On Monday morning the address was given by the Rev. Davis, of Grand Rapids. It was one of the most inspiring talks that has been made before the student body this year. He said that young men and women are not definite enough in their purposes for their life work, and consequently neglect many an advantage which might serve a definite end. He closed with an appeal for helpers on the foreign field. On Tuesday morning Pres. Grawn, of the Mt. Pleasant Normal, spoke before the students. He has a very pleasing manner of expression, and called forth hearty applause. On the evening of Dec. 19 the various societies of the college, together with faculty and others, listened to the program given by Zeta Sigma. The following men had been selected: Pres. Gaunt, to deliver the address of welcome; Chas. Chapman, a poem on the "Critic;" Fred Soule, an oration on "Mirabeau;" Earnest Rohlf, an original story; Harry Helmer, a declamation on "Garfield." Piano numbers were rendered by the Misses Diamond and Whitney, and a vocal solo by George Timby.

NEWS IN GENERAL.

Nearly all the students left Alma during the Christmas vacation. Misses Means and Evans, however, spent the two weeks in town, stopping at the Wright House. Casterlin and Cobb were here part of the time.

Miss Allen spent Christmas in Chicago; Miss Inglis and Miss Gelston in Bay City; Miss Brightman in Oberlin; Dr. Transeau was in Pennsylvania; Prof. Mitchell attended the American Historical Society in Chicago.

For several weeks past the pulpit of the Presbyterian church has been occupied by some of the most able men of the state, among them Rev. Wm. Covert of Saginaw, Rev. L. Davis of Grand Rapids.

Among the many friends and Alumni who visited the college at Christmastime, one was here who was most heartily welcomed, having been absent for nearly three years from his Alma Mater, to which he was so loyal in all respects. Brock has been in far off New Mexico managing a mine near Jose. Ronald also, who was home from Princeton, was a welcome visitor. In honor of these two gentlemen a number of old grads and friends in the college gathered round the festive board on the evening of January 2 and talked over old times.

They tell us that the Princeton boys, who went over to New York to take in the sights, painted the town red. "Herby" made the Brooklyn bridge into two strides.

Miss Alice McCord, ex-'06, who

is teaching in Benton Harbor, spent the holidays in Alma with friends and was at the college the first day of the term.

Miss Velma Sharp was at her home in Alma over Christmas. This is her third year of study under the instruction of Jonas.

Two old foot ball stars, Brown and Beechler, visited the college the first week of the month. Brown has been working in a northern Michigan mine since leaving college.

A report from the registrar states that Alma's attendance this year is the largest in the history of the college.

David Johnson preacher in Flushing January, 15.

On the morning of January 16 the Rev. Simons of Mason gave a very inspiring address to the students. On the next morning Professor Hatfield of 'Northwestean', who has been at the Alma Sanitarium for some time past, spoke in the chapel,

Professor Fell of Tawas, an 'old grad' visited the college January 16 and 17.

The Representatives of the literary societies for the coming orotorical contest are Himmelhock, Casterlin and Horst of Zeta Sigma; Butler, Johnson and Allured of Phi Phi Alpha. The winner goes to Albion about the first of March to complete for state honors.

PERSONALS.

A Prep. likes holidays marked on his calendar by red ink. He has thus designated every Friday between

now and June with "7-9:30 p. m."

Rohlf's latest, "Owed to A. P. C.," covers two pages.

Webber's treatment at the sanitarium has brought him back to his normal condition.

Withy says he paid five plunks for a Christmas present.

The faculty offers to keep, free of any charge, all ponies, unless they are too badly crippled.

The Freshmen say they are going to wait till next year then lick the greenies. They haven't shown themselves very scrappy so far.

Socrates in his "Much Ado About Nothing," said: "The course of true love never did run smooth." Don't say "now wouldn't that jar you" whenever you get jolted. Just imagine that you are surmounting one of the obstacles of the "course." It beats the college course all hollow.

The volcanic eruption, so to speak, which brought panic into the social life of Alma early in the winter, causing many a man to look elsewhere, has subsided and the old order of things has returned.

ZETA SIGMA.

The second term opens with Earl Webber, President; Chas. Chapman, Vice-President; Howard Potter, Secretary; Geo. Sutton, Treasurer; Harold Gaunt, First Critic, and Earl Casterlin, Second Critic. At the election the old-time custom was observed and the society enjoyed a spread given by Webber.

JUNIOR NOTES.

The Junior class in debating met

twice last month,—a good record for Prexy.

"Paderewski in disguise" plays the cornet.

The Juniors expect to hold a class meeting soon. The purpose of this meeting has not yet been determined.

The advanced class in Botany received a new chafing dish for Christmas.

Mr. Caven Ronald, our esteemed president, has recently been out of town. Where was he? Someone was here for a while, too. Who was it?

SOPHOMORE NOTES.

Just before the holidays the Sophomore class enjoyed a pleasant afternoon at Woodbine Farm. After viewing the live stock and performing feats in the haymow, they returned to the kitchen and pulled taffy. Then a fine lunch was served, to which the members of the class did entire justice.

Miss Sober, in English class, announced her knowledge of true love.

The rooms of the Ethical laboratory are re-echoing with the voices of the Sophomores, preparatory to the annual exhibition. Great things may be expected.

The Sophomore class was very ably represented in Zeta Sigma Public a few weeks since.

After a happy vacation all the Sophomores are again in their accustomed places, and now that it is past they are eagerly looking forward to examinations.

ACADEMY.

"Mac" is back. We are glad to hold the warm hand of Ralph McCollum in gratitude for his return to school again. "Hannah, Won't You Open That Door" is again the prevailing epidemic.

Our fourth year bright boy asks "Why did Julius Caesar" (siehe her.)

Herbert J. Schultz has left school and Alma college base ball team loses one its best men.

Fred Wagstaff will leave for Kansas, where his people intend to locate.

ITEM BOX.

Prof. (in Physics class)—We learn there are four kinds of sounds. First, then, what is a crash?

Class—A crash is vibration caused by a heavy-weight, Prof., when he misses aim at his chair.

Prof.—Correct. What is a roar?

Class—A roar is that peculiar sound which proceeds from Room 4 when a joke has been sprung.

Prof.—What is a noise?

Class—That sound which is not heard in the dormitory rooms until the second bell for breakfast.

Prof.—What is music?

Class—That which we seldom hear.

Prof.—What, then, would you call silence?

Class—That sound which a person makes in faculty meeting when he can't think of an excuse.

Miss G-e-n: "Why in creation don't you go to bed?"

Miss A: "I must wait for that girl."
"Why don't you lock her out?"
"I'm afraid she'd stay out."

"Girls are but weak creatures, but the most ethereal of them can throw a man over with the greatest ease."

Prof: "I see the red crows are almost extinct."

Cooper. "Red crows! Never heard of the birds!"

Prof. "Crow Indians."

Chollie. "O, grief! I awsked her to be my wife."

Willie. "And she wejected you?"

Chollie. "And I got my twousahs bagged at the knee for nothing!"

"A boil in the kettle is worth two on your nose,
And a corn on the ear is worth two on your toes."

After man came woman, and she has been after him ever since.

tions.

Mike. Say Pat, what's a naturalist?

Pat. A man what catches knats.

Why was Shakespeare without doubt a broker?

He furnished so many stock quota-

He had an auburn haired stiddy. He drove up to the hall with a cutter and met her at the door. "Hello! Ready?" He lost his girl.

There's a man on the bald-headed row,
What locks he has left are as black as a crow;

REMEMBER THESE.

If You Are Turning Over a New Leaf.

"No longer talk about the kind of man that a good man ought to be, but be such."

"Attend to the matter which is before you, whether it is an opinion, or an act, or a word."

"There is always a voice saying the right thing to you somewhere, if you will listen to it."

"Every man hath himself well as he useth himself."

"The secret of most men's misery is that they are trying to please themselves."

"Labor brings out the strength of manly charatcer."

"Let it make no difference to you whether you are cold or warm, whether you are ill-spoken of or praised, if you are doing your duty."

A HINT OR TWO.

A sulphur match placed under a chicken's nose will make it kick the perch without a whimper.

One drop of rain water placed upon the soft spot of a freshman's cranium will cause "softening of the brain."

One good square meal a day will cause indigestion.

In any recitation three minutes of talk about nothing has the same value upon a class book as twelve seconds of common sense.

A student without a pedigree is worse off than an old horse without

false teeth.

The man that never had his privileges cut must feel like a man that never had a hair cut.

A good cure for big-head is four tablespoonfuls of "Nectar-Ambrosia" taken just once. The effect is immediate. One forgets all about himself.

A faculty meeting without a "student visitor" is much the same as an I-tap-a-keg meeting without a candidate.

The man that has enough nerve to steal the pulpit would have nerve enough to walk a telephone wire from here to St. Louis. In other words, he is a fool.

Whosoever desireth to become popular must either become so or call on the Conduct Committee.



Among the Colleges.

We have the exchanges of most of the colleges in the state. You will find them on the west reading table in the library. Watch the progress of the other institutions.

Albion has a Homiletic club which was organized this year. They meet weekly and discuss problems, which a minister is called upon to face in the activities of his profession.

Several of the colleges report their finals in the oratorical contest. Their representatives art all busy.

The Olivet Echo comes out with a new department called the "Round

Table." Opinions upon upon any subject pertaining to college life are solicited. No doubt the column, as well as the editorial page, will soon be full of protests against the recent ruling of the college, that no sleigh rides, skating parties or such pleasures shall be allowed in the evening.

Albion, Kalamazoo, Olivet and M. A. C. are forming a debating league.

The Albion Pleiad is trying to rouse the college to organize a basket ball team.

We learn that only a part of the colleges of the state award their

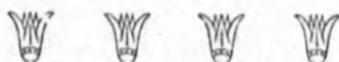
foot ball teams with sweaters. The team that won the state honors is not one of the favored elevens.

The debate between M. A. C. and Ypsilanti, which comes off in May, is being prepared for now.

We don't hear any news from Adrian except once in a while through the "Intercollegiate." We'd

like to add you to our exchange list, Adrian.

Ferris Institute now sends its monthly paper to the college. It is a new exchange. At the heading of the first column of the Ferris Journal, published quarterly, are the words, "Devoted to making the world better." A good dedication!



ATHLETICS.

BAY CITY GAME.

The basket ball game with the Bay City Y. M. C. A., the first game of the season, was very fast and closely contested. The game started with a snap. Alma secured the first basket in less than a minute of play. The first half ended by a count of 15 to 13 in Alma's favor. The second half was by far the fastest, Bay City securing two baskets and Alma one, making an even score of 17 to

17. The referee awarded Bay City one point on an alleged foul.

Schenck starred for Alma, making the most of Alma's points from the field.

Both teams played fast and clean ball, but the team work of Bay City was slightly superior to that of Alma. It is hoped that Alma will be able to meet this team again late in the season. Final score 18 to 17.

MARSHALL.



A GOOD NIGHT SONG.

Gwine tow sleep, youh lill' darkey,
Cuddle down, youh sleepy head;
Buggah-man an' haunts ken't git youh
In youh lill' trundle-bed.

Jes a'cause youse brack, ma honey,
Dat's no sign dat God don't care.
Laws! He lubs us niggahs shu'ly,
He am watchin' eberywhere.

In de dark night, still an' lonely,
Brack an' white am same tow Him;
He can't see a bit ob diffrence
'Twix' Marse Tom an' lill' Jim.

Go tow sleep, youh lill' darkey,
Shet youh shiny eyes up tight,
Stars am twinklin' in de heben,
Blinkin' tow youh, "Jim, good night."
—Alice Von Stein, '05, in the Mount
Holyoke.

"My Experience as a Tramp."

"An Old Timer."

THE summer after my Sophomore year is the most vivid of all the experiences of my college course. I had read stories and heard a great deal about men who were so philanthropically minded that they donned the regimentals of a "weary Willie" and took to the road. Ever since my boyhood I had thought that sometime I'd add this to the list of my varied experiences. I would learn the realities of a tramp's life and maybe in the course of human events I might elevate the condition of the unfortunate hobo. You know that a college sophomore thinks he has about reached the top of the ladder as far as knowledge is concerned. At least I thought so and the week after college closed I was ready to devote my time and learning, my trained mind and all to the uplifting of humanity. But I must know just what the life of a tramp meant. So I started with only fifteen cents in my pocket and a determination to draw no more from the bank. The first night I struck a through-freight for Toledo. I thought I'd take a box-car, it would be a little more comfortable to begin with. I caught the train just as it was pulling out. I made a jump for an open car. When I lighted I discovered it was a car of hides, but before I could get out the train slowed up at the freight house and someone locked the door of the car. Well, now my enthusiasm be-

gan to dampen. It commenced to rain outside and that didn't make it any better. It was a sweltering night too, and the temperature had such a high degree that I couldn't have much sympathy with it. A fellow likes sheepskins and degrees all right, but the kind that I got in that box-car made me wish I wasn't. I began to recall pleasant memories and prepare for eternity. But the train had reached Owosso, I guess, or some other place and they began to switch the cars back and forth. I wondered if this was a sort of an initiation to the tramp fraternity. When the engine finally began to pull out I had lost so much of my own hide that I guarantee the company which had chartered that car made net profit off me, at least ten dollars. I wondered if tramps usually were such a benefit to industry after all. I realized for the first time that a tramp might be of some value.

But say, they weren't content to stop that car at Toledo. They shipped it clear through to Buffalo, and it was twenty-four hours before I saw daylight and then it was in the evening. When I jumped out the bones of my legs seemed to go up through my stomach. I saw a fellow that I took for one of my class and I stopped him and asked him where a fellow could get a little something to eat. He looked me over once or twice and asked me how long I had been out. I told him about

fifteen minutes, but he didn't see the point. Then he aimed his finger across the block to a five dollar hotel and said they served good meals over there. I went up the street and bought a ham sandwich at a saloon and they gave me a place to sleep in the back room on the floor. There were seven others there and they had at least seven fights before morning. When I got up I bought another ham sandwich and started out with five cents left. I worked that town till two o'clock and all I got was a bowl of cold coffee and a slice of bread. I kept a diary, but I didn't have much to record. I asked a cop where I could get some work and he said the amount of work varied inversely as the distance between Buffalo and San Francisco. I spent my last five cents on an interurban car that took me twelve miles from the city. When I was on my pins again I began to wish I was a book-agent or anything, rather than a hobo. I spruced up a little and determined to ask a farmer for a job. About a half mile up the road I found one perched upon a fence, resting while his team cooled off a little. I thought I'd be friendly and then maybe I'd get a job quicker. I stopped.

"How are you, Mister?"

"Tired out."

I looked about a minute.

"How's your hay?"

"Same's ever."

"How is that?"

"Grass."

"Oh! Did the rain do you any damage?"

"Spoiled my new ground."

"Couldn't raise anything on it?"

"Nothin' but an umbrella."

"Can you grow tobacco in this part of the country."

"No, you want a chew?"

I took one.

"Say," I said, "do you know where a fellow could get a job?"

"Depends."

"Depends on what?"

"On the fellow."

"Well, myself I mean."

"You might get a job down there," and he pointed across the country, about three-quarters of a mile.

I didn't ask for any more work.

That night I stole six chickens out of that old plug's coop and sold them the next morning at a little burg about three miles down the way. I spent thirty cents of the money in getting out of the town. The rest I used to telegraph home for some cash and to buy me a good big breakfast. I got a check that afternoon. I bought a summer suit and took a parlor car for Detroit. I passed the next two weeks at home and got a needed rest.

To Drive Dull Care Away.

But say! he's a moose,
He takes no excuse,
And he most always manages to cinch
all the dough.

JUVENILE DEFINITIONS.

"Dust is mud with the juice squeezed
out."

"A fan is a thing to brush warm off
with."

"Ice is water that stayed out late in
the cold and went to sleep."

"A sob is what breaks out itself when
a fellow don't want to cry."

"Salt is what makes potatoes taste bad
when you don't put any on."

A Dutchman came in a store down
town.

"Ich vant ein whop?"

Clerk: "A what!"

"Ein whop!"

Clerk: "What's he mean?"

An Irishman: "Thot feller's been in
the counthry thurty year an' he can't
say 'fip.'"

Teacher: "What letter is next to H?"

Boy: "Dunno."

Teacher: "What have I on both sides
of my nose?"

Boy: "Freckles, ma'am."

LIMERICKS.

There was a young man from Tulare,
Who often went up in the air.
And when he came down
He struck on his crown,
So his head was denuded of hair.

There was a young man from McBain,
Who boarded a car in the train.
He was soon in a pickle,
He had 'nary a nickle,
And the "con" threw him off from the
train.

There was a young Paddy from Cork,
Who tried to eat soup with his fork.
The fork wouldn't hold
The soup which was cold
So Paddy slipped off for New York.

A pretty coed from Detroit,
Had cash and she wanted to blow it.
And she went to her room
And she wept in her gloom
For Miss Allen just wouldn't allow it.

A portly old Prof. whose name's Ewing,
Started out to see what was a-doing,
But he stopped in a hurry
When warned by a flurry
That a violent snowstorm was a brew-
ing.

A dignified Dutchman named Bruske,
Who considered himself tough and
husky,
Gave the driver of a hack
A most unmerciful whack
When he found he had lost his omnibus
key.

A giant who walked out after dark,
Ran slam-bang into old Noah's ark.
Enraged at the blunder
He roared, "Go to thunder,"
And old Noah got up and said hark!

24
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THE CRITIC.

He's far above the common herd,
No one compares with him,
He sees your defects, everyone,
And launches at them with a vim.

From lofty places that you've reached
He straightway drags you down;
Your talents, just the common sort,
Your genius rare provokes his frown.

No realm beyond him ever lies,
He's equal to the case in hand;
From out a recess in his brain
It comes as if 'twere previous planned.

The artist pales beneath his eye,
His work lacks finish, style,
The grandest efforts are but play
And in this judge provokes a smile.

The orator has missed his mark,
Who pleads for justice, right,
The cause he battled for and lost
Has vanished 'neath the critic's might.

Thus stands the critic well prepared
To solve the problems of the day,
Though heavens fall and worlds deride,
He's called and has to have his say.

Nothing is perfect is his creed
That man e'er heard or saw;
It is my duty, sure, he thinks,
To show the world this flagrant flaw.

But when he's sifted out your faults,
From his imagination grown,
Your sure of this at any rate
He oft reflected just his own.

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