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..ALMANIAN..



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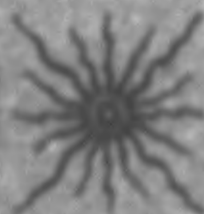
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The Song of Alma College.



TWO months ago the Almanian made an appeal to the students and faculty for a college song. Heretofore all attempts to procure a suitable song have been unsuccessful. But not so this time. The management were highly pleased with the response that was made to the request. Several excellent songs were sent in, and of this number one has been selected to present to Alma college. Some of the copies

were signed by the author; some were not. Such being the case, it seemed best to select and publish a song without considering any names. This one we leave with the students to judge upon according to its merit. We thank its author, as well as the authors of the others which were given us. We sincerely hope that all the students will learn it and sing it as Alma College Song.

(To be sung to the tune of "Red, White and Blue.")

A hill that slopes down to the Pine
Has a crown that is finer than gold,—
A symbol of wisdom to shine
When the joy of life has grown old.
'Tis a college that stands on the hill,
Fair Alma, our joy and our pride,
And we shout with a hearty good will,
Our homage and praise far and wide.

Chorus.

O Alma! Fair Alma, our pride,
Queen of all our hearts thou shalt
reign!
Thy praises we'll sound far and wide,
And echo the joyous refrain!
From prairie, from mountain, from sea,
From far and from near at her call,

Come her children in glad loyalty,
To sit at her feet, one and all.
Rich treasures of wisdom and truth,
The lore of the wise and the great,
Are the gifts that she hands to youth
Who listen and labor and wait.

The life in her groves and her halls
Will go with us forever and aye,
And the cheers echoed back from her
walls
Will cheer us for many a day.
And dear Alma Mater! to thee,
Our hearts will be true through the
years;
The maroon and the cream will e'er be
The symbol of all that endears.

VOL. 6

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NO. 5

- A L M A N I A N -

FEBRUARY,

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1905

ORATORICAL CONTEST.

JOHNSON WINS.

Subject: "Christianity and Social Unity."

THE gradually increasing interest of the student body reached its highest point on the evening of January 31. The second annual oratorical contest, which had caused excitement for the students and sleepless nights for the contestants, was a grand success. The method of choosing the representatives was somewhat different than that employed last year. At that time each society was permitted to select three from its membership who should act as the society's representation. Such was not the case this year. Preliminary contests were arranged in each society, and the three men who received the honor of being the society's orators were constrained to win that honor. The Zeta Sigma and Phi Phi Alpha societies were the only ones to offer contestants to the local. Zeta Sigma's speakers were Erle Casterlin, Israel Himmelhoch and George Horst. Phi Phi Alpha's were Paul Allured, Levi Butler and David

Johnson. The contests which gave these men the coveted honors were held in the assembly rooms three weeks before the joint meeting. The men of each society were especially strong, their orations having been the results of much work and training. Each society realized that it was to be a battle royal, and the spirit of competition was manifest in all. Zeta Sigma, having won the first and second places last year, were determined to maintain their rank. Their opponents were determined to redeem last year's loss and outstrip the former winners.

Such was the condition on the evening for the event. The Presbyterian church had been chosen as the scene of action. At eight o'clock the six men took the platform before a large audience of students and townspeople. The societies were present in body. When the orators came upon the platform they were given cheer after cheer. Prof. Mitchell, chairman of the evening, introduced the contestants and afterward awarded the gold medal. The judges selected for composition were: R. M. Williams, Webster

Cook and Francis King; for delivery, E. D. Palmer, of Bay City; L. T. Durand and John Stewart, of Saginaw.

Israel Himmelhoch spoke upon "America's Need of Reform in Politics." He pictured the condition of our country as it has resulted from the long continued growth of political rings and machines. He gave example after example of how politics makes business profitable and business makes politics profitable. His delivery was excellent. He used the conversational tone and talked with the audience, not at them. His earnestness won many in the audience to his view presented. It was seen from the first that he was to stand among the highest in rank, if not the highest. His logical deductions showed that Mr. Himmelhoch had worked out his oration entirely, notwithstanding the fact that the press and present day speakers are discussing this question so broadly. The originality, the unity and the striking climax of his oration called forth great admiration.

Levi Butler has chosen for his oration the "Life and Character of Booker T. Washington." He showed in his introduction the south's need of a hero, and proved that such a leader had been realized in Washington. He traced in a most vivid manner the experiences of Washington's early life of struggle for education, and his later years of patient, unceasing toil to build up a school that could educate the negroes and make them fit American citizens. He showed how much the great south-

erner had done through his own strong and admirable character to make the negroes men. Though lacking in ease of speech and bearing, in force and enthusiasm Mr. Butler excelled.

When David Johnson began to speak the audience began to listen most intently. It took but a few minutes to conclude that Mr. Johnson had mastered his oration. His enunciation and gestures were almost perfect. He was graceful, full of fire, dead in earnest. Back of all this was a line of thought original and interesting. Johnson's years of training as a speaker brought him a high and a just reward. The reports of the six judges agreed that he should be Alma's man in the state contest. In a most logical manner he proved that Christianity, with its standards of living and just service, not legislation, not socialism, must be the means of overthrowing the walls of caste which are separating class from class in American society.

Paul Allured had chosen for his theme, "Russian Character." It was a timely and interesting discussion, and revealed many traits of the Russian people which were excellent indeed, surpassing those of the Japanese and even vieing with those of Americans. He appealed for a removal of the common prejudice against Russia and a recognition of Russian worth. He contrasted the life of the nobility with the lower classes, and showed that we should judge by the people of ordinary life what the Russian character is. Mr. Allured has an excellent voice for

speaking, and by a careful training for ease on the platform will make himself one of Alma's best speakers.

With his usual vigor and persuasiveness, Erle Casterlin delivered an excellent oration, pleading for the negroes' rights as American citizens. The negroes should have full civic freedom because it is Christian, because it is the best policy, because it is the most advantageous settlement for both whites and blacks. Each of these reasons he treated fairly and conclusively. Mr. Casterlin has an excellent voice for public speaking, and it is under the best control.

The only representative of the Freshman class was George Horst, who spoke upon America's policy of neutrality. Though this was his first appearance before a college audience, he did himself and those he represented full justice. He manifested

excellent self-control and appeared as easy and graceful as any of the orators. In his discussion he considered America's past policy of peace and the results of it. The oration was both interesting and inspiring.

The markings below show each man's rank, both in composition and delivery. It will be seen that the contest was exceedingly close and difficult to judge upon by the manner that firsts, seconds and thirds are distributed. The decision is most satisfactory to the whole college, and Johnson goes to Albion with the congratulations and best wishes of every student at Alma.

	Comp.	Del'y	Av.	Av.						
	W	C	K	P	D	S	C	p.	Del.	T'l
Himmelhoch	...4	3	1	2	2	5	8	9	*17	
Butler1	5	3	4	6	2	9	12	21	
Johnson3	1	2	1	1	4	6	6	**12	
Allured5	2	6	6	5	3	13	14	27	
Casterlin2	4	4	3	3	6	10	12	22	
Horst5	6	5	5	4	1	16	10	26	



Leaves From a Diary.

Jessie Laing, Ex. '06.

I AM going to let you see a few leaves of my diary. All our family keep diaries, lengthy ones, too, but I think mine is the best, for I am the fastest runner of all, and so I can get around to see more things and get a broader view of life. Why, if a person half a block away stoops to hold out a nut, I rush down from my tree and get there before any other squirrel has a chance to think. I don't bother writing about anyone except the students. They are the most inter-

esting of all the human beings on the globe, for they have more troubles and more happiness than any others. So these leaves you may look over which I have selected from my diary.

Sept. 25.—The "chappies" are all returning with their 'varsity swagger, their suit cases, their bull dogs and their pipes. And there are a host of pretty co-eds this year, too. The old sleepy town of the summer is full of life again. All I do is to sit up high on a branch of a tree and watch it all, and every one of the lit-

the Freshies looks up as he passes, and says to his mamma or papa, "Oh, what a beautiful big tail that one has."

This afternoon I have made the nicest discovery. Just a block from the campus there is a big house where for a year or two both men students and girls have had rooms. It is always gay and lively there, but I never ventured very near till this afternoon, when I ran up a big tree and sat on a limb that reached way over the roof of the porch. I heard voices inside and, jumping to the window-sill, I looked in.

It was a girl's room, and such a big array of banners and cushions and pictures I never saw before. A stalwart, broad-shouldered youth was standing on a chair helping the girl put up some of her pictures, and she was pointing out the place. When she turned her face so that I could see her, it was very sweet and pretty, and so the young man thought, for he looked down at her often. He suddenly stopped his work and burst out impetuously: "Do you know, Verna, I am very, very happy that you consented to come and take rooms in this house. We can see so much more of each other now, and this senior year of ours I think is going to be our happiest year in college."

The girl smiled up at him and then happened to catch sight of me at the window. "Oh, look at the little dear, Walter; let's give him one or two of those nuts." And she ran to a small writing-desk and, taking out a handful, came toward me.

They spoke so kindly that I was not much afraid, and after Verna gave me one I hurried away.

I haven't seen any more of them today, but this evening I noticed in a window at the front of the house the green light of a student lamp and Walter's head bent over his writing. And from a nearby tree I could look in at another front window of the big house. The room was exceedingly attractive now. All its decorations were finished, and a bevy of girls were scattered about, some seated on the arms of chairs, others in them, on the sofa, or huddled on the floor. All seemed to be talking at the same time to Verna, who was in the center of the group stirring something in a chafing dish. I came away before the little gathering broke up, but I am certainly going every day to see either Walter or Verna.

Oct. 1.—Walter and Verna seem to be very happy. They are together a great deal, but I know that neither is shirking lessons, so industrious are they. The way Walter studies is to rest both elbows on the table in front of his lamp, and to clutch both sides of his head with his hands, as if that would help him at all. Verna, I can see through the other window, leaning back in the big chair that stands beside the light and reading an enormous book that nearly conceals her from sight.

I go up to the roof above the porch every day, and always one or the other gives me nuts, and sometimes I find Walter in Verna's room. But I don't like to venture inside very

well, for Verna is such a restless little creature that she startles me a good deal with her quick movements and sudden laughter.

Oct. 13.—Something dreadful has happened, and I did it, and I don't know what else I can do about it. It was this afternoon. I ran up the tree and onto the roof and peeked in Verna's window. There was not a sign of Verna anywhere, not even in the tiny room beyond, where her little white bed could be seen through the half open door. I noticed a big pile of the loveliest looking nuts on her little desk among the pens and ink wells. I knew she would not care, so I went through the open window and cautiously made my way up to the desk and the nuts.

Just at that moment I heard steps coming up the stairs and Verna's and Walter's voices. I crouched beside the nuts, keeping perfectly still, and they did not notice me at all when they entered. Verna went into her little bed room to take off her hat, while Walter looked at some pictures on the other side of the room.

I thought my chance to escape had come, so I whisked around and over went something with a thud, but I never stopped to see what it was till I was through the window. Then I looked back to see what had happened. It was the ink I had tipped over, and a black stream was running over a very pretty book on the desk and down on the carpet. Walter was trying to take up the ink with blotting paper. I did not think he had had time to turn around and

look at the damage and me to, and I was glad, for I did not want them to blame me.

But I was amazed when I looked at Verna, who was in the doorway, silent and looking at Walter. Her eyes were blazing, and there was a bright red spot on each cheek.

"Walter Owen, you did that on purpose! You knew that was the book Jim gave me! You were jealous! And now you have done this to spoil it! I didn't suppose you were capable of doing such a thing, and you needn't expect that I shall ever ever speak to you again!"

Walter was standing erect facing her now, with head high and voice steady, but his face was very white.

"Verna, can you not believe me when I say that I do not know how the ink tipped over? And I surely did not do it, even by accident."

But the blue eyes were flashing angrily, and Walter left her, going down the hall to his own room. Verna did not move till the footsteps died away, then threw herself among the pillows in a passion of sobs.

I had seen enough and crept away, subdued and dejected.

Oct. 23.—I have not had the heart to write anything in my diary since that dreadful day. It has been more than a week now, and there are three miserable beings, Verna, Walter and I. Walter's face is stern all the time, and I never see him dash down the steps any more and run up to the campus. But Verna I never knew to be so gay as she is now, when with the girls or with that Jim. But there are big dark places under

her eyes, and when she is alone, instead of studying, she sits and stares out of the window, and does not even see me sometimes. As for myself, I am the most wretched squirrel that ever loved to run about the campus. Of course, it was all my fault, but I cannot see any way of showing them.

Oct. 25.—Today was a great day for the three of us. I had seen Walter go slowly up the steps and into the house, and I climbed up my tree by the porch to see if Verna might be in her room. She was sitting quietly in her now customary position with a book in her hands and her eyes gazing steadily before her into space. I saw a few nuts on her desk beside that wicked ink well.

Suddenly I had a happy thought. I looked at Verna. Then I made a courageous resolution. Verna was still and was watching me now. I was very brave for her sake and Walter's.

Trembling, I advanced toward

the desk and climbed up to the nuts. I suddenly whirled and over went the ink. I did not dare move, but Verna did; for after staring at me with wide eyes for one moment, she sprang from her chair and rushed to the door crying, "Walter! Walter! Come here!"

I was out of the window by that time, but I heard excited voices, and Walter came into Verna's room. Verna was crying and laughing so much that Walter's voice sounded very much bewildered, though very very joyful. Verna must have explained satisfactorily after I came away, for both soon appeared at the window and called for me, but I had had enough experiences that day and did not go to them.

Oct. 30.—Happiness will now forever reign I think. On one of Verna's fingers glistens something in which she takes great delight, for she gazes at it by the hour, it seems to me, but she blushes and hides her hand when the girls speak of it.



From the Messabi. •

Everyone, when he stops and considers, realizes that somewhere and somehow there must be great and incessant labors to produce in such abundance and variety the all-important commodity—iron. Few, perhaps, who are not in close touch with the iron industry can comprehend the magnitude of the ore deposits and the importance of the min-

ing operations in the middle northwest, particularly Upper Michigan and Minnesota.

Michigan is proud of the three well known ranges called Marquette, Gogebic and Menominee, while Minnesota boasts of the Vermillion and Messabi.

Michigan has produced iron ore for the last half century and bids

fair to figure in the world's production for many years to come. Michigan ore is of the hard variety and is very easily smelted, making for it a ready sale.

Twelve years ago no one dreamed of the immense deposit in Minnesota's now famous Messabi, and even now a very small per cent. of its bodies are definitely located and its possibilities are imperfectly known.

The Messabi range, of which I can speak with more familiarity, lying in the central part of St. Louis County, Minnesota, is about one hundred and fifty miles long by fifty wide. It is not composed of one continuous ore body as some might suppose, but made up of hundreds of different sized deposits, each usually being worked as a separate mine.

Resulting from the characteristics of the deposits, mining methods have been evolved which were previously unheard of. Many deposits of the Messabi lie close to the surface, being covered with a loose flow of earth and granite boulders. The depth varying from one to thirty feet or more. This refuse is removed by the aid of steam shovels and hauled by rail and dumped on the nearest and most available dumping ground. After the ore is stripped of its over-burden, tracks are laid upon it and steam shovels load the ore, which is fine and granular, directly into the cars ready for shipment to the docks. From whence it is taken by boat to Chicago, Cleveland, Buffalo and other vantage points for smelting.

The range trends in a southwest-

erly direction and seems to follow in the path of the prehistoric glaciers. The deposits are usually lense-shaped and generally lie parallel with the main axis of the range.

Upon close examination the deposit appears to be sedimentary, as one can easily distinguish the different layers or strata by color, varying from a light yellow to a very deep brown or black, and from hard iron rock to fine powdered ore. A foot of ore might contain twenty to fifty such layers.

To the student steeped in theories of geology an iron mine should prove an "Eden." Having queried many of the mining men, who have spent their lives at iron mining in regard to how the deposits were made, I found a great variety of opinions. Also I found that the question is not troubling them. They say: "It is here, and the paramount issue with us is, how best and cheapest can it be utilized. We leave all such foolish questions of its origin to be answered by those who have nothing better to do."

The ore contains a high per cent. of iron averaging above 60.00 per cent, and carries very little objectionable impurities. Being easily accessible, requiring no crushing to handle, and placed so near to fine lake ports, it is small wonder that such rapid strides in development has occurred, which is noticeable on every side.

The Stevenson mine, at which I am now employed, shipped 1,650,000 tons of ore last season, making it, I believe, the largest iron ore producer

in the world for the year 1904. As this is only its sixth year as a productive mine, it seems little short of miraculous. And indeed under nothing but the very best of natural conditions and the most scientific management could it be accomplished.

As the Stevenson is only one of many propositions similar on the Messabi, it can be readily seen that great things awaits the Messabi when all of its many mines are in shape to produce at equal ratios.

—Pearl Fuller, '03.



A VALENTINE.

LITTLE Iky lay on his narrow, hard cot in the back room of the upper story. The wind howled as it twisted in and out among the tall tenement houses. Poor Iky was sick. "Awful sick," his small dark-eyed sister had told the landlady when she came up to the little bedroom with a cup of tea.

"Give him some of this warm drink," the woman had said, and she shivered when she stepped in from the hall to see the little fellow.

"Yes, Iky has such a cold, and he coughs so. I try to keep the room warm for him, but it is hard to find the coal. Iky could buy when he was able to sell the papers."

Iky tasted of the tea. He softened his toast in it and tried to eat. He looked up patiently.

"Ain't you hungry, Dollie?"

"Not much, Iky, just a little."

"Won't you eat part of my toast, Dollie?"

"No, Iky. You will sleep now, and when you wake up you can eat the rest of it then. I'll have it all warm for you, Iky."

"Am I very sick, Dollie?"

"I guess so."

"When I get well I'm goin' to beat Pete sellin' papers," he sighed.

"Say, Dollie,"

"Yes, Iky."

"Pete's sellin' my papers an' his 'n too, I 'spose?"

"Never mind, brudder; maybe Pete will sell 'em for you and bring you all the money."

"Maybe. When Pete had his fight with Fatty I helped him, or he'd got licked, sure 'nough. I got my eye blacked, but I didn't care. We licked Fatty just the same. * * * Say, Dollie, ain't it purty near Valentine day?"

"I don' know."

"I saw some valentines in the window one day before—before I was sick. Dollie, how long have I been sick?"

"Over a week, Iky."

"Have I? * * Yes, I saw some big valentines with pictures on 'em, an' I saw some that were purty. Little hearts, an' they said somethin' nice on 'em, too, I guess."

"Did they?"

"An' they were marked five cents an' two cents an' one cent. How many pennies have we got left, Dol-

lie?"

"Only sixteen, Iky."

"Dollie, won't you buy me one of those valentines what costs a cent? You know that good woman that stopped me one day an' asked me where I lived? An' she gave me a little book, an' she come up and read about a man who could cure sick people? I'd like to send her a valentine, Dollie. She was so good to me. Maybe she'd like a valentine. I believe I'd feel better if I sent her one. Do you know, I feel kind o' funny all over. First I want to cry. Then I feel so glad. I feel better when I'm glad. Won't you take her one?"

"But it is so cold and I oughtn't to leave you, Iky."

"'Spose Pete would do it, Dollie? Would you ask Pete?"

"I'll ask him for you," she said, as she turned and disappeared down the creaky stair.

Iky was asleep when she came back. But she sent Pete down to the mission with the little penny heart. Iky slept till way after dark, and his little sister kept the few lumps of coal aglow in the stove.

At last he stirred and tried to

speaking. The words would hardly come through the swollen throat.

"I dreamed," he said, "that I was big an' well again, an' had lots of money so I could buy bananas and cakes and meat and everything. An' I bought a whole lot, twenty-five cents' worth, I guess, an' I come home an' you had a big fire—"

Someone pushed open the door. Pete busted in, his head just showing over the top of a box which he held in one arm while he opened the door with the other.

"Hello, Iky," he said. "I've got some coal an' she's got—"

The woman entered with a basket heaping full of something.

"O, Iky, it's the good woman," cried Dollie, and she threw her arms about the little fellow's neck.

Iky was wrapped in some hot woolens and took some ginger that made him feel "all warmed up inside," he said.

* * * * *

The landlady found a smiling face on the little hard cot when she looked in before she locked up the hall. Iky was dreaming his happy dream over again.



A caller stopped at a house down the street and asked if Mr. Jones was at home.

"'Deed an' he's not."

"Can you tell me where he is?"

"I could not."

"When did you see him last?"

"At his funeral."

"And who may you be?"

"I'm his remains."—Bost. Trav.

An American Ideal.

F. W. Cobb.

SELFISHNESS is the keynote of of the age. In the house, in business, in national affairs, this chord is dominant; and it wakes as echoes a host of ills, domestic and public, all the evils that can afflict a state. And to offset these conditions, it is said, America has no ideals. But there is another human trait so nearly akin to selfishness that it is difficult to distinguish between the two, and it is with the greatest ease that the one may take the form of the other. Yet the last named is the trait which can and finally will purify us from evil conditions and lift us steadily upward in our development. It is this which I would bring to you.

Frederick Remington has a picture called the "Last Token." Viewing it, we seem to stand at the verge of a wide desert that stretches away to a range of haze-hidden hills in the distance. Half hidden in dust clouds, comes toward us across the plain a column of cavalry, their rear lost to view, their van before us in the middle distance. In front of the column, which is dismounting hurriedly from its horses, is a group of four men. They cluster about some objects on the burning sand, an arrow-pierced skeleton, a skull, some whitened bones. A scout picks from the ground an iron spur, the "last token" that in this spot one of civilization's soldiers had died, fighting to the last. The power of the sketch commands our attention. But the

picture fades away and before our eyes comes the vision of a battlefield. We see a plainsman, booted and spurred, clad in buckskins and flannels, girt with a cartridge belt, his face half hidden by a broad-brimmed hat, his body fortified by that of his fallen horse, fight a losing battle with a wavering line of Indian foes. At last his ammunition fails, the line of enemies closes in and he dies, pierced with arrows.

What is the meaning of this picture of the west? This. The man who died and whose bones were bleached by the desert wind and sun symbolized a living force. He may have been a man lured into the west by a dream of wealth, or one who sought a fortune for his loved ones; perhaps a love of wandering drove him forth, or he may have been one who sought by toil and travel to add another bit to men's store of knowledge, or advance civilization by another degree; one of those men whom the world deems discoverers. In any case, that power which drove him to his death, hidden though it may have been under one of numberless disguises, was that mysterious, unanalysable force which we name, for want of a better term, aspiration. The tiny spark that animated his mind glowed as a fire in men like Luther, Milton, Cromwell, Napoleon, Carlyle, Hugo and Tennyson. It is aspiration, beginning with the barbarian, that has evolved families, tribes, nations; that has made heroes

and philosophers, martyrs and benefactors; caused wars and created governments; and that moves life today as the spirit of events, the soul of progress.

But why do men aspire? What is aspiration? First, it is an instinct. AEons ago, when man had but lately been taught by evolution to assume the upright attitude, one day wandering through the primeval forests and desiring food, led by some impulse, he seized a broken branch that near lay his hand and killed an animal. Thus he increased his strength by the strength of a weapon, thus his cunning wit raised him above the beast level. A storm arose, he sought shelter in a cave and thus provided himself with a house. Two dead trees, whose branches had been rubbed together a long time by the wind, burst into a flame and were consumed. The savage felt the warmth, and possessing greater wit than his fellows preserved the fire. Behold him now, equipped with weapons, owning a house and using a fire. From the house we deduce the family, from the family the tribe. Within the tribe the weapons and the houses are improved the fire experimented with. And now the barbarian begins to think. By each successive step he has unconsciously raised himself higher, and now the stimulus reaches his brain. So his tribe, becoming conscious of its strength, engages in battle with its neighbor and conquers it and the two become one. These two unite with a third, and by conquest and assimilation a great league of tribes is

formed. This is aspiration as a stimulus. By this the savage is influenced, as hunger influences him, to seize upon the things which he needs.

Let us take it one step higher, as a force. The boy of today, first waking into self-consciousness, first shaking off the dreams that enfold him, and looking into the world, sees the forward movement of commerce, feels the thrill and shake of labor, observes all the intricacies of man's relations to man, and is fascinated. He sees the farmer prosperous on his land, the merchant conducting a thriving business, the scholar happy with his books; he notes the career of some scientist, author or statesman. He sets his mind upon the thing which he desires and works towards it; he enters a commercial school, or a college, or a machine shop, or labors on a farm, and ever aspires toward that ideal which he has chosen. However, he aspires half consciously, making his life an attempt to reach some concrete end, rather than a broadening progress. But, knowing that his life is a failure if he does not give it his best efforts, he toils steadily, using his best strength. And tomorrow see the result of this aspiration; the financier, the teacher, the machinist, the farmer; behold the world set in order, each man working steadily and honestly.

Finally let us consider aspiration as a thing to be desired for its own sake. We have seen it as a stimulus and as a force but neither of these was aspiration in its fullest develop-

ment. I would attempt to describe to you that desire which spurs a man onward, leaving him dissatisfied with any success he may have attained; which causes him to discard the good idea for the noble one, to leave the highway for the mountain path. It seems an instinct in men of the higher order to continually strive toward a higher plane through mere love of the striving. Each day the fact presses upon us, even, that "doing" brings more happiness than having done." And having done, the greater satisfaction is found in setting out toward something higher. Says Milton: "If God ever instilled an intense love of moral beauty into the breast of any man, he has instilled it into mine; Ceres, in the fable, pursued not her daughter with a greater keenness of inquiry than I, night and day, the idea of perfection." Whittier felt this love of aspiration lift him from his farm life and simple religion up to the wider planes of thought. Browning by this sentiment would even explain the mystery of heaven.

"Ah, but a man's reach should exceed
his grasp,
Or what's a heaven for?"

But society demands of its members accomplishment rather than aspiration. Everyone must work, and his success is great or small in proportion to the aspiration with which he regards his endless task. Aspiration, however, does not make accomplishment easier, on the contrary renders it more difficult. The greater the aspiration the larger the task attempted. Having begun his work,

the individual must rely on his own powers to complete it, and usually the task exceeds his strength; thus our common lot is disappointment, failure, tears, sorrow, chagrin; but if the sting of defeat shall lead him to try again and again, repeated failures shall create in him a strength that must conquer all.

And yet it is worth while to live out an ideal? Is it worth while to experience the pain of defeat, to feel the grit and grind of misfortune when one has risked all on too great a chance and lost? Surely, I think it is! If one tries often enough he cannot but succeed in something, and gradually success becomes a habit. It becomes a pleasure to serenely shoulder obstacles from one's path, to walk with steady step, untroubled mind, soul at perfect poise, and to regard tomorrow ever with growing hope.

But you say that I hold up an ideal impossible to be followed by one out of ten thousand. Not so! The very persons who must follow this ideal are you and I. A change in the mental attitude of the people is demanded by today's conditions. Civilization presents every day a graver problem to the civilized. The greed of gold, the pursuit of pleasure, the love of power, are things foremost in our minds; can the nation continue strong against them through another century?

It is no longer possible to live the simple life; our relations are far too complex. We must continue forward, either to rise in victory or go down in confusion and disaster. Will

we follow the highway of luxury and ease, or the narrow path of personal endeavor? The Epworth Crusader shouts forth his brave slogan, "The World for Christ," and as his faith in the achievement of this ideal is matchless and unshaken, so is my belief that only when He shall have kindled in each man's soul a fire of aspiration will it be accomplished. Only then will we cease our wars and selfishness, our sins of hatred and dishonesty.

This is the ideal which I would hold up for every American. Personal aspiration, reverence for our country, belief in the brotherhood of men. Through following this ideal we may hope to see, in some not far

distant future, a clean, happy and prosperous people, adoring their country, holding all men as brothers, and endeavoring to reach for themselves physical, mental and spiritual completeness.

Its fulfillment comes slowly, but it comes surely. Mankind dare not retrograde; we have risen too high to risk a fall. And in that age when man shall contend with man to render the state the truest service, and thus unconsciously realize the ideal of brotherhood, he will have come close to achieving his desire. Humanity writes the word Progress each year across the pages of its history in golden letters.



Step Children vs. Examinations.

IT was the morning of January the twenty-ninth, and Mr. Himmelsutt was going down the stairs to his belated breakfast, when his eldest son shot past him on the banister and was seized by his aggressive parent only in time to save the hall lamp from destruction. At the second landing he paused to comfort his small daughter, whom he found there inverted and squealing. The father shook a warning finger at the two little heads which were peeping over the banister-rail in effort to follow their sister. He rescued a young hopeful who was hanging by his toes from the newel post, and requesting the nurse to throttle the baby he went into the dining-

room, where he administered oat meal and pancakes, fatherly pats and gentle admonitions.

Breakfast over, he gathered the little ones about him and read them a portion of the scriptures, after which he knelt in prayer with his arms about two of his children. A deathly silence warned the father of six that something was happening, and looking up quickly he found his oldest son calmly imbibing maple syrup, while his daughter claimed her share of the sweets by vigorous jerks at her brother's loosely hanging suspender. One of the boys had the family bible and was tracing with creamy fingers a large picture of the prodigal son, while each of the

two whom the father held within his grasp was digging his small finger nails into the epidermis of the other.

Mr. Himmelsutt arose abruptly from his knees jammed his hat upon his head and left the house, closing the door behind him with some degree of vigor. "I wish I had not promised Mary to have family worship," he thought, as he tramped over the snow. "Things did not go on in this way when Mary was alive; the little ones were always neat and their clothing in order, the baby did not scream all night and breakfast was the pleasantest of meals. I do not know how to care for my children, but I must do something and do it soon.

Eight o'clock that evening found Mr. Himmelsutt handing his card to a maid with the request that it be given to Miss Audieratz. Miss Audieratz appeared flushed and disheveled. "I am very glad to see you, Mr. Himmelsutt, but, really, I am afraid

I will have to ask you to excuse me. College examinations begin this week and I have six hard ones. Biology first and worst; then English, French, history, algebra and bible. Isn't it dreadful to be a freshman?"

"Miss Audieratz, I can tell you my errand in a very few minutes. You knew my wife, you know how she kept up my home and cared for my children. Since her death I have been very unhappy, because they have had no womanly attention. I need a wife and my children need a mother. Miss Audieratz, will you marry me?"

"Mr. Himmelsutt, I thank you for the confidence you place in me in asking me to care for your children, and if you will take me now, tonight, I will be your wife. Then I will not have to go to college another day. Mamma will not like it, but I think six step children are preferable to six examinations."



DESPAIR.

Upon life's ocean cold and drear and lone
My barque is tossed by chilling breezes
blown.

The night is dark; no star shines in the
dome

To guide me toward the "Isles," hope's
blessed home.

The squall grows fierce; the sails are
rent and torn;

The waters wash the dismal deck, long
shorn

Of all its rigging, briny with the spray,
While all about the hungry monsters
play.

'Twas only yester' night the sea was calm.
The song bird warbled clear, and from
my palm

He boldly picked the seed, for which he
sang

His thanks until the distant mountains
rang

With melodies sublime, and echoed back
From verdant slopes upon a trackless
track,

The song awoke a sweeter symphony
Within my heart, where tuned in major
key

A thousand strings were waiting for the
touch

To call forth clearest strains of sweetness,
such

As heaven itself might well be proud to
own.

The star of hope in beauty o'er me shone,
And led the way upon an unknown sea.

It beckoned toward the Blessed Isles
 where flee
 The clouds of doubt, and disappoint-
 ment's stings
 Are felt no more. The dove of peace, her
 wings
 Spread wide, forever circles o'er those
 Isles.
 Love rules the heart; none lives there
 who beguiles
 By word or deed, or thinks an evil
 thought.
 All deeds through motives sprung from
 love are wrought.

Last night as sank the sun into the sea,
 I peered out o'er the deep—such hope to
 me!
 I saw the Blessed Islands bathed in light.
 Oh, muse! why hast thou not on mortal
 wight
 Bestowed the power to sing of heav'nly
 scenes?
 Why dost thou lift, sometime, the veil
 that screens
 Immortal sights from mortal eyes, but
 bind
 The tongue that it no utterance may find?
 I saw the harbor where I soon should
 land;
 I saw the green sward mat that sunny
 strand;
 I saw the trees whose leaves no falling
 know;
 I saw the flowers that without with'ring
 grow,
 Just as the golden twilight lit the west.
 I saw—and hopes were springing in my
 breast.

I heard the music of the song birds, soft
 And low and sweet, from perfumed
 meadows oft
 Brought o'er the mirrored watery ex-
 panse,
 And, oh, my longing heart was full. That
 glance!
 That song! That beauteous land, love's
 blest abode!
 Soon I should walk its paths by flowers
 bestrewed,
 I saw—but now—
 Oh, demon-peopled sea,

Why art thou spurting forth thy spray
 on me?
 Ye slimy monsters of the unfathomed
 deep
 What would ye have? Why do ye crawl
 and creep
 Like hissing serpents round their help-
 less prey?
 Ye Isles! Ye Isles!! Where lies your
 sun-kissed bay?
 I hear a voice. 'Tis like a mighty flood.
 Its fearful thunder chills my curdling
 blood.
 "Peace, peace, for thee no more shall be.
 Those Isles were not for thee, vain soul.
 Thou'st lived for self and petty self:
 For such the Isles are not the goal.
 "For those alone who seeds have sown
 For others reaping is that land.
 Those in whose heart self ne'er had part
 Shall walk that sun-bathed golden
 strand.





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FEBRUARY, 1905.

WE are looking forward to the oratorical contest which is to be held at Albion in a few weeks. Every college is looking forward with the same expectancy as Alma. Each is sure its own representative will come back with the medal and the honors. Of course, but one will win. We hope that one will be Mr. Johnson. It's entirely up

to him. But we can do a great deal to make him feel that he can win. Entering a contest such as this is to be, a person is apt to underrate his own ability, having heard from other colleges of the great talent of their orators. We don't want Mr. Johnson to have any such feeling. And so let us give him all the encouragement and support possible. It is now Alma college, not the literary society, for which he is working. Let him know that you appreciate what he is striving to do for you and for us all. If you see that he is losing flesh and becoming pale, give him a little stimulant,—a college yell or the little jingle:

Here's to Johnson,
Alma's man!
Can he win it?
Yes he can!
Cheer for Johnson,
Wait and see—
His the prize
And Victory!

SOME one asked, when seeing that there were no young ladies in the recent oratorical contest, "Why don't the girls have a chance?" The person did not know that the ladies' societies were permitted to send representatives to local contest. If he had known this he would, however, have been apt to inquire why the girls did not take advantage of their opportunity. And why is it that they do not. In 1904 one girl had enough society spirit to enter, and she did justice to herself and to those she represented. But this year no one was ready to follow her example. Three literary societies of young women and not a

contestant! One would suppose the ladies of Alma had no talent for public speaking. This is not true. They have talent—many of them. They ought not to hide their talent under a bushel, but rather let it shine from the platform of the college chapel. Some say that “girls can not do anything worth while in an oratorical contest. Oratory is for men.” This, too, is a mistake. Last year in the state contest at Adrian there were three ladies, and they demonstrated that they could present an oration as well and even better than the men. But oratory is not a part of the college work, simply that ability may be displayed. It is employed to develop better ability. We can urge that next year’s contest may represent Alpha Theta, Philomathean and Froebel. Let not the precedent be established that this annual event is to be participated in by none but the men.

SURELY not only the alumni, but all subscribers of the Almanian are pleased with the news column of the “Alumni” which Wm. Winton is supplying each month. For some time previous to this year there has been no editor for this department, and the old grads have not been very well informed as to the “whereabouts and whatabouts” of their former college mates. The present editor’s postal-reply system is working excellently, and as a result the alumni are getting acquainted again. Any alumnus who has not received one of the cards, but reads the paper, is re-

quested to send in some news. We want to make the Almanian a paper for the former as well as present students at Alma.

SOME time ago Dr. Bruske, in a chapel address, used the words of Benjamin Franklin, when warning the Continental congress of a threatening evil: “Hang together or you will hang separately.” It applies admirably to the student body of a college. Figuratively speaking, the college students who do not hang together will hang separately, or at least people looking on will wish that something equally significant might befall them. And the same opinion will be held regarding the college itself. Students may think that their particular place is athletics, or study or society, and where they are not concerned they are not needed. They are in the wrong. Hang together. Support every phase of college life. If you are not individually connected with some branch of work, nevertheless you should manifest an interest in it and support it. This applies to religious work to the musical work, to the athletic work, to the oratorical work, and last but not least, to the college paper. Hang together and give the college an all-round help.

THE second semester is under way and our minds turn toward the great week of the year, commencement. We look forward to that time of meeting old

friends and college mates. Many alumni will be here. We have received letters already from some, who are far distant, who are making plans on being here at graduation time. Some have urged upon us to make an appeal to the old grads through this paper for a great alumni banquet. Nothing would delight

the student body more than the presence of the alumni for a reunion day at Alma. This custom is not a new one, though for several years it has been neglected. We hope that those of the old grads who read these columns will even now begin plans for such an event.



ALUMNI.

ALUMNI EDITORIALS AND NOTES.

COLLEGE sentiment and spirit is not alone to be found within the curriculum walls, the athletic grounds and the college campus. It is a far broader thing than this. Its birth-place is at the seat of all greatness, truth and love—the home. Let the man who views memorial arch at Oberlin remind himself of the early Oberlin settlement, its refined puritan homes, and acknowledge that the college is the outgrowth of home and business at their best. College spirit is in the store whose proprietor consecrates the best of his earnings to the education of son or daughter. It is in the office where fees and retainers have a double significance other than that of price. It is in the home where a mother's hopes and ambitions kindle the flames of early endeavors.

Among the counties of Michigan most loyal to Alma, most exemplary of college spirit, is Tuscola County.

No better introduction can be had in Tuscola than this—a graduate of Alma. Enter the beautiful Presbyterian church at Caro, or the smaller one at Fairgrove; visit the press offices, the law and medical offices, and your Alma reputation will follow you—yea, has already preceded you. And because of this college spirit we have so many students from that county. The Alma graduate should consider his position an important one, because the opportunities are great for saying the right word, extending the prayer influence that will lead students toward our Alma Mater. We do well to remind ourselves that now without the college walls we are nevertheless within the sphere of her greatest influence—the point of attack and attack for new students.

The oratorical contest of the college held Monday evening, January 30, 1905, is the greatest letter of credit which this year's work has presented. The alumni association

and their appreciative gift of twenty-five dollars never called forth greater effort or more constant enthusiasm. Let the Zeta Sigma—Phi Phi Alpha—continue their struggle; they have given a better product than ever before. The class of '03 had its usual representation at this contest. W. F. Webber of Ithaca, Sadie Messenger, Essie Hooper, Lucius Bagley and T. G. Timby; the class of '04, Wm. Winton,

"THE IRON PORT."

By the Iron Port Co.
G. F. McEWEN, MGR.
Published at Escanaba.

Miss Hope, '02, is again at her home in St. Johns, Michigan.

Miss Estella Wood, one of the first of Alma's K. G. girls, has an excellent position at the Soo.

Miss Maybelle Tagget, K. G. '02, and for some time manager of a private kindergarten, has charge of the K. G. work at the Caro scrolls.

Miss Bristol, ex. '98, has the Latin and German branches in the Caro high school.

Miss Mae Kenyon, commercial '04, is at her home in Caro.

Miss Jennie Perry, ex. '04, is master of drawing, music and German at the Keithsburg schools, Illinois. These so-called fine arts are on the banks of the Mississippi like the Wabash, "far far away."

Wm. H. Long, '98, is now fully at

work in the Presbyterian church at Ludington, and reports the field as an interesting and progressive one.

Chas. Long, ex. '02, is attending the Detroit College of Medicine.

We understand that Wm. G. Miller of Chicago, formerly of Alma, has begun divorce proceedings against Mr. Long. Wm. G. has to carry in the wood and water now and objects seriously.

Mrs Mary Cook Streng, '92, of Chicago, was the guest of Miss Gelston in January, and spent several days renewing old associations. We would be glad to chronicle a whole group of '92's, '93's and '94's. These should not be missing numbers.

Audley E. Wilson, ex. '03, better known as "Audley," is now in the U. S. army barracks at Columbus, Ohio. Call up the barracks by phone or pen and Audley will answer you.

Geo. Kinney, ex. '03, is studying medicine at Yale, and "Ned" Kinney, ex. '02, civil engineer, was recently married to a Chicago girl.

The college—Wright Hall—has just received a beautiful water color "For-get-me-nots" for the east room, presented by Alma's early son, F. W. Eply, '92. The painting is by California's great flower artist, Paul De Longfre, and is a most beautiful addition to the growing art collection of the east room.

ABOUT THE CAMPUS.

CLASS EXHIBITIONS.

The semester closed with the customary exhibitions, given by the Juniors, on the last Friday night, by the Sophomores, on the Friday evening previous to that. Both were well up to the standard. The speakers for the second year class were the Misses Brock, Hayes, Means, Smith and Reynolds, and the Messrs. Rohlf and Young. For the third year class, the Misses Hunt and Crandall, and the Messrs. Cooper, Moore, Potter and Soule. The music, rendered by the students of the piano and vocal department, was especially fine. After the Sophomores had completed their program they were royally entertained by the Freshman class at Wright Hall. The Juniors in turn were given a sumptuous spread by the Sophomores. These two events have become the great class events of the middle term, rivalled only by the Freshmen and Seniors in their annual program.

LECTURES ON SHAKESPEARE.

Alma is exceedingly fortunate in obtaining the lecture course given by Prof. J. G. Troop of the Chicago University. This course consists of six lectures, to be on comedies and tragedies of Shakespeare. During the past month two lectures have been given. The first one on the character "Falstaff," in "King Henry IV" and "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and the second on "Hamlet," were indeed most excellent and were listened to by large

and appreciative audiences. For upper classmen in the college and the various literary clubs of the city the addresses are of especial interest. Besides the regular lecture Mr Troop conducts a study class, which is held in the afternoon before each lecture. A reference library, which is left at Rhodes' drug store, is at the disposal of all attending the series of lectures. This course meets a demand which is expressed by many who think something more instructive than the regular lyceum course should be presented in a college town.

NEWS.

Chas. E. Scott, now the pastor of the Presbyterian church at Albion, was in Alma the last week of January to attend the funeral service of his mother. Rev. W. K. Spencer of Ionia conducted the service.

The day of prayer for colleges, January 26, was observed in Alma. The president of the college addressed the students in the morning. In the afternoon a special prayer meeting was held in the chapel. Several deputations were sent to the churches of the city to attend the evening prayer services which were in session.

Rev. Maurice Grigsby, of Chicago, was at the college and about town recently.

The Rev. Funnell, of Fenton, who preached in the Presbyterian church January 29, spoke to the students in the chapel the following morning.

This and the other Monday addresses of the past two months have been most inspiring and helpful.

The work of the classical club is proving very interesting this year. Thus far a course in Grecian architecture has occupied the greatest attention.

On January 28 the committees of the various colleges of the oratorical league met together at Jackson to determine matters pertaining to the oratorical contest at Albion in March. Levi Butler, president of the local association, was the committee for Alma.

The students were especially favored on the morning of February 1, when Supt. E. D. Palmer of the Bay City schools, and Supt. John Stewart of the Saginaw schools, spoke in the chapel. Neither had come with the customary speech, but both had something amusing to say, and it was with great pleasure that their visit was enjoyed.

On Tuesday evening of the first week of February, Mr. Wm. Cooper entertained five friends from the college at dinner at the Sanitarium. The occasion was in honor of his classmate, Caven Ronald, who has since left for Portland, Oregon, where he is engaged in business.

The second semester opened Feb. 6th. with an increased attendance. Miss Kefgen '06, and Chas. Pringle '07 have returned to college. Four new men have entered the freshman class.

The Four Stars Company presented the fourth of the Lyceum enter-

tainments Feb. 7. They afforded a very enjoyable evening for the large audience assembled. Mr. Kyrl plays the coronet admirably.

On the evening of February 10th. the mid-year reception of the Y. W. and Y. M. C. A. was held in Wright Hall. An unusually large number were present to enjoy the pleasure afforded by this event. New students were put through the mill and came out better acquainted with the associates whom they have joined at the college.

Phi Phi Alpha held their annual banquet at the Alma Sanitarium, the evening of February 13th.

Ray Bangs, who recently moved to Coffeyville, Kansas, has been in Alma the past week.

ZETA SIGMA

Zeta Sigma congratulates Mr. David Johnson upon his recent victory in oratory. Phi Phi Alpha has just reason to be proud of Mr. Johnson, their best speaker and the leader of their work. We join with our brother society, and with Alma college in cheering Johnson on to higher victory.

Chas. Pringle has returned to the society.

The Keeper of the Archives now holds in his possession all prepared articles of the society. A uniform stationary has been procured and printed.

In one of the most 'stirring' debates of the year, it was recently proved that the German mode of living is preferable to American.

Zeta Sigma challenged Phi Phi Alpha Feb. 6th. to a debate to be held on the evening of March 13. Question: Resolved that it is for the best interests of labor and society to have the 'open shop' Phi Phi Alpha has the choice of sides.

On February 22 occurs one of the great society events of the year, the Washington's Birthday Banquet, when men of Zeta Sigma, students and grads, meet at the Alma Springs Sanitarium. Elaborate preparations have been made. Many alumni are to be present. Toasts will be given by at least three of the Alumni. Of the present society membership, Israel Himmelhoch has been selected for a response. A most enjoyable time is looked for by all Zeta Sigmas.

PHI PHI ALPHA

The officers for the Phi Phi Alpha Society for this term are; President., J. N. King; vice president., L. Butler; secretary., C. Hull; treasurer., L. Marshall; first critic., F. Cobb; 2nd. critic., P. Allured; marshal., H. Wilson.

The oratorical contest which took place on Monday night of January 30, between three members of our society and three of the Zeta Sigma society, to decide upon the man who is to represent Alma in the Intercollegiate Contest, has caused greater enthusiasm among our members, especially since it was Mr. David Johnson our last term's president who won the gold medal and twenty-five dollar prize. We rejoice at Mr. Johnson's success and are looking forward to his winning the laurels at Albion.

Mr. Johnson is a hard worker and has entered into the society work with all his might, perhaps no one man has done for the Phi Phi Alpha society than Johnson.

Mr. Butler and Mr. Allured the other contestants are also to be commended. Their orations showed sleep thinking and hard work. Mr. Butler did remarkably well in bringing out the life and character of Booker T. Washington. It was Mr. Butler's second appearance before the public and he won third place in the contest. Mr. Allured set forth the Russian character in a remarkable way also. Allured is young at public speaking but is a promising orator.

Every member of the society seems to have the work of the society at heart and is working earnestly and with the newly elected officers we hope to make this term as profitable a one as last.

Y. M. C. A.

At a recent election, the Y. M. C. A. elected as officers for the coming year: President., Wm. Cooper; vice president., Harold Gaunt; Rec. secretary, Francis Cobb; Corr. secretary., Geo. Sutton; treasurer., Leroy Marshall.

As delegates to the state convention of the Y. M. C. C. at Battle Creek, February 14 to 16, the Messrs. Cooper, Allured, Sutton and Moon were selected.

SENIOR

At the three hundred and eighth hour of the year of the class of '05,

the robed throng assembled in the "Rendezvous" of Pioneer Hall for a "Time". It was a time of a lifetime. Candy and witty sayings were made; nuts and jokes were cracked; when refreshments were passed, the favorite choice of the boys was coffee and girls. The chief entertainers were Mr. Gaunt and Miss Mey; their stunts were simply matchless, and we predict a bright future for them if they will follow the calling for which they are so well adapted. Long may they live to bless the world with the sunshine of mirth, This event stands out conspicuously as the greatest of all the numerous "doings" that the class has done this term. It was a success from Alpha to Omega, world without end. We had a superabundance of provisions except girls. These were at a premium, and the only way to avoid a panic was the observance of a time honored custom one for which, as all classical students are well aware, we are indebted to the ancient Greeks, at least as far back as the time of Remeses II, namely the flipping of the U. S. copper penny. This, of course made the coveted matchings irrevocable, and the best that the disappointed masculines could do was to go home in lonely solitude to their sleepers, beds of hay and straw, consoling themselves with the thought that perhaps before the next event the goddess of love may be appeased so as to render a more favorable decision.

The class has begun the study of Sociology, and we understand that some of the members are making a special study, though original investigation and otherwise, of that part which relates to the family.

FRESHMAN

If there is one thing that a Sophomore hates to see more than a Freshmen it is more Freshmen. For the past week they have been going about in silent rage for four new men have entered our ranks. Mr. Morse comes to us from Ludington, Mr. Monteith from Port Huron, Mr. Taylor from Lapeer and Mr. Anderson from our own town.

Our president has begun a development along a new line. This time it is along the line of diplomacy. Lately he has not called our class meetings to order; on the contrary he conducts them in an informal manner, thus avoiding all questions relating to Parliamentary usage.

For lesson in high comedy go to the Freshmen class meetings. Mr. Horst assisted by a group of talented stars convulses the audience at each and every performance.

SOPHOMORE

On the eventful evening of January 20th, the Sophomopes were entertained by the Freshmen at Wright Hall. Although this was the Freshmen's first attempt at anything so momentous in its nature, yet they are to be congratulated for the excellent manner in which this was carried out.

Miss Allen—in Sophomore English:
"Birds can often be distinguished by detail."

The annual reception of the Juniors by the Sophomores occurred on Friday evening, January 27. Japanese decorations and menu made the affair very novel and long to be remembered by all those whose privilege it was to attend.

Among the Colleges.

A recent issue of the Olivet paper published an article entitled "Americans at Oxford," written by Willard L. Sperry, the Olivet man who won the Rhodes scholarship. You will find it of interest. Read it. It's in the library.

The colleges are all preparing for the state contest. Olivet's representative, Chas. R. Tiebout, is receiving great support and encouragement through the "Echo." Here's their puff:

Hurrah, Tiebut!
Don't get blue
Whate'er you do.

Seth and Bobbie, Finnis, Lee
Brought us glory. Firmly we
Believe that you
Will do it, too.
Who? Tiebout.

Albion's representative is Emerson O. Gildhart. The college gave three prizes: First, \$30; second, \$20; third, \$10. Nineteen men of the various literary societies competed for the honors. Hillsdale's victor in the contest is Chas. J. Wood, whose oration is "Martin Luther." Mr. Wood won the three first ranks in composition, but could take the delivery also. However, his final mark was highest and the college is now depending upon him for a place at the top of the lists.

Hillsdale is complaining that the college or the students or something is going mad. An editorial recently

warned the college of the inevitable result if the spirit of "scrap" was continued. It had at that time gone so far as to interfere with various activities of the college—oratorical and athletic association, etc.

Ypsilanti has secured the last year's coach "King" Cole for next spring's baseball team.

The "Collegian" of Waynesburg college, Pennsylvania, has a good column of student jokes. The editor evidently depends on the students rather than the daily papers for his supply of things that make you laugh.

The Y. M. C. A. of the Agricultural college has been conducting a series of Sunday afternoon lectures on the "Heroes of the Bible." A considerable interest has been manifested.

M. A. C.'s indoor work is developing a large number of good men. Forty-eight wrestlers are training for the championship. Thirty-five men have signified an intention of entering the track contests. The gymnasium has recently been fitted out with some new bars, rings and ropes.

The students of the U. of M. have formally expressed a desire for a game with an eastern eleven next fall. It is to be hoped that their desire will be satisfied.

Now Albion has a red-head club.

Olivet's glee-club has been preparing for a southern Michigan trip. Concerts will be given in several of the larger towns.

JULIUS CAESAR.

J. Caesar, son of Mr. and Mrs. Caesar, was born in the last century B. C. in Europe, and at an early age showed unmistakable evidences of ability to come to the front. Marius married his aunt, and owing to the unpleasantness engendered between Mr. Sylla and Marius, who quarrelled over a division fence, young Caesar was in some danger of being sent abroad for his health, but was spared on account of his youth. He, however, after attending a protracted meeting and becoming converted, wished to be elected a priest, but Sylla, who was at the time running a paper at Rome, sat down on the young convert's ambition, and obliged him to leave the city on the next narrow guage train.

He was captured soon after by pirates and proved himself a humorist by jocosely threatening his charmed listeners with crucifixion, which he afterwards carried out in order to make the joke seem real, and give it, as it were, a practical aspect.

In his personal appearance J. Caesar is quite comely. He has a long heavy black beard which he keeps, according to his pictures, smoothly shaven. He is slightly bald (as great men always are), and to conceal this lack of capillary adornment he wears a chaplet of fresh laurel. Rome must have been quite a laurel-producing country, for I never met Caesar without his laurel crown. He was blessed with a Roman nose, and to me this was his chief charm, for when the head of his illus-

trious son-in-law was presented to him he made a *del sarte* bow without breaking the succession and wept (he was a copious weeper,) and the large tear drops glittered on his great Roman nose, as they swung pendant in that dreamy Egyptian atmosphere and then fell off into space.

He took a pardonable pride in his general make up, and when mounted on his horse (he always rode on a California saddle) was quite a favorite with the softer sex.

Caesar's writings may be divided into philosophy and history. He begins his renowned philosophical treatises with an analysis of cheek, saying, "All gall is divided into two parts." In history he dwells largely on one self-made man of his own time. As a military leader he cuts quite a figure. Among his exploits may be reckoned the slaying of a great many Germans. These tribes were not prepared for war, but made a business of running big beer gardens and breweries with unqualified success. Caesar attacked them with consummate bravery and Colt's revolvers, killing many and putting the remainder to rout. He afterwards had an unpleasantness with Mr. Pompey, the result of which I have given before.

But what endeared him to the citizens of Rome the most was the active part he took in building up the town and making it a railroad center and general jobbing point. The newspapers contained daily puffs of his building boom, and even his enemies

acknowledged that "he was a good man for the town." The drummers from the city assisted in spreading his fame, and he became well known as a "hale fellow well met." But he died (most men do), rather he was killed by a person whom, to use his own language, was a brute, and wrapping himself in his toga he fell at the foot of Mr. Pompey's statue. At this critical moment Rev. Mr. Anthony stepped up and carrying him out preached a first-rate sermon over their love for the late lamented by his remains. The citizens showed giving freely of their ears at Mr. Anthony's request.

Mr. Caesar, besides all his other qualities, did much for those who followed him in giving them time, which an old Roman said is money. He always carried an Elgin quick train watch, and becoming disgusted with the then loose-jointed way of reckoning time in years, added a new month to the year, calling it July, thus enabling the ice man to amass a fortune instead of being obliged to go into the coal business.—Exchange.

BEFORE.

There are meters of accent,
And meters of tone;
But the best of all meters
Is to meet her alone.

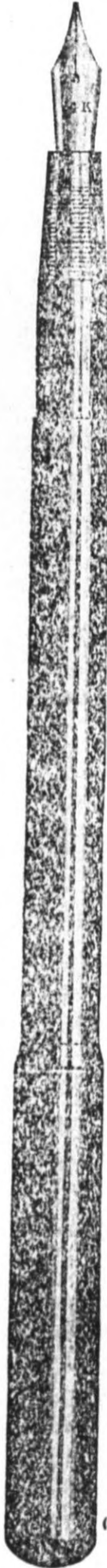
AFTER.

There are letters of accent,
And letters of tone;
But the best of all letters
Is to let her alone.—Ex.

"What is home without a mother?"
"An incubator, I guess.—Pleiad.

"Say, waiter, what do you call this?"
"Bean soup, sir."
"Yes, it's **been** soup, but what is it now?"

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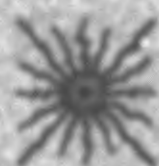
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