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## OUR FRIENDSHIP.

Mary E. Gelston.

FROM the earliest ages to the present time friendship is a theme to which all literature, sacred and profane has delighted to do honor. Philosophy has testified of its worth; fable and history have given countless illustrations of its power; poetry has found in it a well of inspiration, and fiction has analyzed and depicted it in its heroes and heroines. To Aristotle, it was the theme of themes, nor were Socrates and Plato far behind in their partiality. In the Old Testament, the wisest of men, after having exhausted the riches of this world, testified to the worth of friendship as an enduring possession. "A friend," he said, "loveth at all times, and is born as a brother for adversity." And in the New Testament a greater than Solomon says, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

The poet Ennius asks, "How can life be true life without friends?" And a Russian poet re-echoes the thought when he says despondently: "I have been seeking a friend!

There's none below: the world must soon to ruin go!"

Voltaire extols the sentiment as, "Friendship divine, true happiness of heaven!" And our own Emerson speaks of a friend as a "Masterpiece of Nature."

What, then, is this friendship of world-wide honor? I wish first of all to say that in any attempt to define it, I shall think and speak of it in its highest sense. I shall "cut it to the quick," as Cicero says, leaving out of view relations which we speak of under the name of friendship, such as acquaintanceship and friendliness, which may be pleasant and helpful, but are to be excluded from the present consideration.

Cicero says that "friendship does not arise from any sense of need; its only gain is the love itself." Aristotle's view is that "friendship consists in loving rather than in being loved." Whittier says:

"Love is sweet in any guise,  
But its best is sacrifice."

And Helen Hunt expresses the same truth in the words:

“When love is strong,  
It never tarries to take heed,  
Or know if its return exceed  
Its gift.”

Is not friendship, then, love with the selfish element eliminated; a love that looks away from self and toward the loved one? Is not this the divine pattern of love? Christ says: “Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us.”

Nor is this high standard unattainable, even for man with his imperfect nature. In all ages of the world, friends have lived for each other, and friends have died for each other, and some have endured even more than death.

The friendship of Jonathan and David, recorded in the Bible, is gloriously unselfish. From the moment Jonathan first saw David, he must have realized that David's star was in the ascendant and his in the decline. David was a stripling shepherd, to be sure, but he had wrought a wonderful deliverance for his people, and he was the hero of the hour. Jonathan felt no pang of envy, though he foresaw the future of David as the coming king of Israel. Joy rather filled his heart, and “Jonathan loved him as his own soul.” Such was the devotedness of Jonathan to the end, that David pronounced upon their friendship as “passing the love of women.”

We have another instance of unselfish devotion in the Bible, that of Ruth and Naomi. Everything combined to attract Ruth and Orpah, Naomi's widowed daughter-in-law, to Moab, the land of their birth and early associations. Nothing but a

sacred friendship, stronger than the mere bonds of kinship or marriage, could resist these attractions. So at the parting on the banks of the Jordan, Orpah, who loved Naomi dearly, kissed her and wept sorely at the thought of separation. But Ruth clave to Naomi. Her beautiful and tender words have come down to us through the ages: “Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge. Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.”

Whoever, then, is a friend in the highest and best sense, finds a joy in serving that he never finds in being served. This is the feeling that Jules the artist has in Browning's “Pippa Passes,” when he considers the question whether he shall become the friend of the unlettered Greek girl Phene. He decides to be her friend, not because of what she can be to him, but because of what he can be to her. This is his reasoning:

“If whoever loves  
Must be in some sort, God or worshiper,  
The blessing or the blest one, queen  
or page,  
Why should we always choose the  
page's part? z  
Here is a woman in utter need of me.  
I find myself queen here, it seems!”

Cicero tells us that in the highest friendship there is no envy. We not only sorrow in our friend's adversity, but we rejoice in his prosperity. We are glad when he shows himself at his best, even though that best is beyond our best.

Emerson says, “I must feel pride in my friend's accomplishments as if they were mine.” What noble

self-renunciation in John the Baptist, when standing at the very summit of his personal renown, he could say without a twinge of envy to the crowds about him, "In the midst of you standeth one, the latchet of whose shoe I am unworthy to unloose."

But if there is no envy in true friendship, neither is there distrust. Cicero describes the life of tyrants as one without faith, without affection, without any confidence in friendly feeling, but one where everything is an object of suspicion and anxiety, and consequently is a life where there is no place for friendship."

La Rochefoucauld says, "It is more dishonorable to distrust a friend than to be deceived by him." From Plutarch we learn that Alexander the Great, with all his faults, knew something of the nature and power of true friendship. During one of his campaigns in Asia he fell sick. So much did the fate of the world seem to depend upon Alexander's recovery that none of his physicians dared undertake the task of attending him. But Philip, who, as Plutarch says, was Alexander's true friend, determined to care for his friend and master at every risk to himself. Such perfect trust did Alexander have in Philip that when the jealous Parmenio wrote a letter of warning to him, telling him that Philip had been bribed by the Persian king, Darius, to poison him, he took the medicine Philip offered him and then put the letter into his hand, that his physician might know how

a friend can trust.

True friendship is changeless, Shakespeare tells us:

"Love is not love  
Which alters when it alteration finds,  
Or bends with the remover to remove;  
Oh, no, it is an ever-fixed mark  
That looks on tempests, and is never  
Shaken."

Cicero says: "Though absent, they are present; though dead, they are alive." And Whittier reminds us that our friends who are gone are as really our friends as when they were with us here.

"Not shadows in a shadowy band,  
Not others, but themselves are  
they."

But there are changes which are more trying than those of absence or death. Suppose we have been deceived in the loved one and he is not true to our unselfish devotion, can friendship bear the test? History, both written and unwritten, answers in the affirmative. There have been instances innumerable of parents and children, of brothers and sisters, of husbands and wives, as well as of friends not bound by ties of kinship or marriage, who have been loyal in the face of cruelty, contempt and desertion. Josephine was Napoleon's truest friend. Ever watchful for his highest welfare, she was willing to make any personal sacrifice for his sake. So long as this friendship was exercised in connection with the marriage relation, it may have been regarded as nothing more than ordinary wifely love. But the time came when this wifely love proved itself to be friendship-love, that could bear as cruel a test as ever

woman had to bear. When Napoleon decided, in order to satisfy his personal ambition, to put away Josephine as his wife, and when in response to his desire Josephine made her formal request for the divorce, she wrote: "I have the pleasure of giving him the greatest proof of attachment and devotedness that was ever given on earth; but the dissolution of my marriage will in no respect change the sentiments of my heart. The emperor will ever find in me his best friend." And she spoke truly, as the emperor afterwards realized.

"A friend is worth all the hazards we can run.

Poor is the friendless master of a world."

So many instances are there of the influence of friendship upon literature that I find it hard to make a selection. The friendship of Achilles and Patroclus, of Theseus and Pirithous, of Orestes and Pylades, are favorite themes among the classic poets. And I am sure I shall meet with your approval when I say that if it had not been for the friendship, literary and personal, between Scipio and Laelius, you and I might have been deprived of some pleasant hours during the past few weeks. And when next year you enter upon the study of Horace, you will be made to feel upon almost every page how much the world is indebted to the friendship between Maecenas and Horace. This friendship between the emperor's chief counselor and the unassuming poet is a good illustration of Cicero's oft-repeated saying, that "friendship has not fol-

lowed advantage, but advantage has followed friendship."

We find in literature no better illustration of a reverent admiration excited in the mind of a pure man for a true woman than we find in Dante's friendship for Beatrice. In order to understand it, we must realize how closely Dante followed the age of chivalry. As chivalry required the would-be knight to begin his special training at the age of seven, and to select early the woman who was to be his inspiration to high thinking and heroic action, so Dante, at the age of nine, impressed by the loveliness and goodness of Beatrice, a maiden a year younger than himself, gave to her the homage of his unselfish friendship. In his poem, the "Vita Nuova," Dante tells the story of the growing inspiration that possessed him through the ideal she presented him. Dante seems never to have sought Beatrice in marriage. His whole thought was, as he says, of her worth, and his desire was to live as became the friend of one so good and lovely. Beatrice married and died, as it would seem, without ever knowing the measure of the love she had inspired in Dante. After her death, her memory was no less an inspiration to him than her presence had been. A new purpose came to Dante, and this is his record of it: "A wonderful vision appeared to me, in which I saw things that made me resolve to speak no more of this blessed one until I could more worthily treat of her. And to attain to this, I study to the utmost of my power, as she truly knoweth. So



that if it shall please him through whom all things live, that my life shall be prolonged for some years, I hope to say of her what was never said of any woman." The outcome of this purpose of Dante was the "Divine Comedy."

To come down to the more recent history of literature, to think of Wordsworth and Coleridge, is to think of their friendship, and no doubt a part of the pleasure we receive from their writings, is due to what they were to each other. But Wordsworth's first inspiration was his sister Dorothy, who well deserved her devoted brother's tribute:

"She gave me eyes, she gave me ears,  
And humble cares and delicate fears;  
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears,  
And love, and faith, and joy."

Then came Coleridge as an inmate of the Wordsworth home, the close friend of both brother and sister, so that house contained "three bodies and one soul," as Wordsworth was wont to say.

The most perfect union of two souls, both poetic, in all literary history, is that of Robert Browning and his wife. What the world owes to the inspiration of that union it would be hard to tell. More heartfelt words can hardly be written than Browning's invocation to his wife in the prologue to "The Ring and the Book," published after her death.

Tennyson's "In Memoriam" is a refutation of the charge sometimes made that friendship between man

and man has not the power it had in the heart of the classic Greek. While still a young man, Tennyson was parted from his friend, Arthur Hallam, by death, and seventeen years later was published this beautiful commemorative poem. One stanza will show the strength of the friendship, the inspiration of which did not cease with death:

"Far off thou art, but never nigh;  
I have thee still, and I rejoice;  
I prosper, circled with thy voice;  
I shall not lose thee though I die."

These are a few of the many instances of the direct influence of friendship upon literature.

Friendship, too, has always been a powerful incentive to heroic conduct. We need not go back for illustrations to the classical period, or to the best days of mediaeval chivalry. Many a soldier in our Civil War gave or risked his life for a soldier friend. More than once when a squad of prisoners was to be sent out from the foul prison, some unselfish man pushed a friend into the place designed for himself and himself remained a prisoner. So wherever there is danger it is not a rare thing to see some man possessed of heroic strength for heroic action, because of friendship. We find illustrations of this in fiction, quite as thrilling as those of fact. One of the noblest, as it seems to me, of all Dickens' characters, is that of Sidney Carton in the "Tale of Two Cities," and a beautiful illustration of the highest friendship. He loved Lucie Manette, and continued to love her, though she became the wife of Charles Darnay, but with a love

transformed into a pure, unselfish friendship. There came a time when Lucie's husband was sentenced to the guillotine during the French Revolution. Sidney Carton managed to enter the cell of the condemned man, exchanged places with him, and sent him out to liberty and to his family, all unconscious of the cost of his escape. Not long afterward Carton was borne to the guillotine in the place of Darnay. Dickens tell us that as he passed along the street, repeating to a fellow-sufferer the words, "I am the resurrection and the life," people remarked that that was the peaceablest man's face they ever beheld. Does not an heroic act, the source and inspiration of which is friendship, show a man at his best?

We find another illustration in one of Longfellow's longer poems, "The Golden Legend." The story upon which it is founded, exhibits amid the corruption of the middle ages the virtue of self-sacrifice, and the power of faith, hope and charity (or love, as the word implies.)

Prince Henry is the last of his princely house. He is one whose—

"Gracious presence upon earth  
Was a fire upon the hearth."

But a strange, mysterious disease has come upon him, a smouldering, perpetual flame that burns in his veins, sending vapors alike to his head and to his heart. At last by a priestly decree,

—"he went

Into disgrace and banishment,  
Clothed in a cloak of hodden grey,  
And bearing a wallet and a bell,  
Whose sound should be a perpetual

knell

To keep all travelers away."

He goes forth into the forest, but not alone. A pious, devoted German family follow their Prince for "love of him and Jesus' sake." Before this he has consulted physicians in all parts of the world, but no cure is offered for his malady but the strangest of all cures, proposed by the doctors of Laleru:

"The only remedy that remains,  
Is the blood that flows from a maiden's veins;  
Who of her own free will shall die,  
And give her life as the price of yours!"

A cure in its nature almost impossible to a man like the Prince. But finally Lucifer, the Prince of the Power of the Air, the instigator of all evil, comes to him in the guise of a traveling physician, and so works upon the mind and heart of the poor sick man, that he is induced to try the remedy when it is offered. Meanwhile Elsie, the flower of the little German family, has learned of the condition by which her dear Prince can have life and health, and she determines to sacrifice herself for him. To the protestations of father and mother, she has but one answer:

"Christ died for me, and shall not I  
Be willing for my Prince to die?"

Hardest of all it is to get the consent of the Prince, but the poor, tempted man finally yields, and the two set out on their long journey to southern Italy, where the offering is to be made. Elsie's brave, loving heart never fails her, but she rejoices that she is counted worthy the sacri-

ficé. The legend, however, mercifully spares us the catastrophe. The Prince's better nature conquers. He absolutely refuses at the last moment to allow the sacrifice, and he is finally cured by other means. But who shall say that the self-abriegation of the dear, devoted girl was not as real as if she had actually given up her life?

I hope I have proved to you from these few illustrations and quotations that human experience, past and present, corroborates Cicero's statement, that in some way "friendship entwines itself into the lives of all, and does not permit any way of spending life to be independent of it." To have a friend is to have one of life's greatest blessings. To be a friend is a greater blessing, for nowhere is it more true than in the realm of friendship that it is more

blessed to give than to receive. Friendship, to be sure, costs time, strength, sympathy, patience, and, as we have seen, even life itself; yet this very outlay brings its own return, enlarging and strengthening the heart which it taxes. Friendship is a gentle and solemn education of soul, which purifies and sanctifies; and I am glad to believe that though we may, as the Bible says, sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob in the kingdom of heaven, though we may delight to mingle with the spirits of just men made perfect, yet, after all, the friends who are nearest and dearest to us there will be those who are nearest and dearest to us here.

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The above paper was read before the fifth-year Latin class upon the completion of Cicero's "De Amicitia."



## LIFE AT PRINCETON.

Martin J. Stormzand, '04.

**C**OMING to the seminary from Alma means a complete readjustment. It means a shifting of responsibility for intellectual acquirements from your instructor to yourself. It means a transition from the freedom of college days when one does not frown on a boyish prank, to the staid dignity worthy of association with D. D's, Ph. D's, etc. It means forgetting social conquests, save in an epistolary way, for the winning of friendships among men by gaining recognition for your

ability. It means a readjustment, perhaps an abandonment, of hero-worship. It means the acquisition of a consciousness that now, after endless days of generalizing in prep-school and college, you are at last in active preparation for a life-work and with it comes the adoption of a practical standard by which all intellectual effort is gauged.

There's a charm about all this. Your work is set for the year in any subject, but you are free to follow your own method in accom-

plishing it. You invest in a bunch of big note-books, arm yourself with a fountain-pen and heaps of resolution and go to the class-room to take notes on the lectures. Perhaps you succeed in your resolution, but there's many a slip between a lecture read to you and your account of it. If it's a question of orthodoxy hardly one of the professors will stand by your version or perversion of his thought when you get it down.

Perhaps that perversion may be due to the inaudible voice of the lecturer, or it may be due to the fact that you suddenly discover a neat jack-knife engraving of your college yell on the desk top, left there by one of your illustrious predecessors, whose sparkling wit and profound brow you have admired the year before in his chapel speech. Perhaps the novel you have brought to the lecture room for just such an emergency as an inaudible professor may prove too interesting to recall you to the duty of pricking up your ears, when, in fuller voice, your lecturer reads an underscored sentence that may trip you up when you come to presbytery exams. Perhaps you don't even buy a note book, but rely upon a printed syllabus of the course of lectures, planning to cram that for year-end exams, since you have taken in good faith the declaration of the upper classmen that nothing further is necessary. You find it so at mid-year tests and henceforth devote your bit of time intended for that branch to side-reading, perhaps assimilating a bit of heterodoxy in

your aimless browsing.

Do you lose that college boyishness? Well, rather. There is no animal under the sun so conscious of a mission as you as your theology in the first year. He won't admit it, but he would like to try on some senior's Prince Albert and be able to have a use for one of those neat little ministerial hand-bags, just large enough to hold a Bible, a manuscript and a pair of pajamas. Somehow he congratulates himself that during his last year at college he discovered that a black suit was very becoming to him, and he wonders how a man can fall so low as to feel comfortable in a sombrero and a mackinaw shirt and corduroy trousers, such as the university men affect. It is an anomaly to him that one of the staid professors, who can tack all the doctor's degrees in the catalogue to his name, can conscientiously wear a flaring red tie. And if such there be among the students who dares imitate such an undignified fashion, is he not sent home tieless from his club, with the offending neck-cloth hung as a trophy to the chandelier in the parlor, and pointed out with pride to the occasional guest from other clubs?

But there's philosophy in this scorn of fashion. What boots it? There are no conquests to be made with fashionable clothes. A monk's cowl and gown might as well replace commencement "topy-lugs." There's no fair maid who heeds your garb, and if you still insist on an Easter suit next spring, it's because you expect to meet the original of

that photo, so conspicuous on your mantel-piece or over your study-table. No conquests could come to your credit here, even if you were inclined to be gay or fickle. Woman is a *rara avis* in the town; if there be any of her, she's a lonesome daughter of a university professor, or an overgrown pickaninny from "Nigger-spoon" street. And you're content to have it so. Now out of keeping she would be with the work you do in the dark, grey, cloistral halls of the seminary dormitories! Your mind no longer recalls the "steady-bench" after evening dinner. You hasten back to your little cell with eager itching of the palm to feel the weight of that ponderous tome of mediaeval origin, the acquisition of which you deem so essential before you can go out and rouse the Athenians to fight Philip. Such ancient worthies are the pebbles for your mental mouth. As you peruse, that studious brown deepens to an uncharitable scowl when you scent a fallacy, and you make note of your keen discovery and carefully jot down volume and page, label it and file it away for future use, as though you were an entomologist and had found a new species of weevil, which will take its place in a cabinet to be exposed in due time to the critical gaze of specialists in presbytery or to be analyzed and classified before the admiring common herd and then assigned to its proper place in the inferno of heresies. And in your pondering you feel uncharitably impatient of the thoughtless denizens of the upper floor, when they disturb

you with their yelling and tramping in a "fire drill," that has been invented by some giddy irresponsible as a proper reaction for too close application to some treatise analogous to the "Condition of the Unregenerate After Death."

So much for your work in private. In public you come into contact with those great pillars of Presbyterianism, whose prominence entitles them to be the occasional butt of a joke in the "yellow" dailies, or whose utterances on church union are received with eclat in the religious periodicals. That awe of great names wanes before a personality that strikes you as being typical of a Wall street banker than of a successor of those ancient worthies who are pictured in the library gallery with clerical bib and doctor's gown. Those men whose names one conjures with in the theology or literature of the day are found to be scrawny or undersized. Perhaps you go to the university chapel of a Sunday to hear the great ex-moderator and writer of odes and fishing yarns, and you no longer wonder that the university undergraduate can be so disrespectful as to sing of him in his faculty song as one who is merely—

"Henry, the brother of Paul,  
Who looks at his paper and then at  
the wall,  
Who's got a big head, but is not very  
tall,  
Who's only Henry, the brother of  
Paul."

The only relief to "shop" comes at meal time, much as it did at Alma. But associations, instead of being with fair co-eds, are confined

to one's fellows. At the eating clubs, modelled after the more pretentious university club houses, one finds respite from labor and all that smacks of it. In some clubs "post mortems" on recitations, quizzes and exams are strictly tabooed and the offender fined. Calvin and Augustine have been honored by having clubs named for them. Others are "the Friars," the "Benham," the "Dyspeptics" and "Ye Canterbury." Here one gives respect to the "shark" in any branch of scholarship and applauds the skillful "stunter" for his story, song or impersonation. "Carmina Princetonia" become as familiar to the Seminoles as to the university man himself, and the former joins the latter in his "locomotives" and "tigers" and waves his hand in unison with the undergraduate in the singing of "Old Nassau." The habit of "horsing" (a violent stamping of the feet) is also borrowed from the university men to express applaud or to roast one for an unfortunate "break."

In all this mingling of the serious and "the lighter vein," there is conscious effort to acquire material and methods for future use. In the staid realm the quantum of merit is

measured by a practical standard that has an eye on the sermon barrel. In the joke and story of the recreation hours there is a diligent weather-eye open for material to adequately meet "Prexy" so as to come back fittingly in the chapel speech in spring, with the desire not to "kill the cat more than nine times" and get impress with proper humor the wail of "the punishment after death."

And then there's the distinctive Alma spirit in seminary life that must not be forgotten. Letters from the fellows are common property. Almanian arrivals are an event. And memories! It took us a week of Fridays to learn we were not expected to tog up. And what conclaves among the '04's, segregated as we are in one corridor! What a flow of reminiscences and what wondering about reception room associations—*quae cum quo*. But, alack, how soon we were reconciled to our lonely lot.

And then the nine-days' wonder of seeing life at an eastern university is followed by comparisons of "small college versus university," and invariably we thank our lucky stars for our humbler Alma Mater.



## Christianity and Social Unity.

David A. Johnson, '05.

**T**HE twentieth century of the Christian era is witnessing the greatest war with which human history has ever been conversant. It is the social war. We have emerg-

ed from the original state of savagery, where the one who was most alone was most safe, to the present state of interdependence and complex human relationship where iso-

lation is suicidal. Through countless ages society has undergone a process of differentiation followed by a process of integration, but as yet the social universe has not been evolved. Never was social class distinction more in evidence than today; never was one class so sensitive toward the prerogatives of another as today; never was Democracy in greater danger of being overthrown by internal segregation. Columbia has not yet taught her children the art of living together like men. Industries are being crippled, commerce paralyzed, liberty violated, and cities lie at the mercy of mobs. "Selfishness, inordinate greed, and reckless ambition are engendering envy, prejudice and class hatred that prevent the calm consideration of these questions." From coast to coast is re-echoed the cry "What shall be done? To what power shall we appeal for relief?" Economic co-operation has been offered as a solution, but it has been found too weak to meet the demands; the brute force of the army and police has melted into nothingness before this formidable foe. Socialism has had its champions and its workings have been tested in different sections, but still social evils flourish. Whither then shall we turn?

If social unity shall ever become a reality it must be attained through the basic principles of life and through no methods founded upon the accidents of life. Unity must be based upon fundamental relationships which are the common basis of all humnity. Legislative enactments

may to some extent regulate the conduct of men, and may be beneficial in their tendencies, but they will never be unifying in their effect as long as they appeal only to classes. Within recent years over sixteen hundred laws have been passed aiming at the improvement of the laboring classes, but the present state of social unrest conclusively shows that their tendency has not been to reconcile labor and capital.

Sociology may offer its Utopias, political economists may preach their reform, but social unity will remain but a poet's dream as long as they shut their eyes to religion and to God. I know that the idea is often sneered at, still the fact must forever remain undisputed that in no community can every man or woman be perfectly safe physically and morally unless the spirit of Christianity permeates its members. The Christian church as a power in the world is no longer a dream; it is a real agency in the shaping of the world policies, and as such it deserves recognition from the public platform. Wherein, then, lies its power, and how shall it be exercised so as to accomplish the most beneficent social results?

In the words of Shailer Mathews, "Religion is the expression of an elemental, common, and therefore unifying factor of human life." If this is true, then here we have a common working basis upon which we may unite mankind. Custom, art, culture, are mere acquisitions and have never succeeded in building up a united society. The desire for fight-

ing, though perhaps inherited through countless ages, is an element of human feeling common to mankind, and during the world's history there has been no one thing so effective in cementing nations as war. Unity is always effected when men meet on common ground. In other respects they may differ infinitely, but if they are swallowed up by one overmastering desire they become a united whole. Is religion an element less common to human nature than war? If we trace man back to the earliest times of which we have any knowledge we find that at every step the assertion can be truthfully made, "Man is a religious animal."

But the simple fact that religion is elemental will not destroy all barriers of human differences. This inherent instinct must be directed along a common channel. That was one of the great missions of the founder of Christianity. He taught men the possibility and the practicability of living together, worshipping and living with one God. This is the Christian way of life; and as its practicability has been demonstrated by Christian living, walls of separation have been crumbling the world over. The savages of the Pacific isles have forgotten their tribal relations and their ancestral gods and bow before the God whose early messengers they devoured. As the war trumpet has power to call men from every grade and station of life to fight side by side against a common enemy, so Christianity, if it is true to its religious mission, can call rich and poor, high

and low, employer and employe, black and white, away from their differences, and unite them in a common cause into the indivisible kingdom of God. It is this which gives Christianity its position in the world as a unifier of society. The doctrine of the common fatherhood of God and the consequent brotherhood of man is its great dynamic force, and is the greatest legacy that any religion or sect has ever left to mankind. On this platform, only, can humanity be united, disregarding their accidental differences of life. The aim of Christianity is that those enlisted under its standard shall resemble their common father in the universality of interest, and in proportion as this ideal is approached, oppression must of necessity cease and individual interest must merge into the universal interest of the masses. As men come to realize the significance of their brotherhood, service and deeds of brotherly kindness take the place of greed and cruelty.

Furthermore, Christianity adapts itself as a factor in social reform, because it is a religion whose primary function is to be practiced in society and not in isolation. Asceticism as an element of Christianity has been properly relegated to the past as a mark of ignorance and superstition. Jesus was no ascetic. He was in constant association with men. The Christian virtues are such as are intended to be exercised in man's relation to man, and become meaningless when used in connection with the life of a hermit. Love, joy, peace,



endurance, meekness, self-control, trustworthiness—these are not the outgrowth of education, but they are all elemental qualities of the Christian religion, and as they are practiced in society a beneficent result is inevitable. They destroy the spirit of domination, tyranny and aristocracy and foster a spirit of fraternity.

But society is composite. The parts of which it is made up are men and women. A regenerated society necessitates regenerated men and women. It is through the purgation of the individual members that social wrongs can be righted. Any system of reform disregarding this must ultimately fail. Here is where Christianity is strong. It deals with the community, not as a whole, but with its component parts—the individual members. More palatable panaceas for social evils may be offered, but none can ever accomplish its desired end which does not recognize service as a matter of paramount importance, to be infused into the very fibers of society. Subtract from society, service, and the result is oppression. Christianity has for its object to effect in its members a likeness to its founder, and the life of Jesus was decidedly that of service. It is when this spirit gets control of a man that he becomes filled with noble ambitions and lofty aims—it is this which makes the hero who is willing to sacrifice his life to the welfare of the state.

But if Christianity is to maintain its social function it must confine itself to its own sphere. It can work

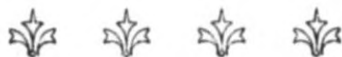
no remedy through outawrd applications. It is right for government to employ external force to regulate the conduct of men in an endeavor to secure social unity, but this is not the sphere of the Christian church. Its object is to purify the fountain from which spring the streams of man's conduct; and it must therefore appeal to his religious and moral nature, supplementing the work of the school and the government and not taking their places. It must fuse with education Christian principles and strive to make law useless. In doing this its appeal must be to life and not to philosophy.

The tendency of Christianity has always been twofold. It has been disintegrating in that it has stimulated originality of thought, and unifying in that it has appealed to common religious interests of men. Neither of these is to be deplored. But during its early history the church was unable to reconcile dispersion of opinion with unity of religious spirit, and the result was a system of compulsory religion, with its consequent bloodsheds and heresy trials. The whole structure of the Roman church was a system endeavoring to suppress this tendency toward the disintegration of thought. Yes, even the early protestant church which was a revolt against this unnatural oppression, often resorted to forceful means to maintain orthodoxy among its members. We do not need to go back as far as that even, the incessant wars of theologians bespeak a similar tendency among narrow-minded men today.

It is a hopeful sign that we see the smoke of theological battles clearing. We are slowly learning that our knowledge along theological lines is not absolute, and that men who differ from us on questions of religious beliefs may be just as sincere as we and perhaps just as nearly in the right. The work of the Christian church is not to give to men a more extensive and complex theology to perplex them, but it has primarily to do with life; and when it comes to realize this fact fully it will begin to make more rapid progress as a social power. Let men hold what opinions they like on matters of government; let them differ as they will in politics; the church has nothing to do with that. Let each man hold his own opinion about socialism, trusts, prohibition, evolution, and thousands of other questions of like nature, but let the church lay its stress upon Christian conduct and all these will take care of themselves.

Its work is not to make war upon and destroy social classes. These will always exist as long as human nature is such that like seeks like, and this in itself is no cause for lamentation; but class hatred must be banished, for that is the root of many social evils. Social unity is not to be characterized by unity of opinion or vocation, but by oneness of spirit.

How long it will be before this state shall have been reached, or in what manner, through evolution or revolution, or some other way, is impossible to say, but I believe that this social millenium will some day become a reality, and when it shall have dawned it will be seen that Christianity has played no small part in its attainment, for there is no agency so unifying, socially, as for men to kneel together before the altar of a common God whose nature has been revealed through the life of the Son of Man.



## An Evening on Mt. Olympus.

Just as Apollo had turned over his pair of prancing steeds to the house to be cared for during the night, Zeus entered the doors of his mansion and it was easily seen that he was in high dudgeon. Yes, he was angry and dangerously so. As he had gone up the gravel path we might have seen away back in the grove a pair of lovers, Venus and Mars, of whom we shall learn more anon, and as they saw the wind

blowing his grizzled beard and locks they well knew that there would soon be something doing. Yes, he was mad and he didn't care who knew it! Had he not been vexed beyond all endurance? Were not all of his dearest plans thwarted by his jealous wife? Well, he would rule his own house, or he would know the reason why! He had reasoned and threatened to no avail; now he would rule!

He strode directly into his study, dropped into a chair and pressed the electric button to summon his servant. In answer to this summon in limped Hebe and at sight of his poor, crippled daughter his wrath was somewhat mollified, yet he demanded impatiently, "Where is Cleave-the-air? What's the use of having an eagle for a messenger if your own children have to take his place just when he is most needed? By the beard of the Prophet! he'd better be in his place when wanted if he wishes to shove his feet under my festive board."

"But the poor fellow needed rest, papa, and I'd just as soon do whatever you want. Can I be of any use?"

"Any use!" thundered Zeus. "Here I'm ready to have a scrap with any one who appears, and a girl comes and says any use. Yes, go and tell Mrs. Juno that I want a private interview with her, right away, in this room, and no excuse will be accepted this time."

As Hebe limped slowly away, the old fellow muttered: "Gee, but this is tough! It's one thing to tell your wife you want her and quite another to tell her just what it is you want. I'd rather go to the dentist and have a sound tooth drawn without the use of cocaine or gas than sit here and meet my wife. But pshaw! I've sent for her and this may be the last time it will be needed if I only keep up a stiff upper lip."

Let us leave this place for a short time and follow lame Hebe on her mission. As she goes along, her head

is bent in a very thoughtful attitude, for she well knows from the father's manner that the interview will be anything but pleasant. She has had troubles of her own, too, for someone has taken her Greek pony, and now she is in danger of being plucked at the next semester exam. Her old tutor has kept getting more and more stern, and worst of all, she half suspects him of taking her horse. Of course, this is only a guess on her part, but that does not make the oration of Demostheues any easier. She is still thinking of this as she enters Juno's apartment. Juno is dressed much as most ladies would be at that time of day. She is half sitting, half reclining on a low couch, and one can easily see that she has been in tears. Her hair is tossed carelessly back from her burning forehead, and a few ringlets are still clustering about her damp temples and shell-like ears. About her ivory neck is a long necklace of opals and pearls, gathered up on her breast with a brooch just arrived from Paris, a gift of her son Vulcan. She is attended by Jupiter's lesser wives, all of them trying to look concerned over her sorrow. Of these she has taken a special dislike to Latona, in spite of that gentle creature's efforts to please her. There are several reasons. Latona, still comparatively young, rivals Juno in beauty and is mother of two exceedingly bright and handsome children. Dione and Maia are of such little account that she does not deem them worthy of her notice.

Upon the entrance of Hebe, Juno raises her head but slightly, for she

has expected what she knows is now about to take place. As the girl delivers her message the mother breaks out in tears afresh and says, "Is there any woman so tried and humiliated as I am? Here my husband is not satisfied with what he has already done, but he must disgrace me before the eyes of my very children. Oh, if that wretched girl Jo and some dozen of others had not come between us, how happy life would be! How little did I dream of this when Jupiter, as a princely young man, promised to be true to me! But hard is the lot of all of us poor women, and even I must expect to bear my share. If I had only accepted that position as dean of the girls' seminary when my father wished me to, I should have been spared all this. But, true to his kind, Zeus came and beguiled me with his flattering words, persuaded me to elope, and now this is the result. I have even heard that he intends to proclaim that I am his sister, if I don't let him do as he pleases. Horrors! If I should let up for an instant in my watchfulness what would he not do? No, in spite of all, I'll go on and perhaps I can still reclaim him and keep him from making a wreck of his life. Man was never intended to take care of himself any how."

She does not even allow them to rearrange her hair for now she intends to play upon her husband's feelings. Slowly and in tears she goes to her husband's room.

In the small grove just off the patch we saw a young man and woman, deeply absorbed in each

other's company. It is easy to see that the girl is a born coquette. As before mentioned, her real name is Venus, but she is oftener called Aphrodite by her countless admirers. She is rather dark and of medium height. Over her shoulders is thrown a light, loosely-woven opera shawl, more as an ornament than for use, since the evening is too warm to necessitate such precaution. Her drooping, dreamy eyes have a look of tender sadness, which it has taken her years to acquire. We notice a way she has of sighing and looking dreamily afar off, because she has heard that this is simply heart-breaking where young men are concerned. She is spending a short vacation at home, and is merely practicing some of the arts she has acquired in the girls' school which she has been attending.

At her side is Ares, and he, too, has been away attending college. Just now he is trying to interest her, as they walk back and forth, by telling her of some of his deeds while away. He has been for two years sight guard on the Olympic foot ball squad, and he says the 'varsity team would simply be lost without his unrivalled prowess. He is unusually fond of wearing an "O" sweater while at home.

Although Venus loudly feigns ennuï while he is around, she is secretly very proud of having won this "star guard." It is true she has never seen him play, but his word is enough, for whoever heard of a man telling an untruth where a fair damsel is in the balance? After a short

time they rest, and Mars, bending low, tells her something which seems to give her a great deal of satisfaction. What he says we do not know, but Aphrodite soon sends him to the house and is then left alone. As she sees his broad shoulders easily swaying along in the distance a look of pleasure spreads itself over her face. "Foolish fellow," she says, "to think that I am so easily won. What good is a college education if one is to fall a prey to the first clever talker that comes along? He may be heroic and clever, but where would all my boxes of Lowney's come from if we were married? No, he has been an easier mark than I thought he would be, but from the appearance of daddy as he went into the house I guess he'll settle him for a time at least. Dear old dad! What a time of it Juno leads him! Now there is my sister Diana. She cannot see the fun I'm getting out of life, but I more than half believe all her curtain lectures are simply the result of sour grapes. Indeed, I've heard something of a young stripling, Endymion, She didn't tell me, but no matter. Most all of these old croakers aren't all they seem. Now I don't try to hide my grief for Adonis, and if Mars had half his charms he would stand a much better show than he does now. "Why, Phoebus, how you frightened me! Are you home already? I had no idea it was so late."

"Yes, my sister," said the new arrival, for though she is only his half-sister, he loves her in spite of her petty faults, and always thus addresses her. Indeed, she is more dear

to him because of her faults, since Apollo is only a man. "Why do you persist in encouraging that fellow Mars? I saw him enter the house just as I was coming up. I knew that you had sent him there so came out to find you. Often have I told you that he is nothing but a worthless boaster, and when we used to play on opposing elevens he would shrink from fellows half his size. Even Diana once nearly frightened him out of his wits."

"That is true, Phoebus," she answered in her most you-know-I'm-your-little-sister way," but just think of the good times I've had because I let him think I cared for him. Who would have taken me to the university extension course had he not been on hand, and you know how I dote on Shakespeare. Besides, he's not half bad to have around—until he gets serious. You ought to hear him tell some of his funny Irish jokes," and she smiles in a washer-woman-tired-out sort of way at the recollection. As it is getting rather cold they start for the house.

No matter how happy a household may be, there is always one person who does not exactly contribute to the general happiness, and yet without whom it would feel itself incomplete. Living with them and enjoying all the privileges of her position, in this case there is an old maiden-sister of Jupiter's, Vesta. Some say she was disappointed in love, others that she was never loved, and it would be easy to persuade anyone that the latter was the case. Her chief attraction (?) was the power of

finding out everything that was going on, and she always kept it to herself—how she learned it, I mean, but the news itself was scattered to the four winds of Elysium. Even the youthful Mercurius was not cunning enough to escape her, and since his shrewdest tricks were perfectly open to her he always heard of them again by way of his father. Her shrill voice could be heard at nearly any time of day or night, unless she wished to go unnoticed. She has always taken a hand in the quarrels of Juno and his spouse, in fact, too much of a hand for that lady's comfort. Today she saw Jupiter as he came up the path and immediately she put on her wool-soled slippers that she might move about unheard. When poor, tearful Juno went to her husband's room she did not hear the cat-like tread of those wooly moccasins—indeed, they were never heard.

Now before proceeding with the story, we must know a little about the house in order to appreciate the situation. From the door by which Jupiter entered a long hall extends back into the interior and from this several other corridors, but we are concerned mostly in this one. Like any powerful king, Jupiter had everything arranged to suit himself. His study was three rooms back from the front of the house, because sometimes he liked quiet and this would insure that. Then there was a smaller hall which led back to his room at right angles with the main hall, and this was some ten or twelve feet long and usually very dark, being

lighted with one electric bulb, which was operated from inside the study. The outer door of this hall was also opened and closed by the one inside of the study, and when Jupiter wished especially to be alone he closed this outer door, turned off the light, closed the inner door, and then no one on the outside could hear. Now, as Vesta knew of this, she wished above all to get inside of this smaller hall before the outer door was closed. There would be ample room for secreting herself, since this hall had many alcoves for the storing away of old papers and such trash. Now, it happened that when Juno entered Jupiter turned off the light, but, owing perhaps to his agitation, he forgot to close the outer door. This left Vesta in the dark, crouching at the key-hole of the inner door and the outer door unfastened. As Mars approached the house he had forgotten all about any danger and walked carelessly along whistling, "My Little Chipanzee," with no thought of what might happen. A servant met him at the door and told him that Jupiter was in his study. Mars thought he had better go in unannounced. As the outer door was left unfastened he entered and, strange to say, did not attract the attention of Vesta, who was more concerned about the room on the other side of her door. Mars did not see her, since it was so dark, but hearing the sound of voices he stood still and waited.

A girl of Venus' nature would not be very apt to remember anything very long, and as she and Apollo walked towards the house she had

forgotten all about Mars or his mission. Like everything else, I suppose, a girl in time gets hardened even to proposals. As they walk along they are engaged in much small talk, discussing "Faust" and other plays as they had seen them, and each hums little snatches of song a "My Girl from Dixie," "Just a Gleam of Heaven," "I've Been Drunk," etc., never dreaming of what was to take place. They knew that this was the usual hour when their father would be in his study. As Venus was very fond of her father, at her suggestion they decide to go directly to his study and wait until the servant announces dinner.

It so happened that at about this time the voices in the adjoining room grow more and more interesting. Instead of the stormy interview which we were led to expect, this is of the most quiet nature. Juno did not miss her calculations in the least (what woman ever does?) and as she entered the study in tears Jupiter melted and was ready to promise anything, even to break his engagement for the next day with Jo. Instead of having his say, Juno has made all the demands as usual, and he merely promised whatever she asked.

Mars crept nearer and nearer the door, his arms outstretched so as not to collide with any obstacle, and thus his hands touched the door, his arms on either side of Vesta. This charming lady was already nearly sick with disappointment, for if everything ended in this way what would there be to make life worth living?

When she perceived that she was in the embrace of a man her horror knew no bounds. She did not know how innocent Mars was of any offence, but that made no difference; but with a shriek like that of a maddened wild cat she turned and proceeded to fight her way to day light and liberty. Oh! Mars! where is now thy skill in football tactics? Verily, thou hast tackled high! What good is now thy boasted prowess? In vain he tried to escape, but his skill was truly at fault. The screams increase with Vesta's wrath, and that increases as she feels sure of victory. When the melee is at its height the light is suddenly turned on and the doors are opened at both ends of the hall. At one stands the reconciled pair and at the other is Venus and Apollo. What they see is Mars ignominiously sprawled on the floor and Vesta, her face working itself into all kinds of contortions, her fingers buried in his hair telling in incoherent words all about the awful affront. Both men rushed to the rescue. When Mars was liberated all his beauty and boasted strength seemed to have disappeared, and he was trembling with fear lest something else might develop, no more to his credit than this last. At least Venus saw him in his true light. We need not know all that took place at this time. After the combatants had been quieted they all go into the study and join in singing in a truly theatrical way, "Die Wacht Am Rhein." —W. E. Rohlf, '07.



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MARCH, 1905.

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**A**LL will be pleased to read Mar-  
tin Stormzand's ('03) article,  
"Life at Princeton." Literary  
contributions from the alumni al-  
ways please. We have endeavored  
this year to print at least one article  
from the alumni each month. As a  
result, thanks to several liberal and  
interested grads, we have succeeded.  
It is true that one appreciates a story

or discussion in the Almanian much more when he knows it is written by a friend or college mate. Of course, many of the alumni are not acquainted with all those who now contribute to the paper, and so are pleased when they came upon the name of an "Old Timer" signed to an article. We hope this will come as a warning to some former Alma man. If this means YOU, just stop and think whether you have not neglected your duty to a certain extent. We hope that your convictions will tell you that you have, and that you will invoke the muse, or at least trace back your memory and give us a few reminiscences.

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**W**ITH the exception of the past two years it has been a custom at Alma of making the Freshman exhibition a contest, awarding a medal prize to the best speaker. The freshmen are now preparing for the annual event, which takes place toward the latter part of next term. Why not revive the old custom? The breaking of a good college precedent is injurious. It gives the appearance of failure, rather than progress. It makes the new generations of college men think that their predecessors had better advantages, or at least were given better support. Surely, the fact that the Freshman exhibition this year was to be a contest would double the interest, both for members of that class and the rest of the college. Let some one be liberal enough to offer a prize—the college itself, if need be. We ought not allow this precedent to be discontinued.



**W**E call especial attention to the essay, entitled "Friendship," on the first pages of this issue. We are deeply indebted to our instructor, Miss Gelston, for this article. It was delivered before the fifth-year Latin class at the close of their study of Cicero's "De Amicitia," and came as a most fitting conclusion to the work completed at that time. Several requested that it be procured and published in the Almanian. We are sure that it will be a pleasure and profit to all who read it.

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**T**HE Almanian again expresses a long-felt desire. Several times in the past few years the students and the alumni have made an appeal for a new course of work in Alma college, a course which is a part of the curriculum of most all Michigan colleges. What all are desirous of seeing is the establishment of a chair of oratory. In spite of the fact that the college offers the student no training, directly, in this branch of work, yet enthusiasm for public speaking is continually becoming greater. It has been manifested this year in a degree far more marked than last year. This spirit shows the earnestness of the student body. Thus far in intercollegiate oratory we have been fairly successful. But we might have been more successful if the men representing us could have

had a more systematic training. During the four years of study here the student gets one hour a week during four semesters for preparatory work in the writing of orations. Beyond that there are no opportunities for this work, except in literary society, where there is no instructor to give directions. If Alma students are going to present winning orations in these yearly contests, they must first learn how to write them. We are waiting patiently for this new course in the college. We hope that it will be offered next year; that it will be given a worthy and a high place in the curriculum of the institution, and that it will count in respect to credits in like manner with other lines of work in the college.

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**S**PRING will soon be here and with it baseball and track work. Again college spirit and enthusiasm will manifest themselves. We are looking ahead to great successes in the coming months. Alma's rank in spring athletics is becoming higher each year, and this year bids fair to be the banner one. Our recent victory in the indoor meet is an excellent beginning for the contests just ahead. The intercollegiate meet at Albion the last of the year will be the climax of it all. Cheer the boys on with the "Alma, Alma, Rah!" and they will raise Alma's rank one place higher.



# ALUMNI.

## ALUMNI BANQUET.

Probably the most important and significant meeting ever held by the Alumni and former students of Alma was that at the Victoria hotel in Chicago, on the evening of February 22d, when "The Alma College Association" of the Northwest was formed.

The credit for this enterprise is due to Rev. Sherman L. Divine '98, associate pastor of the Third Presbyterian church of Chicago; Principal Ambrose B. Wright '95, of the Chicago public schools, and Miss Carolyn Butler '01, a student in the University of Chicago. Through the efforts of these three enthusiastic and loyal Alumni arrangements were made for a banquet in the beautiful French room of the Victoria, and thirty-three of the old students and members of the Alumni assembled to grace the occasion.

It seemed as strange as it was delightful to meet so many of the old students away off in Chicago. It shows what a large constituency Alma is coming to have and how widely her influence is extended. A W. Beckner, a charter member of Alma, so to speak, one who has the distinction of registering on that memorable opening day, Sept. 14, 1887, was there; "Jameson," Dr. Jameson now, who still holds the college record for the 100 yard dash, was there, and "Hatch," who organized and commanded the college cadets away back in the last century, was there, and looking as young

and handsome as ever.

Responses to toasts were given by Professor Lewis Stuart, Carolyn Butler, A. W. Beckner, Ira M. Hatch, Rev. Maurice Grigsby, Henry M. Northrup, Ambrose B. Wright, Rev. B. S. Bates and Professor James Mitchell; and solos were rendered by Mr. Beckner, Mr. Van Page and Miss Snyder.

When organization of "The Alma College Association of the Northwest" was effected, those who had been responsible for the banquet were very fittingly elected its first officers: President, Rev. Sherman L. Divine '98; Vice-president, Principal A. B. Wright '95; Secretary and Treasurer, Carolyn Arnold Butler '01.

The association voted to communicate to Mr. A. W. Wright its deep appreciation of his continued interest and generous gifts to the college, and to assure the president and faculty that they may always reckon on the loyal support of "The Alma College Association of the Northwest."

J. E. Mitchell.

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## ALUMNI EDITORIALS AND NOTES.

The annual Washington's birthday banquet given by the Zeta Sigma society at the Alma Sanitarium was a splendid success. The customary telegram from Princeton was read, signed by H. N. Ronald '03, H. A. Wilcox, J. S. McBride, J. Wirt Dunning and M. J. Stormzand of '04. A most significant thing was that the first banquet of the Alumni association of the northwest was being held in Chicago on the same evening.

With Fuller '03, with Stormzand '04, both giving articles in consecutive

numbers of the Almanian we are reminded of a new custom which is beginning to prevail "that no number of the Almanian shall appear without having at least one article signed by an Alumnus." May this custom become a law and like those of the Medes and Persians, never be broken!

The frequent observation that Alma graduates are filling the pulpits of Michigan reflects interest upon the following, which may be gleaned from the catalogue.

Alma graduates in Michigan pulpits:

Chas. E. Blanchard "93," Pontiac.

Arthur L. Toner "95," Dexter, M. E.

Louis S. Brooke "96," Howell.

Wm. H. Long "98," Ludington.

Chas. E. Scath "98," Albion.

D. S. Carmichael "01," Holly.

And a great number more who were once students but not graduates.

In New York pulpit:

Jacob Klasse "97," Otisville.

In Illinois pulpits:

A. J. Van Page "97," Marengo.

B. S. Bates "98," Hebron.

Maurice Grigsby "98," Roseland.

Sherman L. Devine "98," Chicago.

William J. Ewing "02," Homewood.

In Massachusetts pulpit:

Ralph Flewelling "95," Newton Center, M. E.

In Montana pulpit:

John B. Stevens "98," Twin Bridges.

In West Virginia pulpit:

Harry E. Porter "99," Parkersburg.

In Indiana pulpit:

George A. Hill "00," Rochester.

What more shall we say? For the time would fail to tell of the lawyers, doctors, professors, contractors and insurance solicitors who in profession and business have demonstrated that Alma can furnish a training suitable and efficient for any employment in life. And besides these, newspaper men, bankers and miners who have constantly "to do" with the people.

Old friends of Sherman Divine, pastor of one of the Chicago churches, were pleased to see him in Alma the last days of February.

Mr. Clay Mott, "ex-02," has a position in a Chicago commercial house. He

visited at his home near Ithaca not long ago.

Olive Hafer "ex-05" has the position of assistant principal of the Clio (Genesee county) High school. This position is an important one for the reason that Clio has the reputation of furnishing Michigan with more teachers than any of the smaller high schools.

A. J. Van Page is pastor of the Presbyterian church at Marengo, Ill. We copy the following from the "Interior" of February 2, 1905, which is a church report:

"Since the installation of Rev. A. J. Van Page, in 1901, the work of this church has been greatly blessed. During this time 176 have been added to the membership, all save 21 by profession of faith. The benevolent work has steadily increased each year, and at the last annual meeting all the departments of church endeavor were reported in excellent condition. After the purchase of a lot and the erection of a manse, modern in every respect, involving an expenditure of some \$6,500, there still remains money on hand. The congregation are energetic and harmonious, and unite in appreciation of the untiring service and loving zeal of their faithful pastor."

Karl Allured, who was in Alma last year, a member of the class of '06, is attending the Louis Institute, Chicago. He is taking up scientific work.

"Tom" Burnett, the man who did so much last year toward keeping the scrub team in shape for the 'varsity, is now in Chicago, bookkeeper in the home office of the Interior Harvester Co.



#### WHAT WILL YOU CHOOSE?

- A girl chews chewing gum at times;
- A baby chews a sweetened bag;
- A man chews fine cut, or a plug,
- A woman chews the rag.

# ABOUT THE CAMPUS.

## GENERAL DOINGS.

During the past few weeks the college has been especially pleased by visits of a number of "old grads" and friends. Prof. Henry P. Bush, '01, was a most welcome guest. This was his first visit to the college since graduation, consequently he was the usual victim. He said that he supposed he was desired to occupy the whole of the first class hour. An applause gave him his answer. He did not speak the whole hour, but his twenty-minute speech was most interesting and practical. Helmer, '03, and Webber, '03, were present the same morning, but escaped the almost certain ordeal of making a speech.

Phi Phi Alpha advertises the annual society public recital to be given in the chapel on the evening of March 20. Every member takes a part in the program.

On Monday evening, March 6, Alpha Theta entertained Zeta Sigma in their society rooms at Wright hall. On request, the boys delivered their usual program before the ladies. After the program refreshments were served. The evening proved a most enjoyable one for Zeta Sigma.

Alma's Glee club are now well organized and are doing excellent work. They meet once a week for rehearsal. We will expect to hear from them before long.

A serious difficulty presented itself in the chapel one morning not long ago. Six men were found to be occupying five chairs and either because of stubbornness or the principle of the survival of the fittest it was necessary for chapel to be discontinued for the time being to readjust things.

An advance agent for "Success" has been at Alma for some time, getting summer agents for the paper. Several "view" men have changed their 'profession' and will have "Success" next summer whether they fail or not.

A very witting, keen, amusing, new trick was enjoyed by some blooming youth the first week of March. The song books used at the chapel exercises were taken and the choir were compelled to do most of the singing for several mornings following. The college expressed its heartfelt appreciation for the kindness on the part of these 'gentlemen(?)'

We are pleased to add to the list of Almanian exchanges "The Central Normal Bulletin," which the students at Mt. Pleasant began to publish January, 1905. It starts out well. We wish it success.

Miss Mingins and Mrs. Periam, who have so efficiently conducted the work of the kindergarten department, have tendered their resignation to the officials of the college.

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## ZETA SIGMA.

The Washington's birthday banquet was a grand success. It was held at the Alma Springs Sanitarium and attended by 32 grads, honorary members and present society men. Dr. E. N. Transeau was invited as the guest of honor. All who have attended these functions heretofore agreed that this one surpassed any that have preceded it. The Sanitarium management are to be praised for the manner in which they contribute to make these occasions so successful. Arthur J. Helmer, '93, principal of the St. John's high school, acted as toastmaster. Israel Himmelhoch, '07, responded to the toast "An Ideal for Zeta Sigma," and with wit and eloquence paid tribute to the "Father of His Country." Henry P. Bush, '01, of Caro, in his toast told of his happy college days, "Five Years Ago." Dr. E. N. Transeau was called upon to respond to the subject "A Rare Species of a Common Genius." He pictured the ideal literary society and showed that Zeta Sigma was patterned after that ideal. "When Zeta Sigma Was Young" was responded to by Rev. Louis S. Brook, '96, of Howell, and

in his pleasing and eloquent way he told of Zeta Sigma's infancy.

The honorary members present were Arthur J. Helmer, '03; Rev. Louis S. Brook, '96; Henry P. Bush, '01; Rev. S. P. Todd; Henry H. Soule, '03; Wallace Webber, '03; T. G. Timby, '03; William Winton, '04; Prof. J. T. Ewing; and Prof. E. D. Pennell, who was recently made an honorary member of Zeta Sigma.

The challenge issued by Zeta Sigma to Phi Phi Alpha for a debate, to be held in the chapel April 24, has been accepted. The question as agreed upon is as follows: "Resolved, That the interests of society and labor demand the open shop." The Phi Phi Alphas have selected the affirmative. G. Earle Webber, '05; Harold Gaunt, '06; Fred Soule, '06; Israel Himmelhoch, '07; and Erle Casterlin, '07, will maintain the negative for Zeta Sigma. We are glad that a debate can be held this year. An intercollegiate debate may also be arranged for this year if there is another college to enter. Several colleges have already made arrangements for such a contest.

### PHI PHI ALPHA.

Mr. Morse, of Ludington, Mich., who entered the freshman class at the beginning of this semester has been received into the society. The society is developing some good speakers and excellent debaters. Each member of the society continues to show his deep interest in the society by the work that is presented every Monday night. On Monday night of February 27 an exciting debate took place in the society room, the subject being, "Resolved, that the Greeks have contributed more to civilization than the Hebrews." The debaters entered the debate with their whole heart and made it most interesting.

### ALPHA THETA.

The society has decided to take up a new course of study along the line of household economics, this semester. It

is an entire novelty and is arousing great interest. More attention is being given to impromptu work than heretofore.

A new society pin has recently been adopted. It will soon appear as a further outward sign of inward learning.

The following are a few of the productions resulting from a recent call for original rhymes on Alpha Theta:

There was a young lady named Strange;  
For her the committee did arrange

Our President to be

And thus we see

This model young lady named Strange.

We are proud of Alpha Theta,  
It surely equals Zeta Sigma.  
Of the thoughts of all the ages,  
Of the wisdom of the sages,  
It has knowledge.

It was founded by some females,  
(Who excluded all the he males,  
Who thought they needed old Minerva,  
And vowed faithfully to serve her  
In Alma College.

### FRESHMAN.

On Friday evening, February 24, the young men of the class were very agreeably entertained by the freshman girls at the home of Professor Cook. All but one of the new members of the class were present and participated in the merriment. The young ladies proved themselves royal entertainers and deserve great praise for the manner in which the evening's programme was carried out. The evening was spent in working out a "Floral Romance," singing and taffy pulling. Taken altogether it was the banner class-event of the year, and we all unite in expressing our thanks for the pleasure which the evening afforded us.

### ACADEMY.

"Edith" argues that man is an animal, and a horse is an animal. Therefore man is a horse.

The graduating class of the Academy are preparing their orations for commencement. The class of 1905 numbers fourteen, most of whom will return next year.

Don Hargrave left the Academy at the close of the first semester. He is specializing at Ferris Industrial school in work preparatory to a course in medicine at the University of Michigan.

Mr. S. Gusinoff, of Rochford, Ill., entered the Academy at the beginning of the second semester.

# ATHLETICS.

## M. A. C. OUTCLASSED.

The annual indoor meet was held the 17th of February, when men were selected for the dual meet with M. A. C., which occurred February 25 in the college gymnasium. Both contests drew large crowds and were first-class from beginning to end. The events and feats in the preliminary were as follows:

Heavy weight wrestling—Angell and Helmer. Angell won.

Welter weight wrestling—Garcia and Horst. Garcia won.

Light weight wrestling—Welsh and Preston. Welsh won.

Special weight wrestling—Jennings and McKay. Draw.

Boxing—N. Cobb and N. Fairman.

Tumbling—Johnson, Kratzenburg, Jennings, McKay.

High dive—Johnson, Monteith, Jennings. Johnson first, height 5 feet 5 inches.

High Jump—Schenck, Johnson. Schenck first, height 5 feet 2 inches.

Shot put—Helmer, Angell, Schenck, Angell. Schenck first, distance 32 feet 2½ inches.

Horizontal Bar—Preston.

Horse—Monteith, McComb.

In the dual meet, the events consisted of six wrestles, shot put, high jump, high dive and club swinging. The wrestles were especially interesting, and the results were most pleasing to Alma, four of the six being Alma's victory. Fembey, of Pleasant Valley, heavy weight wrestler, was referee. The featherweight men were Fairman of Alma, and Verroe of M. A. C., in three-minute bouts. Fairman won in 57 seconds on first bout. Verroe won in 40 seconds on second. Fairman won in 55 seconds on third. Alma 5; M. A. C. 0.

The special weight men, Jennings of Alma, Wright of M. A. C. First bout, no fall. Second, Jennings won in 2:55. Third, Wright won in 1:10. Jennings given the decision on aggressiveness. Alma 10; M. A. C. 5.

The lightweight men were Welsh of Alma and Belnap of M. A. C. Belnap won first bout in 2:45, the second in 2:30. Alma 10; M. A. C. 5.

Welterweight men, Moon of Alma and Boyle of M. A. C. Three bouts and no falls. M. A. C. awarded first on aggressiveness. Alma 10; M. A. C. 10.

Middleweight men, Marshall of Alma, McKenna of M. A. C. First bout, no fall. Marshall won second in 1:25, and third in :30. Alma 15; M. A. C. 10.

Heavyweight men, Angell of Alma won first bout in 1:10. Second bout, no fall. Angell won third in 2:55. Alma 20; M. A. C. 10.

Shot put, first place won by D. Johnson of Alma; distance 32 feet. Second, McDermid of M. A. C.; distance, 31 feet 9 1-2 inches. Alma 25; M. A. C. 13.

High jump. Nicolson and Burrell won first and second; height, 5 feet 4 inches; Schenck third, 5 feet 3 inches, raised college record. Alma 25; M. A. C. 21.

High dive, entered by Jennings and Johnson of Alma, and Burrell and Gongwer of M. A. C. Jennings first, 5 feet 8 inches; Gongwer second. Alma 30; M. A. C. 24.

Club swinging, entered by Stanley Johnson, Alma, and Hach of M. A. C. Johnson awarded first by three judges. Final score, Alma 35; M. A. C. 24.

Alma has just reason to be proud of this pronounced victory over her old rival in athletics. Until last year M. A. C. had won over Alma in so

many contests that it seemed as if Alma was doomed to everlasting defeat. But last year's basket-ball game in the gymnasium here and this meet has turned the tide and Alma steps toward the head. Here's to the athletes and "Tug."

### INTERCOLLEGIATE.

The oldest college in the world is the Mohammedan college at Cairo, which was a thousand years old when Oxford was founded. It has 11,000 students.

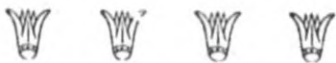
The responses that have been made to the call for a Student Relief Fund at M. A. C. were most liberal. The book-buying association of Lansing gave \$490. Faculty, students and friends have been generous. If the help had not been forthcoming, many of the boys who lost their belongings in the burning of Wells hall, would have been compelled to re-

turn home. As it is the loans that are made them will permit them to remain.

President Eliot of Harvard publishes the following view regarding the usually considered "necessary" part of a college contest—rooting. What do you think of it?

"The carrying into elaborate and highly artificial practice the enfeebling theory that no team can do its best except in the presence of hosts of applauding friends, is still another of the lesser evils of football. Worse preparation for the real struggles and contests of life can hardly be imagined. The orator, advocate, preacher, surgeon, engineer, banker, tradesman, craftsman, admiral, general, or statesman, who cannot do his best except in the presence of a sympathetic crowd is distinctly a second class man."

Hillsdale's college church boasts a new pipe organ. The first organ recital was held recently, conducted by Prof. Newton Corey of Detroit.



## STATE CONTEST.

The contest of the State Oratorical League, held at Albion this year, was a very enthusiastic and exciting affair. The college chapel was crowded with the different college contingents and considerable spirit was worked up by the yelling in which Albion and Olivet were especially conspicuous. The program was in every way excellent. The music rendered by the Albion quartet and orchestra relieved the tension produced by the orations. The local contests were all much more closely contested than for some years and each college had reason to be proud of her representative. The first and second places were very close. Tiebout of Olivet winning with 17 points, Gildart of Albion came second and but one point below first. Tiebout was easily first on composition, having but six points against him. His manner was very pleasing and his personality strong; he certainly deserved first place. Each judge gave Gildart first on delivery, and all felt that his fine voice, almost perfect control and self-possession won him that distinction.

Anderson, the M. A. C. man, who received sixth place, had a very appealing oration, and his tremendous sincerity and earnestness captured the audience.

Wood, of Hillsdale, got one first in composition, and was the only man who approached Olivet, having 9 points from the manuscript judges.

Alma may congratulate herself that of the four colleges that received a first she was one, D. A. J. getting a first in composition. The judges must certainly have had very different standards of oratory, for some who received a first were by others given 9, 8 or 7.

There was one very noticeable point about most of the orations, a total lack of appeal. The purpose of an oration is primarily to create action or a desire to act, and it is difficult to see how a character of past ages can very well form a subject for an oration. Such composition is simply eulogy and ought never to be ranked above a discourse that fulfills the fundamental principles of an oration.

On the whole, the contest was one of the best in the history of the league. Albion is to be congratulated on the entertainment she gave the visitors, the beautiful programs she provided, and excellent arrangement of the program.

Speakers.	C.	D.	Tot.	R.
Gildart, Albion.....	15	3	18	2*
*Johnson, Alma.....	18	18	36	7
Tiebout, Olivet.....	6	11	17	1*
Wood, Hillsdale.....	9	19	28	4
Bush, Hope.....	18	20	38	8
Fitzgerald, Kazoo.....	14	17	31	5
Anderson, M. A. C.....	19	14	33	6
Andress, Ypsl.....	14	12	26	3
Obee, Adrian.....	22	21	43	9
		—Butler.		

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### MIZMOR.

"I Have No Pleasure in Them." Eccl. 12:1

How many a heavenly snow-flake falls,  
Its lace-like beauty for a moment seen;  
The mountain whirlwind strikes, and it  
Is lost within the glittering Alpine  
sheen.

A southern zephyr fans to life,  
A tiny wavelet on a torrid deep—  
But sinks the dying wind again,  
Its crest is lost beneath the ocean's  
sleep.

An autumn leaf a treasure is,  
When tossed o'er desert sands by  
changing fates—

But who its beauty e'er recounts  
In forest, 'mongst a million of its  
mates.

A man upon this earthly sphere  
Is but the flake, the wavelet, and the  
leaf;

His deeds, his thoughts, his life, his soul,  
A single straw within a mighty sheaf.  
The sensuous gifts earth offers free,  
The star-set diadems of manhood's  
pride,

The love that nursed ambitious lips  
Have flamed—insatiate, have waned  
and died.

The visions of his youth are gone,  
And cynic lips his solemn lot await;  
The narrowing maelstrom hurls him on,  
And all his hopes are soon obliterate.

But happy he who loses fame  
And all the treasures that the world  
holds dear;

Who hears amidst his earthly shame  
A voice its comfort bring: "Well done,  
Draw near."

Then glory on his vision breaks;  
Shekinah comes. Earth's slave no  
more is he—

He in God's holy image stands,  
His bonds unloosed, he wakes—he  
flies—is free.

J. W. Dunning, '04.

### FOREST INSPIRATION.

Again the day brings dreamy afternoon  
And pleasant rest from toil, a grateful  
boon.

Anew I wander down a shady lane  
To tread the forest's leafy aisles again  
And breathe once more the glad free airs  
of hope,

Or gaze with passion down a sun-bathed  
slope.

Beside my pathway grows a wilding rose  
And in its mystery of beauty shows  
How far, to touch the hearts of men,  
God's love deep goes.

Slow through the quiet shadows flow a  
stream

And on its green banks long I sit and  
dream

And ponder to myself the old sweet  
theme

Of immortality and catch the gleam,  
Once more, of visions of the early morn,  
That from Ambition's wakening are born.  
And then I wake me from the golden  
dreams,

Fare slowly forth into the sun's warm  
beams.

Discouraged? fallen to earth again?  
Why no! it seems.

I go with newer courage forth to hurl  
My strength against the ever-fighting  
World

And conquer as no man has done be-  
fore.

And conquer but to bless the World the  
more!

So runs my revery in purer strain,  
Behind me rings a wood-bird's clear re-  
frain

From out the shelter of the shady trees.  
My heart is like the heart of him who  
sees

Beauty, and hears an angel's whisper in  
the breeze!

F. W. C., '08.

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### CUTLETS.

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#### ALONE.

A warrior—downcast, alone,  
All broken in spirit,  
The strength of his heart overthrown;  
Ambition departed,  
Defeated, no way to atone—  
Stood high on the mountain,  
His eyes to the forest, his home.

A brave chief—stalwart and strong,  
The pride of a nation,  
E'er comrades so valient had gone.



Now wigwams deserted,  
Life threatened by white man's throng,  
No hope left for vengeance,  
No respite for cruel wrong.

Far off he was gazing intent  
On something before him;  
The stillness so beautiful lent  
A grandeur to nature.  
The clouds growing heavy were rent,  
Revealing beyond them  
A radiant sun nearly spent.

The bright beaming rays sweeping past  
Sped on to the eastward,  
O'er valley black shadows were cast—  
It's picture was hidden.  
Each peak held the brilliance fast,  
Each selfishly kept it,  
Believing that this was the last.

Of splendor he had not a thought,  
He seemed to be waiting;  
The present with him was as naught—  
He looked toward the future.  
A call of a sudden he caught,  
A spirit had beckoned;  
The last of his battles was fought.  
—'08.

### SOUL SONGS. FAITH.

A light in the darkness,  
Bold courage in the storm;  
A hand in the valley  
Where swift the waters storm;  
A joy in our living,  
A fire in the soul,  
A harp song in sadness,  
Then slowly death bells toll.

### NATURE LOVE.

The wind rolls o'er the meadows,  
And ripples o'er the wheat;  
The oriole and the thrush  
Are making music sweet.  
The soul runs o'er with joy  
At sight of flower and sun;  
Man and bird and blossom,  
Three souls grown into one.

### PRAISE.

Sun song and morning light,  
World after dawning;  
Thick in the eastern sky  
Rose clouds are thronging.  
Clear rings the robin's song,  
Sweet breezes blowing,  
Out in the dewy fields  
Cattle are lowing.  
Deep thrills the heart o' love  
Prayer songs 'tis singing;  
Blessed in its love for men,  
God earthward bringing!

### SOME ADS.

Wanted—An organist and a boy to  
blow the same.

Furnished room suitable for a gentle-  
man with a bay window.

For Sale—Bulldog; will eat anything;  
very fond of children.

Wanted—A boy who can open oysters  
with a reference at a hotel.

Annual Sale—Don't go elsewhere to be  
cheated. Come here.

Wanted—A boy to be partly outside  
the counter, partly inside.

### A NEW INSTITUTION.

A new institution, which will now sup-  
ply a well known need, has been estab-  
lished. It is a students' matrimonial  
bureau. Headquarters for the present are  
in Room 20, Pioneer hall. The object of  
the bureau is to bring the students be-  
tween the two halls nearer to each other,  
and to provide a "suitable companion"  
for every student. The work of the  
bureau is carried on only by correspond-  
ence. If any one needs anything in the  
bureau's line, it would be well to send in  
an application. All correspondence is  
treated very confidentially.

Freshman Lass—"Peaches are always  
served with cream."

A foolish young woman named Clara—  
The rest of her name was O'Hara—  
Just worried and worried,  
And kept herself flurried,  
Because she was tall—and so narra.

"Pa, what is a cannibal?"

"One who loves his fellow men, my  
boy."

Caesar sic dicat an de cur, egressi lic-  
tiem.

Literal translation—Caesar sicked the  
cat on the cur. I guess he licked him.

Please pass me the Review of Reviews,  
he said;

The landlady's eyes did flash,  
For another young boarder looked ab-  
sently up

And solemnly passed the hash.

—Normal News.

"Do not worry."

"Eat three square meals a day."

"Say your prayers."

"Think of your wife." (If you have  
one.)

"Be courteous to your creditors."

"Keep your digestion good."

"Stear clear of biliousness."

"Exercise."

"Go slow and easy."

"Maybe there are other things that your especial case requires to make you happy, but my friend, these, I reckon, will give you a good lift."—Abraham Lincoln.

He killed the noble Mudja keivis;  
With the skin he made him mittens—  
Made them with the fur side inside,  
Made them with the skin side outside.  
He, to get the warm side inside,  
Put the inside skin side outside,  
He, to get the cold side outside,  
Put the warm side fur side inside.  
That's why he put the fur side inside,  
Why he put the skin side outside,  
Why he turned them inside outside.

—N. C. News.

Professor—"A fool can ask questions that a wise man can't answer."

Student—"I guess that is why so many of us flunk."—Ex.

Tell me not in mournful numbers  
Cats are harmless little things;  
For the man is dead that slumbers  
When a cat at midnight sings.  
(With apologies.)

"Does your barber talk much?"

"Yes, and he illustrates all his stories with cuts."

The poor benighted Hindoo,  
He does the best he kindo;  
He sticks to his caste,  
From first to last,

And for clothes he makes his skindo.

He—"I was examined for life insurance today, but I'm afraid I'll be turned down."

She—"Oh, my! Why?"

He—"While the doctor was examining my heart I got to thinking of you, and it jumped awfully."

Friend—"You must enjoy your high position?"

College President—"Yes, but I don't get as large a salary as the coach of the team."

(A pointed reply)—"You haven't much of a head," said the tack.

"No, but we have our fine points."

At a banquet given by the French minister of affairs in honor of the British and American ministers, the British minister arose and proposed this toast:

"Here's to the nation on whose dominions the sun never sets."

After which the French minister proposed:

"Here's to the land on which the moonbeams most delight to fall."

Then arose Ben Franklin:

"Here's to George Washington, the modern Joshua, who commanded both sun and moon to stand still, and they obeyed him!"—Ex.

#### THE MODERN MAID.

Here sleeves are 1830,

And her skirt is '61.

Her tresses in the manner

Of Louis Quinze are done.

Her hat is quite colonial,

Her brooch is pure antique.

Her belt is 1850,

But when you hear her speak,

What year the maid belongs to

You do not wonder more.

Her dress is many periods,

But her slang is 1904.—Ex.

A young Japanese compositor employed on a Japanese paper in New York was riding downtown in a city hall train the other morning. He was engrossed in his morning paper, and paid little attention to the other passengers.

But a fresh-looking young man who sat next to him, and who had been eyeing him all along, suddenly asked:

"What sort of a 'nese' are you, anyway? A Chinese or a Japanese?"

The little chap was not caught napping. Quick as a wink he replied:

"What sort of a 'key' are you, anyway? A monkey, a donkey or a Yankee?"

The fresh young man had no more to say, and left the train quickly when the city hall station was reached.—Ex.

A characteristic story is told of the late Thomas Flatley of Boston, the well-known Irish lawyer and wit. He was acting for the defense in a divorce case, and during the cross examination of the plaintiff asked the following question: "You wish to divorce this woman because she drinks?" "Yes, sir." Do you drink yourself?" "That's my business," said the witness angrily. Whereupon the lawyer, with face unmoved, asked one more question: "Have you any other business?"—Ex.

An Irist toast—"Long life to you, sir. May you live to eat the hen that scratches gravel over your grave."—Ex.

The Harvard Lampoon calls the college loafer a sleeper on the train of thought.

Son—Send me a five for my sheepskin.  
Pa—Sheep skins sell at 30 cents here.

Prof. in History—"Mr. P-u-y, does that question bother you?"

"Not at all. It is the answer that gives me pains."



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