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NO. 8

**- ALMANIAN -**

JUNE,

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1905

## The City of the Saints.

William S. Cooper.

I N April of the year 1847 a small band of pioneers left the Missouri river and began a long journey westward, in search of a new home in the desert, where they might be free from the persecutions of those wicked men whom they called Gentiles. These were Mormons, and their leader was the prophet, Brigham Young. On July 24th, after a weary march of eleven hundred miles, they descended the western slope of the Wasatch Mountains, and stood at last in Salt Lake valley. Here they laid out a plan for a city of magnificent proportions. In the center of it a large plot of ground was set aside and solemnly consecrated, for the erection of a great temple, which should be the sacred center of their faith. If space permitted, we might dwell at length upon the hardships encountered and the difficulties overcome by the little band of pioneers under the indefatigable leadership of Brigham, and upon the rapid increase of population, consisting of new arrivals from every

one of the eastern states, and even from Europe. Finally, after the rich silver mines of Utah had been opened, Gentiles also came, much to the disgust of the Mormons, to share in the wealth of the new country. Today we see a city of 60,000 inhabitants, with magnificent public buildings, beautiful churches of many denominations, and with a large number of very attractive homes.

We can find no fault with the early settlers for selecting the site which they did, as far as natural beauty is concerned. The city lies in the valley of Great Salt Lake, and is almost surrounded by imposing mountains. On the east, extending north and south like a great rampart, towers the Wasatch range, with its peaks of pure white granite; on the west is another range, somewhat lower, but yet very beautiful. The Jordan river flows through the valley, carrying the fresh water of Utah Lake to the "briny depths" of Great Salt Lake.

The city itself has many features that seem strange to the new-comer.

The great width of the streets has made it impossible to pave more than a few of them, and so the first thing that a stranger is apt to notice is the terrible dust that is everywhere. Most of the streets are lined on both sides with seemingly endless rows of Lombardy poplars, which were selected for shade trees by the early settlers on account of their rapid growth. Like all vegetation in the region, these trees must be kept alive by irrigation, and this is accomplished by means of tiny streams, brought from the canons of the Wasatch Mountains, which flow quietly along on both sides of the street, watering the poplars as they go.

The architectural features of the city are almost entirely the result of the Mormon rule. First in interest, of course, are the edifices located in Temple Square, the central point of Mormonism. The fine white granite temple, forbidden to Gentiles, and the wonderful Tabernacle, in which the Sunday afternoon services are held, are familiar, through pictures at least, to everyone. On my last visit to Salt Lake City I attended one of these services. The Tabernacle was comfortably filled with people who seemed to be mostly of the poorer class, and many mothers were present with large families of children. Facing the congregation sat the high officials of the church: the president and his two counselors in the most conspicuous place, and below them the twelve apostles. A really enjoyable feature of the service was the singing of a chorus of four hundred voices, accompanied

by one of the largest organs in the world. The organist, by the way, learned his art at the University of Michigan, where there is a large Mormon colony. The congregational singing was not especially commendable. Prepared sermons are never delivered in the Tabernacle. The presiding officer calls upon two or three men, usually apostles or deacons, for extempore addresses. They affect to put their trust in the promise that "it shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak." The first person called upon at this service seemed ill at ease, and hesitated often. His talk consisted of an epitome of Mormon history, followed by an exhortation of greater progress in the future. The second speaker was one of Brigham's exceedingly numerous descendants. He seemed to have more perfect faith in the spirit's aid than the first speaker, for he was perfectly at ease, and spoke clearly and logically. He dwelt long upon the duty of loyalty and obedience to the national government, a duty which the Mormon leaders emphasize strongly—when Gentiles are present. How well they have carried out this duty their past history can tell us. The service closed with an anthem by the chorus and the benediction from the "patriarch" of the church, a near relative of Joseph Smith. Wide doors were opened all around the outside walls, and the great building was emptied in a very few minutes.

The Temple Square does not contain all the places of interest that are to be found in Salt Lake City. Near-



STREET SCENE IN SALT LAKE CITY.



SUNSET ON GREAT SALT LAKE.



by is the old Tithing House, where in early days the Mormons brought their tenth of grain, produce and cattle, to be used "for the upbuilding of the kingdom." The tithe is now paid in money, and no accounts of its use are ever made public. The Tithing House is interesting, also, from the fact that the old adobe wall, which was built during the earliest days of the settlement, still surrounds it.

One block east of Temple Square are the executive offices of the church, located in the historic Beehive House, for many years the home of Brigham Young, and of each succeeding president. Next to it is a long, many-gabled structure, the Lion House, where Brigham is said to have housed a large number of his wives. On the strength of a very distant relationship to the famous, or rather notorious, Joseph the Prophet, my father and I were bold enough to call upon President Joseph F. Smith at his home, the Beehive House. We were first admitted to an ante room, bare enough to be a waiting room to a dentist's office. In a few minutes we were summoned and entered the room from which Brigham Young carried on his absolute rule, and from which today absolute commands go forth as to how all Mormons are to vote in city, state and national elections. It was a very plain room, furnished like an ordinary business office. On a wall hung the inevitable portrait of Joseph the Prophet. At a large desk in the center of the room sat Joseph F. Smith, president of the Mormon church, husband of five

wives, and father of forty odd children, (at Washington recently he admitted that he could not be positive as to the number at any time. President Smith is of medium height, with large rather expressionless eyes, and a long, flowing beard, that will make of him a noble appearing patriarch if it ever turns white. He did not rise to greet us, but yet appeared very cordial and showed well feigned pleasure upon hearing that he was related to his visitors.

In spite of his mild and harmless appearance, President Smith is a capable executive. It is universally admitted that he is the most efficient leader the Mormons have had since the days of Brigham Young. His power is enormous. It is greater than that of a limited monarch, since there is no legislative body to act as a check upon his authority. He can control absolutely the votes of all faithful Mormons; he appoints directly all important church officers, and directly most of the civil officers; and he is the highest court of appeal for his followers in civil as well as in religious affairs. Besides all these, he owns a controlling interest in the majority of the great manufacturing concerns of Utah. He is evidently sincere in his belief in Mormonism, which is not strange when we remember that he was brought up under the influence of its mightiest prophets.

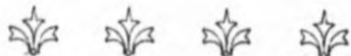
But to return to our visit. President Smith inquired as to our impressions of Salt Lake City, and offered to do anything in his power to make our stay enjoyable. We would have

liked to have him send for his wives and children, or at least some of them, but we did not tell him of it, and he did not mention them. After receiving a polite invitation to call upon him whenever we were in the city, we took our departure, with impressions of the president of the Mormon church, personally, that were not wholly unfavorable.

In the vicinity of Salt Lake City are many places of interest and beauty. The mountains seem to be ever inviting one to explore their peaks and canons, and Great Salt Lake is only eighteen miles away. At the Saitair pavilion one may enjoy

(?) the novel experience of floating on the surface of the water like a cork. One may also patronize shooting galleries and other Coney Island attractions, which are here in abundance. And without the payment of any fee, one may view sunsets, the most beautiful that can be imagined.

This brief description by no means exhausts the number of interesting places in and about the City of the Saints. Though not an old city, it has had a varied and sensational history, and this, combined with the great natural beauty of its surroundings, make it a most fascinating place to visit.



#### GOING TO SLEEP.

When I go up to my bed alone,  
An' it's all dark an' still;  
'Ceptin' it's the wind's hurt-cry,  
An' the creak o' the ol' wind-mill.

An' the clock ticks loud—it comes to me,  
All the naughty things I've done;  
An' I wish 'at I had a light—an' ma,  
Stid o' layin' there alone.

I think how all day I've been bad;  
I broke Nell's doll and made her cry,  
An' made Snip beg for ever' bite,  
An' hid Fred's top, an'—tol' a lie!

An' when my pa came home from work,  
An' asked where was I; I was bad,  
My ma said, an'—well—I know  
'At no one whips as hard as dad.

An' I look out the winder there,  
An' ever' star that's in the sky  
Seems lookin' down—right in my bed—  
Is't like a angel's eye.

And God kin look right down from  
heav'n,  
Thru ever' thin'—at ever' one;  
An' knows who's bad an' who is good,  
An' all the things they've done.

An' I férgot to say my prayers—  
I didn't care cause I was mad;  
But God loves ever' one, ma said,  
An's allus sorry if we're bad.

An' I jump out an' say 'em quick,  
An' nen curl up all in a heap,  
An' pull the covers o'er my head,  
An'—nen—nen—I guess I sleep.  
—B. Pauline Hazelton, '03.



# MISCELLANIES.

David A. Johnson, '05.

## LOVED SPOTS.

Along life's rugged pathway  
Are hallowed spots that mark the way.  
They shine with brightest brilliance  
When darkest night dissolves the day.

Full oft I look behind me  
On memory's gem-besprinkled path,  
And pick a gem in fancy  
To see the beauty that it hath.

The fairy world of fancy  
Has thus its beacon lights of hope;  
But in the world about me  
There, too, lies many a sun-kissed slope.

The golden-mantled woodland,  
Where smiled the flower at spring's first  
touch,  
Conceals beneath its tree tops  
Fair places that delight me much.

The gently rippling waters  
Sing strains my listening ear has caught  
From banks flower-decked and mossy,  
My eye in quest of beauty sought.

The moon looks down from heaven,  
Upon loved spots memories entwined,  
With golden threads resplendent,  
Beside the star-reflecting pine.

I love, in hours of sadness,  
When gloom lets fall her darkening veil,  
To steal alone in quiet  
To some fair scene and think its tale.

Far lands may boast their beauties;  
Thither the multitudes may steer;  
But give me scenes, though lowly—  
Lone spots, by memories made dear.

\* \* \*

## FORGOTTEN.

Forgotten, forgotten, the friends of  
my youth;  
Forgotten, forgotten, forever forsooth.  
I see them no more. They are gone from  
my sight;  
Their names have been lost in Forgetful-  
ness' night.

But manhood and youth are forever  
removed.  
The things that youth loved are by man-  
hood not loved.  
The flowers that in springtime do flourish  
and thrive,  
The winds of the autumn cannot keep  
alive.

But sore is the heartache maturity  
feels,  
When o'er its companions forgetfulness  
steals.  
No pain has such pangs and no sorrow  
such weight,  
As the slight of a friend has power to  
create.

The past adds a charm to the joys of the  
hour,  
When past with the present can dwell  
in one bower.  
'Tis then like a balm to the wound of the  
heart,  
To think of the joys that the past could  
impart.

But when by some unforeseen act of  
Time's hand,  
A rift has been made in the silvery band  
That bound in close friendship the pres-  
ent and past,  
The joys of today by a gloom are o'er-  
cast.

To think of the joys of the days that  
have fled,  
Is then but to take of their ashes and  
spread  
A cover of woe o'er the joys of today.  
'Tis then best to banish the past far  
away.

Oh may I so live to be such a friend,  
That none need look back when he's  
nearing the end,  
And see there a cloud that some action  
of mine,  
Has caused from vapors of tear drops  
of brine.

\* \* \*

## LOOKING BACKWARD.

Time flies but leaves his certain foot-  
prints  
On the sands of passing years.  
Naught checks him as he onward hast-  
ens,  
Neither life nor death he fears.  
My childhood days re-crowned with glad-  
ness—  
Naught they held but sportive glee.  
They knew not that life holds ought bet-  
ter  
In its cup of liberty.

The songs I sang I heard in nature,  
In the blossoms at my feet.  
To live with nature was life's essence,  
And to sing her songs seemed meet.

Those days are past; I see them dimly  
Through the darkened glass of time;  
I see them fading, fading, fading,  
As I near my manhood's prime.

There comes a longing o'er me creeping,  
For the days of youth's fond dreams,  
And from my backward turning reveries  
A flow of sadness streams.

Gone! gone! forever past recalling,  
Are those days of unmixed joy.  
Gone! gone! the birds, the flowers, the  
meadows,  
My companions as a boy.

But why complain? Has life no gladness  
Now that youth to manhood turns?  
Have years robbed life of all its nectar,  
That the heart now bitter burns?

Thrice no! the innocence of childhood  
Fleeting years have checkered made;  
But in its stead they gave discernment  
Of a thought in every blade.

The rose that blooms has no less beauty  
Than it had in youth's springtime;  
I see it now with deeper meaning—  
Every petal is sublime.

The brooklets sang in hidden language,  
When a boy I loved their glee;  
But now each ripple speaks a message  
From the great Unknown to me.

\* \* \*

#### THE CHILD'S QUESTION.

Mamma, they say there's land  
Far, far away where sometime I shall  
go;  
Where birds sing out in notes so grand,  
And are so beautiful. Pray is it so?

And then they say there'll be no night;  
But that the sun shall always brightly  
glow—

No darkness there to give me fright.  
Tell me, mother, oh tell me, is it so?

No sickness there, they say—no pain;  
No sea shall roar as here, no wind shall  
blow,

No clouds shall come with chilling rain  
They say. But tell me, mother, is it so?

I've heard that we shall play and sing,  
All dressed in spotless robes as white  
as snow;

And that this sunny land shall ring  
With joyful songs. But tell me, is it so?

And fragrant flowers that never fade,  
Stand blooming on the banks of  
streams that flow  
O'er golden sands with pearls inlaid  
And sparkling bright. But mother, is  
it so?

The fields are always green, I'm told;  
Down in the vales the lovely lilies  
grow;

And cities there have streets of gold.  
It must be lovely there! Oh, is it so?

I'd like to go there, mother, dear,  
Where cold never comes, and flowers  
eternal blow.

I'd like to live there with you near,  
If all they tell me, mamma, dear, is so.

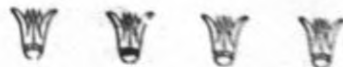
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#### A REVERY.

When the sun is slowly sinking  
In the distant blushing west,  
And the stars begin to twinkle  
Faintly from their azure nest,  
Then I long for thee, my love, for thee.

When the world is steeped in slumber,  
Hushed all nature lies, and still,  
And the moon-beams kiss the tree-tops  
On each quiet, sleeping hill,  
Then I wake to think of thee, of thee.

When the stars of heaven are fading  
'Gainst the rosy-tinted morn;  
Every beam that lights my chamber,  
On the wings of morning born,  
Brings a message, love, of thee, of thee.



Pat—"O!m a lucky man, Mikey, as  
ye iver beheld. I fell off a 60 foot lad-  
der yesterday."

Mike—"Och, Pat, an' what saved  
you?"

Pat—"Sure, Mike, I fell off the bot-  
tom round."



ZETA SIGMA, ALMA COLLEGE 1905

## A Bit of Biography.

Fred J. Soule.

**R**OYCER and I found that it was up to us. We had our sheepskins and a few dollars. But beyond that we were little better off than the newsboys who stopped us every block or so down from the university and tried to sell us the evening paper.

"Tom," he said, "I feel rather down in the mouth. I'm hanged if I know what we'll do." He always said "we." We had done everything on the partnership basis since we came to college. We were really one, or rather, he was one and I was the rest of him. He had sort of adopted me, and I suppose I looked up to him as a pet dog to his master. Anyway, that was about the situation and he always made plans for the two, and I always dutifully accepted.

I never saw Roycer gloomy before. He was the biggest optimist for a short, slim fellow that I ever knew. I've seen him flunk in mathematics for two weeks straight and never lose his nerve. He always had the air of being an instructor, and you surely would have thought he was the professor himself. He always had a good "stand in." He'll come out at the end of the semester with a mark as high as any plugger in the class. I tell you, good spirits go a good way in putting a fellow to the front in this life. That's what I told Roycer when he had begun to cool off that night after graduation. It seemed funny for me to be giving

him advice. It struck him as a new state of affairs, too, I guess. He said it made him grin all over. He wanted to know where I learned to preach. He began to feel a little better, however, by the time we got down town, and when he pulled out from his box a long letter with the trade stamp of the Buffalo Tribune, his mouth began to stretch 'til I believe you could have put that envelope in it without folding.

"Tom, I've got a job as sure as fate," he said. His uncle was chief mogul on the Tribune, and I concluded he had offered Roycer a job as reporter. "But what on earth," he continued, "am I going to do with you? Here the old man says, 'pack your suit case and get to Buffalo on the first train. Sharpen your wits for anything. I'm going to give you a chance to show what you're worth.'"

It was my turn to feel down in the mouth.

"No, sir, old man," he said, "I'm going to take you along."

We didn't have the least idea what was waiting for us, but we were ready in about two hours to leave the town. We reached Buffalo a little past midnight and made for the office. The old man was at his desk with work ahead for the rest of the night. He gave Roycer a good fair business handshake—no affection, no "you're-a-nice-boy" expression in it. He looked me over without much notice. Roycer explained that I was

half of himself and he wouldn't like to break himself in two. The old man did not pay any attention to his remark, but began his story. "It's like this, Roycer," he said, "today is Wednesday—three days before Sunday—and our last page man is sick with small pox. Came down last night. There's not a man in the building to take his place. You know what Storner has been giving us for the Sunday paper. His stories with Graham's cuts have been the boom of the Sunday edition for three months. Now, I want you to fill that page this week. I'll tell you what I want, and you can say yes or no."

I saw Roycer was delighted with the prospect, whatever it was to be. He is the kind of a fellow that would enjoy himself holding a post mortem over his grandfather's remains.

"Well," the old man continued, "I'll put your head to work. There's a nice little problem to solve, if you want to tackle it. This is it. Out toward the falls about a mile and a half off the electric line is a little old town of about 600. Yesterday morning the town woke up to find itself famous for a murder case. On the north side of the town is a little old farm, with a big rambling house surrounded by shrubbery and overgrown trees. About the most deserted place on the road. That's where the murder took place. For years an old woman has lived alone there, that is, with the exception of one girl to do the work. They used to say the old woman had about a million. How much she had is a question; but it's enough to make it in-

teresting for a reporter. Today she lies in the old house as dead as a post. Now, who is the murderer? It seems simple enough. About ten months ago her step brother, a fellow of fifty, ten years her junior, came to live with her. There was nothing remarkable about that. Yesterday she died and he is missing. If he has gone, what has he got? That is what the police are wondering. You will find the whole story, as far as it is known, in this," he said, and gave Roycer the morning paper. "There is little of interest to the public in the affair," he continued, "but where there's a million concerned there's something to be known. Now, what I want is for you to go out there and get the whole thing. You won't find any reporters to bother you, I think. It seems too ordinary a murder."

Well, Roycer took the paper and read it through. At five in the morning we went into the country. I went along to have the fun there might be in it. We found the town and had the place pointed out to us. 'Twas a pretty place. Roses were in bloom all over the lawn. Everything in the yard was a mass of growth. We went to the house, showed our credentials to the policeman who sat fanning himself and guarding the door. There were two or three neighbors in the sitting room. We wormed all the facts out of them that we could, but got little satisfaction. We found this much: the step brother, Latimer by name, was away. Gone to New York, someone said. Roycer found the



FROEBEL SOCIETY, ALMA COLLEGE 1905



house girl, and I saw from the first that he was basing all his hopes on her. He began a story to her that would have terrified any ordinary creature. He told her that she was the only one to whom the police could look for evidence. He pictured how she would be brought up before the court, and maybe sent to Sing Sing, if she didn't tell all she knew. Roycer made her think that he knew all that she knew of the affair. 'Twas a shrewd move. Her hair was on end in less than ten minutes. "Now," he said, "take me through the house and tell me how it all happened." She took him to the old woman's bedroom, where it was said the murderer had used the chloroform. She showed him the window which had been broken open, showed him the bushes just outside which had been cut away. She had no sooner finished her story than he turned suddenly to her and said: "How long have you been working here, my good woman?" She was surprised. She was reluctant to answer, I noticed. "About ten months," she replied. "Do you think this man Latimer did the deed?" he asked. "Why, no, sir." "Was he in the house the night the murder was committed?" "No, sir; he had been away for about two weeks. He was in New York." "You were alone in the house with the woman?" "Yes, sir." "You were not awakened?" "No, sir." "You found her when you called her for breakfast?" "Yes, sir." "You have seen this Latimer since, have you not?" She was again surprised, but regained

herself. "Why, no, sir! We telegraphed for him; he said he would come tomorrow."

As we left the house I told Roycer that I guessed it was not very satisfactory. "Tom," he said, "I'll have that fellow by the neck in less than 24 hours." It was then 8 a. m. We got some breakfast and a little rest. Or, rather, I got the rest. Roycer's head was pretty busy. At ten we were at the house again. Roycer said he would keep at that girl till she told him the whole thing. We knew that it was said that nothing had been taken from the house. If this were so, we could not understand why Latimer had killed the woman and skipped. We were so sure Latimer was the culprit that we entertained no other idea. We came to the house. You can imagine our surprise when we were told that the girl had gone—hadn't been seen since we left, they said. There was a stranger in the parlor—a tall, dark-eyed, dark-haired lady. I saw she had been weeping. The undertaker and some friends were in the room. They introduced us to the lady. She was a niece of the dead woman. Had just arrived from Albany. Roycer began talking with her and I sauntered about the house. As I passed around I looked up towards the cupola of the house—the old-fashioned kind, you know, in the middle of the roof. Just as I glanced up I noticed a shadow flicker on the glass and then fade away. I wondered a moment, but thought nothing more about it. When I returned to the house Roycer was just going up-

stairs with the lady. He motioned me to follow. Her name, by the way, was Walters—Emilie Walters. They motioned up, but I did not understand. We wandered all over the old house. In the center of the second floor was a small room, which we found led to the cupola. It was dusty there. Old papers lay about the floor. A few broken chairs had been stored away in one corner. But what was to be wondered at, the stair to the cupola was down. The boards were piled in another corner and were covered with dust and webs. I shrugged my shoulders and went out. Roycer lingered. I saw him hesitate, then get down on his knees and look across the floor toward the light. I heard him mutter that he wished that house girl was there. He would like to know how long that stairs had been down. He turned to lock the door when he came out of the room. He pulled some keys from his pocket, but he found the door had simply an old-fashioned lock, no key-hole. The latch was on the opposite side. He left us and went down stairs. In a few moments he returned with a wire, with which he fastened the door securely. Then he turned to us. His words came fast. He was very nervous. I noticed that the girl's eyes began to show that she understood. "We have got to do some planning, and that right away," Roycer began, talking in a whisper. "There is somebody in that cupola or I am a chump. It is as plain as day. I believe that house girl knew the whole of this affair. I scared her so, that

she pulled her stakes. Without a doubt, she came here with Latimer ten months ago, or at least soon after he came. Latimer had the cook fired. They have spent the time finding out where the old woman kept her gold. They have worked the plan together. They found it out at last. Then Latimer went to New York, i. e., he didn't. They telegraphed yesterday and he replied that he would be home, i. e., somebody else did that part of the work. He broke that window in the bedroom when the old woman was in another part of the house. He is up there now and has been for the past 48 hours or more. The girl has been sending up his meals. You will see that the dust on the floor in there has been swished by a woman's skirts. Now that gentleman must be getting hungry since the girl has left him."

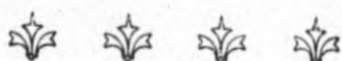
"But how did he get up there," I ventured. "Probably a rope and pulley," said Roycer. "Doubtless he had the stair removed when he first came; made the old woman think it was not safe. Now this door is locked. He can't get out. I'll go call the police and you get something to protect yourselves if it is necessary."

In a short time we were upstairs again. "Now we will catch the mouse in his own nest," said Roycer. He brought a ladder and stood it up to the trap door of the cupola. He was the nerviest, so up he went with an axe. The door was locked, of course, and it took several minutes to break it open. We told Roycer to watch out for a blow on the head.

At last the door fell back with a crash. Roycer dodged to one side, but not a sound came but the echo of the blows. He peered up and found the room empty. Plates were there and a table. But no man! Roycer found a pulley, as he had imagined. I hurried up the ladder. As I looked out of the window I noticed a smaller pulley fastened to the casement just outside. It told the story. The fellow had let himself down over the roof while we were coming up with the ladder from the

inside. Roycer kicked himself clear down stairs; called himself a big fool and applied several shocking epithets.

Well, he filled up the space in the Sunday paper, telling what he thought about next year's football prospects. I received a letter from him about three months later and he said he had never found the villain, but he had got a wife. He married Miss Walters the following Christmas.



## SENIOR CLASS.

President 1905.....Earl Webber  
Valedictorian.....Levi Butler

### GRADUATES.

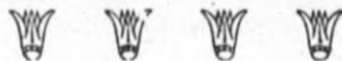
Levi J. Butler, B. S.....Caro  
O. Chas. Chapman, B. S.....Holt  
Carolyn L. Hastings, Ph. B.....St. Louis  
David A. Johnson, A. B.....Tustin  
J. Norman King, A. B.....Fairgrove  
Leola L. Lauderbach, Ph. B....Cass City  
Louise T. Strange, B. S.....Grand Ledge  
J. Earle Webber, B. S.....Linden

Four years ago there entered within the walls of Alma college a class of students, graduates of various high schools of Michigan, whose minds were well stocked with the deep learning already acquired, whose hearts were rejoicing at the opportunity afforded them of suddenly becoming great and wise men and women, whose spirits were uplifted by lofty ambitions for the future—ambitions, ideals which, if they ever could be realized, would reveal to the world genius such as never had been displayed before. The four years

have passed and with them some of the extravagant ideas of the usual enthusiastic college freshman. Four years of college life serve a noble purpose in the development of a young person. They make him see his own worth—not overestimate or underestimate it. They permit him to get his balance, to get a good footing and a fair chance to buckle into work. They make him see that (unless he is the exception) that he will never be a Luther, Shakespeare or Theodore Roosevelt. They make him realize that life is real and earnest,

and that he must equip himself accordingly. These are a few observations. The class that entered Alma four years ago have come to realize these things. They are stronger men and women for having done so. We do not say in appreciation of our present senior class that they are the best class that ever graduated. That would be idle flattery. We will leave it to the next thirty years to reveal such a fact. We do say with all sincerity that they are better men and women for being seniors in Alma col-

lege than they would have been if they had never striven for the end to which they have now attained. Four years in a Christian college afford peculiar experience of lasting value. We have confidence in our present seniors that they will do justice and honor to themselves and to their Alma Mater. We wish them all success. We are going to watch their efforts in their future work. We are certain of fitting reward for them, for the foundation of their work was laid in Alma college.



#### THE STIDDIES' PARADISE.

I push the boat from off the shore,  
And strongly ply the splashing oar,  
We leave behind the marshy moor,  
And care we not, now we're alone,  
For English, French or old Greek lore,  
For we have skipped the chaperon.

Across the lake we fairly plow,  
To farther shore where willow bough  
Over the lake doth bend its tips,  
As if to cool its parched lips,  
When mid-day's sun comes glaring down,  
Slowly forcing its green head down.

Now 'tis even in lover's Eden,  
There blows scarce a zephyr even;  
There's not a ripple as we float,  
Save now the ripple of our boat;  
And beside the weeping willows  
Rock the boat and sing of billows.

How much of life we're ever droning;  
When the good of life comes from sowing;  
Still in bliss do lovers linger,

Till Sun throws his long beam finger  
Across dim stary dome the warning,  
"Earth and life must rest till morning."

Still we're resting, gently floating,  
Till the rising moon comes gloating  
Far o'er the lake and gives rise  
To life's pale youthful paradise;  
When life's youthful stream is flowing,  
More of life it longs for knowing.

Now toward yon farthest shore  
I slowly ply the dipping oar,  
For we are loath to part so soon  
From the river's slow-rising moon,  
Not knowing if we ever more  
Shall part from river's moor.

Then faintly comes the college bell,  
Tolling the time of Day's last knell;  
When from the river now so still  
We slowly leave the weary pine,  
Leave its coming, dampning chill  
For that hall where sages dine.

—Preston, '08.



# ALMANIAN.

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WILLIAM COOPER.....Class of 1906  
LULA BROCK.....Class of 1907  
RALPH WATSON.....Class of 1908  
LOUIS ANDERSON.....Academy  
ROSE HIGGINS .....Kindergarten

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**JUNE, 1905.**

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We take this opportunity of thank-  
ing the students, faculty and friends  
of Alma college who have so gener-  
ously assisted us in the publication  
of our college paper during the year.  
We are glad you are becoming to  
realize that it is your duty as much  
as ours to make the Almanian a rep-  
resentative paper. To those who  
have contributed to our pages, to  
those who are our subscribers, to the

merchants of this city who have sup-  
ported us in our efforts we are most  
grateful. Notwithstanding some un-  
pleasantness, such as is always con-  
nected with a publication of this  
nature, we have enjoyed the work  
and we hope our successors may have  
equal and even greater success

---

The eighteenth year—it has come  
and passed. And Alma college has  
taken one great step in advance,  
stronger today in educational advan-  
tages, in Christian culture, in manly  
and womanly development than one  
year ago. In numbers the institu-  
tion has grown, nearly every depart-  
ment having increased considerably.  
We want a greater growth next year.  
Nothing speaks so forcibly for a col-  
lege as a good recommend from the  
students themselves. In the coming  
summer months we will all have op-  
portunity of expressing our views of  
Alma. Express them! We know  
they will be favorable. They cannot  
be otherwise. Advertise Alma—her  
religious, her social, her athletic ad-  
vantages, her schools of music, art,  
business and kindergarten. Adver-  
tise it all, but of all your advertising  
let that of the college department be  
first and best. Next year we want  
the largest freshman class in the his-  
tory of the institution. Let's work!

---

A WORD should be said in appre-  
ciation of the enthusiastic literary  
spirit which has been manifested this  
year. An accurate and excellent ex-  
pression of thought in words is an  
accomplishment that should not be

beyond the average college student's power to attain. He should desire to accomplish it and direct every effort toward such attainment. It is the purpose of the literary societies of Alma to give the greatest possible assistance in this and furnish abundant opportunity for it. This year the opportunity has been open to more persons than in any year past. Of course, regular society training is always open to all who are willing to work. But public work has not been heretofore. A plan of grouping and selecting was adopted this year in the societies by which every member might compete for honors in oratory and debating. Especially among the men's societies was this carried out. Such a plan is by far the best and should be followed each year in choosing speakers for public contests.

We are sorry that the ladies' societies of Alma do not present an annual public program. We are sure that they would find more persons

interested in their work than in that of the men's organizations. We would heartily recommend, not only in the interests of the student body, but in the interests of Alma's literary spirit, that next year they each give an annual public. The public programs that the gentlemen presented were well up to the standard, Phi Phi Alpha developing a new plan in the mock congress, which has been so popular at Albion for years past. The debate was pronounced a grand success. Surely we have capable men. Can we not have an intercollegiate debate for 1906? We must take our place in college affairs if we are to advance.

What has made this a successful year among the societies? Not genius alone. Rather was it work. The more one society works the more another will. Wholesome competition has results that count. We want more of it. More of it is necessary to our best literary attainment. Here's to a banner year in 1905-6.



## ALUMNI.

### ALUMNI EDITORIALS.

WITH THIS issue of the Almanian there is heralded another successful year for our college paper. The secret of its success will be found largely in these days of commencement when campus, students, examinations, "grads," buildings, athletics and some other things are mixed in glorious confusion. The Almanian is

the students' paper, and the only regret you can have as you open its pages beneath the "weeping willow" or the "pine," is that you have not always been free to contribute articles at the editor's request, or to answer the persistent solicitations of the business manager.

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IT IS HOPED that this year's

Alumni columns have demonstrated the possibility of making them a welcome visitor to our homes, offices and studies. The editor wishes to thank the many alumni over the states who have been prompt in answering his requests for news items, and especially Rev. S. P. Todd, who has taken the trouble to gather items when on his "Alma journeys."

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ONE OF the interesting things of this year's Alumni columns was the report of the vacations of last summer received from our old students. The editor wishes to take this, his last opportunity, of requesting you to mail him, during the vacation, such items as you consider interesting. If you go to Winona, to Lewis-Clarke exposition, or to any one of the many summer attractions of 1905, then tell us about it, and we can promise an excellent beginning for the Alumni columns next fall.

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#### ALUMNI NOTES.

E. E. FELL, '02, for three years superintendent of the schools at East Tawas, Michigan, has been elected superintendent of schools for Caro, Mich., a splendid position for an excellent man. East Tawas was very sorry to lose Mr. Fell, and Caro was glad to secure a competent successor to Prof. R. I. White, whose excellent record makes the position an important one to fill.

MR. AND MRS. J. H. NISBIT, of '87, live in Tawas City, where Mr. N. is a leading lumberman. He represented Saginaw presbytery last year

at general assembly as the lay commissioner.

MISS BLACK, a former Alma student, is employed in the Tawas City schools.

MR. OTTO POWERS and wife, formerly Miss Amaret Franklin, both music students '97-'98, are living in Elk Rapids. Mr. Powers is manager of the telephone exchange. They are the parents of two pairs of twins, two boys and two girls, and declare that they are already arranging to send them to Alma.

MARTIN W. KRAMER, ex. '04, and wife, formerly Miss Eleanore Christie, ex. '04, also have their residence in Elk Rapids, where Mr. Kramer is pursuing a course of study in practical chemistry in the large chemical works located in that place.

CHRISTMAS HOUGH, kg., 1903, has charge of the kindergarten work of the St. Ignace schools, and is counted the best teacher ever employed in that position.

MISS MADGE CHRISTIE, kg. '04, after three years of home mission work in Utah, has returned to Akron, Ohio, where she has a position in kindergarten work.

MISS VELMA SHARP, music '02, graduated from the Michigan Conservatory of Music in June at Detroit.

MISS BEULAH WINTON, music, '01-'02, has graduated from the Detroit Conservatory of Music this commencement.

MISS CELIA NETZARG, music, '01-'02, is making a splendid record

in the Chicago University of Music.

MISS ARAH ASHLEY, music, also with '01, graduate of '04 at Detroit Conservatory, is teaching history of music in that school and pursuing post graduate studies at Detroit and Ann Arbor.

H. A. WILCOX, '04, will preach in the Presbyterian churches of Pinconning and Gladwin during the summer vacation.

JAMES L. McBRIDE, '04, has similar duties to perform at Au Sable.

MARTIN J. STORMZAND, '04, will be in the copper country supplying the pulpit of the Rudyard Presbyterian church.

J. WIRT DUNNING, '04, will supply the Presbyterian pulpit at Tekonsha for the summer.

RAY SWIGART, '04, of Clare, has been offered and has accepted the principalship of Paw Paw high school.

WESLEY BRADFIELD, '02, has been pursuing a course at the U. of M. in the medical department.

JOHN SHINER, '03, is going on the road this summer as an agent for the Northwestern Insurance Company. He expects to continue in this work during the year.

MISS LAURA SOULE returned from Albuquerque last month for a six weeks' visit at her home in Alma.

MISS MABEL WOOD, a kg. graduate, has finished a year's work in the kindergarten of Sault Ste. Marie. She has been engaged for next year to teach in Caro, her home town.

W. F. KNAPP, class of 1908, is the

editor of the Sault Ste. Marie Evening News, and makes a strong and effective plea for right business in that city's government.

C. ELBRIDGE ANDERSON, last year's student, left half back on football team, is now employed as reporter on the Ishpeming Daily Mining Journal, the leading paper in the Upper Peninsula.

PROF. KENDALL BROOKS, class of 1898, has been re-engaged for second year as superintendent of schools of Marquette, his salary being increased \$300 per year.

G. F. McEWEN, a student in Alma from 1897 to 1900, is now owner and editor of the Iron Port News in Escanaba, the oldest and the leading paper in that city. While in college he was the manager of the Almanian, and says that in that position he obtained the first knowledge of newspaper work and was thus led to take up journalism.

#### ALUMNI DAY.

ALTHOUGH rain dampened the prospects for Alumni Day, as planned for May 11, still a number of old grads. and former students came back to re-visit the scenes of their college days, and to renew the connections with their Alma Mater.

THE ALUMNI ball game was the event looked forward to with great expectation by all. Rain prevented its being played on Thursday, and also kept away a number of former "stars," who were expected to be here and strengthen the line-up of the "old boys." But Friday, May





PHI PHI ALPHA, ALMA COLLEGE 1905

12, was a promising day and the game was pulled off with what material the Alumni had to draw from. Every man on the team was an old grad. or former student, with the exception of Thompson, who played shortstop.

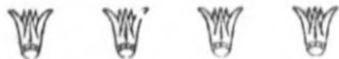
The game opened up lively in the first inning, the alumni coming to bat first and sending three men across the home plate on the start. One more tally was made in the second, while the college team had registered up but three scores at the end of the third. It looked like a sure victory for the old timers, the score remaining 4 to 3 up to the sixth, when Anderson, the Palo wonder, negotiated with the home pan, and Dunning in the seventh completed the circuit, making a total score of six for the alumni. It only remained for the last half to be played, but a surprise was in store for everybody. The 'varsity came out of their sleep, got on their toes and settled down to business. For the first time they

seemed to make the bat connect with the slippery sphere, and a few timely hits sent four men around the diamond and the game was won for the college.

The game was characterized by many errors and was lacking in sensational plays, but was interesting throughout. McBride, for the alumni, pitched a neat game, and had he received proper support his team would have won easily. S. Johnson and Helmer both went into the box for the college. The line-up for the alumni was as follows: Pitcher, McBride, of McBain; catcher, Anderson, of Palo; first base, Holmes, of Alma; second base, Adams, of Caseville; shortstop, Thompson, of Alma; third base, B. Dunning, of Holt; right field, Nelson, of Ithaca; left field, Wagner, of U. of M. Score:

Innings—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	R	H	E
Alumni .....	3	1	0	0	0	1	1	—6	4	5
Alma .....	0	2	1	0	0	0	4	—7	5	7

Batteries—McBride and Anderson; S. Johnson, Helmer and Lothien.  
Umpire—Pennell.



## ABOUT THE CAMPUS.

### GENERAL ITEMS.

TWO new magazines for the year 1905 have recently been placed upon the library reading table, "Masters in Music," the gift of our music instructor, Miss Cheeseman, and "Masters in Art," the gift of the Art club.

THE college has enjoyed visits from several grads. during the

month. Stormzand, McBride, Ronald and Wilcox stopped over on the way from Princeton. McBride and "Herby" did the "chapel ordeal" to perfection, both managing to say something comical without telling the "cat story," and each giving Prexy the customary "rub in the dust." The former spoke to some

extent of the athletic spirit of Princeton, the latter of the literary spirit.

OF THE entertainment furnished the presidents of the various college Y. M. C. A. organizations who met for a two days' conference in Alma about May 1st, the college papers in several cases spoke very highly, mentioning especially the elaborate dinner held in the visitors' honor at the Alma Springs Sanitarium. The meeting was certainly a grand success. The gentlemen occupied three pulpits on the Sunday morning that they were here, speaking very enthusiastically of the Y. M. C. A. work.

The class spirit that was evidenced on Arbor day was most pleasing to the student body at least, and in general to the faculty. So little spirit of the kind has been manifested this year that this came as a surprise. The sophomores seemed to enjoy themselves, posting their '07 upon the dizziest height of Wright Hall, and then going to the woods for a 4:30 o'clock breakfast. A person down town mistook them for gypsies, and (it is rumored) tried to get Rohlf to stand in his store window for an advertisement. The freshmen capped the climax by having Prexy take down the '07. Shortly after an '08 appeared on the museum, at the same time that Himmelhoch, '07, was being photographed in half dress attire on the front steps. The only thing we are sorry about is that we didn't see the usual Arbor Day scrap.

THE LAST recital of the School of Music was given early in May. It was the best of the many excellent

entertainments that have been rendered this year and was a credit to the school and to the instructor, Mrs. St. John. Alma is to be proud of its advantages in music.

A GIFT of two thousand dollars has been made by our benefactor, Mr. Wright, for the current expenses of the college during the coming year.

DR. DIXON, of New York, was in the city May 28. He spoke before the students in the Presbyterian church.

DR. and MRS. BRUSKE entertained at their home on the evening of May 23 the graduates of the kindergarten and the school of music, together with the instructors of the departments.

TENNIS enthusiasm reached a high pitch week before last, when the tournaments were played off to select men for the M. I. A. C. meet. In a close contest Sharp and Ewing defeated Himmelhoch and Marchmont in doubles. Of a half dozen of the fast players, Sharp proved himself the best in singles.

THE SCHOOL OF MUSIC has secured the services of Mrs. Florence Spitzley, soprano, and Miss Agnes Adrus, pianist, for the annual commencement concert. Mrs. Spitzley sang here several years ago at an annual concert and delighted her audience with her musical interpretation. Both ladies are from Detroit. The music lovers of Alma are pleased with the choice made this year.

A NUMBER of the synod of Michigan visited chapel on the morning of May 29.

THE PHI PHI ALPHA society entertained the Froebel society in their rooms the last Monday evening of May.

ON MONDAY EVENING May 29 and on the following Wednesday evening recitals were given in the chapel by the Misses Nellie Wallace, Sadie Messinger and Rose Messinger and Essie Hooper. These recitals were preparatory to a recital that was given in Holly on the evening of June one. The same ladies will make a tour of some of the northern Michigan cities during the last week in June.

WE LEARN that Michigan's Oratorical victor, Mr. Tiebout of Olivet did honor to us in the interstate contest in May. He did not get first place, Depauw College for the sixth time getting the medal. Mr. Tiebout was fourth in composition but did not rank high in delivery.

THE FRESHMAN exhibition took place on the evening of June 2. It was a credit to the class. The program consisted entirely of biographies. Those that represented the class were the Misses Butler, Cook and Pollard, and the Messrs. Compton, Craig, Morse, Horst, Purdy and Sutton.

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#### PERSONAL.

DAVID JOHNSON will preach at Omena, the northern resort, this summer. He will attend McCormick Theological Seminary next year.

THE DEPUTY SHERIFF arrested Carr not long ago on the charge of an attack of measles. They imprisoned him in Brainaird's hospital. Condolence is still in order.

COOPER, Webber and Soule attended the May Festival at Ann Arbor and visited acquaintances in the city.

THOSE that hear from Stanley Schenck say he has a good position with the Stevenson Iron Mining Co. at Stevenson, Minn.

OLD FRIENDS of Pearl Fuller are waiting for a chance to make him "set 'em up." They tell us it's a bouncer, Fuller.

RALPH MONTIGEL left college some weeks since and is now staking his fortune in California.

WILL BROWN, ex. '04, has returned to Michigan for the summer and at present is at his home near Ithaca. He has visited old friends in the college several times.

LEVI BUTLER has secured the most excellent position of superintendent of the school of East Tawas. His work begins the first of September.

ISRAEL HIMMELHOCH expects this summer to win Pittsburg and other eastern cities to his way of thinking about the "Saturday Evening Post."

MR. SOMEBODY stole the clapper of the college bell on the morning of May 17 between twelve and one o'clock. The joke is so stale he endangered himself to a severe trouncing—but he has not been caught. During the same night the silverware disappeared from Wright hall.

### DAVIS FIELD.

NOT LONG ago an announcement made by Dr. Bruske in chapel brought forth a most appreciative applause from the students. It was announced that our friend, Mr. Davis, of Saginaw, to whom Alma college is indebted for the athletic field, named in his honor, had made an additional gift of \$450 for the completing of everything necessary to make Davis Field an ideal athletic ground. Improvements will consist of proper drainage, and a new cinder track one-quarter of a mile long with a straight track for the short runs. The whole field is to be seeded. Mr. William Johnson of this city has the contract for the work. He expects to have it complete before September. The whole college is most grateful to Mr. Davis for his generous gift.

### INTERSOCIETY DEBATE.

ON MAY 8 occurred the most stirring debate that Alma college has listened to for some time. In the discussion of the question, "Resolved, That the best interests of society and labor demand the open shop," Zeta Sigma defeated Phi Phi Alpha, winning the ballot vote of two of the three judges, who were Hon. A. B. Darraugh of St. Louis, Rev. R. M. Williams of Ithaca and D. L. Johnson of Alma. Casterlin, Webber, Gaunt, Himmelhoch and Soule were the representatives of Zeta Sigma; Johnson, Cobb, Cratzenburg, King and Butler of Phi Phi Alpha. The winners maintained the negative side of the question and by two-fold dis-

cussion pointed the evils of the open shop, and presented the union shop policy as the correction of such evils. The affirmative strove to establish their position by direct opposition to union shop policy, neglecting to support the open shop directly. Johnson and Casterlin, in rebuttal, brought forth hearty applause.

In years past intersociety debates have not been given proper attention. As a result we have had few intercollegiate contests of this nature, and some years no debate at all. The two men's societies are now entering into an agreement for an annual debate, and a cup is to be awarded to the winners each year. The proceeds of this year's debate is used for this cup, which Zeta Sigma will hold for the ensuing year. On condition that one society succeeds in winning the debate for three consecutive years, that society shall hold the cup for all time and a new one shall be procured for future contests.

Both societies are heartily pleased with the interest that the college took in this year's debate, and are inspired to give each time a better discussion—one which shall be worth hearing for students and faculty.

### SENIOR PLAY.

A NEW idea for a senior "stunt" was carried out on the evening of May 30 in the college chapel. It took the form of a theatrical with all the objectionable features left out, such as fancy specialties, excessive shooting, blood-curdling intensities, though there was much of the

tragic manifested. The play was the work of David Johnson. It was original in development and detail, but based upon the story of the great Agamemnon, and some of his matrimonial difficulties resulting in his death. The scene opened with Agamemnon at Troy engaged in the ten years' war for the great city of the north. In his absence his beautiful wife, Clytemnestra, forgets her former lover and husband and showers her smiles and side glances upon the stalwart Aegisthus. The bliss that follows such display of affection is suddenly changed to gloom by the appearance at Mycenae of the great Agamemnon. In the heat of words Aegisthus slays him. One crime follows another and plans are made by Clytemnestra and her new lover to slay Orestes, Agamemnon's son, in order to pave the way for their future welfare. But Electra, daughter of Agamemnon, knowing of the plot, sends Orestes away. Orestes later returns, kills both Clytemnestra and Aegisthus, but because of his deed is driven mad by the furies. According to the command of an oracle Orestes goes to the temple of Diana at Toris to seize the statue of Diana, thereby recovering his sanity. He not only seizes the statue but also finds a priestess, who is discovered to be his own sister. With his prize and his sister he returns to Mycenae victorious, and is made king of the old lands of Agamemnon.

The players presented the dramatic parts with such great skill that the amusement of the listeners was almost uncontrollable. Costumes were

very elaborate and extremely "fitting."

#### CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Agamemnon.....	Levi Butler
Clytemnestra.....	Leola Lauderbach
Aegisthus.....	Chas. Chapman
Orestes .....	David Johnson
Electra.....	Caroline Hastings
Cassandra.....	Caroline Hastings
Iphigenia.....	Louise Strange
Lycias, a slave.....	Norman King
King of Toris.....	Norman King
Pylades.....	Earle Webber

#### SENIOR.

Farewell to Alma College;  
 The time has come to part;  
 With all our stored-up knowledge  
 Into the world we start.  
 Classmates, hide not your sadness,  
 Nor blush to sorely weep;  
 For now fair Alma's gladness  
 We soon must cease to reap.  
 Oh, may we but have scattered  
 Some roses on the way,  
 That others, torn and tattered,  
 May pick a flower and say:  
 "We take thee and we'll wear thee  
 Upon our breast with care;  
 And when we're done we'll bear thee  
 To another class to share."  
 Farewell to scenes enraptured!  
 Farewell to spots made dear!  
 Farewell to friends we've captured!  
 Farewell!—forgive the tear.

#### JUNIOR.

WE ARE about to enter into the realm of great distinction, which the class of 1905 leaves for us. Only nine of us—but oh, my!

New class pins have been in evidence for several weeks past.

On May 27 the Juniors had the great pleasure of entertaining the Seniors. A Pine river squadron conveyed the two classes to one of the beautiful groves some three or four miles up stream, where a half day was spent in a real old fashioned picnic. There were all kinds of experiences, even to narrow escapes from drowning.

**FRESHMAN.**

IT WAS Arbor Day, and as the Freshmen marched to breakfast, an orange and black rag—the symbol of Sophomore brilliance—met their gaze. It was fastened to the cupola on Wright hall, where the sophs deemed it safe from molestation. But the Freshmen, having a different opinion, planned for its removal. During history class, two of them having rescued a ladder, they prepared to ascend to the roof. About this time Prexy hove in sight and all haste was made to reach the desired goal.

Suddenly the august doctor espied the storming party, who were now upon the roof and preparing to cross to the cupola. Hastily he ran to the foot of the ladder, and in his deepest guttural voice, with which he is wont to do the Shylock act, called out "Roof ahoy!"

"Aye! aye! sir," sang out Purdy in John Maynard tones.

"Come down from there! You might fall and break your necks," continued the doctor in the heart-rending tones with which he tells his rabbit story.

"Excuse me, sir, but I would rather break my neck than fail to destroy that offensive symbol," quoth the indomitable Compton.

Then seeing that the two gentlemen had the strategical advantage, and not wishing to see any fatalities, even though it were martyrdom in a good cause, the doctor proceeded to "make terms" with the storming party, and at length the orange and

black was removed from sight.

Then joining their comrades, who in the meantime had put a Freshman banner upon the museum, they raised the Freshman slogan and proceeded to occupy the campus while the sophs slunk terrified into their dens.

But one soph. with more timidity than the rest tried to cross the campus, only to meet his fate. Grasped by his upper and lower extremities he was quickly borne to the museum where, after removing his coat, vest, collar and shoes, he was suffered to remain in our presence while the group was photographed. Then, as they had become fond of the young man, they proceeded to photograph him in a variety of poses. Then at length having met with no resistance, the Freshman guard organized conquests in new fields and left the campus to fate.

**ZETA SIGMA.**

THE FELLOWS have been shaking hands with a number of old grads. and former Zeta Sigma men. Commencement reunions are happy times.

The society had the great honor and pleasure of entertaining the ladies of Alpha Theta in the society room on the evening of May 13. It was a most enjoyable occasion and one which did much toward making the men cheer up from the gloom that is liable to settle over them as time for exams. draws near. "Excellent music" was rendered by Casterlin and Compton, and also by the male quartet.

During the term the society has lost Messrs. Schenck and Montigel, who have moved to other states, Schenck to Minnesota, Montigel to California. Webber and Chapman of the senior class will no longer be active members with us. Cooper will return to society for his senior year.

W. Webber, Brown, Bagley, H. Soule and Wilcox, all old Zeta Sigma men, attended the intersociety debate.

John Mitchells "Organized Labor" a book recently published and used by the society debaters this spring, has been presented by the society to the college library.

Officers for first term of next year are Fred Soule, Pres; Howard Potter, V. Pres; Chas Pringle, Sec; Robert Craig, Treas; Israel Himmelhoch, 1st. Critic; Wm. Rohlf, 2nd Critic; Robert Compton, "janitor," The president, retiring janitor and new janitor "set 'em up" at Frank's as usual on the evening of election, May 29.

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### PHI PHI ALPHA.

LOOKING back upon this school year a great advance can be seen in the Phi Phi Alpha society. This year has been a banner year. Every member feels that he has been greatly benefited, because every man has had an opportunity of assisting in the work of the society. The society is not so large but that each man has had an opportunity every week to show his literary ability. The Phi Phi Alpha society was at one time a prep. society, sort of a recruiting

station for the other society, but has now grown beyond that and is composed partly of college men also, having three of the five male graduates this year as members.

On the evening of May 8 the battle over the open shop was fought between Phi Phi Alpha and Zeta Sigma societies in the college chapel. The question was, "Resolved, That the best interests of society and labor demand the open shop." The affirmative was taken by the Phi Phi's and the negative by the Zeta Sig's. The debaters of the Phi Phi's were: Leader, D. A. Johnson, L. J. Butler, J. N. King, C. Cratzenburg, and F. N. Cobb. The debate was interesting from beginning to end; every man entered into it with enthusiasm and fire. It was Cratzenburg's and Cobb's first appearance in debate before the public, and they did remarkably well. We do not feel any disgrace in being defeated by our opponents, as they have some strong debaters. Casterlin was good on rebuttal; in fact every man on the team was warmed up to the occasion and fought hard.

This year closes with a victory for each society and enthusiasm for more struggles next year.

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### PHILOMATHEAN.

ALTHOUGH very little has been heard of the Philomathean society, the work has been progressing rapidly.

A few of the old members dropped out in the middle of the year, but returned to push on the work and rouse the enthusiasm.



**INTERCOLLEGIATE.**

THE M. A. C. debating team met defeat in the annual contest held this year at Ypsilanti with the three picked debaters of the Normal. They maintained the affirmative of the question, Resolved, That labor unions are beneficial to the interests of the United States.

M. A. C. HELD its second May Festival this year. Robert Boise, Carson, Mr. Schroetter, Elizabeth Blamere and Walter Howell were present. The chorus rendered the "Creation."

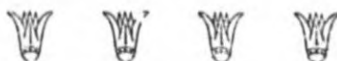
THE MEMORIAL number of the Olivet Echo, which appeared recently, is the best one yet. Many a tribute was paid to the beloved instruct-

or, Joseph L. Daniels, who has been on the Olivet faculty for forty years.

IT IS a little late to speak of it, but it is difficult to refrain from doing so. "Most" Michigan colleges fittingly observed Arbor Day by the planting of trees and shrubs, and by commemorative addresses by the faculties and students.

MISS BESSIE CAMBURN, of Hillsdale, succeeded in capturing the prize in the Fowle oratorical contest last month.

R. CLINTON PLATT, of Albion college, has been honored by the election to the Rhodes scholarship at Oxford. He is one of Albion's strong men and is certainly worthy of the reward he has received.

**ATHLETICS.****BASE BALL.**

THE SEASON has been in most respects successful. Early in the season it seemed that a high place in the intercollegiate would be won. But the narrow loss at M. A. C. was followed by the overwhelming loss at Olivet, and things then began to look rather hazy. The games out of the intercollegiate, however, have demonstrated that there are good men in the Alma team. At times the team work was excellent, at others there was none at all. The fellows were weak at batting and base running. In the M. A. C. only one base was stolen to the opponents' 8. This don't mean poor players. It

means lack of coaching. The team has had excellent support, but not coaching. A captain, manager and one or two old ball men down town, however much they help, can not make up for a good, systematic training under a coach. With the material that played ball on Davis Field this year, a good coach could make a far better team. We hope next year will find a trainer for the men. For an uncoached team the fellows did excellent work. Manager Pennell arranged a most satisfactory series of games, and his push and enthusiasm was a great help. Marshall's work as captain has been very commendable to all interested in the sport.



ALMA COLLEGE TRACK TEAM, 1905

### The Games in Brief.

THE SEASON opened with two practice games with the city team, both games resulting in a score of 8 to 1 in favor of the college. The city aggregation is composed of old stars from all quarters of the globe, who have made Alma a center of business, but they failed to furnish much more than easy practice for the 'varsity.

THE FIRST college game with Hillsdale, at Hillsdale April 28, resulted in defeat for Alma. Johnson pitched excellent ball, and after the first inning held Hillsdale to two hits. Six costly errors gave the opponents the advantage. Score 6 to 0.

ON THE same trip south, the team made Lansing April 29 for the first cup game at M. A. C. The boys were in trim shape for the game and held M. A. C., who the week before had defeated Hillsdale 14 to 5, to a score of 2 to 1. The M. A. C. Record calls it the farmer's big surprise, for they had expected easy victory. Helmer pitched gilt-edge ball, allowing only four hits; he also struck out four men, allowed only one base on balls, and at the bat made a three bagger, which Lothian made a score by a well-placed hit. M. A. C. excelled in base running, getting eight to Alma's none. Errors—Alma 6, M. A. C. 2.

AN AMUSING and entertaining game was pulled off May 1 with the Georgia minstrels, who were in Alma that day. Some of the colored aggregation had evidently "played ball" some time and made a few pretty plays. Their infield was good.

In the four innings played Alma scored 6 and allowed 3 for the songsters on crazy errors. Karkette did the pitching for the college.

THE COLLEGE pulled off seven scalps from the Mt. Pleasant Indian representation May 3. It was an exciting game, though a trifle one-sided. Johnson pitched. The Indians managed to pound the cover off the ball, but they found it a hard matter to place their hits. Only twice did they get a show for a score, one chance of which they made good when their shortstop crossed the pan. Both teams played ragged ball at times. Webber, Helmer, Buck and Karkette did good batting.

THE OLIVET game, played at Olivet May 5, was as much a surprise to Olivet as Alma. For some unaccountable reason the team was "in the air," allowing the congregationalists to cross the pan fourteen times without a score from the Alma team to place against this. M. A. C., whom the boys held to 2 to 1, trimmed Olivet to the tune of 7 to 1. If comparisons show anything, another whirl at Olivet would doubtless result a little more favorably for Alma.

ON MAY 9 the St. Louis regulars were defeated on Davis Field by a score of 10 to 0 in five innings. There was nothing of interest in the game, except speculation regarding the number of the marks on the score book. The pitcher for the visitors was batted all over the field.

THE MT. PLEASANT NORMAL met defeat on Davis Field May 17, the score resulting 10 to 3. The game was interesting from start to finish.

Helmer pitched an excellent game, and Lothian and Angell played catch so much that only one man stole second. The Normal scored once on a good hit, twice on bad errors for Alma. Three times the home team filled the bases but failed to score. Cheney, the twirler for the visitors, allowed many hits, three of them three baggers. Webber and Buck played excellent field. Bases were stolen at will on the visitors.

IN A GAME of errors and crazy plays Albion defeated Alma on Davis Field May 27, by a score of 7-4. Striker pitched for Albion but his expected wonderwork didn't appear. Karkette being on the doctor's bench, Helmer was pulled out of the box and placed on third. Johnson twirled and surpassed Striker in every phase of the game, allowing fewer hits and fanning five men to Striker's four. Of her seven scores Albion gained four of them on bad errors of Alma's on third and in left field. Fairman played Watson's right field, Watson having left to accept a position on Ludington team. Monteith made one three bagger. Buck and Webber played the best fielding of the season. Line up for Alma: Buck, mf, Helmer, 3; Lothian, c; Marshall, 1; Webber, lf; Monteith, s; Johnson, p; Angell, 2; Fairman, rf.

THE SEASON closed on May 30 with two games with the Shepherd "Reds." The teams broke even, the score in the morning being 6-5 in Alma's favor, in the afternoon 14-11 in Shepherd's favor. Johnson did the pitching in the morning and did the same excellent work that he

showed up at the Albion game. The main feature of the afternoon game was long hits on both sides. Two and three baggers were as common as fouls. Shepherd bunched some of their hits and gathered in a few more runs. The team broke training after this game and began to make plans for next year. Harry Helmer was elected captain to succeed Marshall. Helmer has proved himself an all-round athlete this year and well deserves the honor.

ALMA'S THIRD TRIP resulted in a victory and a defeat. The first of the two, May 19, at Kalamazoo, resulted in a score of 9 to 6 in Kazoo's favor. The Baptists play ball, and in a Buffalo Bill tent, and have learned to bat the ball among the guyropes. Their stunt gave them a home run and a couple of three baggers that ought to have been two baggers. Helmer held them to a few hits which they bunched, however, to advantage. Unfair decisions twice made Alma leave the field when three men were on bases. Kazoo won on luck and a stuffed umpire. This was the only intercollegiate game when the team had to play ten men.

The second of the two games was played at Big Rapids. In six innings the Ferris aggregation were outplayed in a 10 to 0 shut out. The game was characterized by scraps more than good playing, the Ferris men failing to control their temper as well as their plays. There was no chance for them to score at any time. Alma's batting was good and the bases were kept full.

THE BEST GAME ever played on

Davis field was the one with the Shepherd professionals May 23. In nine innings of quick plays and few hits Shepherd scored once to Alma's none. Helmer pitched an excellent game, twice fanning two men when there was but one man out and a runner on third ready to score. Shepherd's fielding was excellent—the best that has been exhibited this season. A fumble by Karkette on a short stop fly gave the visitors their only run. Four times Alma filled the bases, but failed to place the ball in the necessary place to bring in a run. Angell played a star game at the bat. Webber and Watson made long runs for outfield hits. Dingwell of Alma was umpire.

BASE BALL RECORDS.

1898—	
Alma vs. Mt. Pleasant.....	14-11
“ “ Indians .....	5- 6
“ “ Mt. Pleasant .....	0- 5
“ “ U. of M. ....	3-14
“ “ Shepherd Pr'f'ls .....	5- 7
“ “ Edmore .....	11- 2
“ “ Tri-County team.....	18- 5
1899—	
“ “ St. Louis .....	18- 6
“ “ Normal .....	25- 4
“ “ Midland .....	6- 7
“ “ Indians .....	16-10
“ “ Elmore .....	16- 6
“ “ Normal .....	0- 0
1900—	
“ “ M. A. C. ....	9-11
“ “ Ferris .....	8- 4
“ “ Alma Pr'f'ls .....	11-18
“ “ Normals .....	12-10
“ “ Ithaca .....	18- 5
“ “ Normals .....	11- 7
“ “ Indians .....	19- 6
1901—	
“ “ Newark .....	20- 0
“ “ M. A. C. ....	9- 4
“ “ Albion .....	2-12
“ “ Mt. Pleasant .....	13-11
1902—	
“ “ Albion .....	5-17
“ “ Ferris .....	8- 0

“ “ M. A. C. ....	5- 3
“ “ D. C. M. (Detroit).....	12- 0
“ “ Alumni .....	12- 1
“ “ Mt. Pleasant .....	10- 5
“ “ Normal .....	16- 3
1903—	
“ “ Albion .....	1- 8
“ “ M. A. C. ....	10-11
“ “ M. A. C. ....	0- 5
“ “ Hillsdale .....	8-18
“ “ Olivet .....	17- 5
“ “ Albion .....	2-11
1904—	
“ “ Olivet .....	2- 5
“ “ Shepherd .....	15- 8
“ “ D. C. M. ....	7- 2
“ “ D. C. M. ....	10-14
“ “ Owosso Pr'f'ls .....	1- 7
“ “ Albion .....	0-11
“ “ M. A. C. ....	2-10
“ “ M. A. C. ....	0-11
1905—	
“ “ Alma Pr'f'ls .....	8- 1
“ “ Alma Pr'f'ls .....	8- 1
“ “ Hillsdale .....	0- 6
“ “ M. A. C. ....	1- 2
“ “ Georgia Minstrels .....	6- 3
“ “ Indians .....	7- 1
“ “ Olivet .....	0-14
“ “ St. Louis .....	10- 0
“ “ Alumni .....	7- 6
“ “ Normal .....	10- 3
“ “ Kalamazoo .....	6- 9
“ “ Ferris.....	10- 0
“ “ Shepherd.....	0- 1
“ “ Albion.....	4- 7
“ “ Shepherd.....	6- 5
“ “ Shepherd.....	11-14

M. I. A. A.

The Field Day at M. A. C., June 2 and 3, was a grand success in every respect—except in victory for Alma. The Agricultural College is an ideal place for the sports. The plans of the students there and the weather united to make the occasion the best for several years. As a result records were broken in several events. Waite of M. A. C. broke the record in the 2 mile run by 2-5 of a second. The mile relay record was broken by Moon, Burrells and Graham of M. A. C. Moore of Kazoo broke Maddock's record in the hammer throw,

distance 128 feet 4 inches. Betts of Olivet broke the record in the shot put, making it 37 feet 4 $\frac{1}{4}$  inches. Records in the mile run and high jump were also broken. M. A. C. won the meet with 69 $\frac{1}{2}$  points, Olivet following with 23 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Marshall of Alma won an easy first over Fryman of M. A. C. and Bronson of Hillsdale in the middleweight wrestling, Johnson took a second in the hammer throw, McCollum a third in the discus. Jennings' loss was deeply felt, for with him in the events, Alma would surely have added the tumbling and another wrestle to the list. Angell's illness prevented his competing in the heavy weight wrestle. Preston was prevented from entering the parallel-bar exhibition, although there was but one other man who had entered.

The finals in baseball were played off, M. A. C. winning over Hillsdale 6-2, and Albion over M. A. C. 12-2. The crowd at the sports and games averaged over 2,000, assuring the financial success of the meet.

The tennis tournament was watched with great interest, Sharp and Ewing going against the winners in the first game, losing to them 6-1, 6-1. Sharp lost in the singles also.

M. A. C. had a new feature for the indoor work. The gymnasium being too small to accommodate the crowd, a space on the field in front of the grand stand was lighted by electric arcs. This arrangement proved as satisfactory as it was novel. In other things, as in this, the M. A. C. students were equal to the occasion and all who attended received from them the best entertainment.

#### SING, VERSES MINE.

Sing, verses mine, I love you so.  
You cheer me in my hours of woe.  
Smiling the clouds from out the skies  
Unveil the sunlight to my eyes,  
And set the gray old world aglow!

Little men care, little they know,  
How my dear verses to me grow—  
Pleasure without a sacrifice.  
Sing, verses mine!

Cheering my thoughts with music low,  
Like scenes, half caught, from long ago,  
Or, like some magic, ever rise  
To wake me when my spirit lies  
Disheartened from some overthrow.  
Sing, verses mine!

—Cobb, '08.

#### EXCHANGES AND OTHERWISE.

She frowned on him and called him Mr.,  
Because he only Kr.;

And so in spite,  
The very next night,  
The naughty Mr. Kr. Sr.

A fly and a flea in a flue  
Imprisoned; now what could they do?  
Said the fly, "let us flee."  
"Let us fly," said the flea,  
So they flew through the flaw in the flue.

Rohlf, who once was quite sane,  
Had some whiskers of which he was vain,  
It made his face ache  
When they caught in the brake  
On the end of a limited train.

#### A FRESHMAN'S CONCLUSION.

When Cupid sets one thinking  
Of kissing to be done;  
Oh, then two heads are better,  
Oh, better far than one.

"You do not use the right 'telle.'"  
"Well, what 'telle' do you want?"

A new inscription just found bears the following: Rameses, our beloved friend, has just died. His ghost, which had not yet left the body, was talking to itself in ghost language. The royal undertakers were already making a mummy of the body. The body began to stiffen. The ghost surveyed the bottle of mummy fluid and then remarked: "Gee, this makes me feel tough."

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