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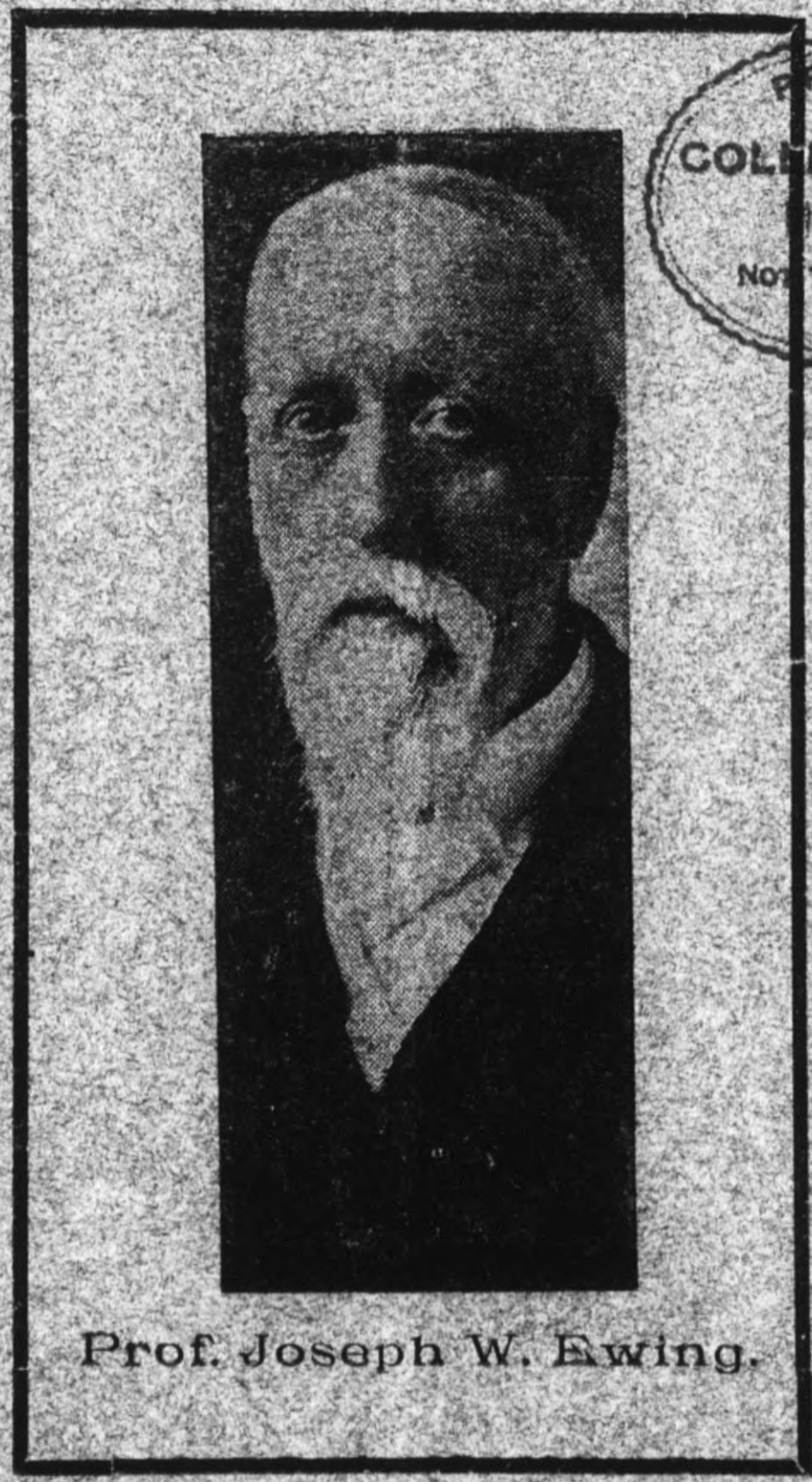
VOL. VII.

OCTOBER.

NO. 1

# ALMANIAN.

ALMA COLLEGE.



Prof. Joseph W. Ewing.

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VOL. 7,

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NO. 1.

## ALMANIAN

OCTOBER,

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1905.

## ALMA'S FIRST CALAMITY.

AT the meeting of the trustees of the college during the week of the commencement past, the thought which was upon the heart of many a person, and in fact found general expression, was one of joy and thanksgiving that never in the history of Alma College had a dread calamity befallen our beloved institution. Little did those men know, little did anyone dream at the time of the gay commencement festivities, that within a few hours a pestilence would descend upon them, to strike many low with a terrible fever, to snatch from our midst our oldest professor and four of our brightest students, to deprive the family of an honored graduate of the light which had always gladdened their home—the mother. Like a bolt out of a clear sky came the shock which befell the college. With the news of the first sickness came word that danger hovered over many a bedside. This was about the second week of the vacation time. A week later, the number of the unfortunate ones had increased and increased

with relentless count until twenty-five were overcome. On the fourth week it seemed that the hand of fate was being laid heavily upon us. The number grew to two score. On Sunday evening of that week death began its sorrowful work. At the Petosky hospital Miss Althea Soule passed away, her brother and sister being with her during the last days of her illness.

The prayer went up from many a heart that God might spare any other who lay at death's door. But God's rulings are not for us to change. On the next morning He called to himself the spirit of Herbert Wilcox, who had just completed his first year in the Princeton seminary. On Tuesday followed the death of Miss Hazel Garland of Howell, whom our college had honored with a certificate of post-graduation a few days before. The next morning brought the death of Charles Chapman, also a member of the class of 1905. About a week later Mrs. L. E. Butler of Caro, who had attended the graduating exercises in which



her son received highest honors, was called to her eternal home. On August 28, Prof. J. W. Ewing was the sixth one to be summoned. God in His mercy spared the remaining ones throughout the state, at whose sides many an anxious friend was watching, though their number was now about three score. Faculty, students, and friends of the college shared the misfortune, but nearly all of the sick ones are now restored in health to their duties.

The cause of the siege will never be known. Skilled physicians from all parts of the state have failed to attach the blame to any particular thing. That the banquet concealed the germs is certain, but beyond that it is a mystery. Perhaps it is well that it should remain as such, though the knowledge of the cause would relieve many an anxious mind. At any rate, it was proven beyond a doubt by state authorities that local conditions were in no way at fault, and as Dr. Bruske said in an open letter to the public, the germs of such a disease were evidently "imported." It is safe to predict that never again in the history of the college, will such a sad calamity befall us.

The shadow of the loss to our number will be dark across our midst for many a day and year. That so many of our beloved companions and college friends should be called to another home, seems sad to us indeed. And yet God called them to Him; of this we are certain. And if He called them, it was that He had in store for them greater things.

In this we can rejoice in the time of our sorrow. Perhaps the influence of those lives so soon cut short, may have a power for good beyond measure. Such is for eternity to prove.

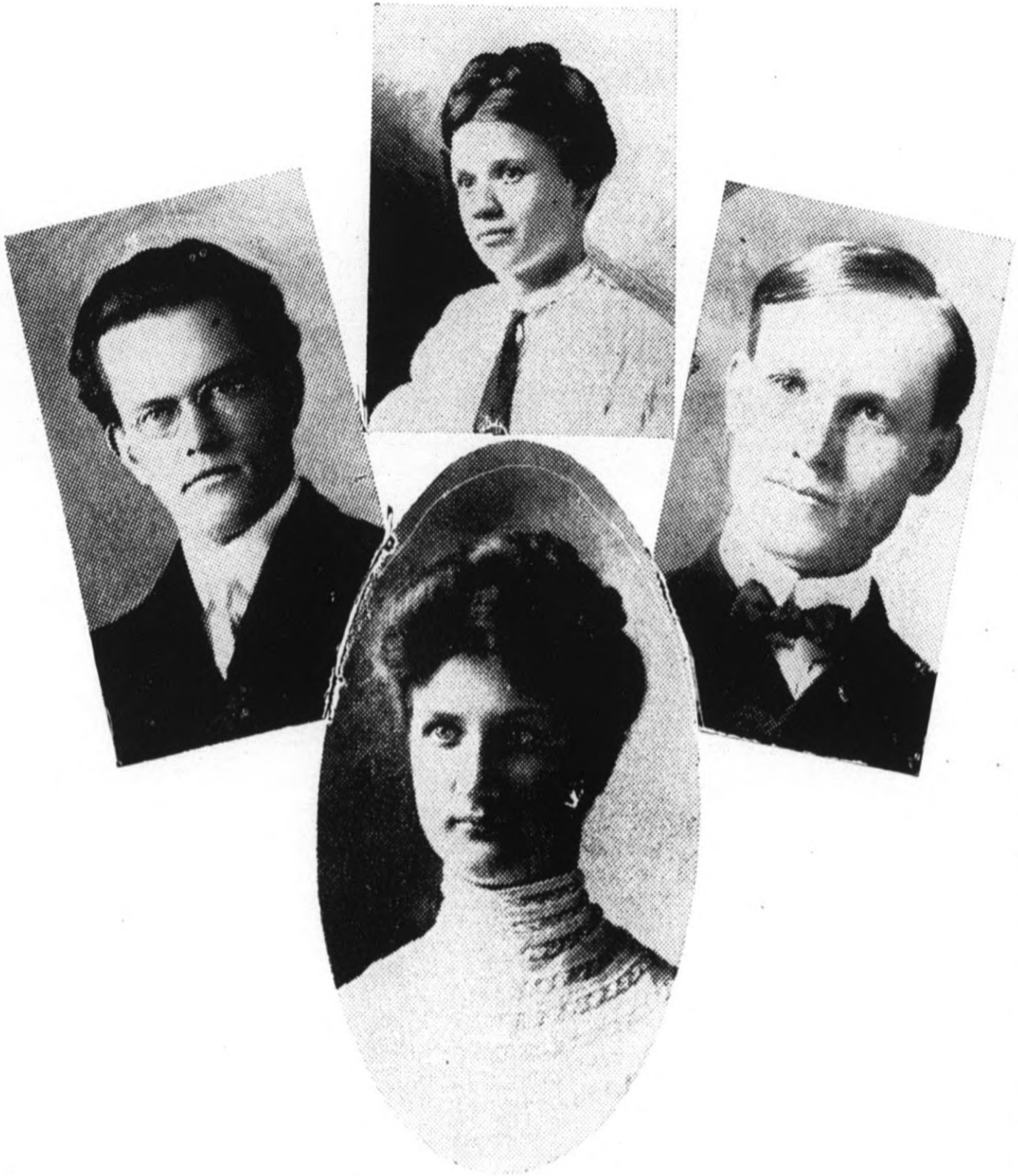
The memory of the dead will long be with us. The college extends her sympathy to those most nearly related to each of the departed ones. Their bereavement is the college's bereavement, their grief the college's grief.

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#### PROF. JOSEPH W. EWING.

On Monday morning, August 28, after an illness of nearly two months, Prof. Joseph W. Ewing, dean of the school of pedagogy and principal of the academic department of Alma college, was called to his eternal home. He was one of the many unfortunate ones who contracted the fever at the time of the recent commencement festivities, but unlike the large majority of the sick ones, he was regarded in a critical condition from the first, his age doubtless making the battle against death more difficult for the physicians and nurses, who did everything in their power to restore him to health and vitality. Until within the last few days, he was deprived of the comforting presence of his son, Prof. John T. Ewing, and grandson, Ernest,, both of whom were stricken with the same disease, but during the last hours, the former sufficiently recovered to be a constant watch at the bedside of his father, as he weakened little by little till the time approached to be called away.





HAZEL GARLAND  
CHARLES CHAPMAN                      HERBERT WILCOX  
ALTHEA SOULE



Over the college and whole community hangs a gloom, so deep is the sorrow that the beloved professor has departed from associations most dear to students and faculty, as well as all those interested in college activities. It was the hope of everyone that no more would be summoned, but the Divine Master, in his wisdom, provided for our honored leader a work of even grander glory and brighter reward than that which he had so faithfully performed among us here.

Professor Ewing had been actively engaged in college work since the very foundation of the college, having been upon the grounds before any of the buildings, which now beautify the campus, were occupied by busy students. His ideas and suggestions had weight in the forming of plans for a college, which should be an honor to the Presbyterian denomination and to the state of Michigan. For eighteen years he taught the young men and women who were placed under his charge, at the time expending his efforts for the broadening of the college courses. The school of pedagogy, now a strong branch of the college, is a memorial of his labors. For years he strove to make this a power and influence, until today the graduate of this department receives a teacher's certificate of equal value with that of any school in the state. Last year, as a due reward of his efforts, the college made him dean of the school of pedagogy. In addition to these duties, Prof. Ewing had until the past few years, acted as secre-

tary of the college, carrying out the many details of the work most carefully. Since the beginning of the institution's existence he held the position of principal of the academy. His labors there have resulted in a department second in importance to the college itself, being a training school for a large number each year who later continue college studies. In the performance of all these duties, he was brought in close touch with all the studies from year to year. He became a personal friend and advisor of many a one, and a bright light of inspiration to the whole student body. As college opens this September, the loss will be mostly felt by the many who have known him since their college course began. With his death, Alma college loses a beloved father, and the oldest professor and instructor.

Joseph W. Ewing was born in Illinois, December 2, 1834. His early education was acquired in his native state, his academic course being taken at Union Academy, Sparta. Following his graduation from this institution, he spent four years teaching in public schools. It was during this period, in the year 1855, that he was married to Catherine M. Gregg. In 1859 he entered the University of Michigan, taking up studies in the classical course, from which he received his A. B. degree in 1864. Three years later he was honored by a Master of Arts degree from the same institution. For a period of nearly one year in the midst of his university course, he taught at Palmyra, Iowa. During the latter part

of his senior year he taught at Monroe, Michigan, at the same time continuing his college work by special permission of the faculty. The next three years he taught at Perrysburg, Ohio, now a suburb of Toledo. In 1867 he was honored by election to the superintendency of the Saginaw schools, where he served four years, leaving to accept a similar position at Ionia. In this place he remained from 1871 to 1887, with the exception of two years that were spent in publication work at Ann Arbor, during his son's course in the university. Since 1887 he had lived in Alma, serving the college as professor, and the city as a faithful citizen. As he mingled with friends of Alma, they had come to admire more and more his beautiful manly character. During his first three years in the college he was Professor of Mathematics, and for the nine years following was Professor of Physics, in addition to his work as secretary of the college and principal of the academy. For the past six years his duties in the academy and pedagogical department occupied his entire time.

Among educational circles of the state he was very prominent. While at Ionia he was elected secretary of the first board of examiners of that county. In 1885 he was made president of the Association of City School Superintendents. In 1887 he was chosen president of the State Teachers' Association, becoming an active worker, and being the first to propose the division into sections according to the branch of study.

Prof. Ewing was above all, a noble Christian man. In church work he was a leader, having been an elder in the Presbyterian church of Alma for years. He devoted much time and interest to the Y. M. C. A. work and through his efforts several organizations were placed upon a substantial basis.

The funeral services were held Wednesday afternoon, August 30, in the Presbyterian church, Rev. A. F. Bruske, D. D., Rev. Jay Clizbe, D. D., and Rev. A. J. Funnell taking charge, and all the business places of the city closing their doors during the hour out of the respect to the deceased. Dr. Bruske spoke words of comfort and cheer to the ones most sorely bereaved, and to the many friends who were present at the observance of the last honored rites over the departed one.

#### RESOLUTIONS.

To Prof. Joseph W. Ewing, the Faculty of Alma College owes a measureless debt of gratitude and affection.

No one who has ever been associated with him can forget his unwearied devotion to the interests committed to him and his faithfulness in the performance of every duty. Nor can we forget his genial smile, his hearty hand shake and his fatherly and unaffected interest in all that concerned those with whom he labored. We regard our association with him as a high privilege and are persuaded that the spirit which he manifested will be an incentive to persevere in the work to which he so



cheerfully gave himself. We rejoice in his life and sorrow in his death. Of him most truly may it be said: "He has fought a good fight, he has finished his course, he has kept the faith. Henceforth, there is laid up for him a crown of righteousness."

Resolved; That the above be placed upon our minutes and be published in the Michigan Presbyterian and in the Almanian.

Committee: August F. Bruske, Katherine M. Inglis, Mary C. Gels-ton.

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#### ALTHEA B. SOULE.

Althea B. Soule was born at Flint, January 10, 1887, moving to Alma in November of 1903. One year ago she was graduated from the academy, thereupon taking up studies in the Kindergarten school. At the close of the her work in June, she went to Wequetonsing for the summer, but had been there but a few days when she was taken ill. She was removed to the hospital at Petosky, where she died two weeks later, her brother and sister, Henry and Harriett, being with her during the last week of sickness. Funeral services were held in Alma and later at Flint, where she was laid to rest beside her father.

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#### HERBERT WILCOX.

Herbert Wilcox was born in North Adams, Hillsdale county, January 25, 1879, and four years later moved with his parents to Alma. He was graduated in 1900 from the academy and in 1904 from the college. Dur-

ing these last years he determined to consecrate his life to the gospel ministry, and after completing his course here entered Princeton Seminary, having just returned at commencement time to Michigan. This summer he was to spend at Pinconning preaching in the Presbyterian church of that place. It was there that the fever laid him low. His remains were brought to Alma, where services were held, Dr. Bruske and Rev. Funnell speaking words of great comfort to the bereaved parents and sorrowing friends.

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#### HAZEL B. GARLAND.

Miss Hazel B. Garland was born in Howell, June 5, 1881. She united with the Baptist church in 1895. After graduation from the Howell High school, she attended the Ypsilanti Normal for one and one-half years, later entering upon kindergarten study at Alma college, spending three years here. She had planned to conduct a kindegarten school in Owosso this summer, but death called her away at the very beginning of her life work. The funeral held at the home of her father, was conducted by Rev. Louis S. Brook. Two brothers, Edwin and Clyde, and two sisters, Mrs. Baldwin Kellogg of Jackson, and Mrs. Fern Garland, with Mr. and Mrs. Garland grieve one whom they remembered as the sister and daughter who "ever wore a smile" of sweet womanly loyalty to all.

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#### CHARLES CHAPMAN.

Charles Chapman was born at

Holt, where he spent most of his early life. He was graduated from the Mason High school, after having taken some work in the Olivet Academy. His four years at Alma made him a dear friend of many a student. After his graduation in June he entered business at Ithaca, but soon after was stricken with the fever and was brought to the Alma Sanitarium. While there he was under the care of his sister, a graduate nurse. It was hoped that his illness was not severe, but the summons came and he met his Master's call. His remains were taken to his home where the last rites were observed. A mother, father, two sisters and a brother survive him.

—o—

**SAMUEL GUSENOFF.**

Samuel Gusenoff, a student at Al-

ma during the past year, met a sad death at Saginaw, July 15. In company with several fellow acquaintances he was bathing in Saginaw river, and getting beyond his depth, where he was unable to control his strokes, he sank, drowning before help could reach him. It was several hours before his body was recovered. It seems that after the close of college, Mr. Gusenoff went to Saginaw to work in one of the mills, intending to return to Alma this fall to further prepare himself for the ministry. He planned to do missionary work among Jewish people in New York City, before his early death cut short his life work. He was a musician of considerable talent, having on several occasions given violin selections before college gatherings. His remains were interred in the Saginaw cemetery.



## Nine Rahs for Lakeside, 1905.

PAUL ALLURED.

"I am here to get power!" This was declared by a U. of M. delegate before one of the early meetings of the conference. This great resolve so simply expressed was caught up by the speaker of the day and was so often repeated that it may safely be termed the keynote of the conference this year. Every delegate who made it his own resolution carried back with him a double portion of a long list of exercises which are certain to develop moral muscle.

No one who has never attended the Students' Conference at Lakeside can appreciate its great uplifting influence and the many ideals it exemplifies in real life. The prevailing atmosphere combined the qualities of religion and morality with freedom, spirit, and pleasure and tended to bring out at an increasing rate from the first day until the last the highest and noblest elements in a man's nature.

Lakeside, as a summer resort, I



believe is inferior to most of those in our own state, of equal size. Michigan's anti-hay-fever air, her gracefully curved hills and beautifully bordered shores are conspicuously absent from Ohio's resort, but the bold rocky Lake Erie shore, though it did not suggest restfulness and peace, did imply strength and renewed vigor as did also the majestic oaks and walnuts which extended in a broad belt far up and down the shore line. And the sunsets—the most didactic or scientific brain could not help but wonder and worship, in the presence of those dashing color-values in the clouds and the warm tones of purple and carmine toward the horizon. The color effects of a sunset always stand out clearer and more vivid when viewed over a large lake and the lake full of reflected color as a foreground, sets off the picture as could no landscape.

Unfortunately for each body of delegates, the Students' Conference at Lakeside fell at the same time and place as the grand reunion of the lady May-flies and the gentlemen June-bugs. There was not a little discord between the two factions, for our smaller but innumerable brethren insisted upon using the grove and the hotel parlors and even our beds at the same time that we occupied them. We started to get rid of them by mailing them all over the United States in our letters, but each bug was willing and self-sacrificing only because he knew that his place would be filled by, at least, one hundred of his brethren. As the

hours were as years to them they shed their skins and were born again after the first day and the second day they had died in graceful heaps from two to four inches deep outside the hotel windows and had to be constantly swept and raked up and cremated so that we could eat and talk in pure air. The fact that all our five senses were effected by them (tasting possibly excepted if we watched our food closely) linked with our internal battle with the typhoid germ made the Alma delegation somewhat indisposed and if they seem not to have reaped the full benefits of those ten days' advantages, please remember that they went direct from Alma in all her healthful privileges, entirely unused to—some things.

Let us proceed—for the bugs have received enough attention—may they commit race suicide or change their place of meeting, or at least lessen their delegation at their future conferences.

Our life at Lakeside was a great appetizer. Over two hundred of the delegates stayed at the hotel and there was a mad rush for the tables as soon as the dining room doors were opened, but order and patience was restored while a stanza was sung, and the blessing offered, for amid all the pleasures and sport, the spirit of Christ dominated and all was done to his glory and praise.

As meal-time offered the only chance outside of the religious meetings to assemble all the delegates together, it was the custom there, to exchange the college yells and lacon-

ically converse with each other by tables. It added much to the interest of the meal and helped us to forget our simple fare. Alma's yell this year, was the first to ring out over the dining-room; twenty or thirty followed with locomotive rapidity, and the ice was then broken for good. The victories of the afternoon ball games always boasted at the evening meal and witty remarks and personal jokes were frequently expressed for the benefit of the whole room, which were always to the point and sometimes very humiliating though always well taken.

Occasionally there was more yelling than eating; at one instance the Toronto table finally rang out in unison, "Give us a rest!" "Give us a rest!" "Give us a rest!" The U. of M. table promptly replied, "Help yourselves!" "Help yourselves!" "Help yourselves!" and every one grabbed for a piece of peace and another biscuit. At one meal, the meat, more rarely done than usual, brought out the original yell, "Rah Meat! Meat Raw! Rah! Rah! Rah! Meat!!"

The morning of each day, from 7:45 till 12:00 was taken up by four religious meetings. Then during the entire afternoon we rested our minds and gave our bodies a chance. Baseball, tennis, boating were the principal sports. Every fellow limbered up in the play he liked best and when he felt tired he amused himself in a milder way by selecting a cozy, quiet spot in nature to write—well, say, to his mother,— or to read up his mission study lesson. Hurst was

chairman of the Athletic committee and, of course, things went lively and smoothly for all concerned. When he announced one day that "the water sports will be postponed on account of wet grounds," wit quite overcame the disappointment. There was considerable rivalry between the Michigan and Ohio delegations which gave interest and life in abundance to all the athletic contests. Ohio's team was champion in baseball (Helmer's Michigan team made them hustle!) but Michigan won the track and water sports.

Every evening after supper the fellows collected in the grove and listened to a series of stirring and pointed talks on the subject of life-work, treating it according to the greatest needs of the world and the greatest opportunities for doing good and serving our Maker and Savior. The ministry, the Y. M. C. A. secretaryship, and teaching, preaching, and healing in home and foreign fields, were urgently discussed. Never did a speaker make his hearers so serious and thoughtful as to what should be their vocations.

The principal speakers of the conference were Bishop McDowell, of Chicago; Rev. Elmore Harris, of Toronto; Mr. Don. O. Shelton, Mr. Clayton Cooper, Mr. Fred B. Smith and Robert E. Speer. Speer's first address on Self-Mastery may well be termed a classic and as he stood there before us in all his physical, intellectual, and spiritual perfection he seemed the very embodiment of the perfected character which he was



picturing in words.

The principle features of those ten days of spiritual uplift have been mentioned above. To tell all the interesting items would mean a whole Almanian, including the border space. The helpful influence and life-long gain which we each received could never be written as impressively as we received it in person. Instead, let me conclude with the following quotations which Speer read in one of his talks. It includes the gist of expressions at Lakeside as well as the ideals in character which each delegate formed as his own for the future.

—o—

“A tone of pride or petulance re-  
pressed,  
A selfish inclination firmly fought,

A shadow of annoyance set at  
naught,  
A measure of disquietude suppressed,  
A peace in importunity possessed,  
A reconciliation generously sought,  
A purpose put aside—a banished  
thought,  
A word of self-explaining unex-  
pressed;  
Trifles they seem, these petty soul-  
restraints,  
Yet he who proves them so must  
needs possess  
A constancy and courage grand and  
bold.  
They are the trifles that have made  
the saints.  
Give me to practice them in humble-  
ness  
And nobler power than mine doth no  
man hold.”



## A RETROSPECT.

Orson Charles Chapman.

(By request of friends of our late college companion we publish this poem, which was written at the time of Mr. Chapman's graduation from the high school at Mason, Mich.)

At last our toils in yonder walls is done,  
At last the struggle's o'er, the victory  
won;  
No more the bell from hangers high  
above  
Shall call us to this spot we so much  
love;  
No more those stairs with labored steps  
we'll mount  
To drink the precious flood at learning's  
fount;  
Gone are those happy scenes we prized  
so dear,  
'Tis but a moment yet we linger here.

As now we gaze upon that structure old,  
What varied thoughts and memories dear  
unfold,  
Of days of pleasure, joy and happiness  
Which all the toil of school could not  
suppress.  
Keen were the pleasures there by us en-  
joyed,  
Although with many cares they were  
alloyed,  
As, when those argos eyes were else-  
where bent,  
A written missive o'er the aisles was  
sent,  
Or when we upward at the clock did  
peer  
And saw that class time was drawing  
near.

O happy, youthful days in learning spent,  
No time in life has purer pleasures lent.

What days are happier, life more truly  
 free?  
 All worldly joys we'd barter not for  
 thee.  
 Not only trivial pleasures here we find,  
 Which pass the time and fill the vacant  
 mind,  
 But such as always come when we ful-  
 fill  
 The precepts of our Lord, His sovereign  
 will,  
 As when on Wednesday afternoon in  
 prayer  
 We freed the heart from all its earthly  
 care,  
 Or when at other times we often met  
 In wordy battles fierce—who can forget  
 The way each struggled nobly to acquit  
 Himself by weighty words or leckless  
 wit,  
 But none of these we knew could quite  
 fulfill  
 The need that calls for parliamentary  
 drill,  
 So then the "Senate" staid we organized  
 That we might have this training highly  
 prized;  
 But sturdy brawn may rival yet the  
 brain  
 And fire each one the Isthimian crown  
 to gain,  
 For recent tests to us have shown quite  
 clear  
 That laurels greater than we hoped ap-  
 pear.  
 Yes, there were sorrows, too, which  
 spread a pall  
 O'er pleasures past—but who will these  
 recall  
 And cloud the future bright for some  
 who will  
 In days not distant far our plans fill?  
 Enough there are of sorrows every day  
 Without our adding those still far away.  
 Now all is past, these pleasures and these  
 cares,  
 And all the varied scenes which school  
 life bears.  
 He who would seek them hence may  
 hope to find  
 Them in the many thoughts that throng  
 the mind.  
 Ah, thanks to memories bright and mem-  
 ories dear,  
 Which brighter grow with each succeed-  
 ing year,  
 For sorrows are forgotten and soon blend  
 Into the happier thoughts which upward  
 tend.  
 But there are associations ling'ring yet  
 Whose charms and ties we never can for-  
 get,  
 For common fate alike to all still sends

A sympathetic mind which makes us  
 friends.  
 Oh, classmates, shall we in the coming  
 years  
 Lay down the ties which gladdens yet  
 and cheers  
 Our hearts cast down with endless toil  
 and strife  
 Which mark the daily rounds of student  
 life?  
 But will the future such a change un-  
 fold,  
 Shall rolling time soon make our hearts  
 grow cold  
 To ev'ry fond remembrance clustering  
 round  
 This spot where recollections dear  
 abound?  
 Ah, no, school friendships ever will re-  
 main  
 A memory pure and bright through time  
 shall wain.  
 But when we ponder o'er how much we  
 owe  
 Of grateful thanks to those who only  
 know  
 What sacrifices they have ever made  
 That we might win the crown which  
 cannot fade,  
 What obligations compass us around  
 When we consider all—what words are  
 found  
 Which can express the proper gratitude  
 With which all thankful hearts should be  
 imbued?  
 Ah, yes, and there was one remembered  
 well  
 By all who knew and felt that magic  
 spell  
 Of cheer and sympathy which did en-  
 shroud  
 His life like fields beneath a passing  
 cloud,  
 And though no more his cheering voice  
 we hear  
 His spirit dwells within us still to cheer,  
 And yonder elm, we fondly hope and  
 pray,  
 Will here exemplify some future day  
 That strength of character, that mighty  
 power  
 Which shaped his life throughout each  
 trying hour.  
 Ah, yes, our life in yonder walls is o'er,  
 And though we hear the guiding voice  
 no more  
 We trust the lessons taught us there will  
 stand  
 And fit us for a life that will command  
 For us respect and fire us with a zeal  
 That conquers all and makes our life  
 more real,  
 And ever guiding us till life is passed,  
 Prepare us for the crucial test at last.



## Mike on "Education."

F. J. S.

**M**IKE sat under the leaky awning in front of Frederick Sausenberger's general department store, postoffice and headquarters for—well—most anything. There was a most delightful, sozzling drizzle going on just outside the awning. But Mike was home again, and was happy. More than that, he was brim full of talk, so full that he didn't notice the rain as it dripped down through one of the many air holes of the awning and followed a course the full length of his good old Irish nose.

There was a stir among the old residents. Mike had been away with his gal for four days, and this noon the train dropped him off at the station. It wasn't long before the usual meeting of the independent order of setters was called to order at the store, with Mike as chairman. The rest sat on the sidewalk.

Mike deposited his two hundred and twenty-seven pounds upon the one arm chair, took one good trumpet blast on his bandana, judiciously aimed a shot at the ashpan, and he was cleared for action.

"Boys, Oi'll be dummed if Oi want enymore uf yere edication. Uf all th' trumped up, hyty-flutoned, blasted insane asylums, that thar cawlege has got 'em all beat foraty rods on a clear track."

Mike's gal has just entered the

first year prep, escorted to and established in the college by his highness (and fatness), Michael O'Flinigan himself.

"Vel, Miky, ve vould yet know sometings on die callege itself already," and it was Mike that was "moighty su'prisen that a sprite of a Dutchmon was a interruptin' 'im."

"Boiys, me gal and meself was a havin' a foine time til we arrived to the city, an' then uf all makes uf jam, that thar made the most uf me. We awlightened from that train an' every blasted idiot was a bawlin' some kind uf a war whoop, till Oi got mad meself an' sez Oi, 'Oi'll brain some goiy for a desecratin' me loike that,' and Oi handed a goiy one that laid him awalkin' some. Wal, du ye know, them bloomin' fools got after me, an' Oi lawst me gal, an' it was a' nour 'fore I got meself to navigatin' agan.

"Oi tho't ,sez Oi, if that's the raption they give me, Oi'm hanged if Oi'm going to stay, but me gal she croiyed, an' sez, 'Dad, behave yeself. Sure an' they won't hurt ye.' An' faith, boiys, they war purty reasonable after that. I saw the goiy with a bandage over 'is oiye an' Oi tho't, old man, Oi guess I awsisted in yere edication ,sure.

"Wal, me gal went to the cawledge an' secured 'er diploma of permission, a big thing loike to a news-

paper with dotted holes both ways, an' on one side was a curikillem, they cawled it, an' on the other was a receet for expenditoores paid in on deposit, or somethin' uf that natur. Oi thot Oi'd conduct th' business for me gal, an' Oi wauked up to the secretary or somethin' sure, who they had caged up so he wouldn't hurt me, an' Oi sez, as Oi laid down the newspaper, 'Good mornin'.'

"'Sixteen dollars,' sez he.

"'Moighty queer way to say howde do, Oi thot.

"'Oi sez, 'They tuld me that you were the gintleman what signs this piece of transactions.'

"'Yas, sir,' sez he an' he scribbled down somethin' an' Oi started out, when Oi'll die if Oi 'aint tellin' th' truth, that secretury jumped right over th' top uf th' cage and got me right in th' door, an' he sez:

"'Say, mister, thar's that sixteen dollars, if you pleas.'

"'Now, sure, boiys, I hadn't tho't of th' money, Oi was so comflistigated. But Oi dished up an' got out. Oi'd gone about twenty feet an' Oi heard a yellin', an' when Oi looked there was that secretury a cumin' for me again.

"'Well, by the holy saints,' sez I.

"'Excuse me, mister,' he sez, 'but Oi forgot your board bill.'

"'Oi tuld him Oi'd wait while he got it, then Oi'd take it right along with me and me gal.

"'That made 'im mad for some cause, Oi didn't know why. Wal, 'fore he got done with me he had ninety dollars for board, forty dol-

lars for room, ten dollars for deposit fee on somethin', sure, though Oi don't know what, an' then he had the nerve to tell me whar Oi could pay a whole lot uf one dollar fees.

"'Wal, boiys, Oi had got purty well edicated for one day, Oi tho't, but, say, that was only just the kindergarten. Oi got outdoors, when Oi saw a purty woman coming with a satchel, an' when a lot of gals saw 'er they run and grabbed and Oi'll be hanged if Oi didn't think they was going to kill 'er. Oi started to help 'er, when they all begun kissin' 'er, and then I concluded that kissin' deal was a part of cawlege education.

"'Well, I went on a ways and Oi come to a buildin' with a gang of goiys a hollerin' an' yellin', 'Put 'im under.' Oi wondered what they was to do to me now, when Oi saw a poor goiy with nothin' on but his underclothes agettin' it pumped to 'im awfully. Th' goiy looked loike a wet hen. Me gal told me to help 'im, but, faith, Oi coudn't do nothin'. They shoved me back, an' some devil behind tipped me off me pins. Just then a hole regiment run out uf another building. Wal, tauk about a dog fight! It warn't to be compared. Those devils pitched into each other, tearing up each other's pants and shirts, till a big swell each other's pants till a big swell with a long coat come runnin' out with a cane and a dog.

"'Thar comes prex,' some one yelled, an' those cowards run loike thieves. Oi suppose th' goiy with the club was a sort uf a policeman, what tries to put a stop to things



when he gets a chance.

"Me gal took me over to a big building to eat, and, faith, I never saw so many gals and boiys tryin' so hard to get filled up in me life, sure. Why, me an' me gal went down town after dinner and got somethin' to eat, Oi was so blasted hungry.

"But say, boiys, that wasn't a beginning to what Oi saw that day. It

gives me pain to think uf it all. Why, they had a pen all fenced in where a lot uf fools took turns kicking each other an' a big ball. They'd foight like Indians to get an old ball, didn't make no odds, sure, whether mud, sticks or stones war in the way. Yas, boiys, it was enough for me. Maybe me gal can stand it, she's younger. But no more edication for her old dad, sure.



## A New View of Class Scraps.

F. W. COBB, '08.

IT is necessary, of course, to begin with the trite statement that the love of fighting is one of the primal passions. Thomas O'Kempis, however, in his sweet and gentle manner, remarks that "True quietness of heart is gotten by resisting our passions, not by obeying them." Now true quietness of heart is the best evidence that matters are going right, while —

But let us not be too hasty. This is to be a discussion, purely speculative, of class rushes. So let us theorize together.

Nearly all the readers of the Almanian will recall how last spring half a dozen sophomores clashed with a nearly equal number of freshmen on the lawn before our administration building. Around them gathered a ring of "preps," upper classmen and fresh-soph girls. "Oh," cries a soph co-ed, "see that dear Mr. A—— just tearing up the

ground with two freshmen. Isn't he just too sweet!" "Huh!" responds a fair member of the rival class, recently from the farm, "you wait till Harry B—— comes along. He'll clean up on the whole bunch. Wish he was here now," chewing gum and swinging her arms vigorously. This was, perhaps, a fair sample of class scraps at Alma last year, neither class caring much, neither class winning out.

Imagine yourself for a few moments on the campus of a large college. Before us is seen a freshie calmly strolling along a shady avenue sacred to sophomores and their "stiddies," recklessly carrying a cane. Two sophomores walking together spy Mr. Freshie and dash in pursuit. Loud class yells agitate the atmosphere and in answer to those calls excited college men hurry to the scene. The rush is on! From dormitories, from the shade of

spreading oaks and maples, from classrooms, upsetting instructors and furniture in their furious haste, round the corners of stately buildings and up the ancient avenues dash the mob. Here a freshman leans his eye ungently against a sophomore fist, there a straggler drops to the rear with a wounded nose, sophomore canes crash on freshman backs, hats are captured, clothes rent to ribbons. Suddenly one side melts away and the victors bear away their captives to drench under hydrants or in watering troughs. This is a class scrap. The means of provocation may at times vary, the event may be formal or informal, but the physical features remain the same.

Curious tales are sometimes told of professors in the universities being swept unawares into these rushes. One can imagine the young professor, *ex officio* supposed to frown on class scraps, leaning out of his lecture room window to gaze interestedly at the struggle going on beneath. Gazing until he forgets where he is and at last, blood boiling, leaps into the center of the fray to deal mighty blows for the weaker side and turn the tide of battle. Or it may be an honored and respected official, a secretary or a dean, perchance, who passes by with a sourly contemptuous look at the fighters, but beneath his cold exterior the nerves twitched and the blood runs warm with glee at the sight. Even "prexy," preaching in his pulpit against the deeds of the student pugilist, must now and then invol-

untarily grit his teeth and clench his fists as a mental picture of the struggling knot of men flashes before him. Actively or passively we all love a fight.

The love of fighting, as was remarked at first, is a primal passion. The class scrap, with its disputes over the violation of petty customs or its set occasions of strife, is very likely a survival of some barbaric tribal habit of battling over wood and water rights or the annual forays of war parties. The physical college man in America, at present, is part savage. That is, the American Indian being gone, he possesses more animal spirits and boisterous manners of relieving them than any other figure on our national stage except the cowboy or the Klondiker. We have no data illustrative of the origin of the class scrap nor the manner in which it became so firmly established. It is strictly an American custom. England knows it not; in the great English preparatory schools a system of fagging obtains, the upper classmen compelling the younger boys to wait on them, do room work, etc. In Oxford University the freshman reigns supreme, the senior being compelled to vacate his commodious college quarters in the freshman's favor and seek private rooms down town. In German universities saber fights are the only form of class conflicts. In Paris the students forget about it over a glass of absinthe and a visit to some *café chanvante*. But Americans are more original in expressing primal passions. The American student, to his



credit, always wishes to do something big. Given a dark night and a bunch of the fellows, moderately care free, and the mercurial spirits of the party invariably express themselves in a desire to do something worth while, like stealing hens or giving a nightshirt parade, etc. And it is greatly worth while to black an eye, to crack a skull, break a leg, smash a cane over a fellow being's back or fasten a class banner on the dizzy pinnacle of some high building. The brutal hazings at West Point have become a national tradition and the annual hair cuttings at our own U. of M. are becoming almost as widely known. How intensely American the custom is, the story of the American student in St. Petersburg illuminatively illustrates. He was sitting one afternoon on the balcony of the American legation with a Russian friend. Suddenly down the street came a surging mass of students carrying a red flag. They halted before a government building, attempting to force in the door amid an uproar of the usual student noises. To his feet sprang the American, hat in air, shouting "Rah! Rah! Rah! Harvard! Who is winning, sophs or freshies?" Excitedly his Russian friend forced him into a chair. "Be still," he exclaimed. "Do you not know that you have laid yourself liable to arrest by encouraging a riot of the students against the authorities?"

Having pictured and nationalized the class scrap, perhaps somewhat unfairly, let us now proceed to the

intensely American question, "Does it pay?" A multitude of considerations might be brought into this discussion, but we will touch upon only the more obvious ones. Class spirit is a curious manifestation; easy to excite, hard to control, helpful if its ends are right, harmful if wrong. That rushes strengthen class spirit is undoubted. Among new students they aid in forming friendships; the raw farmer boy fights side by side with the millionaire's son and they come to know each other. Besides to each member of the winning class comes that fine upbuilding realization of having been an overcomer. Though here is an unfortunate little catch, how about your friendly foe whom you defeated for a trifle? Did it strengthen his class spirit or aid in his character development?

That the causes of class scraps are trivial, mere "chips on the shoulder," is freely acknowledged. We must, in view of this, consider the actual money lost. To a poor, self-supporting student, it is no small matter to have health endangered by unpremeditated baths or to have a good suit ruined in a free-for-all. To cite an extreme though actual case, in the Veterinary College at Toronto the cost of a two years' course was \$1,000 and the greater part of this sum was expended in replacing clothing ruined in rushes.

Then, too, it is such things as class scraps, hazing, football, etc., that cast discredit on a college among the general public, from whom the school must recruit its students. The ordinary citizen looks with disfavor

upon large colleges where the students emphasize amusement rather than work and gives his approval to institutes and commercial schools where the moral tone may not be so high, but where he believes hard work is being done. We went into a clothing store in our own little town during the recent vacation to purchase a buttonhook or some such slight article, and the proprietor, who is a Jew, remarked as follows: "So you are going back to college this fall, are you? I suppose people goes to places like Almy and Beeg Rapids to learn, ain't it? Down to Ann Arbor dey goes to wear a high collar and a leedle cap and play football. I dinks if I vere going back to school again I should go to a leetle place like Almy." Of course we fell in with this opinion, merely assuring him that while Alma wasn't perfect it had mighty little lacking. But the point is this, that while the crying need for class scraps still remains to be pointed out, they do beyond any shadow of a doubt injure us in the eyes of the world. If we choose to look at the question ethically it is clearly seen that the love of peace is as primal as the love of fighting. The two go hand in hand, but it is only when we fight against ourselves or fight evil conditions that they do. To fight for pleasure brings pain, to fight for "goodness and honor and peace and pure living" brings happiness, and the aggressive humanitarian should be the most contented man living. But there come to nearly every school men who will be brutal in any

contest and the class that wins out by being brutal has poor morals. And will the friendships with such men be elevating or the spirit that lauds them healthy? We object also to the petty annoyances perpetrated by one class upon another. Stealing spreads, kidnaping toastmasters, etc., is jolly, but — There is too little in American life that is well mannered, magnanimous and fine; then why should the center of interest in college, that training school of manners, be something that it bad mannered and unrefined?

Throughout the course of this adverse criticism we have had in mind, not conditions in Alma especially, but more those of the larger college. The point we wish to make is this: If class rushes are necessary and worth while, let us keep them and scrap in earnest, otherwise let us substitute something in their place. If a man can be the hero of a class rush, a fine student and a faithful worker in Y. M. C. A. and prayer meeting, then he is a good and strong man and a means of inspiration. But if he has only time to be the hero physically, God help him, for he is not a help to himself nor to his fellows. Better take away his opportunity of physical prowess so that he can do something in a higher line.

Yet, even if the class scrap was not bad in itself it is an indication that things are not going as they should when the student body is in a continual ferment over manifestations of class spirit. One would naturally expect a higher standard of



culture in an institution where the students seek recreation in a sane and sensible manner rather than in pleasure of a rough and tumble sort. It is said that German schools graduate scientists, English schools gentlemen, and those of America—hustlers. And it remains to be seen whether hustlers are the highest type of human beings. The spirit of rush tinges the whole tone of American affairs and life to its detriment. Let us have less hustling and more gentlemen.

Yet do not understand, gentle reader, that we wholly condemn the class scrap. There is much to it that is wholesome and good; in Alma it is more or less of a pleasant social event! Only where it goes into excess do we condemn it, but we do refuse to see that it is a means toward the end for which colleges exist. It would be a fine thing to be

able to meet this kind of conversation from solid citizens throughout the state: "And so you are from Alma? Great school that! Very highly spoken of in this part of the country. Is it true that you have no class rushes there? I will send my boy there, for I feel sure you will use him right." A nice dream? Nevertheless it would be a great "ad" to publish Alma throughout the state as a no-scrap college.

What could we put in the vacant place? Many things: Interclass debates, oratorical contests and spreads, baseball, football and other athletics, dancing and whist, rowing and walking clubs, lively receptions in Wright Hall, association work, etc. Let us turn our aggressiveness into something uplifting and thus gain in refinement and save ourselves from the bad taste of glorying should our class win out.



## Should Alma College have Fraternities.

A. J. HELMER, '03.

**W**E are all pleased when we meet with a statement in our study or reading which we have perceived before, at least partially, for ourselves. In the same way we like a speaker who tells us things of which we have thought before. These spontaneously accepted facts are the axioms of philosophy. One of these is "man is a social animal." We find men associating themselves in groups the like minded together. That as-

sociation may be one of church fellowship, or of a band of robbers, or of a college fraternity.

To these social organizations we extend our approval or condemnation according to the results of good or evil which they cause. The original purpose of the organization may have been for good, but if it has been distorted into subserving other ends we condemn; and we may even approve the good results of an unlaw-

ful organization. Those churches which have substituted for God worship a style and form worship have ridicule heaped upon them, and the mythical deeds of Robin Hood are the subject of universal admiration. A college fraternity which does not promote brotherly love and a healthy social condition in the institution of which it is a part will fail in its purpose. I believe that there can be in Alma College a fraternity which will be a good to the college.

There should be in Alma a fraternity composed of the elite of the college in scholarship, in religion and in athletics. A fraternity is a close corporation; and so, if the charter membership is composed of those whom I have designated, the perpetuity of the organization with a membership of the most desirable college students will be assured. Who will say that such a combination will not be a force for good in Alma College? Good scholarship, strong moral character, athletic physique. It would be the greatest incentive that could be put before a young student with unformed associations—that of becoming a member of such an organization.

As an alumnus I have another reason for desiring such a fraternity. There are student organizations for students and we have our alumni organization; but there is nothing which actively unites students and alumni. You see students coming back to Alma for two or three years after they graduate, when there are their own college friends to welcome them, but how often do the gradu-

ates of several years before revisit Alma? I believe that most of the present students of Alma do not know the graduates, whom they did not meet as college students, except by name as they read them in the college catalogue or in the handbook athletic records. Brooke and Bruske and McCabe were the only ones I knew as a college student, and Bruske had especial attractions to bring him back.

I know that there is a strong opposition to fraternities at Alma and I believe that one of the greatest reasons for that opposition is the fact that in other places fraternities have occasionally made themselves unpopular because of the false aristocracy of wealth which they have endeavored to create and because of their endeavors to control college elections. I do not wish to defend these practices. They should be strongly condemned and they are a distortion of the true purpose of a fraternity. They say again that the fraternity seeks to destroy the American ideal of freedom and equality. Although Jeffersonian in some of my views, I never did very thoroughly believe that "all men are created equal." No one believes that there are no castes in American society. One can rise more easily and drop more quickly here, but the caste, although more natural and less authoritative than ever before, exists.

When fraternities come to Alma the causes which have made them objectionable in other places will not exist here; because, having been placed before us so much by the fac-



ulty, they will be avoided. I am not trying to flatter when I say that the faculty opposition to fraternities will make the fraternity when it does come a power for good in Alma. I am not throwing down the gauntlet when I say that it must come. It may not be as a formal organization, but it is only natural for students to clique together. If a fraternity is allowed by the authorities which shall have for its standard scholarship, morality, physical strength, it may be a power for the suppression of those cliques which have had for

qualifications only the ability to consume liquor and tobacco.

Do not misunderstand me. I would not have a fraternity of fob-bishness and weakness. I would not have a fraternity organized for self-aggrandizement. I would not have a fraternity to which the poorest boy in college could not belong. I would have a fraternity of strength in all desirable lines of activity, an aid to the faculty in the development of all these essentials, a bond of fraternity between students and alumni.



## A Glimpse of Life's Tragedies.

Ada Means, ex. '07

**Q**UON my father's farm is a limestone quarry, "way down yonner in de cornfield," where the lazy, happy-go-lucky darkies toil among the rocks and dust through the still hot days of the summer, and sing as they work.

The overseer is a big, burly Kentuckian, whose word is law and who rules the camp with absolute power. The quarry is worked by about twenty or thirty negroes gathered from the hills and mountains of Kentucky and "shipped" north, buoyed up by the promise and hope of making a fortune to take back home the following winter to gladden the hearts and brighten the lives of the friends and loved ones left behind.

On the long, still summer evenings, after their hard day of labor among

the rocks, the darkies lounge around in various attitudes of rest. Some smoking their pipes contentedly and dreaming of the fields of blue grass far away, others are singing sometimes in a sad and weird strain, then again a rollicking and jolly coon song, while one or two, more ambitious than the rest, are whiling away the time by clogging to the music of a banjo dextrously handled by a negro—Hardy White—usually called Hardly White. He was rather a young fellow and being slightly insane was continually causing trouble in the camp.

But the most intelligent and most industrious of all was Tom. When he left his old home up in the mountains he came away with the full intention of working hard and saving

every cent of his money, for he was very eager to attend Booker Washington's school in Alabama and had been working two years in order to earn enough to pay his way. He thought he would never go to town on pay day, but go fishing instead, in order to escape temptation. But alas for his good intentions. It was more than he could stand to see his friends all having such great jollifications—and, you know, the flesh is weak.

Tom had been very good all summer, had been doing excellent work and carried himself straight. A kind-hearted farmer's wife nearby, after the manner of the good Samaritan, took compassion on the negroes and invited them to come to her on Sunday afternoons, when she would teach them from the Bible, for it grieved her to hear them desecrating the Sabbath day by shouting and ball playing and shooting of guns.

But Tom was the only one who went. Then when he would return to the quarry laden with gifts of fruit and flowers he would gather his friends around him and discourse learnedly on what he had just been taught. But the others would laugh at him and say, "O you niggard, you'll nebbet git to Heabben, you're too slack." Then Tom would answer

slowly, "I think de big gates'll swing back fer me when I gits thar." Then he would add thoughtfully, "If anybody gits to Heabben dat good lady 'at teaches me suttently will."

One sad evening two of his friends, Hardy White and another fellow, persuaded him to go with them to the vilage, three miles away, and celebrate, having received their month's wages, and it was "all up" with Tom the minute he had a whiff of the liquor. It was a long time since he had tasted it and he forgot all his resolutions and drank glass after glass. Then the other two began to twit him about religion and "preachin' an' prayin'." Tom said nothing for a while, but White, who never knew when to stop, kept teasing him till he lost all control of himself and a dreadful quarrel ensued, which he afterwards bitterly repented, and the poor fellow studied and talked about repentance all the rest of that summer.

When we next heard of him, many years later, he was preaching in an old log church down in the Mississippi bottoms.

He has grown to be very old and feeble now and says he 'spects soon to see de big gates swing open "an' to hear Ole Gabriel blow his trumpet soun'."



# Editorial Staff for 1905-06.



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PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY  
STUDENTS OF ALMA COLLEGE  
ALMA, MICHIGAN.

**Subscription Price.**

One Year .....\$1 00  
Single Copy ..... 15

OCTOBER, 1905.

**WELCOME, FRESHMEN!**

**W**E are proud of our freshman class. Its genius has already begun to gleam with the brightness of the morning sun. Its verdure is unsurpassed even by the rich green which has made the campus so beautiful during the summer months. Its innocence is so manifest that it fills the heart of an upper classman with a pleasure almost unmeasured. Genius, Verdure, Innocence! What qualities these are! How dull college life would be were it not for the inspiration of these three prime characteristics of a freshman class! Had it not been for this genius in years past the clapper of the bell would have swung with measured strokes, never molested by a thieving hand. Had verdure never reigned supreme, the whole sentiment of college would have changed, and the long faces of professors and seniors would never have occasion to broaden at the extremities of the mouth. Yea, if innocence were unknown, the right royal I-tap-a-keg Fraternity would never have had

cause for existence. All honor to the freshies. They're the spice of college life!

—o—

**LET'S DO IT RIGHT.**

**T**HIS is Alma's year to entertain the various colleges of the state in the intercollegiate oratorical contest. The contest does not come until the first Friday in March, but plans should be laid by the Oratorical Association in the near future. Of course the thing we must do is to furnish an entertainment that will do justice to Alma and Alma's social life. But the matter of greatest importance is to win. If we can make the delegates of other colleges say we can orate as well as entertain then we have accomplished something. The "winning" part of the program must begin now. We request in behalf of the whole college that everyone take an interest in the local contest and support the orators with all the zeal that we show for a football team. If the whole student body is interested, there will be more men and women working a great deal harder to win that gold medal the last of January. We sincerely hope that the faculty will take the interest to direct the work of the competitors from now on, to the end that at the time of the contest the best in each person may have been developed. Alma must take a place at the front.

—o—

**STILL THERE IS FOOTBALL.**

**T**HE deep voiced, hollowed eyed, far discerning prophets who



constantly foretold the abandonment of our greatest of all physical games are becoming sadly disappointed to observe that from season to season the game advances in the interest of players and spectators, until in our large colleges the coach of the football squad is of greater importance (for a while at least), and receives larger compensation, than the presidents and learned professors. Last year at Yale, as elsewhere, the grid-iron contests netted the athletic association a neat little bundle of thousand dollar checks, while the university was running behind financially. No, worthy prophet, you are rather deceived by your mental flutterings. Football is here to stay. When men, women and children will gather by hundreds and thousands about a field of white squares to see man contend with man for mastery in a game where every fibre of a giant—physical and mental—is tested to the utmost, we must grant that they do it because they are heartily interested. It takes men to play football. Manliness is always admired.

There are bad features about the game. There are fatal results. Be it hoped that carefully guarded rules will lessen such. But as for the game, all honor to it. It is a credit to a college or university.

—o—

#### WE LACK SOMETHING.

TO an observer of our campus, who is acquainted with the usual appearances of a college, the lack of memorials of all kinds is es-

pecially noticeable. In front of the Administration building is a large rock engraved 1898. In the ethical laboratory is a beautiful picture with the card of the class of 1904 in one corner. With these two exceptions, Alma has no memorials. Only two classes out of fourteen have left something to beautify campus or hall. We learn that the class of 1903 are planning a memorial at present. It would be well if their example were followed by other classes. We learn also that the class of 1905 have a fund which at some time will be devoted to some remembrance. We hope that with the class of 1904 a precedent may have been established so that from year to year it will be regarded an established custom to leave some memorial to add to the things of interest at our college.

—o—

#### IS IT TRUE?

THE Saturday Evening Post, just before the recent commencement, came out with an editorial in which were asked the questions: "Why are the ideals of the students at so many of our great institutions so low? Why does their conversation, where it does not deal with the usual silliness of gossip or sports, show such ignorance of the real affairs of the real world—such ludicrous strivings to air the supercilious learning of past ages? Why does the average college man show reluctance to plunge into affairs? What sort of drillmasters are these whose pupils incline to

linger on parade ground instead of rushing forth to battle, or, when they do venture, show they have learned the tactics of Miltiades and know little of the tactics of Oyama and Kuropatkin,"

In a few questions the editor showed himself unfair. There is a class in college who will never "push." The college cannot be

blamed for such.

On the other hand, there are masters of real affairs within college walls who are yearly showing their mettle when they enter active life. Every profession, and every occupation where mind and industry are equally necessary, is coming more and more to thank the college for the men at its disposal.



## ALUMNI.

### ALUMNI EDITORIALS.

It would be a pleasure to speak a word of congratulation to our Alma Mater for these opening days, for the silver lining in the cloud which appeared with such an excellent registration on Tuesday and Wednesday, September 12 and 13, but this column has no monopoly on all the news and so we will refrain.

Alumni, let me urge you to a repeated experience of courtesy and good will. I want you to again cooperate with me in the purpose of making this department a pleasant source for the renewal of memories and old friendships. Let us know what you are doing. A postal card will do it if it's not a "souvenir" alone. I shall be glad to receive communications for this department addressed to Lock Box 203, Ithaca, Mich.

Sincerely yours,

WILLIAM WINTON.

There is a golden chain in common sorrow, not found in the happier ex-

periences of life, which binds hearts and lives. This issue of the Almanian reviews the sorrow of the past summer, but it reveals a golden chain of influence which has always bound together for good the students and faculty of Alma College. They who mourn, mourn not alone, but with us. Despite the fact that about 25 per cent of those attending the alumni banquet were taken sick, letters of condolence and friendship were received by them all and everyone who had been favored with strength helped to bear the burdens of the weak. That interest for one another's welfare never stood on such a high plane as it does now, and the past summer witnessed more destruction of the dross of selfishness among the students, friends and faculty of the college than has ever been noticed before. This has been the work of sorrow on our behalf, not that we were uninterested in each other's welfare before this because perhaps Alma is as altruistic in this respect as any American col-



lege, but that unspoken feelings of love and respect were expressed, the deepest regard for bereaved homes and firesides has found its living center in our midst. Most of us feel that all have made some real advance in character and those who were favored by recovery testify that they have passed safely through an experience which will add its most valuable assets to their sum total of love and sympathy which makes the brotherhood of man a vital thing in the life that now is.

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#### WEDDING BELLS RING.

Former Alma students united in marriage:

McCORD-RONALD.

On Monday evening, Sept. 4, at the home of the bride's parents in Benton Harbor, occurred the marriage of Mr. Caven Ronald of this city to Miss Alice McCord, a former student of Alma College and a member of the class of 1906. Nearly sixty friends attended the most beautiful ceremony, which was performed by Rev. Maurice Grigsby of Chicago, an Alma alumnus.

Mr. Ronald, after his first year in college, entered business in this place, becoming well known among merchants and patrons here as a pleasant business-like young man.

Last year he went to Portland, Oregon, to accept an excellent position with a wholesale hardware company. A few days previous to the wedding he was in Alma visiting his parents, his mother and brother, Norman, accompanying him to the

bride's home on the day of the wedding.

Miss McCord has taught in Benton Harbor schools for the past year. At the time of her departure for her western home her friends planned an extensive and elaborate farewell at the station, but were disappointed to learn after a long wait that the bride and groom preferred taking the train from St. Joseph, where they had driven just before train time.

The newly wedded pair left for Portland, where Mr. Ronald will continue in his recent position.

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#### REARDON-CAPLE.

The pleasant home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Reardon, in Midland, was the scene of a pretty event Tuesday, September 5, when their daughter, Beulah, was united in marriage to Mr. Wm. H. Caple of Alma. Precisely at 12 o'clock noon the couple marched to the strains of Lohengrin, played by Miss Nellie Wallace, to the room beautifully decorated with golden rod and yellow daisies, where they were made husband and wife. Rev. A. J. Funnell of Alma performed the ceremony, using the ring service. The bride was accompanied by Miss Belle Wallace, and Mr. Lucius Bagley acted as best man. After the ceremony the guests were invited to a sumptuous wedding banquet.

As it neared train time the guests prepared to give the most interested parties a good start in life with the usual accompaniments, but found to their surprise that Mr. and Mrs. Caple, by a clever little ruse, were on

their way to Bay City in an automobile and would soon be on board the boat for a two weeks' trip on the lakes.

Only relatives and intimate friends were present, those from out of town being Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Caple, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Caple, Miss Inglis and Mr. Lucius Bagley of Alma, Mrs. Chas. Caple and daughter of Canandaigua, New York; Mr. Alva Caple and daughter of Toledo, Miss Edna Allen of Ithaca, Misses Belle and Nelle Wallace of Bay Port.

### ALUMNI NOTES.

The class of 1905 are entitled to first place in the alumni columns because they were the last to leave the college walls.

J. Earle Webber, '05, after a severe attack of typhoid fever was obliged to give up his first plan of engaging in Y. M. C. A. work at Saginaw and has now engaged his "teacher's degree" in the principalship of the Omena schools. He will also be cashier for Omena's largest retail store.

J. Norman King, '05, spent a part of the summer with the Success Magazine and has now accepted the work of pastor for the ensuing year at the Flushing, Mich., Presbyterian Church.

Levi J. Butler, '05, is to be superintendent of schools at East Tawas with the opening of the new year. Very seldom is a position of this character held open to an unfortunate applicant, but we consider it a special concession to Mr. Butler's scholarship and recognition that he is to be a leader in this great profession.

The following letter was received by the family and friends of the late J. W. Ewing, who greatly appreciate the kindness and sympathy of the Alumni of the Northwest:

"The Alma College Association of the Northwest has heard with regret and sorrow that our revered instructor and friend, Prof. J. W. Ewing, has passed out of our midst into the life beyond, and we desire to express to his bereaved family our sincere sympathy for them in their affliction. Not only have we valued Prof. Ewing's great ability and wide experience as a teacher, but we shall miss his wise counsel and the individual associations with him as a friend.

"We feel that the loss is indeed a personal one to each of us, and can only say, 'What he does ye know not now, but ye shall know hereafter.'

"Yours with great sympathy,

"Exec. Comm. of the Alma  
Assoc. of the N. West."



## ALUMNI NOTES.

David L. Johnson, '05, supplied the pulpit of the Presbyterian Church at Omena and also preached through an interpreter to the Indians on Sunday afternoons. He now becomes a freshman in McKormick Theological Seminary.

Miss Leola Lauderback and Miss Caroline Hastings, both of '05, have accepted important positions in the Harbor Springs school.

With '05 it's a case of teach or preach.

M. J. Stormzand, '04, occupied the Presbyterian pulpit at Rudyard, Mich., this summer and now returns for his "middle" year at Princeton.

J. Wirt Dunning, '04—the Free Press calls him "Rev."—is to continue his work as pastor at Tekonsha, Mich., Presbyterian Church and will also take his "middle year" at McCormick Seminary.

James L. McBride, '04, began his summer's work at Au Sable, Mich., in the Presbyterian Church and was in the midst of his labors when taken with the fever. As a mark of special favor the church contributed a purse of \$230 to Mr. McBride during his sickness. "Jim" may return to the seminary in November. The editor made a very pleasant call on him several weeks ago.

Leora Morton, '04, had been elected to the position of seventh grade teacher at Newaygo, but was obliged to give up the position on account of her serious illness, from which she is now slowly recovering.

Ray Swigart, '04, last year science

teacher at Clare, now occupies a similar position in the high school at Paw Paw.

Miss Kate Bair and Miss Elizabeth Schmidt, both of '04, have returned to their positions in the Ovid high school, teachers of Latin and German, respectively.

F. R. Hurst, '04, resumes the secretaryship for the Y. M. C. A. at this year.

Miss Bertha A. Higbee, '04, is again in the high school of the lumber city, Cadillac, as assistant preceptress.

With '04, it's a case of "keep a going."

L. A. Bagley, '03, still retains his position of teller in the Alma State Savings Bank, the bank which has attained the most rapid growth of any in the county.

Wallace F. Webber, '03, was sick during the greater part of the summer, but has again resumed his position in the Commercial State Bank at Ithaca, Mich.

John Y. Brooke, '03, has charge of the Second Reformed Church of Lodi, New Jersey, during the summer and continues as a "theolog" at New Brunswick Seminary this year.

H. N. Ronald, '03, had begun his work as summer pastor at Flushing, but was taken with the fever and after a successful recovery is now able to return for the last year at Princeton.

John S. Shiner, '03, still handles the rate book for the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company.

Essie G. Hooper, '03, had a very pleasant trip to Chautauqua Assembly broken into by an attack of the fever. She is able to take up her work again, and the "new students" will find her at the library.

W. R. Baker, '03, resumes his work as instructor in business and science at the Manistee high school.

T. George Timby, '03, and Pearl Fuller, '03, are in the service of the Stevenson Iron Mine at Hibbing, Minnesota.

Miss Laura B. Saule, '03, has returned to the Navajo land as teacher in the Home Mission school, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Misses Fitzpatrick, Thompson, Taylor, Hazelton and Messinger of '03 have not reported their work for the coming year, but with three out of five it is probably teaching.

H. H. Soule, '03, with Caple-Soule Hardware Company, Alma, Mich.

A. J. Helmer, '03, two years principal at St. Johns high school, has resigned in favor of a similar position at Holland, Mich.

The preachers of '03 are few and far between. This class is a refutive argument to the oft-repeated sentiment "Alma is only for preachers."

Wesley Bradfield, '02, is now in the United States Forestry Department, with headquarters at Washington. While inspecting "wood lots" he enjoys trips into Virginia, Carolinas, Michigan, Pennsylvania, Illinois and the western states. Among Michigan points visited this summer were Ithaca, Durand and Saginaw.

Rev. William J. Ewing, '02, is now pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Fairgrove, Mich., and is successfully reorganizing the church work in that place.

E. E. Fell, '02, for three years superintendent of East Tawas schools,

is now superintendent of the Caro schools.

Prof. George B. Randels, '00, four years professor of psychology and education in Bellevue College, Nebraska, has accepted the position of principal of academy in his Alma Mater.

Prof. Jacob C. Foote, '00, spent his vacation at Lafayette, his old home, and returned to his position as English master in the State Normal School at Bloomsburg, Pa.

"Rev." Maurice Grigsby, '98, spent his vacation at Alma and returns to the pastorate of the Roseland Chicago Church.

Rev. A. J. Van Page, '97, has become pastor of the Millard Presbyterian Church at Chicago.

Edward C. Marsh, '96, of New York City made a pleasant vacation trip to Alma and Ithaca during the summer.

Rev. L. S. Brooke, '96, and Rev. W. H. Long, '98, were copartners in a pleasant summer trip to Winona Lake, Indiana.

Chas. Long, ex. '03, returns to the Michigan College of Medicine at Detroit, and Orill Richard, ex. '02, graduated from Bellevue, N. Y., Medical College in June and is about to appear before the state examiners for practitioner's license.

Miss Olive Hafer, ex. '05, is continued as preceptress in the Clio high school.

Mr. Karl Allured, ex. '06, is now assistant chemist for the Aetna Powder Company at Aetna, Indiana.

Miss Louise Strange, '04, is teaching near her home in the "Strange school."

Rev. Sherman L. Divine, '98, has accepted the call to the pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church at Marinette, Wisconsin, one of the leading Presbyterian churches of that state.



## ABOUT THE CAMPUS.

### IMPROVEMENTS.

Improvements during the summer have beautified the campus. Gifts from college friends have enabled the officials to build much needed cement walks to Wright Hall and the Library. Mr. Davis' gift of four hundred dollars has transformed Davis field into a suitable athletic field, well drained, with good track and gridiron. Mr. Joseph Berry for the third time donated fifty gallons of varnish for the polishing of the rooms and corridors of the dormitories. Wright Hall boarders now get "home-made bread," thanks to the friend that gave the new bake oven for the kitchen. Every gift is greatly appreciated.

### OPENING ADDRESS.

The opening day of college was one long to be remembered by students and friends present. Enthusiasm for the year's work was manifest upon all sides, as old students and new shook hands to renew former fellowship or enter upon a new acquaintance. Summer experiences were upon the lips of many a one as friend met friend. The formal opening exercises were held in the chapel at nine o'clock Wednesday morning, September 13, at which a large number were assembled to listen to the customary address of welcome. Rev. Chas. E. Scott was this year chosen as the speaker of the day. It was a source of great pleasure to both

students and citizens of Alma that one who grew up from youth in this city returned now, after years of study at Pennsylvania, Princeton and German universities, to receive the honor of his Alma Mater at such an occasion of interest. His was a masterly address upon the theme "Choosing a Vocation." In a logical manner, with words both choice and forceful, his thought made impressive by the weight of a strong personality, he brought home some of the realities that face a young man or young woman about to enter upon life's work. He compared the student's beginning of greater activities to the ship starting upon her sea voyage, always safe if the course is sure and certain, but doomed to a sad and fateful wreck if allowed to be driven upon the rocks. The young person must be sure that he is right, he must, as Mr. Scott said in the continuation of his simile, know his bearings, have a haven, and be in sailing order. The student must learn what his talents will permit him to do; but more than this, he must be determined that his effort shall not be for self, but for humanity—for Christ. With these thoughts beautifully presented, he introduced his discussion, then entering upon the consideration of various professions and lines of work. Law, medicine, teaching, business were carefully viewed. The speaker showed how these fields of effort were overcrowd-

ed at home. Here the need is not great. Beyond our home land, in the lands of the east, where barbarism keeps civilization out by the strong weapons of superstition and ignorance, he revealed a real most awful need. There, he said, is the field of activity for strong college men and women, for those who will sacrifice convenience for the spread of Christian culture. He praised the four Alma graduates who are now in these lands of the orient, doing their honest and plain duty, which will bring them a greater reward than the temporal glory that easier work would afford. To impress upon his listeners' minds the vastness of need, he gave fact after fact, example after example which had been brought to his mind during his extensive study and travel. He closed after an hour's appeal, with an audience before him whose minds were being stirred by the truth so plainly revealed to them. The address was deeply appreciated by all present.

—o—

#### IN THE CLASS ROOM.

The faculty were deprived of a loyal member by the death of Prof. J. W. Ewing. As his successor, however, they were fortunate in engaging Prof. George B. Randels, an Alma alumnus, until recently a professor in Bellevue college, Nebraska. Though inconvenienced by a short illness, he took up his work soon after the beginning of school. Prof. Transeau and Prof. Notestein were both too weak after the siege of fever to take up work immediately, being

assisted respectively by Wm. Cooper and Howard Potter of the senior class.

—o—

#### FOOTBALL.

The enthusiasm for the greatest of the college sports was plainly at a high point from the first day of the year, fourteen men responding to Captain Angell's first summons for men upon Davis field. A few nights later three teams were in training. Coach Wilson put in play his old "hurry up" methods, which are so well known to old men on the squad. This week the team is taking definite form, though so far it has been an uncertainty who would be the fortunate ones for several positions. Angell, Helmer, Horst, Marshall, McCollum, Carr, Casterlin and Moon of the 1904 eleven are on the field. In addition to a few practice games with neighboring teams, the schedule stands as follows, with one or two possible changes: Alma plays: Oct. 7, Ferris at Alma; Oct. 14, Albion at Alma; Oct. 21, Ferris at Big Rapids; Oct. 28, Hillsdale at Alma; Nov. 4, Normals at Mt. Pleasant; Nov. 11, Olivet at Olivet; Nov. 18, Kazoo at Kazoo; Nov. 25, M. A. C. at Alma. Present prospects are bright for a favorable series. Not a barrier stands in the way of championship for Alma. Students, give the team the best of support!

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#### ZETA SIGMA.

Zeta Sigma opens with the following officers: Fred Soule, president; Howard Potter, vice president;



Harry Helmer, secretary; Robert Craig, treasurer; Erle Castelin, first critic; Harold Gaunt, second critic.

On September 13 the honorary members C. E. Scott, John Booth, Norman Ronald and Martin Stormzand were present at a little reunion, all giving talks upon themes of interest to society men.

A large number of new men are now upon the roll of the society, making the membership nearly complete. The new fellows are entering into the work with zeal.

The society room has been beautified by the addition of several new pictures, the plan of the members at present being to continually make the society room more homelike. The prize cup won by last year's debating team is now in evidence, duly engraved.

Plans are now under discussion concerning the annual public to be given later in the term.

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### PHI PHI ALPHA

The majority of the members of last year are back again this fall,

Mr. Cratzenburg very generously offered to meet the expense of repapering the society rooms, so now with the new paper, pictures and other improvements we have a pleasant room.

All are very much pleased with our new caps. A great deal of work was put upon them and the work outlined is of the highest class.

Our first regular meeting, Monday, Sept. 18, was well attended, every member being present. The program consisted of speeches by the officers for the coming year, and was very interesting. E. D. McDonald of Detroit was received into the society.

From the enthusiasm and earnestness with which every man is taking hold of the work we have good reason to look forward to the best year in the history of Phi Phi Alpha. Following are the officers: President, P. Allured; vice-president, Clark Hull; secretary, H. N. Morse; treasurer, F. Angell; critics, F. M. Cobb and M. L. Marshall.



## Class News and General Notes.

### SENIOR

Know all men by these presents. WE ARE SENIORS.

We extend our sincere sympathy to the freshman class on account of the ignominious loss of their artistic effigy of the sophomore class.

Miss Hunt was the only member of our class to suffer from the typhoid epidemic. We are happy to have her with us again in perfect health, although we regret, with her, the loss of some of her dearest personal belongings.

Our officers for the year have been elected. It goes without saying that they are efficient ones. Our president is Howard Potter, unanimously elected to this responsible position. In the choice of vice president a contest developed, there being four candidates in the field which is especially commendable when we remember the arduous duties of the office. Miss Kefgen was finally elected. Mr. Gaunt is our secretary, Mr. Soule treasurer, and Mr. Cooper Almanian reporter. There was a hot contest between Miss

Mey and Miss Hunt for the position of janitor, Miss Hunt being finally elected. Miss Mey was elected Intermediary to the Faculty and Miss Crandell to the office of Bureau of Information and Encouragement to Sophmores. Meeting adjourned.

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## JUNIOR.

The junior class has taken up its duties with the usual zest, although the size has somewhat diminished. Cupid the wicked fellow is somewhat to blame for this, for he used his magic arrow with good effect upon the heart of one of our most charming girls, Miss Beulah Rearden. We expect other effects of his dart will be brought to our notice.

Dr. Bruske in logic—Now Mr. Casterlin, don't go off in a tangent.

Mr. C.—Well, this is only a secant.

Prof. M.—Where is the mind located?

Miss Smith—The mind you mean or brain. Well, that is in the head, I believe.

The following officers have been elected for this year. President, Mr. Casterlin; vice-president, Miss Bagley; secretary and treasurer, Miss Hawes; reporter, Miss Hayes; high chief guardian for freshmen, Mr. Allured.

Beware all ye with designs.

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## SOPHOMORE

Class meeting Sept. 13. The following officers were elected. Pres., George D. Sutton; vice-president, Miss Grace Brown, secretary, Mrs. Helen Cook; treasurer, Lester Sharp; Almanian reporter, Harry Helmer.

We were pleased to welcome Miss Lauderback as one of our classmates.

Friday, Sept. 22, we saw floating from the top of the administration building a fresh. conception of a soph. made from Marshalls jersey and Moons pants stuffed with hay. We did not agree with them in this view, so we proced-

ed to take it down and a class scrap ensued in which we were outnumbered two to one and so were downed, but we obtained the dummy.

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## FRESHMAN

Officers for the year are Marshall, president; Miss Strange, vice president; Moon, secretary and treasurer; Beckwith, reporter.

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## GENERAL NOTES

The members of reserve team receive "R" jerseys this fall.

The I-tap-a-keg frat. has initiated several new men, all of whom seem proud of the honor.

The rule book has a new provision whereby "stidding" is doomed forever, one permission a week being the fateful phrase. There seems to be a general belief however that "spes non fracta est" though the former customs are.

Mr. Orlando Heerwagan, formerly of Saginaw has accepted the position of violin instructor in the college. He is a man of talent and is gladly welcomed by Alma students and faculty. He played before the chapel assembly, Sept. 26.

The opening receptions were largely attended on the evening of Sept. 15. Among the boys the usual informal jollifications took place, doing much to initiate the new fellows into the democratic spirit of the institution. On the evening of Sept. 22 Wright Hall was thrown open to every one in the college and the leading social event of the year was heartily enjoyed by the many present.

The scrap of the freshies and sophs. on Sept. 22nd. was an exciting affair. The freshies suspended a scarecrow, supposed to be a typical soph., from the belfrey window. Bastone with the heroism of a Caesar removed the insulting thing. The rush followed, the freshman with their greater number winning the day but failing to regain the dummy which now lies undisturbed in some secluded nook. The freshmen are glad they won and the sophs. are glad its over.



## Vacation Memories.

F. W. COBB.

### JUNE SUNRISE.

**H**IDDEN deep in the nether word  
 The sun sent up a shimmer of light  
 And stole from the darkness half its  
 might,  
 And dusk o'er the meadows swirled.  
 A cloud in the dim east half furled  
 Like a brazen shield in heaven showed.  
 Its myriad basses lucent glowed  
 And its shadows cunningly curled.  
 Low on earth, in the dusky shade,  
 Far o'er the meadow roamed the herd,  
 Browsing dewy grass as they strayed,  
 Each one's form to the other blurred.  
 The brazen shield grew rose and gold,  
 The sun through the gates of morning  
 rolled.

### JULY SUNSET.

Purple and gold and one unearthly light  
 Over the western forest's verdant rim,  
 And on the fields soft shadows falling  
 dim;  
 Thus comes, in dusky, regal state, the  
 night.  
 Before our straying, feeble human sight  
 Such pictures doth God's angel daily  
 hymn;  
 Filling our lives with messages of Him;  
 Lifting our souls by this most mystic  
 rite;  
 But why doth God this endless beauty  
 weave  
 Into our web of life? For this—His  
 hand  
 Hath freely given that we may better  
 live  
 And in our inmost hearts may under-  
 stand  
 That, if such earthly beauty he doth  
 give,  
 Our souls may live within a nobler land.

### AUGUST FARMING.

Awake! the tender, wine-red, smiling  
 dawn,  
 Calling soft for treetop birds to worship,  
 As gently wakes thee from soft slumber's  
 grip

And bids thee to the golden fields be-  
 gone.  
 Into the barns midsummer's harvest  
 drown,  
 Warm and free from the last full laden  
 trip  
 The puffing horses plunge their heads  
 where drip  
 Cool waters that the noon sun shines  
 upon.  
 Alternate through the long day light and  
 shade  
 On tree tops green and clover, sober  
 dressed,  
 And steep in rip'ning heat the country-  
 side.  
 At twilight, by the angel artists made,  
 A moving marvel changes in the west—  
 Luteous, flaming scarlet—glorified.

### TWILIGHT IN AUTUMN.

Behind the trees that shade the river's  
 bend  
 The dying sun lights up the cloudy west;  
 The softened rays rest on the river's  
 breast  
 And in the balmy blaze and blend.  
 Leaves of the trees that o'er the river  
 bend,  
 The clouds in pink of rose and saffron  
 dressed,  
 Unto the pure stream all their beauties  
 lend.  
 A boat comes drifting from the shelter-  
 ing trees,  
 A lightsome song floats mellow o'er the  
 waves  
 Then dies away as singer sees the sight  
 And feels upon his brow the freshening  
 breeze  
 That strengthens, as the sun sinks low,  
 and laves  
 The drowsy, sighing world with airs of  
 night.

### L'ENVOI.

Blue eyes that smile a greeting,  
 Red lips to kiss at meeting,  
 Soft arms to hold one fast—  
 Day's labor done at last.

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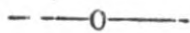
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