

A. L. W.

ALMANIAN



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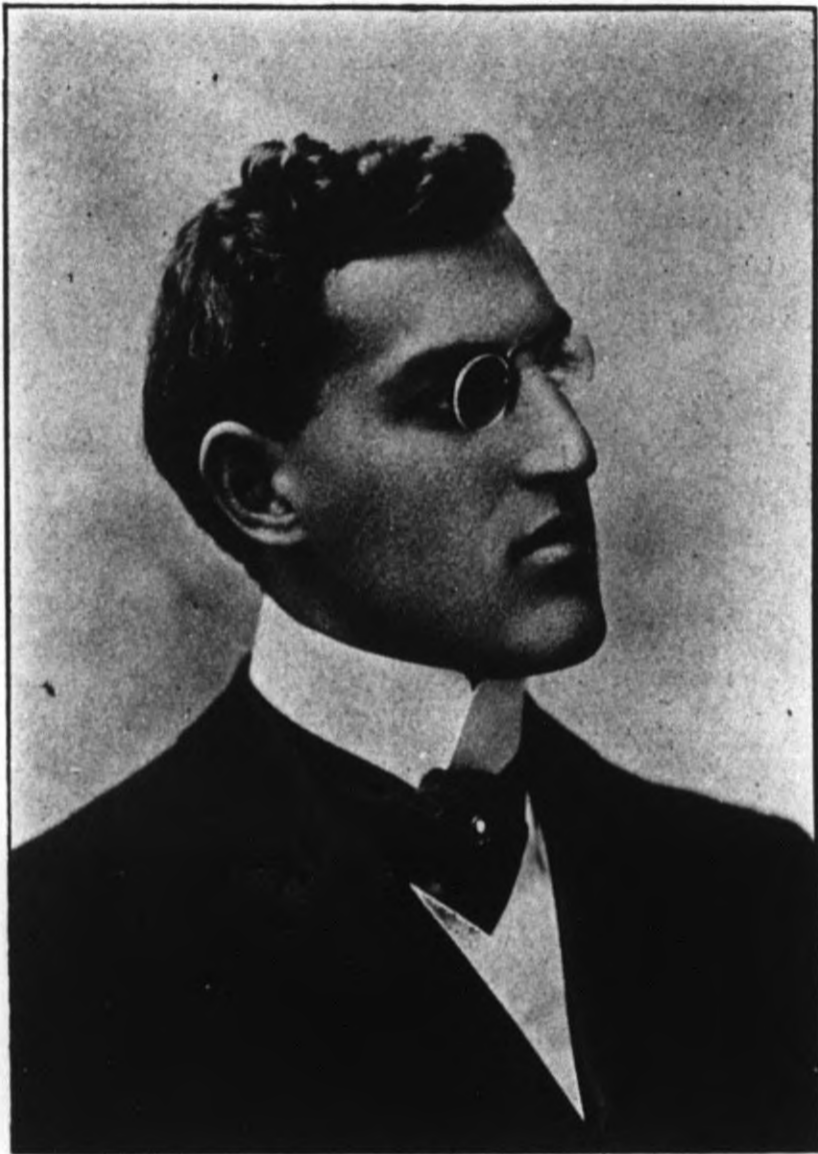
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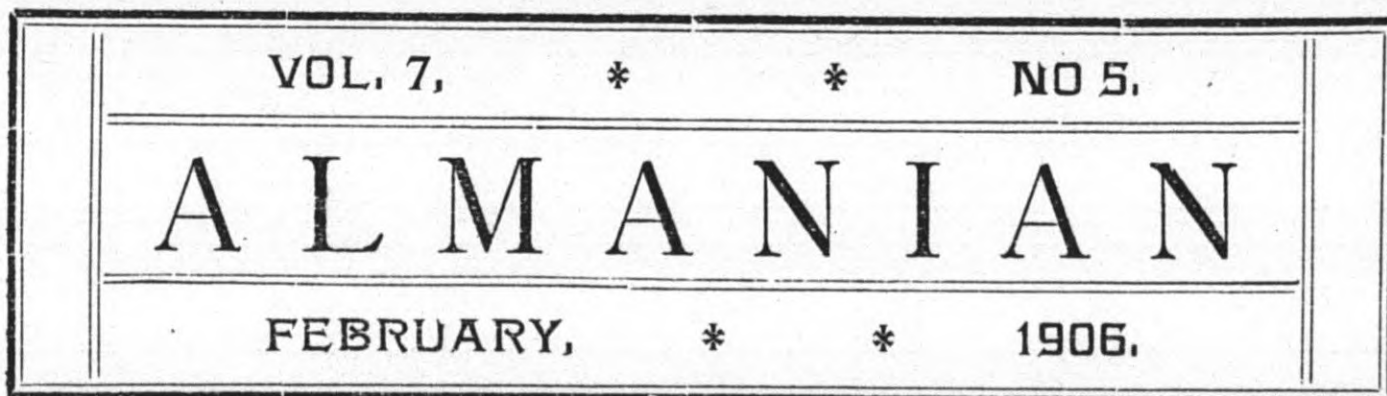


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REV. CHAS. ERNEST SCOTT.



That We May Not Lose Perspective; or What Our College Needs.

(Chas. E. Scott, about to go as missionary to China.)

WHATEVER most helps to string the lives of the students of a college to God's plan will most noble, dignify and intensify their lives in usefulness, and consequently make the influence of their college enduring and incalculable for good.

Now there can be no doubt to a candid student, whose mind is open to proof which is adequate to convince, that it is the imperial will of God that the knowledge of Jesus Christ as Saviour shall be carried "to every creature" in each generation, else "every creature" is not reached. And in the world plan of the Almighty, men not angels are the agents. "Men empowered through obedience by the spirit of God are to start from Jerusalem, and make a conquest of the world by a campaign of testimony" under the superintendence of Jesus Christ himself. And men are to keep pounding away in that campaign

till every knee bows to its rightful Lord. "This gospel shall first be preached in all the world, and then shall the world come." Accordingly, no end of the power of sin, of the love of sin, of the bondage of sin, of the punishment of sin—no ceasing of pain, sickness, disease and death on this old Satan-soiled earth—until we men and women have prepared the earth for that glorious consummation by heralding the Christ everywhere. Manifestly, therefore, just as old Vesuvius towers grand and majestic above the hills about the glorious Bay of Naples, so one question for spendor, for eternal reach, for transcendent importance in the eyes of the Almighty God, looms high above all the pigmy questions of tearing down barns and building greater for self—the getting of Jesus Christ known to every person on this planet. This is the prime and central work of all men who name Jesus as Lord. And

as Jesus said the field is one and that united field is the whole world, every obedient child of God will have only one thought—not to do what is pleasant, or what is comfortable, or what his family have planned for him: what kind of a decision is that? Rather will he try to do the needed work for God of which he is capable, to work in the most neglected portion of that field—not glean in that part of the vineyard where there are the most pickers and the fewest grapes, but in the most untouched portions, where the rich and luscious fruit hangs in heaviest clusters, spoiling to be picked. The soldier truest to his commander is not he who loafs in camp or takes the easiest duty, but he who gets in the line of battle, where the fire pours in the hottest, where the foe presses the hardest, where the fight rages the fiercest.

Grand old Dr. Jessupp of Beirut, on the Jerusalem Cruise, asked us students each to ask himself these questions: "Has the religion of Jesus Christ been a blessing to me? Is it adapted to all men? Does the evangelized world need the gospel now as it did when Christ gave His last command? Am I a debtor to myself alone? Do I owe a duty to my own family or my own country? Is the voice of Christ still ringing with the command, 'Go teach all nations'? Are the heathen still crying, 'Come and help us'? If I am a Christian should I not obey marching orders? If I am a workman should I not make the best use of my life? If I am a scholar, should

I not make my education most effective? WHERE AM I MOST NEEDED TODAY?

Is it in the United States—the most favored, privileged, educated, gospel-enlightened land, as over against the dense blackness of the heathen world? Is it among the eighty million of Americans or among the one thousand million of heathen? Is it in the United States? One quarter of the population are church members. If they wanted to they could evangelize the whole country within a week. In the United States there is one minister to every seven hundred people, many of whom have repeatedly rejected the proffered Christ. In South America there are forty million who have never heard the gospel. What would we in the United think if the possessors of the gospel gave us not one minister for each forty million of our people?

Out of every sixty-five American ministers, sixty-four stay in the United States to reoffer Jesus Christ to the sixty million who already know they can have him. Out of every ten thousand Christians all but one stay in the United States to work, where they are least needed. Stanley says that in an African journey of seven thousand miles he did not see a person who had ever heard of the gospel. Sir Harry H. Johnston, a noted African explorer, for twenty years past holding important consular offices in the British government in Africa, says that in Central Africa today are eighty million na-

tives who have never seen a missionary. Suppose no servant of Christ had ever brought our eighty million people a knowledge of Christ, what would we think of the sincerity of their profession of allegiance to a Saviour who commanded His servants to take Him to those who perish for lack of the knowledge that the church of God can supply? In New York there are twice as many ministers as can find parishes. In four fringe provinces of China, until recently, J. Hudson Taylor tells us that among those twenty million people were only four missionaries. What if those who knew Christ had refused to send all Michigan one minister?

If all the ministers in the United States should tomorrow be stricken in death, there are tens of thousands of able, consecrated laymen who could take their places.

There are many more ministers among eight million colored people of our southern states (not to mention mission school teachers there by the hundreds) than are among one hundred and eighty-seven million heathen of Africa.

Talk about our being needed here for the "exceptional populations of the United States"! The sum total of them—Alaskans, Indians, Mormons, Mountaineers—are vastly less, a mere handful compared with the unreached millions of any one of the provinces of the heathen world.

Talk about the spiritual need of the western states, as the reason for settling down in Michigan to prac-

tice law, medicine or business! What is that need? I can name eight western states whose combined population is less than that of New York city. Yet these states have a Protestant Evangelistic force at work in them immensely greater than the whole city of New York. And remember New York has twice as many ministers as parishes. I can name a score of heathen cities each almost as large as New York, many in a heathen empire, whose people, as they pass in and out the gates of their native walls, have never heard of a missionary.

In the name of God, what is fair play? The need, the knowledge of the need, and the ability to contribute to that need, constitute the call of every student. Said the young Scotch nobleman, the Honorable Keith Falconer, who laid down his life that he might take it again, in addressing a great body of students of the universities of Edinburgh and Glasgow: "While vast continents are shrouded in almost utter darkness, and a thousand million suffer the horrors of heathendom, the burden of proof lies on YOU to show that the circumstance in which God has placed you were meant by God to keep you out of the foreign land. Can you show that? I can not. Therefore I am going.

There is an obligation upon every Christian to see that the gospel of Jesus Christ is preached in all the world. The presumption under which everyone of us is living is the presumption that it is the imperial

will of God that the knowledge of His divine Son be given at once to every tribe, people and nation. It is the right of Jesus Christ to rule our lives in this.

Have you a reason for not going, for not obeying His command, that you could give to Jesus Christ, your Master, in sincerity and truth? I have not, and I am resolved that if there is anything which I have left undone that I can do to evangelize the world in this generation, by the grace of God I will do it now. For as long as there are a thousand mil-

lion brother beings, destitute of the word of God and the knowledge of Jesus Christ, I dare not devote my life—time, energy, money—to those who have both.

Here is what our college needs—what will bring dear old Alma supreme glory and power and honor: Students who will follow the Son of God as He goes forth to His War, through peril, toil and pain, to the end; till His “gospel has been preached in all the world.”



An Exciting Day for Alma College.

(Told in “Proper” Style.)

ALTHOUGH Alma college was a very small girl, this morning she was very Sharp. At the first tap of the Belle she began to Hunt for her Hat in the greatest of Haiste, and when she did not find it she became quite Cross. But making one grab for her Brown (ing), slamming the Chamber door, she was soon on the scene of a Strange and exciting action to which her Young eyes were entirely unaccustomed. It was the class scrap.

Sophomores and Freshmen were busily in Earnest tearing up the ground. Clubs and Black eyes were very much in evidence. At one side a crowd of enthusiastic Seniors stood with their Coats off, Reddy to assist. The sidewalk was liter-

ally lined with girls and Boi(s) team. A Rood Taylor Preston to the front and his shrill voice was soon heard above the rest of the medley: “O! ra! Lauder! bach! Haye’s ’em, boys! Hayes ’em!”

Betz had Ben made on all sides, but the odds seemed to be in favor of the Freshies. The president of the Sophomore class was grabbed and rolled K like a Beryl on the sidewalk till sudden cries announced the arrival of the Marshall.

The Freshies had won, but at what a price! Two were sentenced to Jackson, and their faces were Gaunt and Haggart(y), as with two men Holden the arms of each they were led to the Carr. And Prexie chewed his Beard.

But to return to Alma. She fol-

lowed the crowd which filed into the Chapel. As she entered the Dora Rustling of Miss Allen's skirts behind attracted her attention, and her listening ears caught the words, "We will have to Locker up! Locker up till her Soule is filled with re Morse!"

This recalled to her mind the awful experience of the night before. In the light of the last Ray of the Moon setting in the West, she was Allured by the voice of the mortal Angell from her room via the window and fire-escape. The Fairman led the way and the Holmes of the Faculty were visited. The attraction was not the houses, however, but the Barnes, where innocent chickens were awaiting their fate. "Take Caro the Myrtle" whispered the Frank Angell. But it was too late! Startled by the sudden passing of the Eisman, who Roda long on his wagon, a Neuman in the crowd caught his foot in the vine and fell. Laddie seized his Strausers!!!!!! Of course they were caught.

Alma reached her seat. She hated to see Miss Allen Eyer, as much as to hear Prexie Read, "Thou shalt not steal." In English it seemed as if Miss Allen had planned to Markham all zero.

Poor Alma! She had thought lunch would bring a rest, but Grace was no sooner said then the head waiter announced that the Cook was ill. The festive board was laden with only corn on the Cobb, Murpheys and Olives. Not half enough to Phillip Horst! Her Marie laugh was silenced. Her only remark was, "Maybel pass the Cheese Minn." Even then she was squelched! The head answered, "No, but Hannah May."

The faculty's decision has Ben to Cooper up in a room on fourth floor, and as we sit at our window the last words which we hear from Alma float over the (M)othersill: "I hate the faculty! They're worse than Campbells. And what have I done to be put in this horrid little Booth?" —M.-R. S.-I.-P.



A Sketch of a Western Trip.

W. S. Cooper, 06.

ALL summer long we had heard of the Hallett Glacier, and had felt a desire to see this last remnant of the ice age. In the Rockies of Colorado there are many extensive snow and ice fields, but with a very few exceptions, there

are no true glaciers within the boundaries of the state. The reason for this is found in the extreme dryness of the atmosphere, which does not allow the snow to accumulate in amounts sufficiently large to form great ice rivers. The few

remnants that still exist are therefore of great interest, and one of the best of these is the Hallett Glacier.

About the middle of August, while we were staying at the Rustic Hotel, a party was organized to visit the Hallett Glacier, and although the company was not an ideal one to go mountaineering with, it was then or never, so I decided to make the trip. I say the company was not an ideal one for several reasons. First of all, it was too large, numbering eleven, and secondly, six of these were women. Worse still, five of these women were old maids, and the sixth, Miss B—, a young lady of about the same age as the writer, was the most objectionable of all. The remainder of our party consisted of an admirable guide, Shep Husted by name, his twelve year old son, who was as good a horseman as any in the party, a packer to assist the guide, and Mr. J—, rather inclined toward bachelor ways, and very attentive to Miss B—, and who should have known better.

At eight a. m. the cavalcade lined up before the hotel and had its picture taken, then we started off down the road at a gallop, bound for the glacier. We did not keep to the road long however, but soon struck off across the fields toward the wooded foothills. On reaching them we entered the great forest of spruce and pine that clothes the slopes of the mountains, stretching far up to the point where no trees can withstand the onslaught of the

wind and snow. For eight miles we wound in and out through the forest, following a trail that was now distinct, now traceable only by the blaze marks on the trees. Miss B— and her admirer kept far in advance, endeavoring to follow the trail on their own account. To their great disgust they would frequently have to wait for the rest of the party, in order that the guide might point out to them which way to go. Miss B— was a very large girl, with a voice that more than matched her size. Perhaps I can best describe her by comparing her to the horse she rode,—an immense white animal, with a disposition not angelic, who wished to lead the line on every occasion.

For a little while I rode in about the center of the line, and was followed by one of the most timid of the ladies. Very soon the horse I was riding began to show a violent dislike of having any creature immediately behind him. At first he merely looked around uneasily, and endeavored to get farther ahead. Finding this to be of no avail he suddenly laid his ears back against his head, and shot out his hind feet. The lady on the horse next following shrieked, I apologized for my horse's misdemeanor, and the procession went on. But this happened the second time, and the lady became frightened. "Oh, Mr. Cooper," she said, "Won't you please ride behind me? I am so afraid of your horse." Of course I consented, and let her pass me. The march recommenced. But it was

immaterial to Buckskin who was behind him. He refused to endure the presence of any one, and very soon kicked out his heels again. Another timid lady shrieked and I heard from the rear: "You will have to ride behind me, Mr. Cooper; your horse kicks so." Again I waited, and again Buckskin kicked. Finally he and I brought up at the tail end of the procession, and as there were no more timid ladies behind us we remained in that position for the rest of the two days' trip.

At noon we dismounted to eat our midday lunch. Soon after we had resumed our march rain began to fall. Harder and harder it came down. The tall, slender spruce trees afforded hardly any protection, and in a very short time we were all thoroughly drenched;—all except Miss B—and her friend, who had thoughtfully brought with them brand new slickers, and who made themselves very merry, and became very witty over our misfortune. On we went through the dripping woods at a melancholy pace, the horses, and possibly their riders too, looking very wet and dejected. Of course there were many things to be seen that were of interest to a botanist, but beware of searching for botanical specimens while riding horseback through a dense forest. A low hanging branch caught me on the shoulder and ripped open my sleeve from that point to the wrist. Since I was the last in line no one was inconvenienced by the delay, and after tying up my sleeve with

string, I caught up with the party. While we were meeting with these adventures, we had covered a distance of eight miles, and had ascended fully three thousand feet. Now the trees gradually became small and twisted and at about four p. m. we came out upon the open slopes above timberline. A spot was selected for our camp near a small alpine brook, just on the edge of the timber where firewood, in the shape of dwarf pine trees, was abundant, and where there was little danger of sparks starting a fire. The rain had now almost ceased, although there were no signs of clear weather. Shep Husted and the packer made a huge pile of pine branches and an immense fire was soon crackling, to the great joy of the whole bedraggled party. But for me there were far greater attractions than a bonfire. The second highest mountain in the vicinity was only a mile and a half distant, and although there were only three or four hours of daylight left, I resolved to attempt to reach the summit. Leaving camp, which was at an altitude of eleven thousand feet, I set out alone toward Hague's Peak. Fast walking over the stones and scrub of the timberline region is exceedingly difficult, but I covered the mile and a half in an hour and arrived at the base of the mountain at about five o'clock. Then commenced a toilsome, though not difficult climb up a steep slope of turf and boulders which required nearly two hours of constant effort. But at last the summit was reached,

although very little daylight remained. The view from Hague's Peak is hardly inferior to that from its rival, Long's, which was itself the dominant feature in the landscape. On one side were the foothills and the plains, on the other range after range of snowcapped mountains. The west side of Hague's Peak appeared as a ragged precipice of at least two thousand feet, and just opposite rose another stately mountain, crowned with purest white; and nestling at its base lay a deep, green, rockgirt lake, guarded by deep banks of snow. Farther down in a narrow valley lay another beautiful lake, very different from the first, for it was hemmed in on all sides by a forest of pine. The waning daylight warned me of approaching darkness and very reluctantly I began to descend. The slope was a convenient one for running, and I made the descent to the base of the mountain in half an hour. The rapidly growing darkness caused me to hasten on at full speed and soon I reached the valley and timberline. But to my surprise no campfire appeared, and no signs of a camp. Darkness was now almost complete, but still I travelled on, hoping that I would finally find the blaze behind some intervening ridge, but without success. Visions of a blanketless and fireless night, with only bears and mountain lions for company, began to rise before my mind. As a last resort I resolved to climb the ridge that bounded the valley on the south. Not daring to slacken my

efforts, I started at full speed for the top, although climbing in the darkness, with only the dim outline of the summit visible, was very difficult. After an exhausting ascent of five hundred feet I reached the top of the ridge, and to my great relief saw the ruddy light from the campfire not far off. At about the same time I heard shouts, which proved to be from Miss B— and Mr. J— who had gone off together to look for me. Strange, indeed, that they were the only ones who worried concerning my safety! After answering their shouts I hastened to the camp as fast as my tired legs would carry me and found there the remnants of a very good supper, to which I did ample justice.

For a little while we sat around the fire, while the guide told us how often bears and mountain lions had been known to prowl around campfires, at which some of the old maids became very nervous.

Turning-in time came at last and the more timid of the ladies crept into a small tent brought for that purpose. The rest of us slept in the open air, some in sleeping bags, others in blankets. The operation of preparing for the night in such a camp is as follows: First you spread a rubber blanket (if you have such a luxury) on the ground, then on top of it a pair of ordinary blankets. This done, put on an extra flannel shirt, take off your shoes and put on instead a second pair of socks—a third pair is still better. Then place a stone or your camera

box at one corner of the blanket for a pillow, and lying down on the opposite side, grasp the edge of the blanket with your hands and roll over and over, still holding the edge of the blanket until you reach the pillow. By this time, if you started right and took correct aim for the pillow, you will be well wrapped up—otherwise your feet are likely to project and you will have to begin all over again. In the case of a sleeping bag, all that is necessary is to take off your shoes and crawl in feet first—that is, into the bag, not into the shoes—a far easier task than wrapping oneself in blankets. After each of us had gone through one or the other of these operations and after Mr. J— had tenderly smoothed the wrinkles in Miss B—'s sleeping bag, silence reigned, broken only by the crackling of the great fire.

On the first night out one is not apt to sleep very soundly, therefore I soon became conscious of the fact that it was raining again, and of this fact I was reminded at intervals the whole night through. Once we were roused by a shower of sparks and a tremendous outburst of the camp-fire. Everyone started up, only to find that Mr. J— was heaping on more fuel to ensure the comfort of his especial charge.

The night passed without further incident except frequent showers, and the first faint light of the approaching day began to appear on the eastern horizon. It was delightful to lie snugly wrapped in the blankets and watch the eastern sky

become brighter and redder, until the sun itself rose above the horizon coloring the mountain summits with pink light, while their lower slopes and the broad extent of the plains were still in darkness. As the sun rose higher and higher, more and more of the mountain slopes took on the rosy hue, which at the same time decreased in intensity until the whole scene was flooded with the light of day.

By this time there was a stir in the camp. The packer had gone to bring in the horses, and the guide was making coffee and frying bacon. We arose from our blankets and bags and made a hasty toilet, the principal part of which, for the men at least, consisted in taking off our extra socks and putting on our shoes. Then we ate our breakfast, and mounting our horses were off again toward the glacier. It would seem that by this time we must have our full share of rain, but the Storming, or the weather man, or somebody, thought differently and rain he gave us during the whole day.

Beyond our camping place there was no trail and it was necessary to improvise a route along the mountain side, now ascending, now descending, to avoid the worst places. As it was, we found difficulties enough, and for any but mountain horses thoroughly accustomed to such travelling, the way would have been impossible. It was wonderful to see the skill with which the horses would pick their way, now stepping carefully over a boulder, now scrambling up or

down a steep series of narrow ledges and occasionally jumping a small stream or gully. One of the horses got a foot wedged in a crevice. He did not struggle but waited patiently until help came and he was released. We crossed a great field of hard snow, zigzagged up a steep rocky slope, then traversed a comparatively level alpine meadow, bright with flowers of many kinds. By this time we had reached an elevation of twelve thousand five hundred feet, and the rarity of the atmosphere was beginning to tell on the horses, who, up to this time, had performed all the labor of the ascent.

After crossing the alpine meadow we arrived at the broad entrance of a great rocky amphitheater, fully a mile across, at the farther end of which appeared our goal, the Hallett Glacier. At one time the whole amphitheater was filled with the ice river, but now it has shrunk to a mere remnant, insignificant in comparison with its former grandeur, but nevertheless, still imposing. The whole end of the amphitheater was filled with a sloping mass of ice and snow, a quarter of a mile wide and five hundred feet high. Its base was hidden by a ridge of loose rocks, deposited by the glacier in ages past, extending across its whole front. Wishing for a nearer view we dismounted and, after fastening our horses, set out on foot over a field of granite slabs of all sizes, jumping from rock to rock and occasionally plowing knee-deep through soft snow. This kind

of walking did not suit the old maid contingent at all and their advance became very slow indeed. To add to the discomfort of everyone, the clouds became continually thicker and rolled lower and lower, until finally they enveloped the mountain side, shutting off our view of the glacier and indeed of everything more than a rod distant. Large hail stones fell with stinging force, thunder rumbled incessantly in every direction, and the cold, clammy vapor permeated our clothing, making us wetter than ever, if such a thing were possible. Occasionally the clouds would lift and show us our goal but only for a few moments at a time, and it was not long before our party became hopelessly separated. The writer himself found himself far in advance of the others, in company with the most agile of the old maids. We pressed on, beguiling our way with conversation and Baker's sweet chocolate, and finally gained the summit of the rock ridge. At the same time the clouds parted and we were treated to a magnificent view of the whole extent of the glacier. From this point we could see that its base ended in a lake, frozen over almost completely, although it was the middle of August. In a few minutes the guide came upon the scene with others of the party, and after walking round the end of the lake we stepped out upon the glacier. On account of an unusually heavy snowfall during the previous winter the greater part of its surface was covered with drifts; in some places

however, there were wide crevices, where one might look down thirty feet into a grotto of blue ice and silvery icicles. We made a complete circuit of the lake, but on account of the terrible weather it did not seem best to linger for further explorations. As we turned our faces homeward the clouds lifted again, revealing to us a quarter of a mile back, the remaining members of the party seated upon the rocks and signalling to us that they could come no further. We recrossed the mile of broken rocks to the place where we had left the horses and then waited half an hour, as usual, for the tail end members of the party. After each one had taken a good bracer from the guide's whiskey bottle the homeward march

began, with the rain and hail continuing as usual. We alternately rode our horses and led them and in this way, aided by the whiskey, we succeeded in keeping fairly warm. At our former camping place we found a roaring fire awaiting us and hot coffee, made by the packer, who had remained to do that very thing. After a short stay for the purpose of partially drying out, we resumed our homeward journey, which was accomplished without further incident, except the usual kicking of Buckskin and his enforced retreat to the tail end of the line.

It is needless to say that the blue sky began to appear as soon as we neared home, and that for a week thereafter magnificent camping weather prevailed.



POVERTY.

The child-heart aches for love it can not reach;

Rude winter hurts the illshod little feet;
From plain, unfeeling words that seek to teach

The child mind shrinks, not seeing counsel sweet.

And older grown the youth must feel the sting

Of ragged, ill-made gear and awkward gait;

And in his fare, of good shall find nothing.
Stand proud, alone, selfish, disconsolate.

Poverty, this was, Lord, but now we stand
And find full summer in thy gracious love,
While round us lie, rich-heaped, on every hand

Those self-same things of old turned treasure trove.

—F. W. C. '08.



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THIS will bear repeating from a
certain college paper:

"Editing a newspaper is a nice
thing. If we publish jokes, peo-
ple say we are rattle-headed.
If we don't we are fossils,

If we publish original matter, they
say we don't give them enough
selections. If we give them selec-
tions, they say we are too lazy to
write. If we don't go to church,
we are heathens. If we do, we are
hypocrites. If we work over our
desk, we ought to be out after news
items. If we go out, then we are
not attending to business. If we
wear old clothes, they laugh at us.
If we wear good clothes, they say
we have a pull. Now what are we
to do. We are open for advice!"

—o—

THE announcement made not
long ago that Rev. Chas.
Ernest Scott '98, of Albion, has de-
cided to go as missionary to China
has called forth an expression of ap-
preciation from his many friends
in the college and in the city, also
—for he was an Alma boy well
known and highly respected. When-
ever Mr. Scott has had opportunity
of expressing his interest in mis-
sions he has done so. The mas-
terly address which he delivered
from the chapel platform not many
months ago was a fitting tribute to
those ardent Christian workers who
at present, as well as in years past,
have made their life one of service
in foreign fields. The knowledge
that he has now determined to put
his effort into the great work,
though unexpected, does not come
as a great surprise. Such men as
he, whom the zeal for missions so
genuinely inspires, are those who
leave the associations so enjoyable
and profitable at home to carry the

gospel of salvation to their less favored brother who is in need. The thoughts that Mr. Scott has so forcibly expressed on the preceding pages of this issue of the Almanian are worthy of every student's consideration. He has presented some magnificent facts. We are pleased to publish this appeal which he has made to Alma College students before his departure to the Orient.

The college has just reason to be proud of the record her graduates have already made for her upon foreign fields. Fifteen classes have been graduated, with a total number of one hundred and fourteen students. Of these five are now doing missionary work, Mr. Scott making the sixth. Bernice Hunting '91, is in Tripoli, Syria; Richard Sidebotham '96 in Fusan, Korea; Winifred Heston '96 in Kodoli, India; Weston T. Johnson '99 in Tokio, Japan; Laura B. Soule '03 in Albuquerque, N. M.

—o—

THE contest between Zeta Sigma and Phi Phi Alpha for oratorical honors is a thing of the

past. As a word of appreciation let us say that the productions which Messrs. Morse, Sutton, McDonald, and Cobb presented before the college public on January 31 were of a high standard in every respect. The contest was lively, interesting and close. Much credit is due them, for it means work—hard work—to prepare such orations. They did honor to their respective societies. But for this, enough. Our attention is again upon the future. The man who represents us in the state contest on March 2 is at work. He is not working for his society; he is not working for himself; he is working for Alma. Can he win the state honors for his college? We will not predict. He can at least come nearer the coveted prize with the assurance that Alma College is with him—is as anxious as he is regarding the honors at stake. Let him have this assurance. Let him know that YOU want him to win, and let him know you mean it. It will give him greater inspiration for the work before him.



Alumni.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Dorothy Humphrey, ex-'05, Commercial, has accepted a position with the Saginaw Milling Co.

M. J. Stormzand "04," Princeton

"07" visited Israel Himmelhoch ex "07" in New York city recently.

Wm. E. Brock "02", formerly of Jose, New Mexico, is now across the boundary staking his fortune in a

mining project at Parral.

H. N. Ronald "03", Princeton "06" is supplying a church in Delaware. He spent the holiday season in New York city with Watson B. Robinson "01."

J. L. McBride "04", J. Wirt Dunning "04", D. A. Johnson "05" of McCormick Seminary, had J. N. King "05" as their guest recently in Chicago.

Rev. C. E. Scott "98", pastor of the Albion Presbyterian church, has offered himself as a missionary to China. Mr. Scott has been very active in missionary interests both in Alma and Albion colleges and has delivered many addresses in various churches on the great theme of the world's evangelization.

T. G. Timby "03" of the Alma Mining force at Hibbing, Minnesota, was a welcome visitor at the college in January. He is assistant chemist of the Stevenson Iron Mining Company. Upon his return to Hibbing, R. S. Brown 'ex-01', chemist of the company, will visit relatives and friends in Ithaca and Alma.

Alma College is now splendidly represented in the two great American cities, New York and Chicago. In New York there are Watson B. Robinson "01", Misses Rose and Sadie Messinger, Walter R. Ardis, "ex-05" and Israel Himmelhoch "ex-07"; in Chicago, Rev. Maurice Grigsby "98", Ambrose Wright "95", E. M. Eckard "98", William

R. Sweet ex. academy, A. Hart ex-academy, D. H. Johnson "05" J. L. McBride "04", J. Wirt Dunning "04".

—0—

ANNUAL BANQUET,

On the 12th of February at 6:30 p. m. all Alumni, former students and faculty of Alma College in the Northwest were invited to attend the banquet of the Alma College Association of the Northwest at the Victoria hotel, Chicago, Illinois.

About the tables, which were arranged in the form of a hollow square, open at one side, was gathered a joyous company with a common interest in, and love for their Alma Mater; and many were the deeds of bygone days which lived once more as memory brought them again to view.

The toastmaster, Ira M. Hatch of Chicago, most brilliantly introduced each speaker, and the toasts not only called back past scenes, gay or sober, but told us somewhat of the present life of the speakers and offered, as was most fitting, a tribute to the memory of our beloved Professor, J. W. Ewing.

The speakers of the evening were Mrs. Mary Cook Streng, '92, George F. McEwen, Mrs. Mary Swarthout Ballentine, James S. Wight and President A. F. Bruske.

Many letters and telegrams of greeting were read from those who were too far away to reach us, but whose thoughts were with us at this time.

The old Alma spirit was manifest and "roasts" and rumors were freely indulged in.

The officers of the Association were re-elected and it now enters on its second year with an increased membership.

Our desire is not only to renew and strengthen old friendships, but to keep in closer touch with Alma college and not allow the coming years to weaken the cord which binds us to her, and in all things to advance the cause of our Alma Mater in the Northwest.

To this end we wish the Almanian the greatest success, as we feel that our ends and aims are largely common ones.

CAROLYN ARNOLD BUTLER.

Among the Colleges.

An Albion graduate recently won a prize of \$250.00 on the following 99-word essay on "Success."

To their list of clubs the collegians of Albion have added a Physical-Chemical Club under direction of Dr. Delos Fall and Prof. Greene.

Albion's Athletic Association have been planning a mid-winter circus to raise an amount sufficient to buy 'varsity sweaters. It does us good to see the patriotism manifested.

Mr. Gildart, in a recent Albion "Pleiad," at risk of criticism, scored the biographical oration most severely. He maintained that it does not do justice to one's ability in composition.

Albion's orator for the coming state contest at Alma is Emerson O. Gildart, who last year came very near to the coveted prize, but lost to Olivet's representative, Mr. Tiebout. "The Ingenuity of the American People" is his subject. In the local he captured five "firsts." He received a "sixth" from one judge, and averaged a total of eleven, being closely followed by G. Lynn Sumner who had thirteen points.

"Ideals are as different as view points; but real success is not wealth, nor fame, but helpfulness. Do something worthy your powers. Shoemakers or stakers are as necessary as scientists or statesmen, and any helpful work is honorable. But to be a tinker when you might be

a thinker is to be unsuccessful. He who molds iron when he could shape destinies, or guides a ship when he could direct an empire, fails. Success consists in never being discouraged, but to move forward, to cheer, to help, to be your best and leave the world better for your life."

"The Triumph of Reason" is Mr. Pearson's oration, which Olivet's students hope will win for them honor and for the speaker a gold medal. The oration is a plea for the elimination of war, and the adoption of reasonable arbitration.

Olivet's Glee and Mandolin club made a trip around the state, putting music in the ears of Wolverines and taking notes from their pockets. Among the towns conquered were Grand Rapids, Big Rapids, Traverse City, Petoskey, Grayling, Ovid, Grand Ledge, St. Clair, Romeo and Lansing.

The Hillsdale "Collegian" is complaining that the excuse "worked to death" is getting too common. It is being used in reference to literary contributions, prayer meetings, oratory, society work and even the class room.

M. A. C. gymnasium schedule is as follows:

Basket Ball.

A—Short course students vs. freshmen.

- B—Seniors vs. juniors.
 C—Sophomores vs. sub-freshmen.
 D—Winner of classes A and B.
 E—Winner of classes C and D.

Indoor Basketball.

- A—Sophomores vs. seniors.
 B—Juniors vs. sub-freshmen.
 C—Freshmen vs. sub-freshmen.
 D—Winners of classes A and B.
 E—Winners of classes C and D.

The athletic board voted to sell season tickets at \$1.00 which will guarantee five intercollegiate basketball games and two dual meets beside the inter-class games.

Indoor baseball seems to be the popular sport, each class having 30 or 40 men trying out.

M. A. C. football men were awarded sweaters about Jan. 20.

Bert Hoare of Fremont has been elected captain of next year's Ypsilanti football team. He plays right guard.

We were sorry to learn that Chicago university demonstrated her ability to debate as well as play football, defeating the U. of M. debaters 2-1 on the railroad rate question.

The Hope "Echo" came out in beautiful style for January with fancy cover and several cartoons. It was "Girls' Number" and did justice to co-eds.

Hope college is to have a new dormitory for girls. The building will cost \$35,000, the gift of Ralph Vorhees.

"The Hope College boy is the soul of chivalry. He accidentally bumps into a co-ed and stands back in abject apology; meanwhile, the young lady is picking her belongings from the floor and tripping merrily away, leaving him still painfully blushing."—A Girl.



Again It Would Seem So.

SHOCKING EXPOSURE. ALMA SENIORS UNDER LIME LIGHT.

(Written by a first year prep who seeks to reform the Seniors and become popular.)

"GAUNT is a sort of a lazy fellow. He don't work because he is a Senior, I suppose. He's a thief, too; I would not steal kisses; nor chickens—I might get caught.

"POTTER is the only decent fellow in college. If he knows anything, he is wise enough to keep it to himself. If he told it, why the whole college would know it before night. It beats the Dutch how things leak out here at Alma.

"CRANDELL is the worst plugger I ever saw. Say, do you know she's got more "A"s than all the athletes in college put together. If I knew what she didn't have time

to write in exams, I'd be a wonder.

"SOULE thinks he's a sort of a literary shark, but the only place he'd shine would be on some yellow journal. If he knew a joke when he heard it, we might find something to laugh at in the Almanian joke column.

"HUNT is one of those "Johnnie-wise" people, who always wants to know everything that everybody else knows, and for fear she will forget it, she always repeats it thirteen times (to herself, of course). She's rather sweet, though, now that her hair looks pretty again. I wish I had pretty hair.

"COOPER is a swell-head. They say his lungs are bum too. I believe it is true that when a fellow's head gets gone, it effects all the organs respectively. He certainly knows how to work the faculty. I wish to write a class play. I wonder if he ever eats snakes or bugs. They say his pillows are stuffed with the fuzz from butterfly wings.

"KEFGEN is a dear, sweet, modest, affectionate, tender-hearted maiden. Rather coy, too. I believe I like her. Just my style. They say she is wise enough not to stiddy. They say the profs are fond of her. They ask her lots of questions in class just to see her blush.

"BE BRAVE AND GOOD."

"Be brave and good:" no maxim old
Hides half the store of shining gold,
Is half so filled with happy song
To nerve us as we toil along,
As this great precept newly told.

So never frown and never scold;
Ever be pure and ever bold;"

POOR RICHARD'S PHILOSOPHY.

A professor with a beard saves money. Consequently the tobacco merchant sells less plug

The income of the oratorical contest means more to the winner than the outcome.

Chloroform is better to "tip" a chicken from the roost than a sulphur match. It makes no light. Some things you should not make light of.

The freshman is wiser who knows he is smart and thinks it, than he who thinks he is smart—and lets everybody know it.

If man cannot make football manly, football should not be blamed for not making man manly.

If a fellow does not get much sleep on "society" night it is not always the young lady's fault.

A man who would join a frat has no brains—just common sense.

The man that believes the saying, "You can not serve two masters," is not known in college as a stiddy.

The person who is caught in the act of stacking a room need not aim to be an insurance magnate.

Narrow minded preps often cause havoc over small matters.

And rid your mind of thoughts of wrong!
"Be brave and good."

Throughout the winter's utmost cold,
And when the springtime leaves unfold;
Blue or blithesome, feeble or strong,
Forever love this happy song,
'Twill turn all hearts to hearts of gold.
"Be brave and good."

F. W. C. '08.

About the Campus!

CLASS PLAY

The seniors staged their class play in the chapel February 3rd. A large audience was present to enjoy the burlesque drama and the ridiculous orchestra. The play was the work of William Cooper who won great [?] honors for himself and his class in this annual stunt. The class spent considerable time and effort in preparing the play and arranging scenery and costumes. The Indian parts were carried out in a semi-real manner, and just enough of college hits and colloquial expressions were mixed in to keep the audience in a state of uproar from beginning to end.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Chief Ugly Face.....William S. Cooper
Tionesta.....Elizabeth A. Hunt

His Squaw

Hawkeye.....Fred J. Soule
Their Son, a Young Brave Twenty-one yrs. old.
Shawano.....Harold G. Gaunt

A Brave of Ugly Face's Tribe

Kechimqua.....Beryl Kefgen
Watanna.....Lillian Crandell

Their Daughter. Seventeen Years Old

Tashmoo.....Howard A. Potter

An Ancient Warrior

Shawagunk.....Erle Casterline

Medicine Man

Assisted by Ralph McCollum, Paul Allured and Herman Morse as braves of Ugly Face's tribe.

ORATORICAL CONTEST,

The oratorical contest was lively, spirited and close. It was held on the evening of January 31, attended by not a large crowd but such a one as gave inspiration to the speakers.

Herman Morse spoke upon Christian Citizenship. His delivery was characterized by ease and considerable force. He appealed for the overthrow of corrupt government.

Blake McDonald gave an excellent

history of the Y. M. C. A. and commanded the best of attention on a subject which is not always easy to make college students listen to.

Francis Cobb's oration on "Industrial Peace" was an excellent composition, appealing in a fair way for arbitrary settlement of industrial disputes. His delivery was forceful but somewhat unnatural.

George Sutton's oration on John Hay won three seconds in composition, and three firsts in delivery. The career of the great secretary was presented in an interesting and dramatic manner. Mr. Sutton's delivery is easy, graceful, spirited and earnest. The vigor which was manifested throughout is to be commended.

We are certain that our winning orator can and will represent Alma in a credible manner at the state contest in Alma March 2. He is hard at work.

At the close of the local contest he was awarded a medal. The Alumni association presents him with a \$25 prize at commencement time.

State Oratorical contest March 2.

S. Allured says it does not pay to steal pictures.

The gymnasium is supplied with a new \$80 wrestling mat.

Rev. Chas. E. Scott gave an address in Alma Jan. 31.

The library alcoves have been moved recently and more added.

Miss Mary L. Allen entertained the Senior girls on the evening of Feb. 3.

Dr. Clizbe and Prof. Randell preached at the Baptist church Jan. 27.

Mrs. D. M. Cooper of Detroit heard "Billy" do his injun stunt in the Senior play.

About twenty of the Wright Hall girls had a spread at the Woodbine Farm, Jan. 26.

William Winton '04 was a visitor at the college recently. He is still actively engaged in writing insurance.

Prof. Roth of the University of Michigan addressed the students interested in Forestry, in the biological rooms, Jan. 30.

Life seems brighter now that exams are over. Even the professors seem relieved.

Among old students who have visited at the college recently were Clare Cratzenburg, William Winton and Edna Allen of Ithaca.

The historic college skeleton was found one morning not long ago, hanging from a telephone wire in front of Wright Hall.

Guests at the college recently: Mary DeLong of Merrill, David Johnson of Chicago, Norman King of Flushing, Leta Gilbert of Bay City.

Emma Butler, ex '08, who was in Alma the last week of January has returned to her home in Caro. She is not attending school this year.

Several at the college received invitations to the banquet of the Alumni Association of the Northwest, held

in Chicago at the Victoria Hotel, Feb. 12. This is becoming a great event among Alumni.

Prof. James Mitchell entertained the gentleman of the Senior and Junior classes on the evening of Feb. 3rd. in his apartments at Pioneer Hall. Mrs. Cooper of Detroit was also present. A delightful time and a good spread was reported.

The last week of January was fittingly observed as the week of prayer for colleges. Each afternoon at 3:15 the students met for a prayer and praise service in the chapel. The churches of the city united in a union service at the Baptist church on Thursday evening.

The Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. enjoyed an address delivered by Mr. Rogers, President of the Y. M. C. A. at the U. of M. He spoke in interest of the coming international convention of the Student Volunteer Movement to be held in Nashville, Tenn., the first of March each year.

The class exhibitions of the mid-year were first-class in every respect, both programmes being enjoyed by large audiences. January 20 was the Sophomores' day, the following Friday, the 29th, was the Juniors' day. Those who represented their classes are to be commended.

The Phi Phi Alpha society held its annual banquet at the Alma Springs Sanitarium, celebrating Lincoln's birthday. Thirty-six of the members and their lady friends enjoyed the occasion. Norman King '05 was toastmaster. Toasts were responded

to by Elizabeth Hunt '06, David Johnson '05, Leroy Marshall '09, Frank Angell '10, Preston Bradley '10.

Rev. Fred Lewis of the First Presbyterian church of Saginaw addressed the students January 25. He spoke upon the "Dignity of Man," appealing to the students to honor their bodies and souls which are so richly endowed with power. His discourse was most inspiring. In company with Mrs. Lewis he spent the day at the college, visiting recitations.

SENIOR.

Preparations for Commencement orations are under way. Remarkable things can be expected.

For Sale—A Gown. Gaunt. If paid for now, to be delivered June 22, a big discount will be made.

We wish to assert that the scandal published about us on another page of this magazine is base and uncalled for. It is meant to soil our unsullied reputations.

We are glad that the play is over with; not that we worried about the trouble or work, oh, no; but we feared that William Cooper would become insane if he had such a strain on his mind too long.

JUNIOR.

Charlie Moore has returned to college to join the ranks of Juniors.

The Juniors came through examinations with flying colors and splendid marks (?)

Mahala Reynolds has left college to pursue her studies at Oberlin College. She has been a member of the class of 1907 for three years. We are sorry to lose her.

Dr. Bruske says he was sorry to part with his brilliant logic class, but the remembrance of our brightness will surely console him. Nothing can console us—no, not a thing.

We think the Junior Ex. was one of the most remarkable events in the history of the in-

stitution. The class was represented by Susie Hawes, Paul Allured, Minnie Kinnard, Mayme Hayes, Erle Casterlin and Olive Smith. The Sophomores, after the evening's program, gave a very elaborate spread in our honor which we appreciated greatly. There were lots of good things to eat, and lots of fun, and lots of congratulations, all of which appealed to us, of course.

SOPHOMORE.

The class in Sophomore Rhetoricals gave their annual exhibition in the chapel on Saturday evening, Jan. 20. The class was represented by Miss Helen Cook, Miss Lauderbach, Miss Pollard, Harry Helmer, George Horst and Lester Sharp. After they had spouted their eloquence, they were escorted by the Freshmen to Wright Hall where they were treated to a spread such as only Freshmen can "concoct." A very enjoyable evening was spent and we wish to extend to the class of '09 our hearty congratulations.

ZETA SIGMA.

The annual stag banquet will be held at the Alma Springs Sanitarium February 22.

On the evening of February 26 the Alpha Theta ladies will present their program for that date in Zeta Sigma room. The gentlemen will have the honor of entertaining them after the rendering of the program.

The honorary members have been invited and many have signified their intention of attending the big feast of the year for Zeta Sigma. This is the occasion of the year when all members plan for a pleasant reunion.

ALPHA THETA.

Officers for the society were elected January 28th and are as follows:

The plan of work for this semester follows that of the fall—the study of art, including American art.

President, Lillian Crandell; Vice President, Lillian Hunt; Secretary, Mayme Hayes; Corresponding Secretary, Ruth Pierson; Treas-

urer, Minnie Kinnaird; Almanian Reporter, Helen Strange; Janitor, Rhoda Braddock; Guide, Nita Coverell; Guard, Alice Coats; 1st Critic, Beryl Kefgen; 2nd Critic, Edith Cook.

—0—
PHI PHI ALPHA.

Our President now sits behind a beautiful new oak table.

The society has welcomed its tenth new member this semester.

Our new members are hard at work for the society. It is work, after all, that counts, and is most appreciated by a society.

The newly elected officers are as follows: P. Allured, President; F. Angel, Vice President; N. Williams, Secretary; J. Johnson, Treasurer; H. N. Morse, 1st Critic; F. W. Cobb, 2nd Critic; R. Moon, Bibliographer; L. Anderson, Marshal; P. R. Bradley, Janitor.



Jokes and Exchanges.

THE ALL-ROUND ALMA MAN.

Supports college enterprises.
Takes plenty of time for physical exercises.
Is friendly and thoughtful of the rights of others.
Takes the Almanian.
Does not get discouraged in the face of difficulties.
Does not gossip about other students.
Uses Sunday for rest, not study.
Does not neglect the religious side of his life.
Is careful of the choice of friends.

EXCHANGES.

Mother—"John, how does it happen that your grades for the month of January are lower than those for December?"

John—"O, mother, you know everything is marked down after holidays."—Ex.

Prof. Bell (in European history): "Mr. D-dds, what is the origin of the term 'simony'?"

Mr. D-dds:—"It refers to Simon, who betrayed Christ for money."

Prof. Bell wisely recommended a course in Bible.—Olivet Echo.

A jolly young chemistry tough
While mixing some chemistry stuff
Dropped a match in a vial
And after awhile
They found a front tooth and a cuff.
—Ex.

They kiss and never tell,
No mater what befalls.
No, they are not beau and belle,
But just two billiard balls.
—Phil. Press.

A teacher in the slums gave the following story to her pupils to rewrite their own words:—

This is a cow.
Is she not nice?
The cow can run.
Can the cow run as fast as the horse?
—No.

Rewritten by a small boy:—

Get onto the cow.
Ain't she a beaut?
She can hit the pike.
Can she hump it, with the horse?
Nit.—Albion College Pleiad.

Latin Teacher—"Now what did you say the Latin form of the verb 'read' is?"

Pupil in strained voice to the one pinching him under the table, "Le' go."

Teacher—"Quite right, 'Lego.' Very good."

Senior—"I will explain my tardiness."

Prof.—"Wait until I turn off the steam."

Senior—"Why?"

Prof.—"It would be extravagant to have hot air and steam at the same time."—Ex.

Mrs. Newbryde—"I got some hams here last month that my husband liked very much. Have you any more of the same kind?"

The Grocer—"Yes'm. Got about a dozen left from the same pig."

Mrs. Newbryde—"Oh, that's nice; give me six of them."

New Year's Prayer for the Solitary.

O Lord, give us clean hearts,
O Lord, give us pure hearts,
O Lord, give us sweethearts.
(Chorus of spinsters Ah-Men.—Selected.)

DO YOU KNOW THAT—

The very rich do not make a display of their wealth. They need it to lend out at six per cent.

Education reduces the commercial value of humbug.

The fellow who stops to explain everything to everybody will never reach the end of his journey.

Some people are so unnecessary to us that we would do well to dispense entirely with them.

It costs a lot of money to know many people who are not worth knowing.

The mule—he has a lovely smile
And so has man.
He eats all kinds of breakfast food
And so does man.
Like man he balks at gaudy dress
And all outlandish foolishness
The mule's accused of mulishness,
And so is man.

A Freshman's head is full of air,
Of air so hot and breezy;
A Sophie's is full of naught,
Of naught but "take life easy."
A Junior's is full of love,
The love you get at college;
A Senior's head is full of brains (?)
A few small grains of knowledge.
—Ex.

"What is the difference?" she shyly asked "between you and a bear?"

"No difference in the world," he exclaimed, moving over on the sofa and proceeding to demonstrate his muscle.

The joke about this is that ten years later there was no difference between him and a bear, but the similarity was not shown in the same fond way.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.



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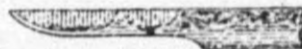
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See that it has a Spoon-feed like
this



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prevent the terminating
overflow common to all
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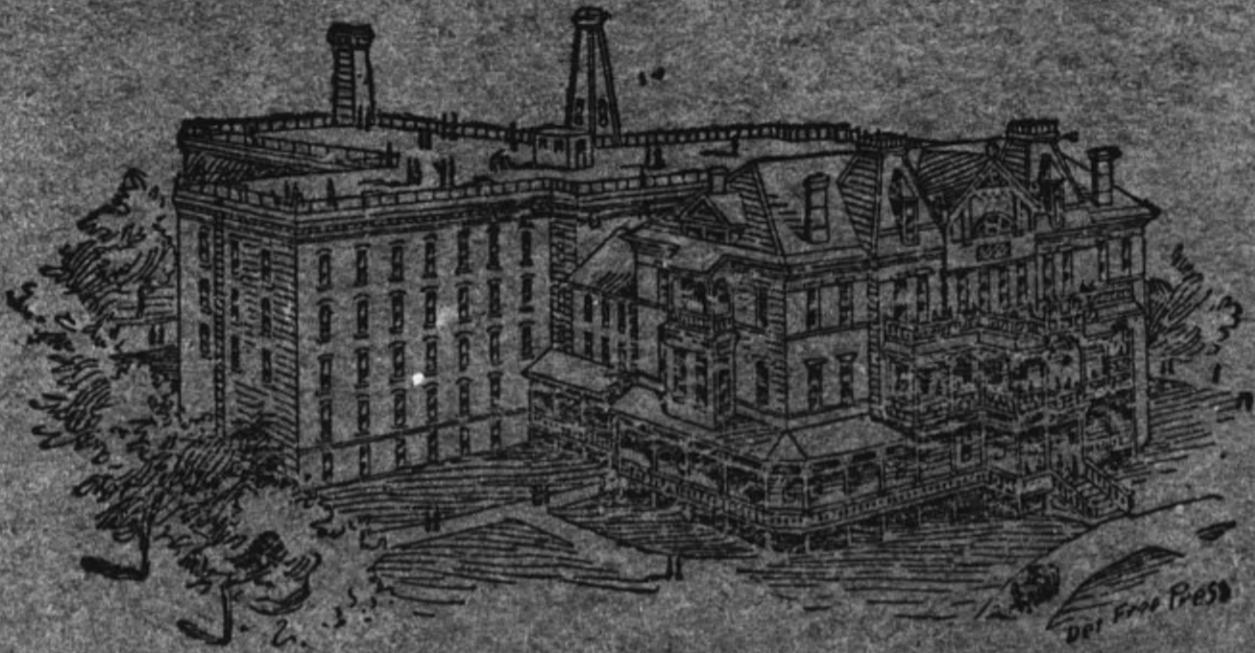
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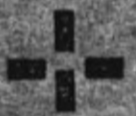
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