

THE  
ALMANIAN

ALMA COLLEGE

1906

Commencement Number

# **Wright House** **Alma, Mich.**

The Only Strictly First-Class House in Central Michigan

RATES \$2.00 TO \$2.50.

**CAPLE-SOULE**  
**HARDWARE CO.**

— Headquarters for —

Good Fellowship  
Good Will  
and  
Good Hardware.

**CAPLE-SOULE HARDWARE CO.,**  
**ALMA, MICHIGAN.**

The Cuts

— FOR THIS —

**ALMANIAN**

WERE MADE BY THE

**Electric City**  
**Engraving Co.**

**BUFFALO, N. Y.**

**DAVIS BROTHERS**

**Tonsorial Parlor and Bath Rooms.**

Hair Trimming and Face Massage a Specialty.  
First-Class Work Guaranteed. Students'  
Trade Solicited.

Opposite Central Drug Store.

**Davis Brothers.**

# CONVIS & CONVIS.

ARE HEADQUARTERS FOR

## FURNITURE AND UNDERTAKING.

ALL KINDS OF PICTURE FRAMING DONE QUICKLY.

ALMA,

MICHIGAN.

# PHOTOS

I AM STILL IN TOWN

VIEW WORK a Specialty

Duplicates from Old Negatives.

## A. E. Boardman

*Over Forquer's Bicycle Store*

Alma, Michigan

The Leading Store for

## FANCY GROCERIES

Iner Seal Crackers and Wafers, King's Saratoga Chips, Royal Peanut Butter, Boneless Chicken, Lobsters, Shrimps, Olives in bulk or bottles, Tobasco Sauce, Catsup, Maraschino Cherries, Salad Dressing, Veal Loaf and Sweet, Sour and Dill Pickles.

**B. W. ELLISON,**

Both Phones No 17. Corner State and Superior streets

## Fresh Fruits and Groceries

at all times at

**MEDLER & SILSBEE'S**

Both Phones No. 195

Superior street

Alma, Michigan

Take Straw Hat Cleaner Home with  
You for Summer Use. Stanard's Central  
Drug Store the only place you can buy it.

# G. B. Porter,

## Jeweler and Optician

FINE ENGRAVING  
A SPECIALTY

ALMA, - MICH.

## The Right Man for the Right Place

Easy enough for a capable College, University or Technical School graduate to find work. Not so easy for him to find the right work—the work that he is best fitted to do and that will lead to sure advancement.

**THAT IS WHERE OUR SERVICE HELPS.**

We make a specialty of fitting college and technical school men into the right places. Write us today and let us tell you about the positions we have to offer men who will be ready for work in July or September. With offices in twelve cities, and over 15,000 employers calling on us for men, we can place men in any section or line of work desired.

## Hapgoods.

The National Organization Brain of Brokers.  
Hartford Bldg., Chicago. Offices in other cities.

# For the Summer Trade

We are showing immense lines of Persian Lawns, Dotted Swiss Muslins, White French Mulls, French Batiste, India Linens, French Nainsooks, Etc., Etc.

*These Fabrics are just the thing for Graduating Gowns.  
Samples and Prices sent to any address on Application.*

A complete stock of Wash Fabrics, in Cambrics, Madras, Zephyr Gingham, Toile du Nord, Staple Gingham, Etc., at popular prices.

*Our annual June Sale covers all goods carried in this department*


## THE TAYLOR WOOLFENDEN CO.,

Woodward Ave. and State Street

**Detroit, Michigan**

# McCullough

## Gent's Furnishings, Clothing, Hats & Caps

 Cleaning and Pressing given careful attention.

**Crawford Shoes a Specialty.**

# A. B. SCATTERGOOD

Solicits the Col-  
lege Trade for



Stationery  
Class Pins and  
Souvenir Spoons

Watches Repaired  
and Work Guaranteed

CHARLES EDWIN HORN

GRACE CHANDLER HORN

# Artistic Photographers

Bell 'phone 132

Bell 'phone 132

Ladies' Hair  
Dressed Free  
of Charge.



Draped Figures and  
Children's Photographs  
are Our Specialty

We photograph anything or anybody at any  
time or anywhere, AND we make special  
rates to College Students at

Horn's Ground Floor Studio,  
FIRST DOOR NORTH OF WRIGHT HOUSE, Alma, Michigan

## The Princeton Theological Seminary,

PRINCETON, N. J.,

FRANCIS L. PATTON, D. D., LL. D. President,

Ninety-fourth Annual Commencement May 8, '06.  
The Ninety-fifth session opens September 20, 1906.  
College Students of all Denominations Welcome. Ad-  
dress all correspondence to

REV. PAUL MARTIN, Registrar and Secretary,

Princeton, - - - New Jersey.

# With Omar in the Jungle.

F. W. C., '08.

I.

Awake! The Dean is wrapped in slumbers deep,  
Meanwhile the stars betake them to their sleep,  
And sunlight gilds the windows of the Dorm,  
Come forth, fair maid, and thine appointment keep.

II.

Impatient on the back porch of the Gym,  
The lover sits and bites a juicy limb  
Of Tulip-wood and wonders whether she  
Will come or has she been a-fooling him.

III.

But no, a white robe through the Dorm door slips,  
And swift across the way to him she skips,  
Bewilders with the sunshine in her eyes,  
And charms him with her rosy, smiling lips.

IV.

"And have you brought the Poems?"  
asks the maid.

"Oh, sure, you have; you know I'm rather 'fraid,'  
You don't appreciate Omar Khayyam."  
Sweet look, "I know you will, though with my aid."

V.

Ah! Joy be to them for the day is young,  
With stealthy tread and glances backward flung,  
They haste away, nor hear the Lark's refrain,  
That leaves their gladness half unsung.

VI.

With Omar in the Jungle! Happy two,  
Who turn the poet's pages as they woo,  
He reads. "'For the sun that in sudden flight,'  
Sudden! By jove, I've been an hour with you."

VII.

"A book of verses underneath a bough,"  
He reads again in musing tone, "And thou,  
And thou beside me in the wilderness,"  
He bends and prints a kiss upon her brow.



# A Common Song.

F. W. C., '08.

Your image in my mem'ry often glows,  
The snowy brow, the cheeks of rarest  
rose,  
That smile so dearly, maddeningly  
quaint,  
Though Time has proved you false.

Dear heart, the agony that makes men  
faint,  
The love unspent, the roughly cruel re-  
straint—  
Through all I ne'er regret those old, old  
days,  
Though Time has proved you false.

What though you are another's, all the  
ways  
I walk are royal roads; and so I raise  
My thoughts to greet the old ideal You,  
Though Time has proved you false.

Will accords that I should ever rue  
Because I once have loved and still am  
true,  
The dear, dead Past points on to better  
things,  
Though Time has proved you false.

And so I work and wait like one who  
sings  
With face expectant till some Future  
brings  
Its joy; or like a mariner adrift,  
(Though Time has proved you false:)

Upon still seas, but holding fast his gift  
Of Hope until the good Gulf Stream  
shall lift  
His ship to where a brisker trade wind  
blows,  
Though Time has proved you false.



## The Undertow.

Hazel I. Fraser, '09.

IT was hard to be alone in a strange country, but harder yet when one remembered that the fatherland was no longer a fatherland, to be loved and thought of with longing; but a place full of keen persecutors and bitter enemies, and worst of all that the old home with the grand old trees about it was indeed no more. Poor little Orsinoff! His big brown eyes filled with slowly gathering tears that dropped one by one on the violin clasped so closely to his breast.

Here in America he had hoped to find release from all the bitter recollections. He had laid aside the religion of his forefathers, the old Jewish patriarchs and embraced this new Christ-religion. They had painted it to him in such vivid colors, the Christ who had died for him, who had said that all should be comforted. And now, the realization, was it coming out as he had hoped? Were his dreams coming true, here at this school where he struggled so hard to make his way,

forcing his unruly tongue around the difficult language and trying to live up to that wonderful Christ-religion?

But ah, when thoughts grew too hard and bitter the old violin was better even than—no, no, he would not say that but the old violin seemed always to understand.

And now as he sat in his little room with its tiny strip of carpet and bare walls, the tears fell, forgotten, while the violin sang to him its message of comfort. Sadly, piercingly, the plaintive strains rose and fell. The wind was shuddering through the pine trees around a desolated home, a bitter, cruel wind that brought destruction.

But, gradually, subtly, the wind's wild moan changed to a mother's lullaby, crooning, crooning, now soft, now low, and presently little Orsinoff laid away the old violin in its shabby case and humming softly to himself ran down stairs and out into the glad sunshine.

He did well in classes that day for the spirit of the violin seemed

guarding and protecting him, nerving him to clear and better thinking. The boys, too, showed more than ever before a feeling of good fellowship and the sunshine without was more than equalled by the light of happiness that was kindled in the breast of little Orsinoff. But there was something beside good lessons and boys' friendship. Suddenly, as he looked up from his book, his eyes were met and held by those of a girl opposite. Her eyes were brown also and not unlike his own, and as he looked a strange thrill ran through him, such as he had never felt before.

After classes were over he went home, his brain whirling in a riot of thought. It was true then that in this wonderful country great things could be achieved. It seemed clearer today than ever before. But the girl—those eyes looking so thoughtfully into his—what did it mean? Was this to prove another link in the chain of his existence?

Again he had source to the old violin, but not for comfort this time. Rippling and rejoicing came the melody like a flood of bird-song in Spring; like a little brook gurgling over the pebbles as it wound its way through the green meadows. For days Orsinoff walked with his head in the clouds seeing nought but silver linings. And then came awakening and realization.

The girl with the brown eyes accosted him. She seemed almost to understand, like the violin when, in broken words, with lips that quivered in spite of itself he told her the

whole of a bitter history. Never before had the tale been told in its complete misery. She led him on to speak of his ambitions, humble perhaps, but worthy ones.

She too, was ambitious, planning her own way. To this end she was soliciting for an agency, and while she looked at him with those bewildering eyes she asked him to aid her by signing. And when little Orsinoff left her he was pledged for the required amount.

Not till the next day did he come down from his cloudland and realize that his word had been given for a thing to him, well-nigh impossible. By working all his time out of classes, by putting his violin friend to a commercial use he earned barely enough to keep himself from starving, and yet go on with his work. The pledged sum though paltry was the drop too much.

Where could he turn, what should he do? His word was as his honor, inviolate. It seemed now as though fate had turned against him. Try as he would he could not make up the required sum and with his mind harassed by futile reckonings, his head burning with hot fever, his class work grew poorer and poorer.

The teachers protested, the girls laughed at his dirty collar though he knew this not; the girl with the brown eyes looked elsewhere and in a passion of bitter protest little Orsinoff rushed home.

Out from the case he took the old violin and with trembling fingers lifted the bow. But what was the matter? Had this friend proved





Crandell

Soule

Cooper

Potter

Kefgen

Gaunt

Hunt

faithless? No song would come either sad or gay, there was no outlet for the sad despair. With a depth of grief none could know he clasped in his arms this friend that had always been true and wandered forth into the green fields.

But listen! the river was singing the very song that the violin had failed to utter. Here was what little Orsinoff wanted. What did those waters say? Peace, rest, here is relief, come, come. Down in the water was an image world, tall trees,

fleecy clouds, plummy grasses and clear, green coolness.

There was calmness too. Down there the trees did not rustle, the grasses whisper or the birds sing. The clouds seemed to form a downy couch, and above and around, through it all, ran that under murmur of song.

It was calling, calling, gently but insistently and little Orsinoff in obedience to the summons, stepped quietly down into the image world.



## Missionaries, Makers of Empire.

J. M. Barclay.

**O**NE of the most interesting and practical, not to say profitable, results of the manufacturing activities of our times, is the bye product. Waste is being transformed into wealth.

Spiritual enterprises, no less than material, have their bye products, their side results. The "divine enterprise of missions" is a good illustration of this fact. Missions, it ought to be understood, have a distinct and definite aim. They are not intended to do a blunderbuss execution, but to draw a bead on one single thing and execute that. What is the objective of Missions? It is, to quote the words of Robt. E. Speer "to make Jesus Christ known to the world with a view to the salvation of men for that Eternity which embraces alike the time that is to come and the time that now is". It is to

be hoped that the Church of Christ will ever keep this objective distinctly and definitely in sight. It is to be hoped that this sublime purpose will fill the vision, inspire the heart and nerve the hand of every individual Missionary toiler at home and abroad. We have no authority either in Christ's commands, or in the deeds of the first followers of Jesus or in the example of the Fathers of Missions in modern times, for making Missions anything else than is implied in such an aim. And the most level headed advocates of Missions, today, insist that we hold true to this aim in all our Mission enterprises. We shall feed the hungry. We shall heal the sick. We shall instruct the ignorant. But we shall do these things and all other things with a distinct aim "to make Jesus Christ known to the world with a

view to the salvation of men for eternity.

But we cannot limit the result to salvation solely. We would not, if we could. We want to plant the seed of saving truth in the soul. We want it to spring to the production of its legitimate fruits. And when it does, we shall find, not only saved souls but many bye products that loom large and make much for the ordinary welfare of men. For as Robt. E. Spencer says "There is no force in the world so powerful to accomplish accessory results as the work of Missions".

Among the "accessory results" or "bye products" of Missions, none are more noteworthy than those that touch human governments. A christian faith that is living and practical in the hearts of a people will reform governments. "It is impossible (again to quote Mr. Speer) than any human tyranny should live where Jesus Christ is King". Human history testifies that this is true. Reformation of religion in the 16th century had its inevitable issue in the reform of government. King Charles did not like Presbyterianism in the Church because, to his acute sense, it spelled Republicanism in the State. The ministers who, as Missionaries, planted the Protestant religion in the western world, as truly shaped our governmental forms as did any other class of men. Bancroft is even more explicit and emphatic in his statements. It is an indisputable fact that the Missionary, at home and abroad, is a maker of empire. He

is the architect of governmental institutions. And this he is without aiming to be such. Without the weary round of the statesman's expedients or the politician's artifices, he, more truly than either, is building the state, because he is dealing more deeply than either with those hidden forces that eventuate in action.

"What constitutes a state?  
 Not high raised battlement or labored mound,  
 Thick wall, or moated gate;  
 Not bays and broad armed ports,  
 Where, laughing at the storm,  
 Not starred and spangled courts;  
 rich navies ride;  
 Where low browed baseness wafts  
 perfume to pride.  
 No:—men, high minded men,  
 With powers as far above dull  
 brutes endured  
 In forest, brake or den,  
 As beasts excel cold rocks and  
 brambles rude:  
 Men who their duties know,  
 But know their rights, and know-  
 ing dare maintain,  
 Prevent the long-aimed blow,  
 And crush the tyrant while they  
 rend the chain:  
 "These constitute a state."

And the missionary, moving as a pioneer into the virgin settlements of our own country, or into the moral wastes of some far-away heathen land, begins at once, forming the very foundations of states by molding the moral manhood of the community. He deals essentially with the factors and forces that produce new lives and create new social conditions. He turns a search-light of truth in upon men that startles conscience into awakening activity; that so relates man to God as to

make him feel at once his responsibilities and his rights; that so relates him to his fellow men as to make him sensible of his brotherhood and his community of interest; that so kindles his intelligence, trains his reason and widens his vision that the world is a new world to him. It is only because he sees it with the vision of a new manhood. He is a new creature and all things are become new to him. He can never again be subject to the old passions and masters. Create a community of such men, as the Missionary does, and you have the beginnings of an imperial state. And these beginnings, fed on food convenient for them, grow and increase into the related benefits and blessings of enlightened nationality. Is this reality or only pretty theory? Let history answer. At the close of our Civil War, the vast territory between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains was largely waste. Now it is the home of a mighty republic, strong in all the virile and vital forces of a Christian civilization. It is so because the hardy Home Missionary has ridden abreast of the tide of human life that flowed westward over the vast solitudes of plain and mountain. And yonder is Japan, risen to a new force of empire that has just checked the advance of one of the strongest nations of the west. It were just as idle to say that Christian Missions did it all as to say they did it not at all. The Bushido cult may be given full credit for its influence on Japanese

life and manners and prowess. But the Bushido cult never went so far afield before. It never before filled the eyes of the world with its achievements as it did during the Five Hundred Days' War.

The simple truth is that the genius of a civilization whose fingers are taught of God to fight where it must fight, was behind the guns and the manhood of Japan in the Russian war. The genius of this same civilization is in the councils as well as in the camps of Japan. It is in her schools as well as in her ships. And that civilization is one that has been generated and moulded by the preaching of the word. It went to Japan in the keeping of the missionary.

Look at ourselves. What transformed the rugged power of our heathen Anglo-Saxon ancestry into the most beneficent force for government and law and order and peace today in the world? It was the Missionary.

A young friend of mine once said to me, "I have a passion for being at the beginning of things that will tell on the welfare of the world." That is a noble ambition. And if any young man or woman who may read these lines is filled with that ambition, there is no place where life will tell for more in this world, than in the mission fields of the world in the next fifty years.

Does it seem obscure? Does it seem like burying one's self? Michael Angelo, for quiet, wrought as an architect beneath crowded

Roman streets. But St. Peters tells what he did down there.

He who toils in the stirring scenes of Missionary activity today, shall surely have, not alone the

Master's "Well Done," but the grateful appreciation of generations yet unborn who shall live beneath the benign influence of institutions which he helped to rear.



## Sir Wanderbold.

F. W. Cobb, '08.

IN a distant land ages ago it came to pass that two men had been making a journey one day. The little one was a minstrel and the other was dressed in a priest's frock and cowl. Filled with love for the truth the preacher had left City Beautiful where he dwelt and gone forth for the cause as men do. With him walked the musician, who with his famous harp made music at the towns and hamlets where his companion spoke and also as they went along the way. He was not wholly a companion of the cross for, though pure-minded and ardent, his thoughts were full of deep fancies and he hoped much from an old prophecy fore-telling that he should meet strange fortunes beyond the faraway hills.

The two had been passing on their westward way through a pleasant plain dotted with homes. The roads were good and lined with trees, making a pleasant shade from the sun, and as the travelers strolled on they whiled away the time with speech concerning the thrilling adventures which had befallen them. "Father Truespoken," burst forth the minstrel, swinging his harp to

an easier rest on the green cloak which fell from his shoulders, "dost recall the day in Nofaith when the demons fled, and too, the adventure in the merchant's house? I can almost see his bitter smile, as we told of our mission."

"Even so, friend," in deep tones came the answer, for the priest was a heavy stalwart man and both spoke and moved ponderously. "But was it well thou should'st come all all this way, leaving City Beautiful where thy magic harp gave thee almost a king's power, merely to see if a prophecy should peradventure be realized?" "To prove a prophecy, only? I go to serve thee and win souls with thee. I may search my great adventure afterward. Grant it be long away if it part us. But my harp gives luck. Think of the mob I stilled at Castle Doubtful," smiled back Wanderbold. His face was a plain one, but when he laughed it was like sunshine.

"Yes, let us go on together to the end, for it is my glory to follow the cross," said the good priest. "But see, far off, this side the mountains to which we have drawn near all the time, does not the vendure

cease and the plain turn gray?" One could see many miles through the clear, dry, smokeless air, so it was just as Father Truespoken had thought and by hurrying they had come at sunset to the desert's edge. They discovered an evil storm-beaten hut there. It was a battered repulsive looking thing. The spirits of the stout monk sank and he stopped short, but Wanderbold skipped boldly up to the door and struck a few resounding notes on his harp. At the sound a wizened little dwarf showed himself at the opening and laughed with a huge bass voice. Wanderbold sprang away, shivering with disgust, and Father Truespoken going still further back, muttered: "Can it be, can it be? It looketh much like the hut of the prophecy. Can it be, indeed?"

"Well, what d'ye want?" roared the mannikin. "To find the path through the Desert of Desolation, the Hills of Promise, and the Man Sore Beset. There will my friend accomplish his crusade and I meet with fortune," retorted the fearless minstrel.

"Fare ye well, then," howled the malicious dwarf. "The path is to follow your nose, the mountains ye see, and if luck is easy ye may find the Man at their feet. Now may the Devil go with ye." At this, as though under a spell, the two travelers set forth into the dreadful desert with no more words and having taken ten steps they looked back and could no longer see the green fields, trees, or the hut for

the gray sands seemed to spread in all directions without an end till they stopped at the distant mountain chain around whose lofty and craggy summits the sun's last rays glittered. The plain was not smooth like a floor, but here and there were sage, bush and cacti, now and then a hill or butte came into view and faded again in the dusk as the travelers walked on, cracks in the sand opened before them and nearly cost them their lives. But they trudged sturdily on following their noses with perfect ease, and a great ruddy star twinkled encouragingly through a notch in the mountains. When this sank out of sight they stopped for weariness and fell asleep and slept all night without fear. The next morning, feeling must rested, they ate of the slender store of food and drank of the water they carried; then started again, the minstrel with joy and the priest with deliberation; and the mountains seemed much nearer. By noon the water was exhausted, the food gone, and they were nearly overcome by thirst, but the mountains now were only a few miles off. Father Truespoken wished to stop that he might offer up a prayer for strength to continue. "But no, I beg you," said Wanderbold, let us push on, and pray as we walk. The first foot hills begin to show up all around now."

So they did and as the sun was dipping at twilight, behind a high peak they stood in shadows at the foot. A few rods from them was a hut like the one they had seen

last. They staggered on and fell down before it. A sound as of some one in great distress of mind and soul issued forth. Without waiting for it to cease the priest called: "In the name of the saints and Our Lady, come and help two weary pilgrims. "But the noise increased. Then Wanderbold, with pain, unwrapped his harp and touched the strings. At those magic notes the door burst wide open and a disheveled hermit looked out. At sight of the two fainting men he turned, disappeared in his dwelling and came back at once with water and food, which he sat before the two, then with no comment went back to his doleful prayers. The priest and his doughty companion ate and drank from the rude wooden dishes that the hermit had put before them and as soon as they were refreshed wrapped themselves in their cloaks and slept.

It was day when they woke. In the hut the hermit was still praying. Sir Wanderbold missed his harp for a moment, but saw it leaning against the doorsill. He sprang up eagerly to examine it and found it all safe. But the noise brought out their host, who regarded his guests with unmixed satisfaction.

After a certain amount of parley Father Truespoken disclosed the object of their quest. He told their story at length and concluded thus: "And now, generous friend, since surely these are the Mountains of Promise, canst tell me ought of the Man Sore Beset, or of the fulfillment of the quest?" The hermit, who

had listened to this remarkable tale with no surprise, gave a more remarkable answer: "Alas, in me you behold the Man. My lot is most unhappy. Years ago I left home on such a quest as yours, knowing that beyond the Hills lies a rich and wicked city of which the legend runs that some day a stranger will come to redeem and rule it. But only one who has power from Heaven may conquer. I came as far as the mountains, but as they are hard climbing I remain here beseeching the Lord to send some aid that I may make the steep ascent. I behold your advent with great joy, for perchance thou, holy father, art the one I await."

"That can hardly be," the priest was replying, when Wanderbold cut in: "Why not try the ascent, good sir? Is there no road?" "A road, but a hard one;" and the holy man pointed sadly in the direction across the little stream from whence he obtained his fresh water." Follow me there and I will point it out."

The three crossed the brook, walked round a spur of the mountain, and there stretched up the mountain side, broad and curving, a road. "It's easy," quoth the minstrel in scorn and made as if to run lightly up it. "Not so fast, young sir," cried the desert monk, clutching Wanderbold by the sleeve, for he was angry at being laughed at. "Come first and read;" pointing out to the young man this motto graven deep in the granite of a wayside cliff: **Ye who seek the city beware**

**the perilous path. Only to the brave heart comes the victory.**

It was an ominous looking situation, anyway, and the words seemed to radiate some evil power utterly foreign to the cheeriness of the bright floods of sunshine that were pouring down around them. Our friends stood silent for some time, neither seeming to gather strength to go forward or back. The hermit spoke at last. "I have studied these words for years and the more I study the more they seem to forbid me to go on. Let us three go back and spend our days in prayer till the way becomes revealed." But Wanderblod thought otherwise, the prophecy was working out wondrously complete and now that he was so near, seeing the end of it, he would not be checked by fear. Besides it was his faith, that if he went bravely on, strength would come to him as he asked for it. So, "not I, not I sir," he shouted; "I'm no coward, I'll try the road," for he was young and hot-headed. But he could not persuade True-spoken to go. The prophecy did not really concern him. He would stay. It was true there were no people for him to preach to at the foot of the mountain, but then perhaps he could find them or they might come. He and the hermit preferred to remain in the filthy old hovel and pray, believing that if God had work for them on the other side the mountains. He would in his own good time lift them up and set them down there.

Sir Wanderbold departed alone

the next morning. It took all his grit to pass the inscription, but he breathed a prayer and got by. Then with every further step he grew more light-hearted and sang as he went. A league up the way was obstructed, but he clambered over the barrier and found the road once more hard and smooth. Toward night it dwindled to a foot-path and became rougher and wilder and grimmer. Darkness came and he laid himself down with perfect faith on the edge of a narrow cliff that fell sheer away thousands of feet to where a river ran like a silver thread. An angel guarded him all night long and saved him from a fall.

It was not yet morning when he woke, but the sky was beginning to change and one by one the stars were silently winking out. About him he could see nothing alive but a small group of started evergreens on the opposite slope. The whole range of hills was wrapped in heavy purple shadows. But the east began to grow pale and then a shaft of light glittered on a high peak, and then another and another, and as Wanderbold watched, a great miracle took place. A rosy glimmer shone in the east, then gold, and amethyst, and azure. The day was breaking and all around was light. But all the time the colors of the rocks had been changing. The blue-black shadows became brown, then pink; green tints mixed with crimson and shimmered bewilderingly; the face of the mountain was alive. It was as though



some mighty angel was playing a 'color symphony in praise of the morning. The young man sat and watched till the tremendous color halleluias and glorias and amens filled his soul and he could wait no longer. So he rose and stood at full height, like a king, and looked away and saw the green country from which he came, and the desert, and at the foot of the mountain the little old hut and the priest and hermit standing beside it watching the dawn. Wanderbold took the harp, which as I have told you, was a magic one, and began to play. The music of the instrument was as beautiful as the music of the sunrise. The mountains thrilled with the harmony of color and strings and voice for the minstrel was singing. Then the sun came clear above the horizon. It was full day and with the lovely tones still lingering in the air the climber set his face resolutely toward the heights.

I will not weary you with the

story of that day's awful climb, but at the end of the afternoon our hero had gained the summit and was laboring along a pass which he hoped would lead him down the other side. He trudged doggedly between the rocky walls when suddenly the pass turned straight and lifting his eyes, he beheld that which caused a cry of joy to burst from his lips. Surprise of surprises at his feet spread out beyond sight a wide plateau filled with fields and rivers and homes and people. The way ran into the plain and became a broad road leading to the walls of the most beautiful city the prince had ever dreamed of. It covered leagues and leagues of ground. Palace walls rose frowning and temple domes lifted high their airy outlines. White and peaceful it seemed beneath the afternoon sun and with one loud cry, "My Kingdom," Sir Wandebold, forgetting fatigue, ran with exultant feet up to the very gates.



## The Sauros.

Rhoda E. Braddock, '09.

**N**O name could have been more fitting. From Father to the youngest son they were the most forlorn and sorrowful looking family one could find. There were seven of them, all told, Father, Mother, Diecco, Dominik, Nicolen, Jack and Antonio.

Diecco, the oldest one, was an artist. His birds and trees, mice,

dogs and houses, were the admiration of his less skillful friends. But it is doubtful whether he ever appreciated his own picturesque appearance or not. Age, fifteen; height, that of the average boy of ten; lank and dirty. He was usually dressed in a man's coat with the sleeves rolled up at the wrist and trousers cut off between ankle and

knee; a shirt cut from a flour bag and sewed with black thread. The thread was an evidence of maternal foresight and economy, because the garment would soon match it in color, and the stitches showed plainly that no time had been lost in their setting.

Dominik too, was a genius. From a few boards and a handful of nails, he could manufacture almost anything, from a plough or a hay-rake to a dog kennel or a stone drag. He was much like his brother in appearance, with a funny little weazened face, and he was greatly respected and feared by his school mates for his talents, his powers of aggravating and embarrassing his teacher, and for the ornament which he wore on the third finger of his right hand, and which had very much to do with his rule on the play-ground. It was a large brass ring, set with an immense glass "diamond" in the approved Tiffany style, but later, bereft of the gem, it showed only eight brassy prongs. No badge of secret order could have awakened such fear in the hearts of his companions, for in the prongs lay the secret of Dominik's power, revealed when a sympathetic teacher offered to reset the "diamond" and he refused with something very like scorn, at the mere suggestion: "Why Teach, she gooda to fight, she scratcha dis way," (holding up his claw-like finger) "and she scratcha dat," showing the formidable looking prongs.

The next one, Nicolen, was the only girl. Her only gift was un-

limited patience. She would sit on the big home-made seat for an hour at a time, with her thin little hands clasped on the rude desk before her, tiny bare feet dangling aimlessly, and such a far-a-way look on her pinched face one would imagine that she was thinking deeply. Really, these were only the outward signs of a complete cessation of any mental process, until she was roused by some unusual noise, and would look helplessly about, then startle all with such remark as "Say-T-T-Teacher, I saw a f-f-flower on a tree today;"—a pause of a minute or more, then "sh-she was wh-wh-white."

Poor little girl! It was pitiful to watch her earnest efforts to keep peace on the play-ground between her gifted brothers and the other children. She cared for them all. It was Nicolen who found berries for lame Tommy, and helped Rosa with her number work; and Nicolen who could comfort Joe when Claud made faces at him. And it was Nicolen who first announced that Jack was about to make his debut into the school world. "He's bad, Teacher," she announced. "He no like-a-be washed." Diecco and Dominik and Nicolen were washed almost every day. You could count the times by the successive rings on their necks and wrists.

Jack came to school. His coming was not voluntary. He came only because his brothers could run faster than he, which rendered escape impossible, and because his mother was so much stronger that strug-

gles were vain. The first time he was made to walk in Wisdom's by-paths toward the seat of modern learning, he made known his approach by a succession of long and loud screams. At the door he stopped, evidently daunted by the laughter of the assembled children, or the sight of that dreadful being who sat in front and told little boys that they must wash their faces and hands. Jack knew all about that, for didn't Nicolen have to tell mother to watch Dominik? Such a person was to be feared even above the maternal anger, so Jack lay down upon the floor, and again showed his strong approval of the whole proceedings by his vigorous screams. Then he looked up. That monster at the front was looking at him! And mother had shut the door! What could he do? Teacher started toward him, and with a spring he was under that last seat, right by the door. There he sat until long after the opening exercises and then, when the beginning classes were droning out their "two times two are four," he crept quietly out and stole softly to Nicolen's seat. She was his friend, and she would protect him.

After that all went well until one day when "Teacher" thought it time to begin his training, and ventured to lead him toward the wash basin. That was hard, but he decided to submit and very slowly began to wash his hands. Teacher left him, and forgot him—but fifteen minutes later he was remembered, and there he was, working manfully.

Such implicit obedience! he had been told to wash, and wash he would until told to stop. But one day Teacher went too far. She tried to wash his face! And again the loud screams announced Jack's displeasure. Then Teacher had an inspiration. Jack might be hungry—and she offered him a cooky from her own lunch box. Thereafter the problem was solved, one bite of cooky for every rub! It was hard on Jack, but cookies were not plentiful at home, and anyway, one could endure much for the privilege of eating in school!

It is hard to tell what Antonio will be. He could hardly look over the top of the desk. And he was such a round baby! His only desire seemed to be to sleep, curled up on the old benches, with his head pillowed on one chubby arm. He wouldn't stay home, but accepted all the hardships of keeping still—which is a hardship for a baby scarcely four—and submitted to the daily washings and combings with a stoic-like indifference for the privilege of looking at Nicolen's reader between naps, or getting a bite from Jack's cooky. Doubtless he will prove as gifted as his brothers as he grows older.

But let us take a last look at them all, as they appeared one rainy morning in early fall. Picture Father and Mother in the doorway of their two-roomed log hut, Diecco, Dominik and Nicolen crowded under a large umbrella, and Jack and Tony, for once regardless of water, running through the long grass to waive good-bye to "Teacher" as she rode past on the old farm wagon, leaving their district in the hills, forever.

## Breaking the Sabbath.

IT was 5 o'clock. The stillness of Sunday morning was broken by the town clock which announced to the sleeping world that night had passed. Yet without, it seemed like midnight. The darkness hid the frosty trimmings that the chill night air had cast so lavishly on the leaves and grass, save where the street light dispelled the darkness in a circle of yellow light. A few friendly candles glimmered in the rear of an occasional house, giving the solitary pedestrian a sense of companionship as he listened to his own foot-falls on the resonant pavement.

Mrs. Smith, counting the hours, turned over in her bed with a delightful sense of more to follow and fell asleep before she had planned a single act in the coming week. Mr. Smith had not heard the hour. He was a heavy sleeper towards morning. He was dreaming of a fifty per cent. profit on a shelf-worn stock, at the same time enjoying the profits and confidence of a defrauded public, and intuitively guarding against snoring, for such delusions vanish when a disturbed bed-fellow brings the dreamer to consciousness. The little Smiths and the big Smiths in adjoining rooms, nearer dead than alive were wrapped in comforts and dreams, all unconscious of time's flight.

Only in the kitchen chamber there was a glimmer of light that disappeared to reappear through the

successive windows along the back stairs and finally to shine through the frosty panes of the kitchen. But as suddenly as the cannon which arouses the world on Independence morn and turns a quiet citizen into a demonstrative patriot, was the stillness of the Sabbath morn broken. From the regions of the kitchen came a feminine shriek un-mixed with jest, followed by crash after crash of crockery, the jangle of tinware and the upsetting of all things standing. Momentary pauses but intensified the awful confusion which increased in volume and grew in uncanniness.

In a moment all up-stairs was aroused. The tocsin of the guard when Smith encamped on the fields of Shiloh never aroused him more quickly. Mrs. Smith was in his foot-steps e're he had well left them, and the wailing of the children who cried for protection and fell in the rear made a ghastly procession that fearfully descended the stairs. To the veteran and the leader it was the opening of a battery; to his ally, murder; but to their children it was the eternal rumbling of the earth which meant upheaval of land and awful death. Too frightened to go with their parents and too cowardly to remain they used their feeble strength in trying to retard this heroic advance and the elder Smiths in the excitement never realized what impeded their locomotion.

Nora Maloney was Mrs. Smith's

maid servant. She had been with the Smiths so long that she regarded herself as one of the family. Mrs. Smith, however, gave Nora no extra pay for this feeling, nor did she ever err in adjusting their kinship. Nora's character had two strong traits; one was her piety that got her up before six o'clock to go mass and the other her tongue which when no one was around, she used in denouncing her relatives—the Smiths. Sunday morning when the bell for mass rang she was either climbing the steps of the small stone chapel on the corner of Water and Pine streets, or hurrying there as fast as two big Irish feet could transport her.

On this corner under the street lamp stood Patrick Milligan of the uniform. His club in his hand was as a wand to Nora and had it fallen on her back ever so firmly, it would have seemed a stroke of luck for her. Duty as well as pleasure stationed Patrick at the corner. When Nora climbed the stone steps she felt his eyes on her back like two burning glasses, and this so affected her memory that she once began to wash her face in the fount of holy water until rebuked by an observing matron. The thought of Patrick made Nora a regular at St. Grace's Chapel. On these occasions she wore Mrs. Smith's seal skin coat, which was always hung under cover in the hall closet, and Miss Elizabeth's hat with the plumes, which was on a shelf just above. Once she had worn a white feather boa and had all but ignited the

smoking admiration into sparks of love in Patrick's bosom, but this had been attended with so much anxiety and economy that she never repeated it. Not being used to such adornment Nora returned home to discover that she had lost the boa and while retracing her steps had promised a whole row of saints twenty-five cents a piece and a complete obstinence from feather boas in the future if she but recovered this particular one; and when she did so she had faithfully kept her vow. Nora had always wished to be in other people's shoes, but as she viewed herself in the kitchen mirror she had to admit Providence had been kind in putting her in their coats and hats. Thus when the days were short and the nights cool, Nora's piety was at its greatest. She could sit in her pew in a soft fussy coat and by looking up beheld a nodding plume mirrored in a nearby panel.

To look one's best one must have a scent, that savors of rose leaves, or spice islands. Nora put the lamp on the kitchen table. There was cologne up stairs, but so was Mrs. Smith, consequently, she must needs satisfy herself with the essence of the spice box. Expecting to reappear a pickled peach she entered the dark pantry. The spice box had a site of its own and with well trained fingers she reached over the oatmeal package and put her fingers on the clove canister. A little gray mouse eating breakfast food suddenly beholding a witness to his theft sprang from the oatmeal pack-

age and took what seemed to be an elevated way from the dangers up Nora's sleeve.

That was the end of rational Nora. With a shriek of horror in which fire and murder were but small fears, she began to rotate so rapidly that pans, crocks and various other furnishings of a well equipped buttery were spinning in an orbit of their own. Nora rushed to the kitchen praying as she went, nothing in Latin, but something in good Irish, and more availing. She ran from one corner of the kitchen to the other, having many collisions but no interruptions, calling on saints she had never before honored and promising a beginning to a new life but deliverance from the "baist" in her sleeve would come speedily. Just then the Smiths appeared, and in the midst of the debris beheld their maid revolving and raving in a way uncommon to sane mortals. To this moment Nora's seal skin had seemed so much her own and the hat with the plumes had been

on her head so often, she had forgotten whose possessions they were and in loud demonstrations called to these good people for help. Mrs. Smith saw only the coat and with a angry yell not much louder than Nora's, began to pull the coat from her back, while Miss Elizabeth fell to taking off the hat with the plumage without withdrawing the pins.

On account of Nora's penitence I shall not repeat what Mrs. Smith or Miss Elizabeth said, but a few minutes later Nora was hanging up the stew-pans and picking up the broken crockery which she could hardly see for the tears which she shed so copiously. The cat was eating the mouse. The Smiths had withdrawn to a council of war.

A knock at the kitchen door and a well known voice asking admission, gained entrance. It was Patrick. Nora poured out her trials and abuse on Patrick's shoulder. Nora, now in the arm of the law, will certainly get justice.

E. L. M.



## William Wilson.

Walter Pollard, '09.

JUDGE WILSON was an old man, and as he walked toward home after his day's work, he seemed greatly troubled. His steps became shorter and slower as he turned into his own street, as though he dreaded what was to follow and wished to delay it as long as possible. Finally arrived at his own door,

he slowly and wearily let himself in. One would guess that he had taxed his strength to the utmost.

Mrs. Wilson met her husband in the hall; she was much younger than he, and very frail, one of those people whom neither sorrow nor sickness can make melancholly. She rather seemed to grow sweeter as

the years went by. She gave her husband a searching look, asking kindly:

"What is it Herbert?"

"Benton's pool-room was raided last night and a dozen boys found there." The old man had avoided his wife's eyes while speaking, and when he looked at her he knew that she had guessed the truth, for she held her hands to her face; he drew her to him gently and went on with the news. "William was at a poker table." The old man tried to comfort his weeping wife.

\* \* \*

William Wilson did not enjoy his supper. He could see that his father knew at least something of the affair, how much, he could not tell; but hoped that his father's information was but slight, for in that case he could perhaps deceive him as to the gravity of his offense. There was a studied politeness and formality during the supper, and when finally the meal was finished, William did not go into the parlor with his parents, as was his custom, but instead went out under the walnut tree to reflect. He wondered what excuse he could give his father in order to clear himself. With his second cigarette came the thought of confessing all and begging forgiveness, but then perhaps his father did not know how intoxicated he had been; if so, why tell? He had lied out of scrapes before and he decided to take the same course now. He hastily threw away the cigarette as he saw his mother approach.

Mrs. Wilson took both of her

son's hands in her own and silently regarded him. He was a handsome youth, tall and straight as he stood there with his broad shoulders thrown back. The mother forgot her suffering for a moment and proudly admired him, she felt a mother's pride in the strength of the boy before her. But she soon noticed the dark bands beneath the bloodshot eyes, and the insolent liner about the mouth, and she trembled, shrinking from his strong breath. Mustering her self-possession, she spoke tenderly.

"Your father wishes to see you, and William do not lose your temper."

He strode into the house without a word, while his mother sank down upon the bench fearful as to the outcome of the interview.

William found his father seated before his desk and was surprised to see how tired he looked. "He is getting old fast," was his mental comment.

Turning to look at his son the Judge eyed him gravely for a moment before speaking.

"What will you do now that they have expelled you from High school?"

"Oh, I can probably get back by apologizing."

The Judge waited a moment before speaking. "I had a long talk with Principal Stuart this afternoon; he is very sorry, in six weeks you would have graduated. Oh, William," he could say no more.

Now the boy's face softened, but it soon settled into a hard defiant stare. At first his father's sorrow

had touched him. He had expected anger and reproach and had received only kindness. He was self-willed and went his own way regardless of other people's rights or pleasure. He would go his way and let others go theirs if they would only let him alone. Little did he care if his mother spent many tearful, wakeful hours, waiting for his return. "If she enjoys that sort of thing, let her do it," his excuse to himself. Once she had noted the odor of wine upon his lips as he stepped past her late one night. Her pain was terrible to see. He, hardened and brutal as he was, crossly told her to mind her own business. He had felt no shame for his conduct. He hated her for discovering his sin. And now when he felt sorrow and shame for having caused his father suffering, instead of asking forgiveness, as was his first impulse, he hardened his heart to all entreaty. He showed utter indifference.

Again his father spoke.

"Mr. Stuart says that you are a very bright boy, that you could make something of yourself, but he is sure that you will be an utter failure. You will not work. He has found you utterly unreliable. William, he cannot let you back into school. He has warned you time and again to keep away from such places and cannot overlook last night."

The boy's pride was hurt, he had expected to be reinstated, as he had been several time before. But when he spoke his tone expressed utter indifference. "Well, maybe now

you will get me that job at Harrison's. I can take care of myself and have a little fun without everyone making it their own business." With this rude and unfeeling speech he took his hat and left the room.

\* \* \*

In Chicago William Wilson won repeated and rapid promotion.

He came from good stock and a good family; his early training was of the best. Up to his sixteenth year he had been a rather good lad. At that time, however, he had cut loose from all authority and had pursued his own course. But when thrust upon his own resources in a great, strange city, his blood and better sense ruled his conduct. He was no longer a boy, but a man. He began to think as a man; he viewed the world with the attitude of a man. It was a new world to him, a world where men, not boys, where work and not play, counted. A world, where no form of vice or dissipation was tolerated, was new to him. But when he realized the real standards of life he was man enough to accept them for his own guidance. His whole life changed.

He saw clearly what his former life had been. He knew that his actions towards his father and mother had been worse than brutal. Ah, how sorry he was. What if these years could be lived over again. He had not had a pleasant time at home those last few years and he had blamed his parents. But it was all his own fault. If his home was not pleasant for him, what must it have been for his parents who



loved him and who saw what his course would inevitably lead him to if he did not soon change.

Slowly did he come to realize these things and they appalled him. He had been cruel to his best friends, those who had not deserted him when he seemed about to disgrace them. How ashamed he was. He had left a wrong, thousands of wrongs, against himself. He must not leave such a debt against his conscience. So he would go to his parents and beg their pardon. He would show them that he loved them and appreciated what they had done, and borne and suffered for him.

\* \* \*

Judge Wilson seems very old as he walks home this morning. It has been a hard day for him and he is very tired. It does not take much to discourage him now and tonight he seems very unhappy. At his own door he is met by his wife. She seems younger than usual and in very gay spirits. She has thrown her arms about his neck and sobs for joy, she tells him with tears in her eyes and smiles upon her lips: "William is here, father; I am so happy, for he is a changed boy." Now she is alone for the father has stepped into the next room to meet his son.



## A Fable of a Co-Ed Who Sought Wisdom

F. J. S.

**O**NCE upon a time a rosy cheeked maiden, who had been reared with the variegated posies of a Fifth avenue conservatory and had dined upon nabisco wafers and sherry punch since she was a young baby whom everybody kissed, decided she would go to college.

By the way, this young maiden was of twenty-one summers and about forty winters—at any rate it seemed so. She had completed the grammar school, the academy, the Madame Paree Dancing school, the Practical Bon Bon and Fluffy-Stuff Institute, the Rag Time Music Conservatory, the Science school of Posing, in addition to thorough training under the care of the best

tutors of the town, and she did it all during the winters.

Now we aren't saying what she learned summers. That would be a serial story for a magazine. But she boasted of sixteen male scalps, and wore as many diamonds on her ninth finger, counting from the last finger of the other hand. This mathematical peculiarity was original with her. It was a sort of a diary, since those eight fingers bore the names of her favorite conquests.

One day she returned from a three months rest at the sea-shore, where she had sat on a stool in the sunshine afternoons reading French novels and smoking cigarettes, had played bridge and danced with



PHI PHI ALPHA, 1905-1906.

charming specimens of manhood all night, and had breakfasted at 2 p. m. the following morning. That return proved to be a crisis in the events of her existence. She laid a wager with her sweetheart, No. 16, that she could live through a sermon at the Fifth avenue Episcopal. And she went to church for the first time since she was christened.

Now as Fate would have it, an embryo preacher, who showed signs of sprouting, delivered a masterful appeal for worthy lives. She went home, repeating to herself, "The question is—'does it pay?'" It seems that all she heard of that sermon was the sentence, "No manly noble man will marry a woman who loves not knowledge."

So this aspiring disciple of wisdom went to college. She went to a co-educational college. It happened to be a denominational college where things are done by rule. To her satisfaction, none of the pleasures of her resigned life were tolerated at that institution.

From the ranks of the 100 men, she chose her ideal, a mighty manly man, upon whose brow was Wisdom's seal imprinted.

This hero was wholly unaware of the reverence he received from this humble maid. So strange at times are the destinies of Fate!

In the meantime the maiden fell in love—not that love which stirs the human heart and strives to hide from human eyes save two—but that superfluous, effervescent love

which always goes waste, the kind they have at college.

Now Love and Work go seldom hand in hand. So in the case of this maiden Work couldn't keep Love's pace. But this did not worry the maiden.

She skipped from the charming home for girls, simply because Love was more charming.

She skipped to go to dances because she knew she couldn't get permission.

She skipped to roam about all night, because she didn't want to trouble a chaperon.

She sat on the balcony and talked much because the rules forbade her to sit in the parlor with a man and talk common sense.

She did everything the rules said she shouldn't, because it wasn't good form to keep them.

Now it is also an axiom that Love and Work go seldom in hand. They prefer an armful. Consequently the maiden became engaged. She wore her new ring about her neck. She locked her old ones in her trunk.

When the balmy days of joyful June approached, when the air rang with the cheering warbles of a myriad harmonious songsters, and the bursting buds of roses vied with each other in a mad rivalry of squandering delightful perfume, in these rare days occurred the inevitable. The maid eloped.

Moral: Co-education isn't all it's cracked up to be.



PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY  
STUDENTS OF ALMA COLLEGE  
ALMA, MICHIGAN.

**Subscription Price.**  
One Year .....\$1 00  
Single Copy ..... 15

**EDITORIAL STAFF.**

Fred J. Soule, '06.....Editor-in-Chief  
Elizabeth Hunt, '06.....Associate Editor  
William Winton, '04.....Alumni Editor  
Harold G. Gaunt, '06....Business Manager  
Paul J. Allured, '07..Subscription Manager

**CLASS REPORTERS.**

William S. Cooper, Senior.  
Mayme Hayes, Junior.  
Harry Helmer, Sophomore.  
Raymond Beckwith, Freshman.

PROF. JAMES MITCHELL, Chairman  
Board of Control.

CONTRIBUTIONS and items of interest  
are solicited from students, faculty,  
alumni and friends.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS for publication  
should be addressed to the Editor-in-  
Chief.

SUBSCRIBERS not receiving their papers  
on time will confer a favor by notify-  
ing the Subscription Manager.

ALL SUBSCRIPTIONS are due in three  
months after first issue.

Entered as second class matter at the  
Post Office, at Alma, Michigan.

JUNE, 1906

THE present Almanian staff take  
this opportunity of thanking  
the students, Alumni and friends of  
Alma College for their assistance  
in the work of editing a college  
paper during the year. The suc-

cess of the magazine is due to the  
contributors. Members of the  
Alumni have done much to make  
the paper interesting and profitable,  
and we sincerely hope that our suc-  
cessors may be as heartily support-  
ed by Alma's former students. The  
staff has found difficulty this year  
in securing enough bright, original  
stories. The student body of Alma  
is capable of making the Almanian  
better in this respect. We wish the  
1906-1907 staff all success, and hope  
their troubles may be lighter than  
ours have been. Students, give  
them your interest and practical as-  
sistance. With this parting, we fall  
into the ranks of the "has-beens."

**ALUMNI EDITORIALS.**

ONCE more the Almanian is  
placed in your hands at this  
most glorious season of the year,  
another commencement time. The  
friends of the Almanian and the  
friends of Alma college are one and  
the same, their interests are joined,  
interminably linked. It has been a  
source of pleasure to the editor dur-  
ing the year just closed to note the  
promptness with which different  
Alumni have responded with arti-  
cles for the college paper. Not al-  
ways is the response equal upon the  
part of the students and under-  
graduates, a few years beyond the  
college course adds a perspective,  
an interest not otherwise attainable.  
To the class just going out we would  
say "Don't forget your loyalty to  
the college and the Almanian, they  
are your friends." To classes fur-  
ther removed than "06" we would

say "Keep in touch with your college, support it and the Almanian." May next year be the best in the history of both.



VACATION notes, items of personal interest and whatever will tend to make the Alumni page a pleasant visitor are cordially invited to be mailed to the editor at Ithaca, Michigan.



### "ALUMNI NOTES."

Rev. Samuel Megan, a special student at Alma and for several years pastor of the Marlette Second Presbyterian church, is now located at Bourbon, Indiana, and doing successful work.

Rev. G. H. Hill, "00," has been very successful in his pastorate at Rochester, Indiana, and is often engaged by neighboring churches to assist in revival services.

Rev. C. E. Scott, "98," has been invited by the programme committee to deliver a missionary address at the Fifth World's Sunday School convention held in Rome 1907, on the theme "What Will Save China?"

A. L. Winkler, "Special 1901-02" and for several years engineer at Atlantic mine, Mich., has accepted a position with the Nickel West in their mine at Copper Cliff, Ontario.

John Y. Brook, "03," graduated from New Brunswick Seminary, New Jersey, May 17th, speaker of his class. The Reformed church of Paranine, New Jersey, (organized 1725) have extended a call to Rev. Mr. Brook to become their pastor.

H. N. Ronald, "03," graduated from Princeton Seminary in May and immediately began his work as pastor of the Presbyterian church at Plymouth, Mich.

J. L. McBride, "04," and J. W. Dunning, "04," return for the summer to their pulpits at Au Sable and Tekonsha, Mich.

D. A. Johnson, "05," will preach during the summer at Akron and Columbia, Mich., Presbyterian churches.

Mrs. Kendall Brooks, "97," of Marquette, who had a severe attack of typhoid fever, has now thoroughly recovered.

Mrs. Frank Knox, of Sault Ste. Marie, is slowly recovering from an attack of smallpox.

Joe Rogers, special Alma "03-04," has a position with the D. S. S. and A. R. R.

Fred Conklin, "Ex 07," expects to enter Princeton in September.

Rev. F. P. Knowles, special Alma, is continued as pastor of the Presbyterian church at Iron Mountain, Mich.



## Report of Alma Y. M. C. A., 1906.

THE enrollment for the college year 1905-06 numbers 49 members, of which 40 of these are active members and nine associate mem-

ber. The total enrollment includes seven members of the Faculty, the rest are all students. Out of this number there are 24 different mem-

bers serving on standing committees.

The weekly meetings have been especially good this year owing to the committee which has charge of the song service and to the new hymn books. There have been 34 regular meetings, with an average attendance of about 86 men. During this year we will hold 36 union meetings, in which the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A.'s meet together each Wednesday evening. The cabinet, including the officers and chairmen of committees—10 in all—meet every two weeks.

Six Bible classes were conducted during the year, with a membership of 54. The courses studied were "Studies in Old Testament Characters," studies in the teaching of Jesus and His apostles, and a Junior course in the "Life of Christ."

Mission study has been divided among three classes, with a total enrollment of 30 members. Courses studied, "Sunrise in Sunrise Kingdom;" "Japan and Its Regeneration," and Nia Christi.

The general religious committee has faithfully provided men for conducting six Sabbath schools in the country.

The social committee, jointly with the reception committee of Y. M. C. A., managed three receptions. Besides these the Bible classes of both

associations gave a very successful "Stunt Party" April 7th, '06. Each year from now on we shall endeavor to make this Stunt Party an event to be looked forward to with great pleasure.

One delegate was sent to the International Student Volunteer convention at Nashville February 28-March 4; one to the state convention at Adrian February 15-18, and the president to the President's conference at Hillsdale April 20-22. We are also going to send four delegates to the Students' Summer conference at Lakeside, Ohio, June 14-24.

The amount paid out for current expenses during the fiscal year ending April 1st, 1906, was \$67.70. We give a state pledge of \$20 and international pledge of \$5 and \$50 to W. Johnson, a missionary. The concert in the early part of the year failed to pay our expenses, so we gave another May 25, 1906.

The Volunteer band began with three. Now we have seven, four boys and three girls.

The definite results of this year's work are not yet known, but we hope that in each man's breast there has been kindled a spark of love for his Master. Next year we hope to be more successful and to follow closely our motto, "More business in religion, more religion in business and more Christ in religion."



**Alma's Star Wrestlers**

Preston

Chapel

Angell

Marshall

Garcia

Fairman

## Athletics.

### BASEBALL.

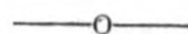
AS far as victories are concerned, the baseball team has little to boast of. A coveted place in the intercollegiate series has not been secured. But baseball spirit has prevailed upon the campus this spring, and under the direction of Coach Krause, some of the best training has been afforded the men. The team was handicapped by the loss of Coach Dingwall, who expected to report early in March, but on account of duties elsewhere, he was not able to fulfill his engagement. Manager Pennell did his best to secure another coach at once, but it was several weeks before he was successful in his efforts. At last, with the assistance of Paul H. Bruske, '98, sporting editor of the Detroit Times, Mr. Krause was engaged. He took the team in hand at once, and though laboring against difficulties, made a fast team of the material furnished him.

Mr. Krause, who was to play with the Youngstown team, is a fast ball man and knows the game from beginning to end. The training he gave is such as Alma has needed for the past two seasons, and though results have not been entirely as hoped for, yet the men have been given instructions that will count for next year's team.

Captain Helmer has played at short stop. Johnson has done the twirling, and has proved himself cool and steady, though he has not the "usual" professional record.

Campbell has played the position behind the bat, in veteran style, his only weakness being the guarding of second. He excels in base running. Marshall's game at first has been exceptionally good. Schultz and Magidsohn have taken turns with second and third. The outfield was well supported by Monteith, right; Carr, center, and Fairman, left. Superintendent Ellsworth has shown his interest in the team by responding to requests for an umpire.

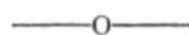
The only side-line criticism at all unfavorable is regarding the support given the team by the students. The number of fans at the local games was hardly enough for a rooting bunch. The players' loyalty has surpassed that of the students by a good margin.



### GAMES IN BRIEF.

#### Shepherd Reds—Alma.

The Shepherd professionals defeated the locals on Davis Field, April 21, by a score of 7-4. Both teams were in poor trim, and errors were numerous. The college got their runs in the sixth, when some bunch hits were made. Brown's pitching looked rather easy. Levi succeeded him, and after that the college failed to score.

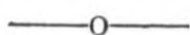


#### Mt. Pleasant—Alma.

A snappy game was pulled off with the Indians at Mt. Pleasant, April 28th. Chambers pitched for



six innings, Helmer succeeding him. The game stood 4 to 4 at last moment, when a costly error for the College lost the game, 5 to 4. Coach Krause used a squad of subs for a "try out".

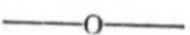


**M. A. C.—Alma.**

May 5th was all M. A. C., though Alma played at home. The game was interesting until the third, when the farmers started on a batting campaign and rolled up the tallies in fast succession. The balloon ascended in the seventh. A score of 19 to 1 tells the rest.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	R	H	E
Alma	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	1	8	12
M. A. C.	0	0	4	2	0	2	11	0	19	15	3

Runs—Boyle 5, Armstrong, 3, Dickson 3, Canfield 2, Neis 2, Thatcher, Ellis, Bird, Kratz and Schultz. Stolen bases—Armstrong and Thatcher. Struck out—by Neis 4, Johnson 4. Two-base hits—Canfield 2, Carr 1. Hit by pitched ball—by Neis 1, Johnson 1. Time 1:55. Umpire—Ellsworth.

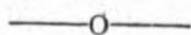


**Olivet—Alma.**

A close and spirited game was the Olivet-Alma contest on Davis Field, May 11th. At the end of the ninth the score was even, Alma had the bases full, and then the necessary scoring hit was not forthcoming. In the tenth Chiesman's home run brought in four csore. Johnson pitched trim ball.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	R	H	E
Olivet.	0	1	0	1	0	0	2	0	0	4-8	11	3	
Alma	.2	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0-4	11	5	

Runs—Shepherd 2, Lacey, Chiesman, Hurlbut, Mahoney, Weed, MooreMagidsohn, Schultz, Monteith, Carr. Two-base hits—Campbell, Carr. Home run—Chiesman. Stolen bases—Weed, Thatcher, Hurlbut, Chiesman, Shepherd, Campbell. Struck out—By Chiesman, 12, by Johnson, 6. Hit by pitched ball—Bishop. Time—2:15. Umpire—Ellsworth.

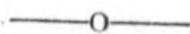


**Albion—Alma.**

Alma made a trip to the camp of the Methodists May 18, and lost a good game by the close score of 3-2. Johnson pitched gilt edged ball, Albion getting only four hits. Alma got three hits off of Collar, who proved a puzzle until the last of the game. Alma had a chance to win in the eighth when Schultz crossed the rubber with others after the same chance. But the game closed in the ninth with Albion in the lead.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	E
Albion	.0	0	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	—3	4	5
Alma	.1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	—2	3	4

Bases on balls—Off Collar, 4, off Johnson, 1. Struck out—By Johnson, 4, by Collar, 5. Two-base-hits—H. Ellerby, Keils, Magidsohn, Campbell. Double play—Monteith to Marshall. Hit by pitcher—H. Ellerby. Time—1:30. Umpire—Hall of Olivet.



**Owosso—Alma.**

On the return trip from Albion, the team played a 9-8 game at Owosso, losing on careless play and the absence of part of the team in regular positions.

**Hillsdale—Alma.**

The season closed with the Hillsdale game May 22. Both teams batted hard, but Hillsdale excelled in bunching hits. Alma play wild fielding, and make costly errors. Score, 7-5 for the visitors.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	E
Hillsdale	.1	2	0	0	3	0	0	1	0-7	12	3	
Alma	...	0	0	0	1	1	1	0	0-2-5	10	8	

Batteries—Hillsdale, Rowe and Alger; Alma, Johnson and Campbell.

Time—1:15.

Umpire—Ellsworth.



## Among the Colleges.

Prof. G. W. Bell of Olivet's history department has been at the Alma Sanitarium for several weeks past.

Seniors at Adrian were worried for a while over the loss of their gowns, stolen by underclass men. This was a violent blow to college custom and Senior dignity.

Albion's chorus rendered Elijah, May 29, assisted by E. C. Towne of Chicago, and others.

Albion's newspaper correspondents boast of Albion as an "Independent College," where many earn their expenses.

Hillsdale is returning to compulsory chapel attendance.

A minstrel show at the U. of M. netted \$1,500 for a Union club house.

Robert Gordon, who won first place in the state oratorical contest, has received his marking for the interstate contest at Topeka, Kas. Mr. Gordon was marked second on thought and composition, and fifth on delivery, giving him sixth place in a contest in which competitors from eleven states participated.

Kalamazoo college will graduate a class of thirty-one this June, eight different states and one foreign country being represented in a class which is much larger than that of the preceding year.

There was joy unbounded among the normalites when their three debaters, E. J. Willman, Benjamin Pittenger and William E. Olds, defeated the Michigan Agricultural college orators in the contest at Lansing. The teams were evenly matched—so evenly that one of the judges was convinced the farmers had the better of the argument, but Ypsi. was declared winner in the opinion of the other two judges.

Leave shirt waists to the co-ends and dress like men, at least while in the halls and buildings of the college, is the recent presidential edict in Hillsdale. And President Mauck didn't want to theorize about the matter, either, but observing young men sitting in the library in their shirt sleeves, immediately called them out, and in a somewhat impressive way requested them to don their sweltering frocks and not to adopt any summer resort ways

while in school.

The \$25 Silliman oratorical prize for sophomores at Albion was won by James Edward McCall, the blind colored student who comes to Albion college from Mobile, Ala. His oration was on "Woman, Ruler of the World," and he ranked high

both in his delivery, thought and composition. McCall, who is 24 years old, lost his sight as the result of hard study after an attack of typhoid fever.

The new Wells Hall at M. A. C. will be occupied by Seniors and Juniors.



## Items of Interest.

Prof. George Randells will go abroad to study next year, and Prof. J. Raymond Walton of West Lafayette college, Ohio, will succeed him as principal of the Academy. The new instructor comes well recommended, being a graduate of Otterbein, having degrees of A. M. and Ph. M. He will be instructor of Academy Greek and Latin.

Among the many visitors at the college during the last of May were Martin Stormzand, '04, of Princeton; Wm. Winton, '04, of Ithaca; James McBride, '04, of Chicago; Leora Morton, '04, of Elwell; Rev. C. W. Sidebotham, '01, of Hartingdon, Neb.; Prof. K. P. Brooks, '97, and wife, of Marquette, and Prof. Waldo of Ovid.

The boys of Pioneer Hall celebrated the eve of the Albion game with a night shirt parade. The ladies were given an elaborate serenade, and a number of the fellows did magic stunts for their benefit. The event closed with a "time" down town.

Prof. F. N. Notestein has been

seriously ill for some time past and was compelled to give over his class room work to assistants.

Rev. Geo. A. Hill of Rochester, Ind., has been elected field secretary of the college for the coming year. He leaves a pastorate in the Presbyterian church at that place. He was a former Alma man.

The musicians of the college gave a mixed concert on May 26, which proved highly entertaining.

The catalogue for the coming year announces that fourteen instead of sixteen hours of work will be required per semester. The elective system is to be followed more closely than in years past.

Miss Inglis will be succeeded next year by Miss Jennie Mullenbach of Jackson ville college, Ind.

Dr. E. N. Transeau has accepted a position with the Carnegie institution at Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island.

The Y. M. C. A. delegates to Lakeside are Messrs Morse, Cobb, Moon and Rohns.

The Y. W. C. A. have prepared a book of favorite quotations.

**SENIOR.**

All we want now is that "sheep-skin."

Harold Gaunt will attend Princeton Seminary next year.

Howard Potter will superintend the Tawas High school.

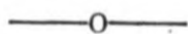
Elizabeth Hunt, Beryl Kefgen, and Lillian Crandell expect to teach next year.

Fred Soule will continue his studies at the Rochester Seminary, Rochester, N. Y.

Wm. Cooper will travel.

Class day stunts have occupied the Senor's attention during the past few weeks.

The class planted vines on Arbor day. The Arbor day spirit was manifested in a ten o'clock torch-light parade.

**JUNIOR.**

The Junior class are about to move into the ranks of the departing Seniors. Our class will number ten.

The class celebrated Arbor day with a forest spread which lasted from four a. m. till afternoon.

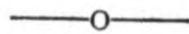
Incidentally one of the class, noted for his devoted attentions, ducked himself and the object of his affections in the refreshing waters of the Pine not long ago.

**SOPHOMORE.**

The boys of the class are evidently happy that those two years of college life which are so dangerous to classmen, if class scraps prevail, have past, and the land of safety has been entered.

The Sophomores had a picnic on

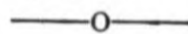
Arbor day instead of the usual scrap over a hoisted flag. It's a lot more sensible, if not so exciting.

**FRESHMEN.**

Blisters! Well, that's what we had as the result of that tree-day boat ride up the Pine. Blisters on our faces, blisters on our necks, blisters on our hands! And yet it was fun. We went up to Grassmere where a sumptuous breakfast was served. Five boat loads comprised the party.

**ACADEMY.**

Academy spirit was exhibited for the first time this year by a general strike on Arbor day. A burro was procured down town, upon which a bold youth did wondrous feats as he led his prep companions down the street in a noisy parade. The story of the affair got good head lines in state papers.

**ZETA SIGMA.**

The new men of the society recently procured society pins.

The society public, planned for May 14, was postponed indefinitely at the last moment, due to conflicts which had not been anticipated. A mock trial had been prepared.

A number of former "Lit" men have been renewing Zeta Sigma associations, among them James McBride, '04, and Martin Stormzand, '04.

The Alpha Theta girls gave the Zeta Sigmas an enjoyable reception in the Alpha Theta rooms, entertaining them with some novel stunts

and satisfying their hunger with a dainty spread. The stunts consisted of impersonations of various kinds, each girl speaking her desire into a mysterious machine, which forthwith produced the co-ed, attired or equipped for the feat. Faculty members were impersonated, and an astronomy class was given a "take-off."

—o—

### FROEBEL SOCIETY.

Roll-call was responded to by original quotations May 7th. Among those given were the following, showing in most cases real genius.

"We Should Think More of Others and Less of Ourselves."—S. L.

"Give Up the Books."—B. W.

"Hunger is An Emptiness Which Just Fills You."—Z. B.

"I sat me down at my little round table

Trying to write a quotation for Froebel.

I tho't a long time, but my verse didn't rhyme,

And now I'll stop while I'm able."

—E. C. P.

"Laugh and the World Laughs

With You, Snore and You Sleep Alone."—E. A.

"I'll do the best that I'm able, To unite a quotation for "Froebel," But as you well see I'm no poet, I see I will have to forego it."

—Z. M.

The Phi Phi Alpha society very pleasantly entertained the members of 'Froebel' May 14th in their society room by a debate on Woman Suffrage. Those who took part were Messrs. N. Angell, P. Allured, F. Locker and S. Johnson. The judges decided in favor of Woman Suffrage. Afterwards forty people marched gaily down to Stevie's, where the Phi Phi Alpha men treated the crowd.

—o—

### PHILOMATHEAN.

The Philos entertained the Alpha Theta girls May 21, presenting part of Shakespeare's Mid-Summer night's Dream, including the play within a play, "Pyramus and Thisbe." Several of the girls showed ability as players. A few of the musically inclined furnished an orchestra.



## Smiles and Josh.

There's the Freshman with his never fading grin;

He's a bore.

If you want to have a function worth the tin,

Bolt the door.

For he is a verdant scrub,  
Who will gobble up your grub,  
And remain a thankless cub—

Nothing more!—Ex.

When the donkey saw the zebra,  
He began to switch his tail.

"Well I never," was his comment,  
"Here's a mule that's been in jail."

—Ex.

—o—

In the well did little Willie  
Push his charming sister Lillie,  
Father could not find his daughter,  
Now, they sterilize the water.

"My friends, have you heard of the town of Yawn, on the banks of the river Slow, where blooms the waitawhile flower fair, where sometime-or-other scents the air and the soft goeasies grow? It lies in the valley of What's-theuse, in the province of Letterslide. That tired feeling is native there; it's the home of the listless I don't care, where the Putitoffs abide."

That's spring fever. You've got it.—  
Ex.

—o—  
Come, cram up along with me—  
The worst is yet to be—  
Exams are here for every trembling man  
and maid,

With wet towels around the head,  
Who saith "all right, I've crammed,  
And know not half! Trust luck, cheer  
up, nor be afraid."

—Apologies to Browning.

—o—  
Teacher:—"How dare you swear before me!"

Pupil:—"How did I know you wanted to swear first?"—Ex.

—o—  
The Englishman who said that 'ugging was 'armless was wrong. It is 'armful.—  
Ex.

—o—  
**Football Under the New Rules.**

I humbly beg your pardon, sir;  
I fear that I have smashed your toe.  
Such accidents will oft occur

In gatherings like this, you know!

"And I have been," was the reply,  
"More hasty than was rightly due,  
I fear I have contused your eye—

And does that ear belong to you?"

"Believe me, sir, I meant no harm,  
It happened by the merest chance,  
I trust that you will take my arm  
In getting to the ambulance."

'Tis now fulfilled, our fondest dreams,  
These college rudenesses are past.  
Kind courtesy doth reign supreme,  
And football is reformed at last.

—The Exponent.

—o—  
**A Natural Inference.**

Six-year-old Fanny just returned from Sunday school, seemed to have something on her mind.

"Mother," she said after a while, "they must have had very large beds in Bible times."

"Why?" asked the mother.

"Well, our teacher told us today that Abraham slept with his four fathers."—  
Harper's Weekly.

**Just Resentment.**

The pretty girl with the auburn hair had refused him.

"I never dreamed, Mr. Smykins," she said, "that your attentions to me were anything more than those of a friend."

"Oh, you didn't!" growled the young man. "You thought I had been coming here regularly once a week during the last six months merely for the pleasure of seeing you eat a fifty cent box of candy, did you?"—Chicago Tribune.

—o—  
**Tale That Was Told.**

Ella—Bello told me that you told her that secret I told you not to tell her.

Stella—She's a mean thing—I told her not to tell you I told her.

"Well, I told her I wouldn't tell you she told me—so don't tell her I did."—  
Short Stories.

Rose a clamor from the woodshed,  
Rushed a frantic mother there;  
Came a father forth exclaiming,  
I have merely fanned the heir.

—Ex.

—o—  
**MORE OR LESS PUNGENT.**

**Revised Football.**

"I humbly beg your pardon, sir;  
I fear that I have mashed your toe.  
Such accidents will oft occur  
In gatherings like this, you know.

"And I have been," was the reply,  
"More hasty than was rightly due,  
I fear I have contused your eye—  
And does this ear belong to you?"

"Believe me, sir, I meant no harm,  
It happened by the merest chance.  
I trust that you will take my arm  
In getting to the ambulance."

'Tis now fulfilled, our fondest dream,  
These college rudenesses are past.  
Kind courtesy doth reign supreme  
And football is reformed at last  
—Washington Star.

—o—  
Stern Father—What time is that you are getting in?

Son—About one o'clock. (clock striking three).

Father (sarcastically)—My, how the clock stutters!—Ex.

—o—  
She—Oh, how lovely of you to bring me these beautiful roses! How sweet they are—and how fresh. I do believe there is a little dew on them yet.

He—W-well, yes, there is, about fifty cents, I think; but I'll pay it tomorrow.

**A Mountain Brook.**

I come from the depths of the mountain,  
 The dark, hidden head of the fountain;  
 I spring from a nook in the ledges,  
 And bathe the gray granite's rough  
 edges;  
 I rush over wide mossy masses  
 To quench the hot thirst of the grasses.  
 I bathe the cleft hoofs of the cattle,  
 As o'er the rude ford-stones I rattle.  
 I glide through the glens deep in  
 shadow;  
 I flow in the sun-bathed meadow,  
 And seek, with a shade and a quiver,  
 The still, steady flow of the river,  
 Then on to the wild rhythmic motion  
 Of my mother, the sky-tinted ocean.  
 —Charles Otis Judkins, "Wesleyan  
 Literary Monthly."

Professor:—"What is friction?"

Smart Student:—"It is the resistance a  
 body meets with when passing over an-  
 other body."

Professor:—"Yes. Down in M—the  
 hills are so steep that a horse and buggy  
 in passing down meet with so little re-  
 sistance and go at such a velocity of  
**speed that the horse may sit in the front**  
 of the buggy and ride up hill.

Prof. (dictating prose)—"Slave, where  
 is thy horse?"

Startled Pupil—"It's in my desk, sir,  
 but I wasn't using it."

A young theologian named Fiddle  
 Refused to accept his degree  
 "For," said he, "'tis enough to be Fid-  
 dle

Without being Fiddle D. D."

First Chauffeur—"There's one thing I  
 hate to run over, and that is a baby."

Second Chauffeur—"So do I; those  
 nursing bottles raise Cain with tires."—  
 Ex.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,  
 Up above the trolley car;  
 If the car should jump the track,  
 Would I get my nickle back?

The doctor viewed the worthless cur,  
 And heaved a great big sigh.  
 "I'm very much afraid," said he,  
 "Your brilliant purp'll die."  
 'Tis wrong for any maid to be  
 Abroad at night alone;  
 A chaperon she needs till she  
 Can call some chap 'er own.

**The Barrier.**

(Reprinted because of a typographical  
 error in former publication.)

Long ago in the garden of childhood  
 I wandered, under the old elm trees  
 That swayed and swept their branches,  
 Nodding in every breeze;  
 But ever around that garden  
 Rose the old wall, high and grim,  
 Shutting me in with the lilacs  
 And hollyhocks so prim.

By standing upon my play-bench  
 I could just see over the wall,  
 Out in the sunlit meadows  
 That seemed to beckon and call;  
 The violets there were bluest,  
 The daisies were purest white,  
 And the little brook under the willows  
 Danced in the golden light.

Today with eyes full of longing  
 I still look over the wall,  
 That hedges me in from the Future  
 And it seems to beckon and call;  
 But as then in that garden of childhood  
 So now I must work and wait,  
 Till Time, in his infinite patience  
 Shall open for me, the gate.

H. I. F., '09.

**Ubique.**

His presence makes the Spring to blush,  
 He shines in ample Summer's glow,  
 He kindles Autumn's burning bush  
 And flings the Winters' fleece of snow.  
 —"Hamilton Literary Monthly."

**With a Copy of Keats.**

Like listless lullabies of sail swept seas  
 Heard from still coves, and dulcet soft  
 as these,  
 Such is the echo of his perfect song,  
 It lives, it lingers long!  
 We love him more than all his wonder  
 tales  
 Sweeter his own song than his nightin-  
 gales;  
 No voice speaks, on the century that has  
 fled,  
 So deathless from the dead!  
 How many stately epics have been  
 tossed  
 Rudely against Times' shore, and wreck-  
 ed and lost,  
 While Keats, the dreaming boy, floats  
 down Time's sea  
 His dreaming argosy!  
 —Frederick Lawrence Knowles, "Wes-  
 leyian Literary Monthly."

# ..THE VARIETY STORE..

Alma, Mich.

A FULL LINE  
OF APPROPRIATE  
GIFTS FOR  
COMMENCEMENT.

Headquarters for Dry Goods,  
Crockery and Glassware. Great  
Economy sale now on.

J. J. SHIELDS, Alma.

L. N. Church,  
Dray and Baggage Line.

*When You have Baggage to move call  
Bell 'phone 72 or Journal office.*

ALMA, MICHIGAN.

## Hubbard's Lunch Room.

For Cream Tomato Soup  
Short Order Meals  
and Lunches.

Oysters in Season.

Harvey Hubbard.

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

# PATENTS

TRADE MARKS  
DESIGNS  
COPYRIGHTS & C.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

**Scientific American.**

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.

**MUNN & Co.** 361 Broadway, New York  
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

S. W. CASE,

PHOTOGRAPHER,

College Trade Solicited.

North of Wright House, ALMA, MICH.

J. A. Bittner =: =

F L O R I S T

Alma, - Michigan.

## Your Judgment



Will endorse our words: Patronize those who advertise with us and thus help to make the Almanian a succsss.



*DR. E. A. BAGLEY.*

Office: Opera House Block. Office Hours: 1:30 to 4:30 and 7 to 8 p. m. General Practice. Diseases of the Eye and Ear.

*DR. N. F. McCLINTON,*

*Graduate of University  
Michigan.*

Office: New Pollasky Block. Office Hours: 1:30 to 4:30 and 7 to 8:30 p. m. Night calls at residence. Telephone from office, without calling central.

*DR. E. T. LAMB,*  
*Alma, Mich.*

Office: Bahlke Block.

*DR. ALBERT STEALY,*  
*Alma, Mich.*

Office in Vermeulen Block. Office Hours: 8 to 10 a. m. 2 to 4 p. m. 7 to 8:30 p. m.

*DR. WM. KELLY,*  
*Dentist,*

Office in Opera House Block, ALMA, MICH.

*JAMES G. KRESS,*  
*ATTORNEY,*

4 and 5 Opera House Block, ALMA, MICH.

*DR. FRED A. GILL,*  
*Dentist,*

Rooms 5 and 6 Pollasky Block. Union 'phone No. 146 Alma, Michigan.

*Dr. Edw. D. King,*

OSTEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN.

Graduate American School of Osteopathy (under the Founder, Dr. A. T. Still). Office, Opera House Block; Hours, 9 to 12. 1:30 to 4. except Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Evenings by appointment.

# Students!!!

## SEE "STEVIE."

When you want anything in the line of Confectionery, Ice Cream, Hot Soda, Fruits, Nuts, etc. You are always welcome.

# S. L. BENNETT

### How To Know The Genuine

Look for the  globe lettered on the pen.

See that it has a Spoon-feed like this



with cups in the side that prevent the terminating overflow common to all other fountain pens.

The genuine Waterman Ideal is exchangeable and repairable at any of our branch offices.

For Sale by Stationers everywhere and many Jewelers and Druggists.



The Clip-cap is a feature of the genuine. It secures the pen to your pocket.

L. E. Waterman Co.  
173 Broadway, New York  
136 St. James Street, Montreal  
138 Montgomery Street, San Francisco  
8 School St., Boston 160 State St., Chicago

Pure Drugs,  
Palmer's Perfumes,  
Fine Stationery,  
Art Goods,  
Lowney Candy

## Geo. E. Sharrar,

Leading Druggist and Wall Paper Dealer,  
ALMA, MICH.

Toledo, Ohio

— TO —

Frankfort, Mich.

300 Miles Through the Wol-  
verine State, via

The Ann Arbor Railroad.

Good Connections.

Rates as low as via any other route

TRAINS LEAVE ALMA

GOING SOUTH

7:54 ..... A. M.  
3:45 ..... P. M.  
8:34 ..... P. M.

GOING NORTH

7:32 ..... A. M.  
12:44 ..... P. M.  
8:14 ..... P. M.

J. L. KIRBY, G. P. A., Toledo, O.

H. J. WINCHELL, Agent, Alma, Mich.

ALMA COLLEGE, ALMA, MICH.

Offers Ample Instructions in the  
Following Courses of Study.

(1)—The Classical. (2)—The Scientific. (3)—The Philosophical. (4)—The  
Literary. (5)—The Pedagogical for those desiring Life Certificates. (6)—The  
The Training for Kindergarten Teachers. (7)—The Commercial for those  
wishing a Business Education. (8)—The Music Department. (9)—The Art  
Department. (10)—The Academy, Preparatory to the College.

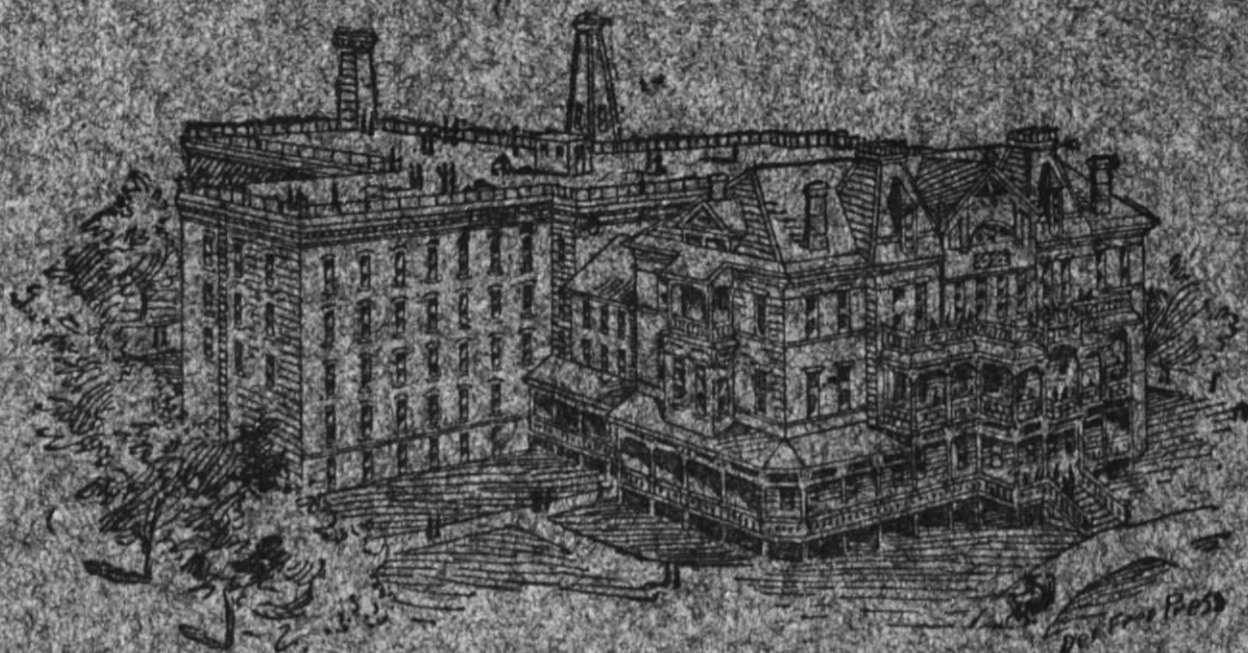
The expenses are very low. From one hundred twenty-five to one hundred and seventy-five dollars  
pays all the college bills for one year, including board, room rent and washing. This can be greatly re-  
duced by various forms of self-help.

There are SEVENTY FREE SCHOLARSHIPS for students having an average standing of 90 per  
cent. in their studies of the previous year.

For Catalogue and Further In-  
formation, Address,

Albert P. Cook, Secretary.

...THE ALMA SPRINGS SANITARIUM...



THE HOME OF WONDERFUL WATERS.

AN INSTITUTION WHERE SICK PEOPLE GET WELL by natural methods, by the scientific use of wonderful mineral waters. Rest-Cure and Diataries to meet the needs of afflicted people.

ALMA BROMO WATER used in the bath is a positive cure for rheumatism, gout, nervous prostration and skin diseases; when taken internally in small doses diluted with other water, is a powerful liver stimulant and laxative.

ALMARIAN SPRING WATER a specific for kidney, liver and urinary disorders is Nature's cure for Bright's disease and diabetes.

RATES ARE FROM \$15 PER WEEK UP which entitles you to comfortable room, excellent table board, doctor's care and attention, general nursing, all baths, massages, etc., one treatment daily in the hydrotherapeutic department, Swedish movements and class gymnastics. SEND ADDRESS FOR BOOKLET.

Edward C. Mix, Lessee and Manager.

# Lee Mercantile Company



The Big Department Store

ALMA,

MICHIGAN.

The Largest Department Store between Saginaw and Grand Rapids.

Dry Goods, Clothing, Shoes, Cloaks, Suits, Carpets, House Furnishings, China, Glassware and Groceries. Silks, Trimmings, Dress Linings, Art Needle Work, Men's Furnishings, Notions of all kinds, Bazaar Goods, Furs, Hosiery, Underwear, Table Linens, Infants' Wear, Washable Goods, Draperies, Curtains, Crockery and China.

Remember our Motto, Absolute Honesty,  
Satisfaction, Accommodation.