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ALMA, MICHIGAN

OCTOBER, 1906

NUMBER 1

Almanian

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VOL. 8,

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NO. 1.

ALMANIAN

OCTOBER ISSUE, 1906

Impressions of the Yosemite.

H. O. Whittemore.

THERE are at least four places in the United States, that once visited, are never forgotten, Niagara, the Yellowstone, the Grand Canyon, and the greatest of all, the Yosemite. The Yosemite Valley, although the perhaps least known of the four greatest American wonders is greatest in that it contains in its area of 20 or more square miles, all that the others have and more. It has the grandeur of Niagara, the great depths of the Grand Canyon, the variety of rock formation and color and the cataracts of the Yellowstone, and adds to these, smooth, grassy meadows and lawns, great forests of huge conifers and above all the pine-scented air and never clouded sun of the Sierras.

The average tourist goes to the valley, over the mountain roads, so filled with the glowing descriptions which he has heard that the beautiful scenery on the way is scarcely noticed. But when the first glimpse is obtained from Inspiration Point, his former mind pictures of the valley are scattered to the distant

peaks. It is far beyond all expectations. Spread out 2,000 feet below is the Yosemite, which extends to the eastward as far as the eye can reach. The beautiful Merced seems like a mere thread and huge trees as mere brushes. In the distance stands out most prominently the bald-faced El Capitan and on both sides are numerous water falls, making a picture impossible for author or artist to truthfully describe. We had the great fortune to reach it just as the sun was setting, throwing a golden light over the cliffs and mountain tops. With the dark green valley floor the gold and pink rocks and the light blue sky, the view was magnificent.

The next few days were spent in wandering up and down viewing the scenery from the inside. The valley is an ideal camping place for those who can travel in that way and set up their temporary homes wherever fancy dictates. Covered with forests of sweet scented pines, cedar and spruce, and level meadows through which flows the Merced,

which is without doubt the most beautiful river in the world, it is unsurpassed.

Along the wall from the inside are disclosed many curious rock formations. The most prominent of these is El Capitan, a perpendicular block of granite 3,000 feet in height. This is about one-third the way up the valley from Inspiration Point and on the north side, eastward along the same side one notices the Three Brothers, huge knobs, one above the other, mountains playing leap frog as the Indians called them. The wall beyond these is straight and almost perpendicular, as far as the Washington arches. These are curious color formations in the rock resembling a rainbow in shape. Just above this is the North Dome, a granite knob of almost pure whiteness. On the south side almost opposite El Capitan are the Cathedral Spires, high pointed rocks. Near them is the great Sentinel Rock, called the "Yosemite's Guardian Angel" by the Indians, of course in their own language. This overlooks nearly the whole of the valley. Directly beneath it is that place famous in Indian legends, the battle field where the peaceful Yosemitees were surprised and almost exterminated by warlike tribes from the east. The old Sentinel looks with grim displeasure upon scenes of those events long passed, but which had come to pass when it has seen thousands of winters. A ludicrous side to this is the paternal regard the old rock seems to have for a queer little devil which sets somewhat ill at ease on

the wall beside it, but does not dare to move for fear of getting spanked for his pains.

Farther toward the east where the Little Yosemite branches off to the southward, jutting out at this junction, is Glacier Point, and across the little valley and opposite from the North Dome is the great South Half Dome. The latter seems as if some great giant had in years gone passed, raised his mighty sword and cut the dome in twain. One of the halves he tossed somewhere over in Nevada, having missed one of the snow capped peaks for which he had aimed.

Perhaps to the minds of most people the greatest wonder of the Yosemite lies in its cataracts. Of these there are scores, ranging from tiny rivulets trickling over the smooth wall to veritable rivers plunging and pouring over the precipice and disappearing in clouds of spray hundreds of feet below. The most wonderful of all these is the Falls of the Yosemite, the highest in the world. It descends in three leaps a total of 2,700 feet. The first fall is a sheer drop of 2,000 feet, the middle falls 100 and the lower 600 feet. The Yosemite falls are the subjects for paintings and sketches by artists, good and bad, more than any other point in the vicinity. Many tourists have come hundreds of miles to view these alone and have gone away more than satisfied.

There is one spot which is perhaps photographed more than any other. This is Mirror Lake, lying just beyond the North and South

Domes. The smooth waters of this lake reflect the surrounding objects so perfectly that a photograph taken from the water of Cloud's Rest on the opposite side and inverted is easily mistaken for the view of the mountain itself. This fact has been the cause of a practical joke in many an eastern home.

One of the best features of the visit was a day's trip up the Little Yosemite valley and the Merced Canyon. A narrow burro trail leads along the stream as far as the top of the Nevada Falls. Along this canyon the Merced descends 4,000 feet in three miles leaping over the 900 foot Nevada and 600 foot Vernal Falls. The river descends in most places at an angle of from 20 to 40 degrees and as the bed is filled with huge boulders there is a deafening roar that can be heard for miles. Just below the Vernal Falls the trail crosses on a narrow bridge, and the view from there above is grand, the whole river being one mass of leaping foam. It is, however, impossible to describe the scenery so that it can be comprehended so perplex and varied is it and withal so beautiful and grand.

There are many other points of interest not mentioned here, pretty nooks, little lakes, the animals, birds,

flowers and scores of others. You may get them by reading what John Muir, the great Western Naturalist, tells about them in his works on the Sierras.

No one goes away or ought to go away from the Yosemite without having seen it from Glacier Point. Reached by a long drive through beautiful mountain meadows and forests of Douglass Spruce, it is a fitting climax to all the glories previously witnessed. John Muir has declared Glacier Point to be the greatest view point of mountain scenery in the world. Spread out at our feet is the whole of the Big and Little Yosemite valleys, the whole course of the Merced from the point where it springs from beneath the distant Glacier till it disappears in the canyons to the west is visible in all its detail. Raising our eyes we see range upon range of snow capped peaks of the high Sierras. Hours are spent in gazing at the magnificent panorama and no one leaves it without a sigh of regret and realizing that they have seen something never to be forgotten. Nothing better can express their feelings than the two words of President Roosevelt as he took a last look at the wonderful creation, "It's grand."

The Loss of Dimples.

F. W. C., '08.

YOU fellows want to walk down to the creek with me and give the dogs a swim?" Bobbie Barrett

had come out of the house and interrupted the conversation which Gaylord and I were having with

pretty Miss Nina who, sitting enthroned in the hammock hung on the shady east side, was handing down gracious speeches and witty retorts to us lying on the lawn at her feet. Bobbie was our old school teacher, now become a prosperous farmer, and we, one of us from college and the other from a far distant western town, were making him a visit. "Do we?" and "You bet your life!" were the simultaneous answers as we sprang up. I looked away to the neighboring woods and gave a loving pat of the hand to the pocket which hid my cigar case which held five long black beauties, then sighed resignedly and desisted. For we did not smoke before Robin; he is one of those desirable persons before whom one always longs to appear immaculate and sane.

We walked down the path leading to the road in front of the house. I turned for a last look. It was a pretty picture; the sweet and clean old white farm house with its wide porches, the green lawn and cool trees, and the bright colored fabric of the swinging hammock. In the rear were the hogs red barns and the golden stacks; the farm lying to the west was a prize, one of three hundred acres divided into twenty and thirty acre lots, rolling and fair to see, some of them green with rich pasture, yellow with stubble, or dark from their fitting for wheat. Scattered about were clumps of woods, sixty acres in all. It was a perfect August afternoon, not blowing but the air was full of life and the dust not too pervasive. The white house,

in the afternoon shade, seemed good from the road, yet I turned to the east again with a wave of my hand and ran to rejoin Bob and Gaylord.

We crossed a field of half-raked clover seed, vaulted a low railfence and stood on the brink of an old river-bed. The gully sloped away before us covered with a thick growth of hard-wood, maple, beech, elm, bass-wood, oak. A rough skidway ran along the hill top and the wilderness of the view along the way called forth exclamations. One could catch glimpses now and then of the bottom of the winding valley, with once in a while sunny cleared spots. A favorable descent brought us to the bottom and there, like a sudden revelation, a perfect little glory of a stream came bounding and flashing out of the thicket, spread out and made a demure courtesy at our feet by a yellow sand bar, and then went quietly and sedately on its way through the shadowy grove that extended a little way north and east.

The dogs that had been following us at a less or greater distance as we came across the fields came tearing down the hillside with a chorus of joyful barks. There were four of them, pedigreed collies; Dimple, the mother, who sat up before us with a mirthfully questioning look characteristic of collies, and her three half-grown pups, Whitey, Browney and Dan Dimple plunged gaily into the little stream and swam about; Browney and Dan dabbled their feet in the water's edge, but Whitey, the coward, stood on the top of the bank

and whined piteously for his mother and brother to come back. Bob gave him a toss into the middle of the pool whereupon he splurged awkwardly up to Dimple, clambered on her back and rode shivering to shore, holding tightly by his teeth. We sat and watched the pretty play for perhaps half an hour and in the meantime Bobbie gave us much information in regard to collie nature and the interesting points of the characters of his own four.

"And, by the way," he said, "there comes into my mind just now a rather strange adventure of Dimple's last winter; it's really worth telling. To be more exact it was an adventure of Nina and Dimple. I believe today is the first time either of you have met Miss Worden and of course you won't half appreciate all the fine things about her personality so soon, though you did seem to be rapidly succumbing to her charms when I interrupted you an hour ago; but, by John Rogers, I tell you, boys, that Nina is an almighty unusual girl. She's a regular thorough-going mystic, one of the kind that will talk to you for hours on Emerson, or Browning, Christian Science, New Thought, Psychology, Transmigration, Transcendentalism and all that sort of thing. Well it was last fall when she made her first visit at our place that the adventure really began. She had been away at school for three years and it was during that time that we had moved on to this place. Well, one nice, clear afternoon last September, just at the end of the

month, Mrs. B. had to drive into the Rapids. She chanced upon Nina there in the street and nothing would do but she must come out and make us a little visit. So she did. I happened to be at the house when they arrived late in the afternoon. Dimple surprised us there for the first time. We had always considered her an ordinary enough collie, bright, intelligent, able to handle all the stock on the farm, but nothing unusual or mysterious."

Bobbie ceased speaking to gaze meditatively at the dog that had come to us at the mention of her name and now sat on her haunches regarding us with a comical inquiring look,—just a black and white dog, full of life and spirits and that was all. Bobbie began again: "We watched the buggy come briskly down the road and as it turned into the driveway Dimple, according to habit, flew bounding and barking to meet it. Away she tore straight up to the rig, and then, as Nina bent down from the seat and reached out a slim white hand to touch the creature I saw something marvelous happen. Not another sound came from Dimple, not another bound did she make; her ears drooped and her tail dragged in the dust as she marched quietly along behind the carriage, her great brown eyes fixed immovably on the pretty girl who leaned from the seat to watch her. Nina was as astonished as I was. 'Why, Bob,' she said, 'what a queer acting dog that is; what ails her?' 'You've got me stumped;' I answered; 'come here, Dimple.'" But

Dimple wouldn't come here. She followed us into the house at a respectful distance and sat down on the floor about four feet from and directly in front of Nina's chair. There she sat and stared and stared, if you can think of a dog as staring. To thump occasionally on the floor with her tail was all she would do to enlighten us as to what her views of the situation were.

"Now the most logical explanation we could conceive of was that there was some mysterious quality about Miss Worden that gave her an influence over Dimple, some sort of sympathetic, natural, psychological bond, if you can understand what I am trying to get at. But what that bond was I don't know to this day, although by this time I have lots of theories about it. Well, the collie sat there, solemn as death for perhaps fifteen minutes and then as though drawn by some irresistible force she moved gently up to Nina's side and put her head on her knee. Nina placed her hand on Dimple's head and went on talking in her brightest youthful but benignant way about the latest ideas in Spiritualism, thought transference and the like mental phenomena which she had gleaned in her last year at college.

"She is a talented musician as you know and after we talked a few minutes longer, on Mrs. Barrett's urging her to play, she got up and went over to the piano and sat down. That broke the spell in some way. She began playing a Beethoven Sonata, soft, fanciful, music

with a dreamy, mystical-seeming motive; Dimple stopped staring, started toward Mrs. Barrett, then towards me, changed her mind and ran up to the piano and gave three loud and approving barks. And, by John Rogers, I consider that enough for one dog to do in a day toward rendering herself conspicuous. Well, after that Nina and Dimple were fast friends. They were comrades in their walks about the farm, they sat together in the hammock afternoons, read together, and, as I imagine it, thought together most of the time. When Nina went back to the Rapids after her week's visit Dimple was blue for two whole days.

"A few days before last Thanksgiving Nina came back to the farm again for another visit and perhaps Dimple was more glad than either Mrs. B. or I to see her come. But they were not together as much as before; the dog had her feet full, so to speak; there were the sheep, cattle, and horses to round up every night, and she was not yet so skilful that she could do her work in short order. I had trained her so that she went without telling every night and brought all the stock up to the barn, but the horses gave her a good deal of trouble. You see, she wasn't smart enough to keep out of the way of their heels and one night I had found her senseless from a kick in the head, lying in a fence corner, and two or three other times she was lamed so she could hardly walk. Therefore we kept a close watch on her and Nina, to be sure,

was beside herself with anxiety for her favorite and if we hadn't reasoned with her pretty strenuously would have gone back to town so she wouldn't have to see Dimple imposed on.

"When Thanksgiving day came we all went over to my father's, three miles west, to spend the day and left Dimple at home, feeling terribly abused about it, to tend to things. It was an ideal day when we started, bright, and clear, the ground frozen hard with no snow on it and the roads worn smooth. We reached there at ten and sat down at once to the best dinner that I have ever connected with, I believe, and were having such a good time when the usual hour for going home arrived that Mrs. Barrett wouldn't think of coming. That was about five o'clock and the weather had become dark and cloudy. I said I would drive home, do the chores and come back later; Nina was bound to go along too and tend to the things in the house, and finally after getting everyone to agree to the arrangement, we pulled out and made for home. There was a keen breeze coming out of the west and the fields and orchards along the way looked dreary and cold as we whirled by through the snow-flakes that were beginning to fall. Nina talked incessantly of Dimple, pointing out how fortunate I was to have a smart collie to do my work and hoping we wouldn't reach the house and find the poor dog had tired herself out and lain down to die of the cold. Of course

I knew this was all foolishness, but naturally I got nervous and pretty soon began to form mental pictures of the great wide pasture lot hid in the shades of night with stock scattered all over it and somewhere in it my good shepherd dog lying helpless and at the mercy of the drifting snow. I guess both of you boys understand how sometimes when you are tired or uncomfortable a possible disaster will objectify itself before your mind's eye and haunt you till you wish you were somewhere else, in safety.

"John Rogers, it was a relief when we got there and I helped Nina into the house, put up the horse and went into the stock barn and found every blessed head in its place and the sheep safe in their shed. My conscience was clear about Dimple now and I went ahead and finished up the chores in record time and started for the house. Nina was in the kitchen; 'Dimple's here, isn't she?' I asked. 'Why, Bob, no! I thought all the time she was with you! Where in the world can she be do you think? I turned back to the barn and whistled,—no response; I called, 'Dimple, oh Dimple,'—the only sound was the echo and the whistle of the wind around the corner of the house. 'By George, this means business, Nina; bring me the lantern,' I said. 'I'm going down in the pasture and make sure she isn't there. You can stay here and I'll be back in no time.' She flared up at me unexpectedly; 'I won't stay,—I won't stay a minute, Bobbie Barrett! Do you think

I'd stay here and not know whether Dimple is dead or alive? Not much! You don't know me yet, I guess! Well, I lit the lantern and we started together on our hunt. The pasture is a big field for a small dog to get lost in, there are twenty acres in it with some few trees and any number of knolls. It was just six o'clock when we began looking; we started in the southeast corner and began walking west about twenty feet from each other; we went up and down that pasture till we covered it, whistling and calling but no signs of Dimple. Nina was in a perfect agony. You would have thought she was a mother looking for a lost child; she could only keep from sobbing by remembering that she must keep her voice clear enough to sing out her pet's name as loud as possible, but she lost her self-control once or twice. At last it was nine o'clock, we had covered the pasture, we had not been able to get even a sound of the collie, I had forgotten all about going for Mrs. Barrett, and were chilled through and in the lowest depths of despair. It was no use looking longer so we tramped up the lane,

through the barn-yard and as we came in sight of the house we heard a rig come pounding down the driveway. I recognized the familiar rattle of my father's old buggy. It drew up with a flourish at the verandah and now guess who got out. Mrs. Barrett, and with an overjoyed scramble, that awful dog. Mad, I could have killed the confounded brute, and would have done it, too, then and there if Nina hadn't stooped down and thrown both arms around her neck and burst out crying. Mad, oh mad! I certainly forgot most of my religion then. You see, while Nina and I were coming home Dimple had put up the stock and then cut across the fields to father's and left us in the cold hunting for her."

The sound of Bobbie's voice was replaced by the sound of the gently blowing breeze; Gaylord and I looked at each other a moment, then woke with a start to the fact that it was really not the dead of winter, but the liveliest part of August, with singing birds, beautiful woods, and not half a mile away an unimaginably good supper awaiting us in the old white farm house.

Lakeside.

A. R. Moon.

TO express the feeling that comes to one who has had the privilege of going to Lakeside is impossible. There is no way of obtaining that feeling other than by attending the conference when op-

portunity is given. Those who attend can not bring back and impart to others all that has been imparted to them. Reports can not tell what Lakeside really is, and words can not express the feeling that comes

over one who has had this privilege. So an attempt will not be made to express the feeling that the delegates last June experienced, but merely to give an idea of the purpose of such a gathering of students.

It has been said that looking back with the right purpose is a step in advance. To those who attend, Lakeside offers this step. It brings one to a sudden halt and turns him around that he might see what advancement has been made, socially, politically, intellectually and spiritually the world over.

During the college year our minds are so filled with our studies, athletics, social times and the spiritual needs of our own college that we don't stop to think and consequently don't know much about the things that are going on beyond that small circle we ourselves are in. It has been felt by some of the most influential men of our country that the college student needs a chance to view the world at large, so the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. summer conferences have been instituted. During those ten days of the conference, on the Ohio shores of Lake Erie, for the last three years, this opportunity has been given. There it is one sees how small an individual really is, and yet he gets an idea of how large and important he might be if he only will.

The aim of the conference is not to urge everyone who attends to become preachers or foreign missionaries. If that was its aim it would fall far short of accomplishing it. For I believe it is safe to say that

most of those who attend will never wear the frock coat and white necktie. However, it does aim to give a broader view of life and to show just where each one stands in relation to the world's progress. In other words, to help settle the question that confronts every college student, where is my place in the world? Or what am I going to do when I finish school? At no better place could a young man go than to Lakeside, or to wherever the conference is held, to meditate, talk over and settle that vital question.

The few days spent at Lakeside are not all filled, as many may think they are, with dry religious meetings and a number of long-faced parsons following you around to get a personal interview with you, but far from that. The meetings, which are held only in the morning and evening, the afternoons being devoted to athletics, are full of interest and life. Especially good and helpful are the Life Work meetings, which are held immediately after supper on the shore of the lake just as the sun is sinking slowly in the heavens and apparently dropping into the water, which adds to the solemnity of the occasion. It is at these meetings, where different professions are talked about by some of the great men of our country, that a fellow is brought to his senses and made to realize the importance of a purpose in life.

Over the gate at Cornell University are found these words: "So enter that daily thou mayest become more thoughtful and learned, so de-

part that daily thou mayest become more useful to thy country." The rocky shores of Lakeside have well been likened to this gate at Cornell. Into the gate to get light, truth, grace and beauty;
 Out of the gate to shed light, truth, grace and beauty.
 Into the gate to get a knowledge of God's word;

Out of the gate to spread the knowledge of God's word.
 Into the gate to see a vision of the mission field;
 Out of the gate to take a place in the mission field.
 Into the gate to see Christ's plans;
 Out of the gate to carry out Christ's plans.

The New Faculty.

Herman Morse.

THE old students returned to Alma this year to greet an array of new faces in faculty row, with not a little apprehension and curiosity. It certainly seemed an open question whether such excellent, highly esteemed instructors as Miss Allen, Miss Inglis, Miss Bushnell, Dr. Transeau, Mr. Randells and Mr. Pennell could be succeeded by equally successful instructors. Some time, of course, will be required for perfect adjustment. But if we might venture a prophecy, it would be to the effect that the new regime will be very satisfactory in most respects and especially so as regards one or two special instances.

In Alma, after the president, the personage that looms up most conspicuously and assumes the most importance in the eyes of the students of both sexes, is the Dean. From our limited experience, we feel that we cannot speak too highly of Miss Margaret E. Houghawout, Dean of Wright Hall and Professor of English, late of Hastings College.

We all acknowledge the difficulties encountered by the dean, and appreciate the fact that she is placed in a peculiarly trying position. Miss Houghawout fits nicely into her place and performs her duties with entire satisfaction. Alma has experienced various methods of ruling, and has demonstrated to her own satisfaction that the rule of love is by far the most effectual. If we rightly estimate the hold that Miss Houghawout has upon the affections of the inmates of Wright Hall, certainly the utmost harmony should prevail. Wherever you meet her she is affable and pleasant, even while making it evident who she intends shall manage affairs. As an English teacher, she is all that is to be desired, displaying a thorough knowledge of her subjects and the most approved methods of teaching. We consider her worthy of our entire confidence.

Classical students felt an especial interest as to who would succeed Miss Gelston in the chair of Latin.

We have heard many protestations from many quarters of the high esteem in which our Miss Gelston was held, and her Latin scholars shared the general feeling. This would, of course, make the task of her successor the harder. This successor is Prof. J. Raymond Walton, of West Lafayette College, Ohio, Principal of the Academy and Professor of Latin, who has so far conducted himself very creditably. He came to us highly recommended as a thorough, enthusiastic instructor and an earnest Christian man. Our acquaintance with him justifies his recommendations. He is an exacting man in his classes, with strict ideas of class etiquette. We feel safe in saying that his whole influence, in and out of the class room, will be an wholesome Christian influence. We are fortunate in securing a man of such sterling character and worth.

Another man of whom we are led to hope much is Dr. Hansford McCurdy, Professor of Geology. He shows all the qualifications of a successful teacher in his line of work, amply bearing out his high testimonials. Moreover, the man himself impresses one. The fellows first came in contact with him in the opening stag reception, and their verdict was very favorable. He gave them a spicy, pointed talk and won their hearty esteem. Alma has of late years been remarkably well served in that department, and the present incumbent will doubtless maintain our reputation in that regard.

Another vacancy which we viewed with a feeling of distinct loss at the

opening of the college year was the chair of Modern Languages. Miss Inglis, during her stay among us, had thoroughly ingratiated herself into our affections. But the more that we become personally acquainted with Miss Mullenbach and her methods of work, the more we are inclined to think that Miss Inglis has a worthy successor. Indeed, Miss Inglis is her personal friend and speaks most highly of her.

Miss Gelston also writes that she is very favorably impressed with her, considering her a person of refinement and character, one who will "wear well." Her classes are all highly satisfied and count it a privilege to study with her, even while admitting that the privilege is not mixed with plenty of hard work.

Last year, Miss Bushnell, head of the piano department, while she did most excellent work, was considerably handicapped by ill health, making the accompaniment of heavy choruses, etc., much more difficult than her great skill as a pianist would seem to warrant. Mrs. Katherine M. Strong, who comes to us from Albert Lea College, Minnesota, has no such handicap. She is an accomplished musician, having been considered the best in Minnesota. She certainly ought to have great success in Alma.

The other addition to the music faculty is Miss Rose Deacon, violin, of Rochester, Ont. She has performed several times in chapel and church and has shown herself a brilliant performer, and the general ver-

dict seems to be that she is also a very capable instructor.

One of the new positions in the faculty created this year is that of instructor in Academy English and Mathematics. This position is filled by Miss Mary Eddy. She has had a wide experience as a teacher, both in high school and college, and is thoroughly capable. She is an instructor of all-around culture. For besides being well versed in her subjects, she is an artist and a musician of no mean ability.

Last year the position of athletic director for girls was combined with the position of instructor in 1 and 2 academy Latin. This year the director is instructor in academy German. This is Miss Bessie Bowman, of Oberlin. She was secured upon the recommendation of Miss Rachel Brightman, who taught in Alma in the year 1904-5. As yet, it is hard to say, just what she will accomplish in athletics, but we hope and expect much. But she has shown her mettle in the class room and has proven herself a very good instructor.

The principal of the commercial school this year, succeeding Mr. Penel, is Mr. Steinhauser. He comes highly recommended and has proven no disappointment. Alma has a reputation to maintain in this department, which has been a strong one. Judging from the way Mr. Steinhauser is taking a hold of his work,

the commercial school has lost none of its efficiency.

Alma has had coaches many, who have scored us with varying games. Coach Hatch in 1902 turned out our last championship foot ball team. But this year, Alma considers that she has the best coach among the colleges of Michigan in the form of Jesse C. Harper, of U. of C. Coach Stagg of that institution could not speak too highly of him, and from our own observations he did not do him justice. He is a hustler from the drop of the hat. And when he appears, the men know they have to get down and scratch. He has all the qualifications of a successful coach, being a man of the type to inspire the respect of the fellows, has a wide knowledge of foot ball, base ball, etc., and being himself a player of merit, Alma has set her hopes high and has her eyes on the pennant and relies on Coach Harper to bring that happy consummation to pass.

The latest addition to the faculty is Miss Hebner, of Toledo, the K. G. assistant. She is a graduate of the Law Froebel K. G. school of Toledo, and has taught in the Toledo public schools. She conducts the practical kindergarten and gives lectures to the Soph. K. G.'s. She is giving entire satisfaction in her work and although when this goes to press, she has been with us only a few days, she has won the high esteem of those that know her.

Football--A Study in Ethics.

A. J. Helmer.

It is excess, intemperance in anything which makes a man less a man. Food is good for the body, but the gormand arouses the disgust of his fellows and early finds the dispeptic's grave. The early improvident savage is an object of pity. Hiding in caves, eating when nature provides, and then starving when her help is withdrawn, he is scarcely recognized as the ancestor of the modern man. He becomes more a man with the advance of time and civilization finds him independent of the variations of nature; but the old savage fear of starvation, remaining in his breast, induces an excess of saving and the race in the United States in the Twentieth Century presents a curious paradox. The theoretical ethical standard is that of Christ and the practical one that of Judas.

The student has higher ideals than the man of the world. It is easier to idealize than to practice which is as it should be. If it were not for the dreamers, where would this world be? The student, however, can embody his ideals in his sports and foot ball, at least reformed foot ball, can be made the instrument of this embodiment. It is up to the student to show that he is more than a dreamer in ethical fields.

Stupendous as is the intemperance in the use of liquor, the greatest problem before the American people today is the greed for wealth.

Where are our ideals of right and justice? Almost submerged in the passion for wealth. The selfishness, pessimism and greed of Judas are the traits which predominate in practical life today. The altruism, self-sacrifice and love, revealed by Christ are reflected mostly by words and theory.

It is said that the life of a nation is revealed in its sports. If this is true then the effort toward reform in foot ball, if successful, will materially affect our national life. Foot ball is an ideal game for the development of practical ethical ideas. It is true that ambitious coaches have degraded the ideals of the game; Alumni with too much of the modern spirit of win and with misplaced enthusiasm have brutalized it; and college professors have connived at its downfall; but in spite of all this the game itself has developed character. The new reform will not improve the game if it does not remove the objectionable features of the commercial world which in the large universities have prevailed.

Then if students practice their ideals in reforming the game in its commercial aspects, if they refuse to distort the rules in actual play and carry the spirit of fairness into the game, they will do much toward the elimination of selfishness in modern business ideals. The whole game in itself requires the submergence of self. The individual who

tries to make a play alone quickly realizes this. The student of the game knows that without team work it is a failure. The game has always required self-determination and it will not be affected much by the new playing rules. To the Buddhist, dreaming away his life and sinking his own identity into that of the great soul, self-elimination would be excess and so make him less a man. To the strenuous American of today, grasping, fighting, wildly ambitious (look at Hurst and Schwab) for himself, this self-elimination will tend to prevent excess.

In foot ball the young students of America will have a chance to put into practice their ideals of life. Play it out fair boys! They are often laughed at for their dreams of right living and called theoretical; but if they strive now for the highest ethical life on the foot ball field, the coming generation of men will be more manly, the hording of wealth will lose its charm, and the tyranny of the Tiers d'Etat will follow into oblivion that of the Benevolent Despots.

WARNED.

They stood at the garden gate;
By the lifting of a lid
She might have read her fate
In a little thing he did.

He plucked a beautiful flower,
Tore it away from its place,
On the side of a blooming bower,
And held it against his face.

Drank in its beauty and bloom,
In the midst of his idle talk;
Then cast it down to the gloom
And dust of the garden walk.

Ay, trod it under his foot,
As it lay in his pathway there;
Then spurned it away with his boot,
Because it had ceased to be fair.

Ah, the maiden might have read
The doom of her young life then!
But she looked in his eyes instead,
And thought him the king of men.

She looked in his eyes and blushed;
She hid in his strong arms' fold,
And the tale of the flower crushed
And spurned was once more told.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.



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EDITORIAL STAFF.

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Susie Hawes, '07.. Associate Editor
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Louis Anderson, '10.. Sub. Manager

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Mayme Hayes, Senior.
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Madge Booth, Sophomore.
Charles McComb, Freshman.

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OCT., 1906

TO "'10."

It is with an extraordinary feeling
of pride and happiness that we

dedicate this number of the Almanian to the verdant class of '10—to those who have left mother's watchful eyes and guiding hands to pursue alone the duties of which know so much, to those who for the first time have left behind the blushing, gushing sweethearts for conquests in new fields of beauty, to those who cry at night for the knotted quilts and straw ticks, to those who fear to tread the campus without a ticket, to keep a secret from their brothers in the I-tap-a-kegs,—to all these we tenderly dedicate our first issue. But still we welcome them at this season despite their failures for it is the time of year that the green in nature must be replaced with a little color befitting the bright sunny days of fall and in this, after registering, the '10's find their first duty which they have fulfilled well. To them in one respect for their combative instincts, we owe a good time for their money, to them we owe a smile for their sweet songs in the evening, to them we owe an introduction to the ladies they cheerfully entertain—Oh, what have they not coming to them? The best growth and a good harvest to '10, but be warned and don't run to fodder!!

COLLEGE OPENING.

COLLEGE was officially opened Wednesday morning, September 12, by the usual chapel exercises. The morning was ideal for the opening day and every student and many citizens of Alma availed themselves

of the opportunity to visit college and the chapel. The increased attendance among the students filled nearly every seat which was a gratifying sight to those who are regular visitors.

At 8:45 the exercises were opened at the sound of the gong. After the usual reading and prayer by President Bráske, the speaker of the morning, Rev. Funnell of the Presbyterian church, was introduced. Mr. Funnell addressed the students in his always pleasing manner upon the subject, "The Force of Forces."

As to physical force the speaker said "Muscular Christianity is the demand of the hour." In evidence of the fact many instances in actual life were cited where physical strength counted. "Youth and age react to the life about it," but youth is the first motive power, accompanied now and then by age. "Men of 45 and 55 are today Oslerized."

Mental force was treated with much emphasis as was fitting the occasion. "The greatest forces in the world are the mental" which was amply proven by the relation of instances where men of mind had accomplished feats before considered impossible. Edison, Franklin and Burbank were especially mentioned in this connection as men who have done remarkable things at this age of the world.

"Cold intellect never moves in connection with enthusiasm." Be void of enthusiasm when a great demand of wisdom is made upon the mind and the results are determined to be better was the substance of

the development of this phrase of his subject.

Again, "There is no place for men of antiquated thought." This idea was emphatically impressed upon the audience. Men who are old in style and thought can not demand a place in the modern school of mental application for the people of today are noticeably advanced over the preceding generations which were but stepping stones for the present people.

Strength, health and mental vigor "are dependent upon moral force." "You can not move things in this world unless you are sound at heart." While much depends upon the physical condition of a man, more depends upon the moral condition for it is this characteristic which leaves an impression upon the people and much affords a possibility of accomplishing undertakings.

At the conclusion of the address, Rev. Funnell gave his audience the gist of his many trite remarks in the advice,

"Be strong physically, mentally and morally."

"HONOR TO WHOM HONOR."

In the death of Ex-Gov. Aaron T. Bliss Alma college loses an ardent, sincere and modest friend. How long we have been the recipients of this magnanimous man but few have till recently known. We have not known, however, because of want of interest or appreciation, but because of a request made by the deceased that during his life his

name should not be connected in any way with any gift. Now we may explain to the public the interest of this man in Alma and acknowledge in some measure our benefactor.

For several years Mr. Bliss gave annually \$500 to be used in securing an athletic director for the young ladies. The money has been used for this purpose and there has been a director for the women at times

when no director could be had for the men. Exceedingly grateful are we that Mr. Bliss, realizing that at some time he would be unable to annually make this contribution, made provisions in his will for this instance and gave to Alma college \$10,000, the income of which should go to that purpose for which he had given so freely. Alma has surely lost a friend.

ATHLETICS

FOOT BALL SCHEDULE.

1906.

Sept. 29—Ferris at Alma.

Oct. 6—M. A. C. at Alma.

Oct. 19—Hillsdale at Hillsdale.

Oct. 27—Kazoo at Alma.

Nov. 10—M. A. C. at M. A. C.

Nov. 17—Olivet at Alma.

Alma college is certainly especially favored in athletics this year. For two years the athletes of the college have been working during the winter and spring seasons with such coaching as they could give each other and what success the teams have had has been due to their enterprise and Alma spirit. This fall work begins with a new man in charge, J. C. Harper, of Chicago, who during his entire course has been receiving the instructions of Stagg, upon the gridiron, upon the diamond and in the gymnasium. Coach Harper comes to us with the best of recommendations from Stagg and thus far has proven him-

self the man reported. Upon the field he has respect and order, upon the campus he is one of the "men" which fact alone draws to himself the good will of all the boys. What he is doing with the material at hand is all that can be expected at present, what he will produce, remains to be seen.

There are but few of the old foot ball men back. Captain McCollum is playing his usually good game at tackle. Big Mac is doing his best to make the team "good" and is receiving the best of support; Marshall is playing the same game at guard; Moon has been placed from end to tackle and is rounding into

form satisfactorily; Helmer, formerly star half, is this fall working out at full with new vigor and faster plunges; Casterlin, for two years quarter, is officiating in the same capacity this fall and calling signals for Big Mac; Magidsohn is working out for half this year, as last, and will certainly find a place. Among the new foot ball men who are fast, are Hill, Dafoe, Bradfield, Chapel, Hoag, Duncanson brothers, Anderson, Hall, Ire, Palmer, Locker, Angell and Montieth. Horst is out of the game with a bad foot. The team will line up for its first game with Ferris: Left end, Dafoe; left tackle, McCollum; left guard, Bradfield; center, Hill; right guard, Marshall; right tackle, Moon; right end, Chapel; quarter, Casterlin; right half, Madigsohn; full back, Helmer; left half, Hoag.

When the boys returned this fall they were pleased to find a change in the locker room. The old room has been refitted for a recitation room for kindergartners and all the old lockers have been placed in the basement to the boys' dormitory, where with the cement floor, baths and lights the boys find much better accommodations.

To the Subscribers of the Almanian:

There is an old adage to the effect that "an even exchange is no robbery." If this were practiced in your business relations while at college there is no doubt but that the work of the Almanian staff would be lessened. We mean in substance, "trade with our advertisers." Read the advertisements as carefully as you do the story, which is brought to you chiefly by those who advertise, and then trade with those who trade with us. 'Nuff said.

AROUND THE CAMPUS.

WHAT '06 ARE DOING.

Miss Beryl Kefgen, of Cass City, who in spite of the several terms of sickness finished with the class of '06, is teaching at Milan.

Miss Lillian Crandell, of Alma, who during her college course supplied as teacher of academy classes, is following her calling at North Star as principal of schools.

Miss Elizabeth Hunt, of Tuscola, is at Tawas teaching. Miss Hunt was one of the "fever" victims, the only one of the class afflicted.

Mr. William Cooper, of Detroit, the class scientist and adventurer, is again in the west pursuing his botanical researches. Mr. Cooper has during his course made many of these trips.

Mr. Harold Gaunt, of Tuscola, for five years the most conspicuous figure on the campus during the opening weeks of college when freshmen are in need of advice, is preparing for the ministry at Princeton.



E. H. CASTERLIN, '07, Editor in Chief



ROBERT CRAIG, '08, Business Manager



LOUIS ANDERSON, '10, Subscription Mgr.



SUSIE HAWES, '07, Associate Editor

Mr. Howard Potter, of Ithaca, president of the class, is at Tawas City as superintendent of schools. Mr. Potter has been for some time a reliable supply teacher for the college.

Mr. Fred Soule, of Alma, for two years editor-in-chief of the Almanian, is at the Rochester Seminary at Rochester, N. Y., preparing for the ministry.

Best wishes to '06.

* * *

THE VOLUNTEER BAND.

Herman Morse.

We want it understood that there is a Volunteer Band doing business in Alma college. This fact does not seem very widely known nor very highly appreciated. And in meeting this lack of interest, the band but shares the fate of all other missionary enterprises. We have a young band; only one year old. But it has already had an encouraging growth and a useful existence. During its first year of life, its members increased from three to ten; 333 1-3 per cent. We are making a still larger increase, our avowed aim for this year. We have now seven members. We want to have 25 by next June. Whether or not we accomplish this, we do earnestly desire to at least deepen the missionary interest in the college; to awaken students to the fact that missions are reasonable and important. No one can afford to neglect missions, the Christian certainly cannot, and the non-Christian cannot if he aims to be broadly edu-

cated; for missions are a very potent factor in the spread of civilization and education.

We hold our meetings every other Friday at 4:30 p. m. in the Y. Y. A. Soc. room. You are invited. We try to make them interesting and instructive. Get in line for missions. Get the spirit. You will never regret it.

* * *

Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

The meetings of the Young Women's Christian Association have been very well attended, and the enthusiasm which is shown in this work promises a very successful year for the association.

On September 23, at the association meeting, the time was given to the discussion of the importance of Bible study. Dr. Clizbe gave a very interesting talk on this subject, and greatly emphasized the importance of this work.

The first social gathering of the year was an informal porch reception given on Wednesday afternoon, September 13, by the reception committee of our association. Students and faculty alike enjoyed the opportunity of becoming acquainted with those who were to be their co-workers during the coming year.

The opening reception for the girls of the college was held at Wright Hall on the first Friday evening of this year. It took the form of a Japanese reception. The hall was prettily decorated to represent a Japanese tea garden. The old girls appeared in Japanese cos-

tume, and a luncheon appropriate for the people of that country was served.

* * *

Y. M. C. A.

Our motto for the year:

More business in religion.

More religion in business.

More Christ in religion.

The Y. M. C. A. has begun the year with bright prospects. We expect to reach our high water mark in membership, attendance and in the extent of Bible and mission study. Our three delegates to the Lakeside Summer Conference brought us many good suggestions regarding methods of work and their enthusiasm has already spread among the rest of the workers with effective results.

Our Bible study rally occurred Sunday, September 24th, led by Warren L. Rogers, state student secretary. About thirty men were enrolled for Bible study among eight classes and many more have joined since. Prof. Clizbe will conduct the leader's class.

The stag reception, under the management of the social committee, was as usual a grand success. It was held Friday, September 14, in the Y. M. C. A. room, which was decorated for the occasion with college banners, pillows, etc. Nearly every fellow on the registration list was present and what with laughable stunts, directed by the clowns, "Hans" and "Fritz," singing college songs and learning the yells, the evening passed very quickly and

pleasantly. A short program toward the close gave us the privilege of hearing from each of the new professors. We finished with punch, wafers and laughter.

* * *

ZETA SIGMA.

Zeta Sigma begins the work of the year with the largest membership and the best new material she has had for years. To meet the demands made for membership it was necessary to amend the constitution and make the limit for the year larger. This might have a deteriorating effect upon some of the work as planned, but it is certainly not right to keep from membership those who desire the society training. Seventeen new men have been initiated, Bradfield, D. Duncanson, S. Duncanson, C. McComb, F. McComb, Dunham, Delevan, Graves, J. Campbell, N. Cobb, McCollum, Raycraft, Slayton, Nelson, Montieth, Tomes and Howell. Some of the old men have not yet returned and when they do return the membership will be thirty-five.

The officers for the fall term are:

President—Erle H. Casterlin.

Vice-President—Geo. D. Sutton.

Treasurer—Roy Campbell.

Secretary—Harry Bastone.

First Critic—George Horst.

Second Critic—Robert Craig, Jr.

Janitor—Joe Madigsohn.

Harold Gaunt, Fred Soule and Martin Stormzand were welcomed by the society men during their fall visit. It does the society good to

have the old men back. Watch for the November banquet.

Before Fred Soule and Harold Gaunt left for the east several of the members gave them a supper at the Wright House, after which they enjoyed a sociable evening.

Hugh Ronald, George Randels, Dr. Transeau and Frank Hurst have lately entered the matrimonial world. Success to them.

* * *

PHI PHI ALPHA.

The Phi Phi Alpha began work with a large number of the old members back.

The first meeting of the year was held on September 7, with a large attendance. It consisted of speeches by the officers, which were full of

enthusiasm and loyalty, predicting this to be the banner year for the society.

The new members initiated were Lathers, Sutherland, Chase, McFadden and Deering.

We regret not having with us this year R. Von Thurn, who will be unable to be in school. F. Angell, E. Allured and Johnson are also missed.

The officers for the ensuing year are:

President—Herman Morse.

Vice-President—A. R. Moon.

Secretary—Walter Pollard.

Treasurer—J. D. Finlayson.

Critics—McDonald and M. L. Marshall.

Janitor—F. W. Cobb.

ALUMNI.

The double white envelope has played no mean part among the Alumni of Alma College during the past summer, it has brought us news of importance of which we always appreciated and the consumation of pleasant harmony on the part of so many Alumni is more than a matter of mere congratulation; the question might well arise—What shall we say? not for failure of time but of proper and convenient expression.

The Presbyterian church of Plymouth has a new pastor in Rev. H. N. Ronald of the Class of '03, who was united in marriage to Miss Kate Bair, '04, at Alma on August 15th,

1906. Mr. and Mrs. Ronald after a pleasant vacation trip to Lake Orion were surprised to find the parsonage in delightful condition for housekeeping, furniture and carpets made themselves singularly at home and the family larder was no mean place to find refreshment. A state paper described this as being auspicious and we have no desire to quarrel with the expression.

The University of Jena in Germany of Europe, has matriculated a new student. He did not go there alone, it is a lonesome trip to those who do. Appreciating the advantages to be gained from the real German spirit, Professor G. B. Ran-

dells, '08, invited his wife, Elizabeth Schmidt, '04, to accompany him. This marriage occurred in St. Louis, Mich., on July 10. When Mr. and Mrs. Randells boarded the Pond Skipper they found 25 visitors waiting to be heard and when these have been answered they will return to America, which has always been a free land.

Frank R. Hurst, '04, has been secretary of the Y. M. C. A. for several years at Michigan Agricultural College. Recently he was appointed to the Lenewee County Secretary work which necessitated a decided change in his plans and he was obliged to request Miss eBrtha A. Higbee of the same class to refuse a third term in the Cadillac High School. Marquette known better as the home of the bride was the place of this wedding which occurred on Wednesday, August 22d, 1906. Tecumseh who was at one time a mere Indian Chief, but now a thriving city, is the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hurst.

Not every physician is a throat specialist but Dr. Wilson Mitchell, of Seattle, certainly must have had a good ear for vocal music for the strains of the wedding song reached our office from British Columbia and no one but Mary F. DeLong, Music '05, could give so clear a note. It was the 18th day of June, 1906, same year as the rest which has rightly been designated as a time for unexpected things to happen.

Athletics and other things have always been related especially in the threefold man which several people

have been kind enough to make observations about. Mr. C. V. Cratsenberg, one of the banner and pennant men, who has had his eye and hand on a part of the THUMB for a few months and several days past was married on the day succeeding Wednesday, Sept. 6th, 1906. Miss Leora Lauderbach, Ex. '06, took part in the ceremony which was performed at Cass City. Mr. and Mrs. Cratsenburg will reside at their new home near Edgewood.

L. J. Butler, '05, last year instructor in Caro High School, is this year attending the State Mining School at Houghton.

David A. Johnson, '05, preached at Akron, Mich., during the summer and has now resumed his studies in McCormick Seminary where he is a Middler.

J. N. King, '05, Pastor of the Flushing Presbyterian Church last year, has entered the Freshman Class at Princeton Seminary. Other Princeton men are H. G. Gaunt, '06, and M. J. Stormzand, '04.

Miss Leola Lauderbach, who last year taught in the Harbor Springs Schools, has begun her second year's work in the same position.

J. E. Webber, '05, is continued as General Secretary of Agricultural College Y. M. C. A.

H. A. Potter, '06, is Superintendent of Schools at East Tawas and Miss Elizabeth Hunt of the same class is teaching in the same schools.

It was the privilege of the Editor to hear Rev. W. A. Lovett, Ex. '04, preach in the Central Methodist

Church at Detroit this summer. Mr. Lovett is Assistant Pastor of this church.

J. Wirt Dunning who has supplied the Presbyterian Church at Tecumseh during the past summer has received and accepted the call to become pastor of that church and will begin his duties in full after completing his Theological course in McCormick Seminary this year.

L. S. Bagley, '03, has been promoted to the position of Assistant Cashier in the Alma State Savings Bank.

Roy Beechler, Ex. '04, is coaching the Ann Arbor High School Foot Ball Team this season while attending the University.

Miss Belle Ward, K. G., '04, is teaching in the Cadillac Kindergarten this year.

Miss Gracia Mouser, K. G., '02, is teaching in the Ithaca Kindergarten.

Miss Ina Kinsel, K. G., '02, is teaching the first grade in the Ithaca schools.

Miss Edna Allen, ex-'08, is teaching at Douglass Lake.

Walter R. Ardis, Ex., '05, has begun the study of Law in the University of Michigan.

Anton L. Winckler, Ex., '03, associated with the Canadian Copper Company at Copper Cliff, Canada, visited friends at Ithaca and Alma recently.

Rev. A. L. Toner, '95, for several years pastor of Presbyterian churches at Reading, Ithaca and Three Rivers, has been appointed to the

Pastorate of the Feekin Memorial M. E. Church of Grand Rapids.

Rev. George Andrew Hill, '00, Travelling Secretary of the College was married shortly before College opened. Mr. Hill is employed by the Synodical committee of Indiana to conduct Evangelistic Services during a part of the year. Mr. and Mrs. Hill will make their home at Alma.

Paul Kellog, Ex., '04, is in the employ of Parke, Davis & Co., at Detroit.

Chas. Long, '02, is practising medicine in Detroit. Call up 1783 Michigan Avenue the next time you are in the city.

Watson B. Robinson, of New York City, visited at his home in Alma during the summer.

Rev. Chas. E. Scott, '98, who has so ably represented the great claims of Foreign Missions upon the Church has sailed with his wife and little daughter for China where he will be stationed as Missionary under appointment of the Presbyterian Board. Mr. and Mrs. Scott were very unfortunate in the loss of a large portion of their household goods and Mr. Scott's valuable library by the shipwreck of a vessel having their goods in transport.

Miss Leora Morton, '04, is teaching the eighth grade in the Howell Public Schools.

W. R. Baker, '03, has returned to his position as Instructor in the Manistique High School.

J. L. Shiner, '03, is travelling salesman for the Genesee Pure Food

Company in a similar position which he held several seasons past.

Miss Queenie Perry, Ex. '04, is Instructor of Music and Drawing at Goodland, Indiana.

The following is the copy of a very neat announcement and invitation card:

You are cordially invited to attend service at
Grand Avenue Reformed Church,
Corner Grand and Sewell
Avenues,
Asbury Park, N. J.,
Rev. John Y. Brook, Pastor.

—o—
Sunday Services:

10:30 a. m.—Morning Worship and Sermon.

12:00 noon—Sunday School and Bible Class.

7:00 p. m.—Pleasant Twilight Service.

—o—
The twilight service will be omitted during August. During September the evening service will be held at 7:30.

—o—
Weekly Prayer and Praise Service
Wednesday Evening at 7:45.

—o—
Good Music. Attentive Ushers.
Free Pews.

CUPID'S WORK.

—o—
Hastings-Transeau.

Miss Gertrude Hastings, of Leadville, Penn., and Dr. E. N. Transeau of the Carnegie Institute, Long Island, were united in marriage during the past summer. For two years Dr. Transeau pursued his work in Alma college as instructor of biology, botany and zoology, during which time he made many friendships with students and citizens. Dr. Transeau is an honorary member of Zeta Sigma.

* * *

Robin-Stone.

The wedding of Miss Blanche Robin and Mr. Lewis Stone occurred at Big Rapids, October 3, at 5:30. Mr. Stone is a cashier in a bank at Big Rapids, where the young people will make their home.

* * *

Brightman-Rawdon.

Miss Rachel Brightman, for one year Ladies' Athletic Director, and Mr. Howard Rawdon, professor in the Oberlin High school, were united in marriage during the last of August. Their home is still at Oberlin.

The Almanian extends best wishes to all.

Class Items and Other Notes.

SENIOR.

The following are the officers of the Senior class, each member having chosen the office for which he

felt himself, or herself, as the case might be, the best fitted:

Olive Smith—President.

Paul Allured—Vice-President.

Susie Hawes—Secretary.
 Minnie Kinnard—Treasurer.
 Gretta Bagley—Steward.
 Mayme Hayes—Reporter.

Poetry furnished on application by the Senior class. Ten minutes notice is all that is required. Please state the number of lines, the kind of feet in a line and also the number of feet. Doggeral written in Iambic pentameter a specialty. Fees, a promise that they will not be consigned to the waste paper basket.

Dr. B. in Theism: What is an antecedent?

Mrs. H.: An antecedent is a man going down the street.

What is a cause?

Mrs. H.: The man following him.

Dr. B.: What is the final cause?

Miss K.: The final cause is a wagon.

We are '07 with just seven members.

* * *

JUNIORS.

The class of '08 held its first meeting of the year September 24 at 12:45. The following officers were elected:

President—Miss Edythe Cook, Alma.

Vice-President—Miss Alice Coats, Detroit.

Secretary—Herman Morse, Ludington.

Treasurer—Robert Craig, Sault Ste. Marie.

Almanian Reporter—George P. Horst, Detroit.

Freshman Adviser—R. C. Raycraft, Alma.

Formerly the class has included a doorkeeper among its officers, but upon assuming the dignity of Juniors, the necessity of this office ceased.

The class would like to impress it upon the Freshmen that we are their friends and have accordingly elected an Adviser, who will give them advice (the result of experience) in swiping Sophomore spreads, making dummies and class rushes.

The class feel deeply the loss of Mr. Rood Taylor and join in wishing him success at the U. of M.

* * *

SOPHOMORE.

The class of '09 again gathers about wisdom's altar and, as sophomores, we advance one step farther in its sacred precincts.

Sixteen members of our old class have returned, but three of our learned members are missing. Miss Rhoda Braddock is teaching in Tawas City this year; Miss Dora Boiteau is teaching in the Bay City schools, and Miss Bertha Eyer is attending the normal at Mt. Pleasant. Mr. Harry Craig will return later to join our class. Miss Elvena Hoover, our new member, has our cordial welcome.

Instructor—"This theme has only two pages. I said that I wanted six at least."

New Student—"I thought you might like to read it over three times."

"Non paratus," student dixit

Cum a triste look,

"Omnes rectus," Dom respondit,

Et nihil scripsit in his book.

The following officers have been elected for this year:

President—Miss Hazel Frazer
 Vice-President—Mr. P. Rohns.
 Secretary and Treasurer—Mr. Walter Pollard.

Almanian Reporter—Miss Madge Booth.

* * *

FRESHMEN.

The first meeting of the class of 1910 was held September 18. The following officers were elected:

President—Ralph McCollum.
 Vice-President—Myrtle Black.
 Secretary—John Dunham.
 Treasurer—Lila Jonas.

The class has about thirty members at present, more than twenty of the number are boys. This looks as if the girls would be well looked after when class spreads come around.

About one third of the boys of the class are doing good work on the gridiron. Many of this number are in fair sailing for the college team. Many other members of the class will take active parts in other branches of college athletics.

At noon, September 19, the sophomores thought they could remove the sacred green from our coats, but when they were all placed in a position to see the blue sky the best of anything, they changed their minds.

* * *

AMONG COLLEGE VISITORS.

Ada Means, ex-'07, was here during the opening week.

Norman King, '05, Harold Gaunt, '06, Martin Stormzand, '04, Levi Butler, '05, and Anton Winkler were familiar men seen about the campus the past few weeks.

Miss Hebner, of Toledo, arrived late to take up her work as assistant kindergarten director. This makes the instructors in this department number three.

Leta Gilbert, of Bay City; Miss Van Campen, of New York; Miss Boiteau and Miss Kelley were among the out-of-town guests for the opening reception.

* * *

GENERAL NOTES.

It has been intimated by some of the new men that there has been an I-tap-a-keg initiation. Eggs and molasses have been found on the gym floor. According to Prexy's logic we could safely say there has been something doing.

The question is, Why did the Dean? A more pleasant surprise has not come to the men since the old form prevailed than came one Tuesday evening when they were invited to visit the ladies in the reception room. The boys are still waiting for another chance to appreciate such kindness.

The freshmen can now say in childish accents, "Veni, Vidi, Vinci." Under the leadership of McCollum the '10's met the '09's beneath the historic walnut where the latter were "phlopped" to the satisfaction of the seniors. No cause for action can be assigned except the clamor and

yells of the upper class men for an exhibition.

The usual opening reception of the college was given at the Wright Hall parlors on Friday evening, September 21, at which time the students had an opportunity to formally meet each other and the new faculty. The hall was artistically decorated with pennants, banners

and the college colors. One corner was fitted as an "Alma" alcove. An elaborate program was given by the School of Music, which is now under a new instrumental director. The occasion fittingly closed with a grand march led by a senior and refreshments served by the Y. W. and Y. M. C. A.



SWIPE NOTES.

Be it resolved, That the news items and drippings of wisdom of the swipe gang shall from time to time appear in this space.

Be it further resolved, That any individual who trespasses on this one property shall be left entirely to the mercies of said gang.

The fellows have once again returned from their summer vacations to take up the tray and dish towel, and incidentally to safeguard the freshman's over indulged stomach.

Each one reports the summer well spent. Moon had plenty of time to jolly the cooks while filling the ice boxes, and their handouts apparently agreed with him. Craig didn't have a very "successful" summer, due to sickness in the family.

Helmer, Sutton and big Mac raked hay and hunted the eggs.

Horst dug post holes for the Detroit Street Car Co.

The time and money that Casterlin didn't spend at home were well spent in Lapeer.

Marshall nursed his leg the greater part of the summer.

Macomb reports that he actually found one district which had never been canvassed for scope and views. Mac makes a heap out of some people's ignorance.

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Have a system in eating—ask Moon.

Be calm if a bowl of soup is accidentally spilt down your back—that is, a trivial affair.

By all means be attentive to the ladies—we do when nobody is looking.

Before Class Rush—

"I'll see that you climb "up a telephono" polo."—Pooh Pooh.

After—

The ground is rose and hit Pooh
Pooh,

Some one the cause, but who?

The green was gone, the boast had
fled,

And vengeance on his face was read.

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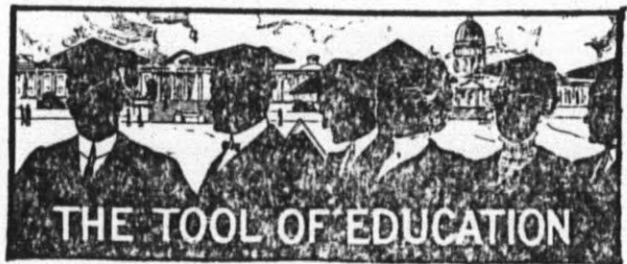
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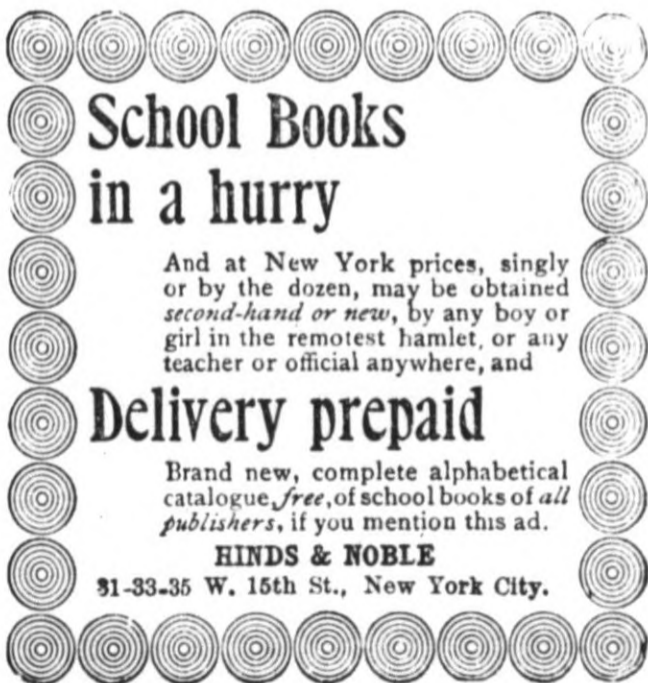
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