

# ALMANIAN.

## Song of Alma College.

TUNE—Red, White and Blue.

A hill that slopes down to the pine,  
Has a crown that is finer than gold,  
A symbol of wisdom to shine  
When the joy of life has grown old.  
'Tis a college that stands on the hill,  
Fair Alma, our joy and our pride,  
And we shout with a hearty good will,  
Our homage far and wide.

CHORUS.

O Alma! Fair Alma, our pride,  
Queen of all our hearts thou shalt reign!  
Thy praises we'll sound far and wide,  
And echo the joyous refrain!

From prairie, from mountain, from sea,  
From far and from near at her call,  
Come her children in glad loyalty,  
To sit at her feet one and all,  
Rich treasures of wisdom and truth,  
The lore of the wise and the great,  
Are the gifts that she hands to the youth  
Who listen and labor and wait.

The life in her groves and her halls  
Will go with us forever and aye,  
And the cheers echoed back from her walls  
Will cheer us for many a day.  
And dear Alma Mater! to thee,  
Our hearts will be true through the years,  
The maroon and the cream will e'er be  
The symbol of all that endears.

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VOL. 8,

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NO. 2.

# ALMANIAN

NOVEMBER ISSUE, 1906

## A Modern Love Story.

Rood Taylor.

SOME forty years ago, in a little Missouri village on the banks of that great river, the Mississippi, a little girl baby, Claribelle Smith, was born. Her father was a country doctor, one of those skilled and well trained men, who day after day, and year after year, toil and endure for the sake of their fellow men, with no hope of ever receiving an adequate recompense.

He had settled in Aurelius when still a young bachelor. At that time the village was dominated by a family of English descent, the Spencers, who were then wealthy slaveholders, owning several large plantations to the south and west. The head of the family, one John Spencer, the scion of a noble English house, was then in his dotage and the management of his extensive interests developed upon his two sons.

The older of these, James by name, had displeased his father in many ways and as a consequence he had been given Rosedale, the poorest and most barren of the pa-

ternal estates, with the understanding that on no condition was he ever to receive more of his father's property. Old John Spencer, with his favorite son, Stephen, a young man about the age of Dr. Smith, spent most of his time in town, and there being no other physician nearer than St. Louis, the young doctor was sometimes called to visit the elder Spencer.

His first visit had been made as a consequence of a summons made by Moses, Mr. Spencer's body servant. The doctor went at once and, although somewhat puzzled as to the nature of the old man's trouble, soon had his patient feeling easier. Before leaving, however, he requested the son, Stephen, to call him immediately upon the return of similar symptoms. One night, perhaps a week later, as he sat in his office smoking, and looking over his case book, he heard some one rushing up the walk that led to the office door. Thinking, quite naturally, that it was an emergency case of some kind, he wheeled around in his chair



just as the door opened and the Negro, Mose, entered.

"Oh! Marse Doctor, hurry and come up to the house, my Massa's dying," panted the darkey. Without a word the doctor put on his hat, and picking up his case started after the retreating Negro. When he arrived at his patient's bedside he was again puzzled by symptoms similar to those he had observed before, except that they appeared to be in a more aggravated form. The man had evidently been sick for at least two days. "How long has your master been in this shape?" he asked the Negro.

"Fore God, Marse Doctor, I don't know," ejaculated Mose, "Marse Steve sent me to Rosedale on an errand tree days ago and I just got back."

"Where is your Marse Steve? I told him to call me as soon as his father began to feel sick."

"I don't know as to dat, Doctor, I habn't seen him since I done got back."

The doctor worked over his patient half the night, and it was not till three o'clock that he felt safe in leaving him. Although still young and inexperienced he was shrewd beyond his years and so when Steve entered about midnight, he asked him no special questions, although he was satisfied that there was some cause for his patient's malady known to Steve, but of which he was purposely left uninformed.

Dr. Smith puzzled his brain over the problem for a long while that

night. He thought of poison, but the symptoms were not absolutely identical with those of any poison familiar to him. He thought also of some inherited family taint which had not appeared till its victim had become bowed down by years of work and toil. But if the latter supposition were true Spencer must have had similar attacks for the last two or three years at least, and in whose interest could it be to deceive him on that point. Besides, with so many servants about, it would have been impossible.

As for the poison theory, whom would the old man's death benefit? Certainly not Stephen? Here, however, he hesitated. Stephen Spencer and Dr. Smith were in love with the same girl, the village school mistress. Of late the doctor had seemed to be getting the upper hand, and he wondered, if Stephen, rendered desperate by his unrequited passion, might not attempt to murder his father, succeed under the present terms of the will to his father's property, and with the aid of his wealth try once again to gain the hand, if not the heart and affections of the lovely Miss Grey.

Two days later he was again called to the Spencer home, this time by Stephen himself. When he arrived there, the doctor discovered Mr. Spencer in a dying condition and although everything possible was done, his patient expired an hour after his arrival.

Dr. Smith immediately requested the son's permission to hold a post-mortem; but on this being refused



he drove away intending to consult the village authorities as to his future course in the matter. On his way, however, he had to pass the school house and seeing his sweet heart just starting for home, he stopped and gave her a lift. She, naturally enough, asked where he was going and what it was that was troubling him. He hesitated at first, but finally told her his suspicions and his present errand. She remained silent for a few minutes and then looked up. "Joe," she said. "Yes, dear." "If I were you I would not do it. Steve Spencer will bribe any official who attempts to probe into the affair. And then besides every one would say that you were attempting to discredit a rival by foul and underhanded means, and your future career, if not ruined, will be seriously affected."

Dr. Smith had always thought himself fully strong enough to perform his duty as he saw it; but this once he weakened. He knew that he should report to the coroner as he had started to do, but the pleadings of his sweet heart and the new light in which her utterance placed things caused him to hesitate. Dallying with the temptation caused his fall, and he decided not to proceed any further, although in his own mind he was sure that John Spencer came to his death through poison administered by the hand of his son Stephen.

\* \* \* \* \*

Not long after this Miss Louise Grey became Mrs. Jas. Smith and in the fullness of time, the daughter

above referred to was born. In the meantime Stephen Spencer had recovered from his disappointment and having also married a young lady, a descendent of one of the old Virginia families, had likewise been blessed with a young son, who bore his grandfather's name, John.

The years sped swiftly on. Aurelius grew into quite a little city. Stephen Spencer was still one of the leading men of the district. His wife had died, but his son had grown up into a strapping young man of twenty years. A manly lad and a fine fellow, so said everyone.

Dr. Smith, however, had never forgiven himself for sitting by and permitting a murderer to go free. He looked upon that act as the one black stain on an otherwise clean record. Time had strengthened him in his convictions, and although he and his wife rarely conversed on the subject, never in the presence of their daughter, who was now a charming young Miss of nineteen, his mind had become sure that Stephen Spencer was no better than a common malefactor.

Spencer himself seemed to realize something of the doctor's suspicions and avoided him whenever possible. As time went on, the breach never very narrow, had widened, and now twenty years later, when a new generation had grown up, the family of Dr. Jas. Smith had nothing whatever to do with that of Stephen Spencer.

At least so thought the doctor and Mrs. Spencer.

(To be Continued.)



## An Aim in Life.

M. L. Marshall, '09.

**O**NE of the most important problems of life is the choosing of a life work, the determining of what part of life's activity we shall devote our energy to. All of us have seen persons to whom apparently no imaginations to fill a larger place than the one in which a combination of circumstances has placed them have ever come. To all outward appearances the simple prosaic life which they lead daily is in every way satisfactory. They require nothing aside from the daily routine of the sphere in which they are placed. Like well regulated machines, insensible to the activity and turmoil of life, alive to none of the subtle changes going on around them they grind on in ceaseless toil, and yet who shall say that ambition, the only God enshrined in the hearts of countless throngs, has not at one time quickened their pulse and urged them on? Who shall say that yonder man, whose back is bent from years of toil and whose eyes are dim and lifeless from much poring over long columns of figures, has never looked out upon life with all the hope and courage of young manhood? Could we who judge but from outward appearances, gaed upon the heart and learn of the sacrifice of love, see how a light of bright promise has been sacrificed on the altar of duty, well might we look almost with reverence upon those who are now only the objects of our contempt or pity.

In early years at least every life is animated by a desire for a larger usefulness. A goal, be it good or evil, is fixed as the object to be striven for. To some the way of obtaining this goal matters little, as long as it be obtained; to others, filled with the spirit of the lowly Galilean, it matters much. What then should be the purpose of our lives? We are free to think, to act for ourselves, and yet what does this freedom of which we boast mean? Phillips Brooks tells us that "the purpose and result of freedom is service, that the freedom of a man simply consists in the larger opportunity to be and to do all that God makes him in his creation capable of being and doing; that when man is set free simply into the realization of his own life, merely into the realization of his own existence, he has not obtained the purposes of his freedom, he has not come to the purposes of his life." Thus our fullest and most complete life is not lived for ourselves but for others. The truly great have never forgotten the claim others have upon them; theirs have been lives of service.

There are two standards of greatness, greatness measured according to the standard of Christ and greatness measured by the standard of worldly success. Between the two is an immeasurable distance. Many a man has been successful in business or in politics, or has amassed a great



fortune, but except he has done this with a due regard for others, however great his influence in financial, political or social circles, measured by the true standard he is neither great nor successful. What is it that we admire in the life of Jesus? It is not the fact that he is a king, though he is the greatest king this world has ever known, nor is it because of his miracles, though he performed many, but it is his humility, his earnestness, his love for others. In his life we see the conception of man as God intended him to be, and by his consecration and fidelity to God and life of service Jesus has furnished us a perfect example of greatness and nobility.

Of truly great men in public life

America numbers but too few, and the greatest of these few is Lincoln; compared with whom even Washington, though Father of Our Country, is dwarfed. Lincoln is great because his was a life of service. Forgetful of himself at all times, bearing vicaciously the burdens of a nation, this man of sorrows modeled his life after the only true model. He achieved his greatness in service. It is right that we should strive to attain the good things of life, but ought we not first of all take as our model his model, and strive to be our best not for ourselves but for others, thus achieving our greatest usefulness and thereby true greatness?

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## Winona Lake

Minnie Kinnard, '07.

IN the northern part of Indiana, on the banks of the beautiful Winona Lake, are the famous Presbyterian assembly grounds and resort where the young women of the central colleges held their Christian association conference, August 31-September 12, 1906. This is a most ideal place for such a gathering, and the beautiful surroundings are in themselves a source of great inspiration. The beauties of the place, and the spirit of rest and quiet which pervades all, are perhaps well known to many. Certainly one who has ever visited here will never forget it.

The arrangements of the conference were such, that besides having the privilege of attending the religious services and listening to some of the noblest men and women of the present time, the girls of the different colleges could become better acquainted and in this way could receive many new ideas for both work and pleasure.

The afternoons were left free for recreation, and this place certainly afforded a great opportunity for amusements. Perhaps the one afternoon which will be remembered most of all was the one known as "College Day," when the different



college delegations from each state met together, and all marched by states to the "Hillside Grounds," where each state and several of the colleges were called upon to entertain by giving some "Stunt." Everyone remembers with great pleasure our "Stunt Parties" at college, but to see the stunts given by all the colleges from the different states was even more amusing. Another afternoon was given to a steamer ride around the lake. All the plans made for entertainment cannot be mentioned, but this may give something of an idea what pleasant days were passed at Winona.

Our pleasant remembrances are not simply those of our recreation hours, but the morning Bible and Mission study classes, the platform meetings in the morning and in the evening, and the Student Sessions at which were discussed practical helps for college associations, all were most helpful, and while we can express the events of our recreation hours we cannot begin to tell what these meetings really meant. The "Student Session" was perhaps the time at which were received more than at any other new plans and suggestions for our own associations. To listen to those who have been engaged in this work for so many years and who are so much more experienced gives so many new ideas as to improving the local college association.

Miss Ellen M. Stone, the missionary, who is one of the most widely known throughout the world, addressed the mission study classes, told of the conditions of the people in the different countries in which she had lived. What appealed to the girls more than anything else was the very interesting talk she gave them concerning her captivity, suggesting to them the responsibility which rested upon them, both in the missionary work in their own college and also the help they could be in foreign missions. Another very important feature of the conference was the vesper services which were held each evening generally out of doors or in the pavilion overlooking the lake. These, coming as they did, after the recreation of the afternoon, prepared all for the very helpful meetings that were to follow, and which were presided over by such men as the great Evangelist, Dr. Wilbur Chapman and Dr. Zwemer of Arabia.

These are simply a few of the helpful features of the conference, for we can by no means impart the real help which each one received, but that you may know its aim, and an aim that was most fully realized, we want to state the purpose of the conference, "To lead young women into the doing of God's will and the service of His love as the one satisfying mission in life."



## Running for Sheriff

George D. Sutton, '08.

**IT WAS** winter. The little village of Delmore nestled under the brow of a large hill, where one could see smoking chimneys and an occasional glimmer from a lamp within—the appearance that all were at peace and at rest. This was not so.

Down near the City Hall roomed two high school lads in a little two-story wood colored house. These young men, as they considered themselves, were none other than James Franklin and myself. Jim and I occupied the whole upstairs which consisted of three rooms and the stairway. We dined, studied, and slept, in the large chamber to the right, as one is going up; cooked in the hallway, since we boarded ourselves; and kept our wood, oil and hatchet in the little room to the left.

The day had been bright and sunny, but what a headache I had developed in the ill ventilated laboratories of the school building. The usually delightful odors from our evening meal were extremely distasteful with such a wretched feeling I early retired, and was soon deep in slumber; but, hark!—Jim heard a mysterious sound below.

Someone was trying to force in the front door. Who could it be and what could they want! At last the door gave way with an awful squeak. By this time Jim's hair was on end and he hardly knew what to do with himself. On they came through the parlor, falling over

chairs, knocking the fender from the stove hearth, breaking a dish or two—out into the room from which they could come right up stairs. Oh, how fearful was our plight, but on I slept!

The noises constantly increased, becoming more mysterious, for surely someone was prowling about the Mistress' bed room. She had gone away for a few weeks and cautioned us to guard everything, especially the valuables she had secreted there.

What could Jim do? Little did he think of me; but a happy thought came for his safety. "Tom is asleep. I'll step quickly out into that little room, get a stick of wood to hit that fellow in the back when he comes up past me, then run down and out of the house. If that don't fix him, he will have to have it out with Tom."

Although he shook like a leaf—just then something else happened, and he came quietly back where I was and shut the door. "Tom, Tom," said he, "wake up quick." Then he turned out the light that I might not see the smile on his face. "Don't you hear those men down stairs, they have broken into the house and will soon be up here." Yes, I heard them, for just then a pane of glass must have fallen and broken into a thousand pieces. Up I jumped hitting my head a fearful crack on the low ceiling. Half awake—I asked Jim to step out into the other room and get the hatchet

and a stick of wood as quickly as possible.

This he did gladly, for he was laughing all the time and I didn't know it. On returning I asked him to prop the door shut. Then I planned all that we should do, and in case of emergency was going to make good use of the hatchet.

Those noises kept growing louder! Something more must be done. He—the great chump—was sitting on the bed, snickering under his sleeve, watching my manoeuver-

ings. Such sudden excitement added to a fierce headache entirely upset me. Just at the time when I was going to crawl out of a front window onto the porch, to slide down one of the posts, that I might run and get the sheriff, he called me back for some people were passing.

Then it was that our Landlady, who had returned early that evening, came to the stairdoor the second time, to ask if she was disturbing or if she could do anything for us.

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## The Surgeon of Gester Fell

Ralph E. Lyle.

**R**LEAK and wind swept is the little town of Kirby, and harsh and forbidding are the fells on which it stands. It stretches in a single line of gray stone, slate roofed houses, dotted down the slope of the long rolling moor. To the north and south stretch the swelling curves of the Yorkshire uplands, peeling over each others backs to the skyland, with a strange tinge of yellow in the foreground, which shades away to olive in the distance, save where the long gray scars of rocks protrude through the scanty and barren soil. From the little barren knoll above the church one can see a golden fringe of sand to the westward, washed by the Irish sea. To the eastward Mt. McDonnald shoots up its towering peak, whose great shadow, like "nature's sun-dial" sweeps slowly over a vast expanse

of savage and sterile country.

It was in this neighborhood that I, Charles Upperton, was to spend my summer's vacation in the year of '06. Having put in a long and tedious year in the literary department of the University of Edinburg, I yearned above all things, seclusion and freedom in which I might study at ease, and distract my mind from the high and weighty subjects which had engaged it. Accordingly I rented a little lonely cottage, at Gester Fell, just four miles east of Kirby.

It was a strange thing to find myself at last duly installed in my lonely dwelling. For me, now the horizon was bounded by the barren circle of wiry unprofitable grass patched over with bushes and scarred by the profusion of nature's granite ribs. A duller, wearier waste I have never seen, but its dullness



was its very charm. What was there in the faded rolling hills, or in the blue silent arch of heaven to distract my thoughts from the high thoughts which engrossed them! To live for knowledge and knowledge alone, that was the highest aim that I could offer, and yet the very first night upon the Fell, there came a strange incident, which lead my thoughts to worldly themes and to mortal creatures.

It had been a sullen and sultry day with great livid cloud-banks mustering in the west. As the night wore on the air within my little cabin became closer and more oppressive. Unable to sleep I dressed and standing at my cottage door, peered out into the solitude which surrounded me. There was no breeze below, but above, the clouds were sweeping majestically across the sky, with a half moon peeping out at times between the rifts. The ripple of Gester Beck and the dull hooting of a distant owl were the only sounds which broke upon my ear. Taking the narrow sheep path which ran by the stream I strolled along it some hundred yards, and had turned to retrace my steps, when the moon was fully hidden from view by a large ink-black cloud. I was standing groping about in the thick gloom when there came a crack of thunder with a flash of lightening which lighted up the entire Fell. It was but an instant, and yet that momentary view struck a thrill of fear and astonishment through me, for in my very path not twenty yards away stood a man,

rather tall, and well built, but as to his clothes and character, I could deduce nothing, darkness preventing. For a moment I stood petrified, wondering whether it indeed could be a man or whether a delusion caused by my excited brain. I ran swiftly forward calling loudly to him, but without reply. Again and again I called but no answer came back save the melancholy wail of an owl. The moon now burst out from behind the cloud, but I could not, though I climbed upon a knoll which overlooked the entire moor, see any sign of the strange midnight wanderer. For an hour or more I traversed the Fell, and at last returned to my cabin still undecided whether it had been a man or a shadow upon which I had gazed.

Doggedly I stayed in, for three days, confining myself exclusively to study, all fear of further intrusion having left me. But not long, however, for it was on the fourth night of my study that I was astonished to hear foot steps outside in the grass followed by a crack, as from a stick upon the door. Hot with anger I flung down my book, withdrew the bolt just as my visitor had raised his stick to renew his rough application for admittance. He was a tall, powerful man, tawny-bearded and deep chested, clad in a loose-fitting suit, cut for comfort rather than style. As he stood in the shimmering lamp light, I took in every feature of his face. The large fleshy nose, the steady blue eyes, with their thick overhanging brows; the broad forehead, all knitted and lined

with wrinkles, which did not correspond to his youthful bearing. In spite of his weather stained felt hat and colored handkerchief slung around his muscular brown neck, I could see that he was a man of breeding and education.

"You look astonished," said he with a smile. "Do you think then that you were the only man in the world with a taste for solitude? You see that there are other hermits in the wilderness besides yourself."

"Do you mean to say that you live here?" I asked in a cold voice. "Up yonder," he answered, tossing his head backwards. "I thought Mr. Upperton that as we were neighbors that I might look in and see if I could help you in any way." "I thank you," said I coldly with my hand upon the latch. "I am a man of simple tastes, you can do nothing to help me."

"You have the advantage of knowing my name," said I. "Yes, I learned it from the masons working here. As for me, my name is, or rather I am called the Surgeon of Gester Fell. It will serve as well as any." "You must have very little practice here?" I added. "Yes, indeed, no one here except yourself for miles around." "Well," said he (growing restless), "if you wish to visit me you have only to follow up the Beck for a mile or so to find my place, and by the way have you a bolt on the inside of your door?" "Yes," said I somewhat startled by his question. "Keep it bolted then," he said, "the Fell is a strange place. You never know who may be about,

it is well to be on the safe side. Good bye." He raised his hat, turned on his heel and lounged away along the bank of the little stream.

I was still standing with my hand upon the latch gazing after my unexpected visitor, when I became aware of yet another dweller in the wilderness. Some distance along the path which the stranger was taking there lay a great gray boulder, and leaning against this was a wizened man, who stood erect as the stranger approached him. The two talked for a moment, the taller man occasionally nodding my way, as though describing what had passed between us. They walked on together disappearing in the glen.

For the remainder of that day I strove in vain to solve the mystery. Do what I could, my thoughts ran upon the solitary surgeon and his shriveled companion. What did he mean by his question as to bolt? Driven at last by my own curiosity I resolved to visit my neighbor unbeknowns and if possible clear the mist which encircled my troubled brain. Lighting my pipe I set out over the moor and through the glen.

About half way down this wild glen there stood a small clump of gnarled and stunted oak trees. From behind these a thin column of smoke rose into the still evening air. Clearly this marked the position of my neighbor's house. Keeping to the left I gained the shelter of a line of rocks, which hid me entirely from view. Soon I reached a spot from which I could command a view of the house without exposing myself.



It was a small slate covered cottage, hardly larger than the boulders among which it lay. Like my own cabin it showed signs of having been constructed for some shepherd. Two little peeping barred windows, and a weather-beaten iron bolted door, led me to wonder further as to the character of its occupants. These strange precautions, together with the wild surroundings and unbroken solitude gave an ill-omen and a fearsome character to the lonely building. Wishing to obtain further data I crawled on hands and knees to a hiding place not more than a hundred yards from the door of the cabin.

I had hardly settled in my hiding place when the door opened, and the man who had introduced himself as the surgeon of Gester Fell came out, bareheaded, spade in hand. In front of the door there was a small cultivated patch of potatoes, peas, and other truck, and here he proceeded to spade and weed, singing as he worked in a powerful but an unharmonious voice. While deeply engrossed in his work, there suddenly appeared, from the open door the little old man, whom I had seen in the morning. I could now perceive that he was a man of sixty, wrinkled, bent and feeble, with sparse, grizzley hair, and long colorless face. With slow but quiet gait he shuffled toward his companion, who was unconscious of his approach, until he was close to him. The worker sprung around facing him, and rushing upon him struck him to the ground, and whipping up

his body hastened with it into the cabin, closing and bolting the door after him.

I was about to go up to the cabin unarmed as I was, when the sound of the voices within told me that the victim had recovered. Secure in the failing light I came nearer and strained my ears to catch what was passing. I could hear the wavering voice of the old man and the deep monotone of the assailant, mixed with the metallic clanking of chains. Presently the surgeon came out locking the door after him and set out across the moor. I soon lost sight of him in the rocks. Taking advantage of this I drew nearer the small window and looked within. The interior of the cottage was lighted up with a lurid glow coming from what I afterward discovered to be a chemical furnace. By its light I could distinguish a great litter of retorts, test-tubes and condensers, which sparkled over the table and threw strange shadows upon the wall. On the further side of the room I saw a wooden frame work resembling a large cage, (and in this a most piteous spectacle), the old man kneeling in prayer. Fearing the surgeon's return I dropped down noiselessly from the window, and under shelter of darkness hastily returned to my little cabin. Long into the watches of the night I tossed and tumbled on my pillow. A strange theory had framed itself within me, suggested by the elaborate scientific apparatus which I had seen. Could it be that this surgeon had some profound and un-

holy experiments on hand, which necessitated the taking or at least the tampering with the life of his companion? Such a supposition would account for his loneliness, but

how could I establish my theory as I had met him face to face only this morning for the first time?

(To be Continued.)

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### AMERICA.

Their eyes are turning from thee, land  
o' mine,  
Their swift Atlantic liners cross the  
foam  
And bear their feet where Alpine snow  
peaks shine,  
Or 'neath the Roman Pantheon's state-  
ly dome.

#### I.

They see thee not, we see thee not, our  
eyes are all to dim;  
And we cross the foam to dream of  
home in a Spanish country side;  
While far-a-way in the break of day our  
mountains grand and grim  
Down from their peaks are pouring  
creeks to the long Pacific tide.

#### II.

Oh! who shall know where the wheat  
crops grow in the heart of the  
fruitful West,  
And who shall care for the beauties  
rare on the Lake Superior shore,  
But the ones at home who toil, not roam,  
and love their land the best,  
And live and die where riches lie, here  
in the fullest store?

#### III.

God haste the time when our thoughts  
can climb to the height of our red-  
wood trees,  
And our souls expand till we under-  
stand what a gift of the Lord we  
own;  
And the Southern roads and Northern  
woods and the Eastern ocean  
breeze  
Are stores of earth, of golden worth  
and we love them alone, alone!

Our eyes are turning to thee, land o'  
mine,  
Our many lordly liners cross the foam  
And bear our feet where Rocky snow  
peaks shine,  
Or 'neath our Capitol's unshaded  
dome!

—F. W. C., '08.





PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY  
STUDENTS OF ALMA COLLEGE  
ALMA, MICHIGAN.

**Subscription Price.**

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

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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.

NOV., 1906

Alma college stands today as one  
of the best endowed institutions of  
learning in the state. Not only is

this true from the standpoint of  
those who are responsible for the  
meeting of current expenses, but  
from the standpoint of the worthy  
students who because of the bene-  
ficiency of liberal men and women  
are able to acquire a liberal college  
education.

For some time the president has  
been able to offer to those who  
actually need it the interest accru-  
ing from 90 different free scholar-  
ships of \$500 each for the express  
purpose of meeting the tuition fee.  
So far this year this number of  
scholarships has been increased by  
five through the efforts of Field  
Secretary, S. E. Todd, and one of  
these scholarships demands parti-  
cular attention in that it is in the  
memory of William E. Rolhfs, who  
died in the midst of his preparation  
for the ministry.

If there is any manner in which  
the memory of a student of Alma  
college can be perpetuated among  
her alumni and the new students  
who enter from year to year, it  
seems that this may be effectually  
and benevolently done through a  
memorial scholarship. Not only does  
this keep green another's name, but  
it may be the means whereby some  
one else may gain an education and  
fill to some degree the place left  
void by death. We are glad to men-  
tion such growth and interest in  
Alma's young life.

**AN INCIDENT.**

**S**ILENCE!" roared the judge of  
the juvenile court as the pre-  
cinct deputy gently swung into the

room, bringing with him a long-haired infant. "What brings you here?" he demanded of the child. "The copper, yer Honor," softly smiled the little wretch.

"You Patron of Peace," addressing the officer, "enlighten the court as to the nature of the offense which brings the lad here." "Highway robbery, assisted by assault and battery, yer Honor." "Upon whom committed?" "A big brute who attempted to butt in on his prattling." "In what did the assault consist?" "Making faces." "And the battery?" "A cheap shine and a Pine River lotion applied a' la clothes on."

Turning to the frightened child who was seeking shelter behind his little freshman cap the judge demanded, "Guilty or Not Guilty?" A big guy in the rear of the room who proffered his assistance to the lad told him to swear Guilty. "Ma will lick me if I swear," cried the defendant at the bar, hiding his face again in his hat which was now running over with warm childish tears. Compassion came upon the court as he leaned over the boy and told him to say just the little word Guilty. "Guilty, but I smashed the kid," sang out the urchin thinking he had done his duty. Just as the judge finished entering the sentence of \$1 fine and costs a woe-begone looking woman rushed wailingly in upon the scene and recognizing her child moaned as she sank into the policeman's arms, "My child, my child!"

Such pitiful scenes as these should be enough to move the heart of the

strongest college man and make him resolve that never again will he go out on Hallowe'en even if the bunch will pay 10 cents a head to witness the best stunt out.

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#### ALMA LYCEUM COURSE.

As in the former years Alma is to have her series of lectures and musical entertainments this winter. This feature of the college course is looked forward to by the students with much anticipation as it is the one privilege of its kind that they have. This year affords an exceptionally fine program and if we can judge the following by the number we already have had no disappointment will be given.

The first number by the Boston Orchestral company was given on Friday evening, October 26, to a full house. The program was of the highest order and afforded not only classical but popular music for the younger ears. Mr. Jenness, violin and director, was exceptionally good and rendered some fine selections. As an accompanist Mr. Beedle cannot be excelled and at the same time he was appreciated in his piano solo. The entire company showed considerable musical ability in every selection rendered.

On Monday evening, November 26, Hon. J. Adam Bede, "The Humorist of the House," will lecture upon the subject "Our Nation; Its Problems and Progress." Mr. Bede needs no introduction to the people at large as his name is very familiar in connection with Congressional affairs. Wherever it has been the



privilege of this humorist to speak he has received the biggest recommendations and the people of Alma are surely fortunate in securing this man for a number.

The third number is also a lecture by Mr. Edward Amherst Ott. As a lecturer Mr. Ott has made himself conspicuous by three productions, "Sour Grapes," "Haunted House," "The Spenders." As an author he is well known. "How to Gesture" and "How to Use the Voice" are of no mean character.

Dr. Thomas E. Green has been selected by the management of the course to contribute a lecture to the numbers of the season and his subject, not yet decided upon, will be given to the public here upon March 18. Mr. Green is perhaps better known by his lecture upon Civic Bacteriology than by any other, but he comes highly recommended from every place he has appeared and upon whatever subject he has discoursed.

There is still one date left open and it is hoped that this can soon be filled and announced to the public. The nature of the course goes to show that the audiences which are accustomed to attend are very appreciative of lecturers, but a little variety is always beneficial. It is hoped that the extra may be either a musical or something of a lighter vein. A larger number of tickets than usual have been sold this year and from a financial standpoint the outcome looks very bright.

### A LITTLE LIGHT.

As a general rule it does not pay to advertise a college by discussions through the press, so the matter of foot ball games with Big Rapids has been dropped. In order that the friends of the college may be enlightened upon the subject and not labor under the impressions that Alma is fearful of her rivals or has to hide after she has won a victory it has been thought best to inform her patrons through the columns of her own student organ of the true conditions of affairs.

It has been the policy of the college to arrange her schedule for the season and play it through and out. If at any time she has met defeat there is no doubt but that the team died fighting for the maroon and cream and when the field was left there could be heard no word of give us another chance. One chance for which both competing teams have been preparing for is sufficient to decide the strength and cunning of the forces, although the elements may be favoring the one or the other. Thus the matter has been in our contests with the Ferris team. We have played them twice and both times have we come from the field satisfied, although the boys have realized from the spots on their faces that they have been fighting against odds, not in weight nor in cunning, but in manlessness.

Treating of the second game first Alma met and defeated her rival upon her own field at Big Rapids by the small score of four to nothing. Not satisfied with the game the

press agent from that place claimed the game by the same score in the hopes that we would not stand for that and challenge them for another game. This ruse did not work out as expected, so when Alma straightened the affair out in the press the coach at the Institute replied with a lengthy letter claiming a steal of the first game.

The first game was played upon Davis Field early in the season when Alma held the visitors to a scoreless tie. The point made here was that the referee gave the ball to Alma on the three yard line on the second down and that the ball had to be removed from in front of the goal post in order that the play might go on. The truth of the matter is and was that at no time during the game did Ferris have the ball by scrimmage or in scrimmage nearer to our goal than the twenty yard line. The time that the ball was within three inches of our goal

was when Ferris punted and the ball was caught and downed at that place. Then upon the first down Alma punted out and down the field for a good gain, from which time the ball did not get again in a dangerous place for the local team.

The letter written to the Free Press was merely to mistate things so badly that Alma would challenge them to another game. The game did not work and Alma is satisfied with the method of every team, equal chance, and graceful defeat with the occasional presentation of a touch down to the dissatisfied as in the second Ferris game. If peaceful relations cannot exist between these two schools it would be far better to refuse games and not write for games than to reply with the expectation of coming from the field in a physically weak condition which would hamper our playing with those colleges which play clean foot ball.

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## ALUMNI.

Our Alma Mater has now entered it's second decade of usefulness and service. It is now a vain custom to count stability by years, the title—ESTABLISHED—is not the work of a moment or a year, it's processes in individual life and character as well as institutions is wrought at the expense of less desirable things and the product receives it's largest measure of judgment according to large financial institutions, churches, reform movements all refer more or

less pertinently to this one standard; the Church of Holland and the Church of Scotland know something about struggle for religious freedom and their more modern types still point with due pride to the work of several centuries which were vested with the most important rights of men. The Presbyterian Church in America has had several keen failures among its institutions of learning but not in Michigan. Alma College has become established and



the seal of its past good labor is entitling it to a larger place among institutions of learning.

The fact that it has passed its maiden years just preceeding an era of great commercial and political growth is destined to give it a place in the consideration of Michigan citizenship first and beyond that in the States. The growing number of Professional and Business men and women who owe their training to ALMA is fast gaining recognition and appreciation.

If the Alumni are to continue to be the inspiration of this forward movement they must feel the importance of their position and contribute largely of the personal equation toward bringing each worthy interest of the college into prominent notice. It is the hope of the Editor that only our friendliness will be increased thru the visits of the Almanian, but that we shall make continual opportunity to increase our interest in the welfare of our ALMA MATER; a greater freedom of good criticism prevailed last year in the Almanian than has been noticed for sometime and there ought to be a substantial increase this year. Special work is before us and special interests are to have a larger place than ever before; in all of this let us have an excellent showing of vital interest that this may really be for all, the best year of the history now being written of ALMA.

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The Genesee Wesleyan Seminary is making great preparations for an

immense Alumni gathering to be held next June, celebrating the 70th anniversary of the founding of the institution. One committee has the important work of ascertaining as far as possible the present address of every student living who has at sometime been connected with the institution. Movements of this kind are becoming more frequent and are having a large influence in shaping the policies of schools for the future. The stimulation which comes to a school which is frequently visited by large numbers of its alumni and former students cannot be overestimated. For several years we have heard rumors of an attempt to make ALMA the Mecca of the largest number of visiting alumni since the first class was graduated and we hope that 1907, the 20th anniversary may witness this occasion. It is not too early for each alumni to promise himself this trip.

With the renewed interest taken in debating and oratory at the college the suggestion might not be amiss that it would be well to revive the Alumni Association of New Jersey. This organization in times past has rendered a great service. We believe that its spirit still lives and that this year will present some good opportunity for it to again make itself felt as a co-partner in the most worthy endeavor of our students to attain some success as public speakers.

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The position of instructor in science at Caro High school, which was ably filled by L. J. Butler last

year, is this year receiving the attention of R. G. Swigart, '04.

Frank Angell, ex-Academy and one of Alma's best foot ball players, is this year attending the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.

Miss Maybelle Howard, '03 Music, has been appointed assistant in the vocal department of the Music school at Alma.

J. Norman King, Alma '05, and Princeton '06, reports himself very much pleased with Princeton. Address Room 31, Brown Hall. H. G. Gaunt, '06, is in the adjoining room. M. J. Stormzand, '04, completes the Alma representation at Princeton this year.

D. S. Carmichael, '01, for several years pastor of the Presbyterian church at Holly, Mich., has resigned his pastorate to take up the work of missionary pastor among the Mountaineers. The Home Mission field of the south has heretofore claimed the attention of some of our young lady graduates, but Mr. Carmichael will be among the first of our ministerial students to take up work in this important field.

Miss Agnes Hope, '02, is spending the year at her home in St. John's, Mich.

Miss Winifred Kelley, K. G., is in charge of the primary department in the Harbor Beech schools this year.

Mr. Williams, of Breckenridge, was one of the boys the day of the Olivet-Alma game and was pleased with the work of the team.

Our attention has been recently called to the public mention made of Rev. Sherman L. Devine in the

"Herald and Presbyter." Mr. Devine is located in Marinette, Wis., where he has been for just one year. During this time the church has made material progress in every way and the people are so well satisfied that Sunday, Sept. 16, was kept as a memorial-anniversary date. The Herald contained the cuts of Rev. Devine, Elder J. J. Sherman of the same church and the Presbyterian church of Marinette.

"The Messenger" came to our notice recently and we were glad to hear through its columns of the work of Rev. A. J. Van Page in the Millard avenue Presbyterian church of Chicago. This paper is the official church organ and very neatly put up, the first page being given up to a full cut of Mr. Van Page.

The Presbyterian church of Berwyn, Ill., has sent to us its manuel and we learn from it that Rev. B. S. Bates entered upon his work at this place July 23, 1905, and is still commanding great respect there. The church was organized in 1899 with but nine members. Today the membership is 131. Other good reports were read with interest.

Again the proverbial stork has visited one of the homes of our Alumni. This time it brought a baby girl to Mr. and Mrs. Paul Bruske, of Detroit. The first birthday will be celebrated on October 28, 1907.

A daughter arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Stevens at Twin Bridges, Mont., during the



summer months. Mr. Stevens is of the class of '98.

Miss Bernice Hunting, '91, of Tripoli, Syria, has been very pleasantly heard from by the Alpha Theta girls in reply to a society communication from them. Miss Hunting will be remembered by many of the present students from the address delivered upon missions by her at a chapel exercise last year.

Rumor has it that William Karkeet, of Hibbing, Minn., is about to divide his good fortune and name with another of the commercial department. There is something in that course to be sure.

Miss Esther Bruske, ex-'07, is pursuing her studies in physical educational work at the Dr. Sargent's school at Cambridge, Mass. We hear very favorable reports of her work there, which will be completed this year.

The sound of the gun has been heard from the west and as a result Ray Chatfield, commercial '05, is the proud possessor of a big bear. Mr. Chatfield is city salesman for the Portland Lumber Co. at Portland, Oregon.

There has come to our notice a picture of tourists taken in Miraj, India. The company is seated upon an elephant of great size, which is their only means of travel. There is to be noticed one vacant seat upon the same and this is where the photographer, Miss Winnifred Heston, '06, sat.

The editor recently enjoyed a visit with Carlyle Carr, ex-Academy, and William Caple, ex-'07, both of Reardon Brothers Co., Midland, Mich. Mr. Carr is employed in the hardware department and Mr. Caple is credit man for the firm.

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## AROUND THE CAMPUS.

Graves has indulged in a hair cut. So has Charlie Moore.

Shoe blacking is scarce around the dorm.

Haist always sings, "I Feel Like a Morning Star." I wonder why?

"Why I have a new book case and I'll bet no one knows it?" It is a fact. We will vouch for it.

Joe makes the best snow man in the institution. Don't hit a man when he is down and you will be safe if your girl has gone back on you.

Vocal solos are highly acceptable in the dining room when they are on the ground floor where all can appreciate them.

Marshall is always at home on the gridiron, especially when called upon to referee. It was well that many of his friends were near him.

Gaylord Nelson, ex-'07 Nobility, appeared before the college body recently with his troupe of trained football men. The Lord Chesterfield nearly lost his life when he recent-

ly entered the cage of his monster half.

Harper teaches the girls foot ball in their saner moments, but he gets so fussed! To much of a good thing is bad for the system.

The Modern Language Club has organized and is upon a good working basis for the year. Walter Pol-lard is the new president and he has a new line of work, which is mainly conversational in its nature. This will give an opportunity for all to participate upon every subject.

Class spreads are in order. The class of '08 were the first to spread themselves and it has been rumored that since they succeeded so well they contemplate entertaining the Seniors.

Fine reports of the Michigan-Illinois game come to us from the Misses Hopkin and Markham who were eye witnesses of the same, when they could keep their eyes on the game of foot ball. We understand the boys are doing well in their work at Ann Arbor.

Any one who has found a lost, strayed or stolen dog with curley hair and long ears will do the owner a favor and receive a suitable reward by returning the same to 312 South Maple street. Reward for information that will lead to his capture.

The K. G. girls were the first to organize a basket ball team and in the local tournament they claim to have the better of the deal. The college girls have organized two teams to compete for honors. It is expected that the winners will play

some teams from another college if arrangements can be made.

Jungle lunches and general mix-up stunts are the order among the girls. These things add much to the college life and afford a little excitement for the boys.

Every society has the Me Too feeling this fall. There has never been such a round of initiations as there has been this fall and the result is a closer feeling of union and brother and sisterhood, especially when fly paper was used. The men express often their appreciation of the musical selections rendered before them by the new candidates. Keep it up Alpha Theta, Froebel and Philomathean!

Hurrah for Democracy! Another victory for clean government and the overthrow of the machine was witnessed when the floor managers were elected. The machine was unable to run the caucus and Moon went down to defeat in the first as did Ellis in the third precinct. A victory for law and order was evidenced in the election of Rabbi Finlayson and Cassy for managers of the first. Harper and Craig were unanimously elected by the chair for the second and amidst great solemnity the chair in a close decision between the vote of the bunch and his own vote decided in favor of himself and gave the third to Sutton and Rohns.

The great difficulty between the faculty preservation squad and the student annihilation club was fought out to a finish Hallowe'en night when the one side kicks (against the



observatory) and the trick plays of interference on Wright Hall porch with the fake in Prexy's barn completely outwitted the opponents and gave the night to the funmakers. How they managed to have so much fun and do so little work was due to the excessive wit of the boys and not to any precaution of the law and order league. There has been much talk of establishing a new 100-yard straight-away between the Library and Wright Hall and back again.

The girls gave a trick exhibition in which the trick was how many can get in the flypaper and out again. The paper was placed in front of every door in the hall, the lights were turned out and then a disturbance was created. When the patrolers came out for the disturbers they were simply stuck on the newness of the affair and attended to their own business in an active manner. A howling success it was.

The 31st of October was officially celebrated upon the eve of November 3rd when the student body was entertained in the ladies' hall by the Y. W. and Y. M. C. A.'s. Every person came in ghostly attire and made himself acquainted the best he could. Some of the costumes were exceptionally fine and artistically put up, while the majority took up with the regular sheet and pillow case outfit. After the grand march came the unmasking and the shadow work which was well executed. A good time was had by all.

On the evening of October 23 occurred the annual Faculty Recital

for the school of music. Mrs. Strong, who is at the head of the instrumental department, rendered many fine selections. Miss Hooper, soprano, acquitted herself in her usual manner and was loudly called upon to reappear. These persons were assisted very materially by Mrs. Merritt, violinist, of Northville. The chapel was exceptionally well filled.

On Friday night, November 2nd, the special music and commercial girls entertained in Wright hall. The rooms were rearranged and decorated with autumn furnishings for the occasion. This was the more largely attended and the more elaborate of such entertainments given this fall.

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#### COLLEGE PERSONALS.

Misses Reardon and Black passed a pleasant Sunday at Midland October 7th.

Mr. Steinman, of Capac, and Mr. Middlemiss, of Alpena, are new commercials.

Miss Sly, of Bay Shore, was the guest of Miss Booth recently.

"Pum" Graves entertained his mother shortly after his hair cut.

William Humphrey, commercial '06, renewed acquaintances some time past.

Rev. Sidebotham, of Lake City, talked to the students lately on various matters.

Miss Bowman was called home since our last issue by the death of her father. She returned shortly to resume her studies as instructor.

Miss Bristol was visited by her father from the Soo at a recent date.

C. R. Carr was a welcome visitor and was entertained by the boys with a spread while here.

Harry Craig is again smiling upon his friends at college.

Prof. Mitchell delivered addresses at East Tawas Sunday, Oct. 14th.

Miss Bristol has left the dormitory to room outside.

Misses Roland and Rockwell entertained their fathers at the hall lately.

Miss Albertson spent some time the first of the month with her sister in Chicago.

Mrs. Hebner, of Port Huron, made a protracted visit with Miss Hebner this month.

Newman Cobb was away from college two weeks to attend a wedding. It is rumored he assisted the bridesmaid.

After the Hillsdale game Coach Harper remained with Boone at Hillsdale over Sunday; Chapel was in Parma; Moon in Detroit, and Helmer in Clinton.

Miss Springer, of Lansing, has entered college to take up kindergarten work.

Mr. Middlemiss, of Alpena, has joined the commercial department.

The nuns enjoyed their annual banquet at the Wright House not long ago.

#### ECHOES FROM THE SQUAD.

Miss Hazel Potter entertained a friend from Alma college over Sunday.—Clinton Courier. It pays to have a pa run the paper.

Ah, quit your teasing me. Say boys, listen, did you hear that pin.

I got a letter from my wife today and it is all love.

I went down town to telephone but she was not home. If she is not there when I go next time I'll tell her to go.

Umph. Lovely sweet and comical! I didn't read the sign, but it is alright. Yes, I ate pan cakes on the side and got mine.

I knew we were near Mason because we ran over a man just now. Let me see. How far is Leslie from Mason? All women there.

Hard game Capt.! Hard game to morrow! Good night Capt. Say Capt. your my friend haint you? Good night, Capt.

Gee. I know where you were last night. Why didn't you tell me you were safe in the hands of the conduct committee and I wouldn't worry.

Better cut those whiskers or there will be a bigger blow than the big wind in Ireland. Never mind the shoulder.

By Joe, I wish you had been along. Those girls that waited table were out at seven and on the path. I hate to break in a new man.

This is the farthest I have ever been from home. What would mother say if she knew I was here? This haint much like our country.

Well, I swon! Is that there the capital? I saw it once when I was a boy and once I was in the Jackson depot.

Ah, you long legged guy, I saw you reaching for my hat. But say, I lost my stick pin last night somewhere.



I was on to you fellows and went early. But I will be at home to my friends next time, for I drew a front seat.

That is alright but this is no place for those kind of jokes.

I am on to the water cracker deal this year. No more for mine.

Which girl are you going to see when you go to Detroit? Or are you going to import one?

The longest way to an M. I. A. A. board meeting is sometimes the most pleasant way there. How is the string now?

I got a new girl this year. Ummmm. Ah, I don't care for her, but I know it, but then. What is that?

If I couldn't punt better than that I would quit. Give us some good ones now to practice on if you are through fooling.

You talk as one of the first team and not as a scrub.

What is my part of the fine? Oh, it is worth a quarter to see a man get ducked. Hurrah for Capt.!

Let not your left hand know what your right hand is doing and avoid being penalized. (Grid-iron philosophy we have experienced.)

11-42-R-U-N-Skidoo.

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#### Y. W. C. A.

Miss Landes, of Depauw University, Indianapolis, who is acting as temporary State Secretary for the Christian associations of Michigan, visited the Alma association Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 31 and 32. The girls enjoyed her visit very much

and plans for the coming convention at Kalamazoo were talked over.

The state convention for the Michigan associations is to be held at Kalamazoo and promises to be a most excellent one. Among the prominent speakers who will take part are Rev. Palmer H. Swift, D. D., of Chicago, Ill.; Mr. R. V. Bingham, Sudan United Mission, Toronto, Canada; Miss Cratty, National Secretary; Miss Bessie Harris, Secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement, and many other well known speakers.

A "Stunt Party," given by the rooms committee of the Y. W. C. A., was considered by everyone as a decided success. After the actors had entertained the crowd sufficiently, cocoa and wafers were served.

The Y. W. C. A. is looking forward to the week of prayer which begins Sunday, Nov. 11, and which is observed throughout all the colleges.

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#### ZETA SIGMA.

Mr. Howell has been granted a leave of absence from society until Thanksgiving.

Mr. Watson visited society and assisted in initiation at one of the early meetings.

There has been some additions to the room in the way of chairs and desk covers. Now visitors will not be compelled to stand when they call.

Much preparation is being made for the anniversary banquet by the committee and a big banquet is an-

ticipated. The attendance will be the largest ever seen at this function.

For some time there has been much discussion over the revision of the constitution and at last this has been done. The revised edition has been reported back and has passed to its vote. Although there has been much discussion over some points the whole as adopted is much better adapted to the increase of membership and the workings of the society.

The raising of the William Rolhfs Memorial Scholarship has caused much comment among the men and a desire has been expressed by many that the Zeta Sigma men create a scholarship in memory of her deceased, to be known as the "Zeta Sigma Memorial," and to be disposed of as the society sees fit. Too much cannot be done for the memory of our departed members.

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#### PHI PHI ALPHA.

The progress made by the society during the past month has been most gratifying, the men entering the work with spirit and vim. Special emphasis has been placed on debating and impromptu work, with good results. It is to be hoped that an inter-society debate can be arranged for this year. Several are working hard for the oratorical contest.

A new desk has been purchased and was placed in position last week. This has been the one article of furniture which we have been in

need of most, so the room now presents a most attractive appearance.

The Phi Phi Alpha will entertain the Froebel girls on the evening of December 3. It is needless to say that a good time is anticipated by all.

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#### PHILOMATHEAN.

The society invited Miss Bowman and Miss Eddy to be honorary members.

The officers for the semester are:  
President—Beryl Inglis.

Vice-President—Dora Alexander.

Treasurer—Leora Johnston.

Secretary—Edith Harper.

Almanian Reporter—Bert Reeder.

Critic—Mrs. Green.

The society aims to present the play "She Stoops to Conquer," by Oliver Goldsmith, during the year and in connection with this is taking up a study of the history of English literature.

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#### SENIOR NOTES.

Hallowe'en, the night when all naughty sprites give full vent to their spirit of mischief, the naughty seniors in cap and gown accompanied by the blasts of horns and beat of drums paraded the streets of Alma. At length weary and hungry we hastened to the homes of some of our classmates in the town, then to Wright Hall and Pioneer Hall, and such a spread as we had!! O, ye Gods! never did you sit down to such a banquet, as we enjoyed cider, salad, oyster soup, dainty sandwiches, coffee, luscious pie, glorious cake and lots of fun thrown



in. Some brave lads tried to steal our only two knights, but "Cassy, the Masterful," slew the robbers with one fierce glance and we arrived at our destination tired but happy. It was late but the dean, face wreathed in smiles, forgave us because of our Senior prerogative.

Miss Lulu Brook, a former member of our class, is studying in Ann Arbor this year and finds her work exceedingly pleasant.

At the masquerade given in Hall some of the seniors forgetful of their dignity invoked old Father Time to turn backward in his flight and make them children again just for the night. It was a decided but altogether delightful change when we were commanded a week later to come to Wright Hall as old men and women.

Naughty Olive!

Naughty Mayme!

Naughty Gretta!

Naughty Minn!

Naughty Susie, Cassy, Paul,  
Good and naughty are we all.

One, two, three, four, five, six,  
seven,

Naughty seven, Rah!

---

### JUNIOR.

The boys of the class are happy that they can at least hear rumors of a class scrap, and not have those queer chills run up and down their backs. It is a lot more fun watching, if not so exciting.

We wish to assert that the scandal concerning our last class spread is base and uncalled for. Both Sutton and Cobb are willing to swear

that they were only dizzy. Anyway there will be no more hard cider at our class functions.

Prof. Mitchell (class in psychology): Mr. Sutton are you always the same to everybody?

Sutton (three days after spread): Yes, if I'm natural.

Bastone wants to know if the plural of child is twins.

Prof. Notestein (class in physics): Mr. Helmer, if a shell should burst in the air, what kind of motion would you call it.

Helmer: Bustilinear.

Helmer says the floor shakes when he walks. No wonder we call him W. B.

Miss Helen Cook wants to know if it is really true that she is always smiling.

If I have omitted any members of the class, do not feel slighted, I'll try to remember you next time.

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### SOPHOMORE SPARKLETS.

Here's to the good girls, but not too good, for the good die young and the good Lord knows we don't want dead ones.

Three's a crowd and there were three,  
The girl, the parlor lamp and he,  
There was a crowd and that no doubt  
Is why the parlor lamp went out.

Freshmen Bible students may receive for a small consideration extensive knowledge on the Ten Commandments from certain Sophomores.

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### FRESHMAN NOTES.

We are very well established both in classes and general surroundings, and the writer of these notes believes that the class of 1910 is well satisfied with the college of its choice.

Miss Houghawout gave the '10's a surprising drill in percentage Monday, Nov. 5, as an introduction to our English lesson.

Teacher: What in college reminds you most of your high school days?

Honest Stanley: The percentage of times I flunk in classes.

A re-echo of the class scraps. The Sophomore poet? who wrote items for this periodical last issue in another column than the class notes will do well both to look up what the upper class men said about the rush and not forget that the green that was gone was simply stolen when a Freshman's coat was hanging on a peg instead of on the Freshman's back, at least one day after the rush.

During a recent class meeting President McCollum was absent, but the place was very well filled by Miss Black. A social committee was chosen, of which Miss Kelley is chairman. We expect that there will be a fine time for all when our class spreads are called.

#### FOURTH ACADEMY.

The Fourth Academy class organized and elected officers October 26th.

President—Ruth Bristol.  
 Vice-President—Frank Locker.  
 Secretary—Adelbert Lindley.  
 Treasurer—Beatrice Ireland.  
 Almanian Reporter—Beryl Inglis.  
 Teacher in Bible speaking of Nebuchadnezzar's Dreams: "Now, Mr. Hogg, correct this recitation and tell us of the other Vision."

#### COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT.

The commercial department met late in September and elected the following officers:

President—Miss Florence Church.  
 Vice-President—Mrs. Elizabeth Green.

Secretary—Miss Bessie Holmes.

Treasurer—Mr. Julio Marales.

It is the intention of the class to have a group picture taken in the near future.

The new students are: Miss Fern Rule, Middleton, Mich., and Mr. George Middlemiss, Alpena, Mich.

Professor Steinhauser visited Ann Arbor Saturday, Nov. 3.

Mrs. Francis Hood of Saginaw, and Mrs. Helen Fish of Sherbourne, N. Y., were the guests of Mr. Francis H. Steele on Wednesday, Nov. 7. Mrs. Hood is the donater of The Francis Hood Museum.

On Friday, Nov. 2, the Commercial, Music and Special Girls entertained the boys of those classes at Wright Hall. All of the boys say, "Come again, girls, we never had a better time." And they mean it.

The boys of the Commercial Department met on Tuesday, Nov. 6, and organized a literary society. The following officers were elected:

President—Mr. John F. St. Cyr.  
 Vice President—Mr. Ralph Wheaton.

Secretary—Mr. Jose Garcia.

Treasurer—Mr. Blaine Strong.

Sergeant-at-Arms—Mr. Roy R. Robertson.

This is the first society ever organized in the Commercial Department of Alma college of its kind



and the boys will see that it will be a pride to the department. No name has, as yet, been selected.

At a meeting of the Class Mon. Nov. 5 Miss Church resigned her

office of president in favor of Blaine Strong. Mr. St. Cyr was chosen as class reporter.

Mr. Steele visited Saginaw on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 5 and 6.

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## SWIPE NOTES.

Casterlin and Moon each have a very commendable pair of red side burns, but Helmer thinks that his black ones are the best in college.

Marshall is trying out his old neck holds for use at the meet during Thanksgiving recess.

McDonald doesn't like to have any one use a tray for profane purposes when he is busy communicating with the lower regions. Nor does he like an excessive supply of chicken just after Sunday school.

Horst insists: First, that the sparrow story is too old to be of any practical use as a joke. Secondly, that Detroit is the Utopia of the Middle West.

"All I want in all this wide, wide world is a square deal, and plenty of bananas."—Sutton.

Wanted—An electric feeding machine with a large storage battery in connection. Price no objection if the machine will do the work.—Craig.

McComb—Did any of you fellows know that Will K. was to lead Miss De. in the unknown regions of the double harness?

Helmer (very abruptly): Its darn funny that she didnt tell me anything about it when I was out walking with her a couple of nights ago.

McCollum—Oh, never mind Hal, if you only knew what trouble love was to me you would consider that no slam at all.

Resolved, That we will as swipes of Wright Hall be very attentive to our duties, especially when the time draweth nigh for our respective tables to have a spread because it's a paying proposition.

It keeps big Mac busy dividing his time and deserts impartially between the conduct committee and the Irish.

There was a big lobster called Mac,  
Who jumped on young Ingies back,  
And when he got through  
There was nothing to do  
But to carry him off in a hack.

H—t: I knew of a hen that lay  
130 eggs running.

H—er: That is nothing, we used  
to have a hen that laid five eggs  
a day all summer.

S—tt—n: At all times (tune, No-  
body.)

I hain't butted in on nobody, no time,  
I'm butted into by somebody, all time,  
And until they stop butting in on me  
all times,  
I hain't going to take no lip from no-  
body—sometimes.

Scotty: All the Scottish barons  
were killed off by the wars with the  
Edwards. They died game.

Popo: All that didn't run and  
hide in Detroit.

**BAD HABIT.**

The grasshopper chews tobacco;  
The quail gets out his pipe;  
The fish hawk is so awful poor  
He has to hunt a "snipe."

The rooster has his cocktail;  
The orchard gets plum full;  
The onion squanders every scent;  
And the radish has a pull.  
—State Journal.

**"EVERY LITTLE SOMEBODY."**

Written by "Anybody"—Tune "Every  
Little Something."

**I.—OUR "STIDDIES."**

Every "Pete" Rohns has his little Belle,  
Every P. J. has his little Helle,  
Every Percy has his little Ruth,  
Every Palmer has his little Booth,  
Every "Magie" has his little "Bee,"  
Every Walton has his own Eddy,  
Every Caldwell has most any beau,  
Every "Jonah" has her own Defoe,  
Every Wyatt has his little Goll,  
Every Eva has her little "Polle,"  
Every Campbell has his Morrison,  
Every Bastone has most anyone,  
Every Charlie has his little Black,  
Every Reardon has her little "Mac,"  
Every Cassie has his little Grace,  
Here's hoping others soon will find their  
place.

**II.—OUR FACULTY.**

Every Prexy makes his evening dash,  
Every "Cookie" begs his little cash,  
Every Bowman has her Sunday walk,  
Every Muellie has her little balk,  
Every Harper has his little harp,  
Every new Dean is a little Cupid's Bow,  
Every Eddy likes her evening row,  
Every K. Strong has her little tunes,  
Every Albertson has her little prunes,  
Every Kate Booth has her little stand,  
Every Mitchell, he is simply grand,  
Every "Pink" must have his little hunt,  
Every Ewing has his chapel stunt,  
Every Hebner has her little hop,  
Every poem needs a little stop.

There was a good swipe called Charley,  
Who got tired of husking barley,  
So he went out with views,  
For which folks had no use,  
Because he did not use them squarely.

There once was a swipe called Erle,  
Who landed a tame little girl,  
In the midst of the flutter,  
He lit in the gutter,  
Which left his head in a whirl.

A person rescued from drowning  
should be turned face downward  
and treated with hot applications.  
That's just the way Johnny's mother  
treats him when he has been swim-  
ming.—Houston Post.

A young lady approached the floor  
walker and said: "Do you keep  
stationery?"

"No, Miss," replied the man, "if  
I did I would lose my job."—Head-  
light.

Professor Mitchell, in American  
Government: "It would cause the  
fathers of the constitution to fairly  
turn in their graves."

Student: "That would break them  
all up, wouldn't it?"

**DESERVES IT.**

"Hi, there! What are you milk-  
ing my goat for?" yelled the farmer.

"I've got to get my money's worth  
some way," answered his neighbor.  
"This here goat of yours came over  
to our house yesterday and ate up  
all of our milk tickets."

**A PAINFUL MATTER.**

Softleigh—I say, doctah, I've—aw  
—got shooting pains in my face  
doncher know.

Dr. Gruff—Well, what do you ex-  
pect with a face like that?—Chicago  
News.

Prof. to class: "Now you take  
the Saturday Evening Post for the  
stories. Twenty years from now  
you wont take it for that reason."

Student: "No, we'll take it for  
our children."



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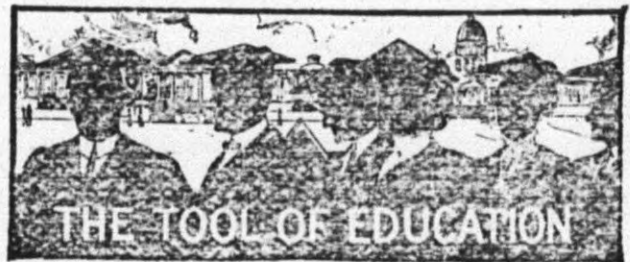
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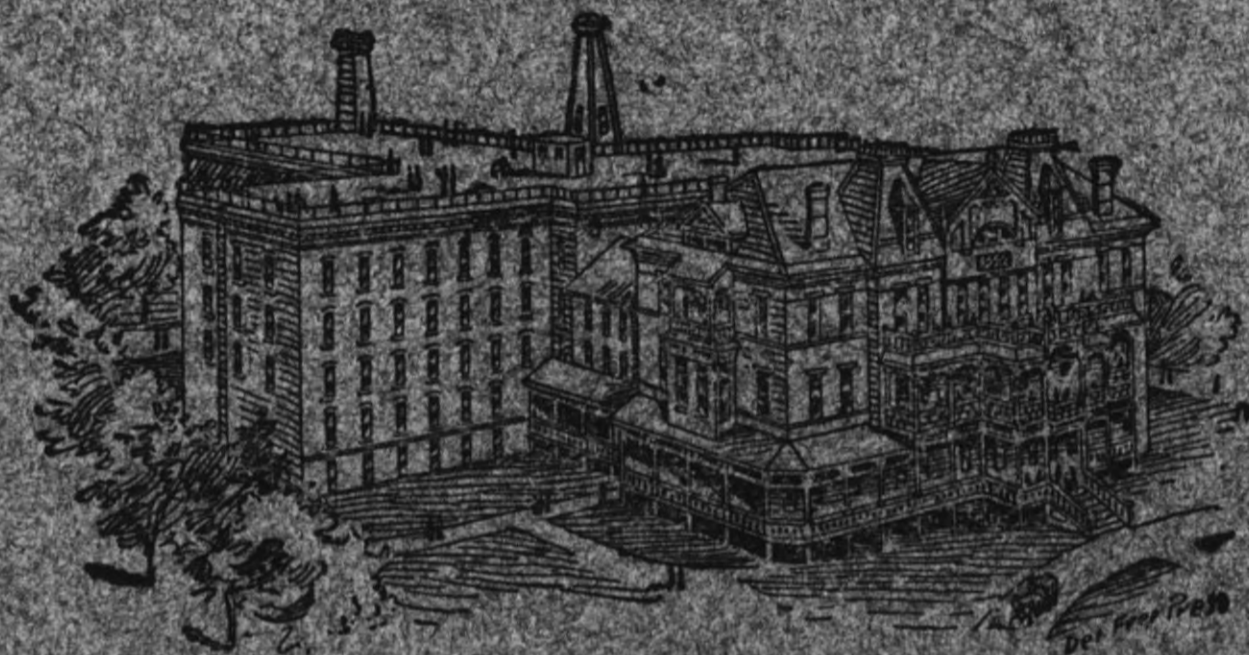
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