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NO. 3

ALMANIAN.



CAPTAIN MCCOLLUM, 1906

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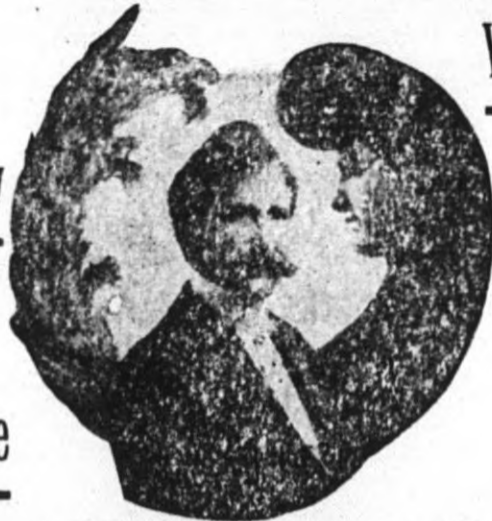
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VOL. 8,

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IN MEMORIAM.

Hon. Nathan B. Bradley.

Alma College has sustained a very great loss in the death of the honored president of the Board of Trustees, Mr. Bradley of Bay City. He was the first and only president of the board in the history of the college. If ever the "right man" was in the "right place" it was true to him. He was the one man physically, mentally morally and influentially to bear upon his broad shoulders the burdens of the college during the first nineteen years of its life. He was a conservative and yet exceedingly hospitable man in his thinking. He was ever ready for new ideas involving new situations and new actions. He was enthusiastic in spirit and sound in judgment. He never hesitated, never doubted; but was always ready to do something. There is probably

not a ruling elder in the Synod of Michigan of so far reaching influence as Mr. Bradley. It was often said of him that he loved two institutions with all his heart, the First Presbyterian church of Bay City and Alma College. To these he was always ready to give his time, his energy, his prayers and his money. They can never be the same without him. Both will continue to live; but how they will miss him! Where will the church find the elder to fill his place, or the college a presiding officer over its board of trustees capable of doing his work? Still there is comfort in the backward look. "Be ye thankful;"—"thankful" for the long, continued, noble service of that great and good man.

A Modern Love Story.

PART II.

Harold G. Gaunt.

IT was a glorious August afternoon when Miss Claribelle Smith went for a walk through the beautiful country around Aurelius, the town in which she lived. It was not a sultry day, though warm, and the weather seemed almost perfect. A delicious breeze fanned the tall trees that bordered both sides of the roadway and afforded such abundant shade. There could be heard the song of merry birds, and the busy whir of insects, but aside from these sounds and the ripple of the leaves on the trees, all Nature seemed at rest and put forth no efforts to disturb the tranquility which pervaded everything. It was such a day as one would desire for a merry jaunt, to wander listlessly along the road, to traverse fields, and follow streams with no purpose other than to commune with Nature, and breathe in the free, abundant life of out-of-doors. Ostensibly Miss Smith had no other purpose than this. However, we shall let subsequent events determine that.

Dr. and Mrs. Smith were spending the summer in California, whither the doctor had felt compelled to go on account of poor health. His practice was only an ordinary one, but the wear and tear of years were beginning to tell upon him, though he was still in middle-life. For several years he had felt that a few months in the west would do a great deal toward bringing him back to perfect

health, and so he decided to try the experiment. Mrs. Smith of course, went with him, and it was their desire that their only daughter should accompany them, too. But strange to say she preferred to stay at home. It was her first summer vacation after being away to school at Mount Holyoke, and home had a great attraction, though her parents were absent. Claribelle came home the last of June and her parents saved the intelligence of the western trip as a surprise for her, and they planned to go about the first of July. They finally consented to go without Clara, who had many reasons to give why she preferred to remain at home. So her aunt, Mrs. Carver, of Chicago, consented to spend the summer in Aurelius and stay with her. This was much to the delight of the young lady, who thought a good deal of this aunt. She had had many pleasant visits at her beautiful home in Chicago, and through her aunt had been given the first impressions of the outside world. An intimate friendship had always existed between the two and they talked and confided together as two school girls, in spite of the several years' difference in their ages.

Mrs. Carver was a sister of Dr. Smith, and was thoroughly acquainted with the old feud which existed between the families of Dr. Smith and Stephen Spencer. Clara

had never been told anything about it and Spencer never came to the house, and a Spencer was never named in the Smith household. Clara has never cared sufficiently about the matter to inquire into it deeply, so the subject was never discussed in Dr. Smith's home. But there were reasons now why Clara wished to know more about what had happened years ago, and events of the past year made this very natural. And she was quite certain she could secure this information from her aunt, though heretofore she had always refused to speak upon the subject.

The son of Stephen Spencer was now the object of many girl's admiration and it was not possible that he should escape the notice of even Miss Claribelle Smith. John Spencer was a handsome young fellow, and as the son of the richest man in Aurelius, he was prominent in all circles of society in and about his Missouri home. Miss Smith's parents were always careful that the two should never meet, and their childhood's days were passed without any acquaintance between the two. John had never attended the tutor in his home until he was sent to a military academy in the east. He had finished there a few years previous to the opening of this chapter, and was now pursuing a law course in the University of Chicago.

The first time they met was the summer before, just before Clara left for Mount Holyoke. It was a party given at the home of Clara's chum, Miss Isabelle Churchill. Dr.

and Mrs. Smith had taken the usual precaution and consented to let their daughter attend the party, after they were convinced that John Spencer would not be there. It was quite thoroughly believed that he had left that very day for Chicago to go back to the University. But alas! the fates had decreed that Claribelle and John Spencer should meet, and that Isabelle Churchill's party should be the occasion. John had intended to start for Chicago that day, but was persuaded to remain over for the party.

It was a delightful evening in mid-September and the party was a glorious success. It was the last entertainment that would be given before a great many of the young people of the town would be leaving for and so it was made a most pleasurable occasion.

Clara was one of the earliest arrivals and was in the midst of a crowd of jolly girls when John Spencer arrived in company with Howard Duncan, the betrothed of Isabelle Churchill. Miss Smith was greatly surprised to see the son of Squire Spencer, whom she supposed was on his way to Chicago, but to say that she was not displeased would be putting it mildly. She had seen John Spencer many times and had admired his handsome form and stalwart figure no less than many another girl in the town, and she was always indignant that her parents tried to prevent her from meeting him. She possessed an independent nature, which rebelled at being refused what she desired, and

moreover, in what she could see no harm. John Spencer was thought to be a model young man and the son of a wealthy land-owner, and why was she never allowed to meet him? Her parents' manifest avoidance of any explanation only caused her to be more anxious to meet the forbidden young man. And now was her chance, and she chuckled to herself as he entered the room, as she thought to herself how she would inform her parents of the meeting when she got home.

They were duly presented, and with John Spencer it was a case of love at first sight. He had never noticed the Doctor's daughter particularly before, though he had seen her driving with her father, and had remarked to himself that she was a "stunning thing." But on this occasion he had only to meet and look at her to know that he loved her with an overflowing heart. She was arrayed in her most attractive gown and wore her mother's diamonds in her hair. But Spencer would not admit that it was the dress or the diamonds that attracted him, but the sweet simplicity of the girl herself.

With Clara love's germ had already been implanted in her heart, and even if she had not admired him, she was determined that she should love him just to spite her parents.

We need not stop to speak of the events of the evening, how Clara and John had more than half the dances together, and how when refreshments were served out on the spacious lawn, the two were seated by an old rose bower, almost obliv-

ious to all that was going on about them. Then after the party broke up John accompanied Clara home, and in the dim moonlight, she seemed to him the very image of loveliness, and she thought of him as her ideal. They lingered long at the gate before they separated that night, and the spark of love kindled in their hearts began to burn with a warmer glow.

The doctor and his wife were surprised to learn that their daughter had met John Spencer, when Clara informed them at the breakfast table, but they knew nothing at all of the affection that had sprung up between them. And they thought it very fortunate that the two would now be separated. The next day Clara left for the east, to be gone until the next June. She and John had promised to write and had the frequent letters which passed between them that year, served to intensify the love already begun.

And now we come to the time of the opening of this chapter. Dr. and Mrs. Smith felt quite secure in leaving their daughter in care of Mrs. Carver, who had been cautioned to see that no communication took place between Clara and young Spencer.

Spencer had finished his law course that June and had hung out his shingle in his home town. Clara had tried her best to secure her aunt's permission for him to call at the house, but to no avail. Half the summer had gone by and apparently Mrs. Carver had been true to her charge. To her knowledge

Clara had not so much as seen the young lawyer. Finding it of no use to ask her aunt about the trouble between the families, she had ceased to mention him, and Mrs. Carver thought she was beginning to forget that there was such a person as John Spencer.

But they had met, nevertheless, though not often. Clara had gone to his office a few times, but she did not like to do that too much. But there had been other meetings by appointments in a quiet grove near Aurelius, and this place was becoming a great favorite with Clara.

It was to this secluded spot that she was wending her way this balmy August afternoon. Her heart was light, her spirits gay, her temper sweet. She was to meet her lover, and it mattered not to her that the birds sang and Nature was gay. But they did, and so we do not wonder that she was happy.

She left the public road and entered a winding path through a shady grove, where ran a little brook. She stopped at a little rustic bench and for a time seemed absorbed in the copy of Browning she had brought with her. But soon there was a rustling of the leaves and John Spencer stood before her. He seemed in a great hurry to get to her side, but stopped in front of her as though to take in her loveliness before he took a seat on the old bench. She did not rise to greet him, but sat with outstretched arms as though to receive him. She looked charmingly sweet, arrayed in

a simple dress of blue which seemed to suit her exactly. The sun streamed through the trees and lit up her face and hair with a dazzling beauty, and to John Spencer she had never seemed so beautiful before.

"Oh, John, I'm so glad to see you," she said as the book fell from her lap to the ground. "I've been trying to read 'Paracelsus,' but I don't know a thing I've read. I never knew Browning to be tedious before, but, oh, John, I guess it's because I've been so anxious to see you."

The face of John Spencer beamed with a happy smile as he settled himself at the side of his loved one and bent over and kissed her lips. He did not speak for a few minutes and then he broke out, "Oh, Clara I can endure this sort of courtship no longer. Why must we come away here in the woods in order to be alone?"

And then followed what we will not present to our readers, the story which so often has been poured into listening ears, and has sometimes been answered in the affirmative, and sometimes in the negative. But here in the secluded quiet of the wooded grove, where only the song of the birds and the murmur of the stream broke the autumn stillness, there was only one answer that could be given, for it came from a heart full of love and enduring devotion. That answer was "Yes—yes, John, I will,—I will go to the end of the world with you, in spite of family differences, in spite of my parents, in spite of everything."

The Doctor of Gester Fell.

(Continued.)

Two weeks passed and contrary to my expectations, I heard or saw nothing of my two neighbors. I had almost succeeded in regaining my peace of mind when a fresh incident whirled my thought back to its old channel. While strolling near the Beck which found its silvery way through the rocks and came within a stone's throw of the study window, I perceived something white drifting down the stream. Picking up a stick I drew the object ashore, and upon examination it proved to be a large sheet of paper torn and tattered, with the initials "J. C." in one corner. But what gave it its significance was that it was spotted here and there with blood. The fact that the paper did not sink and the brightness of the stains showed that they were of recent origin. I shuddered as I looked at it—it must have come from the lonely cottage in the glen. My suspicions were now aroused to the utmost; it was truly my duty to solve the mystery on behalf of justice. Shutting the door of my cabin I hastened up the glen. But I had not gone far, however, when I saw the surgeon coming at a distance. Hiding behind a rock I watched him approach and pass. He was walking very rapidly, beating the bushes with a cudgel and bellowing like a wild man. As he passed I noticed that his left arm was suspended in a sling. One glance at his stern, resolute face con-

vinced me that I had better keep out of his way. After he had fully disappeared from view I hastened onward toward his cabin. Upon arriving at the cottage I was much surprised to find the door wide open. Summoning up my courage I entered and found everything strewn about, the bars of the wooden cage broken, and spots of blood upon the floor gave evidence of a recent struggle. I now had no doubts as to the nature of the case, and would have gone to Lancaster to inform the police of what I had seen had not my thoughts recoiled at the prospect of becoming a witness to a murder trial, and having the ever busy press peeping and prying into my own quiet modes of life. Accordingly I deemed it advisable to await further developments.

I caught no glimpse of the surgeon on my way homeward, but when I reached my cottage I was astonished and indignant to find that somebody had entered in my absence. Boxes had been pulled out from under the bed, the curtains disarranged and chairs drawn out from the wall. Even my study had not been safe from this rough intruder, for the prints of a heavy boot was plainly visible on the carpet. I am not a patient man at the best of times; but this invasion and systematic examination of my household stirred up every drop of blood in my anatomy. Swearing under

my breath, I took down my old cavalry sword (a present from my father) and which had done good service in South Africa, and passed my finger along its edge. It was somewhat dull, but still sharp enough to be of service. I placed it at the head of the bed within arm's reach, ready to give a keen greeting to the next uninvited visitor who might arrive.

The night set in gusty and tempestuous. The moon was all girt with ragged clouds, and the wind blew in melancholy gusts, sobbing and sighing over the moon. From time to time a little sputter of rain pattered up against the window pane. Becoming restless in bed, I got up, sword in hand, and looked out the door. At the same moment the moon shone brilliantly out from between two clouds and I saw, sitting not two hundred yards from my door, the man who called himself the surgeon of Gester Fell. He was squatted among the heather, his elbows upon his knees and his chin resting upon his hands, as motionless as a stone, with his gaze fixed steadily upon the door of my dwelling. I reflected a moment, then strode fearlessly toward him. He arose as I approached and faced me. "What does this mean?" I cried. "What right have you to play the spy on me?"

"Your stay in the country has made you forget your manners," said he, his face flushed with anger. "You must remember that the moon is free to all."

"You will say next that my house

is free to all," said I hotly. "You have had the cheek to ransack it in my absence this afternoon."

"I swear to you that I had no hand in it," said he. "I have never set my foot in your house. Oh! sir, if you will but believe me there is a great danger hanging over you, and you would do well to be careful."

"I have had enough of you," I said. "I saw the cowardly blow you struck when you thought no human eye rested upon you. I have been to your cottage, too, and know all that it has to tell. If there is a law in England you shall surely hang for what you have done. As for me, I am armed and shall not fasten my door. But if you or any other villain attempts to cross my threshold it shall be at your own risk." With these words I wheeled and strode into my cabin.

By this time the wind had increased, with constant squalls of rain, and now a furious storm was raging. The thunder roared and rattled overhead, while the incessant lightning flashes illuminated the heavens. The air was charged with electricity and its peculiar influence, combined with the strange episodes with which I was connected, made it impossible for me to sleep. I turned my lamp half down and leaning back in my chair I gave myself up to reverie. I must have lost all count of time, for I have no knowledge of how long I sat there on the border land between thought and slumber. At last, between three and four o'clock, I came to myself—

not only to myself but with every sense and nerve upon the strain. Upon looking around and seeing that everything was in order, I began to persuade myself that some half-formed dream had sent that thrill through my nerves, when in a moment I became conscious what it was. It was a sound—the sound of a human step outside my solitary cottage.

Jumping from my chair I hastened to the door, but none too soon, for by the flickering light of my lamp I could see that the latch of my door was twitching as though a gentle pressure was exerted on it from without. Slowly, slowly, it rose until it was free of the catch, and then there was a pause of a quarter of a minute or more, while I stood silent with fixed eyes and drawn sword. Then very slowly the door began to revolve upon its hinges and the keen air of the night came whistling through the opening. Very cautiously it was pushed open, so that never a sound came from its rusty hinges. As the aperture enlarged I saw a dark shadowy figure upon my threshold and a pale face, which stared at me. The face was human, but the eyes were not. They seemed to burn through the darkness with a greenish brilliancy of their own. I was straining every muscle, and raising my bare sword higher, when from outside there came a wild shouting, and a second figure dashed up to my door. At its approach my shadowy visitant

uttered a shrill cry and fled away across the fells yelping like a beaten hound.

Tingling with my recent fear I stood at my door peering through the night, with the discordant cry of the fugitives still ringing in my ears. At that moment a vivid flash of lightning illuminated the whole landscape and made it as clear as day. By its light I saw far away on the hillside two dark figures pursuing each other with extreme rapidity over the fells. Even at the great distance I could easily recognize them. The first was the small, elderly man whom I had supposed to be dead, the second was my neighbor, the surgeon. For an instant they stood out clear in view, and in the next the darkness had closed over them and they were gone. As I turned to re-enter my chamber my foot fell against something hard. Picking it up I found it to be a knife made entirely of lead and so soft and brittle that it was a strange choice of a weapon. The edge, however, had been sharpened against a stone, so that it was a dangerous weapon in the hands of a determined man. It had evidently dropped from the fellow's hand at the moment when the sudden coming of the surgeon had driven him to flight. There could be no longer any doubt as to his mission. It was indeed that of murder.

But what could have been the object of these nocturnal intrusions, and what did it all mean? you ask.

In answer permit me to present to you the following letter:

Kirby Lunatic Asylum,

June 21st, 1896.

"Sir—I am deeply conscious that some apology and explanation is due to you for the very startling, and in your eyes, mysterious events which have recently occurred, and which have so seriously interfered with the retired existence which you wish to lead. I should have called upon you this morning after the recapture of my father, but my knowledge of your dislike for visitors, and your ill-temper, led me to think that I had better communicate with you by letter.

To be brief, my poor father was a hard-working man, and about ten years ago he began to show signs of mental derangement, which we were inclined to charge to overwork and the effects of a sunstroke. Finally his attacks became so acute, and dangerous that I decided for the benefit of those about me to take him and live with him in the quietest place possible. This place proved to be Gester Fell and there he and I set up a house together. I took to my hobby "the study of chemistry," and hence the chemical laboratory, which I need not explain. For months after our change of quarters he appeared to improve, and he has never through this time shown any signs of his disorder. But your ar-

rival seemed to upset him. That very night he approached me, stone in hand, and would have killed me had I not knocked him down and thrust him into his wooden cage. Two days after he broke out of his cage, and with knife in hand, suddenly plunged upon me. In the scuffle he cut me across the forearm and escaped before I could recover. My wound was slight and for several days I wandered over the fells, beating through every clump of bushes in my fruitless search. Being convinced that he would attack you, I kept watch over you at night. Let me say here that it was he who entered your house in your absence, not I. Late in that same night he attempted an attack on you, and had I not intervened it would have cost you your life. On seeing me he ran over the fells like a wild man, and it was only with the greatest of difficulty that I succeeded in catching him and taking him to my cottage. The next morning I brought him here to this establishment, and I am glad to say that he is now doing well.

Allow me once more, sir, to express my sorrow that you should have been subjected to this ordeal, and believe me to be,

Faithfully yours,

John Campbell,

"The Surgeon of Gester Fell."

The Ballad of the Last Match.

a la Coleridge.

"It was 'way back in '72,"
So did his tale begin,
The tenderfoot he gazed at him,
Prepared to swallow it in.

"It was the toughest winter
That ever I have struck;
Fer old man Boreas up and pulled
His gun, and run amuck."

"Oh, sufferin' steers," the puncher
moaned,
"How well I recollect's,
The many brave and gritty chaps
That handed in their checks.

"Line riding was the toughest work
That ever you did see;
The line would get so icy, that
T'would bust, and there you'd be.

"When winter set in I was broke,
My whole round-up of spon
Was just exactly fifty cents,
And the outfit I had on.

"My sombrero was torn across,
My chaps was torn clean through,
I looked no more like a vaquero,
N'er half so much as you."

The tenderfoot looked rather sore
And pulled his toy "pop,"
But the veteran stuck it in his boot,
And never deigned to stop.

"The weather came on fearful rough,
But I'd got a job at Haye's,
The pay was certain good enough,
Oh, them was halshun days.

"Well, the way I happened to lose
my job,
Was long o' Black-kettle's war,
The Sioux they rose fee-rociously,
And went for scalps and gore.

"'Twas one December morning,
That I and Jimmy Childs
Set out for a bunch of cattle,
'Twas a matter of forty miles.

"We struck their trail about evenin',
And camped in a deep ravine,
Fer we hadn't heard of no Injun war,
And the wind was cold and keen.

"Next morning, about day break,
We was up and on the move,
We got the trail of the steers again,
And soon we saw the drove.

"We come up there with a hoop-la-ee,
And cut around their rear,
In tendin' to drive 'em up the gulch,
And round up every steer.

"We met some opposition,
Fer a score or more of Sioux
Unlimbered all their guns on us,
And fired to beat the dooce.

"You bet your spurs we didn't wait,
Wow! how we did vamose,
Why, our two horses raised a dust,
Like a herd of buffaloes.

"I rid my favorite roam that day,
Fer which I thank my stars,
Fer he carried me along that gulch
Like a train of rail road cars.

"Jim's bronc was a big, long, rangey
one,
All legs, and neck, and sand,
He was homlier 'n a barb wire fence,
But how he could cover land!

"We led those reds an awful race,
O'er mesa and plain we run,
They couldn't noways keep the pace,
And they dropped out one by one.

"At last we sighted a little gulch,
Plumb drifted full of snow,
And we turned our broncos into it,
As fast as they could go.

"But there was three of the Injuns,
Who'd followed us clean through,
And our horses, they was dumb near
beat,
And had all they could do.

"The wood in the gulch was dry as
dry,
For it hadn't been in vain,
That we on the prairies had gone
eight months,
Without a drop of rain.

"The wind was blowing toward our
foes,
And we sprang from our steeds so
true,
Intending to start a forest fire,
And burn every pesky Sioux.

"Jim pulled out his match box and
struck a match,
But every one was wet,
Perhaps from the snow we had come
through,
Perhaps from the blood he'd swet.

"I hadn't a brimstone to my name,
But we found a rock near by,
Which had one spot which the sun
made hot,
And we laid his there to dry.

"But the Injuns they were coming
fast,
Though their horses were tired
some, too,
And we pulled our guns to fire on
them,
Which we hadn't thought to do.

"I guess they'd thought we wasn't
armed,
For they jumped from their 'tangs
darn sry,
When we had once dropped to the
range,
And the bullets began to fly.

"Oh, I tell you what, we kept 'em hot,
Till we'd used our very last shell,
Then we fired snow balls to keep 'em
back,
And they did 'bout as well.

"But now them matches was surely
dry,
And we tried 'em one by one,
But every blam match would fize an'
flash,
And go out without burning none.

"When we came to the last we was
allfired scart,
For if that one failed to burn,
We'd be goners sure, for our shells
was gone,
And we didn't know where to turn.

"But by some great luck that last one
burned,
And we touched off a great big pile,
Of dry birch bark we had gathered
up,
You could see that blaze a mile.

"The wind was blowing some thirty
mile,
Straight away down the ravine.
You ought to've heard those Injuns
howl,
When they see our 'fernal machine.

"But it wasn't no use for them to run,
It got them every man,
And there wasn't enough of their
remains,
To fill an oyster can.

"So Jim and I got safely 'way,
But Jim, he died you know.
Account of having his legs cut off,
Where he froze 'em in the snow.

"And me, well stranger, to tell the
truth,
I never got away,
I can show you the grave they dug
fer me,
And I lie there to this day.

"Yes, stranger, if you'll only go,
Up long by Rattlesnake bluff,
You'd better get a mule for that,
The trail's so mighty rough.

"If you manage to dodge"—
But the tenderfoot, in anger turned
away,

"Hi, stranger, hold on, here's yer pop
gun here,
Less smile, come what d'ye say?

"Say, pardner, I know just from yer
looks,
Yer madder'n a wet hen,"
Here the veteran laughed, and choked
and choked,
And laughed and choked again.

"Why stranger," he said, as he bent
his head,
In a paroxysm of glee,
"I ain't laughed so, not since I left,
Old Princeton, in naughty three."

FOOTBALL.

Ferris, 0. Alma, 0.

The first game of foot ball that the new team of this year played was upon Ferris Field, when in three inches of good old Alma mud the Ferris Institute boys held the locals to a scoreless tie. In all the years that Alma has met these men they have not been able to score but once, and that was in the first game played together, when they were beaten but not held. This year the team showed up beter than usual under the good management of Coach Jenkins, but they could not score upon Harper's men, who showed up well.

The first half opened with a kick to Alma, who advanced the ball to the center of the field, where it was lost upon a punt. After a few good gains by the visitors they found it necessary to punt and did so. This gave the ball to Alma, who was unable to move the ball either way from the place where it was caught, within three inches of the goal line. Alma immediately punted and after the usual amount of exchanging the half ended. The mud-mixing was all done in the Alma territory.

In the second Moon lifted the ball far into the Reformers' territory, where it remained the entire half. The remainder of the game was a good exhibition of the work each team could do, Alma giving the better demonstration. The usual men starred for Alma, and for the visitors Cooper and Palmroy.

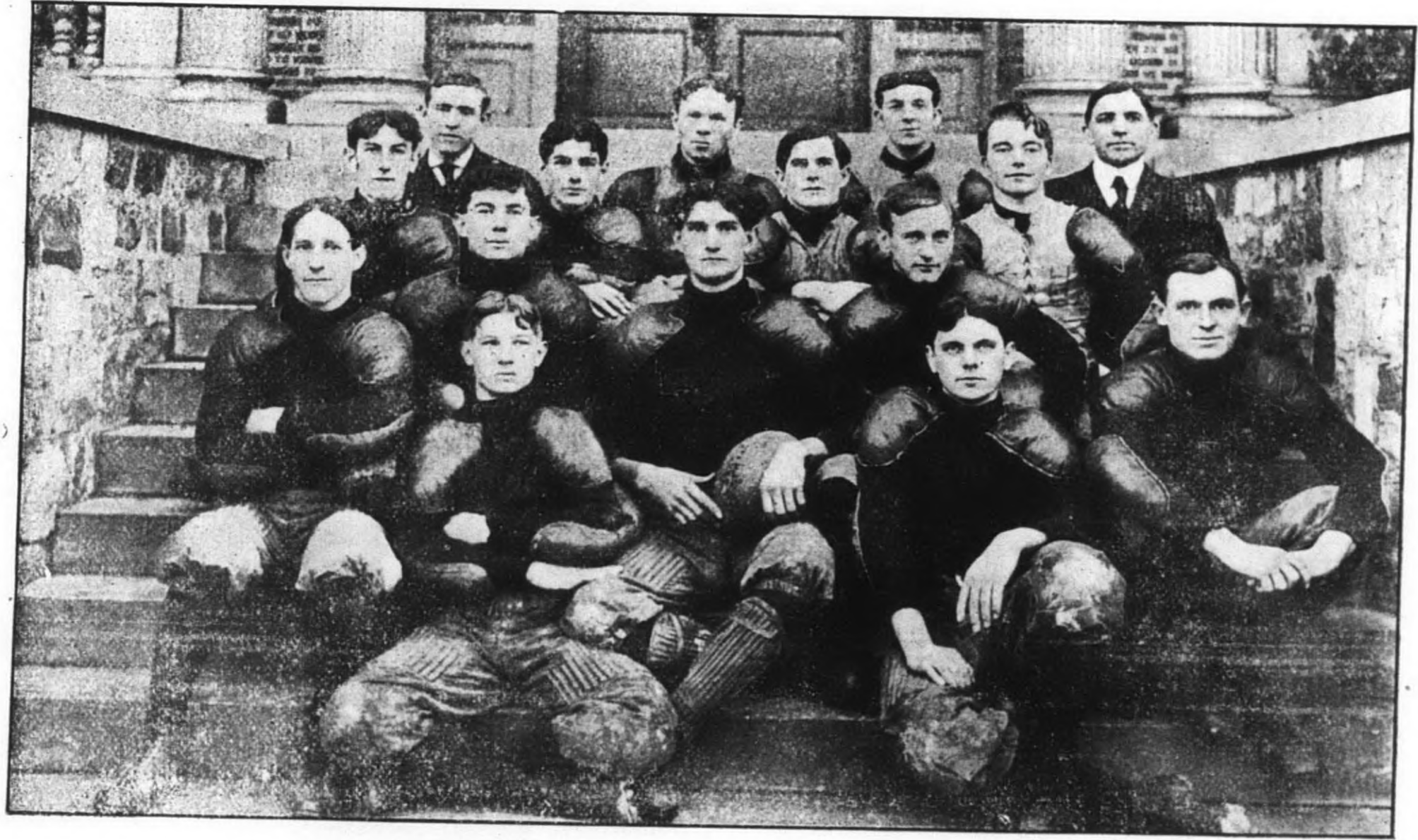
Ferris—Hienman, r. e.; Graham, r. t.; Nelson, r. g.; Hart, c.; Budge, l. g.; Baker, l. t.; Caldwell, l. e.; Sharp, q.; Palmroy, r. h.; Cooper, f. b.; Lee, l. h.

Alma—Chapel, r. e.; Moon, r. t.; Marshal, r. g.; Hill, c.; Bradfield, l. g.; McCollum, l. t.; DaFoe, l. e.; Casterlin, q.; Duncanson, f. b.; Helmer, f. b.; Hoag, l. h.

M. A. C., 0. Alma, 0

Alma always delights in playing the Farmers, for they take and give as gentlemanly as men who are playing foot ball can. It was no exception this year in either game, although it looked good to us when we were not always taking the ball the wrong way. The field was not in the best condition, being a little on the muddy order, but this did not hinder the use of the forward pass and the catchy shift plays of the locals, although it made them work off rather slow.

Moon opened the game with his usual good luck, and the ball was downed exactly where it was caught. After two first downs the ball went to Alma and she began her work with a good spirit. Two end runs and a couple of fakes landed the ball in a good position to kick from the field on third down. Three times did the same thing occur, but with no success at any time. The most exciting time came when Doty punted with the wind and sent the ball over the backs' heads. Helmer



Alma College Football Team for Season of 1906.

got the ball on the roll and after a few downs the ball went to M. A. C. on a short kick. With the ball on the twenty-yard line the visitors attempted to kick but failed. Alma kicked out and time was called.

The second half opened with a kick to Alma, who upon failing twice with the forward pass began a new style of play, using the punt freely on first down and compelling the Farmers to work the ball back. At no time could M. A. C. come nearer than Alma's thirty-five yard line. The time was called with the ball in the middle of the field.

Small and McKenna played star games for the visitors, making all the gains when the ball was carried. McCollum, Moon, Helmer and Marshall played well for the college.

M. A. C. — Bowditch, l. e.; Burroughs, l. t.; Campbell, l. g.; Moore, c.; Parker, r. g.; Dersnah, r. t.; Shedd, r. e.; Small, q.; McKenna, r. h.; Doty, f. b.; Frazer, l. h.

Alma—Bradfield, l. e.; McCollum, l. t.; Horst, l. g.; Hill, c.; Marshall, r. g.; Moon, r. t.; Chapel, r. e.; Casterlin, q.; Magidsohn, r. h.; Helmer, f. b.; Hoag, l. h.

Ferris, 0. Alma, 4.

Alma met Ferris a second time this year and when they landed in town to play the game they found the entire city out to win. This did not daunt the men and they went in the game to win, which they did, but by only a small score. Moon opened the game by a good punt against the wind. From the start

to the finish there was a good exhibition of punting, until at last near the end of the first half Alma was close enough to try a place kick. Marshall put the ball over without a quiver and made the only score of the game.

At the beginning of the second half the Ferris eleven was so determined to win that they used any methods to do so, but that system of playing was withstood by the men in fine shape. The forward pass was not used, as it was unnecessary, and the men did not wish to score further points. One more touchdown was made, but there was so much kicking on the field that it was given to the Ferris men. The line-up was the same except for Alma and that change was in quarter. Duncanson filled the place and played a good game.

Hillsdale, 5. Alma, 11.

This was the game that showed up the strength of the Alma team better than any other that has been played, as the men were of an equal weight and the conditions fine for a fast game. Alma won the toss and asked the home team to kick against the wind. The ball was planted well in Alma's part of the field and was steadily bucked to the center, where it was necessary to punt. Hillsdale returned the ball with a punt and lost on a free catch interference. This encouraged Alma a little and Helmer was pushed over for a touchdown. Marshall failed at goal. The Baptists received the ball and

worked the forward pass successfully for a first down, and then punted to Helmer, who lost the ball in running it back. A short kick to Casterlin was missed and Hillsdale fell on the ball for a touchdown. By a failure to kick goal the score was left a tie at the end of the first half.

Moon did another stunt at kicking off in the second. The ball was immediately returned, and then Alma gave an exhibition of the possibility of a delayed pass when Helmer made a seventy-five yard run. The ball was worked to within two yards of the goal line, where the locals held and punted the ball out. Alma again gave the long distance signal and ran the ball over for a touchdown. Marshall kicked goal, and the game was then safe for Alma. The remainder of the half was a succession of flukes on both sides, and although each side was liable to score again neither did.

Hillsdale—Stewart, l. e.; Mitchell, l. t.; Mitchell, F., l. g.; Slayton, c.; Carnes, r. g.; Hobart, r. t.; Knapp, r. e.; Ranney, q.; Hogan, l. h.; Main, f. b.; Watkins, r. h.

Alma—Bradfield, l. e.; McCollum, l. t.; Horst, l. g.; Hill, c.; Marshall, r. g.; Moon, r. t.; Chapel, r. e.; Casterlin, q.; Hoag, l. h.; Helmer, f. b.; Magidsohn, r. h.

Olivet, 4. Alma, 0.

Alma met the first open defeat of the season when she met Olivet and lost the game by the small score of 4 to 0. This was not a complete

surprise to us, as the only man on the team whom we feared was the man who made the score and won the game. The entire visiting team played hard and fast, but the Jonah lay in the excellent drop kick of Hurlburt.

Moon opened this game in his usual good manner, and from that moment for thirty long minutes each team fought hard and fast. The ball was continually changing hands and being landed in the opposite end of the field. The spectators could certainly not complain of the game not being open enough. Alma gained the more ground by straight work, but was very unsuccessful in gaining her short punts, and on side kicks. The manner in which the locals ran Olivet's punts back was very commendable, and much ground was gained thereby. The half ended scoreless.

In the second half Olivet kicked to Alma, and after a series of punts secured the ball close enough to drop kick. Hurlburt failed at the first attempt and Helmer kicked from the twenty-five yard line, but was blocked by the visitors. The ball was still dangerously near and after two downs, which placed the ball in front of the goal, Hurlburt made his successful drop kick. Alma entered the scrimmage again with new vigor and ran the ball to the fifteen yard line, where a place kick was tried upon third down. The ball was badly passed and no kick was made. From this time on the playing was fast and hard, but Alma

could not score and the game was called with a defeat for the locals.

Olivet—Barker, c.; Birdsall, r. g.; Church, l. g.; Morrison, r. t.; Christman, l. t.; Bishop, r. e.; Hadden, l. e.; Hurlburt, q.; Thacker, f. b.; Weed, r. h.; Thomas, l. h.

Alma — Hill, c.; Marshall, r. g.; Horst, l. g.; Moon, r. t.; McCollum, l. t.; Chapel, r. e.; Bradfield, l. e.; Casterlin, q.; Helmer, f. b.; Magdisohn, r. h.; Monteith, l. h.

M. A. C., 12. Alma, 0.

Alma finished the season with a game with the Farmers upon their own field, when they defeated us by a decisive score, and in our estimation played us the hardest game of the season. As before, the game was marked throughout by the best of feeling, and the boys came from the field much happier than if the feeling had been otherwise.

Alma was fortunate in winning the toss and asked the locals to kick to them. The ball was well received and carried without a stop to M. A. C.'s fifteen yard line, where the Farmers took a decided brace and held for two downs. The ball was punted down the field and again carried back. At last, after twenty minutes of play, in which Alma was much the superior, the locals took another brace, and after a series of punts put the ball over for the first touchdown. Small kicked goal. A punting duel then followed until the end of the first half, which found the ball in M. A. C.'s territory.

The second half opened with

much more action on the part of the Aggies. The interference they ran was perfect, but nevertheless it was well broken by Moon and McCollum. Moon kicked off again and M. A. C. advanced the ball steadily until compelled to punt. The ball went over on a short kick and the locals tried a place kick but failed. Then followed an exhibition of all the plays each team had until finally Shedd was sent over for the second and last touchdown. The half was limited in time, and the half soon ended with the ball in the center of the field. Each side was penalized once and that for insignificant reasons. The men who usually star played good games at this time.

M. A. C.—Moore, c.; Parker, r. g.; Campbell, l. g.; Dersnah, r. t.; Burroughs, l. t.; Dunlap, r. e.; Shedd, l. e.; McKenna, r. h.; Doty, f. b.

Alma—Hill, c.; Marshall, r. g.; Horst, l. g.; Moon, r. t.; McCollum, l. t.; Chapel, r. e.; Bradfield, l. e.; Magdisohn, r. h.; Helmer, f. b.; Hoag, l. h.; Casterlin, q.

Kazoo, 0. Alma, 0.

The most peculiar game of the season was when Alma brought the Kazoo team here for their annual game. The men were all upon the grounds, but there was nothing doing because of the condition of the field from the continuous rain of the day before. The managers decided that the game should be called a draw, and both sides were quite well satisfied, although it would have been a little more exciting to

have played the game. The best of feeling prevailed, however, and that is much gain.

Albion Forfeits to Alma.

The greatest blow of the season came to our schedule when we were informed by the Albion manage-

ment that they for some reason did not want to take us to Albion this year. Alma was more than ready to play this game to win back some of the honors she had lost to them in the past few years. The best of feeling prevailed in this game also.

After Ten Years.

L. S. Brooke.

It is ten years since the graduation of the class of '96, a matter of no particular significance to anyone save the members of the class themselves. To them, however, it is of some importance. It gives them a point of view from which to look at college life which they never had before.

We readers of the Almanian are, or have been, all students at Alma. We love its life and delight in its associations. But first of all we are students. We came here for what there is of advantage to ourselves in furnishing us equipment for the life that is ours. We have some work to do, and would be prepared to do it. Do we then get the preparation we seek at college, and do we get it at Alma College as well as we might have done elsewhere? And even if we are satisfied now how will we feel about it ten years hence? These are questions both practical and inevitable. The writer does not venture any expert opinion on the subject. The only advantage

he can claim is that of ten years' retrospect.

Perhaps the close of '96 may be a fair example. Ten years of "life" have unearthed no prodigies. After graduation from Alma five of its members entered higher institutions for graduate and professional study. So far as the writer knows all found their preparation sufficient and all did their work with credit. Moreover from these the writer has never heard a word of regret that their college life had been spent at Alma. Criticism has been open and free, but little of complaint. These same graduates are proving their sincerity by year after year urging young men and women to pursue their study at Alma. All criticism vanishes in the light of that. That is the supreme test.

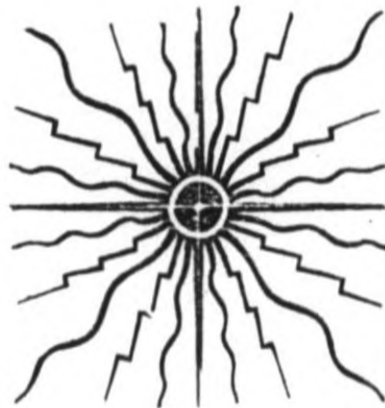
Not that there is any absence of virtue in a small college because it is small. Only we are apt to rush to the other conclusion that there is virtue in a large university because it is large. Quantity does not

enter into the question. It is wholly one of quality. Not many teachers, but good ones; enough to do the work, but these the very best. Quality first and always. The same concerning the students.

Then there comes the other consideration, inseparably related to the Christian college, the culture of the heart. The hand for achievement, the head for discernment, but culture is of the heart. From it come the life of purpose and service, love for society and the welfare of men. Warm the heart of Carlyle and you have a Ruskin. Touch the heart of the student and he has the better

part of education. And herein, be it said with all respect, is the natural and almost necessary failure of the large university. Some things must be individual, not en masse. Witness: The woman of Samaria.

No, we are not after ten years ashamed of our college. We know a few of its shortcomings, but the conviction of the years emphasizes its superior advantages. Its failures are those of youth and poverty; its advantages are those of true culture. The former will disappear with increasing philanthropy and the lapse of time; the latter can never be supplanted.





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DEC., 1906

EDITORIAL.

There has been much discussion
over the foot ball championship of

the Intercollegiate Association, and in the comments that have been made one finds a varied opinion as to the exact standing of the colleges. It is very disagreeable to toot one's own horn, especially when the wind is all hot, but if there happens to be a good cool blast once in a while, it can do little harm. The outcome of the season was very much interesting and a great shock to the dope which found a big place in the papers. According to all past methods of figuring out the finals it seems that Olivet has the first place, that M. A. C. has the second place, and that Alma has the third place. The fourth, fifth and sixth are held by Albion, Kazoo and Hillsdale respectively. All this is true, counting the championship games as they were scheduled, and no one has any reason to find fault, for each team before a game knew what that game meant, prepared for it and fought it out. The percentage of the games won and lost for the entire season might show a different result as to the relative strength of the teams, but as far as the championship series is concerned that percentage has nothing to do. Whatever the outcome Alma wishes to congratulate the winner and to make mention of the sportsmanlike manner with which the season was played out.

This year Mr. Francis King and Dr. Lancashire are to present each member of the foot ball team with one of Spaulding's best sweater

vests, in college colors. That is certainly a gracious thing to do. It is safe to say that few of the colleges in the state are so fortunate as to have men of such generosity. It adds zest to a game and puts spirit into a team to know and feel that people are interested. We have been particularly fortunate in this respect this year. It costs more than many people think to equip a team, and when Mr. Robinson, at the beginning of the season handed out to us some of the best padded maroon Jerseys, it added one hundred per cent to the looks of the team, and I think to its playing. And now the sweater vests come as a great surprise. There have been many expressions from the fellows in the last few days as to the kindness of these men, but they are too flattering for publication. However, in behalf of

the team, I wish to express our grateful appreciation.

R. H. McCollum, Captain.

We have in our columns an article written by a man who graduated ten years ago, and we find it especially fitting, inasmuch as ten years is a round number to make mention of the various members of that class. Louis S. Brooke, the writer of the article which caused this mention, is, and has been for some years the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church at Howell. Under his pastorate the church has grown and prospered to the satisfaction of the entire congregation. Of all the members of this class perhaps Mr. Brooke is the best known at Alma at this time, as his face is often seen about the campus.

AROUND THE CAMPUS.

PERSONAL.

Thanksgiving brought the usual number of guests to Alma.

Mr. Middlemiss entered commercial recently.

Miss Springer of Lansing has begun a course in the kindergarten department.

Byron Watson was in Alma recently to listen to the talk Coach Harper gave the men before a football game.

Messrs. Morrison and Thomas remained for a visit of a few days after the Olivet game. They both played in the game with Olivet.

Ebin Wilson and wife attended the Olivet game and made the boys happy with their words of encouragement. Tug was the coach for two years and the boys have a place for him in their list of friends.

Charles Sidebotham was in Alma recently visiting friends.

Coach Harper refereed the M.A.C.-Hillsdale game at Hillsdale and remained for a visit with Coach Boone.

Miss Madge Booth returned home with her mother for a Thanksgiving recess, and will not return again until after the Christmas vacation.

Miss Gertrude Whitney, who for

again, make it a matter of immediate decision and send in your pledge. You will show not only your appreciation of the Memorial but also the faithful work which your committee are doing while engaged in the service of bringing your wishes to a focus point. Prof. K. P. Brooks of Marquette, or Prof. J. E. Mitchell of Alma are authorized to receive your pledges.

We are pleased to chronicle a new Alumni organization, promising to be as strong and helpful as the one organized last season in Chicago. Tuesday evening, November 27th, 1906, the Alma College Association of Minnesota held its banquet at Hibbing, Minnesota. The class of 1903 was represented by Mr. and Mrs. Pearl Fuller, T. G. Timby, Rev. and Mrs. Bates, formerly of St. Louis, Mich., now pastor of the Hibbing Presbyterian Church, C. M. Bates and wife, Mr. and Mrs. McNeill, R. S. Brown, William Karkett, Stanley Schenck and F. H. Withey completed the list. Surely the interests of Alma College in this western state are in excellent hands, and such an organization cannot fail to reflect credit upon its promoters and the college in whose honor it acts. As suggested recently we anxiously await a revival of the Alumni Association of New Jersey.

Rev. H. E. Porter, '99, for several years pastor of Beechwood Presbyterian Church, Parkersburg, W. Va., has recently resigned and accepted the united call of the

and Presbyterian churches of Beverly, Ohio. A city paper of Parkersburg gives a very interesting account of progress made during Mr. Porter's pastorate of the Beechwood Church.

J. Earle Webber, '05, secretary of M. A. C.-Y. M. C. A., assisted by C. D. Hurrey, led a successful campaign for men in the institution with very gratifying results. Mr. Hurrey is well known to the later Alumni. His position as secretary for the west, with offices in Chicago, is an important one.

R. H. Sidebotham, '96, writes very interesting articles for the Assembly Herald under the title, "Progress in Fusan."

Frank Angell recently received the appointment to county secretary work for Allegan County Y. M. C. A. He and Mr. F. H. Hurst, '04, recently made an interesting tour of the Associations in Lenawee County. The Lenawee County Association registered 311 members in Bible study last year.

Yes, there is another wedding to record. It was such a quiet affair that perhaps you have not heard that J. Wirt Dunning, '04, erstwhile editor of this paper and connected with several journals in Grand Rapids, was married November 21st, 1906, to Miss Anna Mahoney of the same class. Rev. H. N. Ronald, '03, remained at home that day. Mr. and Mrs. Hurst, '04, went visiting that same day, and as a result you will find Mr. and Mrs. Dunning happily at home in Chicago. The par-

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CLASS AND SOCIETY.

DEPT. NEWS.

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tional society of Princeton, and one of the grand old organizations of that institution. James Madison was one of its earliest members, and from that time to Mr. Woodrow Wilson of the present, has claimed many great men for its members. President Roosevelt is an honorary member of this organization. All access to "Gant" and "Scorn."

The Society men are working hard for the Oratorical Contest, and are going into it with the right spirit—the spirit for winning. Much interest is being manifested over this event, which occurs on Dec. 15th, and there is every reason to expect that the contest will be the most interesting one in the history of the college.

A committee composed of Messrs. Robes, DeLoan and Easton, has just completed the revision of the constitution of Zeta Sigma, and these gentlemen claim that it now stands as one of the strongest documents of its kind ever written. The work has been adopted by the Society and it too concurs with the committee in pronouncing the above verdict.

The new members are entering into society work with great earnestness, and the old men are greatly pleased with the showing that is being made.

On Tuesday evening, Nov. 22th, Zeta Sigma held its seventeenth anniversary banquet at the Alma Springs Sanitarium. It was the largest and most successful function ever enjoyed. Active and honorary

members, with their friends, were present to the number of fifty-six, to share in the bountiful feast and listen to the fine program that was offered.

Zeta Sigma is the oldest college organization, having been founded in 1880, when Prof. Mitchell drafted its first constitution. Since then it has enjoyed the greatest prosperity; it has constantly grown in strength, and is today one of the greatest factors in the life of Alma College. It holds the honor of being from its earliest days a strictly college society, and numbers among its honorary members all but four of Alma's graduates. The society is justly proud of the honor that these men have since brought to themselves, the Zeta Sigma, and to Alma College.

Not one of the least of the traditional customs of Zeta Sigma is the annual celebration of its birthday by an anniversary banquet. Now it not only has come to be the leading social feature of the year for the active members, but for so many of the honorary members as can attend. Thus every year the Society enjoys a week of reunion, and at the most appropriate time of the year—Thanksgiving week. The banquet this year was no exception to the rule, but the standard of the event has been materially raised.

At 8:30 o'clock the Society and its guests assembled in the Sanitarium parlors, where they were arranged in position to march to their places at the table. The long line marched

through the palm garden to the dining room, which was nicely arranged for the occasion. All were seated at one long table, above which hung in streamers the Society colors of white and blue, and the cover of which was strewn with smilax and carnations.

Rev. Hugh Ronald of Plymouth offered the blessing, after which all were seated at the festive board. Two enjoyable hours were taken up in doing justice to the nine well-served courses, seasoned with stories and brilliant witticisms. At 10:30 the table was cleared and with glasses filled with Zeta Sigma punch all were ready for the program of toasts. Mr. E. H. Casterlin, president of the Society, presided as toastmaster, and with very fitting remarks started the ball rolling. In his introduction he read two letters, one from Mr. Fred Soule of Rochester, N. Y., and one from Mr. Harold Gaunt of Princeton, N. J. Both showed the intense enthusiasm of the writers for Zeta Sigma, and aroused a deep feeling among those present. Mr. Ray Campbell responded in his humorous way to the first toast upon— "A Dinner Imbricates Business." Mr. Campbell is well known for his story-telling and entertained well. Mr. George Horst addressed the guests upon the toast, "The More the Merrier. As it is to be expected, his remarks were made more especially to the ladies. Mr. Horst is a very able speaker and did full justice to his subject. Mr. Harry Bastone gave the customary toast

to Zeta Sigma, taking for his sentiment a portion of the Society song, "With Wisdom E'er Go Hand in Hand and Honor Zeta Sigma." Miss Alice Coats was the next to speak, which she did in a most charming manner. She responded to the toast, "Our Host," using as her theme, "Linked Together With Hooks of Steel." Miss Coats showed great ability, treating her subject in such a manner that it elicited much applause. Prof. Mitchell, the oldest Zeta Sigma present, in his usual entertaining manner spoke of the old college days, basing his remarks on that line from Moore, "Fond Memory Brings the Light of Other Days Around Me."

In closing the program Mr. Casterlin paid a very fitting tribute to the departed members of Zeta Sigma. Then just before leaving the

sketches of his character have been given and the novel has been thoroughly discussed in every respect.

Another striking feature of the Society this year is the three minute impromptu talks given on original subjects to fill time. These show the ability of the members to respond as well as the president to meet the occasion.

On Monday evening, Nov. 4th, the regular program was layed aside and the Society enjoyed a "Social Hour." Each member came representing a popular novel, which were to be guessed. Among the most conspicuous were the "Prodigal Son," "Kidnapped," "Helen's Babies," "The Choir Invisible," "Alice of Old Vincennes," and "A Man in the Case."

SOPHOMORE.

We sometimes wonder what would happen if there had been less of Pete turned off for feet.

Nov. 17 the Sophs had a most delightful spread at the home of Miss Lois Fraker, half-way to St. Louis. Though the night was rainy and disageeable, the class was conveyed safely in livery carriages, and with but one regret, that the evening was not longer.

In Soph Rhetoricals:

"Well, I don't know," said Prexie, as he chewed his beard, "it's merely a matter of taste."

Heaven—Half-way between Alma and St. Louis.

Ambrosia—Peanut sandwiches.

Nectar—Coffee.

Bliss—A spread.

Thanksgiving evening the class had a good old taffy pull at Pioneer Hall, in the rooms of Messrs. Moon and Marshall. Two former classmates were present, the evening being in their honor, namely Miss Braddock of Tawas, and Miss Whitney of Merrill. Miss Eddy made a most efficient chaperone.

Solomon's Sayings for Freshmen:

Hear ye, children, the instruction of an upper classman, and attend to know understanding.

My son, if Sophs entice thee, consent thou not.

Even a Freshman when he holdeth his peace is counted wise.

A good pony is rather to be chosen than great riches, and teacher's favor than silver and gold.

Count not the hairs of thy head, lest in the morning there be one, nay eighteen missing.

My son, forget not my law; but let thine heart keep my commandments.

FRESHMEN.

The evening of November 17, the class of '10 held a meeting in the reception room of Wright Hall, and the time was very enjoyable to all. A dainty spread was served at the close of the program.

Original stories are interesting when read before our English class, but hard to find in the average mind.

Almost every member of the French class can now tell without any hesitation the four rooms we use for recitation.

Ralph McCollum, Lila Jonas and

Irwin Bradfield spent their Thanksgiving at home.

Miss Kelley spent the time at the home of her old instructor, Prof, Elsworth, of Alma high school.

Many boxes from home made the time pass very enjoyable for the rest of the class.

Those of the class of '10 who linked their fortunes with Zeta Sig-

ma enjoyed the banquet very much, and will now look toward the coming banquets of their society as the social event of each year.

To the average Freshman Christmas will be enjoyed more this year than ever before. We feel that home is not such a bad place to go for a visit after spending several months in college.

Just a Few Good Things.

It never rains but it pours was demonstrated again this fall, when our generous and kind neighbor sought to do the boys a favor. It was the intention of the men who stayed at home from the M. A. C. game to give the team a reception and a big bonfire blow-out to celebrate the end of the season merely. Well, this man takes so much interest in the college that he thought to bring a load of boxes and barrels from his farm to the scene of action. Consequently, on the afternoon of the fatal day he loaded upon his said wagon the aforesaid boxes and barrels to the number of one large load, and started for town. When driving past the house he left the team while he went to the pump for a chat with a friend, and that was the time for the wise horses to look behind. One look was enough, and off they went, leaving the load anywhere but the right place. Before the horses were ready for business again the result of the game was learned, and to

this day those boxes requiescant in pace.

The Scrubs deserve the first place in the items of interest which from time to time occur around the campus. All the fall they have been faithful to the first team, and have so far received nothing for their trouble except the everlasting good will of the other men. Last year they were presented with Jerseys and the 'Varsity got nothing. This year is the 'Varsity year, and the Scrubs will have to do with the famous barbarian game, which they played for the honors of Davis Field and themselves. But alas! the headwork of Captain Anderson and the line bucks could not penetrate the steady unsophisticated line of the untutored barbs, and they lost the game by a touchdown and a safety. Nevertheless they died game and are still in the ring for next season.

What the Freshmen and Sophomores are not doing no one could do. For many a year the college

halls have not seen the activity which is going on around the hours of midnight, and it makes them tremble for fear of the Freshmen. The classes not only talk of fight, but they do fight, and they have fought, but they will fight no more, for the Peace Conference has been in session. As a result there is to be no more brutal assaults and sky gazings. Anything either class can do without being caught is legitimate, but if they are caught it is a disgrace. It is disgrace enough to be caught without having to do penance on the grass. How things have changed!

There has been organized for the rest of the year a cross-country club, a thing which Alma has never had before. Now that it is started and the men show so much interest in the work, there is no question but that it is here to stay. Three times a week Paul Rohns, who is the pole horse, takes the lead for a mile run or more, and when the boys come back they are in good condition for dinner. The new material is showing up well for next spring's work, and if the same spirit remains there is no reason why Alma cannot make a showing at the Field Meet.

PEER GYNT.

By Preston Bradley.

TO anyone who is interested in the struggle and development of a human soul, the masterpiece of Norwegian literature, "Peer Gynt," will strike a responsive chord in their heart. Henrik Ibsen's pen is forever resting upon its standard, but the words which it has written will forever illuminate the horizon of the literary sky.

"Peer Gynt" has recently been translated into English by William and Charles Archer, and is being produced on the stage by Richard Mansfield, he taking the leading role of "Peer Gynt." It has been heralded abroad by dramatic critics that this production for the first time in English sets another landmark in dramatic progress and adds to the

unquestioned leadership of Mansfield in the dramatic world.

The opening of the drama places Peer Gynt at home in the mountains with his mother, Ase. She is a small, slightly-built woman, and is continually heaping curses and scoldings on Peer. This first scene displays Peer Gynt as the untrained mind, the unconscious dreamer, and one possessed of a poetic temperament. His desire to become a ruler of men is shown by his reply to his mother during a heated discussion failure written across his brow. Peer, strong, stalwart, ambitious and beautiful, looks at her and in excitement exclaims:

"I will be a King, a Kaiser!"

Ragged, dirty and despised as the son of a drunkard, and a drunkard himself, he then leaves his mother and attends a wedding on the Hegstad farm, a short distance from his own home. There for the first time he meets Solveig, with whom he falls in love, but as soon as she finds his name to be Peer Gynt she flees from him. Slighted by Solveig he drinks to excess and finding the bride he carries her away to a nearby mountain. Sick of the adventure he dismisses the bride, Ingrid. He is then hunted by all and lastly sleeps from exhaustion. On awakening he finds Solveig and her little sister, Helga, bending over him, but they flee and again he is alone in the darkness. He then resolves to build him a hut and live the life of a hermit, but Solveig, who has loved him at first sight, comes to dwell with him. His happiness is again dispelled by the appearance of the Dovre King's daughter. He bids Solveig good-by, telling her to wait for him. He flees back to his mother's cottage and finds her dying. Then leaving her dead he fares across the seas. Such are the struggles of a soul drunk with ambition, but continually hindered. Thirty years elapse, during which Peer Gynt becomes a man of wealth—truly a king of finance. He visits the coast of Morocco with friends and announces to them his intention of becoming Emperor of the World. But they steal his yacht, which is afterwards destroyed, and leave him alone. He discovers a horse with the trappings and robes of an Arabian

Prophet and flees across the desert. Anitra and her attendants come and dance before him and lure him away, and finally flee from him after robbing him of all his fortune. In the last act Solveig is seen waiting back in old Norway for Peer, and is singing softly:

"Here will I await thee till thou comest again; and if thou wait up yonder then there we'll meet, my friend!"

Peer then embarks on a Norwegian vessel bound for the old home in Norway. He is shipwrecked and for the first time is face to face with the grim messenger. A fair or auction-mart is in progress near the old home and here Peer Gynt comes after the shipwreck, feeble and almost demented. All his dreams and aspirations are threadbare and he searches for rest and salvation. He finds a familiar hut, he recognizes it, falls on the threshold, the door is opened, a woman with gray hair, but with a lovely face, stoops and putting her arms around him softly chants:

"I will cradle thee, I will watch thee; Sleep and dream thou, my boy!"

And in her love he finds his kaiserdom. Such is Peer Gynt. This comedy of human life embraces all the elements of the serious, the pathetic, the tragic, the grotesque, the real and the unreal, the actualities and the dreams, the facts and the consequences, the ambitions and the disappointments, the hopes and the disillusion, the dread and the terror, and the resurrection in love of the human soul.

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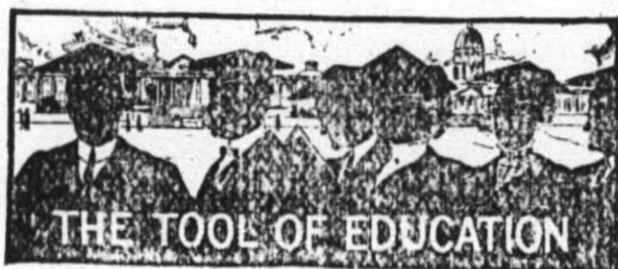
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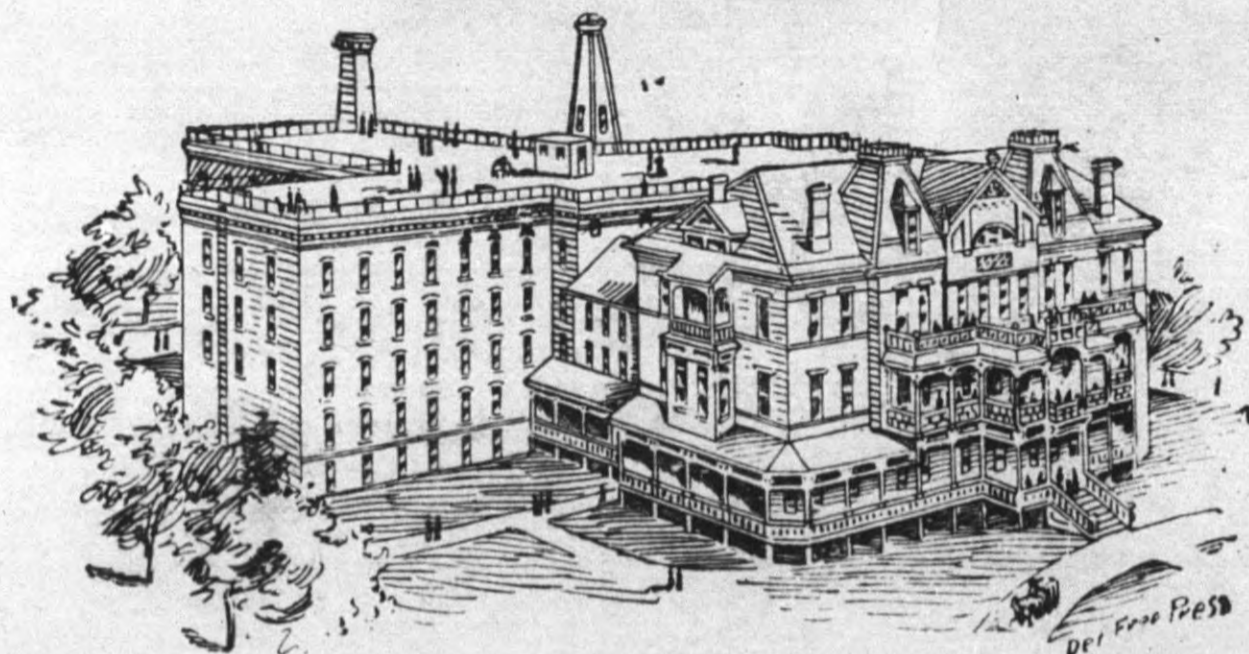
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