

H. H. Gault

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Almanian

APRIL, 1907

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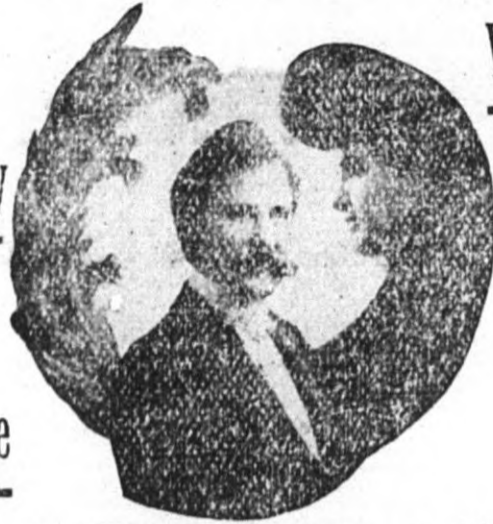
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F. W. COBB, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

VOL. 8,

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ALMANIAN

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Recollections of a Bachelor Senior.

THE four years spent in college today are certainly of great influence and importance in the life of any man or woman, who has had such a privilege. They occur at the decisive age between youth and manhood when we are getting hold of the various qualities of our make-up and fitting them together into a composite but compact whole, which will determine our destiny forever. Does the average college student stop to think, often enough and seriously enough, that he may realize the effect which all these influences, and the way in which he is receiving them, will have upon his worth in the future?

To us as students of Alma College, there is one general question which we should continually keep in mind during our college life; Am I personally assuming the right attitude toward the college in order to get the most out of it for my own personal good? Or to express it differently: Do I sufficiently appreciate all the advantages and privileges which Alma offers so that I

may be prompted to make the best use of them?

First, in order to get the most out of anything we can never harbor a feeling toward it which is antagonistic or prejudiced. So often at the bottom of a statement critical toward some department or some phase of the College, lies a personal feeling which discolours the whole view and causes an unjust criticism. In surveying conditions around us, the systematic and optimistic view is essential to our getting par value out of them.

Do we fully appreciate the value of our curriculum studies? The average cost of each recitation to the student is not over five cents. To the college it costs much more. Surely we cannot complain. The worth of each recitation cannot be calculated in dollars and cents, but if we make the most of it, our five cent investment will certainly pay a good dividend. Then why is it, that when the third gong has rung and the dust is still visible on the teacher's desk, we await with eager

expectancy the professor's late arrival—not for the chance to stay and recite but for the chance to go and—kill some more time. The hour even if not wasted is very seldom spent as profitably as if in recitation. This is but one example of many which prove that every student is more or less thoughtless of the future, unappreciative of the present, and takes too often, the path of least resistance.

Outside of the regular courses of study at Alma, what other things deserve our greater appreciation?

Vital to every student's success among men, is the privilege of personal contact, friendship, and conversation among a select group of young men and women, for such is in every college community. Here everyone may be at least on speaking terms with any other student. If circumstances do not throw you directly into contact with those whom you desire to associate with, it is easy to adjust conditions so that things—or people—will come your way. If there is anything to you at all, someone will then find it out and give you full credit for it. There are frequent times for joking, story-telling, 'shop-talk' about hard work (especially in the Kindergarten Department), 'Dorm' experience and general gossip. These to a certain extent, are permissible, and often nothing else would be very appropriate. They may also aid digestion. However other times or places may be made suitable for more profitable conversation, that which will

broaden our intellectual vision and enlighten us concerning the real worth of our fellow-students—their own true ability and their value to us as friends.

Think of the boundless practical knowledge and interesting information stored up in the aggregate student-body and faculty, which could never be collected by any one person except through conversation. Never will we have another such privilege outside of a college except by travel to increase our knowledge of the world at large, its habits, customs, thought and temperament, as by mingling freely with the variety of individuals here represented.

Of course it takes some nerve, but it will never be taken by the other person as 'nervy.' On the other hand, if any student or professor were approached by questions for opinion or general information from his own personal thought or experience, I believe he would consider it a privilege to answer them, if it would be of any interest or benefit to someone else. For instance, if the following persons will pardon these personal references—Dr. Bruske enjoys telling of his observations in California and Florida; Miss Mullenback is most easily side-tracked in her classes when questions about Germany, France or Italy are brought up, and the time is of course well spent; and Garcia smiles very graciously upon any who show an interest in his native land and people. On in the realm

of unbooked scientific knowledge, there is the Snake Preserve of Prof. Notestein. This beautiful but despised animal exhibited by its versatile and learned champion and explained by his rapid tongue should interest the most classical mind or the most feminine of instincts and cure them both. Space prevents further enumeration—only let us keep our eyes and ears open, have our nerve and self-possession with us at all times, be quick to seize every opportunity for improvement and make use of the odd moments by utilizing the cosmopolitan collection of humanity around us.

Besides proper interest and devotion to study, and making the best use of our conversational privileges, we should choose wisely our subject for reading. The Alma College Library of 20,000 volumes with its long list of indexed magazines is all that the most confirmed book-worm could wish for. Our times for recreative reading are short and disconnected, yet this is a very important factor in our keeping pace with the world and counteracting the narrowing influences of college life.

Senator Beveridge says to the youth of the land, "Read the standard novels, and more than the standard novels, the standard poets, and more than the standard poets, the standard histories and biographies, and more than both of these, the current magazines, and all of them, for they are the living expression of the world's thought today."

And in the latter, it is the articles and not the stories which make them valuable to us. They discuss almost everything from the atom to the universe and very little but what would be good for us to know.

The Scientific American, the Record-Herald, the Century, Review of Reviews, Contemporary, Technical World, Outing, Missionary Review, are worthy representations of the different classes of magazines and papers on our library table.

We should pass by none of them if we will possess a broad vision of the world's activities today. Now is the time to acquire knowledge and to become interested in the general thought of the world today and the best thought of the ages past. As we grow older we tend to strike out into narrower and even narrowing paths of thought and action. College life offers the best means for diminishing this tendency if we will only make judicious use of our library, of our social advantages, and will do faithful and thorough work in our literary societies. These are the little chances which grow into large ones—in latter life.

There is another attitude of vital importance which we should assume in order to get the most good from our Alma Mater. That is, a sympathetic spirit toward the moral and religious atmosphere of Alma College.

Alma is far above the average institution in her standards of conduct and right-living. The faculty's

influence has largely determined this spirit; however, it is the sympathy and support of the student body which gives it power and effect. This is not the place to appeal for better support in behalf of the two Christian associations of the college. But in discussing the right attitude of an Alma student toward our college we cannot overlook this characteristic and most valuable of all its influences; namely, the encouragement it offers for sincere Christian living. Is our attitude as receptive as it should be, toward the spiritual forces at work among us? Are we as active as we should be in promoting the forces, after we have been convinced that they are worthy of our co-operation and practical application?

And this suggests the positive side of this whole subject of attitude for self-advancement, which proves that its result is not a selfish one. Primarily, it is true, our duty is to ourselves, to get the most good out of our whole college life, by maintaining an agreeable and sympathetic relation between ourselves and our environment.

By this developing and bettering

our own character and abilities, we will necessarily draw others also into a little higher plane of living and will help to raise the whole standard of the colleges.

As Phillips Brooks expresses it, "No man or woman can really be strong, gentle, pure and good without the world being better for it, without somebody being helped and comforted by the very existence of that goodness."

Or again in other words of Dr. Chalmers, "There is an energy of moral suasion in a good man's life, passing the highest efforts of the orators' genius."

It is just as true that if we receive and do not respond to the helpful advantages thrown around us, be they religious, literary, athletic, social or what not, we will harden our natures and stunt our development with a sadder result than if we never entered college at all.

We have chosen Alma for our Mater and are proud of our choice! She has some excellent fundamental opportunities to give us, besides many special advantages peculiar to herself. Let us apply them—while we can.

ORNERY JONES.

Cass Chase, '10

ORNERY JONES had been down to the other end of the town's one street—looking for "tender-foots." He did this whenever he got very thirsty; for a new arrival

from the effete East meant free drinks for him. But this morning, as he turned Clancy's Palace saloon, he had met with the disappointing order to "Vamoose, Ornery! there

ain't no softies in here this morning to set 'em up fer youse, Sabe?" With his burning, maddening thirst still unquenched, he turned and went back the way he had come. Ornery was, by occupation, the town bum. With head bent in an attitude of utter dejection, with shoulders humped together, with body slouching and loose jointed, he appeared to have fallen to the lowest level possible for a man to reach.

He shuffled along the street with his shambling, bent kneed gait. There in front of the Globe Hotel was an Easterner. The tenderfoot called to Ornery to come and sit down. The bum couldn't imagine what this stranger wanted; but then there might be drinks in it for him. The stranger, "Mr. Parsons, here, was telling me that you know where there's a good prospect of gold. How about it, Mr.—?," "My name's Jones. Folks hereabouts call me Ornery for short. About that other thing? Well, I might know a little something, but I ain't just open for publication. See?"

Then the stranger, wise in his day and generation, said, "Les's have something, Ornery," and the two filed slowly and solemnly into the thirteenth parlor next door. It took about four rounds—the stranger paying—before the bum's tongue loosened up and, to all who wished to listen, he told his story.

"Way out yonder, in the Short Pine Hills there's an outcropping that's a sure lulu-bird. I aint never seen it myself, but I've got its exact

location here in my head. Once there was a gent in these diggings who had, kind of accidental, put daylight through a puncher, who got too argumentative. This gaza-boo didn't have any friends hereabouts who were any great shakes. I was a pretty good lawyer once, if I do say it, and I took his case. He put me next to this bonanza. If I got him cleared, my pay was to be a third share in whatever it developed. Well, public opinion being sort of moral and sure hostile just then, he's doing life up to Bolder. I've got his secret, but I haven't been able to do anything about it yet. Shortly after the trial, my folks died and I lost some long green in a 'spree.' Then I seemed to lose hold of things. It's a sure thing all right, but I need money."

When Ornery had finished his story, the stranger sat there thoughtfully for a few minutes, then laughed and said, "That yarn of yours sounds like a good fairy-tale. I don't suppose that any of it ever really happened. But I've got money, laying around loose, that I don't know what to do with. Now I'll grub stake you and you go out and find that lulu-bird that you talk about. If you find anything, we'll have equal shares in what's taken out of the hole. I'll be here again in about four months; you'd better come in and report then, whether you find anything or not. How much do you want?"

"Well, I know where I can get a couple of burros and an outfit cheap.

I'll need a pack of grub, and two or three large canteens. About two hundred'll do, I guess." Harrison handed him over a roll of bills and told him to get ready and start as soon as possible. Ornery, strange to say, made no objections to Harrison's stipulation that he leave the booze alone while on this prospect. He quickly got his outfit together and was well started on his trip by mid-afternoon.

Ornery's dormant ambition had now been rekindled. He, even if no one else had faith in it, believed implicitly the story of the good prospect told to him by his murderer client. At last he had found one who believed in it to the extent of furnishing him a grub stake. As he rode along, he was saying to himself, "I was a blamed fool to hit the 'red-eye' so hard. Just think of what I could have been by now if I hadn't laid down and quit just because I struck a little hard luck. I should have kept my nerve and gone out after this thing on my own hook long ago. Folks kind of think that I'm nothing but a low down, ornery geck, a sort of cross between greaser and bum, I guess. Well, it's up to me now to show them that I am a real live white man, with some grit and gumption in my cosmos."

* * * * *

All day long he had been riding over just such desolate, manforsaken country as this. It stretched before him for mile after mile; this dull gray level plain, a semi-desert without a single tree. Far away,

in the edge of the horizon, loomed tier upon tier; foot hills first, then hills high enough to deserve the name of mountains. At the foot of these hills was a strip of yellow; but, near at hand, was this monotonous, seemingly endless expanse of sage-brush and prickly pear.

The sun beat down, hot and pitiless. There was not even the slightest breath of wind to temper the stifling, suffocating, enervating heat. He felt himself daily growing weaker as a result of this trip across the treeless flat.

He reached the sandy country about noon of the third day out from the Short Pines. If the Alkali country had been tiresome and monotonous to him, this stretch of desert sand was more wearisome. For many miles it extended with not a vestige of vegetation to vary its sameness. Even a clump of the ashen sage-brush, ugly and unattractive as it had seemed, back on the Alkali plains, would have been a welcome sight here; but not even that was to be seen. Bare and wind-swept, with here and there a little hummock of sand, this region seemed forbidding, even ominous, in its death like calm. Even its inhabitants, lizards and horned toads (misshapen, repulsive reptiles, and venomous in the extreme), seemed fearful of some impending calamity. Then Ornery's two burros became uneasy and excited, almost unmanageable. There was something uncanny, both in the unnatural silence of the place, and, in this strange

unreasoning fear shown, by all living creatures.

He could see, rapidly approaching from the Southward (directly in his path), a cloud, dark and threatening, stretching for miles in width, and, in height, seemingly to the very sky itself. From this cloud, there came no lightning; but its noise was increasing moment by moment. This sound was a high, shrill purr and terrifying to one who knew just what it meant, a sand storm. Quickly, Ornerly blindfolded his burros and, turning them so that their backs were to the oncoming storm, he bent low over the neck of his mount, and waited.

The whirling, swirling cloud of sand enveloped him. In spite of his bent head, the sand particles found their way into his eyes, his ears, his mouth; choking, suffocating, almost blinding him. They went through his clothes; biting, stinging, driving him well nigh crazy with torment and pain. But the storm passed quickly, and the country seemed the same as before; bleak, desolate, and uninviting to the eye.

After this experience, Ornerly almost gave up in despair. For the sand storm had greatly weakened both him and his burros. This, coupled with the depleted condition of his 'grub-pile,' was enough to discourage him. But his desire to 'make good' kept him to his task. He had failed to find the lulu-bird prospect over in the Short Pine Hills. He still had some three weeks left before the time to report

to Harrison. So he had decided to go to the Southwestward, across the Alkali flat, to the dry bed of a creek where, a man had once told him, there was a "good lead."

He reached the creek bed the evening of the fifth day's traveling, and he pitched his camp on a bit of high ground nearby. Turning his burros out to graze, he prepared for the morrow's work.

As the result of a week's labor, he had found not even the faintest trace of gold—not the slightest bit of "color." As time went on, he found it increasingly difficult to work, for he was becoming slowly, but surely, weaker. His supply of water had given out, and he only had provisions enough to last six days—at half rations. He resolved to work one day longer. Then, if he found nothing, he would give up and try to make town before his grub was gone. He hoped to find water before he petered out entirely.

His throat was dry and parched; his lips cracked and blistered; his tongue sore and swollen. He felt that he would go insane before long if this burning thirst was not soon quenched. Weak from hunger, he was barely able to toss aside the spadefuls of sand. Suddenly, his spade hit something hard and metallic. Instantly every sense was on the alert, and he carefully dug out the object struck—a nugget of gold. Forgotten were the pangs of thirst, the weakness and exhaustion of hunger, in the delirious excitement of his find. Eagerly, frantically,

tirelessly, he dug and worked until he had uncovered the "pocket."

There before him lay enough nuggets of gold to make him beyond his wildest dreams in days gone by. There was enough to purchase for him position and power among men, and still leave him great wealth until the end of his days. But Harrison must also get one half, as had been agreed. He must 'treat him white' and give him a 'square deal,' for he could well afford to be

honest with him.

In his frenzy, he knelt down and, like some wild creature, he dug at the glistening, alluring bits of yellow metal with his bare hands. * * *

* * * * *

A week later, Harrison and guide found him there; still kneeling, each hand tightly clasping a large yellow nugget of gold. Ornerly Jones, the town bum, had 'cashed in,' but he had kept his word.

THE ANCIENT POET.

F. W. C. , '08.

He sang of the winds and the sun
and the storm,
He took his delight in the beauties
of form,
The high gods heard him and the
great god Pan
Into the pipings his melodies ran.
Athena, Venus, and Juno, all
The ones that dwell in Olympus'
hall,
These were his theme. The wars
of men
He sang when they came to the
high gods' ken.

He peopled the groves with his
fairy folk;
And hid the dryad in the heart of
the oak;
And looked for a goddess in every
stream
Or pool where the summer clouds
gather and gleam.
O! the poet was poor but his
heart was sweet,
Sweet as the springs where the
wild-birds meet.

Samuel Milton Jones.

F. W. Cobb, '08

IT is my privilege to speak concerning the honor we owe great men. We cheer the hero. We adore the patriot. We thrill with an awful sense of power at the memories of the honored dead. The name of a Lincoln, a Webster, a Washington instills within our breasts a spirit of emulation. And why? Is it not that these men are great only when they have served us well? Is not this one reason we respect, honor, and emulate them?

I wish to describe a man who has served America well. In the city of Toledo, less than three years ago, died a great hero and patriot, Samuel Milton Jones, the Golden Rule Mayor. He was not American born. When but a boy he came from Wales with his father. In 1849 he might have been seen, a child of three, playing in the steerage of an Atlantic ship en route for the United States. He is not an ordinary child. He is thoughtful and dreamy. His father, a laborer, has left his rude stone cottage amide the mountains of Bedd Gelert, North Wales, and embarked with his family for America. He arrives, makes a new home in the strange country, and sends his boy to school. But the child attends only two and a half years. He becomes a self-educated and a self-made man. Born in the Old World he wins his honors in the New. He is the tribute from a land

of kings to the land of untrammelled Democracy.

He early gives evidence of a diverse nature. At the age of ten a farmer hires him as a choreboy. He eats one meal a day in the light and two in the dark. But he cannot satisfy his master with sixteen hours work, he wastes time thinking and draws down the farmer's wrath. In his memoirs he says his employer calls him lazy. He loses himself in dreams, hates his tasks and imagines they are wrong. It is not that he is unwilling, however. It is that God shaped him for other work and the vision of a different manner of life already begins to trouble his fancies. He is a small philosopher, but not a shirk or dawdler; not an ordinary, idle boy; there is stern stuff in him. He works for the farmer three or four years, then is employed by a saw-mill owner. His mental attitude changes at once. The circular saws and the skidways fascinate him. The mill-whistle is echoed by his own. The engines become animated creatures. A new force is acting on him. His dreams break; his thoughts tingle with enthusiasm; his inventive genius begins to play; life is earnest business to him and he toils like a Trojan!

Are not these hints of the coming sage who shall have also the keen mind of an industrial captain? Let us remember these things. On the

one side we shall see wide deep, far-searching thought; on the other invention, alertness, enthusiasm. It is the genius's mind, power of great conceptions balanced with power of full achievement. Now as he enters the greater arena of life after his apprenticeship on the farm, in the saw-mill, on a steam-boat, in the oil-fields of Ohio, after winning a fortune, bringing out a practical invention, and building up a great manufacturing business, shall we not understand more clearly why he changes his course and becomes a philanthropist such as the world has never seen before.

Let us deal with him as a philanthropist and consider not so much his methods as the reasons why he undertook the work. There are three great reasons. Would they were mighty enough to enlist everyone under his banner. But why do the financier and the philosopher blend in the helper of humanity?

The first reason is his large heartedness, his vast sympathies, which the common laws of human nature compel him to express. In most men selfishness and necessity frighten away benevolence, but not so with this "child of God." For his is the mind of genius impelled by a powerful sympathy toward a high goal. Sympathy brings all his powers to force the mighty end, sympathy for all unfortunate men makes him a philanthropist. The second reason is a desire for achievement, the longing that spurs all manly men to distinguished and honorable

deeds. A day-laborer in the oil-fields of Ohio, he sees away beyond them the great world of men, the degradation of toiling millions, the ignorance and misery of labor begging work and receiving none. It is his opportunity. But it is not to make money; it is not to change working power more readily into economic gain; it is not that;—it is a more universal ministry. It is to lift men from the deep-worn economic rut where they have been crushed since time began by the onward rolling of the wheels of progress. And the last reason driving him forward is the Christ in him, the fear of God, the obedience to a great command, aimed, as he thought, toward the one man destined to fulfill it perfectly.

It is the Golden Rule: "Whatever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." In that mandate he finds his means of expressing sympathy, his means of perfect obedience, his means of economic salvation. With that formula he commences exercising all the evils of all time; with that he sets about making the world clean and good. "It is the physical law of action and reaction applied to morals. It is the law of life, of relations,—and it works!" With that lever he raises the world, if but by an inch. He fights error, unhappiness, crime. He proclaims new triumphs in the "war of the liberation of humanity."

It is a revelation of himself. It is his high, brilliant, transcendent,

dream; his broad, all-enfolding plan of action. It succeeds in the face of opposition well-founded and apparently resistless. However, I am not defending his economics or discussing the relations of labor and capital. I am pointing out a man deeply concerned for the welfare of others, understanding and meeting the wants of living souls, giving time and talent that other men may live better. A man like unto our Lord, Who taught a lesson of love simple, divine, inscrutable; Who did not care for Himself; for Whom the salvation, the uplifting of humanity filled the whole horizon. Yet One Who must wait through the long centuries for the seed sown by Him to grow, blossom, and bear fruit. But today I see Samuel Milton Jones, apparently the most unselfish mortal in history. He is the rich young ruler who does not turn sadly away, but goes bravely and cheerfully forward, obeying his Master's call!

Wealthy, he lives among the poor. Master of an immense business, he conducts it for his employees. In easy reach of temporal greatness, he concerns himself for the weak and lowly. In an era of moral laxness his grandeur is supreme. In our most mercenary epoch his fondest hope is to foster a spirit of love, peace and good-will.

Does he realize his dreams? Yes! He comes to Toledo from the oil region in 1892 and builds an engine factory. On its walls he placards the Golden Rule. That is the sole

regulation of the establishment. He devotes himself to brightening the lives of his men. He gives them kindly advice. He gives them the blessings of wholesome recreation. He shortens the workday. He shares his profits with them. The business increases rapidly. His theories spread abroad in the minds and hearts of men. He is known from Maine to California, from Ireland to Japan as Golden Rule Jones. The field of politics opens before him and the people elect him Mayor of Toledo. But he wishes to aid the politically powerless and rule the city as he rules his factory. So the opposition is bitter. His leaders deny him, reject him. The machine metes him out harsh reproaches. The press refuses him notice, will not print his name, will not recognize there is a Samuel Milton Jones, assumes him lower than the dirt on the streets. But he braves them all the second, the third, the fourth time and wins gloriously.

He wins. Victory crowns him, the victory of the man and the idea. He wins a victory for these United States; for the ennobling of labor; for the wiser administration of wealth; for the progress of mankind from the depths of the pit upward and onward till they reach the foot of the throne of God. Too ideal to be practical? Yes, but practical enough to work out his ideal; and ideal enough to stand as a tower of light and a prophet of truth until we have gained the goal set for us by our Lord and Master!

Still we revere him most as a man who loves the good fortunes of others better than his own soul. An illustration from his public career proves his sympathy. On the day of his funeral, when all Toledo thronged to pay him its last respects, a massive floral tribute was sent to the house of mourning. It came from a low and hardened class, a class opposed to morality and civic righteousness, a class the natural enemy of law and order. But the floral design testified eloquently of the Mayor's power to touch the people's heart. In broad and beautiful letters, their very life speaking powerfully of immortality, they had written: "WE KNEW HIM!"

All men knew him, his view was so wide. Beholding the man of the masses poor, tattered, unclean, powerful, tearing down the walls of kings and slaying the heads of free governments, he gazed upon him and saw humanity; he reached out his hands to him and said, "My brother, doubt my wisdom, question my judgment, deny the truth of my propositions, if you will, but for your own, and for the sake of humanity, I ask that you will not charge that I am false!" He saw that all wealth comes from labor; so he labored to produce all in his power and turned the increase to the good of the common cause. He said that inspiring but unspeakably gentle thing: "The ideal government is the one where the strongest will always care for the weakest." Burning with moral passion he goes

on: "For me to be content with existing conditions would be to blaspheme the sacred name of Christ, and moreover would be treason against the republic. I know it cannot endure, and our mock Christianity must perish unless those of us who claim to be both patriotic and Christian are able to demonstrate by the sacrifice of service that our claims are well-founded."

Is he not a matchless leader? Was not his life triumphant? Are not his reasons for helping humanity great enough to lift us to his level that we may share in the inheritance of his spirit? Wonderful character? Unselfish, free, idealistic, pure, passionate, powerful! Let us not say the republic breeds but little men. Let us awake and know the Gods are with us. Let us awake and follow him! If we have large hearts let us follow him! If we revere religion let us follow him! If we care for rounded achievement let us follow him! If we have the courage and strength to drink from his cup and be baptized with his baptism let us follow him! For

"To suffer woes that hope thinks infinite;
To forgive wrongs darker than death or night;
To defy power which seems omnipotent;
To love and bear; to hope till hope creates
Out of her own wreck the thing she con templates;
Neither to change, or falter, nor repent;

This like thy glory, Titan, is to be
Good, great, and joyous, beauti-
ful and free,

This is alone Life, Joy, Empire,
and Victory!"

THE NEW SOUTH.

(Adapted from "The New South,"
by Henry W. Grady.)

NO people ever held larger stewardship than the people of the South. It is theirs to produce and enlarge the crop of that staple that largely clothes the world. It is theirs to conserve and develop the final and fullest supply of coal and iron, and to furnish from their enormous forests the lumber and hard woods to meet the world's demand until exhausted areas can be recovered. It is theirs to bring the matchless domain which is their home up to the full requirements of its duty to the world at large, until every debt is discharged, every right relation is established, every obligation met, and industry and civilization find no obstruction from one of its limits to the other. It is theirs to settle the problem of the two races, vastly the most important matter with which the Republic has to deal.

In solving this problem the South must stand alone; in dealing with this she must come closer together than ambition or despair has driven her, and on the outcome of this her very existence depends. This problem is to carry within her body politic two separate races, equal in

civil and political rights, and nearly equal in numbers. She must carry these races in peace; for discord means ruin. She must carry them in equal justice; for to this she is pledged in honor and gratitude. She must carry them separately; for amalgamation means debasement. She must carry them even unto the end; for in human probability she will never be quit of either.

This burden no other people bear today—on none hath it ever rested. Without precedent or companionship the South must bear this problem—the awful responsibility of which should win the sympathy of all human kind, and the protecting watchfulness of God—alone even unto the end. Set by this problem apart from all other peoples of the earth and her unique position emphasized rather than relieved by her material conditions, it is not only fit but it is essential that she should hold her brotherhood unimpaired, quicken her sympathies, and the light or in the shadows of this surpassing problem work out her own salvation in the fear of God—but of God alone.

The new South is simply the old South under new conditions. It rejoices that slavery has been swept forever from the American soil. It rejoices that America was saved from the storm of war. Not one in a thousand of its sons would reverse if they could the results of the war into which they threw without stint their lives and their property. They are thankful that the issues at stake in the great civil war were adjudged by higher wisdom than their own. The Republic has no better citizens in peace and would have no braver soldiers in war than the men who forty years ago wore the gray and followed the Confederate flag.

The courage in which the new South makes these declarations, and the sincerity in which it maintains them, are a heritage of the old South. If it involved the surrender of perfect love and reverence for that civilization that produced Washington and Jefferson, Clay and Calhoun—or for the memory of those who fought with Lee and Jackson and Johnston—the new South would be dumb and motionless. It is from the foot of the monuments, illumined with the names of her dead, that she makes her fullest renunciation of the past and her best pledge for the future. Always she will honor above all men the men who sleep beneath those towering shafts. The sign of nobility in her families for generations will be the gray cap or the stained coat, on which, in the ebb of

losing battle, God laid the sword of his imperishable knighthood. Those who ask her to turn away from the memory of her heroes who died hopeless but unfearing in her defeat, ask her to sacrifice that without which no people can be steadfast or great.

Hardly less dear to the new South than this is the memory of the old regime, its traditions and its history. Perhaps no period in human history has been more misjudged and less understood than the slave holding era in the South. Slavery as an institution can not be defended—but its administration was so nearly perfect among our forefathers as to challenge and hold our loving respect. It is doubtful if the world has seen a peasantry so happy and so well-to-do as the negro slaves in America. The world was amazed by the fidelity with which these slaves guarded, from '61 to '65, the homes and families of the masters who were fighting with the army and barred their way to freedom. If "Uncle Tom's Cabin" had portrayed the rule of slavery rather than the rarest exception, not all the armies that went to the field could have stayed the flood of rapine and arson and pillage that would have started with the first gun of the civil war. Instead of that witness the miracle of the slave in loyalty to his master closing the fetters upon his own limbs, maintaining and defending the families of those who fought against his freedom, and at night upon the far off battle field search-

ing among the carnage for his young master, that he might lift the dying head to his breast and bend to catch the last words to the old folks at home, so wrestling the meantime in agony and love that he would lay down his life in his master's stead.

What of the negro? This of him I want no better friend than the black boy who was raised by my side, and who is now trudging patiently, with downcast eyes and shambling figure, through his lowly way in life. I want no sweeter music than the crooning of my old "mammy," now dead and gone to rest, as I heard it when she held me in her loving arms and bending her old black face above me stole the cares from my brain and lead me smiling into sleep. I want no truer soul than that which moved the trusty slave, who for four years while my father fought with the armies that barred his way to freedom, slept every night at my mother's chamber door, holding her and her children as safe as if her husband stood guard and ready to lay down his humble life on her threshold.

History has no parallel to the faith kept by the negro in the South during the war. Often five hundred negroes to a single white man and yet through these dusky throngs the women and the children walked in safety, and the unprotected homes rested in peace. Unmarshalled, the black battalions moved patiently to the fields in the

morning to feed the armies their idleness would have starved, and at night gathered anxiously at the big house to "hear the news from marster," though conscious that his victories made his chains enduring. Everywhere humble and kindly. The bodyguard of the helpless. The rough companion of the little ones. The observant friend. The silent sentry in his lowly cabin. The shrewd counsellor. And when the dead came home, a mourner at the open grave. A thousand torches would have disbanded every Southern army, but not one was lighted. When the master going to a war in which slavery was involved, said to his slave, "I leave my home and loved ones in your care," the tenderness between man and master laid disclosed. And when the slave held that charge sacred through storm and temptation, he gave new meaning to faith and loyalty. I rejoice that when freedom came to him after years of waiting, it was all the sweeter because the black hands from which the shackles fell were stainless of a single crime against the helpless ones confided to his care.

The Northern man dealing with casual servants querulous, sensitive, and lodged for a day in a field they resent, can hardly comprehend the friendliness and sympathy that existed between the master and the slave. He can not understand how the negro stood in slavery days, open-hearted and sympathetic, full of gossip and comradeship, the

companion of the hunt, frolic, furrow and home, contented in the kindly dependence that has been the habit of his blood and never lifting his eyes beyond the narrow horizon that shut him in with his neighbors and friends. But this relation did exist in the days of slavery. It was the rule of that regime. It has sur-

vived war and strife and political campaigns in which the drum-beat inspired and Federal bayonets fortified. It will never die until the last slave-holder and slave have been gathered to rest. It is the glory of our past in the South. It is the answer to abuse and slander. It is the hope of our future.

MOTHER GOOSE TO DATE.

Miss F. H., '09.

John, John, the Findlay son,
Skipped a class and away he run.
The Prof. got loose and raised the deuce,
John quoted Scripture for an excuse.

Peter, Peter, Wright Hall eater,
Had a pin and couldn't keep 'er;
Gave it to his little Belle,
And she keeps it very well.

Hickory, dickory dock,
We dodge around the block;
Should we see one, why then we run,
If it's Miss Mullen bach.

Monty is a Scotchman,
Mony is a sport;
When Monty dons his Sunday clothes
The horses stop and snort.

Ray be nimble,
Ray be quick;
Ray's neck is made of elastic.

Baa, baa, black sheep,
Is Charlie's brain fertile?
Once he really had a thought
And told it all to Mrytle.

Ride a saw horse to Pioneer Hall,
To see the boys' rooms all fixed for a
call;
Things all in order, clothes off the floor,
Dirt swept in the corners or back of the
door.

Trot, trot to Wright Hall
At some girl's call and beck.
Trot, trot back again,
Got it in the neck!

I had a big black doggy,
His name was Hannah Mac;
I gave him to a lady,
She quickly sent him back.
She squelched him and she slammed
him,
She snubbed him every way;
Mac will be more careful
If he gives himself away.

Ding, dong bells,
The girls are in their cells.
Who put them in?
Why, of course, the Dean.
Who lets them out?
The ghost, no doubt.

Whittemore, Whittemore, our mailman,
He brings letters as fast as she can.
"Me" always walked, but "cousin Tom"
ran;
Whittemore, Whittemore, our mailman!

Mr. Maggy, black and shaggy,
How do your sideburns grow.
Why, I coax them out and they are
admired no doubt,
When pretty maids stand in a row.

Fried hash hot! Fried hash cold!
Fried hash at Wright Hall nine days old.
Some like it not and some are so bold
As to go down town when there's fried
hash cold!



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APRIL, 1907

**THE PURPOSE OF A COLLEGE
MAGAZINE.**

WILLIE R. HEARST while in
college was manager of the

Harvard "Lampoon" and so suc-
cessful was his administration that
at the close of the year the directors
of that publication held a banquet
on their profits.

The question is, Did Hearst's
"Lampoon" fulfill the purpose of a
college magazine? Financially it
did,—splendidly. But otherwise we
doubt it, as we may well doubt any-
thing that Hearst promotes. What
is the purpose of a college maga-
zine? First, to inform the Alumni
of the institution of all that may
interest them pertaining to the col-
lege, to increase their enthusiasm
for their Alma Mater, and to point
out ways in which they may assist
the upbuilding of the school. Second,
to create in the minds of prospective
students an idea of the college, so
that it will be to them a tangible, a
living reality; something more than
a mere name or place on the map.
Third, to grapple with the problems
of the college life, to discuss that
life in all its many phases, and final-
ly to develop literary ability within
the student body.

If the third purpose is fulfilled the
first is well on the way to comple-
tion. And we propose to fulfill this
first purpose. We expect much dis-
couragement and some failure, but
submit to the alumni the proposi-
tion that we are publishing a maga-
zine indispensable if you wish to
keep in touch with Alma. Sub-
scribe for it. If we have not your
address, subscribe without being
asked and urge others to subscribe.
We are not asking for your loyalty.

We have that, unreservedly, we know. We ask, rather, an active interest in our welfare; the interest that is manifested by subscriptions, contributions, and news items.

As to the second purpose; a college is never better advertised than by the students; and the students never advertise better than through a well regulated college magazine. High school students take a lively interest in any college enterprising enough to send them its magazine. The Almanian staff wish to do their part in making a great school of Alma. We wish to see Almanians in the leading high schools of Michigan; and,—we need faculty support in this.

Lastly, it is the purpose of this college magazine to live; to live as the publication of the whole college; as an outgrowth of that unanimous, vigorous, indomitable Alma spirit that has accomplished much and must accomplish more; as an exponent of true culture; as an incentive to literary achievement in the college.

* * *

PHI PHI ALPHA NUMBER.

THE APRIL number of the Almanian is dedicated to the Phi Phi Alpha Society. In its short existence the society has made a creditable record through the hardest of work and an undying spirit. Its alumni are few but loyal and in the future their number will undoubtedly be augmented. As it is they are happy that the organization has thriven so markedly in the last two

or three years. The existence of two men's societies in the college has certainly been productive of much good. To the friendly competition between Zeta Sigma, the older and larger of the men's societies and Phi Phi Alpha is due the present deep interest in oratory and debating in the college. The annual intersociety Cup debate, won for the first time this year by the Phi's, is now looked forward to by the students with greater eagerness than any other similar event. Literary ability is being developed rapidly at Alma this year; the formation of the new academy society for men bringing the number of our societies up to seven, all doing active literary work. Surely the Almanian will not lack for contributions from the students in the future.

* * *

THAT CHAIR OF ORATORY.

WEBSTER and Demosthenes were self-trained. But we see with joy a teacher of Oratory as one of Alma's near possibilities. With a special bequest for such a teacher and with the additional income from the Carnegie gift it would seem as though this long felt desire would be realized soon. A Professor of Oratory will be greeted with enthusiasm when he arrives. Next year's contest will be more strenuous than ever and the winner, with adequate training, will undoubtedly win a high place in the intercollegiate. But while we're hoping let's work. Have we made the most of our opportunities thus far? It is

time to begin writing next year's oration **now** if it is not already written. Begin working on delivery at once, a year will do wonders with your voice and manner. For style study the fine orations which our library so amply provides. But, in any event, **work, work, work** with the intercollegiate as your goal.

* * *

IS THE Y. M. C. A. WORN THREADBARE?

A CHANCE heard remark raised the question we reiterate above. We feel we are pursuing our policy of judicious meddling in giving this question to you for solution. We ask it in a most serious mood, however. Not that we are losing faith in the Association, but we would welcome a discussion of the problem in these pages. We believe in the Association. For years it has been the fountain head of our college spirit, it has had a wholesome and vivifying influence, it has kept many pages of our college history clean. Even non-members would not willingly dispense with it, knowing that the Y. M. C. A. developed a type of manhood that has given a bracing tone to the

religious atmosphere of Alma. Is the Y. M. C. A. doing all that it can in this line, or are we losing interest in it? In short, are the threadbare spots beginning to show? Whether they are or not, it has been a durable garment; we have become attached to it, and will wear it, since we have no better, for a long time yet.

* * *

NO account of the State Oratorical Contest will appear in the Almanian this year owing to the many difficulties attendant upon the publication of the last number. We refer you to our exchanges. The March Piccad has the authoritative (of course) report done in Albion's "own way."

* * *

THE Carnegie bequest and the Octette recital are two indications that Alma is arriving. As they say in Wall Street, "Let's all just keep a-hustlin' and a-pushin' and a-shovin'."

* * *

THOU wilt have mastery over the harmony by continually recurring to it.—Marcus Aurelius. VI. 11.

ALUMNI!

..The Alma College Association of the Northwest.

The Alma College Association of the Northwest held its third annual meeting in connection with a ban-

quet at the Chicago City Club February 12, 1907.

After a sumptuous repast we left the tables to gather around a large open fire-place and there in an in-

formal way listened to greetings from our Alma Mater and toasts and reports of progress from our members who were present.

Our mailing list includes over a hundred names and we have reason to feel that our association is now a permanent organization.

The new officers elected for the coming year are:

Mrs. Mary Cook Streng, '91, Pres.

Rev. B. S. Bates, '98, Vice-Pres.

Mr. James Wight, Secretary and Treasurer.

—Carolyn R. Butler, '01.

* * *

Rev. Maurice Grigsby, '98" has accepted a call to the Presbyterian church at Paw Paw, Mich. He began his duties Sunday March 17.

Levi J. Butler, "05" now at College of Mines, Houghton has an

assistant's position on the faculty.

David A. Johnson, "05" was on a recent concert tour thru the Upper Peninsula. Mr. Johnson acted as reader.

Mr. Frank Grover, "ex 03" is now in Elvins, Missouri, where he has an excellent position in the mines.

Prof. E. E. Fell "02" has been elected a ruling elder in the Presbyterian church at Caro.

Miss Belle Ward, Kg. "04" is teaching Kindergarten at Cadillac, Mich.

J. N. King, "05" is helping to maintain the Alma standard at Princeton Seminary. His excellent work in Hebrew placed him in the first division.

Girard Smith, a former Alma student is Superintendent of Schools at Peoria, Ill.

AROUND THE CAMPUS.

THE ALMAROONS.

The Almaroon concert in the Chapel, Tuesday evening, March 19, must rank as the most important event in the way of student activity this year. It marked the beginning of a new musical era in Alma. For a long time the student body has realized that Alma should have a permanent musical organization capable of touring the state and giving a high-grade entertainment. Enthusiasm therefore ran high when the program began and the audience had commenced to realize that such

a thing had come to pass. Every number was encored, the applause being vigorous and sincere.

The solo parts all showed great ability, Miss Howard especially pleasing the audience, and Sutton displaying marked ability by his artistic rendition. The Almaroons consist of the College Male Octette assisted by Miss Howard, contralto and Miss Fraser, accompanist.

During the Spring vacation they sang at the following places in the Northern part of the state: Tawas City, Oscoda, Grand Marais, Man-

istique, Munising, Sault Ste. Marie, Ishpeming, Calumet, Lake Linden and Alpena.

ADDITIONAL ENDOWMENT.

Alma has been singularly blessed this year by endowments. The last one the Almanian has the pleasure of noting is from Andrew Carnegie, provisional, however, upon the college securing \$75,000.00 in addition to the \$25,000.00 which he offers. \$50,000.00 of this amount is already in sight and it is hoped there will be no difficulty in securing the remainder. Alma is constantly growing and improving in all directions and this bequest will be very welcome in relieving some of the wants that now press the hardest. As it is, Alma is superior in certain respects to other institutions and her growing prosperity leads us to believe that a like excellence will pervade every department in the near future. The college privileges of every student during the coming months will be of great benefit which may be said to be a new start for Alma.

OPEN HOUSE AT PIONEER HALL.

Friday evening, March 8, the women of the college visited at Pioneer Hall which had been first made beautiful with scrubbed floors, washed windows, and decorations of evergreen and bunting. The fellows gave a program in the Y. M. C. A. room, consisting of rag-time, popular songs localized, dancing, and

other vaudeville specialties. Light refreshments were served on the third floor. The men of Pioneer Hall have established a valuable custom which it is hoped will be retained.

BELOW ZERO.

A number of the men who do not room in Pioneer, being unable to attend the usual Wright Hall reception on the evening mentioned above gave the initial banquet of the Frivolous Order of Freeze Outs at the Hotel Arcada. After a rich and varied menu had been served, Toast Master Paul Delavan called upon eleven of the men present for speeches. John Dunham told the best story and St. Cyr gave the toast which most nearly voiced the sentiments of all present. Thirty-two covers were laid.

A NEW SOCIETY.

The long expected and long needed men's Academy society was organized immediately before the Spring vacation. The society has not yet received a name but its motto is "Esse quam videri," and it has a membership of eleven, the limit being twenty-five.

It will meet the first and third Tuesday of each month in room 14, Administration Building. The officers are, S. B. Hill, President; Lester Von Thurn, Vice President; Will Ewing, Secretary; Robert Cook Treasurer. There is certainly room for its growth and it has every chance to succeed, especially since

Prof. Walton is interested in its welfare. The Almanian wishes it long life and prosperity.

THE SPRING TERM LECTURE.

The lectures given every year at the opening of each term are looked forward to by the students, since they are never failing in excellence and also contain the proper element of surprise in that the name of speaker and subject are not known generally till the speaker appears on the chapel platform.

Prof. West gave the Spring term lecture on April 2. His subject was, Sixty Years of Science. Far from being dry, the address, which was scholarly and profound as any we have heard on similar occasions, was enlivened by wit and humor and illuminated with vivid illustrations.

The students were delighted and surprised at being so entertained by our usually silent Professor whose public utterances are for the most part announcements that petitions have not been granted.

Starting with the work and influence of Louis Agassiz, Prof. West showed how experimental science has changed the teaching of the different branches of knowledge and made possible our great material development as a nation, and finally opened up a broad field of study and research as universal in its appeal as any department of human investigation. The lecture closed with a conservative but enthralling prophecy for the future of America and American science.

THE MT. PLEASANT DEBATE.

Though by the time this Almanian reaches its readers the Mt. Pleasant debate will probably have been won, it seems appropriate to make mention of it in this place. The local debate of Feb. 25, on the question, Resolved that the U. S. Navy should be strengthened, was a success financially and demonstrated that right here in Alma we have plenty of intercollegiate debating material. Why can we not have a greater interest in debating here, whereby individuals can make the team as a college team and not represent a society? That would lend both dignity and strength to the case of debating in Alma. The columns of the Almanian are open to discussion of this matter.

... THE GREEN LECTURE... ..

The Citizen's Lecture Course was more than usually excellent this year, every number except the fourth which was a musical one being of a high grade. The committee made their selections with great care, as evidenced by the surplus in their treasury at the end of the season. Keeping the best number till the last, they treated the large audience assembled in the opera house to one of the finest lectures ever heard here, that of Dr. Thos. E. Green on the "Keynote of the Twentieth Century." Full of delightful digressions (as a well planned popular lecture should be) and brilliant literary and scientific

illustrations, though it was, Dr. Green's leading thought was to present America as the dominant force in world politics during the present century.

BASEBALL.

No matter how fine an afternoon it may be, don't go walking or canoeing with your girl on the dates below when there is a game at Alma. Come to that game; don't stay away, don't come alone; bring someone. We have what we have never had before—a team that shows championship form. Let's support them; let's infuse in them some of that fighting Alma spirit which in itself is a liberal education, the spirit that wins championships. Come to Davis Field prepared to yell when there's a game on. Here's a partial schedule.

April 30,—M. A. C. at Alma.

May 4—Olivet at Olivet.

May 10—Hillsdale at Hillsdale.

May 11—M. A. C. at Lansing.

May 18—Mt. Pleasant at Mt. Pleasant.

May 23—Ypsilanti at Alma.

May 25—Kalamazoo at Alma.

June 1—Albion at Alma.

Remember that Alma has much to retrieve in the the way of baseball victories. It is our privilege to get up in the grand stand and watch Coach Harper's men win for us. And don't forget that the track team is going at its work with the same invincible spirit. More about them next month.

WRIGHT HALL.

The institution of a "coffee club" gave rise to a new social function in Wright Hall. This was originated by Miss Mullenbach for the intellectual and social benefit of German students. The only condition imposed is to confine the conversation to the German Language. This should retard gossip somewhat; but since any exciting topic of conversation is bound to be pursued the members are developing social gestures and peculiar facial expressions not stipulated in the membership contract.

"Oh wad some power the giftie gie us

To see our sels as ithers see us."

—Try Horn's Studio and bravely watch results. But then some of us didn't agree with Burns to begin with.

The first morning after vacation there was one topic of conversation in the dining room and the same in the corridors of Wright Hall, and that was——a diamond ring!

The Friday night before vacation was celebrated with special skating parties and class functions. The miscellaneous few who were not included had the opportunity of enjoying a clever stunt party in the reception room. A delightful evening was reported by all.

Me thinks a new note's in this

April air,

The bluebird's singing's all a loss;

For **one** this spring hears nothing

but the fair

And birdlike music of the albatross!

THINGS AND FACTS.

The Almaroons came back from their Upper Peninsul trip prosperous and happy, also pompadoured. The Friday morning after the Spring term opened Slayton and Sutton improved the chapel hour by short talks descriptive of thir trip.

The Sigma Phi banquet, the initial one of that organization, was held in the Sanitarium and proved a complete success. There were thirty-eight present. Mr. John St. Cyr acted as toastmaster and called on five of the commercials, including Principal Steinhauser, for toasts. This banquet will hereafter be an annual event. The Almanian is glad to chronicle it as indicative of the growth and prosperity of our Commercial School, which like every department of the College is being made stronger every year.

The Bible can only be doubted in one place—That the wisest man should have a thousand wives. That cannot be true.

—Gavelyte.

He talks just like a book, his
Friends delighted say.

Oh what a pity! that he won't
Shut up the self-same way.

—Ex.

Personals—Pointed and Unpointed.

Sutherland has a new hat.

McDonald has a new Omelette
recipe.

Bartholomew spent his vacation in Ohio. "Almost as far as Cleveland. Not quite!"

Miss Pierson visited in Milan during vacation. Miss Markham visited in Saginaw with Miss Wallace. Miss Grace Brown and Mr. Marshall were in Bay City. Mr. Wyatt stayed the week in Owosso at the home of Mr. Royce who returned with him to re-enter the commercial department for the Spring term. Mr. Royce was a student last year.

As to the Faculty: Miss Houghton and Miss Mullenbach were in Ann Arbor, Mrs. Strong in Detroit, Miss Eddy and Mr. Walton in their Ohio home town, Miss Bowman in Oberlin, Miss Hebner in Ft. Huron, Prof. Mitchell in——. But never mind there are rumors afloat. The remainder of the faculty remained in Alma.

Miss Kelly vivited in Flint during vacation.

Walter Pollard spent part of his vacation in Elsie.

Marshall and McCollum held evangelistic services in Wayland, Mich., the first part of vacation week.

Ray Moon, who attended the Inter-Synodical Foreign Mission Convention for Men at Omaha in February, gave a report of this convention in Bay City, Sunday, March 24, besides giving it in towns nearby Alma before vacation. A full report of this convention will appear in the next Almanian.

The usual jolly crowd remained in town during vacation and enjoy-

ed itself in various ways. Mr. McDonald had the best time and should be interviewed on the question.

Thursday, March 14, Principal Grawn of the Mt. Pleasant Normal visited chapel and gave us a short but inspiring talk on the advantages of the small college. Alma is always ready to welcome Principal Grawn.

Irvine Bradfield enjoyed a short visit from his father, who is pastor of the Presbyterian church at Cass City, just before Spring vacation.

Louis Anderson visited in Saginaw March 16th.

Herman N. Morse preached in Ludington, his home town, March 17th.

Miss Butler's Bible class celebrated St. Patrick's day Saturday evening, March 16th, by giving a party in Wright Hall. The color scheme of course was green.

C. N. Haist, Com. '07, has left college. He will go into business with his father at Kilmanagh. While in school Haist made many friends and his absence will be felt by all.

Mr. Nash of Ferris Institute visited with Alexander Duncanson immediately before vacation.

CLASS AND SOCIETY.

ZETA SIGMA.

The intersociety debate was one of the most interesting events of the year to society men. These debates are a good incentive to good work in the societies. The earnestness and zeal manifested bespeak increasing interest and great good for the future.

On March 4th Zeta Sigma rendered their regular literary program in the society room of the Alpha Theta. The following was the program:

Oration, "The Liquor Traffic" by Earl Tomes.

Paper, "The Young Man in Politics" by Harry Craig.

An original story by Harry Bastone.

The debate was spirited and well

rendered, the question: Resolved, That Women Should be Given the Franchise. Decided in favor of the negative. After the program an informal reception and general good time was had.

March 11th was the regular election of officers for the Spring term. This was probably the most spirited election ever held by the society. After the election the society went to Stevie's for the usual treat. Mar. 18th the newly elected officers were installed by President Sutton as follows:

Ralph E. Raycraft '08, President.

Robt. Craig Jr., '08, Vice-Pres.

Geo. P. Horst, '08, Secretary

Frank McComb, '10, Treasurer.

Harry Helmer, '08, 1st Critic.

Geo. D. Sutton, '08, 2d Critic.

Harlow Whittimore, '09, Janitor.

PHI PHI ALPHA.

Society work is going on with increased activity and interest.. After victory in the inter-society debate the men did not lax into inaction but are going forward with the usual Phi Phi Alpha vigor.. We are especially glad to see how the new men are improving in all lines of literary activity. Much of the progress is due to the efforts of our critics, P. Allured and Marchmont.

Our debating team, now the College debating team, is busily at work on the debate with Mt Pleasant Normal, and we are sure that they will show the pedagogues what real debating is.

JUNIOR.

The class wish to thank Miss Edythe Cook for the splendid manner in which she entertained them upon her birthday.

A prize offered in a guessing contest was won by Miss Alice Coats.

FRESHMEN.

There seems to be a general joke of some sort in the air when Arbor

day is mentioned by any freshman. We wonder why?

There are five or six quite promising candidates for the base ball team in our class.

Dunham says that rhetorical is no joke when he has to speak his little piece on the platform next to the teacher.

Ralph McCollum spent his Spring vacation with friends in Mason.

John Campbell says that the dam-bridge had to be watched very closely during Spring vacation.

SOPHOMORE NOTES.

There was a noted Soph whose nickname was Pete,

And who always sat on the very same seat;

Another came after,
Said, "I'm sorry I hafter,"

And purposely stepped on Pete's feet.
POOR PETE!

In Physics.

Prof. N. to Miss F... "If 'one' is 'a unison' what is 'two?'"

Miss F.—"A Duet."

Deep wisdom—swelled head,
Brain fever—he's dead.

(Senior)

False fair one—hope fled,
Heart's broken—he's dead.

(Junior)

Went skating—'tis said,
Ice hit him—not dead.

(Sophomore)

Milk famine—not fed,
Starvation—he's dead.

FRESHIE!

—Ex.

Just a Few Good Things.

Mrs. I. B. Lonesome and Her Question Box.

Do turkeys roost in a tree or on a man's shoulder?—Dean.

Some folks don't know, but when a boy comes from the wnth to college he

can't afford a trunk so he puts his clothes in a grain sack and calls it a turkey, heaves it on his shoulder and takes for the smoking car. No box is needed. It can't fly.

Is it proper for the young man who

loves me to call every Friday evening from seven to nine?—Perfect Peace.

My dear, if the young man is infatuated with you and you have a feeling for him which approaches love, it would not be improper for him to call at least every other Friday evening provided you both mingle freely with the other steddies and don't retain his hand too long when bidding him farewell.

Is it right for a young man of entertaining ability to palaver at the table or should he eat?—Rabbie.

My dear Rab, remember there is a time to eat and a time to gas. Eat at the table but retain your stories for the reception room or the cemetery. Don't waste all of this spring talk at the table and win the love of your friends..

Wanted—To know what has become of my teacher's X-mas present. Perhaps Santa cut his finger with it or perhaps it was lost in the mail. Reward offered for its recovery.—Norman.

Prof.—“How do you account for the fears of children?”

R-yer-ft—“I know how to account for some of them.”

Englishman—“Why do they say Boston is unique?”

Irishman—“Unus means one, eques means horse,—it is a one-horse town.”

Angry husband—“Bridget, do you know anything of the whereabouts of of my wife?”

Bridget—“Yis, sir; they's in the wash.”

Prof. (in psy.)—“You go down town and you have an impulse to turn into the first saloon—”

Student—“The second one you mean.”

One of the Seniors of Wright Hall has the real thing. On the dead.

Just About Zeta Sigma.

Pres. Sutton: Just wait till I think. Is it about girls?

Bastone: I want to be president and have a steady.

Helmer: Only a girl, a newspaper and—

Horst: Wh-wh-what has that g-g-got to do with it?

Craig: 'Twas only a collar too dirty to wear.

Anderson: Always sings “Just across the River of Pine(s).”

Bradfield: Just a little Myrtle to brighten life.

Campbell, J.: Young, handsome and good prospects.

Casterlin: Invoicing for the spring 'er fall rush is already on.

Campbell, R.: My kingdom for a joke since “I got mine.”

Chapel: The rock and rye waltz for mine.

Cobb, N.: I'll run my farm by electricity or get married.

Cook, M.: Hic! I'm in the Fra(y), zir; you bet I am.

Craig, H.: Lost! my temper. Red hair and blushes. Reward.

Delevan: Ma is making me some pants with big pockets, so I can get my hands clear in.

Duncanson, A.: “I'm worried about Dan. He can't eat.”

Duncanson, D.: “I didn't leave my sweet taste at home, though.”

Graves:—Wanted, to find my lost stand-in. Missed shortly after the banquet.

Magidsohn: “There was a B-ie-ie, and that is all.”

McCollum:

“I love a girl,
And it is day,
The lowing herd
Has gone away.
The curfew sounds
Across the lea,
We're in the grove,
Just her and me.”

McComb, C.: “I have just adapted a few verses to the tune of Nicolini in memory of departed days.”

Monteith: “'Tis nigh unto the hour for Latin,” and Monty twenty lines away, “Here is where I change steeds.”

McComb, F.: “Sleep with your own hobo. The mantle for me.”

Nelson: In m' lord's footsteps.

Raycraft: “I don't see why I need a key to society room.”

Rohns: “But that has nothing to do with me,—yet, Mr. R.”

Slavton: “How my estimation of girls has changed since I came to know the real Price.”

Whittemore: “Joy to him who looks and loves, but I rather enjoy just a birdseye view, myself.”

Dunham:

“Lives of great men all remind us
How we all can soar around;
But experience can teach us
How it feels to hit the ground.”

Tomes: “Now, speaking about Detroit —“Loud applause from the two-bit row.”

Howell: The genius of peoples lies not in numbers. Visit my emporium for further instruction.

SWIPE NOTES.

On the steenth of February, A. D. 1907, in the customary place, was held the first formal public entertainment of the patriotic sons of ———. This company is composed of the two famous ivory pushers, Handel, alias Moon, and Wagner, alias Scotty, and the famous boy soprano, Pooh-pooh. The most appreciated selection of the first was a two-finger variation of "To have is not to Holt;" the hit of the second artist was made when he rendered most pathetically that new production, "Politeness down the slides;" Pooh-pooh brought the house to tears with "Oh, my dear eany,-eany,-eany,-eany,

Please be my queeny,-eeny,-eeny;
I will a sella de scope and de view
And will save all my money for you.
O! my sweet eany,-eany,-eany,
Don't be so meany,-eany,-eany,
I'll a love you true as no other can do
If you'll marry me right away."

Marsh and Moon have struck a bargain. Marsh keeps mum about Moon's weak arm and Moon holds his wag on the egg-beater plant.

The swipes were most ably represented in the late Junior Ex. The member who won most honor for himself was without a doubt the defender of the "Am veniam insulam."

With a dreamy expression in his voice he concluded his spiel by singing that old familiar song, "Michigan, My Michigan," to the tune of "I'm gettin' ready for my mother-in-law." Horst was a close second with a thing called "Commercial Barbarism," in which he roamed over the subject as though he had momentary insanity. Maybe it wasn't barbarism, but it was brutality. Craig contested Marsh for the booby prize. Craig's thought was the better, but Marsh made it up in noise. They are to appear again in the near future and if Bob gets the wheels of his car system to track he will win out.

Shorty is on the warpath. Somebody from somewhere telephoned to someone some nights ago exposing his name to ridicule before the Conduct Committee. The reason why there is so much disturbance is that the date did not carry and he lost his patience.. I think he calls her that. Anyway she has lots of patience with children, with changeable voice.

Cass is selling raffle tickets. Poor Prexie's dog must go. Cass says that the pup gets more attention than he.

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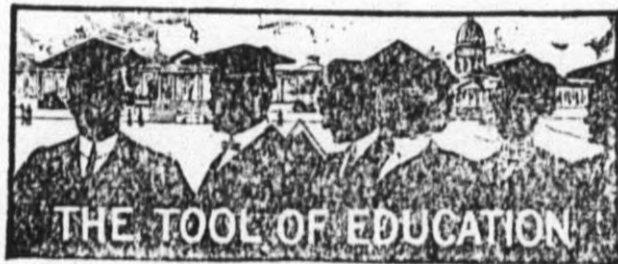
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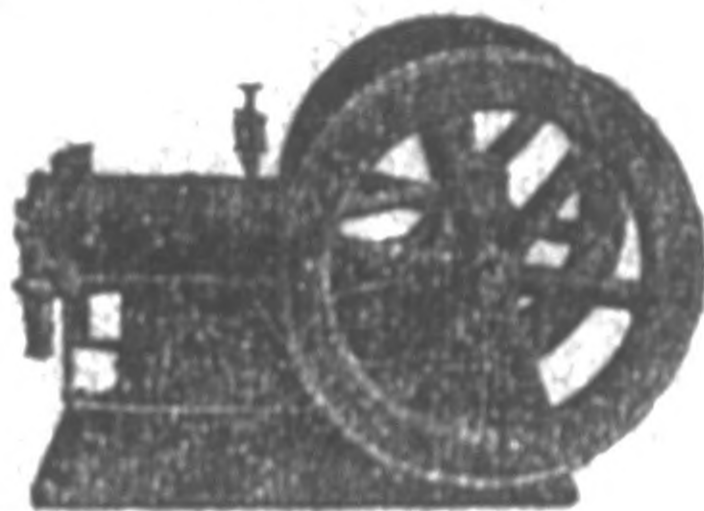
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