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Almanian.

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VOL. 8,

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NO. 7.

ALMANIAN

MAY ISSUE, 1907.

Where the Days are Short.

Katherine M. Inglis.

MY neighbor usually sits down on the edge of the wood-box, and visits a little when she brings over the milk in the morning.

I sometimes look at that wood-box and think: "To what base uses we may return Horatio," for it went to college in its youth, and started in its career as a window seat. Well, as I was saying, my neighbor sits down for a few minutes and watches me wash up the handful of breakfast dishes, and talks philosophy—she prefers the sharp edge of the wood-box to the chair, because, as she frankly says, if she is uncomfortable she will not stay too long.

"Miss Inglis," she says, "did you ever know the days to go so fast anywhere as they do up here?" "Why, no," I reply. "I was just thinking this morning that at the rate time is going we would be all galloping into our graves before we knew where we were."

"Yes," she assents. "And yet the resorters, (I wish I could give adequately her lofty scorn of

look and tone), are always asking what we do up here in the winter to pass away the time."

Now I am expected to give an answer to this very question and I can only think "Happy is the nation that has no history." Perhaps if there were more material for an article in these short and swiftly-passing winter days they would be less happy.

One autumn day stands out from many others. A beautiful, late October day, when we pack the coffee, and bread and butter, and eggs, and bacon and potatoes, and row across the end of the lake to a favorite camping ground. We build a fire and leave it to burn down enough for culinary purposes, and walk along the beach for, perhaps two miles, in clear metheglin-like air, with the reds and yellows of the maples and birches standing out against the dark green of the pines and spruces, and with a sky background of blue fire. Nothing seems alive but ourselves and a few sand-

pipers, and one frightened porcupine, who waddles down to the lake for a drink, and hurries back to the thicket, bristling orthodoxly, and keeping his tail to the enemy, who follow him up cautiously till he disappears in the thick brush. As we walk on, the solitude seems to force itself on us intensely, and yet we are on a thoroughfare, for there are squirrel and coon and deer tracks, and one which we think may be that of a bear, but which, on describing it later to our neighbors, is said to be that of a wild-cat. It is odd to find among these denizens of another world the train of a wagon and team, and we follow it until it turns into a wood to avoid a quagmire. Here we have an exciting five minutes, for our dog gets into the oozy slime and requires all the help and encouragement we can give him to get clear. After he and we have regained our breath we return to the fire, put the potatoes to roast in the hot ashes, and after a time pull some coals to one side and fry our eggs and bacon and make the coffee. How good it all tastes!

Then in the sunset glory we row home again. The evening grows chilly and we are glad to build a big fire in the living room and draw our chairs close to it. We bring our tea and bread and butter into the warm room and are just enjoying this informal meal as a wind-up to our day out of doors, when our neighbor who has been to the postoffice comes in with an armful of letters

and papers and books and boxes, for one fairy god-mother has sent a box of luxuries "to the dwellers in the frozen North", she writes. Bonbons, olives, grapefruit, the month's magazines, incense sticks, smelling salts really before we reach the bottom of the magic box we think she has sent everything heart could wish for, and could not get up here in the woods. And we burn incense and crunch bonbons and read and re-read our letters and look sleepily over the papers, until bed seems more attractive than any other place. A happy land, where one can wander all day, alone and glad with nature, and come back at night to the realization that all around one, just out of sight, is a world full of people, most of them one's friends. This day with many variations has been repeated at intervals all winter. On the last one we built our fire on top of the snow, made our coffee with snow-water, and cut down a thick layer of spruce boughs to sit on. And we were so warm sitting there on the snow by our tiny birch and cedar fire that we were glad to throw off our wraps. Then we walked back across the frozen lake which becomes a highway in winter for man and beast.

Another day stands out with a special lustre on every hour of it, from the time we rose long before dawn to drive six miles to the station to meet the friend whose coming was to make a large share of the joy of Christmas for us.

It was a beautiful world that we found waiting for us, when, fortified with hot coffee, we were packed away mid robes and rugs galore in the sled, warm soapstones for our feet, hot water-bags for our hands, nothing but the tips of our noses exposed to the zero weather. It would take the pen of a Ruskin or a Stevenson to describe the beauties of that winter morn; the glorious company of the stars and the goodly fellowship of the northern lights retreating in stately procession before the rosy dawn; the snowy ground reflecting the glories above in faint opalescent tints; and then all fading into the light of a common day as we race down to the little station just with the train. Then comes the merry drive back, and the hearing of all that is going on in the sad busy world, where people buy and sell, and make calls and go to lectures and concerts and do many other wearisome things. How pleasant it is to hear about it all and not have to do it. And when we reach home there is great excitement for an otter has been trapped and we must all go and see the poor, pretty, furry thing. And for once, filthy lucre is in our thoughts for there is not one of us who would not like to buy the soft velvet fur for our own use.

Then after the country dinner (I would be afraid to enumerate the plebian dishes) off we all go in the cutter for Christmas greens. The youngest member of the household

emulates George Washington, and, with her little hatchet chops down a beautiful spruce tree as tall as herself. We fill the cutter to overflowing with spruce and pine and balsam and cedar boughs, and hurry home to make the little loghouse a bower of green fragrance, and trim the tree with silver and candles, and for a week we light it often and sit quietly looking at it, thinking of the Tree of Life and the Light of the World.

What do we do all winter? We sweep and dust and cook and sew and read, and sometimes we write letters. Occasionally we drive fourteen miles "to town," and do a thousand errands for the neighborhood. We walk over to the saw-mill and sit on the saw-dust pile and watch the big logs go back and forth through the saw. Sometimes we walk a mile and a half to the school house. It is sad but true that the children do not begin to be one half so afraid of us as they are of "teacher". They look at us and grin when things go wrong and fully expect a sympathetic grin in return. Sturdy little sons and daughters of the soil they are, but not exactly scholarly. "Mary," says teacher, "Tell me what states border on Lake Michigan." Michigan and Wisconsin—and—and—and—Nebraska," concludes Mary with a burst of inspiration. Little Earnest can do nothing without consulting his two older brothers. He must get a knife from one and a pencil from the other, and

there is considerable commotion in his end of the room.

"Earnest, come here," says teacher, "now sit down on this front seat and write. Why, if you had six brothers how could I keep any order at all?"

This appeals to Earnest's imagination evidently, for he grins and settles down to work. "Do you like to come to school?" I ask a little nine-year-old whose face is new to me. "Not when the lessons are hard," she replies. And her older sister proudly explains: "She's awful quick at all sorts of deviltry, but numbers are hard for her."

Ah well, numbers are hard for most of us, and I suppose there is something hopeful after all in being quick at deviltry.

We hear them all rush screaming through the woods on their way home, playing that a bear is after them, and we walk down the mill-road together over the crunching snow, under the beeches and hemlocks. A rabbit darts across the road, in his white winter coat, looking like a ghost of himself and a blue jay flits from one tree to another like a patch of winter sky.

As we pass our neighbor's house the three-year-old daughter of the house hails us, "Miss In'les, I dest bwoked an egg. I dwopped it and it bwoked." "That's too bad," I

say sympathetically. "And what did papa say?" She looks at me elfishly, "Mama said it," she remarks feelingly. The subject is obviously painful, and we do not pursue it.

Home again. The fires are stirred up, chickens, dog and cat are fed, supper is eaten. Then there is a little preparation of school work for the next day, a little reading, a little talk, then the fires are covered for the night, the doors are locked, and another happy day is ended and another happy night of quiet sleep is before us.

O, winter Northland! White days and nights of silvery glory! Mystic woods, and splendor of snowy fields. Type of brave and beautiful endurance of hardship and sorrow, type of trustful, patient waiting for the good that is surely coming; type of serene and hopeful old age. Dear land, surely you are dearer and more truly our own now, than in the summer days when you are given over to the philistine resorter.

Swiftly passing days, pass on into the land of memory, that there we may always find you, a refuge from working cares and harrassed thoughts.

"A lull of life,
A truce of God that breaks the
strife."

“Manners Maketh Man.”

Mary C. Gelston.

“For manners are not idle, but the fruit of loyal nature and of noble mind.”

So wrote our late poet laureate of that most “nobly-mannered” knight, King Arthur. Are manners then of so much importance? Let us hear the testimony of two or three of the world’s gentlemen. We will quote first from our own Emerson: “A beautiful behavior is better than a beautiful form; it gives a higher pleasure than statues and pictures; it is the finest of the fine arts.” Gentle Sydney Smith wrote: “Life is too short to get over a bad manner; besides manners are the shadows of virtues.”

“Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners,” says Bishop Middleton. Still another writer gives it as his opinion that “A manner at once gracious and cordial is among the greatest aids to success and many there are who fail for want of it.”

If then, noble manners are the “Open Sesame”, if they are passports to the hearts of every one, young and old, rich and poor, learned and unlearned, if they unbar the doors closed even to wealth and beauty, it behooves us to inquire what they are and how we may obtain them for ourselves as a precious possession. Are fine manners to be bought or do they come to us without money and

without price? Are they purely external or are they the reflection of the inner nature?

An essential quality of all noble manners is courtesy. True courtesy is always kind. It seeks in every way to contribute to the happiness of others and refrains from everything that would annoy. It attends even to those apparently trifling things by which pleasure is given and pain occasioned others. It gives an encouraging word to one, a smile or a pressure of the hand to another. Sarcasm finds no place in its vocabulary. The side whispers and the meaning smile that so often hurt cruelly the sensitive spirit, are unknown. Harsh or unnecessary criticism is delegated to inferior minds. Practical jokes that give pleasure of a certain kind to the performer, but work and trouble to another, are never indulged in. Do you ask why? Because true courtesy obeys the Golden Rule and does to others as she would have them do to her. If every one were courteous and if every one followed the Golden Rule would placards be necessary in our libraries and reading-rooms, exhorting to quiet; or in our art galleries and parks to prevent depredations? Would musicians be disturbed by having their most soul-inspiring efforts accompanied by the busy hum of conversation? Furthermore, a due regard to the tastes and feelings

of others will lead one to abjure repulsive habits. Slovenliness of dress and a disregard of the conventional rules of the parlor and dining-room.

If we were to assign a reason for too prevalent lack of respect for the feelings of others, it would be selfishness, which looks out most carefully for the interests and enjoyments of number one. Yet this selfishness is usually entirely unsuspected by the person and no doubt it happens in many cases that unkindness proceeds not so much from malignity, as from a want of sympathy and delicacy.

True courtesy pays a due regard to the views and opinions of others. It listens with interest unfeigned if possible. If this is not possible it listens patiently, at least, and with no appearance of being bored or irritated. Hypocrisy, you say. Perhaps so. But certainly hypocrisy of no mean kind. Then, too, it is possible for that interest which is at first assumed, to be changed by cultivation into a sincere feeling of sympathy with whatever touches the mind and heart of another. We all know gracious, kindly men and women to whom it is a pleasure to talk, so fully do they enter into our conversation, sometimes even anticipating our thoughts and feelings. Sympathy is the golden key that unlocks the hearts of people and he who covets winning and lovely manners must cultivate it.

Shakespeare says: "We must be gentle, now we are gentlemen." It would seem, then, that gentleness must be a characteristic of the would-be gentleman and lady; that gentleness which comes from a spirit that suffereth long and is kind, that thinketh no evil, that would no sooner say an uncivil thing than act one; a gentleness that is ever on the alert, yet never noisy, never obtrusive. Gentleness forbids familiarity, that familiarity which breeds contempt by lessening respect..

"The man who hails thee Tom or Jack

And proves by thumps upon thy back

How he esteems thy merit,

Is such a friend as one had need
Be very much his friend indeed

To pardon or to bear it."

Gentleness is the fruit of that spirit which prompts the French or German peasant to lift his hat with as much respect to his fellow workman as to the King himself, and which actuated every true knight in the best days of chivalry in all his conduct towards ladies.

Are, then, noble manners within the reach of all? Certainly. Riches may tantalize by eluding our grasp; knowledge may close her door in our faces; beauty may spitefully change us into beasts; but manners are "the fruits of loyal nature and of noble mind." We can then cultivate and improve, and possibly create them by taking heed to our hearts and intellects and by assimila-

lating to ourselves those external graces of conduct revealed to us by association with the refined and well-bred.

"Who misses, or who wins, the prize—

Go, lose or conquer as you can;
But if you fail or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman."

Minutes of Alpha Theta Society.

(Edison Record.)

E.G. H. L. L. F.

Pres.— (three raps) "Meeting please come to order."

"Is all in readiness for this evening's work?"

Sent.—"Iubet."

Soc.—

"Better have wisdom than gold,
Better be clever we're told,
Better be humble in spirit,
Better for pride—ever fear it.
Better than merely a student,
Better be wise in heart-prudent;
Wise, clever, humble, grand,
For these qualities let us stand."

(All arise)

Pres.—"Listen to the roll call."

(Quot. seated)

Sec.—(calls roll).

Alice C.—"Why — in Detroit."

(Horst)

Emma B.—(excused).

Grace B.—Sutton's got his hair cut pompadour." (Swipes).

Flossie B.—"Now it's perfectly plain that it's evident that—"

(Delevan)

Susie H.—"Oh! excuse me."

(Bastone)

Madge B.—(excused).

Gladys N.—(excused).

Helen C.—"I've got a crush on good cooks." (Tomes).

Minnie K.—"Buttercups are in season." (Hawes).

Edith C.—"I like to thieve girls' first names." (Steele).

Hazel F.—"A pint's a pound the world around." Cook).

Elvena H.—"My Scot!" (Fraker).

Juanita C.—(excused).

Ruth P.—"I won't skip."

(Finlayson).

Emma S.—"I love to hunt and fish at Tawas." (Morse).

Arley K.—"How little I am, but oh, how great! (Dunham)

Mayme H.—"I think yo' moight" (Moore)

Lois F.—"Oh, wish I could C*." (I. Adams)

Pres.—"Reading Room Report omitted—nothing much doing outside of Alma."

Pres.—"Items of interest."

H. C.—"The Bible-class's stunt party was full of revelations."

H. F.—"The Almaroons encouraged by their recent overwhelming

successes are anticipating a trip abroad where they hope to reach the zenith of their glory."

E. C.—(librarian) "Pony lost recently—return and receive reward."

A. K.—"Mitchell says it's the best policy to admit 'Georgia' to the Union."

F. B.—"Pooh-Pooh has decided to reduce his smile by half."

A. C.—"George is going to preach this summer—did you know it?"

S. H.—"Elsie and Harlow started out well on their checkered career."

M. K.—"Helmer's got a crush on —Spring'er now."

E. H.—"Mine's just been given."

E. S.—"Pollard wants a girl outside the hall."

G. B.—"H. Craig has objected to holding the "Winged Victory" recently presented to Wright Hall since its wings cannot compensate for lack of arms."

M. H.—"It has been discovered that Lather's sand is not quick sand."

Pres.—"May we now have the paper "A Review of Miss Muhl's Views on Stiddinging."

Miss Coates (springs up) "Madam President, that paper is not prepared. I know absolutely nothing

about it—could find nothing—and what are her views to me anyway?"

Pres.—"Then we will listen to Miss Brown's paper "A Study of the Stars"."

Miss Coates (springs up) "Madam President, of late the 'moon' has been shining so brightly I was unable to see the stars."

Pres.—"Well, is the article on "West, the Orator" prepared?"

Miss Bateson (freshman)—"Why Madam President—I've got to lead prayer-meeting Wednesday night—an' it's only five weeks until Freshmen Exhibition—an' Pink's so hard on us in Trig.—an' the rest of the time is so devoted to Paul, truly, I forgot West."

Pres.—"I wish the society would pay a little attention."

Soc.—"We're paying as little as possible."

Pres.—"If such is the case we will adjourn. Will some one make the motion?"

S. H.—"I move we adjourn."

(moves)

M. K.—"I second that move."

(also moves)

Pres.—"Meeting is adjourned."

(all rush for door)

Alma in the South.

R. O. P. '08.

Dr. and Mrs. Bruske left Alma January 8th for Florida, going by way of New York and Boston, in a double quest of money for Alma College and a healthful change for Mrs. Bruske.

Mr. Carnegie's pledge of \$25,000 to complete the \$100,000 additional endowment attests the success of Dr. Bruske's New York effort.

A stop at Washington and Mt. Vernon furnished a delightful feature of the trip southward. At no city in the United States can one see so many objects of interest in so short a time as in our National Capital. Officials, guards, guides—all unite to serve the citizens of this Republic in finding their way about the Capital buildings, the White House, the Congressional Library, the Monument and all places of interest.

One feels almost a sense of ownership in these public buildings, parks and monuments, and the spirit of patriotism takes possession of one. Especially is this true of Mt. Vernon. If you would live in the spirit of colonial times, and the War of the Revolution, visit Mt. Vernon, the home of Washington. Stand on the spacious veranda, and look out on the beautiful Potomac, as Washington himself often stood and looked. Go into the banquet-hall and stand before the beautiful marble mantle and listen to the ticking of the same clock to which he listened. Visit his own private room, see articles of his wearing apparel, his swords, his chairs, the gifts which Lafayette and other friends bestowed upon him. Then go down the hillside and stand in front of the tomb of Washington. Look beyond the iron gate to the two Sarcophagi

of George and Martha Washington, side by side; you will surely yield yourself to the influence of this wonderful man as you have never done before.

From Washington they went to Daytona, Florida. Two weeks on the shore of the Atlantic Ocean, at beautiful Daytona Beach—no wonder this is chosen for winter automobile racing, forty miles long, ninety feet wide, while smooth, hard and clean. Here it was summer-time in January—at least it was to a Northerner—and the cool breezes from the ocean were refreshing. Palm trees and live oaks bordered the streets and streams, and the graceful gray, tropical moss hung in long festoons from branch to branch, yellow jasmine in full bloom trailed over many a veranda, and roses and oleanders were beginning to bloom.

Then followed a week in the lake region of the interior, at Eustis, a town of two or three thousand people, many of them winter residents from the North. This is the land of singing birds, especially mocking-birds, whose song is very beautiful and can be heard all day long. It is the land of orange-groves and other tropical fruits; and roses and japonicas bloom in many a yard. Several fine fish in Eustis Lake yielded to the enticement of Dr. Bruske's hook, and strawberries were eaten fresh from the vines. This lake is the source of the Ocklawaha River, the romantic stream

in the South. One of the interesting experiences at Eustis was a 26 mile trip up the Swannanoa River and into the Halifax River—the former a fresh water stream which feeds the Halifax River, a salty divide between Daytona and Daytona Beach. The party went upstream in the afternoon expecting to return before nightfall, but was stranded on a shallow bar, where the water was only two feet deep, and obliged to spend the night there. However, the launch was well furnished and they spent a comfortable night. The Swannanoa furnishes one of the most picturesque water trips in the South, a quarter of a mile wide, and bordered on either sides with tall palms and evergreens, spreading to huge size and almost meeting overhead. The characteristic Florida moss hangs from all the trees and trails, in long festoons, almost to the water's edge. Alligators are usually seen here, 20 or 30 in a day, swimming with their

noses in the sun, or basking on a log, but the day was chilly and the Dr. and his wife did not see a single one. Pine trees are numerous, and many negroes are employed in the turpentine industry; but as a class the darkey is typically idle. He is the happiest creature in the world, laughing and whistling continually, going about without shoes, an old cap or straw hat on the side of his head, and not a serious thought from morn till night. They do little or no work; it is not necessary for them to work to live. They have their little weather-beaten shacks, wear few clothes, fish considerably and have to burn no fuel in order to keep them warm at night.

The trip from Eustis to Jacksonville by way of Sanford and the beautiful, meandering St. Johns River, and then home thru the grand mountains of North Carolina, "the land of the sky", completed a trip that was rich in enjoyment and profit.

The College Woman's Relation to Society

It is to be trusted that there is not a girl in college, at least in Alma College, who has not her ideals of her own usefulness in the years to come. If it were not for these, why is she in college? Girls, in general, do not come to college of their own free will, excepting as they wish to prepare themselves to enter the great world and combat

with the many problems of the day. This then may be the purpose, and a very lofty one it is, of the girl entering an institution of higher learning. She enters a veritable training school, as college life develops a many-sided, broad-minded, versatile woman. The graduate is not a book-worm, but a warm-hearted girl, deeply feeling her responsibility in

the world. It is in college that the girl learns how best to plan her day's work, and how to accomplish the best and the most; it is here that the impetus is gained to perform so many and varying duties. The book knowledge gained at the end of a semester when examinations are to take place is not that which is to count in the days to come, but it is the general ability to accomplish any task. The college girl has learned to do because she has studied to know. The ideal graduate is the three-fold developed woman. With a well-trained and controlled body, an understanding mind, the quiet sympathy that proceeds from spiritual life, is needed to make her a well-rounded woman.

Perhaps the best way to understand our advantages in college would be to know the many duties that fall upon the college woman. First, it is to be expected that every college-bred woman, as such, will be actively interested in all educational problems. She shows this in her relation to the schools, perhaps as a teacher, perhaps as the mother of pupils. In either case her influence is illimitable. We see such women as Miss Jane Adams solving great educational as well as social questions. Her work as head of the Hull House of Chicago seeks to educate and so uplift all humanity, from the infant to the aged man of the slums. Such a woman is looked upon as the elect of God, but God also has plans for every girl, whether she seeks His will or not.

Another place the college woman is expected to assist is in the church. She shall be chosen to lead Devotional meetings, give talks in Missionary societies, address the Women's Aid, conduct the Junior Leagues, and of course teach a Sunday School class. These form only a part of the many things she shall be called upon to do. It is not necessary to mention here that from all the news of "stunt parties" that travel home, she shall be called upon to "get up" many church entertainments. She is really quite criticised if not able to do all these diverse things. But the true college girl is ready for all these emergencies, for was she not on Devotional, Rooms or Conference committees of the Young Women's Christian Association at college.

A real live college woman supplants the village witch of the olden days. She is expected to answer all questions and to know how to do all things. She must be, in a word, a leader. It does not seem possible to conceive of a true college girl going home and doing nothing to count. This does not mean that her name shall go down in the annals of time, but that she shall do some helpful work in this great needy world. After at least four years of absence many girls are called upon to remain in their own home towns to be a help to their parents. This is often the best opportunity for a girl to show what her college life has done for her. The work in her Literary Society at

college gives her the ability and training to be one of the literary lights of the "Art Club," or the "Women's Club." The subject may be new to her, but, how well she ought to be able to master the situation and so prove worthy of her Alma Mater.

In considering the college woman in her relation to society, the question naturally arises, are the students of today preparing themselves for the work which shall be expected of them. Are they shirking Society work, or refusing to take part in the Young Women's Christian Association, or are they studying their lesson simply for the day's recitation? If they are failing in any one of these great opportunities which are held out to them, let them start anew and accept the advantages and so train themselves to become leaders, the trained few. According to the statistics two per cent of the people of America are college graduates. It may be pre-

suming to roughly say that one-half per cent are women. This surely should deepen the student's responsibility and cause her to anxiously await her future usefulness in the world.

The reward of good sympathetic work, the entirely giving of one's life over to others, is more than could be estimated, "For unto every one that hath shall be given." Life, Nature and Art have all unfolded unlimited pleasures to her who has successfully enjoyed a college course. The true womanly woman who has received such a training has been given much, and consequently a great deal may be expected from her.

her.

Let the college student grow strong and develop her talents here, that at the end of her useful life she may hear those welcome words, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

A Bowman and a Harper
 Started out one Friday night,
 As soon as they had gone
 They then began to fight.
 The result of this battle
 Is not for me to relate;
 But it's perfectly plain
 Why he came back alone—so late.



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EDITORIAL STAFF.

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William Winton, '04.Alumni Editor
Robert Craig, Jr., '08.Bus. Manager
Louis Anderson, '10..Sub. Manager

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Mayme Hayes, Senior.
George Horst, Junior.
Hazel Fraser, Sophomore
Charles McComb, Freshman.

PROF. JAMES MITCHELL, Chairman
Board of Control.

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

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MAY, 1907.

THE ALPHA THETA NUMBER.

We take great pleasure in making
this number of the *Almanian* an
Alpha Theta number. As the only

ladies' society in the college its his-
tory has been closely interwoven
with that of the college. We be-
lieve this May issue shows excep-
tional ability, and is the best num-
ber published this year. All the lit-
erary material is furnished by the
society. We especially call your at-
tention to the articles by Miss Gel-
son and Miss Inglis, teachers known
and loved by all old Alma students.
The merit shown by this issue leads
us to inquire why the ladies' organ-
izations do not offer annual "pub-
lics" as do the men's societies?
Such an innovation would be wel-
come.

ALMANIAN INFLUENCE.

Something was said in our last
issue as to the purpose of a college
magazine. We do not hold that
the *Almanian's* purpose has been
achieved fully. It is still in a state
of evolution both as to form and
organization. We predict many
changes for future betterment.
What should be its influence? That
of an organ representative of all
worthy phases of college life; of an
organ offering its columns to the
discussion of student problems; of a
creator of higher Alma ideals; of a
stimulator of Alma spirit, that spirit
of broad culture and brotherhood,
of enthusiasm and success. In
short, the *Almanian* must influence
its subscribers and readers to be-
lieve in and work for Alma, if it
would succeed itself. We bespeak
your interest in our efforts to recre-

ate Almanian influence. We hope for an Almanian for 1907-8 stronger and better than ever before. Begin to help us at once. How? By paying that subscription now.

ORATIONS.

Fourth is the highest place Alma has held in the Intercollegiate Oratorical Contests. M. Geo. D. Sutton won this for us last year by dint of hard and faithful work, despite the fact that we had no chair of oratory here.. We must be among the three highest colleges next year. Is your oration for next year's local contest finished? If not, start at it. The contest comes early in the year, and next fall you cannot hope to begin writing an oration and win out with three months'

preparation. Write it now.

WE SUGGEST.

The Editor-in-Chief has plenty to do without looking for Class and Society notes. We have seven literary societies, each one of which has an Editor and the privilege of publishing notes in the Almanian. But neither Class nor Society editors attend to their business unless vigorously urged. At the next Almanian election why not elect, or make provision for appointing, an Editor who will oversee the work of these eleven or more people? That will leave the Editor-in-Chief free to attend to more important matters of administration.. It is a needed reform and will improve the Almanian.

AROUND THE CAMPUS.

The Stunt Party.

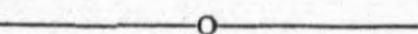
The annual Bible class stunt party, one of our cherished functions, given by the various group classes in the college, occurred Saturday evening, April 6th, at Wright Hall. The program was full of interest, somewhat painful interest, it is true, on the part of the faculty members present who little realized how they had been studied all the year for this special occasion. The different stunts were full of life and humor, burlesquing every side of college activity, from an "A. A.

Wreck" at Wright Hall, to the Almaroons and other vocal gymnasts. Some of the impersonations were a bit brutal, but effective, and the party attests well the thorough organization of the Christian Associations' Bible study committees.

A Patriarch.

J. L. McBride, '04, former Almanian editor, three times All Michigan full-back, baseball pitcher,, and one of the most popular and influential men who have ever graduated from Alma, was ordained in the College

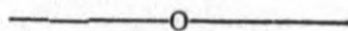
Church, Thursday evening, April 11th. The ordination sermon was given by Rev. Fraser of Alpena, the charge by the Rev. Wm. E. Corey of Midland, Moderator of Saginaw Presbytery, and the ordination prayer by Pres. Bruske.. Mr. McBride is one of the college "patriarchs", having spent five years here enrolling in the Academy in '97. He is still well-known on the Campus, appearing on Davis Field at the opening of the foot-ball season to inspire the squad by his presence. He will be the pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church of Duluth, Minnesota.



That Morning Walk.

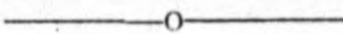
Alma is still a little place, small enough to be social and jolly. Indeed, the social life is one of Alma's finest points, due of course to the fact that the school is small enough to seem like a large family. Never have privileges been freer than this year, never has social life been more full of enjoyment, but the time is coming when Alma will cease to be small and when restrictions will be closer and closer drawn. Social life will lose some of its present charm then, and we view our growth almost with a tinge of regret. Let us enjoy our college while we may. Does the "average" student realize that before breakfast is the best time in all the day for canoe trips and morning walks, especially walks? They should be taken alone, that the peace and strength

of the morning sun may sink deep into the soul. But should you see a co-ed waiting by the dam-bridge, —well, use your judgement. However, memory has it that the Dean was seen one morning enjoying a little lonely stroll.



Who?

Who cleans the walks in winter? Who trims the lawns in the spring? Who rings the rising bell? Who rings the bells for breakfast, lunch and dinner? Who strikes the welcome first gong which announces the class hour's end? Who tells you the time? Who tells you where to find a Prof. when no one else knows? Who sweeps the floors? Who picks up the Chapel Hymn-books? Who takes an interest in you? Who goes out on Davis Field to watch the practice and the games?? Who sits up late Monday night waiting for the literary societies to dismiss? Who does a hundred other things that must be done and no one appreciates? Who is the best Janitor Alma ever had? Why, "Bob," of course.



The Tent on the Beach.

Heroism is never fully appreciated. Boys trudge to school through winter snows with chilblains on each toe, and then work desperately to win a College education, boarding themselves, tending furnaces, answering phones, and other unheard of tasks, while the World goes by, nose in air, never heeding.

The World should turn its eyes across to the south bank of the Pine, and gaze at the little white encampment where reside Messrs. Hogg, Bartholomew, and Garrison, studying, writing poetry, and economizing on board-bills and room rent. Nothing braver has been done since a certain youth swiped two apples from a table in Wright Hall dining room for the Goddess i. e. the Goddess Diana of the Chase.

o

On Davis Field.

The cinder track and the straight away are in good condition now, and the track men are working with much zeal. Slayton and Angell are the most promising candidates for the mile run, while Frank McComb is hard at work lowering the College record for the hundred yard dash. We expect he will endanger the Intercollegiate record before the year is done. McCollum, with the discus, has broken the record in practice for that event and we pick him as a winner at the meet in June. Helmer is showing up strongly in the shot-put, and the other events are showing a decided impetus under Coach Harper's direction. No such interest in track work has been shown here before, nor have our chances for success in the Intercollegiate ever been so promising.

Tennis practice is in full swing. Sharp and Marchmont, as usual, show up well for the men's doubles. With their experience and the benefit of our fine courts, they will undoubtedly make good this year. A basket-ball ground has been laid out near the tennis courts, for the women's use, Miss Bowman, the women's physical director, has shown great ability this year and is doing much for that branch of our athletics.

It is not thought advisable to make any detailed account of the base-ball games until the next issue, when they will be written up in their entirety. "Home-run Hal's" four base hit in the first inning of the first game of the season, in which Alma won from the fast Normal-Indian team, started the wave of base-ball enthusiasm which is growing greater as the season advances. We can make no mention of individual players' work, for the team work is what is winning victories for us. "Step-ladder" Hill, Capt. Campbell, and "Sandy" Duncan, in the pitcher's box, have endeared themselves to the fans because of the prominence of their positions and the picturesqueness of their vocabulary, but it is the team as a team that does the work.

ALUMNI.

As the College Year closes we trust the movement to bring back a large number of Alumni and former students at Commencement may

gain added force. Talk about it. Speak about it in your letters. We can have a great "turn-out" if we want it strong enough. 1887-1907, 20 years the Anniversary date. Give Commencement the preference above every other engagement.

L. S. Brooks '96, was recently elected as one of the Principal Commissioners to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church. This honor was conferred by the Detroit Presbytery of which Mr. Brooke is a member.

Maurice Grigsby '98, has been installed as pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Paw Paw, Mich.

J. L. McBride '04, was ordained at Alma, Michigan, at the Spring meeting of the Presbytery and has accepted the Call of the Second Presbyterian Church, at Duluth, Minnesota.

J. W. Dunning of the same class is soon to be installed as pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Tecumseh, Mich.

J. Norman King '05, and Princeton Seminary '09, will act as Assistant Pastor of the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church at Washington, D. C., during the summer months, the Assistant Pastor having resigned and his permanent successor not having yet been chosen. Mr. King will have charge of two Chapels, two prayer services and one preaching service each week. Dr. Wallace Radcliffe, formerly of Detroit, is the Pastor of the church.

Chas. Pringle Ex-'04, is among

the successful number who are making Seattle, Washington, their headquarters.

Frank Grove Ex-'03, is mining engineer and chemist at Elvins, Mo.

Dr. C. E. Long '03, is successor to the large practice of Dr. H. B. Morse of Elk Rapids, Mich. Dr. Long gave up a growing practice in Detroit to succeed Dr. Morse.

Wallac Webber '03, for some time Assistant Cashier of the Commercial State Bank at Ithaca, Mich, has accepted the position of "Head Bookkeeper" for the National Wood enware Company of the same place.

THE COURSE OF EVENTS.

Every month we print something about everyone. If you are neglected it is your own fault. Speak about it

Mr. King of Alma, and Mr. Merrill of Saginaw, have each presented the College with \$500 scholarships. More scholarships are in sight.

Has Miss Bowman organized a Kross Kountry Klub? Where is it?

A Miss Zella Irene Davis spent a week, the middle of last month, at Wright Hall for investigation and—experiment.

Miss Katherine Bates entertained three friends at the Hall in April.

Herman N. Morse visited in East Tawas, April 4 and 5.

P. Allured enjoyed a Sunday at his home in Evart, April 7th. Did he miss the train at Cheboygan, on the Almaroon tour? Nearly.

Francis Cobb was called home by

the death of a school-mate April 4.

Walter K. Ardis Ex-'05, freshman law at U. of M., spent part of his spring vacation at the College.

Miss Dora Alexander's sister visited her at the College during the Ypsilanti vacation.

Miss Arley Kelley '10, left college April 12th to accept a position at Harbor Springs. The Freshmen gave a dinner in her honor at Myers' the evening before she left.

Henry Lathers '10, was called home by his mother's illness, April 12th.

Miss Kelley and Lathers rode on the same train. The Freshmen bade them good-bye. Who threw the rice?

Herman N. Morse '08, preached at Brooklyn, Mich., for C. W. Sidebotham '01. A. R. Moon, '09, supplied Morse's charge at Tustin.

Capt. Campbell '10, is a waiter at the Arcada. He isn't so slow about throwing to second though.

Dr. Bruske attended the Peace Congress in New York. On his return he said he caught no fish.

Miss Landes, State Student Secretary of Y. W. C. A., passed the greater part of a week at the college addressing the Y. W. C. A. at different times and conferring with committees. Her final address was given Sunday afternoon in the Y. W. C. A. room, April 20th.

Field Secretary S. P. Todd visited Alma April 17th.

The waif of an organ that disappeared from the Wright Hall din-

ing room has returned after two years absence unimproved, and holds forth every evening at prayers after dinner.

Robt. Craig '08, taught for a week in April at the high school.

Miss Eleanora Bushnell, the former teacher of instrumental music in the College, whose mother died recently, was in Alma April 19th.

Rev. B. S. Bates '98, of Chicago, was in Alma April 19th.

C. Pauline Smith and John Campbell generally furnish the entertainment for the first year German (durch die Thur, ja!) but Hal helps out on occasions.

A senior in Wright Hall fell down the elevator shaft April 20th. Such was her presence of mind, however, that she bethought herself to pull the right rope to such good effect that the elevator rose and met her half way. The elevator was not harmed.

Graves '10, and Inglis, Academy, are applying for Carnegie Hero medals.

We are too considerate to give the names of the eight Commercial students who were given a week's rest in April.

Tomes '10, and Henderson, Academy, are wrestling with a sail boat in addition to their strenuous tasks as home missionaries.

Chas. McComb '10, went to Cadillac on business, April 26th.

Herman N. Morse preached at Traverse City April 27th.

Miss Katherine Bates, Commer-

cial, accepted a position with the Alma Mfg. Co. in April.

Paul Allured and his table breakfasted up the river Saturday April 20th.

A base-ball mass meeting was held with great enthusiasm, prior to winning the first game of the year,

April 19th, in the College Chapel.

Miss Bowman's table went up the river for breakfast, Saturday, April 27th.

Pres. Marshall and Ex-Pres. Allured of the Y. M. C. A., attended the Association Presidents' Convention at Olivet, April 27-28.

CLASS AND SOCIETY.

PHI PHI ALPHA.

The special committee on program for the first semester of next year has been diligently at work for some time and has finally completed its work. The program will be especially strong, covering not only orations, essays, prepared and impromptu debates, reports, impromptu speeches, and reviews, but also a short play and several special double productions. The work has been planned thoroughly, and there will not be a man in the Phi Phi Alpha next year who will not get the best training possible.

Some of our men are already collecting ideas for it.

We are glad to announce that another freshman, Mr. John St. Cyre, has joined our ranks. Mr. St. Cyre began his work in Alma as a Commercial student, but by the beginning of the second semester he had been thoroughly impressed with the real worth of Alma College to desire to take college work.

The society public has been postponed until May 20th, on account

of the absence from college of one of our members who was to have taken a leading part. Mr. Lathers was called home because of the sickness of his mother, but we trust that he will be back in the near future. During his absence he is engaged as a teacher in a school near his home.

ALPHA TAU ALPHA.

On the 2nd of April, 1907, the following officers for the new Academy Literary Society were elected. The meeting to be held on the first and third Tuesdays of each month.

President—Stephen B. Hill.

Vice-Pres.—Lester Von-hurn.

Secretary—Will Ewing.

Treasurer—Robt. H. Cook.

Serg.-at-Arms—Allen Hooper.

Almanian Rep.—Foster Fraker.

Tuesday evening, April 16th, the first regular meeting of the Alpha Tan Alpha was held. A short program was given and the reports of the committee on organization, the writing of a constitution, choosing of a name, etc., were heard.

PHILOMATHEAN.

The members of the Philomathean Society were entertained on the evening of Feb. 18th, by the Alpha Theta girls in their society rooms. The entertainment took the form of a mock wedding. The guests assembled in costumes suitable to the occasion. After the ceremony a reception was held for the bride and groom during which refreshments were served. Everybody had a delightful time and about ten o'clock all repaired to their respective homes..

On the evening of Feb. 25th, the society gave a spread in honor of their President. Refreshments were served and a musical program was offered, and a very pleasant evening was spent by all.

COMMERCIAL NOTES.

The following students registered for commercial work at the beginning of the spring term: Mr. Emil Nordstrom, East Tawas, and Mr. Waldo Royce, Owosso. This makes a total of fifty students enrolled in the Commercial School this school year, making the largest attendance in the history of the institution.

Advertising and business punctuation are among the new studies in this year's curriculum. Next year Commercial Geography, History of Commerce, and Rapid Calculation will be added, making the courses of study by far the most complete of any school in the state.

A new bulletin board has been

added to the equipment of the Commercial school, the gift of Prof. Steinhaeuser.

The Commercial have purchased class pins.

The Commercial had their picture taken. They make a very fine set.

Mr. Geo. Middlemis has been elected President of the Commercial class in place of Mr. Blaine Strong, resigned.

Mr. C. N. Haist, of Kilmanagh, has completed his course, and is working for his father.

Miss Katherine Hall, of Bay City, has obtained a position with a firm of lawyers in that city to act as stenographer.

The following students were successful in winning pocket dictionaries for correctly spelling three hundred words: Mrs. Clara Bennett, Twining, Miss Bessie Holmes, Alma, and Mr. C. N. Haist, Kilmanagh. The contest created considerable interest.

Prof. Steinhaeuser, Principal of the Commercial School, has introduced a very important feature into the curriculum of the institution in the nature of a series of practical, pertinent talks, to be delivered by a number of leading business and professional men in this city. This is another of the many new features in this year's course, and places the school in the front ranks of commercial training schools in the state.

The course includes talks on Business Ethics, Successes and Failures

in Business, Business and Social Etiquette, Moral Science, Methods of Doing Business, etc. The following program has been arranged:

April 5—Dr. N. F. McClinton, Physician.

April 12—Rev. R. Elder, Pastor, Baptist Church.

April 19—Mr. L. A. Sharp.

April 26—Rev. A. J. Funnell, Pastor Presbyterian Church.

May 3—Mr. Wm. J. McVicker, Mechanical Supt., Alma Mfg. Co.

May 10—Prof. F. E. Ellsworth, Supt. of Schools.

May 17—Mr. Geo. Sharrar, Druggist.

May 24—J. G. Kress, Esq., Attorney-at-Law.

May 31—Mr. Carris Brown, Editor Alma Journal.—

June 7—Hon. J. W. Holmes, ex-state representative.

Handsome penmanship certificates have been awarded to Mr. C. N. Haist, Kilmanagh, and Mr. J. Julio Morales, Naranjito, Porto Rico.

The Commercials held their first annual banquet at the Alma Springs

Sanitarium on Wednesday evening, March 20th. Mr. John F. St. Cyr, President of the Sigma Phi Literary Society, acted as toast-master. There were forty young people present. The following toasts were delivered:

“Our First Banquet” by Mr. Claude Watson.

“Our Guests,” by Mr. Chas. Ferguson.

“Sigma Phi,” by Mr. Roy Robertson.

“A Ray of Sunshine,” by Prof. W. P. Steinhäuser, Principal of the Commercial School.

“A Few Remarks,” by Rev. R. Elder, Pastor, Baptist Church.

For the first time in its history, the Commercial School has a literary organization, which, though now in its infancy, promises to be as big a factor in literary lines as the other societies.

The banquet was the first of its kind ever given by students in that school, and will be the social feature of the coming year.

Just a Few Good Things.

“HASH!” OR THE STUDENT'S DREAM.

Barthog.

He laid him down on his little bed
And pulled the blankets over his head,
Sighed a sigh, and then he said,
“Oh, such a dinner!”

There were pickles and pies and endless
trains

Of dishes with unpronounceable names,
Sure to produce diabolical pains
Within a poor sinner.

And, after the dinner, then mirth and
laughter
Since wit and humor played all the
faster;

But now he thinks of the morning after,
And lesons unlearned.

He dreams—not a dream of the gentler
kind—
But a dream, surely sent to his lady-
filled mind
To show that lesosns come only by
grind,
Through his sleep burned.

THE DREAM.

See the world overturned in the midst
of his slumbers;
Irregular verbs playing tag in great
numbers,
Two-legged trapezoids stabbing for
peanuts,
A prurient polygon—see how in he
butts—
Political science invitingly sweet
Quietly sitting at Cicero's feet,
And there by her side with sad
countenance
Four silent oysters in corduroy pants,
Shakespeare shaking his spear in alarm,
A palsied parabola under his arm,
In the distance was seen and quickly
appeared
Xenophon's Anabasis chewing his beard,
Ethics and Livy with a sad pedagogue
Poking their pins at a musical frog.
When logic concluded to get off the
premises
Biology turned up its fossil extremities.
Schubert and Mozart with harmonious
howl
Stopped up their ears when a low
algebraical growl
Of potatoes au gratin and pois Julienne
Was heard like the sound of the great
Has-Been.
So this student continued throughout
that long night
To dream (the result of his large
appetite).
And at last in his frenzy this student
astute
Tried to extract a Greek verb by the
root.
So grasping it tight by its personal
ending,
He tugged and he strained, all his
energies spending,
'Till he thought he had got it, but such
thoughts were rash,
And his hopes metamorphosed to
classical hash.
For that verbstem was faithless and
faithlessly broke
And in his despair he awoke—well, he
awoke!

BRIGHT SAYINGS OF SWIPES.

McCollum—Say, fellows, I've gotten to
the end of my rope. Cass and I had
all kinds of girls for the last couple
of years, but I can't get a one now.
MacDonald—My girl looks awfully
sweet when she blushes.
Helmer—Got a peach of a letter from
Clinton last night, five pages long and
written on both sides.
Moon—I don't want it to look as if I'm
trying to show my authority, fellows,
but hereafter ———
Sutton—Say, if you write anything about
me in the swipe notes don't say any-
thing about my going with a down-
town girl. It might knock me.
Craig—I'm the only fellow on the waiter
force who parts his hair in the middle.
Swipe Nick Names—
Moon—Moonface.
Marshall—Egg-beater.
McComb—Poop! Pooh!
Sutton—Thumb.
Craig—Humpy.
Horst—Sparrow.
MacDonald—Scotty.
McCollum—Shorty.
Remarks—
Craig no longer has the blues; gets
the brown now.
Moon has the same disease.
Helmer ought to quit buttin in.
McCollum winks at Miss T——s oc-
casionally. Wonder if he has a
stand in.
Marshall thinks the fellows ought to
quit punning about his legs.
Poop, Pooh is always ready to give a
philosophical discussion of the
Thaw case.
Sutton says that he is not the kid he
was when he came here.
Scotty, everybody is wondering why
you stayed in Alma spring vacation.
Helmer and Marshall have each bet a
new hat that they will be marreid
first. Help them along, fellows.
Swipe Advice to Students and Others—
Don't lop on the table; you are in our
way.
Don't sit on the edge of your chair;
it is difficult then to reach your
plate.
Don't drink the milk in the pitchers;
it belongs to the swipes.
Don't pass bread plates to the waiter;
he is watching them.
Eat your dinner first and tell your
stories while eating your desert.

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Alma, - Michigan.

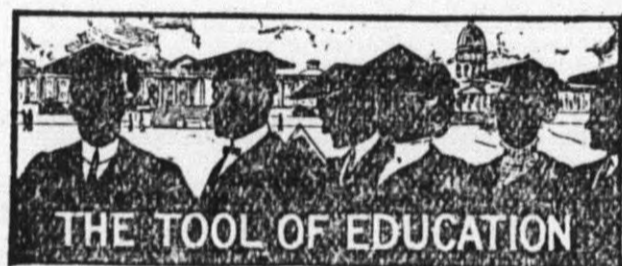
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