



...The...  
**Weekly Almanian**  
 A STUDENT PUBLICATION

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Ever since the Mt. Pleasant game everyone has been talking about the punk spirit displayed by the Maroon and Cream backers. We are all perfectly willing to admit that the Normal town enthusiasts had the edge on us in yelling, and we are all desirous of showing our basket-ball men that we are still back of them regardless of our poor showing in the above mentioned game. Our chance comes Saturday evening when the locals tackle the Kalamazoo Normals on the local floor. This will give us a chance to prove to the basket tossers that we were a trifle off edge last time. Try and get crowded in on the north side of the gym Saturday so that Stockel will have a better chance to stir up a little pep. Everybody out Saturday night.

Will not those of you who have not paid your subscription to the Almanian give it your immediate attention. We cannot go along without paying our bills, which we will have to do unless a few of you get busy and settle up. Please try and see McIntyre before the next issue.

If at any time you are not exactly pleased with an article in the Almanian, and wish to make a complaint concerning it, or to find out who wrote it, see either of the two managing editors.

Anyone having suggestions or criticisms to make concerning affairs on the campus are at liberty to write open letters to the Almanian for publication. In fact we would like to see the students take more interest in things about the college.

What would you think of a fellow that would tell freshmen not to pay for their Almanian because this particular knocker had taken it for several years without paying a cent? What a fine boast to make—for we assume that it could be nothing else but a boast. And too, it is such fine spirit, don't you think so? We have known for some time that there are fellows in school who haven't paid up for years, but we never thought for a minute that they would "crow" about it and try to recruit new members to their dead beat organization from the freshman class. Did men like that ever do anything for Alma College?

The local women's oratorical contest held in the chapel last Friday evening was the best an Alma audience has ever had the pleasure of listening to. Both orations were exceptional in composition as well as thought, and were delivered in such a masterful style as to call for the highest praise possible to the contestants and their coach. Those who heard the orations delivered Friday evening believe that either would take a higher place in the State Contest than has ever been gained by Alma's representatives. We are sure that with the support we are going to give our orators March 5th, that Miss Jessie Duncanson will be awarded first place.

Once again the fellows are having an epidemic of poisoned arms and knees. What is the cause? That is what everyone is asking. The general impression among the boys in Pioneer Hall is that they are caused from dust getting in cuts received in the college gymnasium. This may not be the reason, but certainly everything points toward that as the cause. When nearly every day some student has to stay away from classes because of abscesses on the knee and arms, then it is getting high time that this thing should be investigated. Who knows but what some of these cases might result disastrously.

There is one man in Pioneer hall who is deserving of much credit for the attention he is giving to the fellows suffering from abscesses. The man is Alfred Papworth. He has given more time than he has really had to spare in looking after the invalids. "Pap" has brought all his patients around in fine shape and is deserving of the thanks of everyone in school for his splendid work. Men like Papworth are not found in every college community.

At Hope College there are sixty men trying out for the teams to debate with Alma and Olivet in the triangular debating league. How many are we going to have out for debates, or rather how many have we

out for our debating teams this year? We cannot answer that question at the present time, as all the men have not yet handed in their names to Prof. Ritchie, but we do know that unless more life is shown in the next few days than now exists Alma will not have anywhere near the number that our sister college has. What is lacking? Surely you must realize that there is just as much and probably more honor in winning a debating letter as there is in winning an "A" in any branch of athletics. Think what it will mean to you in later years to be able to stand before an audience and talk without becoming fussed. Why not have some of the girls try out? There is nothing to prevent the young ladies from being on the teams. Are you doing the fair thing to yourself, to your society and your college by not getting out for debates? Let's have sixty-five out for debates. We must beat Olivet and Hope.

Remember that the Lemon Number must be the biggest lemon of the year.

**PROF. RITCHIE DELIVERS OPENING ADDRESS.**

(Continued from page 1.)  
 our country, due to the neglect of Bible reading. This condition is a grave menace to the literature of America."—Pres. Remsen.

"The English Bible, a fountain of English literature is practically stricken from the reading of the American people. I contend that we are not only on the point of impoverishing life and literature by the neglect of Bible reading, but we have done so already. It is a present condition, not a future problem. My own feeling is that what has come to pass can only be described by one word—shameful."—Pres. Butler, Columbia University.

"The Bible is the one book that no intelligent person, who wishes to come into the world of thought and to share the ideas of the great minds of the Christian era, can afford to be ignorant of. All modern literature and art are permeated with it. There is scarcely a great work in the language that can be fully understood and enjoyed without this knowledge, so full is it with allusions and illustrations from the Bible. A boy or girl at college in the presence of the works set for either to master, without a fair knowledge of the Bible, is an "ignoramus," and is disadvantaged accordingly. The Bible has so entered into the whole modern life of the Christian world that ignorance of it is a most serious disadvantage to the student."—Chas. D. Warner.

Turning to the last division of his discourse, Professor Ritchie spoke of the evidences and data regarding Tennyson's use of the Bible. He pointed out how the poet was indebted to the Bible for its formative influence upon his mind; for the creation of a moral atmosphere; and for literary material, i. e., allusions, illustrations, and quotations. We publish, as an item of interest, the following partial tabulation of the scriptural references found in his poetry: In Genesis there are 61 references, Ex. 25, Lev. 5, Num. 4, Deut. 4, Josh. 4, Judges 12, Ruth 1, I Sam. 7, I Kings 12, II Kings 5, I Chron. 1, II Chron. 3, Neh. 1, Esther 3, Job 9, Eccl. 7, Ps. 44, Prov. 8, Isa. 25, Ezech. 1, Dan. 9, Joel 3, Amos 1, Jonah 3, Micah 2, Hab. 2, Zech. 2, Mal. 3. This tabulation shows that two hundred and seventy-seven references have been drawn from thirty-one of the thirty-nine books of the Old Testament. In the New Testament a similar tabulation has been made. References from Matthew 110, Mark 7, Luke 42, John 33, Acts 18, Rom. 19, I Cor. 27, II Cor. 10, Gal. 10, Eph. 4, Phil. 4, Col. 4, I Thess. 5, II Thess. 1, I Tim. 4, II Tim. 5, Heb. 7, Jas. 7, I Pet. 6, II Pet. 1, 1, 2 and 3 John 10, Rev. 43. Here we have three hundred and seventy-seven references drawn from twenty-two of the twenty-five books. Here, then, from the entire Bible, so far as a partial tabulation shows, Tennyson drew six hundred and fifty-four references from fifty-three out of sixty-six books of the Bible. A little different tabulation reveals the fact that 358 references are historical,—a total of 55 percent; 124 doctrinal or 19 percent; 113 prophetic or 17 percent; 44 lyrical or 7 percent; 15 wisdomical or 2 percent.

In closing illustrative readings were given to show the almost exact quotations in Tennyson. First reading John II and 12:3; then II Sam. 21.8-10; then I John 3:2 and I Cor. 13:12—he turned to Tennyson reading, "In Memoriam," page 250; "Rizpah," page 492; and "Crossing the Bar," page 869.

With Professor Ritchie's poise, personality, and delivery, the address may well go down in history as one of the most instructive discourses Alma College students and friends have ever listened to.

[This article should have appeared in the issue of Jan. 12th, 1915, but thru the neglect to secure the necessary material for the write-up, it appears one week late. We wish to apologize to Professor Ritchie, and all friends of the College.—Editors.]

**LOCAL ITEMS**

Frank Hurst of Detroit visited with friends on the campus a few days last week.

John Ludwig was confined to his room for several days with a poisoned arm.

Rosalie Netzorg was a campus visitor last Thursday. Miss Netzorg will resume her music work here at the beginning of the second semester.

Saturday evening the Kalamazoo Normal basket-ball team will be met in the high school gymnasium in what promises to be one of the hardest games of the season. Kalamazoo has always been represented with one of the best teams in the state, and this year's team is no exception. We will need every student in college out Saturday night. Don't forget.

Allen French, a student here last year, visited with friends around the college over the week end.

Don't forget to see Arthur McIntyre, and settle for your Almanian at once. The price is now \$1.25.

John Ludwig and "Pat" Gaelock have moved from Pioneer hall to Mrs. Sullivan's residence on South State Street.

Mr. Arms was the guest of "Court" Wilson over the week end.

**Lemon Number February 9th.**

Rudolph Beyers took the leading part in a home talent play at Merrill last Tuesday evening.

Clifford Steggal has been chosen as Circulating Manager of the Almanian.

Errol Stafford is assisting Manager Anderson with his managerial duties. "Tickets" had charge of the Reserves on their trip to Mt. Pleasant.

Those who stayed away from the Oratorical contest Friday evening missed one of the best of its kind ever held here.

A large number of Pioneer hall residents attended the "Cat and the Fiddle" at Wright opera house Wednesday night.

Clarence Goodrich spent the week end in Mt. Pleasant.

Those to take the trip to Kalamazoo and Lansing were: Coach Bleamster, Manager Anderson, Captain Cook, Wood, Gallagher, Steggal, Marks, and Nesbit.

Clarence Goodrich officiated the Bay City Eastern-Saginaw High game at the former place Friday evening.

**We need that \$1.25 now.**

**BASKET BALL**

(Continued from page 1.)  
 lows: Marks and Gallagher, forwards; Captain Cook, center; Wood and Nesbit, guards.

Marks is getting to be quite a song composer.

While in Lansing Manager Anderson had the fellows up to his home for a short while in the afternoon. Oscar's father is state representative from his district, and is living in Lansing during the session of the state legislature.

**Reserves 21—Mt. Pleasant 19.**

The second team defeated the Mt. Pleasant Normal second team at the latter place Friday night 21 to 19. The game was a preliminary to the Normal-Bay City Times game. The locals had it on the Normalites at all stages of the game. The team work and basket shooting was exceptionally good. Gaffney and Richards featured the locals offensive play with four baskets each to their credit. Johnston, Hodge, Chapel and Schultz put up a great defensive game. The ability of the Normals to score from the foul line was all that kept them in the game.

The locals were managed by "Tickets" Stafford, and had as their coach Mark Spinney, who was unable to accompany the varsity on their trip because of ill health. We wish to congratulate the team, coach and manager.

Score:  
 Alma. Mt. P.  
 Chapel.....C..... Biddow  
 Richards.....R.F..... Lake  
 Gaffney.....L.F..... Farmer  
 Hodge.....R.G..... Smith  
 Johns'n, Schultz.....L.G..... Hinds

Baskets from field—Gaffney, 4; Richards, 4; Hodge, 1; Farmer, 2; Lake, 1; Hinds, 1.

Baskets from fouls—Gaffney, 1 in 4; Richards, 2 in 3; Lake, 11 in 15. Referee, Gillieo, Mt. Pleasant.

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College Pennants, Pillows, Blankets, Souvenirs, Post Cards, Leather Goods and Sheet Music

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this coming week  
**Races Thursday**  
Everybody come  
**Wyant's Rink**

**ECKERT'S MARKET**  
Best Meats at Lowest Prices

### LADIES' ORATORICAL CONTEST

(Continued from page 1.) which stands for justice, liberty, and peace, shall not be overshadowed with shame, but shall be unfurled anew over a united world whose banner is the emblem and whose King is The Prince of Peace."

Music was furnished by a mixed quartette composed of Bope Butler, tenor; Velma Gillmore, soprano; Lorna Woodruff, contralto; and Paul H. Austin, bass. Their two numbers were exceptionally well rendered and enjoyed by all.

Mr. H. C. Moore, Mr. A. F. Schultz, and Rev. J. F. Jackson acted as judges. We all have confidence that Jess will finish on top March 5th.

—C. R. R.

### AN ALUMNUS SUCCEEDS

A card has been received announcing the exercises held on January 7th and January 8th in celebration of the burning of the mortgage on the Beacon Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia. This is the church of which the Rev. George P. Horst, '08, is the splendidly successful pastor. Since he went to this church, about three years ago, he has increased the attendance from forty to six or seven hundred, and the celebration just held indicates that he has paid off a mortgage amounting to many thousands of dollars, which has been hanging over the church for unnumbered years. Despite several most flattering offers to go elsewhere, Mr. Horst clings by this church where he is so greatly beloved and where his success is so unusual.

We congratulate this Alma Alumnus on such marvelous achievement.

# ALUMNI NOTES

"WHO'S WHO AND WHY"

Robert Craig, '08, is now located at Eugene, Oregon, where he is a topographer in the employ of the United States Government. Craig was back in Michigan during the holidays visiting with his mother at Sault Ste Marie.

Frank B. McComb, '10, better known as "Fleety," because of the reputation he made in the state as a sprinter, is County Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. at Ashland, Kentucky. He has met with great success in this work, and is doing big things in that part of the state. Recently at a big meeting of Y. M. C. A. men held in one of the large cities in the south, a track meet was held in which many of the best former college sprinters of the country were entered as was our own "Fleety." No one had ever heard of McComb as a runner before the sprints were held, but after he won the dashes in easy fashion the south knew there was a small college located in "the northern wilds of Michigan" that turned out some mighty good athletes.

In speaking of great athletes, do any of the alumni know the man that broke the world's pole vault record at Leland Stanford last spring, going nearly thirteen feet. According to the Chicago Record Herald he was a former Alma (Michigan) College man. If we remember correctly he went by the name of Scott.

Robert Von Thurn, '11, is pastor of the Presbyterian churches at Coleraine and Bovey, Minnesota.

The following clippings taken from the Range Presbyterian give some idea of the field Von Thurn is working in: At present there are 60 members who are in actual attendance at the services, and about 25 more whose names are yet on the membership roll, but who are now in other localities. There are many attending the regular services of the church, and many more who support it faithfully, who are members of other Presbyterian churches in other parts of the country, but have not taken their letters from the home churches. This is another condition commonly met in the northwest.

Financially, the church is increasing in strength every year.

The Bovey Sunday school is growing steadily, not due entirely to the approach of the Christmas season, either. The work with the boys contributes to the increasing attendance. On December 13, 82 were present, filling the auditorium.

In looking back over the year we discover that up to the date of World's Temperance Sunday last year 55 of our pupils had signed the temperance pledge and 21 the anti-cigarette pledge. During the year eleven more have signed the temperance and 13 more the anti-cigarette pledge.

On Sunday, October 25, the Bovey Christian Endeavor Society held a rally service, and had an attendance of 40. Special efforts have been made to increase the membership and attendance at meetings with good results. During the winter months regular social meetings will be held. Two members were voted in at the rally service.

The lack of work in the range has made money quite scarce in this locality, but the Coleraine ladies' Christmas sale netted them \$70, in spite of half time for most of the men.

Rosalie Netzorg, Music, '13, has been in the Battle Creek Sanitarium because of tonsillitis. Miss Netzorg will enter school again next semester.

Pearl Huber, '11, is teaching at Council Bluffs, Iowa, this year. Her address is 122 Broadway.

George W. Bates, a student here in the early days of the college, is at present pastor of the First Baptist Church at Petoskey.

Edith Tennent, a graduate from the Kindergarten department in 1907, is attending the Bible Training School for Deaconesses in Tacoma, Washington. Her present address is 520 1st Ave. N.

The Almanian is in receipt of one of Rev. Scott's, '98, Chinese calling cards. It is the regular style used by the Chinese gentlemen. It is somewhat larger than our post cards, and is red—the color of rejoicing required by Chinese etiquette—bearing in black print the three characters Su Tsin Chen ("Scott Faithful Steward") a name given formally by the Chinese leaders to Mr. Scott.

Rev. Scott recently completed an International Sunday School Tour of the Middle West in which he visited four states, ten cities, attended 60

meetings, addressed 25,000 people, and pledged \$8,000. The trip took eleven days. The touring party was made up of six speakers. According to the report of the International Sunday School Association, "Mr. Scott's message on "The Challenge of China to America's Sunday Schools" thrilled his audiences everywhere, and has led to several requests for his return to spend no less than a week in a place.

This certainly is very complimentary to Scott.

John Marchmont and Elton Brock, Alma graduates, have the contract for furnishing forty thousand horses to the Allies for which they receive a very good price. They also have a contract with the Kaiser, which calls for several hundred dollars for every horse landed in Hamburg. As the Allies control the Atlantic at the present time it is practically impossible for them to get horses to Germany. Marchmont and Brock are located at 27 Cedar Street, New York City. The latter is practicing law, while the former is handling big tracts of timber land.

### ALPHA THETA

Monday evening Alpha Theta held its first meeting since the holidays. Lou Huber was installed as the new president for the winter term. Margaret Allen was inaugurated as vice-president; Esther Halverson, secretary; Pauline Markham, treasurer; Ethel Thompson, first critic; Marion Parsons, second critic; Anniware Coleman, corresponding secretary; Bernice Ireland, Almanian reporter; Lillian Des Jardens, sentinel, and Flora Hatch, guide. With this splendid set of officers, the work for the term promises to be most successful.

Roll call was responded to by a discussion of current events, and impromptu work on war-swept Belgium. Miss Pauline Markham, who did such excellent work in the recent Alpha Theta entertainment, rendered a vocal solo which was much enjoyed by all present. After a short business session, the meeting adjourned.

### HOW ABOUT IT, CHESTER?

A formal luncheon was given by the Misses Neva Johnson and Velma Ross in the east reception room at Wright Hall Saturday afternoon. The guests were not numerous, but very select. The ladies wore evening gowns, (even though it was afternoon), and the gentlemen wore full dress suits. The luncheon was served in sumptuous style, and with exquisite taste. We are informed, indirectly, that Chet Robinson took this means of announcing his engagement.

The Misses Frieda Volz, Olive Batie, Lorna Woodruff and Bernice Ireland "hiked" it to St. Louis Saturday.

### PRAYER SERVICE

The girls in Wright Hall are holding special prayer services every evening of this month in preparation for the week of prayer beginning the first of February. At nine-thirty they assemble in the reception room and pray together for a short time. The meetings are being very well attended, and are proving profitable to all. Let us hope the good work will continue.

### PERSONALS

Rosalie Nutzorg of Elsie, who was graduated from the Kindergarten Department in '13, was a visitor on the campus Thursday. It is said she came to arrange for vocal instruction at the college.

Margaret Yerkes and Louise Thayer spent the week-end in Wheeler.

The Faculty club met with Dr. and Mrs. Noinstein Monday evening. The program for the evening was conducted by Mrs. Blaisdell. Miss Robinson read the story of the opera Parsifal, accompanied by Miss Roberts on the piano.

Miss Blanche Healy spent the week-end at her home in Bad Axe.

Due to renewed care in fletcherizing there are no names on the sick list in Wright Hall this week.

### NO ALMANIAN FEB. 2

Because of examinations during the week starting January 25th, there will be no entertainments etc., and therefore nothing in particular for the Almanian to publish (of course we might publish a list of those who were unfortunate enough to get "plucked"). Because of this state of affairs there will be no issue of the Almanian on February 2nd.

### MUST KEEP NOTEBOOKS UP

Chester couldn't go walking Saturday afternoon for some reason or other.—News Item.

## BATHS

## CIGARS

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There is a new dry goods store at 112 Superior St. that caters to your every want. Dry goods hoisery, underwear, corsets, ribbons, laces, etc.

**SAY** If everybody bought where you do Would they buy at Gerhardt's too.

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LINEN COLLARS & CUFFS.  
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**VEESHAPÉ**  
FRONT 2 1/4 IN. BACK 2 IN.

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Excellent Candies, Low Prices; Cards, Perfumes and a Multitude of Economical, Dainty Gifts  
Come in! Welcome!  
**COLLEGE NOVELTY STORE**  
Opposite Presbyterian Church  
**Mrs. Florence Hatt, Prop.**

**A DAY WITH AN ALMA MAN IN CHINA**

The following article written by Rev. Charles Ernest Scott, '98, was taken from the Sunday School Times, and is the description of an exciting journey.

My country field is so fortunately situated along the new German railway that a trip that used to require several days of hard work to get into it from the north can now be reached from the south-east by train in a journey of a couple of hours. The Chinese swarm the third-class compartments, which are empty box-cars. In lieu of the benches each person carries his beitaio (bag) of blankets, which, rolled up, he uses for a car-seat, and, spread out, for a bed. Most passengers have nothing to do on this novel journey except to smoke and gossip. They welcome any diversion. Here is the opportunity for the itinerant missionary; and I usually start on this trip loaded with tracts for car-distribution. Rarely is one refused.

The car is packed with people,—like sardines in a box,—many squatting on the floor. The place reeks to heaven. Many, including women, are smoking cigarettes,—the abominable new foreign brand, designed especially for the Chinese trade, flavored with opium or a substitute.

Strange, unimaginable purchases are scattered all about, even hanging from the car-walls, among them several strings of old fish. The foreigner finds it difficult to understand the Chinese predilection for the venerable. Near me is a huckster, one part of his wares being pickled eggs, three years old. These, for eggs, are ancient, and, like Rhineland wine long cellared, are looked upon as a great delicacy. Amid such surroundings gospel seed was prayerfully dropped, some of it to fall on good ground.

After leaving the train, and on arrival at the inn, I found a shantsi available to take me three hours further on my journey. A shantsi is a Chinese "prairie schooner," minus box, wheels, and tongue, floor of rope corded coarsely, and top of straw matting stretched over a frame of bamboo splints; two long poles, fastened one each side of the body of the vehicle and stretching before and behind the body, made two pairs of thills, into each of which a mule was hitched—a strange tandem, since the vehicle was between the animals. I piled in on top of my bedding outfit; and, to the accompaniment of mulebells, the clatter of hoofs on the inn-yard stones, and the shouts and choice swear words of the driver, I was off, lumbering, jerking, pitching, pulling, at a three-mile-an-hour pace. I had heavy walking ahead for the afternoon, and was "saving up my blisters." This stretch of the road was stony and rough; and, all things considered, "the Shantung Pullman," despite its imitable motion of pepper-box, rocking-horse, washing-machine and churn-dasher combined, is the best adapted vehicle to get over this kind of road.

The strong point of this mode of iteration is the state of qui vive—never knowing what will happen—in which the traveler is kept. Sometimes the front mule slips and stumbles in a mud puddle, and you lunge out over his sore back. Sometimes the rear one falls, and as you keel backwards it is almost with force enough to stick your feet through the roof. Sometimes it were easy to imagine you were experiencing several kinds of seasickness all at once.

Noon ended this stage of the journey. In two hours by train I had gone nearly eight times as far, much more comfortably, and at less cost.

The harder part of the day was ahead—70 li to be made on foot, a bridgeless river to cross, and an important meeting scheduled for the evening. There was no time to wait for the innkeeper to fire up and get a hot meal. So for dinner I bought of a peddler, hawking them on the nasty street, cold luvoa shao (coarse-flour native biscuit) and some peanuts. I chose to eat in the open, as I always do, even during winter, when possible, for reasons sufficient to the initiated. As I munched, the whole village gradually gathered to watch the manipulation of the foreigner's jaws, to comment on his buttons, to marvel at his colored glasses on top of another pair, and to discuss with animation the price of everything about him. Mealtime on the road usually affords an excellent opportunity for an informal preaching of the gospel.

And as I traveled along—and this is one of the great advantages of walking—there were occasions innumerable to sow the seed. One sits down by the roadside to rest, or on a threshing floor, or on the nether millstone of a donkey-power flour mill, or on the steps in front of a temple—and there are always auditors in abundance, and usually willing to receive the little tract explained and presented.

I had not progressed far after my meal when I espied a patriarch coming down from the road toward me. He carried the conventional little basket and shovel on his shoulder, and in the conventional manner was strolling out on the highway to improve the shining

minutes gathering manure. In response to my salutation: "What is thy honorable name?" he replied, "My base name is Wau!"

"What is your worthy given name?" His eyes bulged at such politeness to a peasant, and he answered "Ping Au!" (My given name is Peaceful). "What is your venerable age?" I continued. At this marked courtesy extended to a plain old farmer he stuttered with delight, holding up his fingers in the expressive counting fashion of old Chinese men. In impressive silence, I read, "seventy-seven."

Then, with that polite consideration for the learner of their language that characterizes the peoples of Europe and Asia, as it does not Americans, the old man gravely bowed and said with emphasis: "You speak Chinese as though you had your coffin bought and your grave-clothes prepared"—a high compliment, indeed, and wholly undeserved. This was his way of saying: "You speak just right, correctly, like a native. Your language is as proper as is the social condition of that parent whose dutiful children have made all rightful preparation, ordained of custom, for his fitting burial, so that he may daily look with paternal pride upon his huge coffin, also his last habiliments safely stored in his own chest, and awaiting his dissolution!"

Scrutinizing me with increasing interest, the old man was finding his tongue and massing his words, so to speak, for a raking cannonade of inquiry, loosing the fire of his long pent-up curiosity.

Out of all the fireworks of words I learned that he had never in all his "born days" seen a real foreign devil; that he had always longed to gaze upon at least one such strange creature before being gathered to the shades of his ancestors; that he had often contemplated making the journey to Tsingtau for this very special and highly desirable purpose, despite the heavy expense and loss of time it would entail. And now before his very eyes, near the home of his fathers, on the very high-road, he had, in broad daylight, run right into one! Surely, he was born under a lucky star, and his presiding genius was good! Now he could depart in peace.

The old man bowed and bowed himself out of my presence, and started off again on his treadmill round of existence. Then he turned and came back. Quite unabashed now, he confidently placed his hand on my arm. Out of his half-closed, unwashed eyes, running with sores, he peered intently at me, scanning my face through and through—every lineament,—as if searching my soul. Such a hungry look—and I have seen many in China—I have rarely met. Divining his meaning, I laid my hand on his shoulder and said:

"My venerable brother, you have spoken of my Chinese as being like a coffin purchased and grave-clothes prepared." But are you ready to pass beyond?"

A long silence as we gazed steadily at each other. His bent, withered frame shook. He pulled out an old, dirty rag such as hangs tied on to the blouse of the countryman, and which serves as towel, handkerchief, and washcloth combined, and wiped away his tears. At last he said: "I fear to die. I have no hope, no hope!"

I told him of the Overcomer of death, and the resurrection hope. And then after a prayer we parted, probably never to meet again till the Great Assize, but for months that mournful speech and hopeless manner, the more melancholy because indicative of millions of others here, have haunted me.

A little later I reached the bank of the river, wide and bridgeless, but shallow and therefore fordable. A village was there, and quite a number of men and boys had gathered on the bank where a wordy quarrel was in progress. Wishing to save the time involved in stripping and redressing, I hired a man to carry me across. He was short and stocky, powerfully built, with huge shoulders and thick chest, naked but for a loin cloth. As soon as I got on him he, unknown to me, evidently gave the crowd a wink and started in. They yelled and screamed with delight. The fighters were deserted. The farther we advanced

ced the more the air was rent with laughter and shouts at the joke about to be perpetrated. When nearly up to his middle, he suddenly let go, shook himself, and spilled me. Instantly I caught on,—not to him, but to the trick. This was "the village bully," and the interpretation of his swagger, loud tones and marked boorishness when we struck the bargain all flashed over me.

As for the ducking, I never was more surprised in my life. I had crossed many a time on men's backs and never been much wet, let alone purposely dumped. As soon as I went down, he started to run, glancing over his shoulders with a leer at me sprawling,—which knowing leer everybody on the bank could see. That roused my ire. I did not care so much that my clothes were drenched, or that the lunch and camera on my person were spoiled, as that a fellow with malice aforethought should perpetrate a trick like that.

Quick as a wink I went up and after him. He fled toward the nearer bank. Realizing that he was gaining on me, I gathered myself together and lunged after him. I never made a better football dive—hit him just above the knees, my grip a vise; he toppled like a pillar. I jammed his head into the watery sand, and was about to administer severe punishment, when I was suddenly and providentially moved to a realization of the fact that my calling did not require me to act as though I were a Chinese soldier-ruffian or an advance bill-posting cigarette agent. So I got off the fellow, gasping and spitting sand, and slowly waded back ashore to the crowd. It had been greatly augmented. But they stood now silent and sobered. I walked straight up to a man who looked as if he might be one of the "village-elders," and said, "What kind of a way is this to treat a guest? I am not a yamen runner, spying around here to oppress you, nor a thief to dig through your walls. I am a friend, though you do not know it, and I have come 33,000 li to tell you of a universal religion that can give a man a new heart and make him good inside. "Perhaps," I continued, "your village doesn't know how to treat a guest. When your bully did that, you didn't know that I am the personal friend of the magistrate of this hsien (county). If I should tell him of this outrage, his ya i (henchmen) would screw you and your village for a lot of money!"

Thought of the horror at which I hinted brought the brother to his knees, and he pleaded: "Spare us, oh, spare us. Don't tell! That dumper is a fool. He doesn't know how to shu kwei ku (observe custom). We are all ashamed of him. Rest your heart. I'll see that you get across yo kuan yu fu ti (with your coffin purchased and your grave-clothes prepared)!" And he called out of the crowd a couple of husky young bucks who took me across on their shoulders, high and dry. My en tien (undeserved favor, grace, of the Pauline epistles), as they called it, on that day, was the opening wedge of some of the village leaders there, with their families, turning to the gospel.

**LEMON NUMBER**

Yes, we know every issue of the Almanian is more or less of a lemon, but nevertheless we are going to have a real **Lemon Number** the second week in February—to be exact the 9th of that month. If you have any slams to take at anyone get them ready. Express yourself in poetry or prose, but be sure it is a lemon. We don't want it diluted with water or sweetened with sugar. Take it good and sour. Don't forget to squeeze in a little advice to the faculty. Get your manuscripts in early.

**GLADDEN THE BUSINESS MGR.**

As many of you understand your subscription for the past year has not as yet been settled. The price is now one dollar and twenty-five cents. Will you please settle up as soon as possible and cause a smile to come across the new Business Manager's face? Please.

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