

FRESHMEN EXTRA

The Weekly Almanian

Vol. X.—No. 26.

Tuesday, May 8, 1917.

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NORMALITES MEET DEFEAT BY ALMA ON DAVIS FIELD

Alma Trims Normal—Captain "Bottles" Depew Pitches a Great Game.

The Mt. Pleasant Normal game, scheduled for Tuesday, was postponed until Wednesday on account of bad weather. Although Wednesday was cold and windy, Helmer's men played a fine game, defeating Blake Miller's men 6 to 2. Captain "Bottles" Depew pitched a great game against the Normalites, allowing only three safeties.

In the first inning two hits and a walk resulted in the Normal's two runs. For the following seven innings Depew did not allow a hit, and at no time was in danger. During the last frame Vincent got the last hit.

Alma played great ball, getting to Cameron for eleven hits resulting in six runs.

In Alma's fourth, Hoolihan hit, stole second and third, and with M. Smith at bat scored on a squeeze play.

In the fifth Fitch and Simenton scored and from then on the game was never in danger.

Fitch and Hoolihan were the big guns at crossing the plate. "Bullet" poled one over the center fielder's head, hitting the fence just too low to clear. Although this was the longest drive of the season "Bullet" was held to two bases. Hoolihan and Johnson each hit a two bagger; Johnson's hit bringing in two men.

Boyne and Simenton (Freshmen) demonstrated to the fans that they were men of varsity caliber. "Simmie" having a hit, a run and two stolen bases to his credit, while "Eddie" got a good hit. Both men played a fine defensive game.

Lineup:

Mt. Pleasant.

	A.	B.	H.	S.	B.	E.
Wilson, c.	4	1	1	1	0	
Abbott, 2d b.	3	1	0	0	0	
Vincent, c. f.	4	0	1	0	0	
Kysier, 3d b.	4	0	0	0	0	
M. Cameron, p.	4	0	1	0	0	
Lawther, r. f.	3	0	0	0	0	
L. Cameron, 1st b.	3	0	0	0	1	
Moody, s. s.	3	0	0	0	1	
Davis, l. f.	2	0	0	0	0	
Totals	30	2	3	1	2	

Alma.

	A.	B.	H.	S.	B.	E.
Simenton, 2d b.	3	1	1	2	0	
Bcyne, s. s.	4	0	1	0	0	
Fitch, c.	4	2	2	1	0	
Hoolihan, c. f.	4	2	3	3	0	
Johnson, r. f.	3	0	2	0	0	
M. Smith, 1st b.	3	0	0	1	1	
Hebert, 3d b.	4	1	1	1	0	
N. Smith, l. f.	2	0	0	1	0	
Depew, p.	4	0	1	0	1	
*Payne, 1st b.	1	0	0	0	0	
**Ardis, l. f.	1	0	0	0	0	
***Vender, r. f.	1	0	0	0	0	
Totals	34	6	11	8	3	

*Batted for M. Smith.
**Batted for Simenton.
***Batted for N. Smith.

TO WRIGHT HALL

Dear Hall, you're like an old-time face
That gleams in every worn-out place
To tell us of the hopes and fears,
The smiles and sighs of other years.
We think of all the girls who walked,
Laughed and whispered, danced and talked
In yours rooms and through your halls.
It seems we still can hear their calls.
We see across your sunlit floor
The shadow of life's open door,
Through which we too will have to go
To serve the world as best we know,
And, whether near, or whether far,
To strive to be just what we are.

Puzzle—Is "Eddie" Boyne in love? ing yourselves on drill night?



The MODERN GULLIVER of ALMA COLLEGE

I am an humble Freshman. My soul is not own. In deference do I yield to my superiors. My day is torn between conflicting emotions. I am striving to do the right, to seem not bold in the eyes of the upper classmen, to yield unto those to whom honor and yielding is due. Woe is me, that I should ever come to this. Time was when I, a lordly creature, walked the earth with head erect and eyes aflame, for of knowledge I had drunk deep and of wisdom I was full. In the dreamy muses of my spirit I held court to all who made obeisance to my greatness. Verily, I was a great man.

Ah, woe is me. My dreams have vanished, my castles have tumbled down in ruins, my estate is humbled, even unto the dust. In sackcloth and ashes do I lie. Penance is my lot, for grievously have I sinned in the eyes of my brethren. My greatness has disappeared, even as the mists of the morning. The scales of blindness have been stricken from my eyes. Sadly have I realized that there are those who are greater than I. Wisely have I profited by this experience.

Verily, pride goeth before a fall in the life of a Freshman, but I have fallen and great was the fall thereof. Selah, I have spoken.

ATHLETICS CANCELLED

Athletics Are Desirous of Attending Military Training Camps.

Dr. Crooks announced in chapel on Thursday morning that student athletic contests would be suspended after May 15th. This action has been determined upon because of the fact that many of the young men are desirous of attending the military training camps during the early spring and summer. Several of the students are considering returning to the farms for the summer in order to help the labor shortage in that quarter. In addition to these facts, several of the Michigan colleges have terminated their athletic schedules owing to war conditions, thus cancelling any competitive contests with their respective teams. The Athletic Board of Control feels that in view of these conditions that their action in this matter is the only advisable course to follow.

ALMANIAN ELECTION POSTPONED

Owing to plans, which are being considered by the Faculty and the Board of Trustees, relative to the Almanian, the election of the Editor for the paper was postponed until such future time as these plans are definitely decided upon.

WRIGHT HALL NEWS

Dr. Ulrich had luncheon at Wright Hall on Monday. She was on her way to Mt. Pleasant where she is now lecturing.

Miss Lydia Ressegue spent the week end at her home in Middleton. Delora Bretz has been enjoying a visit from her sister.

Miss Tubbs of Howell, Michigan, spent the week end with her cousin, LaReine McKinney. (Everitt couldn't come!)

The Froebel girls gave a real dance in the reception room on Saturday night, even to programs and fans. The Pioneer orchestra played. Everyone enjoyed the evening thoroughly and there were no wall flowers.

Phyllis Goschenhofer led the Y. W. C. A. meeting on Sunday afternoon. The Red Cross work is being done with a will by all of the girls. The materials for one box have been finished.

Gladys Watkins spent the week end at her home.

Hazel Tuck has been teaching down in the Ward school.

Arlene McKey went home on Thursday to spend the remainder of the week.

Fellows, where have you been keep-

PIONEER THROWS DOORS OPEN FRIDAY EVENING

The Men of Pioneer Hosts to Girls of Wright Hall on Friday Evening.

They were a happy band, the "chosen few" who were invited to visit Pioneer Hall. The invitation was hailed with delight by the girls, and immediately questions arose from across lips, "What will it be like?" "I wonder what Pioneer looks like inside?" "Now we'll have a chance to see what good housekeepers the boys are?" An impatient crowd gathered in the reception room at Wright Hall, waiting for Dean Roberts to give the signal to go. At last, when the bell was sounded, the expected throng walked over to Pioneer. Just outside the hall, which was gleaming in the darkness, and lights of countless rooms bidding the girls come in, the air was filled with a hearty yell of good cheer for "Pioneer Hall boys." Smiling faces greeted us at the door, and many voices bade us welcome. The hall was broad and well lighted. We gazed around, and in the distance heard "Fluey" Jackson's voice, "Here's my room. Come in!" The bed was made, the curtains hung straight, and wonder of wonders, a bowl of delicate wild flowers adorned the dresser. "Fluey" assured us that his room always looked like that, and Pioneer Hall housekeepers, who, before we were inclined to view rather doubtfully, began to justify themselves. We visited all the rooms in fir t floor, and enjoyed them. It was demonstrated visibly that the rooms could be made cosy and comfortable by only a slight effort. We were then taken up to second floor by means of a winding back staircase. There before us was a large hall, crossed with gleams of light from the open rooms. Some rooms were double, and furnished very comfortably. But there was one thing we couldn't understand, and that was how the boy who slept on the upper bunk managed to hold his position "all through the night." Wasn't he afraid he'd fall off? Not so, we were told. Boys are fearless. But we beg to state that rumor has it that Mr. Vender, when he first attempted to sleep above, strapped himself in. But this was told us confidently, therefore don't repeat it.

We were full of happy thoughts, so it was very easy for us to write them in the memory books. The book-

(Continued on page four.)

ALMA WINS FIRST OF THE M. I. A. A. GAMES

Hard Fought Battle With Hillsdale Results in 2 to 1 Score in Alma's Favor.

In a game featured by few hits, close decisions and speed, Alma men demonstrated their superiority over the downstater. Although the day was very cold both teams played a fine type of ball.

"Eddie" Johnston, with his old-time form, was in the box for Alma. He allowed only four hits, which he kept well scattered. In the ninth inning Hillsdale sent in two pinch hitters. The first "Eddie" struck out, but the second connected with the ball for a hit. Johnston walked Collins in the eighth, but had good control the rest of the game.

Ringle pitched a good game for the downstater, Helmer's heavy hitters were able to get only seven hits, but these they bunched netting two scores. Ringle walked two of Alma's men. With Hoolihan and Simenton on bases in the second frame, he walked M. Smith; and again in the first of the third, he walked Ardis.

Some mighty close decisions were made by umpire, "Chief" Nevitt. Hoolihan made home by a neat slide, but just in the nick of time. Hebert was called out at second on a close decision, also Boyne at home and Hoolihan at first. Hoolihan put Alma in the lead in the second by stealing home when the Baptists were trying to tap M. Smith out between first and second. Gleason tied the score in the sixth, but Fitch put Alma in the lead again in the sixth.

Lineup:

	A.	B.	H.	S.	B.	E.
Kysier, s. s.	3	0	0	0	0	
Ringle, p.	4	0	0	0	0	
Sherman, l. f.	4	0	0	0	0	
Wallace, 1st b.	4	2	0	0	2	
Cahow, c. f.	4	0	0	0	0	
Cray, r. f.	4	1	0	1	1	
Gleason, 2d b.	4	1	1	0	1	
Converse, 3d b.	3	0	0	0	0	
Collins, c.	1	0	0	0	0	
Adams, c. f.	1	0	0	0	0	
Parker	1	0	0	0	0	
Totals	33	4	1	1	5	

Hillsdale.

A.B.H.R.S.B.E.

	A.	B.	H.	S.	B.	E.
Hebert, 3d b.	4	2	0	0	0	
Boyne, s. s.	4	0	0	1	6	
Fitch, c.	4	2	1	0	0	
Hoolihan, c. f.	4	1	1	1	0	
Johnston, p.	2	0	0	0	0	
Simenton, 2d b.	3	1	0	0	0	
M. Smith, 1st b.	2	1	0	1	0	
N. Smith, l. f.	3	0	0	0	0	
Ardis, r. f.	2	0	0	0	0	
Totals	30	7	2	3	0	

Alma lost to M. A. C. on Saturday. Particulars later.

"FRESH" ALLITERATION

Proud and ponderous and pragmatival in propensities,
Eternally effervescent in every effort,
Chipper, chattering, and chilly chumps,
Utterly anxious to uppers,
Little and limp, lubberly, lumpy and lacking in lots,
Impish, impetuous icicles,
Always for Alma,
Rosy and red and round and ruddy,
Indispensable in imperative instances,
Tall and timid, tolerable and talented,
In all F's (eyes) irresistible,
Ever and eternally an emerald,
Sad and sacred on the Sabbath.

Oh, Otto, and our orations!
Fresh and fair as a flower, and

Firm as fair,
Rhymes and riddles are our riches,
Energetically envious of edible emergencies,
Seldom sane, and safely somber,
Haughty and humble, headstrong and heedless,
Men? Many? Money? Much? Manner? Most.
Ever esteeming our elders
Naughty? No, neither now nor never.

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THE FRESHMAN VIEWPOINT

"Knowledge and timber shouldn't be much used till they are seasoned." Holmes.

From the beginning of time, Freshmen have constituted the unseasoned timber of college life, and as such they have been disciplined to cultivate the true attitude of humility, lest they in the arrogance of their pride, stumble by the wayside. This seasoning process is an important one, that bears a direct and vital relationship to the life of the school, for out of the timber of the present must be chosen the beams that will serve to bear the structure of the future. Even a limited vision will perceive that conditions which serve to warp and twist the grain of the present must in the course of time destroy the strength and the harmony of the structure.

Freshmen are but upper classmen in the making, and as such it is only fitting and proper that they observe and respect the traditions of their school, for by so doing they are best fitting themselves for usefulness in their future college life. We sincerely believe that it is the desire of every Freshman upon entering college to acknowledge and comply with the spirit of the traditions of the school. We grant you, however, that there are exceptions to this statement, for in the words of the old adage, "It takes the exception to prove the rule." From time to time we encounter the Freshman who in the superabundance of his affection expresses his sentiments in words to this effect, "I would flood your path with sunshine; I would crown you with all blessings, if I could but have my will. It is hardly to be expected that such worthy sentiments would find a fertile resting place in the heart of an upper classman, for according to his viewpoint, such expressions are but the height of blasphemy and the acme of presumption on the part of the offender. It is purely a question of viewpoint, you see, for each individual interprets his attitude according to the side of the fence on which he happens to be at the time.

Need this difference of attitude call for dissension, with its resultant train of ill will and perverted spirits? We believe not. Much of our dissension is due to misunderstanding that could be put right in a very short time by a few friendly words of explanation. Human nature is so constituted that it will the more readily respond to the application of the sympathetic spirit of helpfulness than to the unsympathetic spirit of censorship.

During the past months we have felt that the spirit of helpfulness has been extended to us, and because of that fact we are grateful to our fullest extent. If there are those among us who by their attitude would seem to indicate the existence of a different sort of feeling, we must remember that such a state of mind could only have been produced from two sources: first, because of the fact that there are those people who by reason of their mental inclinations will persist in staying out of alignment with their fellows. As La Rochefoucauld so aptly puts it, "We hardly find any person of good sense, save those who agree with us." Second, because of the fact that they may be the innocent victims of unfortunate misunderstandings.

We have made mistakes and we have endeavored to profit thereby. The making of mistakes is a favorable sign in the development of any one, for the only man who is sure of making no mistakes is the man who does nothing.

The truths and the precepts of our college have been discovered during and applied over a period of many years. Beyond a doubt the passage of time has proven their efficacy and the wisdom of their choice. They only need the proper presentation in order to be absorbed into the life of those

who constitute year after year, the incoming ranks of our students. It is perfectly true as Arthur Helps has expressed that, "Few will at first be pleased with those thoughts which are entirely new to them, and which if true, they feel to be truths which they should never have discovered for themselves;" but we know as we look back over the months that have passed that this viewpoint, which may have existed in the beginning on our part, is now extinct, and that for the future we sense a deeper fealty to our school.

Believing in ourselves and in the success of our undertakings, we wish not only to thank you, one and all, for the aid which you have unselfishly tendered; but to pledge ourselves en masse to our college, the Mother of us all.

DOES HISTORY REPEAT ITSELF?

In retrospect, I am looking back across the years to the time when I went to Alma college. To you who live in Wright Hall now, the names of the girls with whom I lived are but vague whisperings, distant names recalled to mind perhaps by pictures in the society rooms or the stories of escapades indulged in when the dean didn't know. But to me who knew and loved them, the girls are still my friends of past years although we have drifted far apart and there are some from whom I have never heard since leaving college.

We lived at Alma for four years—we were Sophomores, Juniors, Seniors and Freshmen. The first year started and advanced. Our class was large and we were told from the first that it was a different type of class from any that had gone before. We girls became at once the most popular girls in the college; we went with the upper classmen and were taken to the biggest events of the year including the banquets and formal parties. Aside from the traditional interruptions at the beginning of the year when the Sophomores attempted to initiate us and inform us where our place was, we advanced on our way — an original, unbending, laughty group of girls.

The first semester ended, and a half of our first beloved year had passed. Then the new semester opened. We Freshmen girls went to skating parties and lecture courses with our upper classmen. At the second opening reception we stayed together in a group hesitating, partly from habit, partly from exclusiveness, to associate with the upper class girls who were there with under classmen. The semester advanced.

One afternoon, while passing thru the corridor, I overheard a teacher remark to one of the Senior girls, "How democratic the Hall is this year, there seems to be no class feeling at all—even the Freshmen are as popular and have as much to say around here as the upper class girls." I remember hearing the Senior answer, "Yes, that is quite true and something must be done to show them their place. We are going to have a meeting tomorrow night to decide an efficient means of 'squelching' them all." The teacher started to reply but I didn't stay to hear the rest—I hurried upstairs and reported the conversation to my roommate.

That night at 12:00 o'clock every Freshman girl in Wright Hall met in our rooms and we derived a most skilful plan to follow in case any action should be taken against us. We were to be sure, haughty and a trifle snobbish, but our heads had been turned at the first of the year and we did not realize how we impressed the others who had been there longer than ourselves.

The weeks following that night were anxious ones for us. Our attitudes changed completely. A subtle fear ran through the class of Freshman girls in Wright Hall. When we went out and had good times we no longer boasted of them nor did we flout our social triumphs in the faces of the Junior and Senior girls. We threw off our airs and subordinated our personalities to those of the persons above us in age and class in college.

A sudden realization of our shortcomings had come to us the night of our meeting and from then on we were no longer, we could no longer be arrogant and proud. Our feelings towards the upper class girls changed. We learned through our slight fear of them to respect where we had scorned, to forgive where we had censured, to love where we had despised. New friendships arose where no thoughts of them had ever entered our heads before.

The same Senior who had caused us girls so much anxiety became one of my dearest friends. Before she left in June, after she was graduated, she asked me what caused the sudden change in our class and I told her. In after years when we, who had been Freshmen, became Seniors, we understood, but somehow our Freshman year with all its fears was the best. I have often wondered if the class of girls who entered the doors of Wright Hall last September as Freshmen are anything like the ones who came in with me many years ago.

FIRST THINGS FIRST

The aim of a college education is to prepare one for a life work. A successful life gives to the world more than it receives. This we know because the most distinguished men of history are those who contributed most to the advancement of humanity. Their greatest gifts were those which came from a great soul, and may be termed spiritual, rather than physical or even intellectual.

Alma college has provided for the full development of all our faculties—physical, mental and spiritual. A man is not prepared to make his greatest contribution to the world if either of these is neglected. How then are we to secure for ourselves this complete training? We must of necessity avail ourselves of the physical and intellectual. The college can refuse to issue credit to those who do not fulfill certain requirements in the exercise and development of their bodies. It can refuse to issue diplomas to, or recommend those who do not attain a certain intellectual standard. In connection with the latter, it can require a knowledge of the Bible, but no demand can be made in regard to the spiritual life which must, therefore, be left to the individual.

When this, the highest sphere of life, is left to the individual, what should be our attitude toward it? Thru the Bible, God has revealed his will to man, and made it possible for us to reach out into the spiritual. The college has placed the study of the Bible in the curriculum. Should we not go about this study reverently and prayerfully, and thus receive the development which it is intended to give? But in addition to this, it is our duty to give more time to this phase of our life. Let us, as college students, learn to put first things first in our lives. How many Alma students are keeping the morning watch? We should give more time to our own private devotional life. We should avail ourselves of the opportunities offered by the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. Every student in Alma college should attend the Sunday afternoon meetings of their respective organizations. Another meeting which deserves your support is the union prayer meeting on Thursday evening. Is there any reason why fifteen or twenty individuals should, alone, enjoy this meeting? The world needs all we will be able to give. We are robbing ourselves of a great opportunity to serve when we neglect our Christian duties.

BUT ONCE

"I shall pass through this world but once. Any good, therefore, that I can do or any kindness that I can show to any human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

The thought of this quotation expresses the sentiment of our efforts in editing the "Verdant Issue" as our contribution to the journalistic life of the year. Fully conscious of our limitations and deeply aware of our many faults, we humbly present this Freshman Edition to you, our worthy readers, in the hope that it may measure up to the standards of the past, and at the same time furnish a gentle stimulus to the life of the present.

If there be within our columns, that which will prove helpful to you in your daily walk, if there be a line of gentle humor to your fancy, or if our spirit of expression meet with your approval, then we will feel that even though we have passed this way but once, that we have arisen to our opportunity and discharge our obligation in service to your needs.

Sunday is Mother's Day. Don't forget to drop her an affectionate line of good cheer. Mother has a right to expect it.

Freshman (to friend)—Do you believe in Preparedness?

Friend—Well, I wouldn't mind being in Arms.

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WEDNESDAY — Wm. Desmond and Enid Markey in Lieut. Danny, U. S. A. Also two-reel Keystone Comedy.

THURSDAY—Lenore Ulrich in "The Intrigue." Also "Black Diamond Comedy."

FRIDAY — Geo. Beban in "Pasquale." Mr. Beban will be remembered for his wonderful work in "The Italian." Mrs. Vernon Castle in Chapter 10 of "PATRIA."

SATURDAY — Henry Walthall in "Pillars" of Society." Also two-reel Keystone Comedy, Vampire Ambrose.

COMING — Return engagement of Douglas Fairbanks in "The Lamb."

MY OLD HORSE "DOBIN"

The science of duty is a challenge to every constituent of society today. It matters not whether he be a man of world affairs or a member of a student body, ethical honor is a summons for him to show his individual capacity for self-government. It offers an opportunity to put into actual practice the fundamental qualities of good citizenship, honesty and integrity. College students resent any inference to the fact that they are unable to take care of themselves in the big affairs of life, and yet the influenza spreads with no solution in sight. They are under the close scrutiny of instructors at all times, and rightly so. The "pony" is ridden to classes and well nigh exhausted during examinations, and the student's chief affliction is in keeping the beast sleek and fat and well equipped for the next day's battles. Cribbing has become a science and he who has solved its mysteries is revered of his fellow men, and proclaimed from the house-tops as a coming genius. To be sure, he possesses craft and cunning, but in his mad rush for an education he has totally lost sight of the word perseverance. He has too much genius to study and not enough will-power to keep it within the traces. Cribbing was formerly considered a petty offense, but now it has come to be looked upon as a gross evil. If we would be consistent with ourselves, we must show by our honesty and veracity, that we are able to take care of ourselves during final examinations as in the bigger things of life. The sooner students get over the cherished fancy of the importance of the final diploma, the sooner will they replace the pony by a far more useful implement—the brain.

QUO VADIS

It is to the members of the Freshman class that I would speak directly. The greater part of our testing ground has been covered. Have you made the hours count? Do you feel that you are fitted to step up a notch higher in the scheme of college life? Have you drunk deep of the spirit of Alma, in order that you may in turn give forth of the spirit to others? If so, your toil will bring you dividends in your future, dividends which you richly deserve.

A word of warning, however, lest from your present vantage ground, you seek undue praise and commendation. Put a seal upon your lips and forget what you have done, except as a spur to future effort. Well merited praise will seek you out, if you are deserving of it, without solicitation on your part.

If you have talents, lend them to your school. Some students carry their ability around in their pockets, like a tallow candle. Light up, and give the benefit of your light to others. Look above the gratification of your own selfish desires. Throw yourself into the life of the school, wholly and unselfishly. A man never gets any more out of this world than he puts into it. Give, and it shall be given unto you, full measure, and running over.

Labor to keep within you the fire of loyalty, that spirit which unites us all as champions of a common purpose. Yours is a sacred responsibility, a responsibility which calls upon you to carry on with ever increasing volume, the glory of your school. We trust that you will prove worthy of your opportunity.

FROEBEL

Froebel society met on Monday evening, May 30th. There seemed to be a good deal of rather important business to discuss. After all questions and problems were satisfactorily solved, a short but interesting program followed. It was a Kipling program. Delora Bretz read a paper by Alice Yerkes on "Kipling's Life," and Joe Hall told the story of "The Light that Failed." The meeting was closed by the Froebel prayer and adjourned.

ALPHA THETA

The Alpha Theta Literary society held its regular meeting on Monday evening, April 30th. The roll call was responded to by humorous quotations. Ellyn Lind read "Best Sellers," by O. Henry, to the society and Gertrude Peters read O. Henry's "Roses, Ruses and Romance." Hazel Tuck treated the society with a piano solo, Chopin's Nocturne in E-b Flat. After a short business meeting, the society adjourned.

BASHFULNESS

We hear today of the height of indifference, of the height of generosity, and of the height of laziness, but few of us hear about the height of bashfulness. What I call the height of bashfulness is to ask another fellow to take the girl out, that you would like to take out, but haven't the nerve to do. Are there any such fellows in the Hall; if so, are they like the story called "Living up to His Name"?

A tourist was once standing on the platform of a little way-side station. Nearby, under a tree, was a long slim animal, rubbing himself against the stunted pine.

"What kind of an animal is that?" asked the tourist of a lank country fellow.

"Razor-back hawg, sir," replied the countryman.

"What is he doing?" asked the tourist.

"Only strapping himself, sir," was the ready answer.

If this is no good, blame the editor. If it is good, the writer received his inspiration from the Great Mogul. Many thanks. By the way, forgive me for wandering from my subject.

To resume, the first character I wish to speak of is a brown-eyed youngster who is generally known by the name of "Sully." I have known of him walking two blocks out of his way, in order not to meet one of the girls. He, however, does not reach the height of bashfulness. Another character is our gentle friend, John Melvin Anderson. Anderson is modest and unassuming. He has been trying since college began last fall to get up enough courage to visit Wright Hall. He has fair promises of being a lonely man. Next in order, I believe, is "Count" Bryce, who says the reason he does not go with the fair co-eds is because he has a gentle, loving, and beautiful sweetheart back home. He is like a mourning dove.

In conclusion, I wish to thank those who have given me information on these noted characters. I also, ask you to think over these characters and determine which one comes the nearest to the coveted goal. If I were to say which one, strife would be rampant instanter.

BY THE WAYSIDE

Why worry about the war, when we have all these notorious Freshmen upon our hands? There is "Freddie" Holt whom they're going to send to Illinois. There'll be a new kind of noise in Illinois when Fred gets there. No, "Eddie" Boyne is not seriously ill. It is something that everyone has, sometime in his life. "Eddie" doesn't care much for prayer meeting but his religion is the "Parson's." Energetic "Claudie" Baribeau doesn't think he'd like to go to war because the bursting shells would awaken him before ten o'clock in the morning. At any rate he wouldn't overcut in chapel, in the trenches. Ed. Foote thinks the hospital corps is the thing for him. A "corpse" has a soft job, anyway, and just thing of the nice nurses. "Parson" Milliard, the Wright Hall reporter, wants to know if the infantry is anything like the kindergarten. The Froebels are so nice. "Bill" Hicks says, "Peace at any price." He's going to enlist in the thirty-first Michigan Beanfantry and go back to the farm. He says that egg shells don't burst. Otherwise, "Bill" goes pretty much to the front. After listening to Bryce play the bugle, we can easily understand why soldiers go mad. We often wonder how "Buddy" Seig can let so much noise in and let so little out. If he went to war, he couldn't find room to crow into a Zeppelin hanger. In case of conscription would Marlette George Simenton go? Would "Dutch" Vogt let him go? Pretty raw, isn't it? I'll shut it off. Forest Martelle doesn't know much about cards, but he still holds the "Queen." Bennie Van Duzen hopes that on account of Wright Hall board, they won't declare another war right away. Pass the vegetable chow-chow, Bennie.

"The Temperamental Contributor."

Shake well before taking.


"Em" Keller—Say, Louise, what story are you going to tell in class? Louise Beck—"The Common Lot(t)."

Kindly step forward in the aisle, please.

I wonder if he contracted painter's colic.

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PIONEER HALL BUNCOMBE

It was midnight and all the air a solemn stillness held. A death-like silence, pervaded only by the tick-tock—tick-tock of the little alarm-clock on the dresser, reigned supreme in all its majesty. Peace ruled and was disturbed only by the regular breathing of an apostate of virtue, insignificant "AD INFINITUM." On more clement nights the moon would have bathed the sleeper's face in its silvery rays, but on this night the elements seemed ill-disposed. It was one of those nights when shadows lurk in your pathway and the rustle of the wind in the trees is appalling. The sleeper seemed to have caught this insomnia for every now and then he would roll in his bunk and a sigh would escape his lips. As time went on, this fever seemed to gain more complete control of the dreamer for he would suddenly throw his arm in the air in wild gesture, while at the same time an attenuated stream of asphyxiated thought would emanate from his organs of conversation. Then he would quiet down and the clock would slowly measure off the time until the next spasm of this hideous incubus. Perhaps in this subconscious state he was only reviewing the happenings of the day, of how he had gone fishing that afternoon on the Pine, and came home at dusk with wet feet and no fish. Again, in wild frenzy he would throw himself bolt upright in bed in a mighty effort to land a tiny minnow or some other terrible monster of the deep. Or perhaps he had grown sleepy watching the dizzy old bobber, his head had begun to nod—and then he remembered that he had been sitting on an old pine log over the water's edge and that the water seemed to be slowly rising. Finally he felt its soft touch upon his hands, his temples were bathed in the soothing water and his body seemed held in its liquid embrace. A cold chill passed thru his body and a shudder shook his whole frame. He tried to arouse from sleep. He tried to move, but all strength left his muscles. He tried to speak but his tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth. Wierd fancies danced before his eyes. He tried to think but his brain was cold. Where was he? What had happened? His breath came in gasps. His blood turned cold within his veins. His muscles contracted and recoiled like a spring and he shot upright in bed. He awoke. The pillow was soaked with icy water, so also were the bed clothes. Water trickled down over his forehead, and his feet were floating around somewhere near the foot of the bed. He wiped the mist from his eyes. He thought—he pondered—and then he remembered that HE WAS ONLY A COLLEGE FRESHMAN AND LIVED IN PIONEER HALL.

PIONEER THROWS OPEN ITS DOORS ON FRIDAY EVENING

(Continued from page one.)
Classmates, keep those green cases were well laden with a plentiful supply of books, but we viewed with much surprise that Byron, Shelly, Keats, Shakespeare, and various other lended books, along with scientific and technical works, occupied the prominent places. What? Are they such deep thinkers?" we murmured. "Ah, no! Those are there for general appearance," we were told. Our fears were at rest. Praise also must be given to the artistic choice of pictures which adorned the walls. A great deal of time was given to viewing them; they reminded us of the art institute in Chicago—maybe the famous ones in Paris, too. We stood in awe before the proverbs posted on the walls, and thought it quite wonderful that our boys should listen to such profound words of wisdom. But the crowning work of art was the life-size head of Professor Cook, hung on the wall at the end of the corridor. How nice of Mr. Marsh to remind the boys of their duty to see Professor Cook once a month! This artist surely has the interest of the college at heart. Just here we would offer our humblest and most profound pardon for even looking at the doors of the rooms that were locked. The inmates have our deepest appreciation and pity for their lack of courtesy and, shall it be said, manners. Well, they missed much by not entering into the spirit of the occasion. But this philosophy of their way will bring them deep humiliation some day. Maybe we ought to bar them from open house at Wright Hall.
We went down into the Y. M. C. A. room, which was very attractive. Re-

freshments, consisting of punch and wafers, were served, after which we withdrew. We hope to return the visit by inviting the boys to Wright Hall in the near future, and entertain them the best we know how.

ZETA SIGMA

"Is the day of the Super-Dreadnought past," was the title of a paper read by Charles Creaser. First he gave the reasons for the dreadnought, and then he made a comparison between it and the submarine which is the only boat that is questioning its supremacy. Next, he described a boat, the combination of both which might take its place. But lastly, he said that the day of the dreadnought will only be past when universal peace has come.

Carleton Spooner read a paper of his own choice, entitled "The Making of Maple Syrup." After a short business meeting, the society adjourned.

PHILOMATHEAN

The topic for the evening was "American Poets." Much interest and enthusiasm was created by roll call which required that each member give at least four lines of original poetry.

Adelaide Ballou read a very well prepared paper on the subject, "Is There a National Spirit in American Poetry?" Blanche Mashin gave an especially interesting report on J. W. Riley. Hulda Ward read a well prepared paper on "New England Poets."

The program ended with a delightful surprise in the form of an original poem by Edith Layer.

FRESHMEN SPLASHES

Any fish can float down stream, but it takes a live one to go against the current.

Freshmen, stop talking, and think a while.

Sing a song of Wright Hall,

A pocket full of pills—

Two times thirty maggies—

Decked in bangs and frills.

The finest virtue of a postage stamp is its ability to stick to a thing until it gets there.—Josh Billings.

"Beany" Boyne—I hear that Seig has applied to Miss Albertson for a job.

"Spike" Adams—That so, what for?

"Beany" Boyne—Why, to serve as a dumb waiter.

It is easy enough to be pleasant When life flows along like a song, But the man worth while Is the man who will smile When everything goes dead wrong.

Martelle (on entering Marsh's room)—Say, "Bud," what is your room so warm for?

Marsh—Oh, I am just preparing for my future life.

Classmates, keep those green scoops on. What is a congested respiratory tract amount to, in our young lives?

If necessary, knock a man down, but do not hurt his feelings.

Consider ye the Swipes. They haste not, neither do they loaf; yet none of us are fed like one of them.

"Simmie" (to Coach on drill night)—Say, "Caulky," is the only man in that squad who is in step. (He meant it too.)

There isn't so very much difference between a brilliant man and an ordinary man. But that difference counts to beat the band. Remember Ex-President Garfield's fifteen minute margin.

Put this over your fireplace, "I have lived a long time and have had a great many troubles, but most of them never happened."

"Robbie" (to "Bud" Marsh on Friday at the dinner hour)—Well, "Bud," how are you coming along?

"Bud"—Oh, pretty good. I have swallowed so many bones I feel like a grave-yard.

Cheer up, old man, you are not a dead one yet.

I certainly am strong for the Irishman who said, "It's woman makes the trouble of life and life worth the trouble."

Halt friend, and give the counter-sign.

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NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC

I have engaged S. E. Gardiner, M.D., of Mt. Pleasant, who for many years has been making a specialty of diseases of the eye and of refraction work, to spend the second and the fourth Mondays of each month in the hospital, where I shall be glad to have my friends see him when in need of his services.

(73-1y) I. N. BRAINERD, M. D.