

The Weekly Almanian

THE STUDENT PUBLICATION OF ALMA COLLEGE

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GLEE CLUB HAS SUCCESSFUL TRIP

Alma Songsters Weather Venturesome Journey into the Frozen North.

The Glee Club has returned from the trip to the Upper Peninsula. The trip itself turned out to be more of an Arctic expedition than anything else, judging by the number and intensity of the snow storms encountered. However, Prof. Beausang and all of the fellows are well satisfied with the results accomplished in the face of the severe trials.

After the first concert had been well given at Cadillac, the club journeyed to Traverse City, arriving there about two hours late. In spite of the fact that the audience did not seem to establish contact with the club, the program was presented in good shape.

Leaving Traverse City on Monday, the club traveled to Boyne Falls, explored the town in ten minutes, waited a couple of hours for the train, and then spent a considerable amount of time going the remaining six miles to Boyne City. Boyne City was the first town covered this trip, at which we sang two years ago. Consequently, the concert was given before a very large and appreciative crowd. The older men of the club were glad to get back to Boyne City because they had recollections of the fine time given to the club when they sang there before. De Vere Ruegsegger gave a party to the club at his home after the concert. Dancing was the feature of the party, with refreshments later on. After the party Crooks and Freeman disappeared to help some member of the fair sex home through the storm which was raging outside. We do not know whether they got lost in the storm or not but we gave them the benefit of the doubt. The next morning, Tuesday, the snow had drifted so much that the bus line could not run to East Jordan. It looked very much as if we were not going to get to East Jordan to sing that night but two sleighs were finally hired and the club, after borrowing all the fur coats in the town to protect themselves from the stinging wind and bitter cold, drove over four or five feet of snow the twelve miles to East Jordan. The concert at the home of Wallace Kemp was successfully given and the club members wandered to their respective homes while the thermometer hovered on the under side of eight below zero.

Tuesday night more snow fell, blocking all trains in that section of the country. As a result, the first slip of the trip was made, as the club could not get out of East Jordan at (Continued on page three)

Final Lyceum Concert Soon

Plans are going rapidly forward for the final lyceum course entertainment of the present season, a concert to be given on Friday evening, April 20, by the chorus of Alma High School and of the Junior High or Washington School, an entertainment that promises to be very unusual in its interest.

Miss Emmel, who is directing the two choruses, is making every effort to make the entertainment the most successful venture of the kind that has ever been given by school students in this city, and it is certain that with her capable direction little will be left undone and no pains spared to insure its success.

The entertainment will be divided into two parts, the first by the High School chorus of about 150 voices in group numbers. The second part will be by the Junior High chorus of approximately 200 voices, which will present the Operetta "The House That Jack Built."

It is expected that the complete program for the entertainment will be announced next week.

Alma Stag Speaks For Himself

The Alma College man is he to whose rectitude the college owes its renown, upon whose strength depends its spirit, and whose sacrifices will insure its success. The faculty may deride him, the townspeople may execrate him, and the women may jilt him, and yet the position of the one and the prosperity and peace of the others rests upon his favor. Let them but picture Alma College without the Alma College man, visualize the campus without its denizens with their bell-bottomed trousers and bow ties, conceive a silent Pioneer Hall and the realization must dawn upon them that his absence would change our institution to "Alma Seminary, a Boarding School for Young Ladies." After such a vision their derision would change to glorification, their execration would turn to blessing, and even their hard hearts might soften.

He is the fellow we censure when he lights a pipe and cheer when he gains a yard, reprove and reprobate if he wears his cap in the Ad building or a sweater to dinner and approve and applaud if he makes a basket or a two-base hit. If he is fighting for us he is a hero, if he is enjoying masculine laxness he is a horrible example.

This applies to the so-called typical college man, such as we see on magazine covers, bareheaded and wearing a sweater with a big letter on it. But what about the less conspicuous fellow who is less than six feet tall and whose weight falls below a hundred and seventy pounds? Here is the typical Alma College man who is just as essential to his school. A short catalogue of his characteristics will bring him before us.

He sits on the side-lines and vociferously acclaims the feats of strength and courage shown by his mightier class mates. He prefers the Pine and a pinafore to a teacher and a text. He is courteous in the extreme. He allows the faculty, the bobbed hair and the middy to precede him thru all doors. He even allows his fair fellow students to shine above him in recitations. (Senior men lack this unselfish virtue.) He, provided they are willing, compliments the ladies with his company and joyously spends his father's money on that unappreciating sex. Under the light of the moon he renders plaintive melodies from the Museum steps for the pleasure of the inmates of Wright Hall. He realizes the value of time and so walks briskly to his place at the dining table. He has names carved on his ukulele and banners tacked upon his walls. He has books on his desk and prefers to keep them there and has four headaches a year for each three hour class.

Maybe his father does work his way thru school, maybe he does wear sheik pants, maybe he does use Stacom and sleep with a sock on his head—he is vital to the college. We must keep this fact in mind, cease our condemnation and give the Alma College man the credit he deserves. R. E. H.

Y. W. C. A.

The meeting of the Y. W. C. A. was given over to the installation of the new officers. The new staff is as follows: President, Emma Ritter; vice-president, Margaret Poole; Secretary, Marjorie Dunton; Treasurer, Bernice Evans; Undergraduate representative, Virginia Tremaine; Social Chairman, Florence Leighton; Social Service, Mary Campbell; World Fellowship, Ruth Grierson; Conference Chairman, Ruth Allen; House Committee, Doris Odle; Publicity, Christine Decker; Program Committee, Pauline Strick.

JUNIOR DANCE

The Junior Class have scheduled a dance for Friday the 13th in the college gymnasium. It will be an informal dance, with music by Gallagher's orchestra. The dance has been very moderately priced at seventy-five cents a couple. The floor will be in good shape by now, to accommodate the most critical dancer. Don't forget to bring your lady fair to the first spring dance of the year.

FACULTY VIEW OF HOMO ACADEMICUS

Anonymous Professor Presents His Impressions of the Alma College Man.

The writer has recently been solicited by a plausible and presumably official personage of the student body to contribute to the usually innocuous and sometimes highly idealistic pages of "The Almanian" some delineation of his impressions of the characteristics manifested by the masculine element constituting approximately one-half of our college population. It is to be presumed that the paper is somewhat in need of copy and the supply of late matter threatens to be exhausted.

The homo academicus, alias "studiosus"—from studium, "Study," an antiquated and increasing obsolescent conception of the organism still however in vogue in some nomenclatures, particularly among European educators—belongs undoubtedly to the genus homo, class mammalia, family of the hominiae, etc. We are not sure of the exact relation of the specimens found in this vicinity (Almanienses) to Pithacanthropus Erectus, or the types, discovered in the Neanderthal, etc, but the simian characteristics in many of the brutes are still quite pronounced showing a distinct reversion to type and many survivals. The crania are often enlarged, though seldom weighing a great deal, and the receding brows are sometimes low and suggest an abnormal retardation of cerebral development perhaps due to atrophy occasioned by unknown conditions of habitat, environment, etc. The young of the species are the only class discussed here. The later development exhibited in the alumni stage is more or less devoid of the interesting characteristics of juvenility.

Let us however descend somewhat to the realm of popular comprehension. Every pleasant autumn season the train stops some fine day at the luxuriant modern railway station of our beautiful city, the brakeman shouts "Alma," and a number of young people step down on the classic soil of this college town. Someone asks, "Is this burg Alma?" and another young fellow with his trousers anchored some seven and three quarters inches above his shoes inquires, pointing toward the hospital, or some other promising building; "Is that there building the college?" Perhaps the newcomers board a yellow taxi and travel up to the delightful environs of Pioneer Hall, the haven of rest for weary souls, the conservatory of plaintive and thrilling nocturnal music, the palace of perfect order and cleanliness, the fountain of a poetic genius more sublime than that once nourished by the Pierian spring, and the shrine of a berserker friendliness more enduring than the bond of fraternity that welded the association of Damon and Pythias while the former waited for the latter to repay in drachmae that little loan of four dollars and eighty-one cents.

In a few days the youth who has combed the hayseed (et cetera) from under the locks of his verdant bonnet, and perhaps for the first time in the term of his natural life felt the luxury of Palm Olive and a shower such as is afforded in the subterranean chambers of the Hall of Pioneer Memories, learns to pig-on-toe down Superior St. If he sees one of the Faculty approaching, anxious to encourage Democracy and not to disseminate the idea that he is too formal and distant with the Instructor, he will perhaps condescend to address him with "Hello" or perhaps in still friendlier terms "Lo!"

Some of this variety of anthropoid commit the mistake of studying at first, but usually spasmodically. Such novices are usually broken of this habit. Those who are somewhat particular about their personal appearance have their hair arranged (Continued on page two)

Alma Co-Eds Laud Virtues of Stags

"All things come to him who waits." Ah, now the co-eds have an opportunity of expressing their opinion of the stags of Alma College! The writer has interviewed many ladies of Alma's campus, including Faculty members and women of the four classes. Many and varied were the comments and facial expressions—a truly interesting study, noble men!

If we were to take strict heed of the impression that The First Lady of the Hall has given us at those mysterious House Meetings, we would be led to believe that Alma men were harmless creatures if led in a meek manner. However, a fair Sophomore's exclamation counteracts such a conclusion. "They're all brutes!" Being somewhat taken aback by so rash a statement, the interviewer turned to a Senior, who pronounced the ultimatum, "A stag is unbalanced; he is lacking in his social education." Ah, but her buzzer sounds nightly at 5:30 o'clock. A Junior nonchalantly proclaimed, "Oh, well, the men are more or less useful." And a Freshman went so far as to decline to make any statement for publication whatsoever.

Our Assistant Dean and our Matron on one occasion were surrounded by a group of very attentive first-year-men. From the viewpoint of an eavesdropper it would seem that it was a combined attack for A grades in English and more celery for their nerves! Thus, it did not seem wise or logical to inquire into the opinions of those two patient ladies.

Perhaps our noble readers would never believe it, but the rumor has been handed down from year to year that "Russ" Wilson was the greenest, most scared-looking Freshman that ever came on to Alma's campus! Everyone knows that Trudeau has a wicked gleam in his eye, but he asserts that his last prank was played two years ago when he miscalculated his objects for water sacks; so before you get the Spring Water-sack Brigade organized, ask Trudeau for particulars! "In the Springtime a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love—yes Howard tried to buy a ticket to Hope to attend a Student Volunteer Conference—probably he was thinking of hope chests. Just one more, "Bill" Woodhouse claims that he didn't have a very exciting vacation because he lent his overcoat to "Dick" and then the thermometer went down below zero!

But, what do the co-eds honestly think of Alma College men? As representatives of Alma men, there are our classes—athletes, debaters and orators, swipes and glee club members. With an Alma alumnus as Coach, our athletes have shown a new spirit of fellowship, determination, and loyalty. Just step into a group of co-eds after a big game, whether lost or won, and one can readily sense their pride in "our team" because they play a clean, sportsman-like game from start to finish. Each co-ed is eagerly anticipating a victorious baseball season.

The debaters have done themselves proud this year and the college women have eagerly awaited the return from each contest. The double Olivet victory made each girl tingle with pride. Perhaps the women realize more clearly the work of preparing and delivering an oration because they have tried it for themselves and the fact that more men turned out for oratory this year than ever before is gratifying to all students wishing for Alma a more assured place in the M. O. L.

The Glee Club has very well advertised Alma College on their tour of Michigan during Spring vacation. As close and as jolly a fellowship exists among the swipes as in any other group of men on the campus—the co-eds really envy this good feeling.

So here's to the men of Alma College! May they live long, eat much, and smile away your troubles!

As the old darkey said, "A chicken am de mos useful animal dere am. Yo' can eat him befoah he am bohn an' after he am dead."

STRONG SCHEDULE FOR ALMA'S TEAM

Maroon and Cream Hopes to Repeat for the Michigan Intercollegiate Honors.

The Alma College baseball schedule this year calls for 14 games in addition to the Michigan Intercollegiate field day jousts at Albion on June 1 and 2, and probably will bring the Maroon and Cream up against the stiffest foes that Alma diamond teams have been forced to meet in several years.

One new foe has been listed for the coming season, Kalamazoo Normal, which has always turned out winning baseball aggregations. The game will be played at Alma and will be one of the big games of the year. Albion, whose nine is expected to fight it out for the M. I. A. A. title with Alma will be the other big home attraction. M. A. C. will be the big away from home game. Two frays with Mt. Pleasant Normal, however, are certain to continue to be popular with the fans, as there have been corking games between the teams of late years, especially the 1 to 0 eleven frame contest that Alma picked off last season.

Aside from the field day games there are ten games with association teams, Alma having two games carded with each association member. These are all home and home affairs.

The schedule as announced by Coach Campbell follows:

- April 14—Ferris Institute at Alma.
- April 24—Albion College at Alma.
- April 28—Olivet College at Olivet.
- May 2—Mt. Pleasant Normal at Mt. Pleasant.
- May 5—Michigan State Normal at Alma.
- May 7—Hillsdale College at Alma.
- May 11—Alma at Hillsdale.
- May 12—Alma College at Michigan State Normal at Ypsilanti.
- May 15—Alma College at M. A. C.
- May 18—Kalamazoo College at Alma.
- May 19—Olivet College at Alma.
- May 22—Alma College at Albion.
- May 25—Alma College at Kalamazoo College.
- May 30—Chicago "Y" College at Alma.
- June 1 and 2—Michigan Intercollegiate Baseball Finals at Albion.
- June 9—Kalamazoo Normal at Alma.
- June 12—Mt. Pleasant Normal at Alma.

Collegians Win All on the Trip

The Alma College basket ball team was able to play just three of its scheduled vacation games, being snow-bound to such an extent that it was unable to get to Cadillac Thursday evening for the final contest. Three games played were won by wide margins.

The work of the collegians was of a high order and was a revelation to the U. P. court fans who had expected that the crack northern Michigan teams might have a chance to stop Alma.

At Newberry the crack five which had been tumbling almost everything in sight fell before the Maroon and Cream 71 to 20, and in this contest "Dud" Johnston got a chance to show the 'home town' folks how to score 'em.

At Manistique the Legion team was swamped to the tune of 74 to 30, although playing the best brand of court game that it had shown during the year.

St. Ignace, where Coach Roy Campbell spent his younger days, was no better than the other two teams, and fell before the collegians to the tune of 62 to 11.

"The headless horseman" at the Strand Thursday and Friday.

Faint perfume never won an ardent admirer.

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STANDARDS AND THINGS

You're going to enjoy this editorial because it's a slanderous article, a critical mud-throwing collection of ideas and the part you will enjoy most under those circumstances is that it's the other fellow who gets all the mud. Funny thing about editorials and chapel addresses (have you ever noticed it?) we can always slouch down in smug comfort when the mud is being passed around and thank God that it isn't meant for us and wake up for the next compliment to find that it can be made to fit into our personality from several angles.

It's about standards or we might call it honor. A certain Mr. Hermann Sudermann of Germany has written a very remarkable play on that theme which he calls "Die Ehre" or the English, "Honor." He says in effect that every class in society has its standards or honor to which it will sacrifice everything. He says too, that each class condemns each other class for its level of honor.

Every man has his standards below which he will not go. The only standard convenient to some men and the only one to which they can live up is one so low that there is nothing beneath it. A man's standards are no higher than his lowest deed.

It's interesting to stand aside as an unmoralized creature and watch the play of personal standards. We knew a man once whose book-keeper condemned him as a smoke fiend who without a second thought had his book-keeper arrested for appropriating company funds for private purposes.

We knew a woman once who found it necessary to report a young school boy to his mother for tramping across her lawn who was later forced to leave town because of pressure of public opinion and some police persuasion.

Standards are interesting we say. (And here's where the mud gets the thickest and when we can be happy to assure ourselves that none of it is aimed at us.) Some people would tell you that standards make the man and according to the old regime that was true. The aristocracy had their laces and wealth and personal standards and the peasants had their rags and filth and personal standards. Their standards made them, kept them where they were.

Today a man makes his standards and every phase and phrase of those standards are tried and lived. They weren't written down in the language of jurisprudence and arranged to be most logical, they were thought out, tried in the heat of living and adopted or cast aside as they were convenient or troublesome, worthy or hampering in their actual trial.

Consciously or unconsciously a man forms his standards as he lives. We knew a young man who arrived at his twenty-first birthday without drinking or smoking. Well, it's a safe vote that the young gentleman aforementioned will adopt that program as a standard. Not that they could be condemned, either of them; we've done 'em ourselves on occasion. We've even said d—, and —and sometimes even — when occasion demanded. But you get the point.

Standards! Most people think of them as a safe and solid platform, a thing to stand upon like a railway platform in a small town. Well, that's a small idea. Standards aren't a platform, they're a measuring stick. They don't induce or even help a man to stand. They're only a gauge to tell where and how well he stands.

Some people think that standards are ready made and substantial—the fools! H. G.

TAKE HEED

Sometimes in the course of our existence it is well for a man to pause and take account of the effect he is producing on his fellow creatures. With this view in mind there are being published this week discussions of the virtues and vices of the gentlemen members of the Alma student body as they appear to an observer. Read them men! It isn't often you have the advantage of such sage and weighty criticism.

Smile in the face of the truth, hard though it may seem and if it so be that some criticism is especially apropos compel opportunity to your bidding and thank the person to whom you feel yourself debtor.

FACULTY VIEW OF HOMO ACADEMICUS

(Continued from page one)
by their comrades in more Bohemian fashion. Those whose rooms are somewhat stiff and formal in their arrangement often are quietly assisted in a freer and less conventional disposition of the chairs, library, pillows, carpet bag, safety razor, pajamas, and other home decorations. There are of these folk those who part their hair in the middle and those who part thereof on the right side and those who do so thereof upon the left.

But the athletic crowd are the paragons. Wherever they do display their broad shoulders and the prepossessing and pugnacious physiognomies, verily they are lionized and feted, and the damsels that do frequent the places round about and the chambers wherein there are the formalities of recitation, in sooth they do encourage the attentions of these strong young men, and when the stars are out, and the moon that doth shed her silver light hath appeared, and the boats do glide along the waters of the river, it is forsooth these young men who do have the pleasure of feminine company, be it on the gently flowing river, or on the main street that leadeth to the Strand or to the guided salon where the sons of the Hellenes do dispense soda water and chocolate sundae for American obols. And when the Dean or some unsophisticated Professor taketh aside one of these bruisers and he gently and privately saith unto him, "My son, dost thou not study so hard that mayhap thou wilt soon be possessed of paresis or arteriosclerosis or locomotor ataxia or cardiac arrhythmia," then the noble youth replieth unto his sage preceptor: "Verily thou hast said a mouthful, and hereafter I will spend more time with Coach Campbell in the open air, and less in the enervating and stifling atmosphere of the musty temples of Minerva where the barnacles of the past do cling to the sides of the ship of progress. Hereafter I will peruse the columns of the sporting page or the paragraphs of Spaulding's guide". And so the youth doth come out graduated "summa cum laude, stultissimue stultissimorum." And when he is old and grey headed and his grandchildren do climb upon his knee and look at the machinery of his old watch he doth come back to the bosom of Alma Mater and he is introduced by Prexy as our most distinguished alumnus who has several times kept out of the penitentiary and twice gone to Congress, and his old comrades whisper: "That's the bird that knocked the spots off at Olivet when she almost whipped us on the gridiron."

Most of the other young male creatures are shy, retiring, modest. They avoid the presence of the females and when the trying hours of Friday night approach, which compel in some wise the keeping of dates, always at 19½ minutes before ten do they return with those whom they have escorted to the movies and they apologize to the Dean of Ladies when perchance it is still later, or a little more so.

Altogether, when we survey these young savages, we would say with the distinguished poet:
"I find myself thinking of soft rhythmic stanzas,
I sing of the college boy, youth, green, callow, fresh from the country,
His hair is red, black, curled, tawny, or chestnut,
His cheeks are tan, dimpled, rosy, or swarthy,
His mustache is struggling to express its right to existence,
A smile of persuasion, bland winsome or foxy doth chase o'er his features,
He has much to learn of the limitations of human existence,

He will soon lose the dreams of delusion enchantment,
Dreams he can loaf, swagger, and bluff the professors,
Break all the hearts of the gentler persuasion,
Discard all the fossils of text book instructions,
Dry, drear, dusty, a pabulum futile,
Bacon, Newton, H. G. Wells, and old Billy Shakespeare,
Bluff it and fluff it and get his diploma.
Youth, how we love you, love you, and laugh at you!
Boys that study, that don't study, play football, baseball, basketball, billiards, authors, flinch, "checkers,"
Fuss with the fair ones all over the campus,
Under the noses of the dried up professors,
In the morning, at 8:30 A. M. at 12 M, at evening,
At any old time, everywhere, this where, always, and springtime,
College boys, rahrah boys, polers, greasy polers, frat men,
A conglomeration of all sorts of boys,
Good boys, bad boys, fat boys, lean boys, rich boys, poor boys,
Angels, sissies, grouches, all kinds of boys,
Coming and going and living and leaving,
Theme of this drivle that's copied (?) from Whitman."

Right-hand salutes will in future be the only salute, according to recent fleet orders issued in England. The army right-hand salute was introduced during the war into the navy.

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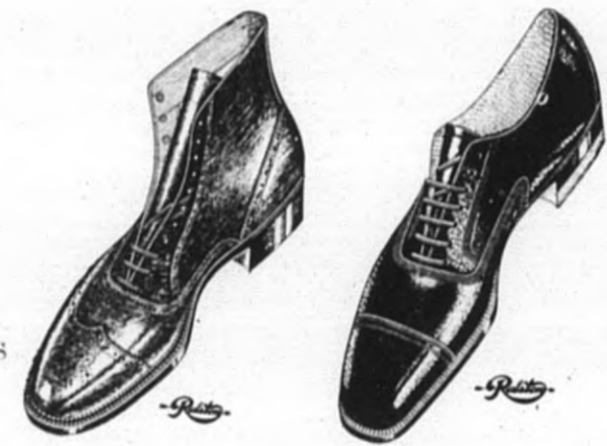
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VOLTA EXPLAINING HIS

BATTERY TO NAPOLEON

How Electrical Engineering began

IT IS not enough to experiment and to observe in scientific research. There must also be interpretation. Take the cases of Galvani and Volta.

One day in 1786 Galvani touched with his metal instruments the nerves of a frog's amputated hind legs. The legs twitched in a very life-like way. Even when the frog's legs were hung from an iron railing by copper hooks, the phenomenon persisted. Galvani knew that he was dealing with electricity but concluded that the frog's legs had in some way generated the current.

Then came Volta, a contemporary, who said in effect: "Your interpretation is wrong. Two different metals in contact with a moist nerve set up currents of electricity. I will prove it without the aid of frog's legs."

Volta piled disks of different metals one on top of another and

separated the disks with moist pieces of cloth. Thus he generated a steady current. This was the "Voltaic pile"—the first battery, the first generator of electricity.

Both Galvani and Volta were careful experimenters, but Volta's correct interpretation of effects gave us electrical engineering.

Napoleon was the outstanding figure in the days of Galvani and Volta. He too possessed an active interest in science but only as an aid to Napoleon. He little imagined on examining Volta's crude battery that its effect on later civilization would be fully as profound as that of his own dynamic personality.

The effects of the work of Galvani and Volta may be traced through a hundred years of electrical development even to the latest discoveries made in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company.

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**THE STRAND
THEATER**

TUESDAY

GEORGE ARLISS

in

'The Ruling Passion'

Starland Review
and Fun from the Press

WEDNESDAY

The

Blackaller Players

THURSDAY and FRIDAY

WILL ROGERS

in

**"The Headless
Horseman"**

Fox News and Pathe Review

SATURDAY

JOHN GILBERT

in

"Arabian Love"

Educational Comedy

**GLEE CLUB HAS
SUCCESSFUL TRIP**

(Continued from page one)
all Wednesday, thus missing the concert scheduled for Petoskey that night. Since we were stuck and had nothing to do, another concert was announced through the schools that afternoon and Wednesday, night, while we were supposed to be singing in Petoskey we gave a second concert in the auditorium at East Jordan, drawing nearly as large a crowd as we had the night before. In the afternoon a few of the men played the East Jordan High School in basketball, East Jordan winning by a score of 18-14. Skinned knees were much in evidence.

Thursday morning the Pere Marquette was reported cleared and we journeyed to Petoskey, incidentally running through some snow cuts fifteen feet deep. In spite of the fact that the concert was a day late in Petoskey, we drew a fair-sized crowd and the program was splendidly given. We were given a dance in the gymnasium afterwards.

Friday morning most of the fellows went to the depot to catch the train, scheduled to leave at 5:45 in the morning. However, the train got stuck in a snow drift within shouting distance of the station and the club

did not leave the town until after nine o'clock. By means of a long wait in Mackinaw City, St. Ignace was not reached until late in the evening. Since it was Good Friday, we did not sing before a very large crowd.

The next morning, due to a mixup in the train schedules, three of the fellows were left behind, but they caught up with us while we were waiting at Trout Lake, for the train to Rudyard. Rudyard was reached along in the middle of the afternoon. That night after the concert was the coldest night of the trip, as the mercury registered eighteen below zero. Some of the fellows left for the Soo on Sunday and the rest of the club stayed in Rudyard until Monday morning.

Monday afternoon we gave a couple of numbers in the Saulte Ste Marie High School and afterwards they gave us the use of their swimming pool. That night the club sang in the Presbyterian Church, where they sang two years ago.

Alarm clocks were much in evidence Tuesday morning as we had to catch a 6:50 train for the Soo Junction. In this forsaken place we spent considerable time waiting for the train to Newberry, the Hub of the Upper Peninsula, to decide whether or not it was coming through for the day. It finally decided to come evidently, and came puffing into the station. We were not anxious to reach Newberry because we were afraid that the bears that roam the own might not be as tame as reputed. However, we must have been a hard looking bunch as they had entirely disappeared by the time we hit the town. Harry Surrell was very much in evidence during the concert in the evening, as he had to give every reading he knew and then was forced to go out and bow, before the audience was satisfied.

The Town of Opportunity was left behind the next morning as the club climbed into the train headed south. The train was somewhat late and the ferry did not get across the Straits in time to catch the train from Mackinaw City to Cheboygan. However, Hudson got the Manager of the System in Detroit on the wire and he gave the word for us to have a special train, at the expense of the Michigan Central, so we arrived in Cheboygan in plenty of time for the concert. After the concert most of the club had decided to go home and a rush was made for the train. After a night on the M.C. the dreary bunch hove into Alma on the P. M.

As a trip it was more of a stupendous undertaking than we had thought. Few Glee Club's can boast of a trip with as many modes of travel and as many hardships endured. Many of the fellows suffered severely with colds but managed to hold up under the strain. There was no backing down. Mrs Beausang played splendidly and Miss Huff, as accompanist, upheld her end of the program in splendid shape. The accompanist bears a heavy burden and receives little praise. All in all, we feel that we had a splendid trip and that it was well worth all the effort expended.

LIBRARY NOTES

The library exhibit for this week deals with gardening. Types of the different gardens found in various parts of the world are especially interesting at this time of the year when all thoughts are turned to the bowers of spring and summer. Suggestions for your spring flower garden may be useful to you in completing your plans for beautifying your surroundings.

BETA TAU EPSILON

The meeting of March 19 was entirely taken up with the election of officers. The results of the election were:

President: John Hilderly,
Vice-president: Harry Seger,
Secretary: John Apsey,
Treasurer: Henry Holland.
Officers' treat followed the meeting.

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Buses leave Saginaw for Alma at 8 and 10 a. m., 1:00, 3:00 and 7:00 p. m.

Sunday Buses leave Alma at 9:30 a. m. and 5:00 p. m. Buses leave Saginaw for Alma at 7:00 p. m.

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At The Swipes' Table.
Wilson: Manwaring isn't really a hypocrite.
Sid: How's that?
Wilson: He doesn't look very bright.

Bring The Mop
Frostic: Hey there! Don't spit on the floor!
Duke: 'S matter, floor leak?

Gus: I think Helen Scott should be an attorney.
Shrier: You don't say.
Gus: Yes, she has such pleading eyes.

Sounds Probable
MacLandress: I invited two women to dance last night.
Coash: How did you get away with it?
Mac: Neither of them accepted.

Then The Fight Began
Freeman: What's the cause of falling hair?
Fry: Gravity.
Sure As Shootin'!
Wesley: Does history repeat itself?
Laughlin: Sure does if you flunk it.

Fore!
Sheik: I see you're wearing golf stockings.
Dutch: How do you know?
Sheik: I just counted eighteen holes in them.

This Is Awful
McGlone: They must have had Glee Clubs in the Biblical Days.
Gus: I'll nibble.
Mac: It says that the patriarchs rent their garments.

For Such Small Fry, Too!
Tarrant: Ken, you were born to be a writer.
Fry: How's that?
Tarrant: You have such a splendid ear for carrying a pen.

Flint Kultur.
Smythe (at piano recital) —What is that charming thing he is playing?
Harris—A piano, y' dud.

Not Scared
Pretty: I'll marry you on one condition.
Dumb: That's all right; I worked off four last term.

He Filed His Nails Away, Too.
Room: Where is my comb?
Mate: Dunne, you parted with it this morning.

Overslept
Soph: That Prof. made a cutting remark to me.
Frosh: What did he say?
Soph: He said that he had marked me absent.

What These Profs. Don't Know!
Weary Stude: I couldn't write that theme last night because my room-mate was very sick.
Wise Prof: What made him ill?
Didn't he hold good cards?

Let's Fumigate
Harris: Your pipe must taste wonderful.
Waggoner: Why do you say that?
Harris: You certainly wouldn't endure that odor if it didn't.

This Was Near Saginaw
Porter: Can I brush you off, sir?
Koepe: No, I know how to get off when the train stops.

Patronize those that help you.
Wm. Angelus of the Shoe-N-Hat Shop repaired all football shoes free last season, he now offers to do the same thing for the baseball shoes.

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