



ALMANIAN.



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To the Kindergartners.

*Kind hearted guides, that with purpose true
Lead the young soul on with a tender hand
Through its own child-world to a broader land,
This humble tribute is due to you.*

*We would honor you, for your aims are high,
And your path, though lowly to some it seem,
Is nobly trod while you follow the gleam
Of the young soul's star rising up in its sky.*

*And may this star shine brightly above,
Till all earth-tempered hearts shall feel
That the young child-soul is not made of steel,
But of Heaven's purest metal—love.*

*The future holds much in store for you,
And to you will be owing a debt some day
Which humanity then alone can pay
With nobler thoughts and lives more true.*

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THE PEDAGOGIES OF KIPLING.

KATHERINE M. INGLIS.

THERE is a certain kinship in human nature. In every age the pioneer in thought, who leaves the beaten path to hew out a new road in the forest called life, is hailed by some of his fellow-men as a prophet, while others cry with equal enthusiasm, "He hath an evil spirit. Stone him!" And between these cries, inclining sometimes to one, sometimes to the other, sway the unthinking rank and file. Probably their restless surging preserves what little unstable equilibrium the world has, and prevents it from either rushing along new roads which lead to nowhere, or rusting in one narrow beaten track.

Once when the greatest and wisest master was asked concerning a pioneer thinker of that time, whether he were a prophet or no, with His peculiar gift of ignoring all surface agitation, and touching the real and hidden spring, He said; "If ye will receive it this is Elias that will come." And for all ages it is true. The message men will receive is the prophetic message for them.

It is impossible to ignore Kipling's present influence. Probably no other contemporary writer is read and loved by so many sorts and conditions of men. He appeals to both scholar and workman. Charles Eliot Norton ranks him among the great poets of the Anglo-Saxon race, and it is said that during his recent illness the working men in the large Eastern cities asked constantly for news of him. The cry of "Stone him" is not wanting.

He is accused by competent judges of imperialism, jingoism, irreverence, vulgarity and hysteria, and from their standpoint he is undoubtedly guilty of all these. His adherents claim that his so-called imperialism is an Hebraic love of righteousness and of the man or nation who brings it about; his irreverence to them is a frank courage which will say what it thinks even to its Maker, and they add, if he calls indecent things by indecent names it is no more than Dante or Shakespeare did before him.

Perhaps it remains to be seen whether his new road leads anywhere, but if it should be accepted as a working hypothesis that to those who will receive him this is a prophet, a minor prophet it may be, but still with a message for his day and generation, his special message for teachers, his exhortations, his woes pronounced upon their failings, his promise of coming good in their kingdom may be worth finding out. For he has his own theory of education, for boys especially, and this theory he constantly, one might say doggedly, maintains through all his productions, and a scientific treatment of the subject would require a careful reading and sifting of all that he has written. One who is, however, not at all scientific but merely a picker up of unconsidered trifles may still bring a few straws to show which way the wind of his inspiration blows.

An author to be of help to others must have a certain amount of genius. I

know that it is a theory of the present kindergarten age, that we are all "mute, inglorious Miltons," rendered mute and inglorious by flaws in our early education. It may be that the man of genius differs more in degree than in kind from his ordinary brother-man, and the difference may be in the keener broader imagination of the genius. But imagination is like the gray brain matter, no surgical operation has yet been discovered by which more can be introduced into the human system when the supply is lacking.

Imagination is the eyesight of the soul. The genius is one who walks with clear wondering eyes through life, seeing much that we cannot see, or at least do not see till he points it out to us. And to some extent beyond the ordinary Kipling has this gift, and with it also somewhat of the art-gift of expressing what he sees. And to these we may add the qualifications of accurate scientific observation, and a good memory. His stories might easily fall under Ruskin's characterization of good novels in general, that they are nothing less than treatises on moral anatomy and chemistry.

Kipling says in his preface to "Wee Willie Winkle:"

"Only women understand children thoroughly, but if a man humbles himself properly and refrains from talking down to his superiors, the children will sometimes be good to him and let him see what they think about the world."

And the man who tells us of the seven year old boy who went to a place called Oxford-on-a-visit, of the other whose mother sang him to sleep with a magic rime called "Sonny-my-Soul," and of the poor, wee, unloved, neglected laddie who wished to borrow his play-mate's blue sash, that his papa might let him play in the waste-basket as her's did,—this man

has a right surely to our respectful attention when he tells us of the mistakes of love and judgment in early training. Children and young people are quite logical from their point of view, and if we would only remember that point where we ourselves once stood, we would perhaps have less of the guilt of injustice on our conscience. One thing that Kipling does for us is to give us again this point of view.

"Stalky and Company" is an account of his scientific observations of the animal boy and his trainers. Much as the book has been criticised there is an autobiographical element in it, an air of being taken from life which makes it interesting and instructive, if not always pleasant reading.

Kipling continually compares school and army life, and considers army discipline no mean element of education, and the qualifications of a good teacher are in his eyes the qualifications of a good officer. And one qualification is paramount to, indeed embraces all the others. "Remember Bobby," says the captain to his subaltern, "it isn't the best drill, though drill is almost everything, that hauls a regiment through Hell and out on the other side. It's the man who knows how to handle men, goat-men, swine-men, dog-men and so on." "Get to know your men, young' un, and they will follow you everywhere."

Kipling teaches like his own Mulvaney, most lovable of Irishmen, by direct and ricochet fire, and places before us without fear or prejudice, a study of the fox-boy Stalky, and his progress through school.

Stalky thought it was no use to get into a row with a teacher unless you could make an ass of him. Stalky's opinion of the teacher who assured him that he stood "in loco parentis" to him, was that said teacher must be planning something

unusual blamed mean. Stalky, when his ally, Beetle, complained of some unfairness from a teacher, replied, "My Hat! you've been here six years, and you still expect fairness. Well, you *are* a dithering idiot?" But even Stalky sees the evil of a school's being left to its own devices. "Oh larks are all right enough; but you know what we mean, Padre. After a bit it gets worse and worse. Then there is a bust-up and a row that gets into the papers and a lot of chaps are expelled you know, usually the wrong ones."

The evolution of the animal boy, until he reaches the point of ceasing to regard school as a prison, and his teachers as hostile jailors, and realizes something of the import and aim of both, is brought out in a bit of wisdom uttered by the Head Boy, when another is urging war against the sarcastic, sensitive, most unpopular teacher;

"King's the best classical cram we've got, and it seems to me we would be interfering with ourselves. We've got to get into the army—or get out, haven't we? King's hired by the council to teach us? All the rest's flumdidle. Can't you see?"

It is in "The Brushwood Boy" that Kipling expresses his summary of what school life ought to be. "Home was a faraway country full of ponies, and shooting and fishing, but school was the real world where things of vital importance happened. He was responsible for that thing called the tone of the school, and few realize with what passionate devotion a certain type of boy throws himself into this work. Behind him, but not too near, was the wise and temperate Head, leading him on to see, more by half-hints than by any direct word, how boys and men are all of a piece, and that he who can handle the one can assuredly in time control the other. For the rest,

the school was not encouraged to dwell on its emotions, but rather to keep in hard condition and to avoid false quantities."

The teachers of Stalky are sketched for us from the boy's angle of vision. There is Prout, the house-master, whose imagination leaned to the darker side of life, and who looked on the young-eyed cherubim most sourly; who never imputed anything, but who on the other hand never did anything else; who was ever an unmitigated nuisance. King, who would scare some unlucky child of thirteen, and would repeat every word of his brilliant repartee to the other teachers at dinner, who was known to the boys as the avenger of blood; and little Hartop, who, being a master, was suspicious; who talked Natural History and seldom forgot his office, but who loved youth, and reminded himself on trying occasions, "It's not brutality, it's boy—only boy."

The chaplain, the Reverend John, is drawn for us with loving care. Fat, clean shaven except for a big moustache, of an imperturbable good humor, and, those who loved him least said, a guileful Jesuit. He was beloved by the boys because he was emphatically a gentleman, he knocked at the study-door before entering, he comported himself as a visitor and not as a stray lictor, he never prosed, and he never carried over into official life the confidences of idle hours.

But it was to the Head that "Stalky and Company" gave their devotion, presumably because they never succeeded in making an ass of him. When they succeeded in getting themselves sent to him on a visibly absurd charge, he flogged them for bothering their house-master and so bothering him, a serious offense; but, as Stalky said, he didn't lick a fellow in the morning and preach to him in the afternoon. He could con-

nive at immorality but he could not stand impudence, he risked his life to save one of his boys ill with diphtheria, he was father, confessor and agent general to them all, and when he found a variation from the normal, he always treated him in an abnormal way.

And with help from each and all, Stalky and Company go out to their life work.

"Neither children nor Gods,
But men in a world of men;"

having learned three great lessons. And the first is,

"Common sense,
Truth and God's own common sense,
Which is more than knowledge."

and the second is like unto it;

"Man must finish off his work,
Right or wrong his daily work,
And without excuses,"

and the third and greatest is,

"That it is best,
Expeditious, wise, and best
To obey your orders."

And the Beetle of the boyish trio proceeds to spend his days writing stories to prove and enforce the truth that he is armed for the battle of life who has learned these three lessons, and that he is doomed to failure beforehand who has not learned them.

"We are not playing the maxims; we are playing the game," says the Maltese Cat, the little polo pony. "A Walking Delegate," and "The Ship that Found Herself," are commentaries on the text of common sense, as is the pathetic story of the poor lad who was thrown away, because he had not learned early enough that a puppy who eats Brown Windsor soap and shoe blacking will be a fearfully sick little dog. And in this connection would come the story of Aurelius McGoggin, who had a creed which proved that men had no souls, and there was no God, and no hereafter, and that you must worry along somehow for the good of

humanity, and who, while trying to "eliminate the Creator" at the club, is dramatically stricken dumb, a dumbness "due to perfectly natural causes."

"I like men who do things," says Kipling's favorite heroine, and Kipling shares her liking. The story of the famine in "William the Conqueror," "The Bridge Builders," and many of his poems, are hymns of praise to men who do things. He even awakens our enthusiastic liking for Her Majesty's Jollies, who are "most of 'em liars and 'arf of 'em thieves," but who "think for themselves, and steal for themselves, and never ask what to do."

On the last, best lesson of obedience he sings the changes in every key, from England's message to her distant sons.

"Keep ye the laws, be swift in all obedience,
Clear the land of evil, drive the road and build
the ford.

By the peace among our people let men know we
serve the Lord,"

to the soldier's wail,

"We was rotten 'fore we started, we was never
disciplined,

We made it out a favor if an order was obeyed,
Yes, every little drummer 'ad 'is right and wrongs
to mind.

So we 'ad to pay for teaching—an' we paid "

And once more in another key,

"The 'eathen in 'is blindness bows down to wood
and stone,

'E don't obey no orders unless they is 'is own,
'E keeps his sidearms awful, and leaves 'em all
about,

And then up comes the regiment, an' pokes the
'eathen out."

What is Kipling's message to teachers? Teach strenuously, "Law, Order, Duty and Restraint, Obedience, Discipline."

What is his woe pronounced against us? Hear the Reverend John's prayer: "Ours is a dwarfing life—a belittling life my brethern. God help all school-masters; they need it."

What golden hope has he written for us? Of his own masters he has written:

"Wherefore praise we famous men,
From whose bays we borrow,
They that put aside today,
All the joys of their today,
And with loss of their today
Bought for us tomorrow.
Bless and praise we famous men,
Men of little showing;
For their work continueth,
Broad and deep continueth,
Great beyond their knowing."

FICTION IN EDUCATION.

MARY WHEELER PLUM, 1900.

THE place of fiction in education is a subject that has been much discussed and perhaps only now is it receiving the place of which it is deserving. It is only lately that the real importance of fiction, both poetry and the novel, has been realized and that the true emphasis has been placed upon novel reading, especially as a factor in education. Recognizing this, Yale, Harvard and Columbia are all offering courses in fiction and it is needless to tell of their popularity, the attendance being greater than upon many other of the courses. The time has been when people looked askance at the novel, when our grand-fathers and grand-mothers held up their hands in horror if such an evil should be found in the home and the boy or girl found reading would be kept in disgrace. But the times are now changed, and to be conversant on the standard novels or the best novels of the day is a sign of culture, because there some of the best thought of the day is found.

Of course there is fiction, and fiction. We are now dealing only with that which can be called *fiction* in the true sense. In Dickens' "Hard Times," where the English system of fact teaching is so well indicated, there is a thought which may well have been considered in reference to schools. "Facts, facts, nothing but facts." Now it is demanded that the imagination be trained and the use of both poetry and the novel is realized as a factor in training the imaginative faculties.

Perhaps the contempt for the novel grew out of the opinion that it was "made up" and yet that is not nearly so great a fault as it might at first be supposed. We well know that the events of

every day life, as they come to each one of us separately, are not what could be taken as experiences common to everyone, and so the novelist in his work must seek to adapt his characters and their lives to real life and yet a life which, in a way, is fitting to all. All of us have felt the uplift received after reading a good novel. We have so entered into the world into which the author has introduced us that we have wept and laughed with the people in it. We have had our sympathy touched by the sorrow of one, and again our joy aroused by some pleasure, which has come unexpectedly to the noble woman, whose lot we have been following. It is only by arousing the different emotions within that we learn to have these. Sympathy is a thing to be cultivated and how, for one way, can we better do this than by thoroughly entering into the lives of those about whom we read.

Such a book as "Helbeck of Bonnisdale," by Mrs. Humphrey Ward, is one which cannot help but better the one who reads it. In this, the two characters, the hero and heroine, are exactly opposite in their beliefs—the one a Roman Catholic, firmly wedded to his faith, as the faith of his ancestors for generations—the other, an infidel equally firm in her belief, as that held by an adored and almost worshipped father, whom she had lost. The strife between these two proud, but determined wills—their love, strong and ardent, as only natures of that kind are capable of, and yet so barred on account of the great difference in their faith, dear to each—was such that after reading, one could not but feel the strength which had been received.

We earn by reading such a book, what our faith—no matter what it is—may mean to us, what we can give up for something which is, or should be more to us than our life and love. This is only one instance. The works of Dickens, Scott, Thackeray and George Eliot furnish many other, and from each, good has been gained and brought into the lives of those who read. The historical value of the novel is great. Thackeray has said, "Out of the fictitious book, I get the expression of the life of the times, of the manners, of the merriment, of the dress, the pleasure, the laughter, the ridicule of society; the old times live over again and I tread the old country of England. Can the heaviest historian do more for me?"

The work of the novelist is certainly one what can be and is, in many cases, the means of bringing much good into the hearts and lives of many of the cultivated, as well as others, of our land. We are willing to swallow the sugar coated pill, when, unless the medicine were surrounded by the sweet, we would be unwilling to take it.

Perhaps one great danger, which may be spoken of, is the reading to *excess*. But we may well say that *excess* is the wrong in many things and that it must be guarded against in this as in all else.

Then too we must read with care. We are so apt to skim over the pages anxious to see how it "turns out." Could we but realize that in doing this we are depriving ourselves of great intellectual help few would continue such a practice. If after reading a chapter we would try to think how to dispose of the personages in the plight in which they are left, our wits would be much bettered. It is demanded of us that we think and that we do so quickly and clearly, and we can gain power by some such method. To trace the development of character as in "Vanity Fair," or the emotions and their results after reading "Romola" will be no waste of time.

To eliminate all works from literature which have anything of a fictitious setting would be to take from us, Virgil, Homer, the ancient tragedies of Greece, Don Quixote, Faust, the Nebelungen songs and much of the best in both prose and poetry.

So we may see that the right use of the authors, whose names at one time were thought to imply a waste of time, may tend toward the betterment of ourselves in every way, to making ourselves nobler men and women, better able to realize the brotherhood of man, better able to go into the world of disappointments and pleasures, troubles and joys.

LIFE'S SEA.

WINIFRED G. TRAPP, 1901.

See that proud ship, how light she glides
 Upon the smooth and glassy main;
 Careering gently with the tides,
 Moves swiftly on, her port to gain.
 The skies are fair, and brightly shines
 The sun, upon each crested wave,
 And joy breathes forth like silvery chimes
 From hearts, now happy, strong and brave.
 Sweet thoughts of home stir every heart
 With bounding life and joy serene;
 None dream that soon each pulse will start
 At dangers yet to them unseen.
 But mad'ning winds now drive the waves,
 And toss the fragile home-bound bark;
 The hissing white foam o'er her laves,
 The storm clouds lower wild and dark.
 Firmly the captain gives command,
 Quickly and gladly all obey;
 Each at his post with steady hand,
 Guides the frail vessel on her way.

Nobly they ride the stormy main,
 Hope's cheering banner o'er them cast;
 With "Home Sweet Home," the glad refrain,
 They anchor safe in port at last.
 And so upon the sea of life,
 When all is calm we gently glide;
 Our hearts united free from strife,
 Beat low sweet music with the tide;
 But when misfortune's sinking blast,
 And cold distrust around us sweep,
 Life's surging billows o'er us cast,
 Our paths are rough and dark and steep.
 But if our trust is placed on high,
 In Him who rules the mighty deep;
 He will suppress the troubled sigh
 And guide our weary faltering feet.
 Guide us until life's storms are o'er,
 Her conflicts past, her victories won;
 The "Silent Boatman" leaves the shore;
 The voyage of life, for us is done.

"A ROOKIE."

W. FRANKLIN KNOX.

THE sudden darkness of a tropical night was falling over a muddy trail along which was struggling a column of troops. The sun had been beating down on their heads all day as they splashed through the quagmires of the bridle path which served as a road, and the temper of the men was anything but amiable. At times the march was broken by short halts during which the men lay down in their tracks and filled the air with high-colored discontent. Finally the command to halt was given and an officer passed down the line ordering the men to make their beds along the road. In a moment the regiment was asleep. Four hours later a sergeant passed down the irregular line of sleeping men and kicked them into wakefulness.

"Git up," he ordered, "we're goin' to start."

With the dank mist of a Cuban morning hanging about their heads the regiment swung into line, turning from the trail into a mere path along which they straggled in single column. Momentarily the voices of the officers were raised urging haste. After two hours of weary marching the command was halted and ordered to lie down. The latter command was unnecessary. The next order was filled with significance. It was to "load magazines." Another wait filled with suspense and the men were startled to their feet by the discharge of a gun away off to their right.

"That opens the ball," grimly remarked an old campaigner. A very visible excitement reigned in the ranks. An agile soldier climbed a tree and from his point of vantage announced to the upturned

faces below him that the gun had been discharged a couple of miles off to the right. Meanwhile the regiment restlessly waited. Soon an orderly dashed up and the men rose to their feet.

"The General's compliments and will you please bring your command up on the line?" he said to the colonel, and then added, "deploy them, when you get there."

Instantly the regiment was in motion. They were going into a fight at last. To Warren, the recruit, the movement was filled with awful forebodings. He had now adopted the belief that he was without doubt to be the first man to be shot. He caught himself looking about for a chance to drop out of the line, but it seemed so futile, he was sure to get killed anyway. Fate was against him. The boom of the artillery was now heard with increasing frequency, and it was reinforced by the rattle of small arms. As yet the regiment had not met with other evidence of the battle on in front.

Suddenly, almost at their feet, rifles began to crack and as swiftly they heard the whistle of the answering fire. A battalion lying in front of them had gone into action. The command broke off suddenly to the right and passed along, parallel with the firing line. Occasionally through the brush they caught a glimpse of the men lying on their stomachs in the grass and turning over on their sides in an awkward fashion to reload. The men march in silence, watching closely the things which are taking place about them. Warren was intensely excited. He had a strained feeling about the eyes, and his throat was parched. He couldn't think. Once a

man stumbled through the line, his blue shirt splashed with blood. A man with a red cross on his arm supported him tenderly. Warren looked into the face of the wounded man in bewilderment as he would look at some strange animal. So this was war, for which he had longed so ardently and which he had told himself in northern security and ignorance, was the field upon which he was destined to shine.

The bullets which had been whistling high overhead now began to hum a little closer. Warren, with knees and back bent, crept along, twitching as a bullet whistled a little closer than usual. Suddenly he pitched forward on his face and lay still, trying to locate the wound, which his senses seemed to tell him was mortal. He was aroused by the voice of the close following sergeant, "Git up!" he said, "you ain't hurt none." Warren had caught his foot in a vine. He rose to his feet amid the low laughter of the men.

Passing out of the brush they looked across a valley where a village of huts with an occasional stone church lay. The outlying buildings were flashing with the fire of the garrison. "By the right flank," ordered the officers and the men turned in their tracks and faced the enemy.

"Halt, Lie down." The men obeyed the latter command with alacrity. "Fire at will, at five hundred yards, commence firing."

They were in it at last. Each man unlocked his piece, threw the rifle to his shoulder and sought a mark for his bullet. Warren's fingers trembled with excitement as he tried to unlock the little latch. He succeeded after several attempts and without thought of taking aim discharged his rifle at the village huts across the valley. Soon his gun

was so hot from rapid firing that he could not hold it in his hands. He laid it down beside him and pressed his face in the hot grass. All about him the rifles were flashing and the popping came sometimes in volleys that crashed on the ear and then slowed down until the line was almost silent, only to be renewed again with greater fierceness. The man to Warren's right was loading and firing his piece with a vindictiveness that seemed to Warren, unnatural. He watched him listlessly. Suddenly the man stiffened out, his rifle with a slight trace of smoke hanging about its muzzle fell from his hands and a tremor passed over him. Then he lay very still. The recruit looked at him with wondering eyes. It was the first time he had ever seen a man die. Another was led to the rear, yelling curses and oaths, and struggling with the Red-Cross man who was leading him off.

"What's the matter with him?" asked Warren of the man to his left.

"Hit in the head and nutty," was the brief rejoinder.

Still the incessant firing from both sides of the valley continued. An officer strode by, swearing fantastically. As he passed, the older men looked at each other and grinned. He had been their colonel once and they were proud of him. The fight continued. Warren's "bunkie," the man with whom he had slept and ate for months, "got it in the shoulder," as he informed the men about him, and was carried off. Warren for the first time felt a personal interest in the battle. He wanted to get at the men in the village. The heat and delay became unendurable. "What was to come of it all?" he asked himself.

Still the enemy filled the air with whistling, steel-tipped missives, which sang the swan song of death. Warren

kept up a continual fusillade in reply. Mostly he shot at the big straw hats which he could see in the trenches ahead. "What good?" he asked those about him, "was all this, why didn't they charge?" Warren's captain walked down the line with a pair of wire cutters in his hand.

"We're going to charge," he said, "and there's a wire fence down in front of us which must be cut, who'll I send?" he asked of the "top" sergeant.

Warren sprang to his feet with a strange lightheartedness. Here was a chance to get nearer the men in the block house. Holding out his hand for the wire cutters, he said simply, "I'll do it sir."

It did not occur to him that he was doing a brave thing. He only thought of the men who had shot his bunkie and who had been shooting at him all the morning. The captain looked at him doubtfully and then extended the cutters.

"Crawl close to the ground," he ordered, "and let me know when you have cleared the wires away."

Warren laid his gun down and began to wriggle over the ground to the bottom of the ravine. His comrades ceased their firing to watch him. His back burned with the fierce heat and the sweat in large drops rolled down his cheeks. Occasionally he stopped and pressed his face in the grass. All of the time he watched the men in the block house closely. He became possessed of a nervous dread that they would prevent his getting to the fence, and spurred by the thought he worked his way along faster. He was now at the bottom of the ravine. He began the ascent of the hill in front. Soon he caught a glimpse of the posts and then the top strand came into view. He was almost at his goal. He gripped the cutters in his hands and braced himself. Suddenly the enemy became

aware of his presence and a relentless hail of bullets announced his discovery. Now he was at the fence and he began to clip fiercely at the strands. They were closely woven together and it took time. Once he rose to his knees to cut the top strands and the movement caused a volley in his direction but strangely he was untouched by the hail of bullets. He crept along the fence and soon another gap was made. At last he had accomplished the task and for a moment he lay on his back looking up at the sun. Then the thought that his task was not altogether complete stirred him to renewed activity. Springing to his feet he began to wave the cutters in his hand.

His action was followed by a cheer, as the waiting men in the grass sprang to their feet and started toward him with a rush. The movement filled Warren with a great excitement and in a hail of Spanish lead he stood up to his full height and waved his comrades on, with the little tool in his hand.

The charging line was at the bottom of the ravine. The officers who were running ahead with drawn revolvers in their hands were almost upon the young recruit who had suddenly become a hero. He faced about and with a shout began to run toward the enemy's trenches, still waving the cutters. The men saw the action and cheering pressed on the faster. Suddenly the figure of the man in front sprang into the air and then fell limp upon the ground. The closely following line rushed on and by it.

When the town was captured and the hospital corps went out to bring in the wounded, Warren was found in the wake of the victorious charge which had won the day. He was dead and his arm was extended toward the trenches ahead. In his hand was tightly clenched a pair of wire cutters.

CHARLES DICKENS, THE APOSTLE OF CHILDHOOD.

MARY ALICE SCHOETTLE, *Kindergarten*, 1899.

TO the average reader, Dickens is known only as the great novelist—the novelist who has peopled our imagination with a vast number of beings, which the heart clings to, and makes it's intimate friends. We all love him, whether he makes us laugh or makes us cry, cheers us with a fresh confidence in human nature, or with an intenser sympathy for the poor, the despised or the wretched; but not all have recognized the deep educational principles that lie beneath his wit and his pathos—principles such as those advanced by Comenius Pestalozzi and Frœbel.

We have all observed how fond he is of using children as his characters and how tenderly he tells of their joys and their sorrows. Many novelists have no freedom of utterance when speaking of children, and do not know what to do with a child when it happens to stray within their pages. But how different with Dickens! He is never more at home than with the little folks. He so truly loved his child characters and they were so real to him that at the death of little Nell, it is said he withdrew himself from all society as if it had been a real bereavement. But Dickens was more than a mere child lover, he was a child student. All his child characters were created to make humanity aware of the gross wrongs inflicted on defenceless childhood, and of the possibility of guiding the race by the wise, reverent, loving, training of children. James Hughes says: "Dickens and Frœbel are the best interpreters of Christ's ideal of childhood."

Dickens' stories are in perfect accord with the philosophy of Frœbel. Both advocated as their greatest principle, education through self-activity. Like Frœbel, Dickens recognized the little spark of the divine which is in every child and his whole being rose in protest against the "cramming and molding" processes, which all around him he saw practiced upon childhood. As the "apostle of childhood" his great purpose was to restore to childhood its rightful freedom. Again we may trace the analogy between the principles of Dickens and Frœbel as we see that they both rejected the doctrine of total depravity. How he despised the Murdstones in David Copperfield, who believed all children "a swarm of little vipers."

How he pleads for a happier life for children. He tells us to go into the open woods and listen quietly to the sounds all around us that we may see how happy they all are. No note of discontent among all the voices of Mother Nature's children. Are not the children of humanity entitled as much as these to happiness and joy?

No one who has read Dickens' educational articles can doubt the deep interest he felt in the Kindergarten and all Frœbelan methods. When the Baroness von Bulow first came to England in the interests of the Kindergarten, he gave her the heartiest of welcomes and was her most ardent patron. It was in 1855 that his first great article on the Kindergarten was written and published in "Household Words." In recognition of the profound spiritual elements of the Kinder-



DICKINSON - BROS - C. R. WICH

garten, no article has ever surpassed it. Not only does he describe the educational philosophy of Frœbel, but also he gives a detailed analysis of the gifts and occupations and their effect on mental development.

Dickens is commonly regarded as a sort of negative critic—one whose task it is to tear down. But no one could have so clearly exposed the wrong in education without having a definite conception of the right. It is true in order to establish education on a right basis, the existing evils must in a large measure have been torn away. But he does not picture what is bad without giving us a clear portrait of the good. "There is no ideal in the new education that is not revealed by Dickens in his novels or in his miscellaneous articles." He is at once a *de*-structive, and an advanced, positive and *con*-structive educator. He had exquisite skill in picturing the hidden selfishness, the blundering, the inconsistencies, the gross injustice of his weak characters, but he had also power to reveal the true as well as to unmask and expose the false.

In his works he exposes fourteen different types of coercion, while he deals with nineteen schools, and every book except two, are rich in educational thought. In six of his novels, schoolmasters are among the most important characters. There are Nicholas Nickleby, Old Curiosity Shop, David Copperfield, Dombey and Son, Our Mutual Friend and Hard Times. In David Copperfield we see vividly outlined the two extremes in education in the two schools that David attended, Mr. Creakles' and Dr. Strong's. In Mr. Creakles' school the extreme of all that is evil in education is shown—brutal coercion, lack of individuality and a total disregard of all the rights of childhood. Dr. Strong's is just the

opposite. No page in all literature deals with more fundamental educational principles, than that which describes this school. To use Dickens' words, "It was an excellent school, as different from Mr. Creakles, as good is from evil. It was very gravely and decorously ordered and on a sound system, with an appeal in everything to the honor and good faith of the boys and an avowed intuition to rely on their possession of those qualities unless they proved themselves unworthy of it, which worked wonders."

Children are entitled to our good faith, and if we are constantly expecting them to do wrong, we are seldom disappointed. Dr. Strong, like Frœbel saw and recognized the divinity in the child. Without this doctrine it is impossible to study the child with interest or to anticipate it in its evolution towards the divine. Of the school, David again says, "We all felt we had a part in the management and sustaining the honor and dignity of the place." If all American citizens were to realize that they have a part in sustaining the honor of the nation, there would be no need of prisons, reform schools, or work-houses. It should be the supreme principle of all education to establish this unity of the race, this interdependence, this relationship of man to humanity.

In this ideal school they "had noble games out of hours, and plenty of liberty." All outer activity or play of the child has its ground in his inmost being or nature. The deepest craving of this inner nature is to behold itself mirrored in some external object. Such making of the inner life objective is essential, for through it comes to the child, self-consciousness and he learns to order and master himself. This law of development prescribed by nature and by the essential character of the child must always be respected and understood by the true educator;

the world is just coming to realize this. Prussia recently sent sixty educators to England to study English games with a view to introduce them into Prussia.

In Mr. Creakles, we see the negative side of the personal influence of the teacher. As David Copperfield says: "What a launch in life I think it now, on looking back, to have been so mean and servile to a man of such parts and pretensions." Again there is a contrast, for "Dr. Strong was the idol of his school; he was the kindest of men with a simple faith in him that would have touched the stone hearts of the very urns on the wall." His influence, instead of being restraining, was stimulating and inspiring. Nicholas Nickleby was published with the special view of freeing England from the low class of private schools so common in those times. It aroused a widespread interest in a national education, and in the better training of teachers.

It requires only a few minutes to read in "Old Curiosity Shop," the description of the old schoolmaster, but among all of Dickens' characters perhaps none appeal so directly to our hearts, for he possesses the greatest power in the world to stimulate soul-growth; a loving, kind, reverent sympathy *with* children not *for* them. His joyous pride in the accomplishments of his sick pupil, the kindly tact with which he tried to cheer him in his last sickness, and his deep grief at his death, all these make the old schoolmaster one of our dearest friends, and show us that Dickens recognized the mother instinct as one of the most important qualities of the teacher.

But it is little Paul Dombey who makes the most pathetic of all appeals to the heart of adult-hood. When Dr. Blimber said at the first interview with his father: "Well, sir, shall we make a man of him?" To this sage question Paul timidly but

wisely replied: "I had rather be a child."

The object of this book is to overthrow the giant evil of cram. "Dr. Blimber was an ideal cramming monster." Mr. Dombey tells the schoolmaster that, "Paul must learn everything." The ambition of parents is often one of the greatest motives leading ignorant teachers to cram. Dickens also dwells upon the ridiculous practice of making children when young fit the pattern which their parents have prepared for them. Paul's sickly life and death are intended to reveal to the world the vital importance of systematic physical exercise, especially if the child is not strong physically. The educational leaders of today have not fully learned the lessons directly or indirectly taught by the pathetic story of Paul Dombey.

"Hard Times," although published over half a century ago, is one of the most perfect Kindergarten books ever written. The fundamental basis of the work is that childhood must ripen in childhood. Then only can there be a rich, strong, true adult-hood. The central thoughts seem to be the wrong of robbing childhood, of dwarfing the imagination, of arresting the development by the substitution of fact education and memory storing for an education of natural interests. It shows the folly of degrading education to a mere economic question of placing a so-called practical education above the highest spiritual evolution of the race; of confining the child to the elements which enable it to make a living and excluding from its life all those elements of culture which make life pleasant.

Mr. M'Chrakumchild, the schoolmaster in this book, whose very name is a profound treatise on how not to train a child, believed in facts. "What we want is facts," he says, teach boys and girls nothing but facts. Facts alone are

wanted in life." The events of the story give a clear answer to the question of whether this is the true education. The wrecked lives of Tom and Louisa revealed too late the folly of their father's system of training. Having in childhood never been allowed to exercise his own judgment, it is little wonder that Tom made such a miserable failure when he became his own master. In his ironical way Dickens says, "It was very remarkable that a young gentleman who had never been left to his own guidance for five consecutive minutes should be incapable at last of governing himself. But it was certainly the case with Tom. It was almost unaccountable that a young gentleman, whose imagination had been strangled in its cradle should be still inconvenienced by its ghost in the form of groveling sensualities. But such a monster beyond all doubt was Tom."

With Dickens the nurture of the young imagination was a cardinal principle. He realized the value of individuality. How he ridiculed the normal school from which Mr. M'Chrakumchlld with one hundred

and forty other schoolmasters had recently been turned out in the same factory on the same principles like "so many piano-forte legs." This book shows that he understood the fundamental law of evolution by stages as taught by Frœbel, which is now the dominating law of Psychology. Some one has said: "No one could have written 'Hard Times,' who was not an advanced and positive educator." So we see that in nearly every one of his books, Dickens appealed to the Christian world to redeem childhood from ill-treatment from dwarfing processes from neglect and from persecution. Together with this we may say no man of his generation diffused so much pleasure to the English speaking world. He had exceptional powers of imagination and observation also an extraordinary intensity of sympathy with ordinary feelings and beliefs. He will ever hold rank among the great novelists of the day, and will also through his novels hold a still more precious position among the greatest benefactors of the human race.



TO MY ALMA COLLEGE FRIENDS.

M. E. ABELL.

Dear Alma friends so kind and true,
My heart will ever turn to you
In sweet remembrance of this
Most lovely gift—this chafing dish.

And when my heart is burdened here,
With many a sorrow, many a tear,
I'll think of you, with loving wish
As I look on my chafing dish.

With chocolate, fudge and oyster stew,
I'll eat and drink, good health to you,
While round my drowsy spirits swarm,
Visions of joy when at the Dorm.

And grateful to each generous heart,
Who in this gift has taken part
This dish a much prized gift shall be,
While life and love remain with me.

So please except, dear friends, my wish
That each may have a chafing dish,
And each find friends as kind and true
As I have ever found in you.

And when our labors here are done,
And we the victory have won,
In glad reunion may we meet,
And sit and learn at Jesus' feet.

THE INVINCIBLE WOMAN.

W. E. BROCK, 1902.

PART I.

HIS name was John. With disheveled hair and a woe-be-gone mien he was groanfully sponging mudstains from his trousers. Tom, his room-mate, a graceless, good-hearted fellow sat in the opposite corner, grinning unsympathetically.

Tom began the conversation. "So you've interviewed the old man, have you John? What did he say?"

"What did he say?" echoed John despairingly, "Why—er—can't you see what he said? He's a pantomimist. Is my eye very black?"

"Blacker than a flunk mark. So he won't let you have her, eh? What are you going to do?"

"What can I do?" cried John hopelessly. "I can't think. It was so sudden and unexpected—why—er—my! I had no idea he was so quick tempered—why—I—I was deceived—but it was her fault—Ellen's mother I mean. He received me graciously, but she was in the room also and that affected my nerves. I forgot my piece although I had rehearsed it a hundred times. For a long time I couldn't think of anything except the weather—but—er—finally I blurted out that I wished to marry Ellen. It seemed to daze them. They both stared at me for a while, then suddenly Mrs. Roberts shrieked something—I know not what—to her husband. That was when the pantomime began. Look at my new suit, muddy and torn. My body is bruised, my heart broken." And as he spoke he flung himself into a chair utterly dejected.

This was too much for Tom who despite the many indications to the contrary was a most tender-hearted fellow.

"Cheer up old man!" he exclaimed. "You will have her yet. Why in thunder don't you elope?"

"Elope?" repeated John with a start of surprise. "Gracious. I have never thought of that. Why—but we could never do it. Ellen's mother is as cunning as a fox and would surely find us out and then the old man would half kill us. Besides Ellen couldn't be persuaded to undertake it."

"Nonsense, John, we can easily fool the old people, and as for Ellen, why, she would even keep a secret for you—if that is possible for any woman. But say!" he exclaimed suddenly. "Don't you leave this room until I return," and he jumped from his chair, grabbed his hat, slammed the door and was gone.

The unfortunate lover having limped to the window, wondered where Tom was going as he hurried out of sight around the corner. Completely discouraged by his recent rough treatment, John was very dubious concerning the success of any such desperate scheme as an elopement. But the ardor of his love was still undiminished, and with the desperation of a drowning man, he was ready to grasp at any straw of hope that presented itself. Besides he fully believed in his rollicking rushing room-mate and could not help but feel that somehow or other the crafty mother and fiery father would be out-witted and that he would wed the beautiful Ellen. As he thought of the plan he became exceedingly nervous, pacing up and down the room until he saw Tom coming around the corner with an omniscient smile on his face like a senior who has for the first time donned cap and gown.

"Well, old man," said Tom as he met the excited lover at the door. "Everything is settled. I've seen Ellen. I've engaged a preacher in St. Louis. White-wash that eye. You're going to elope to-night. D'ye hear? You're going to elope to-night. Get out your Sunday togs and spruce up. Wipe that hang-dog expression from your face. You resemble a freshman after a class rush. If any of the Faculty see you now they'll think you are the villain that plugged the key-holes. This is your wedding day, man! You ought to be the happiest fellow in College."

"I am the happiest man, Tom," answered John weakly from the chair where he had fallen. "But—er—I didn't expect it to be so soon. But Tom—er—are you quite sure that Ellen will go?"

"Am I sure?" replied Tom indignantly. "Jumping John Rogers! Didn't I tell you that everything was settled? Say, do you think that I am feeble minded?"

"No Tom," replied John apologetically. "Forgive me. I think you are as wise as the President's dog."

Tom was of course mollified by this compliment. "Well then," he said, "Follow my instructions and you'll be a Benedict before to-morrow morning. Be ready at half an hour after midnight."

PART II.

The clocks had just chimed one that night, when a closed carriage, drawn by four horses, drew up in front of the Roberts mansion. It was an ideal night for the ordinary love affair. The full moon bathing the earth in a flood of soft silvery light had been (till 10 p. m.) a great inspiration to the poetical pairs on the library steps. But an elopement is not an everyday love affair, and doubtless when Tom and John alighted from the carriage and moved stealthily around the corner of the house, they would have felt more confi-

dent had the night been moonless. When they were beneath a certain window in the second story, Tom gave three long low whistles. In a moment the window was opened and the form of a heavily veiled lady appeared. "Are you ready?" whispered Tom. "Yes," came back the scarcely audible answer. This was more than poor John could bear. As we have already seen, the rapid change from utter despair to hope had unnerved him and it was now no wonder that, seeing his hopes so near fulfillment, he should lose his head completely, and dance wildly about, repeating hysterically the name of his beloved. "Shut up you crazy duffer, you'll awaken the whole house," hissed Tom as he clutched John's coat collar and subdued him with a violent shaking. "We must hurry," Tom added. "Help me carry the ladder." In a few minutes the heavy wooden ladder had been raised to the window and the bride had descended. She had barely reached the ground, however, when John all but ruined the expedition by another stroke of folly. Rushing forward to embrace Ellen, he forgot the presence of the ladder and knocked it upon himself with a tremendous crash. In a moment lights began to glimmer throughout the house. Not a moment was to be lost. Tom hastily escorted the bride to the carriage and, returning quickly, extracted the hopeless groom from under the ladder and dragged him away.

"Run your horses, Frank, they'll be after use in a minute!" were Tom's instructions to the coachman as he breathlessly clambered in. They were off like a rocket. The coach tipped and lurched in a terrifying manner and it required the expending of every energy in clutching and clinging to prevent being thrown from the seats. No one thought of speaking and even had they so desired,

the clank and rattle of the wheels and spring with the noise of the flying horses would have made it impossible. On and on they flew through the main street of the sleeping village. In a twinkling they flashed past the unconscious night-watch without in the least disturbing his peaceful slumbers. Over the two bridges like so many thunder-claps, they were soon around the race track corner and flying down the St. Louis road with never slackening speed. Suddenly Tom staggered up and gazed down the moonlit stretch behind them. Above the uproar a distant sound had reached his ear. In a moment he heard it again like the sound of far off thunder. Some one was crossing the bridges behind them. They were being pursued. "Faster!" shouted Tom to the coachman. "Faster!" shrieked John. The four horses, the fleetest in the village, responded nobly to the urging of their driver and soon left the pursuers so far

behind that nothing more was heard of them.

In an incredibly short time St. Louis was reached and the horses, steaming and puffing, stopped in front of the residence of the Rev. Mr. Goodson. With Tom and John on either side the bride, still heavily veiled, entered the house where the expectant minister greeted them warmly. Tom had just removed his wraps when a piercing cry froze the very marrow in his bones. He turned quickly and saw John leaning against the wall, white and ghastly, his hair on end and his eyeballs protruding from their sockets. Tom turned his eyes from his stricken friend and looked at the bride, who had unveiled and was viewing him placidly. As he looked he turned pale, his knees gave away beneath him and he sank helpless into the nearest chair. He had been outwitted; John had eloped with Ellen's mother.



Y. W. C. A.

The various committees of the association are planning with considerable zeal for the work of the new year in the Y. W. C. A. Judging from the present interest the committees have been wisely chosen, and the association may rejoice in this excellent beginning.

The General Religious Work committee this year, with the aid of the girls of the association, purchased and dressed forty-one dolls, which were sent to Miss Barnes and distributed among the poor and sick children of Detroit and Ann Arbor. The committee for next year desire to make scrap-books. If anyone, possessing pictures or cards such as would

interest children, would be willing to give them to the association, they would be most acceptable, and may be handed to Miss Bruske, chairman of committee.

The inter-collegiate meeting on March 18, proved to be one of the best meetings of the year, with an attendance of nearly fifty. It was encouraging to hear from those who are engaged in the same work as ourselves, and to realize that One is our Master, even Christ.

The Alumnæ committee are now planning for a special service to be held some time in June, when we shall hear from those who have in the past been members of our own association.

ATHLETICS.

We view with delight the return of spring athletics with its baseball, track work and tennis, and in consequence of this we bid farewell to the gymnasium and all its pleasures to take our places in the open air. Extensive preparations have been made for the baseball campaign and we are told that the prospects are very bright. We have no stars to present to the public; but we have learned before this that they are one of the non-essentials in athletics. Manager H. P. Bush informs us of having arranged a heavy schedule of games, which is not yet completed. The fact that we will have to meet men of seeming superior merit will add greatly to our team work. Another source of strength we hope will be in the hearty co-operation of all the students. In this connection we believe in personality. Be present at all the games. And to those who know our coach only as a foot-ball and gymnasium man, we inform them that he is equally skilled on the diamond. What may we not expect?

The following men will largely represent the team: Magaw, Hard, Baker, Dunning, Fuller, Macdonald, W. B. Robinson, Schwaderer, McBride, Helmer, Wilson, J. Robinson, Webber, Brock, C. W. Mott and Russel.

For a number of years A. C. A. A. has turned out a track team of greater or less ability. It has always been characterized by its sportsman like men—those who were willing to pay the price of pure sports; who shrunk from the low grade of athletics, characterized by the oft quoted saying, "anything to win." The association has endeavored to hold a

friendly contest each year with some team. This has a two-fold object. First, it takes the place of gymnasium work, putting in practice the winter's training. Secondly, it brings us into friendly relations with other institutions and their method of work on similar lines.

This year we intend doing even more and a better grade of work than heretofore. Our men will be largely those who have in times past been faithful to their work on the track—not the strong but the thoughtful. We feel gratified to know of the ability of some. But we also feel satisfied that with these as leaders those just beginning will make even more marked progress. Mt. Pleasant institutions have expressed their willingness to meet us again this spring, but as yet no definite plans have been arranged. A dual meet with Olivet, arrangements for which are about completed, will also add greatly to the interest in track work. With all this in view, we have no fears as to the hearty support of the student body. We acknowledge our indebtedness to our friends outside for the use of the Sanitarium park which has made training possible in previous years.

It is hoped that all those interested in tennis will avail themselves of the opportunity of the two courts which have been put in such good shape at a considerable cost and great amount of labor. Tennis is one of the important features in the spring athletics, and we urge all, but especially the ladies to improve every means of qualifying for the annual contest.

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APRIL, 1900.

Anyone who wishes to escape for a little time from the cares and worries of life, from the noise and rush, even of a college community, let him go into the large bright sunny room at the east of the gymnasium building. It seems to the one who enters it for the first time that he has inadvertently stumbled upon a new world—a world whose whole atmosphere is reverence and whose law is the law of love. Surely this is a sacred place and those who enter it should tread softly, for they study here the most wonderful creation in the entire universe—the manifestation of God Himself—a little child. What wonder is it that the young ladies engaged in this work are ennobled and uplifted by it, and that their influence is felt through all the college life, even though they are more

separated from it than those who are pursuing any other branch of the college curriculum. Only those who know something of the aims of a Kindergarten can understand whence she obtains her attractive personality, and her intense sympathy for every one. The Kindergarten in Alma College is certainly one of its strongest departments and its influence is becoming greater every year, both within the college walls and without. Its alumnae already exceed that of any other department and are scattered all over the United States from east to west.

Never before in the history of our Faculty receptions has one received more praise and been pronounced so complete a success as that of this year held in the college chapel. If the students had any misgivings before attending as to its success and the pleasure they were to receive, their fears were soon banished. The Faculty evidently had intended to out-do all former attempts, and so spared no trouble or expense to make the chapel attractive and to provide music for the occasion by the town mandolin club. And the result? Ask the student body and the answer will be emphatic. With almost continuous music to add its charms to the occasion, and as a climax, to partake of the generous refreshments offered, who could fail to enjoy themselves? It is not to be doubted that such a time of friendly handshaking between the Faculty and students, where all are met together making new acquaintances and strengthening old ones, is of much benefit aside from the mere enjoyment of the evening. It tends to develop college spirit in a way not otherwise provided for, and to bring Faculty and students into closer touch with each other.

Those who were present at the gymnasium exhibition given the latter part of March do not hesitate to freely offer the praise which the work of that evening merits. It showed the thorough training which Prof. Fauver has given in physical culture during the past winter. Never before in the history of the college has so much interest been shown in the gymnasium classes. The exhibition could but partially represent the training given, yet it was a complete success in itself and merited a larger crowd to appreciate it. The work on the parallel bars, the tumbling, the pyramids and the English extension drill were especially fine, while "The streets of Cairo" added no little pleasure to the entertainment. Such an exhibition should become an annual event, and with this year's thorough training as a basis, the work next year in preparing for such an entertainment should be much facilitated. And too,

there is more interest taken in the work when there is an understanding that a public exhibition is to be given sometime during the year. All must admit that physical training is necessary, and especially so for the student; but it is not always easy to make every student realize the value of advice along this line, or at least to apply it to himself. Hence the necessity of offering some inducement, rather than relying entirely upon compulsion. Those who have played football or baseball or who do track work can hardly fail to realize the value of continuous training to them. This winter training is a necessary preliminary to good work in spring athletics. Let every possible inducement be offered to keep alive during the winter the athletic spirit which is usually so thoroughly aroused during the spring and fall months.



CLASS NEWS.

SENIORS.

"We are the people who do as we ought.

Nineteen hundred and naughty-naught."

This is our yell and to hear even two of our members give it, one would think a hundred voices were joining in the chorus. So if our class is not as large as it might be in quantity, we make up the difference in the quality.

Perhaps in this issue it would be interesting to speak personally of the members.

Mr. Magaw has certainly reached a

height for he occupies the position of both wit and poet of the class. He has gotten to the point where the verse of Chaucer is, as he says, too slow for him and in company with the Muses he soars high above all others. It is well that he is about to be graduated from college. It is reported that after finishing his commencement oration Mr. Magaw spent his vacation in Riverdale. We are wondering whom he visits there.

Mr. Hill we have not seen much of lately, so we do not feel so well prepared to tell of him. He with another member of the "Ethics" class spent the vacation holding evangelistic meetings in the

country. He has returned to college in the best of health, ready for work.

Our good, true member, Mr. Randels, is still discussing the problems of "Ethics" with Dr. Bruske, and assisting much in the rehearsals of the Glee Club—so that the Juniors feel that it is well they are "assisted by the Seniors."

While it is only occasionally that we see the bachelor members of our class, before mentioned, strolling with members of the fairer sex—not so with our much thought of friend, Mr. Foote. We believe in our College it is customary, generally, to keep up college precedents, and so we cannot help but feel glad that our class is doing its part. In last year's Senior class, we all remember our worthy friend, now of Princeton, who succumbed to the charms of a freshman, and we are pleased to see how well our honored secretary is following in the worthy "footsteps" of Mr. Johnson. We are beginning to wonder who will be the victim in next year's class. Can it be possible that it will be our trusted friend, Mr. Sidebotham! It certainly is among the probabilities, as most of the other Junior boys appear to be taken.

The President appears well and happy, but a shade of sadness is beginning to come o'er us as we realize that the time is fast approaching when our college days will be over, when books will be laid aside, caps and gowns doffed and we will go forth into the cold, cold world.

JUNIORS.

Why was Mr. Carmichael so very anxious to attend the Kindergarten lectures?

Mr. Harrington visited Alma during vacation and although not a member of our class he is deeply interested in us and doubtless assists our officers with good advice.

A Reed is not usually considered a firm support, but the free silver doctrine certainly has a staunch upholder in the Reed of the Junior class.

Vacation came on a-pace,
And where did the Juniors go?
Four went home and two did roam,
One did preach, one tried to vote,
But failed, on election day.
So he formed an orchestra instead,
And made conquests anyway.
How the faculty missed us, and cried alack,
And how glad they were when we got back.

Mr. Sidebotham preached in Yale during his vacation. We have never heard Mr. Sidebotham preach, but if his preaching is as good as his practicing, the congregation must have enjoyed a treat.

SOPHOMORE.

Exhausted, but content; sleepless nights in Remus the cause.—Fell.

Bagley sings in a minor key since vacation; no reason assigned.

Miss Myers is not a sophomore, but you couldn't make Brock believe it.

Have you noticed how the Sophomores are flocking to the dorm lately?

Why, for protection of course. Isn't our president there?

Macdonald thinks a Foote makes a big difference.

The Sophomore rhetorical class has been engaged lately in murdering Abraham Lincoln once more.

Prof. Davis, (to one of our brightest;) "If you can't restrain yourself from bursting forth in song, I wish you would cultivate your voice at least."

We have been drawing "a Kind of figure" and giving "a Kind of a recitation" in analytics. *Different Kinds*, too, I think Prof. Fullerton would say.

Fell is awfully fond of getting in the shadow of Hedges. The class is afraid he will take cold.

The president of the class (in class meeting): "Mr. Secretary, if you won't

require more than an hour to find the minutes, we would like to hear them."

FRESHMAN.

Prof. Clizbe: "Mr. Soule, name one of the miracles performed by the sea of Galilee."

Mr. Soule: "Healing the dumb man with the impediment in his speech."

Miss Wing was so fatigued on her return from vacation that she was unable to meet her friends at the evening train.

They say that Helmer lost his voice in the sugar camp.

A frolicing lamb was discovered last Friday to be one of the members of the Freshman Class. This animal, wonderful to say, has Wings.

Mr. Ronald announces: "At times it is necessary for people to wake up."

It is becoming quite evident that Prof. Mitchell fears that several members of his history class will go alone through this world.

All-wise Soph: "Say, where did Northrup get all that sawdust on his coat?"

Freshman: "Can't you see, he's been 'buzzing' Wood."

First Semester reports were anxiously awaited by all, and especially was this the case, of course, among the Freshmen. However we are wearing smiling faces as most of us managed to pull through by hook or crook.

How the Freshmen swelled with pride on seeing that the first number of the Almanian was dedicated to them. Assuredly the honor was appreciated.

KINDERGARTEN.

The new kindergarten room is the envy and admiration of all beholders. There was but one drawback, it was not heated, but that difficulty has been very happily arranged by securing the servi-

ces of Mr. Johnnie Talltalk Northrup who, we feel quite sure will live up to his reputation and always have a liberal supply of Wood on hand.

Mrs. Plum spent part of the Easter vacation with Miss Edna Swigart at her home near Middleton.

Miss Mabel Terwilliger has been quite ill, but she hopes to be able to return to Alma some time the latter part of the week.

Miss Beth Merriam visited friends in Grand Rapids last week and while there, attended the thirteenth annual convention of the Y. P. S. C. E.

The rapid progress of the members of the kindergarten department is aptly illustrated in the case of Mr. Martin who advanced from the Freshman to the Senior class in the space of one short week and that vacation too!

ACADEMY.

An experiment has been tried which we hope will prove successful. The editor believes it is his duty to gather the verbiage of others rather than to continually use his own. Requests were sent out for poetry on "Spring," and the following "rich specimens" have been received.

"SPRING."

Kind hearts are more than Freshmen hats,
And simple faith than Norman's love.

K. B.

"HATS."

Her Easter hat is very swell,
It's size is very great,
And that's what makes the trouble
When you come to osculate.

F. J. M.

This is the dearest time,
The best of all to me;
I now can spring my stalest jokes
For its "spring-time," don't you see!

BARKER.

THE FABLE OF THE GIRL WHO DID AND WHO DIDN'T.

Once in Wayback, N. J. a girl leaned over the dam bridge, and uttered the astounding ejaculation, "Oh dearie me."

She wanted to go to school. She was a curiosity. She determined to earn money and go. After five years of unremitting toil she had accumulated stocks, bonds, cash, bank securities, mortgages and real estate, to the sum of nineteen cents. She decided to live economically. She came to Alma. She wanted to get in the third Academy, but alas she couldn't, she had only been in love once. She entered in the second. In three weeks she fell in love with the boy who brings the milk. They eloped. She now lives on the sixth floor of a Chicago tenement and keeps chickens in the back yard. This is what she did. What didn't she do? (The person who makes the nearest correct guess will receive a box of Lownies and honorable mention. Restricted to Academy students.)

The new officers of the Adelpheids are: Mr. Ray Baker, Pres.; R. Soule, V. Pres.; Ray Swigart, Sec.; Oscar Barker, Cor. Sec.; John Robinson, Treas.; Herbert Wilcox and Ben Willebrands, Critics.

The fourth year class would like to know why Messrs. Miller and Wilson are boarding at the "Dorm." They also wonder where Mr. Foote is.

Mr. Barker has plucked the first and (so far) the only Rose of the year.

Some day there will be presented to the expectant world from the halls of Alma College, a poet, who will be received with—did I say with shouting and great joy? Nay, but with clubs and brickbats. Ask Prof. M.

Y. M. C. A.

We are more than pleased to notice from the "Inter-collegian" that Albion College has assumed the support of an alumnus in the foreign field.

Messrs. Callahan, Hill and Joslin conducted services each evening during the spring vacation at the Adams

school house. Much interest was shown by the work, and the cause of Christ has been strengthened in the neighborhood.

Mr. Perez has collected about \$30 for the Indian famine relief fund. The money will be sent through the Presbyterian board of foreign missions.

Prayer meetings were held in the reception room of the Ladies' Hall on Sunday afternoons during vacation by the members of Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A. that remained in town. Miss Clark and Mr. Martin led the meetings.

Dr. Spencer's class in the Shorter Catechism keeps on growing in interest, and in number present.

Rev. Mr. Todd, one of our old members, is now pastor at Fair Grove. During the five months he has been there God has wonderfully blessed his work, fourteen united with the church on confession of faith at the last communion.

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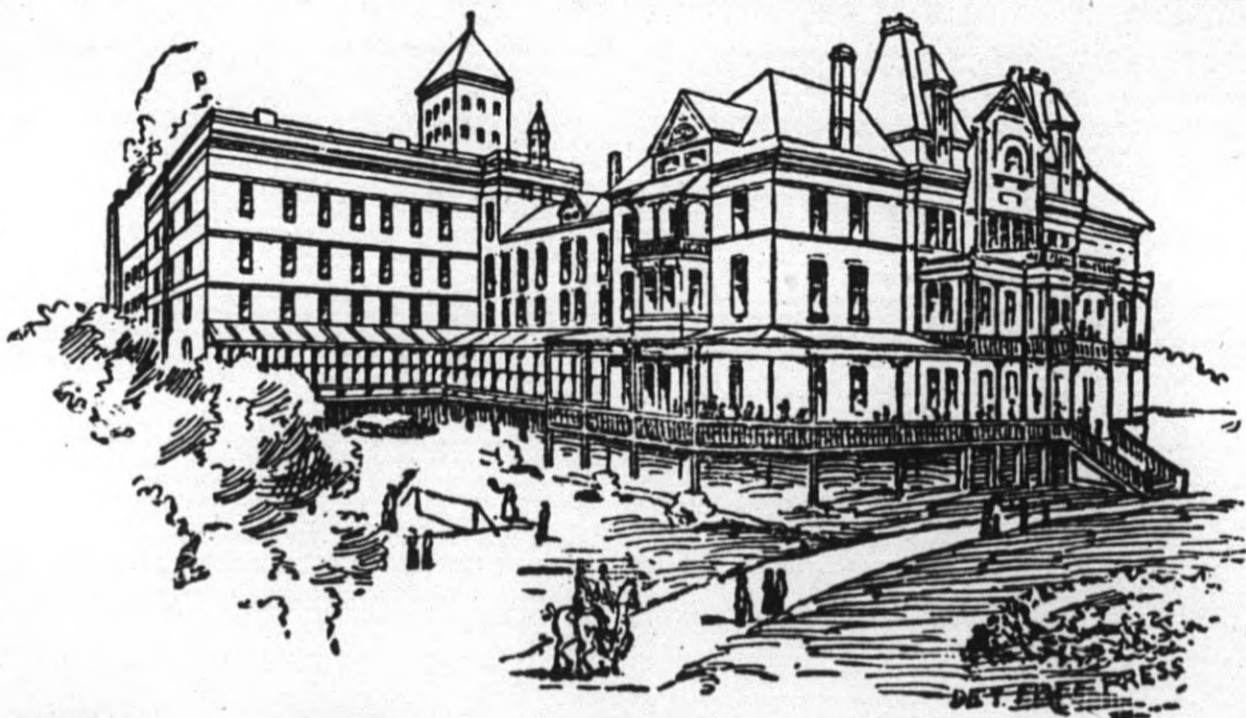
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