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ALMANIAN.

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Orpheus and Eurydice.

MARY C. GELSTON.

THE earliest poets, primitive people, were always interested in watching the ever-recurring struggle between light and darkness, between day and night. Achilles was their sun-hero, and the warfare waged, was for and against man. No wonder, then, that early man was interested in a combat that so vitally concerned himself.

Another tragedy of nature for which these spontaneous poets had a purer and more disinterested sympathy, was that of the dawn and the day, the short-lived beauty of the morning and the more glorious and more enduring brightness of the day, both equally good, both equally beautiful. As men gazed, they pondered and questioned. Surely the day loves the dawn, or he would not pursue her so closely. Just as surely, the dawn loves the day, or she would not flee so slowly and reluctantly. But what inscrutable fate condemns the one to die at the touch of the other, the lover to slay his beloved?

Year after year, and age after age,

the same sad questions were asked, and fancy invented one and another charming answer to account for the eternal and hopeless separation. The tale of Orpheus and Eurydice is one of these sweet but melancholy interpretations. Orpheus loves Eurydice as the day loves the dawn. Orpheus comes forth from the realms of Orcus as the dawn from the darkness. Eurydice fades away at her lover's look, as dawn fades away at the look of day; and he whose song had been able to prevail over death and over hades, loses his half-regained Eurydice because he loves her, as day loses dawn because he loves her. In despair the lonely musician retreats to the forest solitudes, which he makes resound with his sad laments. After, he fancies he sees in the dim distance the loved one, with the same look she had upon her face as she receded into the shadows of hades:

“At that dim vista's end I trace,
Dimly thy sad leave-taking face,
Eurydice! Eurydice!
The tremulous leaves repeat to me,
Eurydice! Eurydice!”

At last there comes a day when the poet-musician meets his fate from no gentle hands. But though torn limb from limb by the Bacchantes, his mangled body cast into the river, he cannot forget his wife. As the severed head floats down the stream, the pallid lips still murmur "Eurydice!" and the spirit drifts on and on to join the loved one.

In like manner the sun sinks in blood-tinged clouds into the all-encompassing river Oceanus, and drifts on to join the beloved dawn. Again and again the tragedy is repeated,—

the pursuit, the fatal look, the reluctant return to hades, and finally the disappearing of the lover himself in gloomy realms of Orcus, only to emerge again with a fuller day which again overmasters the dawn.

So the combat goes on between light and darkness, between good and evil, nay even between the good and the better; and it will continue until death is swallowed up in victory, until an eternal sun has put to flight the darkness forever, and has overtaken and absorbed the dawn.



The Voice in the Pines.

E. W. WALDRON, '04.

What do the voices say
That I hear sobbing softly in the pines?
What is the song they sing the livelong day
Over the wild-grape vines?

What are the rhymes that flow
As phantom billows on a phantom sea,
To ripple softly to me here a low
And sad monotony?

What wierd notes lull and lift
And sink and swell like amber foam and
fling
Their cadence softly where the shadows shift,
In solemn whispering?

What mystic symphonies
Awake the silence of the lonely shore,
And set my dreaming soul adrift on seas
Of thought not known before?

Oh! wildwood mystery—
The sad wind whispering the hours away
Up in the sombre pines incessantly;
What do the voices say?

The Story of a Pirnce.

C. A. B.

A LONG, long time ago—so long that everybody has forgotten the year or even the century, there was a prince. This prince was handsome and young as all princes are, and he lived in the Kingdom of Youth.

One day the prince grew tired of being happy all the time, and doing everything he wanted to, for there were only good fairies in his father's kingdom, so he started out to take a journey and encounter adventures and incidentally make his fortune.

Before he started out he put on his vanishing robe and his cap of confidence and took from the stable his fleetest pony.

The prince had many books at home, and in these he had read of other princes and their adventures with three-headed dragons, one-eyed monsters and similar dreadful things, and as he was of an ambitious turn of mind, he desired to be original and do something no one had ever heard of a prince doing before.

So while he was riding on his pony whose name was "Swift-as-the-wind-and-fleeter-than-the-lightning" he passed by without a glance at all the lands where dwelt those storied monsters, and even went further than the valley of diamonds and the golden mountains, where were many enchanted princesses always waiting for a hand-

some prince to release them. And after he had ridden a long time he came to a country he had never before heard of.

This country had many hills and mountains, but it also had some very beautiful places, and there was moreover, such a charm about it that, once inside, the prince wanted to stay.

The first person he met after he entered this country was an elderly gentleman with a benevolent countenance, who from his pompous bearing, the prince thought to be the king of the land. But the old gentleman said no. He told the prince in addition that the country into which he had come was divided into four sections, in the first of which he now was; that it would take him a year to travel through each one of these sections, and that he would have to encounter many difficulties, but that at the end of four years he could go home with a satisfied feeling knowing that he had encountered greater difficulties than any other prince had ever done. He said also that the name of the king of the land was Prexy.

So the prince went to the king of the land and told him he wanted to stay there for four years. The king told him he might and gave him a little piece of green paper with his royal seal upon it.

Quite a few weeks went by and the

prince was happy still, and had begun to think that perhaps he had better go home again, when one night, all of a sudden, the people who lived in the next section, called the Sophomorian land, came over and pounced upon him and a lot of his companions when they were coming home from a great feast, called a spread.

All the prince's companions had caps of confidence which the prince, in a moment of generosity, had sent to his fairy godmother for, soon after his arrival.

And although the wicked people from Sophomoria of course didn't do anything but get badly beaten, still all of the prince's companions lost the visors from their confidence caps.

It was, however, a great victory for the prince and his companions as every one in that section of the country acknowledged, and the wicked people from Sophomoria just laid one more sin at their door and proved that they were not gentlemen.

The prince had other difficulties as the year went on.

He met a certain monster by the name of Trigonometrus and the king of the land told him that he must conquer this monster before the year was over.

The next day the prince discovered that the tassel was missing from his good confidence cap, and a most homesick feeling stole over him.

He tried to put on his vanishing robe when he went to encounter this evil beast, but the beast saw right through it, and in wrath the prince threw the robe away.

However, all things have an end, even encounters with triangular-shaped monsters like Trigonometrus, and

at length the day came when the prince went with his companions into the next section.

This year he often looked over into the first section—that of Freshmaria—and he very soon discovered that all the strangers there were very unlike himself or his friends.

Oh yes! They were much younger and smaller, and they thought they knew a great deal—oh, so much more than they really did.

The prince had to fight monsters every day in this land, but the one he most dreaded was in a country quite far away—a land they called Greece. He tried to use his pony to get to this land, but one of the private secretaries of the king, of whom there was quite a number, and who were called professors, told him he couldn't use a pony but that he must go all this way on foot, even through the mountains. So the prince left his pony with the secretary who said he would take good care of it and went on his journey. The prince had other adventures in this section of the country which were all interesting, being taken into several secret brotherhoods by circuitous routes, and at the end of the year his confidence cap had so many holes in it and was so worn out that he was obliged to discard it before entering the third section of the land.

By this time the prince had become quite accustomed to his surroundings, and would not have been willing to go home even if he could have done so in an honorable manner and without breaking his promise to King Prexy to remain four years.

Besides, he had found that the monsters although they looked pretty bad at first were not so hard to overcome

after all, and then there were so many nice things to do in this section of the country that he forgot all about the troubles he had when he was in Freshmania.

The most interesting adventure of the prince this year was his meeting the princess.

He had seen many fair and beautiful maidens when he was still in his father's kingdom.

He had seen interesting ones in Sophomaria but never before had one half so lovely, half so charming, gladdened his weary eyes.

The prince never did things by halves.

This fact had been noticeable from the onslaught on the bold bad Sophomore when he was in the first section, and with the help of fourteen others of his companions, he had succeeded in tying the wicked man hand and foot.

It had also been evident when obtaining a position in what they called the foot ball team,—a regiment which served as protection for the king and the honor of the land—he had denied himself all such delicacies as fig-cake and fudge, no matter by how fair a hand it was offered him.

So when he fell in love he did not do so gently and moderately, but for all he was worth. In fact he was thoroughly and completely in love from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot.

In the spring of that year he went for a boat ride up a beautiful stumpy river in this land, and he was not alone. No, there was a hammock in the boat with him, a basket of lunch—and something else.

The boat did not get very far, but

the prince was very happy for at least twenty-four hours after his return, or until he saw an insignificant, insolent, little green freshman, talking to the princess—his tendrilla.

The prince wanted to challenge the freshman to a duel, but he knew it was beneath his dignity to notice such babyhood. The elderly gentleman whose name was Professor Jonitor had told him that when he had first entered this section of the country.

So he tried to be dignified and wished intensely that some accident would happen so he could show his valor by risking his life to save that of his princess. But in vain.

He learned a great deal that year, and at its end he was a sadder and a wiser man.

The last year of the prince's sojourn in this land had come.

He was now what was called a "grave and reverend senior" for he had reached the land of Seniordom.

As a badge of honor he was permitted to wear a long black gown and a square cap with a tassel which was not at all like the cap of confidence he had worn when he first entered this land. His thoughts were all on deep subjects this year, and the children in Freshmaria and Sophomaria looked up to him with expressions of wonder in their eyes and unquestioningly obeyed his slightest nod. He was glad to be through with his adventures, for they had been many and hard.

The king and his secretaries had done their best for him and his companions were all beloved, and it made his heart sad to think of parting from them, but he had the princess to think about now, and he wanted to go away to build a beautiful white palace for her.

So by and by the day came when the dragons were all fought and the year all through, and the prince gave his parting advice to his younger brethren, and tenderly saluted the Sophomories who were his most devoted admirers, and told the king of the land that when he wanted a new secretary maybe he would help him out.

Then the king of the land gave the

prince a sheepskin banner to hang up in his new white palace as an ornament, and the prince and the princess took hold of hands and the prince turned his ring around and wished for his fairy godmother, and she came with her chariot made out of a large opal and drawn by two immense swans, and they flew away to a new land where the prince and princess lived happy ever after.



When My Ship Comes In.

E. W. WALDRON, '04.

When My ship comes in! How I long and
wait the day,
Till my eye shall spy her looming on the
bosom of the bay;
Till my ear shall steal the cadence of her
pilot's hail afar,
Drifting on the moonlit billows from the mist-
hung harbor-bar!

When my ship comes in! When across the
starlit foam
Floats the magical aroma of the cargo she
brings home,
Floats the fragrance of the spices hidden in
her mighty hold,
Where a mystic lambent shimmer tells of
diamond-dust and gold!

When my ship comes in! What a rapture
will be mine,
What transport will around me its siren em-
brace twine,
What a happiness supernal this waiting heart
shall win
In that halycon day of future when my ship
comes in!

A Special Phase of Education.

HENRY BUSH JR., '01.

THE human race with its tendencies, institutions, religions, and varied customs present a problem more intricate and difficult than any problem of mathematics. In every period of the world's history there are certain forces at work for the weal or woe of mankind. The monastic orders of the mediaeval period, though they would be without much force in a progressive age like the present, helped to solve many of the problems of that dark age. A decided advance beyond the best conditions of the middle ages was only made possible however, when through the crusades, a large portion of humanity came in touch with the new life of the East. Thus the progress of events solved the problem of bringing light to a world hidden in darkness.

The progress of events unaided may work out the destinies of a people, in a measure, providing no master minds exist to shape events. During the first years of the modern period, however, we notice that the ship of progress was no longer allowed to drift, but was equipped with pilots like Agricola, Reuchlin, Luther, and Melancthon. With such men as leaders in German humanism and in the reformation, the problems confronting Europe were in the way of speedy solution. These men entertained opinions concerning society and the

fundamental principles of education better than which, there are none in existence at the present time.

Our own age presents many problems for solution. Among its problems are those of labor, religion, vice, and educational advancement. One peculiarity about those who have dedicated their lives to the solution of these problems is that they see the needs and demands of their own fields of labor magnified, while the needs of other fields are comparatively minimized. The number of workers wholly given up to the solution of these problems compared with the great bulk of our population filling the ordinary vocations of life, is very small, hence the question confronts us how the great mass of humanity have a share in the solution of these problems which affect them, and a share in the emancipation of the mind from the bondage of vice.

It is evident that the power which will reach the greatest number, helping them to become master of self, to realize their positions as units of society, and to realize the object of their existence will be the most effectual in the solution of the problems confronting us.

What is this power? Is it fighting vice full-grown? Is it punishing drunkards without paying any attention to the early training which would aid in avoiding this evil? Is it the rearing of

churches to convert hardened sinners without the oversight of parents or officers of the law to restrain the contamination of youth? These are the real questions of the hour. Can the melody of church bells, the music of choirs, and the expositions of theology by pastors combat the evils of society in a village of two thousand inhabitants, when in that very village twenty-five or thirty boys between the ages of ten and fifteen are allowed to gather in some out-of-the-way place to indulge in sport, cigarette smoking, profanity and most debasing vulgarity? Many are the villages and cities which present us this picture. What are we going to do about it?

In all seriousness, as we face this question we see that the law in such cases is of no effect, and parents are careless as to the evils of their children. We do not consider ourselves called upon to take the initiative in suppressing vice in its most destroying stage. We consider it a delicate task involving risk of one's popularity.

Our subject implies that in a proper education there are solutions for many of our social problems. Dutton says that Froebel's philosophy is at the root of every possible reform. Though space will not permit a detailed discussion of Froebel's philosophy, a few observations will not be amiss and will show clearly that his plan and method of education is the only logical one thus far presented, and one which will not involve a loss of energy.

Froebel proceeds on the plan that an impetus in the right direction should be given the child in infancy during its most impressible years. The home-life should be an ideal one. There should be no abnormal development of

one power of mind at the expense of another. Naturalness and simplicity should be cultivated. A courtesy should be instilled which will control the whole future course of the individual while a love for books, pictures and music, the means of happiness and power should in no wise be neglected. Songs and stories are employed in making the proper impressions in childhood and any kindergartner of experience will testify to the fact that the child's mind is most easily moulded and fitted to find its place in the social world. By nature study the child is made to find its relation to God, and by mingling with other children it learns its relations to them. In fact according to Froebel's philosophy the child is instructed in almost every relation which is sustained in life.

The child receives its first impressions from the environment of mother and home. If the mother is coarse of speech, has an irritable disposition, lacks the gentler influences of motherhood, these qualities will tend to become permanent in the child. The influences of such a mother are more noticeable on the child if a girl. Costly furniture and draperies are not necessary for the highest development. However, neatness and a love for beautiful things are indispensable. There may exist the mother instinct, which is very desirable, but unless the mother has a conception of the beautiful, unless she is neat, unselfish, and refined her little girl will grow up to be another woman and mother no better than herself and will be the center of influence in a home no better than that of the mother who preceded her.

A boy, besides receiving the impression of home will be influenced by min-

gling with all sorts of boys. The habits and trend of thoughts acquired from such intermingling are ever becoming more permanent until everything appealing to his sense or reason is perverted, and the result is a misconception of his relation to his fellow-men, and as he grows older he will follow tendencies which are tangent to the true course and the result is a wider and wider divergence from all that is desirable in man.

In conclusion, a great change of con-

ditions may be wrought by a historical event like the crusades, as we first noticed, or a great change of conditions may be wrought through the influence of a master mind, like that of Luther, but when we wish to remove an evil which has its source in the warp and woof of the mind itself, then the logical method is to impress the mind in its plastic state with those tendencies which will combat the evil we wish to destroy.

On the Banks of Pine River.

WINIFRED FAYE CARL, '01.

On the Alma college campus stands an oak
tree,
In the distance flows Pine River, clear and
cool,
And my thoughts revert to Alma college
school days,
When I learned the lessons taught in nature's
school;
But one thing there is missing from the pic-
ture,
Without it all, it does not seem complete;
How I long to see those figures on the dam
bridge,
Where they used to go each night us girls to
greet.

Long ago we wandered 'round and 'round
the wood pile,
Dodging nothing but some human blocks of
wood;
They "loved us" but we didn't think they
meant it,
For they wouldn't let us do the things we
would;
Friday nights we wandered out on the campus
At the juniors ex—we sat upon the stairs;
From the boiler house there comes a wail of
chickens,
Sending up their last heart-rending prayers.

Now those happy days are but to us sweet
mem'ries
Which we wouldn't sell for love or gems or
gold;
When life's troubles come upon us without
warning,
Back to them our minds must wander for re-
pose;
New faces now have taken our old places,
And they wander in the same old careless
ways;
But we'll not forget our dear old Alma Mater,
Or the friends who gathered in those college
days.

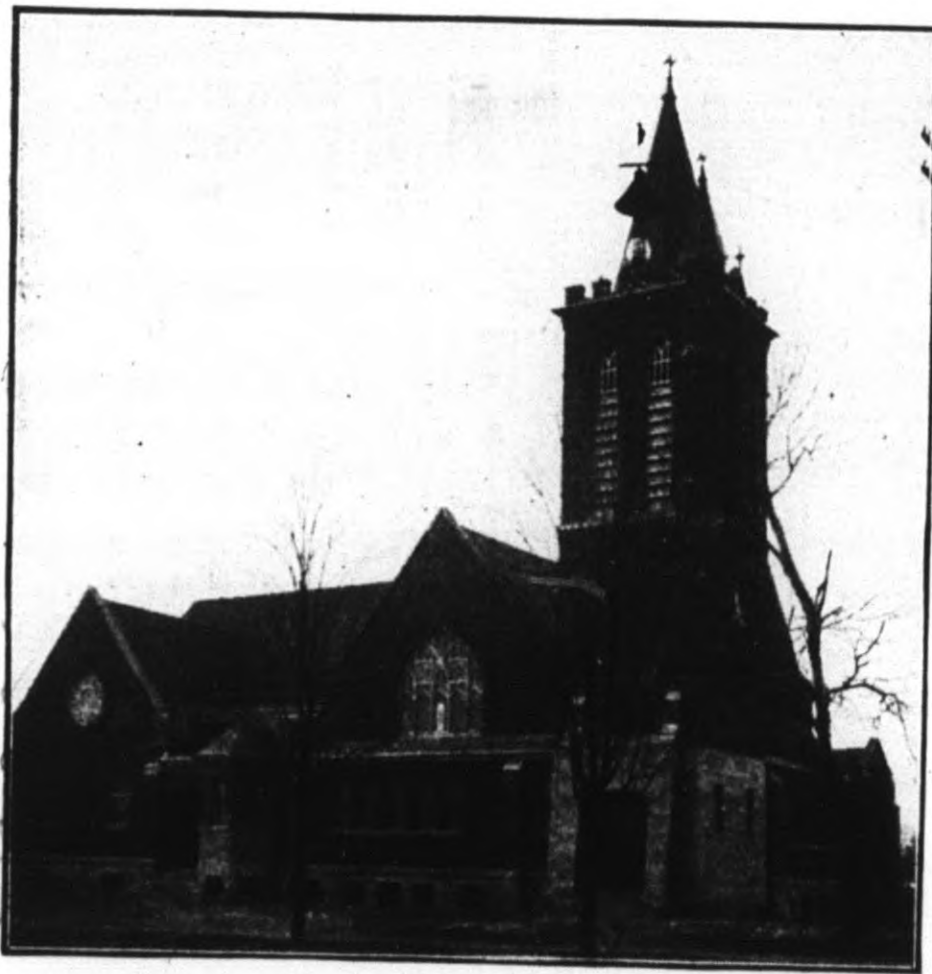
REFRAIN:

O, the moonlight's fair tonight upon Pine
River,
From the campus chimes out dear the college
bell;
Through the evergreens the Dorm lights are
gleaming,
On the banks of Pine River far away.

The New Presbyterian Church.

ABOUT two and a half years ago President Bruske who was then acting as pastor of the Presbyterian church, suggested the idea that a new church building was a necessity for that growing congregation. At that time but few could see how the new church could ever be secured, though many felt the need.

Upon the resignation of Dr. Bruske the enterprise seemed to be abandoned. But after a few months, when Dr. Spencer succeeded to the pastorate, the necessity of a larger building again became manifest. However, when it was proposed to build a ten thousand dollar church, some of us felt that the scheme was a wild one,



The college was growing and the old building was crowded. Families desiring to worship with this congregation were unable to find seats. People could not be invited to attend the services because there was no more room.

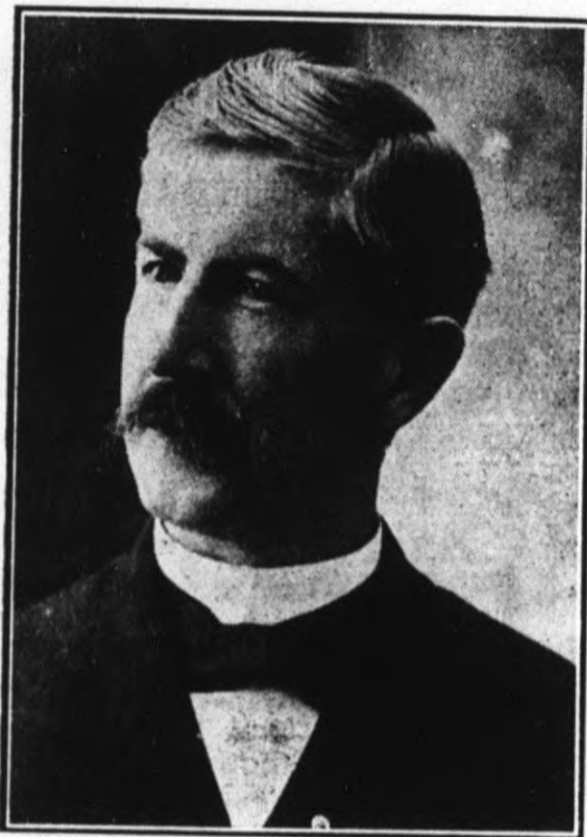
and we saw visions of a crushing debt before us. Now that we look back and see how a building costing seventeen thousand dollars has been erected, and entirely free from debt, we can hardly believe our senses. Indeed, this would have been an impos-

sibility if it had not been for the munificence of Mr. A. W. Wright and his family, who put not less than five thousand four hundred dollars into the building. This, together with two thousand dollars from an unknown friend, brought us through triumphantly.

An old house had been allowed to occupy for years the one spot in the town where a church which was to accommodate both the village and the

ing ways out of difficulties, and setting an example by his own liberal gifts which has stimulated the generosity of others. His extraordinary business and administrative capacity has been one secret of the happy financial outcome. And this is the more remarkable as he has never before had any experience in building a church.

At the dedication services on Jan. 8 more than eight hundred persons are



REV. W. K. SPENCER, D. D.

college must be placed. This lot was at once secured. It is altogether the most desirable place for a church in the town.

Throughout the whole building enterprise Dr. Spencer, the pastor, has been the guiding and inspiring spirit. Every day, and a number of times a day, he has been on the spot, overseeing everything, planning everything, pushing everything, suggest-

said to have been present. The lecture room opens out of the audience room by great sliding doors, and when these doors are opened the capacity of the building is much increased. The other churches of the place gave up their service on that day in order to rejoice with us over the completion of this great undertaking. The sermon by Dr. Otis A. Smith of Bay City was an able and impressive pro-

sentation of the truth of Christ's continued presence and power in the church.

The effort to raise the remaining two thousand dollars not covered by subscriptions already secured, seemed at first discouraging. The people felt that they had already given to the extent of their ability, and therefore the large amounts at first called for were not forthcoming. But when the call was made for small amounts, the pledges were so numerous and came so rapidly that the entire indebtedness was soon wiped out.

In the evening the building was formally dedicated to God, Rev. David Howell preaching the sermon, and Dr. Smith making the dedicatory prayer.

The building both externally and internally is one of the handsomest, though not the largest in the state. It is built of brick and Ionia sandstone, and is finished in golden oak. The

audience room takes the amphitheatre form, the seats being circular and rising gradually from the pulpit. The choir platform is at the side of the pulpit. The rich coloring of the stained windows casts a soft and pleasing light over the congregation. The Sunday school rooms, and the ladies' parlor and kitchen, these last being in the basement, are all that could be desired.

The present location of the church has lessened the distance from the college by nearly a half. The situation is exceedingly convenient for both college and town, and for Commencement occasions nothing could be better. The interest of the college in the new building is great because the increasing number of students was what made a new church necessary.

Everybody feels like congratulating Dr. Spencer and the trustees on the splendid success of their undertaking.



Daybreak.

A SONNET.

E. W. WALDRON, '04.

On yesterday I had a dream most fair
Of things beyond all mortal ken or thought,
Which only to our wayward minds are
brought
When, in some moment of divine despair
Or joy, we rise above the common care
And toil of every-day, and breath a draught
Of that pure golden-gauzv air which naught
But angels drink in voicing up a prayer.

And then I awoke to hear among the trees,
Whose boughs deep-fruited brushed the
window-sill,
A swallow calling to me quick and shrill
The oldest and best loved of melodies,
While from the east across the meads and
leas
Burst the first sunbeam on the dew-kissed
hill.

The Purgatorial Element in Great Literature.

TO the Anglo-Saxon chieftain hearing for the first time the message of christianity from the lips of pule Paulinns, life seemed the swift bewildered flight of a sparrow through the lighted hall, in from the darkness, out to darkness, and listened if he might learn of one who knew more than he about the darkness. The inheritance of the Gothic mind has always been wonders and sonors comming life and death, and with it has come the belief that the individual man largely shapes his own destiny by his own will. That this will must be brought into harmony with the unmitable principles of righteousness, which is the will of God, to be at peace. This implies freedom of choice without which there could be no exercise of will; and Dante, who was essentially a Gothic soul, and all his followers and all his predecessors for that matter, have taught by myth and fact the truth that a man by his own free choice might reach the height where he could do wrong but would not, or the depth where he would do right but could not, and therefore Dante wrote the *Infirm* and the *Paradise*.

But Snyder's comment on Shakespeare is also true of Dante, that he wrote of "The Grand Mystery Play of Humanity," the disclosure of a divine

power at work in the world, dealing directly with human affairs. And this divine power, he conceived is very merciful, and a man may by his own choice fall very low, and yet have the opportunity to choose again and again, and work his way up into harmony with the divine will once more. But this cannot be easy. The power is just as well as merciful (the time may be near at hand when we shall recognize that justice and mercy are the same quality) and divine justice demands that the wrong choice be punished, but the punishment is not revenge, it is expiration, and the soul passes "from sin through sorrow" up to God. So thought Dante and wrote his *Purgatory*.

He was not the only nor even the first to unfold this doctrine of *Purgatory*, as the intermediate place between Heaven and Hell. St. Augustine in the fifth century is said to be the first ecclesiastical authority for making it part of the christian system, and he was followed by Gregory the Great in the seventh century. Two councils have decrees upon the subject. The first is that of Fervari-Florence. The second is the council of Trent-Scholastic theologians very fully and subtly elaborated the system of purgatorial penalties and the method of their remission.

Mankind is always searching for an easy way to be served, and it is so much easier to pray to be good, than to be good, and so hard to realize that God cannot be bribed as man can, that the reformers finding Purgatory in a helpless muddle with prayers for the dead, and the sale of indulgences, with the decisiveness of modern surgery, cut off the whole doctrine.

With the Reformation came in the era of question and discrimination. Men began to distinguish between faith and knowledge. Looking at the darkness from which we come, to which we go, they said,—"We hope and believe but we do not know"—but there remained this life, with its freedom of choice between good and evil, there remains the evidence that man does pass, from sin through sorrow, up to God, and the dogma of the writers of the past three centuries has been epitomized by Browning when he said,

"There may be Heaven, there must be Hell,
Meanwhile there is our earth here, Well!"

Thus while Purgatory as a future condition of the soul vanishes out of the Protestant doctrine, literature sprung out of Protestantism makes good the deficiency, and strongly enforces the purgatorial nature of this life. It is noteworthy that the expounders, the warmest admirers of Dante's poem are Protestants, while the Catholics have not distinguished themselves by a very extensive Dante literature. The Catholics have still in the church what we must mostly derive from letters. Our ideas of the word purgatory have become so tinged with the thought of the painfulness of the ordeal, that we are apt to overlook the fact that the souls in Dante's Purgatory were glad

of the pain, because it meant, not as it does to us, the approach of weakness and death, but of strength and life, and in speaking of the purgatorial element in life and literature, we mean, or should mean, that element which while leaving with us a sense of our own sins and shortcomings, at the same time lifts up from these failures, and makes it more impossible to fall into them again. Snider says that Dante went through Purgatory himself, not as a spectator, but as a sharer in the discipline, and in so far as he takes the reader with him, is the experience of benefit to the reader.

German and French, of course, contain also this element. Still going on the theory of showing my illustrations from personal experience, I would quote Lessing's *Nathan der Weise* in German, and Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables* in French. I regret to say I do not like Victor Hugo. *Les Misérables* is the only story I have read with pleasure or profit, and his poems have never interested me, whether read in translation or original. But that he possesses this purgatorial element to a large degree I am bound to believe on the testimony of others. I find that *Les Misérables* is usually regarded as a criticism on the criminal punishment system of France, but to me the remarkable thing is the portrayal of a man, a peasant by birth, one of a crushed race, in whom keen affections and finer feelings must have been dull in the first place. This man commits a crime and is punished for it, and comes out from his punishment. This prevailing sentiment is hatred of human law. There seems to be no shame nor sympathy nor affection nor pity left in him. He is an

Ishmaelite indeed, his hands against every man and every man's hand against him, but without even the reckless daring of the out-law of the desert. This man when the passion for humanity is kindled in him, from the great fire which burned in the bishop's heart, becomes the personification of this love. His whole life is one sacrifice to help his kind. He is absolutely impartial in his bestowal of it, giving it as freely to Marius who would rob him of his greatest treasure Cossette, and Javert who would rob him of his next greatest treasure his freedom, as to Cossette herself who is the light of his eyes and the joy of his life. And this once hardened man actually dies by the simple process of ceasing to live, when the presence and love of Cossette is taken out of his life. Can anyone read the scene where Jean Valjean returns from Cossette's wedding without feeling more sympathy with fathers and mothers whose homes are thus bereft.

The lesson of Nathan is one of religious tolerance, and I have never found a student who has read this drama in the third year German class who has not carried from it perceptibly broadened and deepened views on this point. Lessing is criticised for having made the Jew, Nathan and even the Mohomedan Saladin finer characters than the Christians of the play—but he was trying to teach the lesson of tolerance to Christians, in whose mind, the superiority of their own views was well established, and his object was to prove that a firm faith in God, though under another form of religion, is productive of a high character and strong virtues. Had he been writing for Jews or Mohomedans, his upright man

would probably have been a Christian. The drama is a commentary on Peter's words to Cornelius that God is no respecter of persons; but in every nation he that feareth Him and worketh righteousness is accepted with Him.

Nathan's belief is in humanity, his place is that each man he meets should be a man before everything else; that they may meet on the common ground of their manhood. When he imputes to the templers the highest motives for having refused to enter his house during his absence the Templer says:

"I must confess—you know how Templers ought to think."

NATHAN—"Templers only! ought only! and only because the order's regulations so command? I know how good men think, know that every land produces good men."

TEMPLER—"With some differences I should hope."

NATHAN—"Why yes, they are different in complexion and clothing and form. And even these differences do not go very far. The great man everywhere needs much space, and many set too near together break off their branches. Second-rate men like ourselves grow everywhere in crowds. Only the one must not carp at the other; the knot must kindly suffer the nubbin, and one tree-top must not boast itself, that it alone grew not from earth."

TEMPLER—"Well said indeed! but do you know the nation which first showed this carping spirit with humanity? Do you know, Nathan, which nation first called itself the chosen people? Oh, if I did not hate this people, still could I help despising them for their pride? Their pride which they transmit to Christians and to Musel-

man. Only their God the true God. You are startled that I, a Christian, a Templer, speak thus. When and where has this pious madness of having the better God, and of forcing the better God upon the whole world as the best, shown itself more in its blackest form, than here and now. He from whose eyes the scales fall not here and now. * * * Still, let him be blind who will. Forget what I have said and let me go.

NATHAN—Ha! you know not how much closer I will now cling to you. Come, we must be friends, we must. Despise my nation if you will. Neither of us has chosen our nation. Are we our nation? What is a nation? Are Jew and Christian, Jew and Christian first—or men? Ah, if I have only found in you one more who is glad to be called a man.

Each author has his own peculiar work to do in this purgatorial experience. Schiller holds up a lofty ideal, and the student who reads him without more of a love for the humanity that can have such aspirations, and more of a longing to reach the heights of freedom and patriotism, has failed to get the best out of Schiller. Goethe is more complex and to sum him up in a single sentence is impossible, but to make a wild dash at it, I will say that he teaches, that to the soul that ever strives, much is forgiven and much is atoned for in the very striving.

In French literature the purgatorial element is not perhaps so apparent at

a glance, but in the simple stories such as are read in the second year class, there is an element of resolute cheerfulness, a sufficient-unto-the-day-is-the-evil-thereof philosophy, an absolute lack of Hamlet's morbid sentiment.

"The world is out of joint, O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right,"

which appeals more to the reason than to the heart, but which affords a pure and bracing atmosphere for the mind. Of the so-called yellow covered French novels I cannot speak for I have not read them, but some of Daudet's stories, like *Kings in Exile*, with their world-weary views of men and morals, leave me with a vivid picture of Bunyan's name with muck-sake, and a profound pity for him.

I think I could go on illustrating to a limited degree, limited by my knowledge of literature, but I would like to suggest one thought in conclusion. It is, that the highest service a teacher in any language can do for a student is not simply to teach him thoroughly and correctly the laws of its structure and the rules of its usage, much as this may be. It is not just to call his attention to its peculiar qualifications as a vehicle for certain modes of thought, though this is also much—it is not even to open his eyes to the beauty of diction, style and thought of what he needs. It is to play the part of Virgil to his Dante and lead him through the study a little further up "that mount, which healeth him who climbs."

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FEBRUARY, 1901.

The students body is much delighted with the new church. Within the memory of the oldest student, at no time have the church accommodations been adequate. This was true in the old church, and much more so has it been so while worshipping in the opera

house. There was lacking that atmosphere which is necessary to make religious services as helpful as they should be. The memory of past inconveniences enhances the value of our present commodious and comfortable quarters. The students as well as the townspeople appreciate the liberality and self-sacrifice which has made the new church possible.

The date of the Albion debate is March 15. Alma is to have the affirmative side of the question—Resolved: "That the general tendency toward the centralization of industry is an economic evil." This question is certainly one which will admit of wide interpretation, and it is to be regretted that our representatives are so greatly limited in their time of preparation. The fact that none of them have ever before had any experience in intercollegiate contests of this character increases this disadvantage. But enthusiasm and hard work are capable of accomplishing wonders, and, if the pace that the men are setting in preparing for the preliminary contest can be maintained to the end, no one need fear that there will be any weakness in the presentation of Alma's arguments.

For the convenience of contributors an item box has been placed in the hall of the chapel. We would that every student consider it their duty to drop in it at least one story, poem, roast, or other item each month. Such a proceeding could not fail to add immensely to the value and attractiveness of the ALMANIAN. But it is too much to even hope for. Unfortunately, the impression seems to prevail among a

large number of our students that responsibility in regard to their college paper ceases when they have voted for the members of the editorial staff. They forget that the editors are merely the representatives of the student body and that in just so far as the individual students fail in their support, in so far will the ALMANIAN fall short of what it ought to be.



A question which comes to everyone who reads much now-a-days is whether the habit of reading magazines and new popular novels is of real benefit or not. Does it not weaken rather than strengthen the power of concentration and is it in the end beneficial? It is a temptation at least, to a student when Friday night comes and the work of the week is over, to read only something light and easy. If he picks up a magazine it is in all probability the stories in it which first gain his attention, and not the more solid articles. Even the ALMANIAN is read through by but few of our own college people, although its size is not great and it would take a very short time to do so. As a result of this habit of reading one comes to consider anything of more sober character as too much like study, and the

minutes which might have been employed on profitable as well as enjoyable literature are—wasted, shall we say?—at least not employed to as good advantage as they might have been. Of course on the other hand we hear very often that people should not spend all their time in study, and that there are very many good things to be gotten out of almost anything, if we look intently for them. The ideals of life portrayed by some of the recent writers, and the acquaintance with historic events which one gains from such books as "Richard Carvel" and "When Knighthood was in Flower" are of great advantage. But when we come down to a sober consideration of the subject, is it for the good which we get from them that we read these stories? People are always busier in the present than they seemed to be in the past, and it is always "by and by" that they are going to have plenty of time. Meanwhile the magazine habit grows and one's mind tends to become satisfied only with literary oddities and monstrosities, and it is an ambition to read the latest book just because everyone else is reading it. This question is one surely worthy of thoughtful consideration with a good deal to be said on either side.



Death of Mrs. Abell.

The week before Christmas was saddened for many of us by a message announcing the death of Mrs. Abell, who for three years filled in a most acceptable manner the responsible position of matron of Ladies' Hall. She left us last June in broken health, and went to her daughter in Newark, New Jersey, where she passed away December 19th.

During her stay in Alma Mrs. Abell ever proved her devotion to the college and her church, and rendered herself loved by her many kind acts and her thoughtful ways to faculty, students, and citizens. In her death we feel that we have individually, and as a college, lost a dear friend, and we extend our heartfelt sympathy to her daughter, so sadly afflicted.

Observation of the Week of Prayer.

During the week of prayer a special service was held in the college chapel each morning of the week excepting Saturday.

Dr. Otis Smith of Bay City preached on Monday morning, on the subject of "The Good Samaritan," his theme being, "Opportunity, a Test of Character." Mr. Covert of Saginaw, on Tuesday, spoke from the text, "Keep thy heart with all diligence for out of it are the issues of life." He enforced the necessity of right feeling preceding right doing. Mr. Hafer of the Baptist church of this city, took for his subject "The Value of Personal Influences," his text being, "They that be wise shall shine as the firmament, and they that bring many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever." Mr. Wooton of the Methodist church took for his text Paul's words,

"Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect, but I follow after, if that I may apprehend that for which also I am apprehended of Christ Jesus." He gave an earnest discourse on the necessity of making God's ideal for us our ideal for ourselves. Dr. Spencer of the Presbyterian church, on Friday, said that he had come to present no new truth, but to urge upon his audience that they accept and live up to the truth they already had. Text, Psalm, 3:14-35, "Make me to go in the path of thy commandment, for therein do I delight."

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about these sermons was that they dealt so entirely with practical christianity. Each one enforced some present duty.

The prayer meetings held every afternoon were well attended and earnest. The general opinion seems to be that the services were helpful and uplifting.

The Lecture Course.

The lecture course—for which we are indebted to the Hon. Arthur Hill of Saginaw—was opened Friday, Jan. 18, with a lecture on "The Political Ideas of Thomas Jefferson" by Dr. C. E. Merriam, Professor of Political Philosophy in the University of Chicago. If this lecture is an earnest of what is to follow, the course will not only be exceedingly valuable from an educational point of view but highly interesting as well. Dr. Merriam gave us two surprises, one himself, the other his lecture. We expected to see a man at least in middle life, and also to be somewhat familiar with the subject-matter of the lecture, since so much has been said and written on

the author of the immortal Declaration of Independence. But Dr. Merriam is a very young man—only midway in the twenties. And perhaps it would not be too much to say that never has a lecture been given here in which the ideas presented were so thoroughly new and fresh. The sources of information were plainly not campaign documents and the current literature of the day on the subject but Jefferson's own letters, state

papers, and other works. It was the product of investigation which had never before been accomplished; and we may add, was presented in such a clear, logical and pleasing manner as to be easily understood and appreciated. Dr. Merriam has a mind keenly analytic and is gifted with rather unusual powers of expression. We shall be glad to hear him again at Alma college.



Athletics.

FULLER, CAPTAIN 1901.

The election of the '01 football captain took place most auspiciously. It was held in the room which has become historic in Alma athletics—a room where different generations of students have met and looked forward to the day when victory might rest modestly upon Alma's banner. Especially propitious upon this occasion was the presence of one who has had a large share as a student in arousing and maintaining the spirit that wins.

No student perhaps has hoped or planned more assiduously for Alma's success than W. F. Knox, captain '95. Thus, in an atmosphere filled with encouragement and inspiration by the words of Mr. Knox, Prof. Mitchell and Coach Allen, and surcharged with the feeling that Alma must win in 1901, Pearl Fuller was unanimously chosen as captain. Of the wisdom of the choice, of Mr. Fuller's fame throughout the state, of the great faith

the team repose in him, of his experience, judgment and coolness upon the field of action—these are facts too well known to enlarge upon.

Pearl Fuller is 20 years old, 5 feet 9 inches tall and weighs 175 pounds. He captained Alma High School for one year, has played two years upon the college team and is a member of the class of 1903. He enjoys the confidence of the faculty, alumni and student body, and in conjunction with Prof. Mitchell and Coach Allen he must lead upon the gridiron a team such as never before has represented Alma.



THE BASE BALL OUTLOOK.

At this season of the year those interested in athletics naturally turn their minds towards base ball and track work. As base ball demands longer training and more pre-season arrangements it should receive prior consideration. What are our pros-

pects this year? The answer implies another question still undecided. What will be our schedule? We have, however, every reason to believe that Alma will meet at least three of the Michigan colleges in one or more games. Propositions have already been received from Albion and M. A. C. and partial arrangements made, while Olivet is among the probabilities, with the possibility of meeting Kazoo. Altogether Alma will have the hardest schedule she has ever had.

To meet this demand, we must have a better team than last year, although that was equal to the task set by last year's schedule. There is every reason to believe the team of 1901 will be far superior to that of 1900. In the first place every man of last year's team is back; secondly, there is an abundance of new material; lastly, the coaching the team will receive will be of the highest order.

Captain Fuller played an excellent game at second base last year, and will probably continue there this year. Dunning, last year's captain and catcher, who has had three years experience on the college team, will try

for his old position. Alma's infield was strong last year and will be stronger this year. Baker, third base, and Schwaderer, short stop, will be on hand and McBride, Robinson and Helmer, who filled the outfield positions last year all expect to be in the game. Hard pitched an excellent ball last year, and considering his inexperience and age, his work at times was wonderful. He ought to do even better this year. However it is unsafe to trust all the work of that department to one pitcher. Megaw, substitute, of last year, could always be depended on in an emergency, and will be missed this year. What we need is another pitcher. The new material may furnish one.

Among the likely candidates among the new men are Snyder, Kellogg, Normandin, Cheney, Long, Foote, C. Baker and Pringle.

With these prospects why cannot we have a team whose laurels will equal those of our foot ball team this year? With a hard schedule and a good team to meet it Alma will see championship base ball next spring.

J. W. D.

Class News.

SENIORS.

We very much regretted that Miss Chisholm was not able to return for several weeks after vacation on account of ill health.

Mr. Robinson too, has been suffering from an attack of the grip. He was confined to his room for several days but now he reports to chapel.

Mr. Bush evidently believes in being on the right track and in knowing what he is about. Since he gave his inaugural address as president of the Zeta Sigma society he has been seen diligently studying Robert's rules.

Of the members of the class who did not spend their holiday vacation in Alma, Mr. Sidebotham was in Tawas

City, Misses Carl and Chisholm in Detroit, Mr. Bush in Caro, Mr. Robinson in Vestaburg, and Mr. Eastman went with Mr. Reed to Howell.

Having completed Theism, the Senior class entered the realms of Sociology at the beginning of the term. As several of the most prominent members of the class have always manifested deep interest in this study it is confidently expected that they will not "miss the point" as often as in other studies.

Miss Butler very pleasantly entertained the class at her home on the evening of the 8th. The good things spread upon her banqueting tables were such as to make even the Seniors believe that intellectual feasts are not the only thing worth enjoying. After partaking of Miss Butler's bounteous repast, and each one had performed a Senior's part in wit and table repartee the class adjourned to the parlors, where the time was passed pleasantly, in games and conversation. Not the least pleasing part of the evening was the class singing. Especially delightful was the duet of Messrs Robinson and Reed, who sung feelingly "My Heart is Only Thine." The Seniors all vote Miss Butler an ideal hostess.

JUNIORS.

It is said that since vacation Bagley constantly recites passages from Byron. The last stanza of the "Maid of Athens," when slightly changed, seems to be his favorite.

Fell says that a man's good looks are an "inseparable accident." He could not have been thinking of the appearance of a foot-ball player after a hard game on a muddy field.

In logic class—Dr. Bruske—"McKee, how is it that I have three absent marks against you?" McKee—"I guess it is because I wasn't present." Dr. Bruske—"Don't try to be smart now."

It was painful to read the disgusting details of the conflict between the Sophomores and Freshmen as they were related in the last Almanian. However, we try to be charitable, remembering that most of the belligerents are of a very tender age, and so are really not responsible for their acts. We hope that they will mature rapidly so that they will not disgrace the Junior class when they enter it.

Having passed beyond the embryotic stage of the tender Freshies and Sophs, the stately Juniors are able to show their ability in some other way than in childish "scraps," so on Feb. 1st they will show the superior quality of their brains. The names of such consummate literary artists as Brock, Bradfield and Fell are sufficient to prove that the Junior's exhibition will be one of the most notorious events in the history of the college.

SOPHOMORES.

The Sophomores have not been very active in a social way since the spread given by the girls of the class before the holidays, but then other matters have taken our attention, and in this connection let us mention the fact that we are to make our first appearance before the foot-lights as a Sophomore class, Friday evening, the twenty-fifth, the date of the Sophomores' Ex. The Sophomores, you know, are not allowed to boast, but we feel that we can at least assure

you that the Ex. of this year will be up to the high standard set by the class of '03 last year.

It is most encouraging and gratifying to see the interest taken by some members of the class in Sophomore rhetoric, notably by our ex-president, and one—we regret to say it—misguided politician long and full of pent-up engergy an some of the speeches made by these gentlemen, and the rest of us hear, and hearing wonder.

The Freshmen have been quite on their dignity lately, and have been bustling about with a certain air of secrecy, most tantalizing to the ordinary mortal, who can lay no claims to being an honored member of '04, but we will let you into the mystery, which we flatter ourselves to have fathomed. They are planning to give us something unusually nice in the way of a spread after our spoutin' the night of the Ex.

One of the venerable Seniors, who formerly was wont to eschew society and its frivolities, has very lately developed into quite a society man, and is bestowing his attention most impartially among the young ladies of the different classes. We are glad to say that the Sophomore girls have not been entirely slighted.

The Juniors have hinted that they expect something quite out of the ordinary, when we spread them after their class Ex., which is soon to come off. The Sophomores are always true to their responsibilities and are quite inclined to do things out of the ordinary, as the juniors may possibly remember from last year.

We learn that some of the Sopho-

more men are to enter the preliminary debating contest. We are especially glad to hear this and are not afraid to think but that a Sophomore will do credit to himself and his class and very possibly be selected to represent the college in the final contest with Albion.



FRESHMEN.

Brown they say has a "carte Blanche," to go to Ithaca once a week.

At a class meeting held the first of the term Miss Eleanor Christie was elected class treasurer.

The class has voted to compete for the two Kendall Brooks' memorial medals at the exhibition next spring.

Dorm cats have disappeared in large quantities lately, and Northrup has taken a sudden mania for quoting Shakespeare's "Double, double, toil and trouble."

On his return after Xmas a soph attempted to exploit his singing ability on the train. The conductor said to a person near, pointing to the case of tools in the end of the car: "In case of accident, break the glass."

Prof. F. announces to Trig. class that it is now noon all the time at the north pole. A posse of boys of the class immediately organized an expedition in search of it. Commander-in-Chief Northrup. The other members are Netzorg.

The class did honors to their worthy rivals the sophomores Friday, Jan. 25, after the exhibition. The reception rooms at the Ladies' Hall was aglow with light, intellectual and otherwise till 11 o'clock. A very delightful time was enjoyed by all.

KINDERGARTEN.

Miss Beth Merriam has been very ill with appendicitis at her home in Saginaw.

Miss Inglis favored the Froebel society with a very interesting lecture on "Return to Nature."

Miss Blanche Jenks who has been very ill at her home in Harbor Beach since August writes that she is much improved in health.

The sad news of the death of Miss Mabel Terwilliger was received last week and was greatly felt by all who knew her. While among us Mabel won many warm friends who greatly lament her death.

Being about to study the three kingdoms in connection with our work Professor Davis kindly consented to lecture to us on "The Formation of Minerals," Jan. 11. The lecture was listened to with great interest.

ACADEMY.

The fourth year class has taken up the study of Julius Caesar.

Miss Helen Stark who was detained at her home at Otter Laker, after the Christmas vacation, has returned to her work.

Miss Florence Wasey has discontinued her studies at Alma College and is now in the East.

A number of the girls were entertained at the home of Miss Velma Sharp, a short time ago. A pleasant time was spent in games and music, and dainty refreshments were served. All enjoyed a most delightful evening.

MUSIC.

Wanted—A copy of "Just as the Sun went down." Charles Carlton Moore.

Mrs. Win Wilson and Miss Grace R. Messinger have entered the School of Music.

The Glee club, consisting of about thirty members, is doing excellent work under the leadership of Prof. J. T. Ewing.

Under the auspices of the music department a fine concert is to be given in February, by Mr. Pease, tenor; Mr. Seyler, pianist; and Mr. Hoffman, cellist, all of Detroit.

Since the two new pianos have come, the students of the piano department have been practicing on ensemble work.

Societies.

ZETA SIGMA.

The following are the officers chosen at the last election to act during the present term: Pres., H. P. Bush; Vice Pres., W. B. Robinson; Secy', J. N. Booth; Treas., H. N. Ronald; 1st Critic,

C. W. Sidebotham; 2nd Critic, A. J. Helmer.

No better man could have been chosen for the office of president than Mr. Bush. He is a senior, a thoroughly good student and literary man. He

has always been an active and earnest worker for the Zeta Sigma, and with all, he is a man admired and respected by all who know him. Surely the society could not have bestowed this honor upon any one more deserving of it.

We have at last begun to take active steps toward the furnishing and decorating of our room. The floor has been oiled, the steam pipes painted, we have ordered new chairs and a secretary's desk which will be here very soon. Although we will not at present be able to carry out all the plans which we should have liked to, everything that is done will be done well, and as future classes come and go we trust that each will endeavor to leave the room somewhat more attractive than they found it.

ADELPHIC.

Mr. Grover was received into membership at our last meeting.

The name of Mr. Caple was added to our list of members Jan. 14, 1901.

The annual Adelpic-Philomathean banquet will be given Jan. 28, 1901.

Members are preparing for the public, to be given some time next month.

Through the efforts of our committee on furnishings, we were able to begin the century in our new room.

PHILOMATHAEN.

The Philos are very busy preparing for their public.

We very much regret Miss Wasey's departure from college.

Miss Broedbeck has become a member of our society.

Where did Miss — get her fat cheeks? No use of asking needless questions. We all know that it is very healthy in Normandy.

It was decided in society Monday night that it would be the proper thing for the Adelpics to give the Philos a sleigh-ride. Theoretical ones are now to be enjoyed. While the society does not boast of many "Stiddies" yet—what few we have—"are the real thing." Quality and not quantity counts with us.

Y. W. C. A.

"Another year of exercise of faithfulness and grace,

Another year of gladness in the shining of Thy face"

The business meeting of the Young Womans Christian Association was held Saturday evening Jan. 12, at which time reports were given by the different committees and officers. At the close an opportunity given the girls to meet Miss Conde.

Sabbath afternoon, February third, will be observed as Inter-Collegiate Day, at which time letters will be read from other Associations in the state. The service will be in charge of the Inter-Collegiate Committee. Those who attended the services last year will remember it with pleasure and a cordial invitation is extended to all to be present.

Miss Christie, who has accepted a position as teacher in a missionary school, will be missed by the Association, especially as a member of the Missionary Committee and as leader of one of the missionary study classes. As an Association we wish her God's blessing in her new field of labor.

**„Parker's Fountain Pen.,
W. BRADFIELD.**

Watch for advertisement in next issue.

Union 'Phone No. 42.

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DENTIST.

Successor to Dr. Purmort. Ten years'
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Alma,

Michigan.

Alma Roller Mills

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is

Good Flour.

Alma Creamery

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is

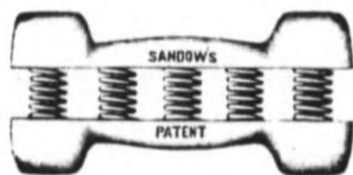
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No. 3. Boys' pair, 1 75	No. 6. Men's pair, 3 00

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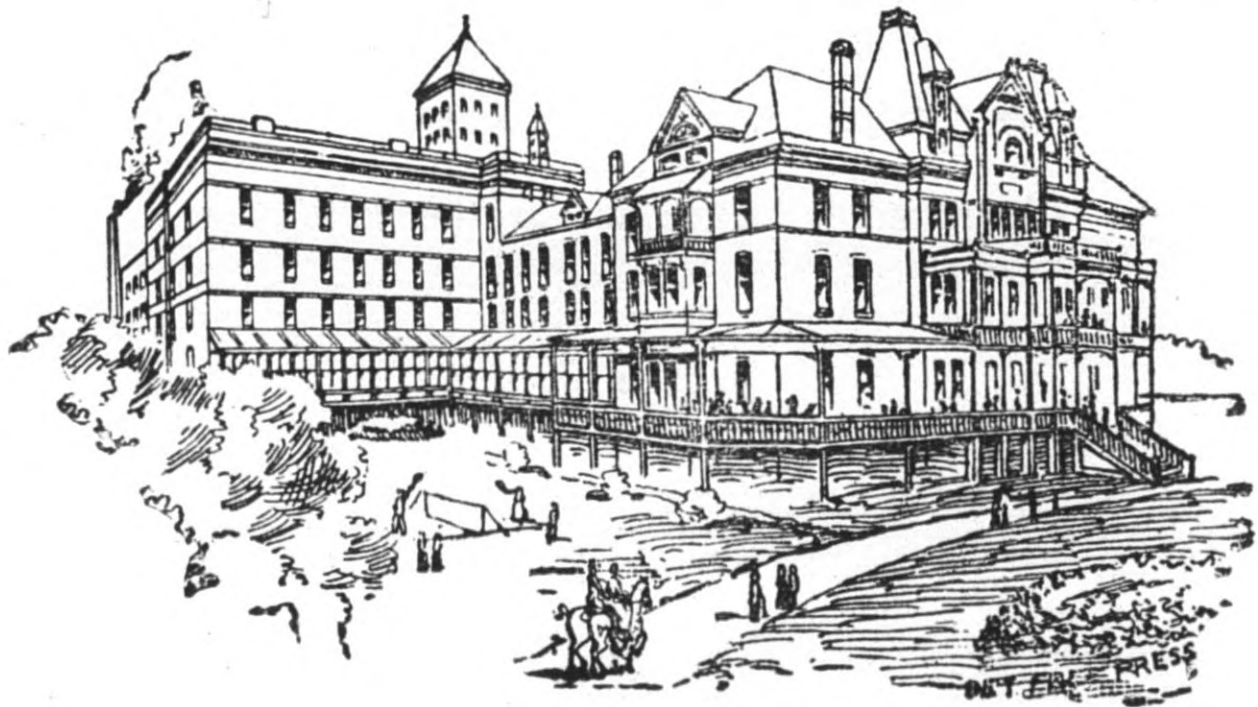
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