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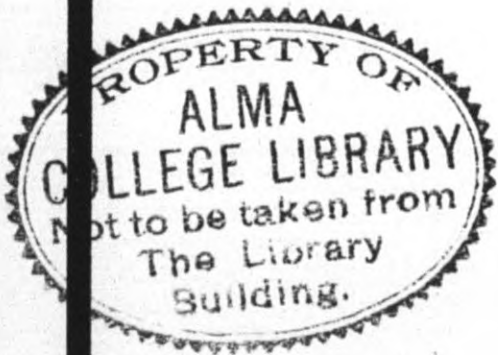
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
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ALMANIAN.

VOL. 2

MAY, 1901

No. 6

The Marriage at Muhlheim.

E. W. WALDRON.

THE rittersaal at Muhlheim presented a scene of wild festivity. On either side the lengthy board, whose ominous creakings made protest against the burden of flagons and drinking-bowls it was forced to bear, ranged full two-score knights and lords, counts and barons and soldiers of fortune, who, gathered from all the wide country round, were come to join in sumptuous carousal under Count Muhlheim's hospitable roof. Sprinkled among the throng were men whose raiment, whose rounded forms, and whose more refined features and bearing distinguished them from the rest as bishops or as abbots of the Holy Church, men on whose portly shoulders the vows of poverty and humility rested as lightly as the froth on their brimming tankards. At the head of the board appeared the giant figure of Count Muhlheim himself; his ermine mantle was thrown open at the throat, and the bulging sinews of his massive neck, thus revealed, testified to an iron constitution over which strong drink could not fling its lethargy, even when outpoured in such liberal libations as

his flushed face and those of his hilarious guests gave evidence. The hall rang with bursts of unchecked laughter, mingled in the clink and clatter of tankard and bowl; a dozen sputtering flambeaux ensconced in niches about the walls, shedding a smoky radiance over the vast room, threw bars of light between the mullions of the wide-flung casements into the darkness, and, the serfs, huddled in their hovels outside the castle-wall, raised mute, pathetic faces to bathe them in the ruddy glow, to drink greedily the drifting cadence of mirth and song.

For this regal festival there could not fail a cause worthy of its magnificence,—nor did there. On this night Thilda, Count Muhlheim's daughter, was to wed Graf Ansel, lord of the Ober-thal. A most momentous event, indeed, one to which the nobility from the farthest reaches of the valleys of the Traun and Ober had flocked, lured the more strongly, it may be, by the anticipation of their host's good wines. Since his daughter's infancy Count Muhlheim had dreamed of this alliance, which would unite the Ober-thal and the

Traunthal into the strongest principality of the Empire. And she, like a dutiful daughter, had perforce complied with her father's dominant wish, though hating it bitterly within her, it was whispered. For there was a tale afloat of a fair-haired youth, lord of a mountain castle beyond Bonberg, whose heart was down in the valley, and who held in keeping another heart, not his own.

Now, from time to time, the Count raised his head and glanced impatiently down the room to the open door, which led from the ante-chamber. Outside there seemed to be an uneasy stir. Then the tapestry concealing a narrow doorway in the wall at his elbow was brushed aside, a servant glided in, bent and whispered a word in his ear, and turning, slipped from sight as silently. An oath of astonishment sprang to the Count's lips, which startled the guests lining the festal board into instant attention. But he cleverly turned the ejaculation into a boisterous jest and, swinging his great battered flagon aloft, bade the throng with a shout that there be no cease to the drinking and the merriment. And at this jovial exhortation the carnival resumed with redoubled zest.

As soon as the attention of the company was diverted again, the count bent and muttered to the short dark man sitting on his right hand:

"A strange thing indeed has happened, Sigmund. Thilda has slipped away and cannot be found."

"Ha," the other answered, "that is indeed strange! What does it mean, do you venture?"

"Nothing, Sigmund, nothing at all," the Count rejoined, after a moment's

pause. "She will be found shortly, of course. The vixen is but playing a jest on her maids, or, perhaps, she has hidden away that she may array herself secretly in some new and startling splendor wherewith to overcome us at her thus redoubled loveliness. Aye, that is it, I'll warrant you, Sigmund! Though in truth," he added, clapping Graf Ansel's shoulder heartily, "I venture such additional enchantments are unneedful to consummate the conquest of thy proud heart! But as for these," as he pointed toward the convivial gathering, "they are barbarians."

A faint smile broke for an instant the cynical lines of Graf Ansel's face. "For ten-thousandth time I protest, Ulrich, to be her prostrate slave. But still—"

"Aye, it is provoking," the Count resumed; "and the marriage-train is waiting on the stairway, too. But patience."

Mayhap it was a fortuitous coincidence, but at that moment a clever eye might have distinguished among the gloomy shadows behind the castle-wall the cobweb outline of a ladder thrown against the battlements, down which a number of cloaked figures were clambering stealthily, and to a sharp ear might have been borne a breath of cautious whispers and the crunch of cautious footfalls, until they all, mingled with the thud of muffled hoofs, were swallowed by the darkness and the distance.

Count Muhlheim had called for a rising toast to the Emperor, and in the momentary silence that filled the hall after the guests had lurched into their seats again, there came suddenly through the open casements the clatter of hoofs on the drawbridge below—

which had not been raised because of the constant arrivals earlier in the night—followed by a ringing summons on the portcullis, which awoke echoes in the farthest recesses of the castle. Then the warder's challenge rang out sharply, preceding a short debate through the wicket, the rattle of the portcullis-chains, and the sound of hoofs on the stones of the courtyard. In a few moments there was a bustle on the stairway, and a warder presented himself at the door of the hall, who, saluting, announced to the expectant assemblage:

"A benighted traveler, my Lord Count, who craves the shelter of your roof."

He stood aside, and in his place appeared a tall, fair-haired young man, clad in the simple travel-stained garb of an itinerant merchant. Bowing gravely, the youth addressed the Count in an even, respectful voice, requesting a dispensation of his hospitality. When he finished, there was a moment of silence. Then the Count spoke:

"Aye, aye, 'tis granted! All are welcome here tonight! Come forward, Sir Traveller; join our jovial company! A chair and a flagon for him, lackeys!"

The stranger came forward half hesitatingly. As the flickering light of the torches fell on his plain weather-beaten dress, revealing the meanness of his station to the gathering of nobility, Count Muhlheim bent his head to say to Graf Ansel under his breath:

"I see we shall have some sport with this fellow. 'Twill pass the time until thy Thilda's coming demands allegiance of our eyes."

He lifted his head to face the youth, who had come to a stand before him. "How, now, sirrah, do you journey alone? Or are you accompanied?"

"A maiden, Lord Count, journeys with me—for whom, I trust, there shall be proper provision made," the other answered.

"Your sister, perchance?"

"No."

"Your daughter?"

"No, nor that."

"Your wife, then?"

"As yet, it has not come to pass, Lord Count."

"Then by the Sepulture!" the Count shouted, springing to his feet, "it shall shortly! Sir Wanderer, there is a condition upon which you bide beneath my roof this night! It is, that here and now you must wed this maid of whom you speak! What say you, nobles?" he cried, gazing down the long board, "do you agree?"

"Aye!"

The response, a deep hoarse shout, was unanimous.

"What is your answer, then?" the Count continued in a voice of terrible assumed sternness. "Will you accept, or will you hie forth to the dismal night again? Say on, quickly."

The fair-haired stranger bent his head, as if in thought.

"I will accept," he said slowly, raising his face.

The Count whispered to a lackey at his elbow, who hastened out through the doorway. In a few moments there was a trampling on the stairway and a warder entered the hall, leading into view a woman, so heavily cloaked and veiled that nothing at all of her face or of her form was to be distinguished. He guided her up the long room and left her standing in front of the Count's chair. A coarse jest, flung from mouth to mouth around the board, reached the ears of the stranger

standing by the woman's side, and his compressed lips and mantling cheeks told of rage in leash. "Away with these cloaks and shrouds!" cried a voice from the crowd.

"Lord Count," spoke the youth boldly, "there are conditions upon which I wed this maid. Of these, the first is that she need not unveil her face until this ceremony, to which we must perforce submit ourselves, is through with. Indeed to have this so is most needful, for should she now uncloak herself, she could not brave these hundred carnal eyes until the end, because of her exceeding modesty. Consider, Count, I have yielded to thy wish, wherefore it is but just that you should yield in like to mine."

Count Muhlheim burst into a loud laugh. "By faith, the fellow has me; he is right. Come you," he cried, beckoning to a priest lounging a few seats away, "come and wed this precious twain for the glory of the Church."

The priest shuffled forward, motioning the two strangers under the canopy of drapery which had been hung for the great wedding. Spurred on by the approving shouts and laughter of the company, he performed over them a mocking ceremony, a mere travesty upon the sacred ritual of the church.

"This is but as the prelude, Sigmund," said the Count in a low voice, "to the great melody to come. What now, sirrah?"

The priest had slipped back to his chair. The fair-haired youth and his strangely silent consort stood before Count Muhlheim again.

He rose and made to them a mock obeisance. "Allow me to proffer at this most blissful moment my felicitations, O sovereign pair!" he cried mock-

ingly. "And now, I doubt not, the lady will deign to let us look upon her fair countenance, will she not?"

"Count," the man began quickly, "you will recall there remains yet another condition upon which my submission to this most unholy wedlock is encumbant."

"What!" the Count cried, "yet another! A plague on such foolery! What do you mean, fellow?"

"It is but a notion of my own," the youth said with a frank smile, "a mere nothing. You have doubtless heard the mandate our puissant Emperor, Charles, has spread abroad, giving warning against these marauding infidels, the Turks, who press continually from the south upon—"

"Yea, 'tis an old story," the Count interrupted impatiently.

"But not less a true one," the speaker resumed quietly, "And, Lord Count, as I have a long journey in hand for the morrow, even to Aulendorf, far across the valley in the shadow of Bonbery, when, I apprehend, with these fanatic peasant bands ravaging the lowlands, I shall have divers perils to brave, I would ask of you a letter of security, passport, which, as a symbol of your name, can serve me as potently as a company of horse. Nay, 'tis but a small thing to request. And, indeed, some further reward is needful to recompense me fully for the shame of this sudden ceremony. You would be just with me, Count, would you not?"

Count Muhlheim stood for a moment staring at the speaker in hesitation. There was a puzzled light in his eyes.

"Thou art a shrewd bargainer, fellow," he said at last; "I am in no doubt but that they who deal with you are fleeced most shamefully."

"But will you grant it me?" the stranger persisted. "Take it as what you will, a whim, a caprice—"

"Well, curse you, have your way! Declare what you seek, and that speedily! You do tax my patience grievously, fellow!"

At a sign, a thin hunch-backed fellow slunk into view from the crowd of menials. He dropped down upon a little stool at his master's feet and, drawing a square of crackling parchment from his pouch and a quill from behind his ear, sat waiting. "Write you, varlet," spoke the Count briefly, "as this fellow says."

Pondering an instant, the stranger began to speak:

"Be it known that the bearer is, by sacred oath of Count Muhlheim, lord of the Traun-thal, given free passage to the utmost limits of his dominion, unmolested either by the hand of noble or of serf."

"By faith! fellow, you make it strong!" the Count exclaimed, "but no matter, 'tis but a lack-brained whim." He snatched the paper and the quill from the scribe, and raising the fingers of one hand in the sign of the cross, with a muttered prayer he scratched his signature at the foot of the document, which he thrust into the stranger's hands. At that instant, with a quick movement, the girl slipped aside her cloak and veil.

Before the sight thus revealed his eyes, Count Muhlheim sat for an instant motionless, frozen as it were

by very amazement. He lifted his hands to his face, as if he could scarce credit the assertion of his eyes. Then his hand sprang to his sword-hilt. He and Graf Ansel sprang to their feet simultaneously, rushing, with a torrent of oaths, upon the defenseless youth. The hall was filled instantly with a babel of sounds as, uttering mingled shouts and exclamations, the guests crowded forward. But above it all sounded the clear voice of the stranger, who stood with the slip of parchment raised defiantly above his head:

"I have the oath!"

The Count heard the cry but it did not deter his hands, already at the speaker's throat. Those more sober in the assemblage, however, mindful of the binding vow, forced him and Graf Ansel back from their fiendish purpose.

The fair-haired stranger drew Thilda to his side. The crowd fell back, leaving them standing alone in the center of an open ring. She was fair, exceedingly, and the defiance in her proud face was supreme. He looked down the long room toward the doorway: instinctively a lane opened in the throng for them. Down this lane they passed, he, with his still upright arm, flaunting the passport in the wavering light. The crowd stood watching them in a fascinated silence, until the white of the fluttering parchment and the gold of her fluttering hair were swallowed by the shadows beyond.



The Turning of Peter Brysley.

J. WIRT DUNNING.

THE mob outside the jail had waited long. From a mere handful of men in the early morning, its number had gradually increased, until now the sheriff was compelled to face the angry demands of a thousand people. On the afternoon of the previous day, the little city of Ackley, Ohio, had been startled by a deed of cruelty unheard of in all its previous history.

Peter Brysley, the son of a poor widow had returned home in the afternoon incensed and maddened with drink, and without the slightest cause, had beaten his mother into insensibility, and then after horsewhipping his little brother had tied him to the senseless body of his mother, and thrown both into a damp cellar beneath the house. Thereafter he had returned to his debaucheries at the village tavern. A neighbor, calling later had heard the cries of the child and finding the senseless form of the mother, had reported the affair to the sheriff, by whom Brysley was immediately arrested and placed in jail. Since then his mother had been lingering between life and death, while with every moment the fury of the citizens had grown higher. The report had spread to neighboring towns, and people thirsting to avenge the act had been gathering about the jail since early morning. Sheriff Bryne had said "No," to all their demands for the release of the prisoner, but his wonderful courage could not

avail longer, for now mutterings were heard among the crowd, and he observed that picks and axes had been collected. His ready wit served him. He went to the cell of the prisoner, who cowardly cringed in his corner and piteously implored the 'sheriff to save him. "I can save you from the mob without, that would take your life," he said. The prisoner's eyes glowed. "But," said he, it can be done only by giving you at least a few hours of liberty, can I trust you to return when these are past?" There was a secret passage from the jail to the court house near by and Bryne thought that the prisoner could enter that without being found by the crowd. The plan was unfolded to the prisoner and after giving his word to return at the appointed hour, he entered the passage just as the crowd came surging through the doorway to the cell where he had lately been. Great was their chagrin at not finding him there. By chance the rear door was open, and thinking that he had been removed by that means, they departed and scoured the country till nightfall, but finding no trace of the prisoner they finally gave it up.

When the mob had gone, Bryne, after waiting a time, entered the secret passage and called the prisoner's name. There was no reply. He entered the court-room. It was empty. One of the windows was open; a chair was standing near it. The pris-

oner had escaped! Some weeks after the sheriff was tried for neglect of duty and removed from office.

* * * * *

Brookton's camp was the toughest place in Maine. Mr. Brookton, owner of a large tract of timber in the Androscoggin region, had rather late in the season received a contract for some ship timbers to be delivered in Portland before the shipping season opened. As it was late, most of the men had gone to the woods already, and he was compelled to take such men as he could find living about the docks of that city. Most were sailors, who, thrown out of work by the frequent storms, had settled there for the winter, and a wilder, tougher lot is seldom seen. The toughest one among them and indeed their leader, as it afterward proved, was "Pete." He had never been known by any other name. Having joined the crew of a trader some five years before, his actions had led him to be known as "Terrible Pete." When drunk he was a perfect devil, and all his comrades feared him. They had never known his heart to be melted, and once in Barcelona where they had obtained shore leave, while riding at a reckless pace through the streets, his horse had run over and nearly killed a little child that was playing there, but he had not given the matter a second thought and had ridden on as recklessly as before. It was rumored that he had a past, but never a word had left his lips; and only once, after an unusually hard spree had he been heard to speak the word 'mother,' but his next word was a curse.

In spite of the seeming harshness and roughness of the camp there was one

spirit in it that was as bright as the sunshine that came creeping through the cracks of the shanty on a clear December day. It was Teddie, the cook's assistant. He had come to the camp some two weeks after the arrival of the men. The relief sleigh bringing in supplies from Peekinsville some forty miles distant, had found him trudging through the snow, cold and hungry, and had picked him up. When the relief had returned he had refused to go, and finally prevailed upon Brown, the foreman, to take him on trial. His gentle and cheery disposition soon won the hearts of the rough men with whom he was associated. He was always so ready to help them in the many little tasks which they had to do, that they gradually began to love him; and even Pete, who at first had refused even to look at the "kid" as he called him, finally began to watch anxiously for the pale, though smiling, face of Teddy in the doorway as he returned from a hard day's work that had been filled with many angry words and curses. It came to be whispered among the men that "Pete had caved." Brown, the foreman, noticed it.

Toward spring, camp life becomes irksome, even to the woodman who is accustomed to it, but to the sailor it is torture. Brown soon began to find difficulty in getting the men to work; they grumbled at their meals; in chopping, the number of chips was doubled. Things rapidly grew worse. The men became more sullen each day. At length trouble broke out. The roof of the camp had become worn by the winds and storms of the winter and when Brown one morning ordered the men to repair it before going to work,

at Pete's suggestion they refused to do so, and when he attempted to enforce his command, Brown was seized, bound hand and foot and thrown into a storage room at one end of the camp. The men that day did nothing. At nightfall a furious blizzard commenced, and the men rolled out a keg of whisky and began a mad carousal. Late in the evening Teddy was missed. They found him lying outside in the snow. He had attempted to climb the roof to make the repairs and slipping, had fallen. His arm was broken. The men in their drunkenness did not notice it. He was laid before the fire but his feeble moanings were not heard. The next morning the men woke late. During the night one had taken Brown his blankets. Teddy had fallen asleep by the fire. But the sight of his unusually pale face attracted Pete's attention. He went to him and discovered the broken arm, and for once his cruel heart was touched. All the hate that he held for Brown the foreman, was drowned in a momentary feeling of love and pity for the boy. Teddy was bandaged and the arm was set in a rough way, and Pete taking a gun, set out for a spot some fifteen miles distant where he knew the precious wormwood could be found, to relieve the suffering of the boy. The storm had increased and his progress was slow. Toward noon the blizzard raged so fiercely that he could scarcely see twenty feet in front of him. Then it suddenly cleared. Brysley, for it was indeed he, pushed doggedly on. Late in the afternoon he came upon an open place, on the other side of which could be found the object of his search. But as the sun had already begun to cast its long shadows to the east and the

lofty pines overhead had begun to murmur their evening prayers before the wind that had arisen from the north, Brysley began to look for a suitable place to camp, for it was evident that he would be compelled to remain out for the night.

In a hollow between two hills a mile further on, he built a fire, and covering it with two pine slabs which he found lying near, indicating that other travelers has been that way, he set out to procure a bird or rabbit for his evening meal. And as he walked he thought of Teddy, and when he thought his iron heart was melted. "Poor sick Teddy," he said to himself.

He had not walked far when, scanning the trail ahead of him, he saw the form of a man approaching. He paused and looked intently. A curse passed his lips. The demon in him again awoke. He sank down behind some bushes to keep from sight. He thought it was the form of Brown, the foreman, that was approaching him. He recognized him by his heavy overcoat. "He has escaped and is going to the relief station for aid, and back upon us the sheriff will be in another day," were the thoughts that entered Brysley's brain. "I must kill him," vowed he, trembling at the thought. He looked at the priming of his gun. All was ready. "There'll be none to see," he mused. His body can be buried in the snow and they'll think he perished in the cold." He waited until the figure was within one hundred yards, and levelling his gun with shaking hands he aimed and then a shot rang out, and Brysley sank back exhausted and terrified at the thought that his off

repeated boast among his criminal companions had at last been fulfilled. He had killed his man, for when the smoke cleared away he saw that the figure had fallen.

In a mad frenzy he rushed forward. It was not the form of Brown the foreman that he saw writhing there before him! It was Teddy, the cook's assistant! Brysley was struck as though by a lightning's bolt. He groaned. His knees grew weak and he fell to the ground, fainting. The cold, however, soon brought him to his senses again. "My God," he hoarsely uttered, "I have killed him." "There is nothing for me to do but die." He felt for his revolver. It was gone. In his fall he had dropped it in the snow. Frantically he tore away the deep snow until at length he found it and in another moment two souls instead of one would have been sent to meet their God, but a feeble moan escaped the lips of the dying boy. "Pete, Pete, tell mother I found you." Then he seemed to revive. "She gave me this to give you." He reached beneath his coat and drew forth a tiny book. "Who shot me, Pete? Tell her I loved you, Pete. You're my brother. Don't you know me, Pete? Kiss me, brother, brother, before I die."

The revolver had sunk again into the snow. Again the wretched man groaned. He looked into the book. There was written his mother's name.

"My God, can it be that this is Teddy, my little brother?—speak again, child, quick!"

He bent low over the form of the dying boy and placed a kiss upon his quivering lips.

"I told her I'd find you. She gave me a letter. It's in the book. I've

hunted for you so long. I wanted to tell you and then we'd go back together, but someone hurt me. They wouldn't let me come but I got away from them. I was afraid you'd gone for good. She's waiting for us Pete, I see them now, all white and golden"—his mind was wandering—"mother is standing at the gate. Do you think Pete will come tonight, mother—Something hurts me, Pete—What makes the snow so red?—O, see the beautiful, beautiful—I see father too Pete—Mother—tell her—tell her—I found him, mother."

The last word ended in a gurgling sob. The little body grew heavier upon the strong man's arm. Little Teddy had gone to sleep.

On the books of Heaven are recorded the prayers that arose that night. And who can say that one of them has remained unanswered?

Upon his knees in the snow, stained with the still unfrozen blood of the lifeless form that lay before him, Pete Brysley knelt in prayer. Long he thus remained. Ah! cruel fate, that takes the fairest and the best from earthly life. And yet, how often in His mercy doth the Heavenly Father remove from the shady wood the pale and snowy lily, while the stately ash above it, by drinking in the sunshine it has left behind, grow in rarer, sturdier strength.

Pete Brysley finished his prayer. He read the letter; and as he read, the strong and hardened man wept. He opened the sacred book, for it was his mother's bible, from which, so many times when a boy, she had read to him its mystic truths. He read: "How many are the hired servants of my

Father that have bread enough and to spare. I will arise and go unto my Father's house." When he had finished, burying his face upon the form of his lifeless brother, he burst out in passionate weeping. Again he prayed. O, infinite grief is the grief of a repentant sinner! The sun, which had fast been sinking behind the peaks of the distant hills, now shed a departing glow upon the white earth and then sank from sight. The pines had ceased their whispering prayers. The darkness gathered fast. An owl hooted forth a doleful welcome to the night. At length he rose, and shouldering the body of his brother, he trudged off through the snow.

* * * * *

Toward evening on the following day a man, worn with cold and hunger entered the station of Peekinsville. To the crowd gathered there he said that his

brother, whose body he carried, had been killed in the inland woods. He was soon on the train bound for home. Two nights after there was mingled joy and sorrow in a little home in Ohio, a mother and a repentant son again sat by the fireside, where in the happy days of the past, they had often sat. But one place now is vacant.

A few days later a little coffin was unloaded at the station. It was labeled "Teddy." That was all. A sorrowing mother and a wicked, though repentant and heart-broken, son followed it to the church yard.

Pete Brysley has begun life anew. The stain of murder is still upon his hands. But in Heaven there is joy, and only by the joy of Heaven can the sorrow of earth be comforted. When the tempest at length is o'er and the sea again is calm, how joyfully the storm-tossed mariner glides into the harbor where all is safety and rest!



The Widow's Wedding.

B. A. H.

THE widow sighed as she sank into her neighbor's best rocking chair. "Yes, I'm going to have a weddin' this time. As many times as I've been married, I've never made a weddin' yet; but this time I'm a goin' to. Mr. Roberts is a good man, and since his wife died—poor man!—he's suffered,—yes, suffered—and he needs care. We're goin' to have printed weddin' invitations, and I'm goin' to send them to just as many people as I can get into my house. I'm sorry Mis' Smith I can't invite you, but you see, I'm sending them to the neighbors as the houses come down the street, and I can't go no further 'an Mis' Mason's nohow—with all the the relations, too.

My sowin's most done. Yes, Amandy Filkins has been with me two weeks, and fixed up my clothes pretty good. I guess my weddin' dress is as fine as any ever was in the village. Amandy is a smart sewer, and her charges are real reasonable. I'm goin' to keep her with me 'till the weddin's over, 'cause she's real handy on such occasions. We're goin' to begin the bakin' tomorrow. For, as many times as I've been married, I've never had a weddin' yet, and this time everything will be done proper. It don't mean no disrespect to my former husbands—the Lord knows I did well by 'em, and I mourned 'em all with a sincere heart."

The much bereaved widow sighed again and rocked fast in the squeak-

ing chair. Then the bride-to-be spoke:

"I can't decide whether to have three kinds of pie for the supper, or just two kinds, and two kinds of cookies. There'll be doughnuts, and spice-cake like that my poor last husband liked so well. You know, he wouldn't even touch other cake, and I did get awful tired of spice-cake for a while. Poor dear, he was powerful fond of fritters, too. Amandy wants me to have a new kind of cake like they have in the cities. She calls it angel's cake; but it takes lots of eggs, and I can't decide whether we can have any or not. We'll have to wait 'till all the other cookin's done and see how many eggs there'll be left. My hens haven't been layin' very good this fall, either.

Isn't it fortunate that I got my new parlor carpet last spring? And my organ, too. I tell Mr. Roberts it was providential; for with a weddin' on my hands I could never have afforded it this fall. I do think its such a pretty carpet, the green and red in it makes it so cheerful-like. Amandy wants to decorate with sedges and golden rod; but that's all along of her city notions that she got when she visited her aunt six years ago this October. I'd rather have artemisias and pansies than them weeds. Maria Poole is going to help in the kitchen durin' the supper.

But I must go down to Alice's now, and get her receipt for sugar cookies. I never liked mine so well as hers. When one's gettin' ready for a weddin'

there's a lot to see to, even if you do have help."

And the widow bustled away.

* * * *

The day set for the wedding dawned fair and bright. Break of day found Amanda and the widow astir. The parlor, with its gorgeous carpet of emerald and scarlet, had been swept and garnished. Huge bouquets of artemisias and golden rod stood on either side of the organ, and a plate of pansies, gathered only that morning, adorned the center-table, which had been moved into the corner from its place on the middle square of the carpet where it always stood, except when there was a funeral or a wedding.

The widow went to the door and looked in for the twentieth time that morning. Then she stole in, softly closing the door behind her. Going to the wall she carefully took down the pictures of her son and daughter, who had died more than twenty years before, then the pictures of husbands I, II, III and IV. Stealing out of the door she flew upstairs with her burden, and carefully placed the pictures, face downward, under the bed in the guest room.

"There," she whispered to herself,

"that'll make it more appropriate." Then she guiltily tiptoed down the stairs.

* * * *

After tea, before sunset, the carriages began to come up the road and turn in at the widow's yard. Guests came on foot, too, and by early candle-light, the parlors were filled with friends waiting expectantly. The widow had met them all as they came in, and had been bustling around, telling them how glad she was to see them; but now she had disappeared and a hushed silence had fallen upon the company.

They all pronounced it a "lovely weddin'", as Mrs. Williams-North-Potter-Brown-Roberts stood blushing beside her husband to receive her friends' good wishes.

And everything on the bountifully-laden supper table, from the angel's food and three kinds of pie down to the cucumber pickles, that Martha Collins had sent over in the morning, was declared to be the best the guests had ever tasted. Marie Poole managed excellently in the kitchen, and everything went off without a hitch. And the bride felt glad in her heart that she had at last had a "weddin.'"



A Plea for Nature Study.

CHARLES A. DAVIS.

WHILE in our northern climate springtime seems yet hardly begun, still the signs of its coming are in air and sky and earth. The soft warm breezes of later spring have not yet brought out the leaves, but the first flowers have appeared and already the birds have returned to their summer homes and are making the air merry with their songs, and the grass in sheltered spots is even now growing green. How much of all this has meaning to you? To most, I fear, the world about us is too strange and unfamiliar for us to interpret readily the meaning of the sights and sounds that will fill all nature for the next few months. It has always been an unsolved riddle to me why the world about him should be considered of so little consequence by the ordinary individual. Why it is that he goes about in this world with eyes and ears shut, losing much, if not most of the delight of living amid most beautiful surroundings—why it is that those enjoyments which belong to all in common, which may be had without any cost, except the effort of becoming acquainted with them, should be disregarded by young and old alike, while lesser and more costly artificial pleasures are sought after with greatest eagerness is beyond the writer's comprehension. I have never fully understood why so much time is given to the artificial and so little to the natural in our courses of study, nor why it is that so much of

the time of the school course of training should be given to past and gone events, and so little to the here and now. After all it is the present in which we live, for we cannot live over the past except in our dreams, and the future is always just beyond our reach. Then why should we not pay attention to the life and beauty of the world in which we must always be while we live? The desire to be familiar with this world seems innate in every child's mind and it is only after years, more or less, of training away from its object that this desire disappears, or, if it be very strong, sometimes it persists despite the training.

The fact that the faculties of the mind and body which are required for the enjoyment of the world about us, are left uncultivated, leaves us with an unsymmetrical development, one sided as it were, and deprived of part of our natural endowment of faculties. You may ask what the advantages of this familiarity with our surroundings are, and if it is worth while to acquire it. I can assure you that a positive and affirmative answer can be made to the second question, and will endeavor to give a few reasons why every one should strive to become acquainted with all the living creatures as well as with the phenomena of air and earth and woods.

These advantages are of two distinct sorts, the esthetic or artistic, and the practical. Of these the esthetic

plays the more important part, perhaps, for it gives a constant and never failing source of purest pleasure, which may always be drawn upon, for all occasions. Bryant in *Thanatopsis* expresses the matter fully when he says, "To him, who in the love of nature holds communion with her visible forms she speaks a varied language." She has words of consolation in times of affliction, words of joy and gladness for times of happiness and words of peace in times of turmoil. There is no mood for which the lover of nature does not find response and sympathy. Who but one who has watched for the flight of birds across the evening sky can fully enjoy Bryant's "Lines to a Waterfowl," or how can a person who has never searched for and found the fringed gentian thoroughly appreciate his poem on that beautiful flower? The whole world of the poets is truly but half understood by him who does not know, and know intimately, the out of door world. Indeed, if we would have a full and true appreciation of the whole beauty of the literature of our own, or any other language, we must first get as thoroughly in touch with the world about us, as are the poets. The same may be said of art, for the first thing the would-be artist does, unless he has the divine gift from the first, is to study the form and semblance of nature and as he succeeds or fails in establishing himself on terms of closest intimacy with her, so his work succeeds or fails. The greatest artists of the world, are the men who have been so closely and fully in sympathy with nature that they have caught, not only her visible form, and represented it, but have also made manifest her invisible spirit, and the

more closely we know this spirit the more the greatest works of architects, painters and sculptors impress us with their greatness. This greatness is really the greatness of the natural object, with its spirit, as revealed by the artist. So it is in music, all the other arts in fact—they are grand the nearer they approach the grandeur of nature, and to the lover of nature they stand revealed most fully because of his increased power of understanding. This is not the only power that the communion with nature brings, for there is no philosophy which can give the peace of mind that the contemplation of a beautiful landscape gives to him who is able to understand the elements which enter into it, to give meaning to the beauty which is visible and surely no study of the books of men, gives us the proofs of the omnipotence and presence of a Heavenly Father as does familiarity with His creations.

From the purely practical side also, much is to be gained from studying nature at home, for many are the valuable secrets that she reveals to her friends. To the horticulturist she shows wonderful possibilities of fruit and flowers, which may be made more useful or more beautiful when once we have learned from the greatest of teachers the manner of procedure. To the Agriculturist the mysteries of food production, the relation of soil to crop, and of air and moisture to growing plants, have been and are, being taught. To those whose study leads them to become acquainted with the humbler members of the plant and animal worlds, many and startling disclosures have been made and daily we learn of new and more wonderful ones. The mysterious forms of diseases which

formerly destroyed the growing crops of the farmer and sometimes the whole food supply of a nation, leaving it to starvation and death, are now explained and may be nearly if not wholly prevented. Not only are the causes of the diseases of plants and animals known, but the plagues and pestilences, which formerly swept whole nations from the face of the earth and were looked upon as visitations from God, are now understood and when all the known conditions producing them are removed, will undoubtedly cease to exist. Dame Nature is generous in revealing to the enquirer her secrets, which after all are no secrets, when we come to examine matters closely, only things which in our carelessness we would not see. So in every walk of life discoveries of great practical value have been made by searchers after truth in the world about us. The great discoveries of the past century, the telegraph, steam propulsion, the telephone, photography and numerous other discoveries of greatest practical importance were made by men who were acquainted with the realms of nature and were eager to learn all about the portion of them which they found most interesting. Thus we see that from whatever aspect we look at the matter, we find there is much to lure us on, and each of us may, if he will, find out something of importance. In the search for this something, whatever it may be, much pleasure will be derived, much satisfaction, and it may be something of honor as well if we carry acquaintance far enough.

We call the organized pursuit of nature study a science, something known, —but we may go far in the study of nature and yet not penetrate into the field of pure science.

One need not devote his whole life to the pursuit of nature in order to get much enjoyment from this pursuit, he need not become a scientist to get full enjoyment from knowing his fellow creatures. Each should understand that the study of the phenomena of life about him becomes of absorbing interest and gives full returns of pleasure from the beginning, if he will only be honest and earnest in his efforts. Neither does one have to know technicalities or scientific names, to make the beginning. Many of the people who have become most familiar with nature, have been entirely untrained and untutored and the lowest savage is often more familiar, in the truest way, with the living things about him than the most expert botanist or zoologist. Neither does one have to devote a special time to search for these truths of nature, for in the ordinary goings and comings of the average person much can be learned if he only have eyes and ears open. One can easily tell what birds are in his vicinity by the songs he hears as he is passing from home to his place of business, and who will say that in listening for them he is taking anything from his work?

To the professional and business man there is no form of relaxation so healthful as this nature study, for it takes him out into the sunlight and fresh air and gives him a line of thought entirely foreign to the perplexities of mind which are so wearing in the ordinary course of business. No one can afford to neglect to interest himself in nature. One may be busy, but the busiest people known to the writer find most delightful recreation in this work, and there can be

pointed out to you a city lawyer who is everywhere recognized as the leading authority on the shell fauna of a great state, a banker who has made most valuable researches in geology, a physician who is known the world over as authority in certain plant forms, and a housewife who is most truly authority in all matters relating to birds.

In closing it should be said that there is but one way in which we can know nature, and that is by making an effort to become acquainted with her. We

must go to woods and fields and water and see her in her retreats, to get the secrets she would reveal, and in no other way is this treasure to be found. Let us then look at the world about us with enquiring and intelligent eyes, "and look thro' Nature up to Nature's God."

"Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking,
T'is Heaven alone that is given away,
T's only God may be had for the asking,
No price is set on the lavish summer,
June may be had by the poorest comer."



The Voice of the Wind.

AUDLEY E. WILLSON.

Summer wind, O breath of God,
Come when sunset pales,
When the moon doth walk abroad,
Whisper me your gem tales,
Mystic stories of delight,
Dreamy pictures too,
Of the lands whence you took flight,
And the work you do.

Wanderer of the Northland white,
Ruler of the snow,
Tell me of the ghostly night
Where slow-pulsing witch-fires glow,
Where ice-mountains crash and crack
Mid the wild grey seas,
And the wolf's howl echoes back
The roaring of the trees.

East wind, spicy, rich and soft,
Of the countries tell
Where Buddha's temples tower aloft,
Where crowded millions dwell.
Stories of the Oldest Land
Where Magic still lives on,
Beast-filled jungles, rivers grand,
Cities dead and gone.

Bring to me, sweet Southern breeze,
The trill of mocking bird,
From the snowy locust trees,
Sweetest music ever heard.
Folk-songs from the cotton field,
From the levee's toil;
Tales of times when cannon pealed,
And red was stained the soil.

West wind, tell of our Long Home,
Islands of the Blest
Whose shores we see o'er ocean's foam,
When the day-star sinks to rest.
Tell of endless love and peace
When Evil yields to Truth,
When Earth's sad pinings all shall cease,
And we find our vanished youth.

ENTERED INTO REST

WHEREAS: We have learned that on April 2, 1901, Dr. George F. Hunting, the first President of Alma College, entered into rest, therefore be it

Resolved: That we, the faculty of Alma College, put upon record our grateful appreciation of him as a friend, a citizen, a patriot and a fellow worker in Christian education, and,

Resolved: That we extend fraternal salutation and Christian sympathy to the members of the family so greatly bereaved.

In these resolutions the faculty spoke also for every student and alumnus of Alma.

To us, Dr. Hunting was first of all a friend. It mattered not who of us approached him, whether student or fellow teacher, there was always the same kind, sympathetic face, and we were sure that to the extent of his purse and ability he was ready to befriend us. That he was a citizen-patriot as well as a soldier-patriot was manifest to us all. National honor was to him even more sacred than personal honor. To the young people he was a continual inspiration in all that was highest in the service of the nation. Therefore he easily won their affections and seldom lost them.

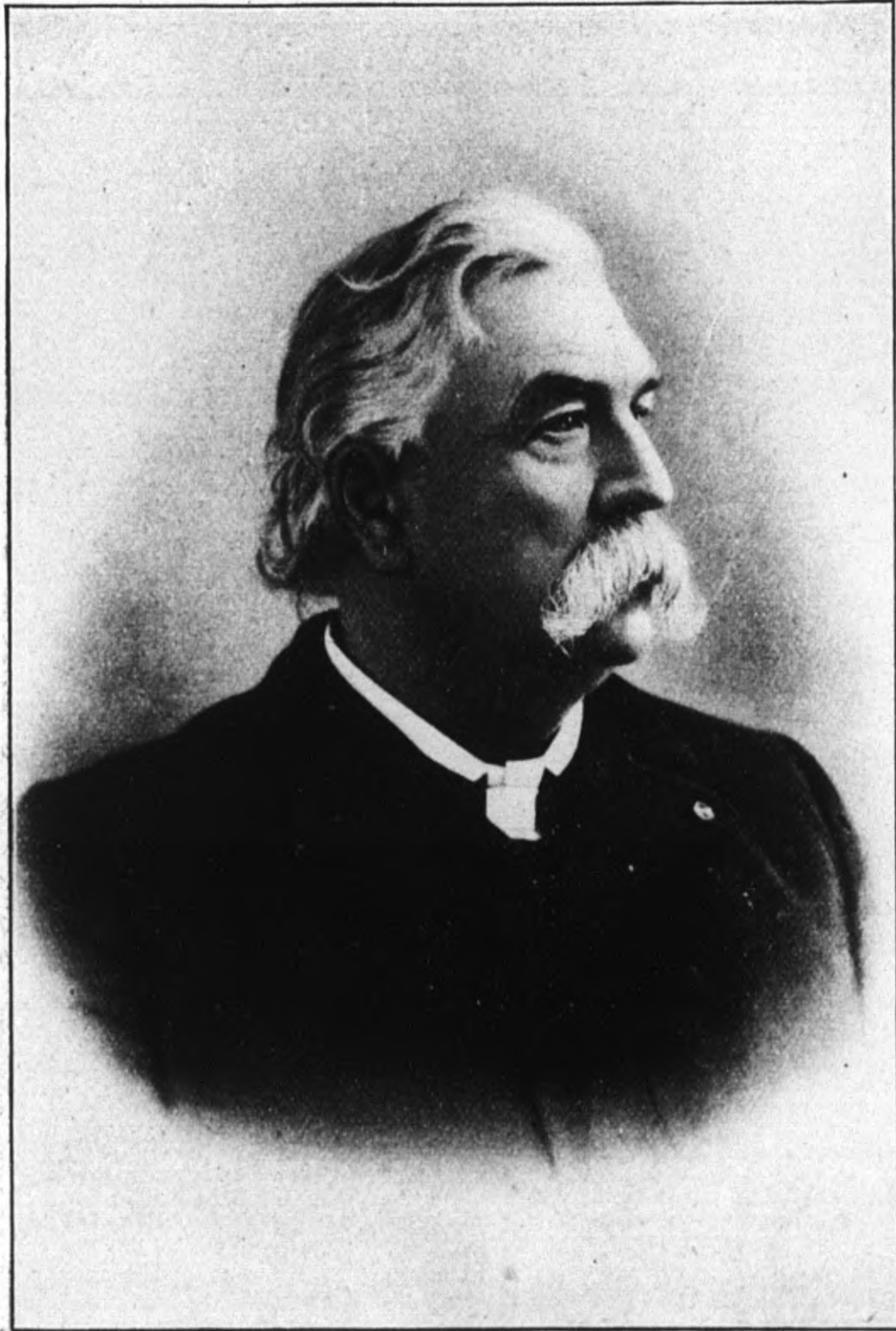
He was wholly and consistently devoted to higher education under

Christian auspices. Therefore he accepted the sacred trust of the presidency of the college, when that position was one far more of sacrifice and difficulty than of reward and honor. He labored here for three and one-half years, and when finally persuaded that he could render more service in the pulpit, he went to that toil, with his heart still warm for Alma. So it remained till the cold hand of death was laid upon it. His memory will be cherished with the utmost tenderness by every student who came under his influence at Alma College and with them will join a host of others, who in various walks and stations, met and mingled with him as pastor, teacher and friend.

George F. Hunting, D. D., was born in Milton, Vermont, in 1836. His home was under the shadows of the Green Mountains on the east, and the Adirondacs on the west, with the beautiful valley of Lake Champlain lying between. He entered the University of Vermont at Burlington in 1856, and was graduated in 1860. His preparatory studies were at one of the old style New England academies at Castleton, Vermont, where he became acquainted with Miss Maynard, who soon after his graduation became his wife.

During the last year of his college course, the clouds of civil war were gathering over the land. Taught a real patriotism at his father's home, and familiar with all the free traditions of his native state, it was no wonder

once enlist in the service of his country. But instead of being sent to the Potomac as he expected and desired, his regiment was stationed on the western coast and never saw a battle, or anything much fiercer than a regi-



GEORGE F. HUNTING, D. D.

that the college boy, who before his graduation had made a pilgrimage to the grave of John Brown, in order that he might be the better prepared to write the poem which he was to deliver on a public occasion, should at

mental parade. But then, as ever afterward, one of the ruling principles of his life came into prominence, namely, to accept his lot or do his duty under any, even the most undesirable circumstances.

After the war was over, he engaged for a few years in business pursuits, till finally that call, which he began to hear away back among the mountains of Vermont, came to him with renewed strength, and he gave himself to the work of the ministry and began the larger work of his life among the home missionary churches of Wisconsin. From there he was called to the pastoral work of the Presbyterian church in Kalamazoo, Michigan.

When Alma College was so far established that its projectors began to look about for some one to stand at its head, it was as if by common instinct that the thoughts of those in charge were turned to the Kalamazoo pastor. He had already won that supreme confidence among all who knew him—which is the grandest honor one can attain among his fellows. His honesty of motive was universally respected. His purity of character,

and firm adherence to what he believed the right, was closely joined to an unaffected sympathy with his fellows which willingly gave to them the same honesty of motive which belonged to himself.

In his work as college president and teacher these qualities were always prominent. The love of the students of those days for Dr. Hunting was almost a passion. It was so enthusiastic that his departure was accompanied with the sharpest regrets, and his return on one occasion after his absence for a time, brought the students to meet him at the train with a carriage which they insisted they might be allowed to draw with him as its occupant to the place where he was to be entertained.

After his resignation as president, he was pastor at Flint for four years, and then at Marshall until the time of his death.



John Keats.



E. W. WALDRON.

O Speak, ye waters where his name is
writ!
Accord to one redolent harmony
The runes your waves are crooning
endlessly
By sylvan streamlets where the wood-
nymphs sit.

O Speak, ye rustling leaves of deathless
green
That deck the winding dales of Arcady,
Where sylphs and satyrs sport the hours
away,
Hid in the bowers of Chloris, wildwood's
queen.

O Speak, ye myriad voices of wood and
stream,
And tell me if a more than mundane light
Inspired his visioning, endowed his sight,
Or stirred the yearnings of his raptured
dream.

For, as I sip the nectar of his rhymes,
At the unclosing of a hidden door,
High tides of rare mellifluence outpour
The essence of a thousand summer-times!



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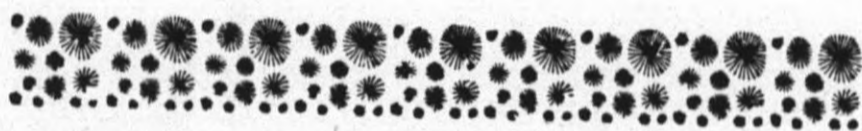
MAY, 1901

ALMA has made her initial effort in inter-collegiate debating. Although not winning in her maiden effort, it is gratifying to know that in some points Alma had the better of her opponents. Alma showed up very

strong on the main argument, but did not make so good an appearance as Albion in the rebuttal. This was due to the inexperience which always handicaps a college in its first efforts along any line. Another year it is expected that a large number will enter the preliminaries thus giving the team, which represents the college, more drill in rebutting, which will add greatly to the efficiency of the men chosen to represent the college. Inter-collegiate debating has not attained the popularity of inter-collegiate athletics, but it is a department of college activity that is rapidly growing in public favor, and one that amply repays the student who will devote a reasonable amount of time to it. At Albion its importance receives official recognition to the extent of giving the students who represent the college two hours credit for one term of elective work. In speaking of the debate with Albion it is a pleasure to acknowledge the courtesy which Albion has always accorded Alma's teams, whether in athletics or debating. The management and student body have always extended every possible courtesy, and both in victory and defeat, have exemplified that rivalry and friendship may go hand in hand.

IN a community life, such as we find in small colleges, people are apt to grow so well acquainted with each other that they sometimes forget that courtesy has its place among even the most intimate friends. Alma is fortunate in having so many informal entertainments; but once in a while when a society event does occur, even members of higher classes than the Fresh-

man or Sophomore have been known to forget or ignore the claims upon their manliness, and permit the young ladies invited to go unescorted, and even to return home alone at a late hour of the night. Then, too, the applause which greets those attending lectures or other entertainments, although at times amusing to persons not directly concerned, is apt to grow monotonous after it has been repeated several times and, in however good a spirit it may be taken by a college student, it is quite inexcusable when given to the townspeople, who are our guests for the time being. "Put yourself in his place" is a good rule to follow in these cases, where the want of courtesy is merely thoughtlessness.



News Items

LECTURE ON PORTO RICO.

The fourth lecture of the Arthur Hill course was delivered Friday evening, April 12, by the Rev. Washington Gardner, who took as his subject "Cuba and Porto Rico." The speaker was most ably introduced by the college president, who, after telling of the Rev. Gardner's prominence in various lines, concluded by envying him his great power as a beggar. Mr. Gardner reminded his audience in his reply that "there are others," and having thus put his hearers in a good humor at the beginning, proceeded to give what he called a "talk" on the two islands in which Americans have recently become so greatly interested.

His style was a conversational one, and although its informality required close attention, his description of the common life of these islands was very instructive as well as entertaining. He thought Porto Rico had an ideal climate, and that its people were as a rule intelligent, but although it was his opinion that they should be free, nevertheless they were not yet in a

condition to be taken into the Union as States.

He told of many interesting customs as to the narrowness of their streets, their primitive methods of washing clothes, and the variety and abundance of their fruits and flowers; and mentioned especially the sugar industry, saying that if it were properly developed it could without doubt, supply the needs of the United States.

The student body showed its gratitude for the privilege of hearing such a man as Washington Gardner by largely attending and listening attentively the entire evening.



ALBION-ALMA DEBATE.

Alma sent a representative team to Albion to discuss the question: "Resolved, that the general tendency toward the centralization of industry is an economic evil."

The exercises were held in the college chapel. Prof. McKone, superintendent of the Albion public schools, acting as chairman. On one side of the platform Albion's contestants were

seated at a table trimmed with pink and green bunting, while on the other side Alma's cream and maroon decorations and colors were conspicuous.

Each contestant was allowed twelve minutes for argument, with four minutes for rebuttal. Messrs. Sidebotham, Booth and Robinson took all of their allotted time, and their efforts elicited loud applause. The Albion debaters came in for their share of commendation. The debate was close and very interesting, each man acquitting himself creditably. While Alma went down to defeat, it was only in the

rebuttal that Albion excelled. Albion's contestants were chosen after eight preliminary debates had been held, the practice thus afforded making them veterans in rebuttal arguments. Alma, on the other hand, lacked that needed preliminary training; but notwithstanding this she did much toward turning down the arguments of their opponents. From the showing made by our debaters, we have every reason to believe that victory awaits the cream and maroon in the contests to come.

..Item *z* Box..

ITEM BOX.

The plaintive strains of a certain cornet under the dorm. windows, in the never varying tune of "Pull for the Shore," has led to this short product:

"There's a good old maxim in the Book upon the Shelf,

That a man should love his neighbor
just as he loves himself;
But when he has an old cornet, and blows
wild spasms through it,
It's mighty hard to do it Lord—it's
mighty hard to do it.

Prof. Clizbe:—(Freshman class) "Mr. Snyder, name one of the miracles performed near the Sea of Galilee."

Snyder:—"The feeding of the four hundred."

The Seniors had almost decided to have a picnic up the river, but the girls thought they would be compelled to do the rowing, so the plan was abandoned.

A Prep is authority for the assertion that one of our profoundest professors is spending all his spare time reading Conan Doyle's detective stories, with a view to emulating the achievements of Sherlock Holmes.

Prof. Notestein:—(in physics) "Did you ever, as it were, see sheep's eyes in the dark?"

Chorus—"No, but we've seen goo goo eyes."

Miss Dunning:—(apropos a narrow escape from a flying hammer.) "It was simply perfectly awful! If I had dodged it, it would surely have struck me."

Latest slang expression:—

"Wouldn't that make you late to church!"

'Tis no bliss to miss a kiss,
But O! 'tis bliss to kiss a miss;
But sometimes—when you have kister
You wish to thunder you had mister.

Member of Faculty:—(surprising the nimble form of Charles Morpheus Long in the act of crawling through a gym. window during study hours) "Mr. Long, I am horrified, you know you are breaking the college rules. What were you doing in there?"

Charles:—(terror-stricken) "Kind sir, have mercy on my innocent, sin-stained soul! May I never see the back of my neck again if I wasn't searching for a rule book."

Athletics.

BASE BALL.

Base ball practice began in a lively fashion immediately after spring vacation. About twenty men came out to try for the team. The first two weeks were devoted to trying out the candidates. A practice game was played April 6, with the Newark town team, which resulted in a victory for Alma by a score of 22 to 7. Our men showed up well in batting, but made several bad errors in the fielding.

Coach Allen has chosen the following men for the college first team: Roy Beechler, Carl Hard, Paul Kellog, Pearl Fuller, captain; C. A. Snyder, J. C. Schwaderer, Ray Baker, John Robinson, G. F. McEwen, Earl Webber.

The prospects for a successful season are bright. Never before has there been such a large number of candidates to choose from. We are fortunate also in having so many of last year's team back; six of them having appeared thus far. The schedule, so far arranged, is as follows: May 4, Grand Rapids Y. M. C. A., at Alma; May 11, M. A. C., at Alma; May 21, Albion, at Alma; June 2, M. A. C., at Lansing.

TRACK.

With the coming of pleasant weather the minds of the athletically inclined among Alma's students turned, naturally, toward track work. The Athletic Association appointed Mr. Bagley track manager and Mr. Fulton assis-

tant, and the work of training was begun. Soon afterwards a letter was received from M. A. C. suggesting a dual meet, and the necessary arrangements are now being made. It is probable that the events will be those of the Western Inter-Collegiate schedule, which excludes the mile walk, the bicycle races and the standing broad jump, and includes the two mile run and the discus event, something almost unknown to Alma men.

Among the men in training are a number of new ones. Foote, Randals and Reichard are gone, and to fill their places, and swell the list, are a number of unknown quantities. Frank Foote, Waldron, Andre, Therry, Fulton and Beechler. The candidates for team positions for some of the events are as follows: The long runs, Sidebotham, Eastman, Waldron, Therry and McKee; jumps, Fuller, Tinker and Andre; shot put, Fulton, Fuller and Beechler; hammer throw, Fuller and Beechler. At present the discus event is largely "in the air"—Fulton is the only man who knows anything about it.

The number of men in the team from each college is as yet undetermined; it will be either twelve or fifteen. The meet will probably be held at Ithaca as it was last year, but there are to be no indoor events.

From an athletic standpoint, the meet last year was a success, but financially it was a failure. There should be no failures any where this year, and with the student body and the friends of the college rests the power to make it a complete success. To be sure, they attended loyally last year in spite of bad weather, but more loyalty and more spirit must be shown this year to prevent the Athletic Association again finding itself "in the hole."

Class and Society News.

SENIOR.

Why should a Senior withdraw from a literary society?

Why do some members of the Senior class play golf?

Why did three young men call on Miss Butler at once?

Why does Mr. Eastman always go to the postoffice directly after church?

Prof. M.:—"Birds of a feather flock together." Mr. Carmichael, is that true?"

Mr. C.:—"Yes, even though they do not know that they have the same color of feathers."

Prof. in Sociology:—"Mr. Bush is it true that 'a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush?'"

Mr. Bush:—(with blushes and emphasis) "Yes sir-r."

Once more we are permitted to have the pleasure of having Mr. Sidebotham with us over Sunday. Ever since last fall he has been supplying the church in Tawas City in the absence of a permanent pastor.

In Ethics class:—

Mr. Carmichael:—"We naturally choose those things which give us the greatest pleasure, as Mathematics, for example."

Two important motions were unanimously carried in the last Senior class meeting; one, that we purchase a phonograph to assist the secretary in recording the minutes and hand a duplicate film to the conduct committee; second, that we spend more time in the discussion of the Intuition of Unconditioned.

Mr. Reed after class party:—"Miss ——— may I see you home?"

Miss B.———:—"Certainly, but I have to wait a few moments."

Mr. Reed:—"Well I guess I wont wait then."

The reception given the Senior class by Misses Gelston and Inglis will long be remembered as one of the most pleasant evenings those present ever spent. The idea of a Rose party was a most original one and the entertainment, refreshments and souvenirs carried out the idea most daintily in every detail. The class feels very grateful to Miss Gelston and Miss Inglis for such a delightful evening.

The Seniors joined in the festivities of Arbor Day and planted their class tree near the museum. But this year some sober thoughts mingled with the more joyous ones for we know that only a few more weeks of our college life are still left to us and the thoughts of separation must need be sober ones.

JUNIOR.

We are sorry to say that Mr. Fell has left college for the balance of the year. He will return next fall, however, and will help to sustain the dignity of the glorious senior class of 1902.

The other classes have been filled with envious curiosity in regard to a spread that they think was held by the juniors. It is sufficient to say that the revelries were not interrupted by any of the uninitiated and no perfidious Sophomore or Freshman carried off the ice cream.

Did there not recur to us the memory of a multitude of similar instances of the past we would be very loth to believe that the modest efforts of the Juniors to fittingly observe Arbor Day could cause pangs of envy in the tender hearts of the simple Sophomores. Why should they insist so jealously that we have wronged them? We have never questioned the originality



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
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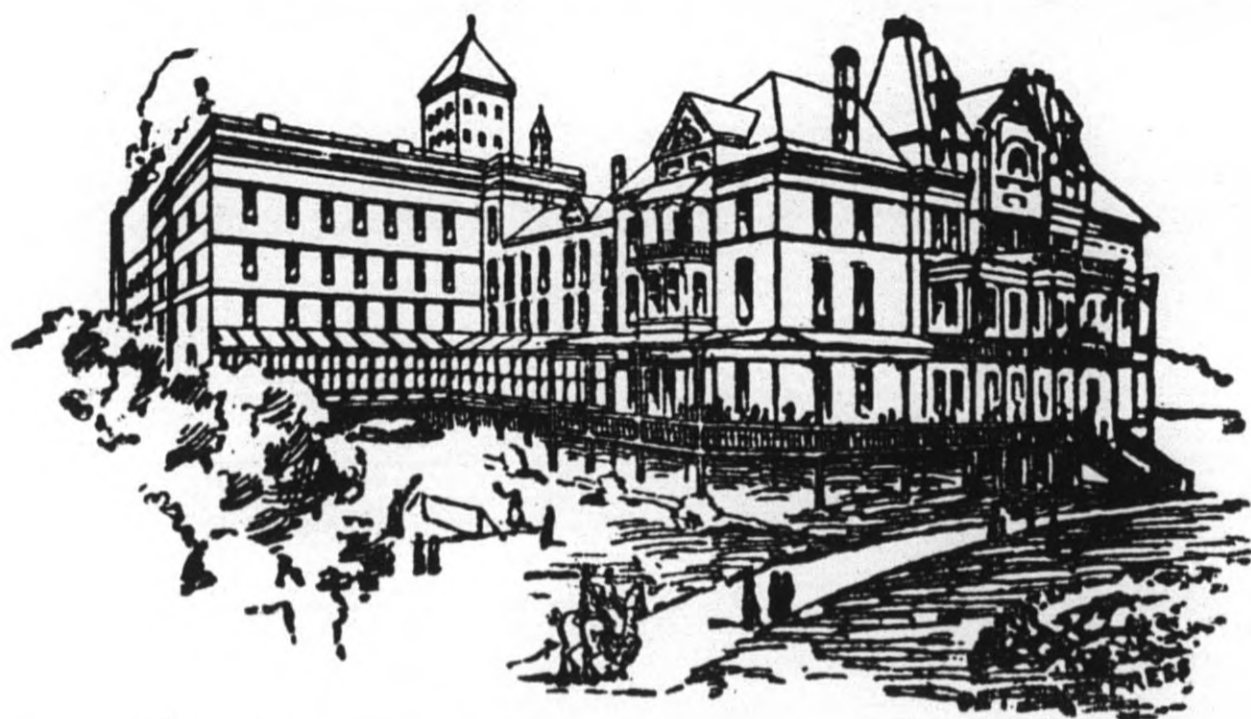
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