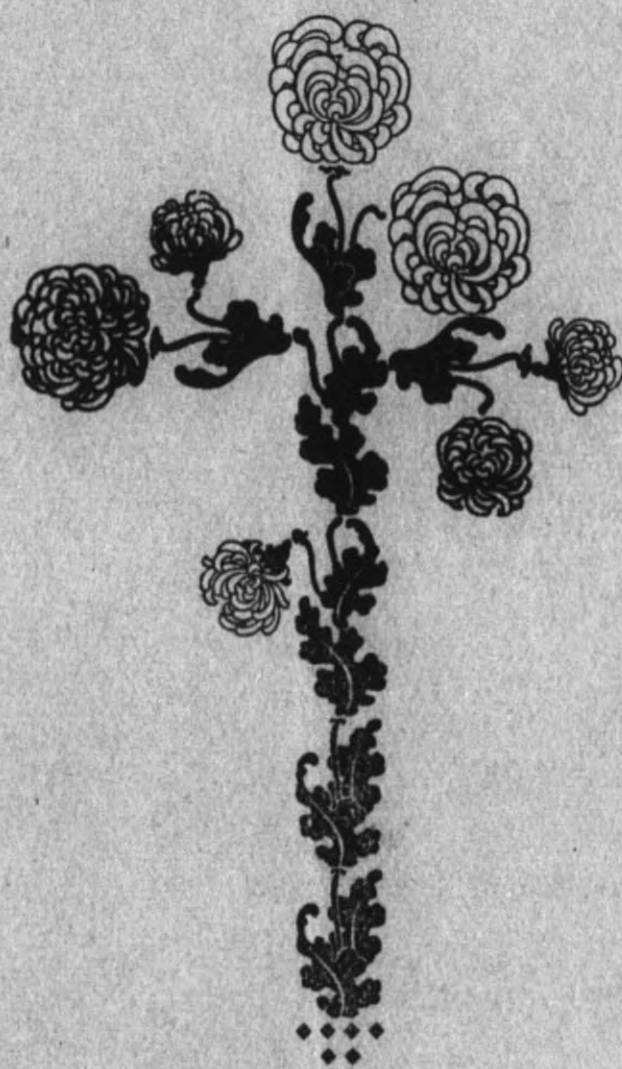


VOL. 3.

NOVEMBER, 1901.

NO. 1.

# ALMANIAN



PUBLISHED BY  
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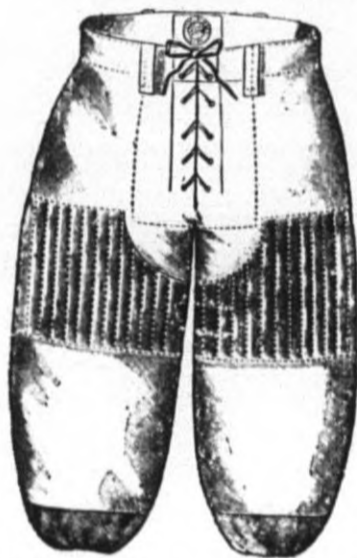


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# ALMANIAN.

Volume 3.

NOVEMBER, 1901.

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## The Fable of the Old Student

With apologies to Mr. George Ade.

P. H. BRUSKE, '98.

**T**HERE was once upon a time an Institution of Learning, situated on a Hill at the exact Solar Plexus of a Great State. The wilds of Ishpeming and Marquette, the Cream of Detroit society and the fairest Isles of the southern Seas Contributed to its Prosperity. The Comeliness of its Maidens, the football Prowess of its young men and the Piety of its Faculty had all succeeded in making a great Punch.

Along back in what is now known as the Mediaeval Period the College Produced a Class commonly deemed a Peach. With one or two exceptions which only served to throw out the Virtues of the Great Majority it stood forth from the others like a brilliant Headlight in a dense Historical Fog. Its President could run the Hundred

and Ten and its Vice President was for Years the Main Guy in the Y. W. C. A. It boasted two Orators with Voices like Calliopes and a football Game without its Quota from this Class would have been like Hamlet with Shakespeare left out. In the Comparatively obsolete diversions of Tennis and Hand ball and in the gyrations on the Gym. apparatus, since discarded, there were none like Them.

In due Time they were graduated and left for the Theological Seminary as all good masculine Students should do. The Girls went to teaching. Their finish was a very Solemn Occasion for all of them. They hoped that the Institution would be able to stand the Shock of their departure but had their serious doubts and all gladly heard that School opened the next year in due form. They drew Long

Breaths and settled down to Business for they had Troubles of their Own. When they felt that the World was somewhat larger then they had been led to expect they took Comfort in gazing on their collective Photographs, for they had been mugged in their Gowns and Mortars in front of the big Rock which they had set up on the Campus with great Labor, after carving upon it their Numerals, and remembered that there was a Place where their Memory was always Green.

Many Years passed by and a member of the Class embraced an Opportunity to visit the Scene of his happy School Days. "Pipe the State Capitol," he yelled, when he saw the big, new four-story Dorm. Then too, there was a Swell red Building which they told him was the Hood Museum. This was all very nice and he wiped off his Chin and looked Chesty. One Morning he went to Chapel just because he didn't have to and there he got his first rude Shock when he was ushered into a seat which they informed him was kept for Visitors. That Chapel was jammed full of chairs and the chairs were full of People. While the old Student was getting adjusted the gong rang and four Fellows came in late. After they had been solemnly called down another Fellow came in. This made the Visitor feel more at Home. He had been there himself. The Gong also Sounded natural.

During the exercises the Stranger looked about for a familiar face. There were a few members of the Faculty whom he had once known, but he thought the Students were the youngest Aggregation he had ever seen in

his life. He recognized a few in spite of their sprouting Mustaches and whiskers, who had been little Preps. when he was in school but the rest were strange.

In the afternoon he went out to see the daily Scrimmage and scraped a Slight acquaintance. There seemed to be a hundred men on the Field but it was only the Scrubs and the 'Varsity with their legions of Subs. After the Practice he told a member of the Team who had Broken the Ice by stepping on his Hat, one of the great deeds of Crane and fainted dead away when the Fellow asked if Crane played Center. When he came to he asked the Crowd who were giving him Air if they had ever heard of Scott and some fellow said he was Teaching in a Business college. The Curious Man hit the ground again with a Thud that was both dull and sickening. As a Restorative a Fellow was Produced who had been present when Long and Stevens were Ordained and another claimed to have heard Divine preach. Some days later a Maiden was found who had met Miss Peters but that was all the Comfort that could be secured. The Orient Tennis Club was still in Existence and the Vet played a few Sets with a youth whom he had previously known as a Kid in Knee Breeches.

The old timer's Lawford went over the Backstop and his Nerve nestled up against the Net. The Kid won, Hands Down.

In the few days that he remained on Deck, the Veteran found out many Things. Julia has long since departed and Mary Louise reigns in her Stead over the Occupants of the Dorm. The Stiddy Business has been knocked

higher than Santos Dumont ever got. It is so forgotten that, by Request of the Students, the new Dorm. has a separate room for the boys to enter and leave their wraps when they come for meals. After Feeding their Faces they go out one way and the girls Another.

Life had settled down into a mournful Dream when the Anti-deluvian went to church. The preacher was a member of his own class, also enjoying a vacation. From the pulpit in strident Tones the Shepherd exhorted his Flock. At the close everybody went forward and congratulated him and his Family.

The next Day the two Has Beens went to look at their class Stone. It was still in Evidence but a Boulder about three times as big, the Voluntary Offering of another Push, made the Original Rock look like thirty Cents. The Shepherd was making a few appropriate Remarks when his Chin Music was interrupted by a Crowd of Young Fellows animatedly discussing a Bold Deed. Some daring Adventurer had, during the preceding night, entered the Belfry and Swiped the Clapper of the College Bell. According to the Speakers the Courage of the Perpetrators of the Deed was second only to their Orgin-

ality in its Planning, for Who had ever before heard of such a thing? This was calculated fine enough to Cause the Shepherd and his Companion to throw a couple of Fits, as they had personally supervised the Operation of Clapper Larceny so often as to Lose the Count.

The Shepherd remarked that he thought his Home Flock was needing his Attention and his Companion stated that it Behooved him to return to the City and Saw Wood, but both agreed to wait for a Football Game. It Might not be worth While, but they were both Curious. On that Day they saw Wonders. The Home Team unwound Plays that Twisted and Turned and Plunged and Jerked in a way the Vets had never before seen. On one side of the field the Shepherd tore up and down, whooping as he went. His hat was smashed and his Voice was Somewhat Husky, but his Yell was as Strident as of old. From the opposite Sidelines the other Remnant Pealed forth his answering Battle Cry. It was a Great Day.

After the game was over the Old Guard held a social session at which it was agreed that their experience had a Moral and it was:

IT'S A LONG SIGHT BETTER TO BE A HAS BEEN THAN A NEVER WAS.



# A Letter That Never Was Posted.

KATHERINE M. INGLIS.



**A**ND so, Bien Aimi, my letters are too full of temporalities are they?

Too much in them of the seen, too little of the unseen? You would rather hear what I think about the happenings, than about the happenings themselves? The trouble is that I do not think as much as you think I do. But I will try to tell you some of the true inwardness of this summer's life.

The doctor and I are keeping house together. He is eleven now, but as solemn and quaint as when you knew him a wee fellow in dresses. He is very mischievous at times in a solemn fashion. Some one said this summer that he was a sort of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, and there were some grounds for the remark. He goes through such lightning transformations from a Socrataic philosopher to a mischievous imp and vice versa. We are very much alike, he and I. He says we are two of a kind, but I think we wear our rue with a difference. We both love solitude, but I really like mine *au naturel* while the doctor prefers *solitude a deux*, provided he may choose a mature enough partner, from ten to twenty-five or thirty years older than himself. In some ways he would be almost as good as nobody to have along, if it were not

for his insatiable thirst for knowledge, and then he is so disappointed if you cannot answer all his questions. One is tempted to offer him the fruit of one's imagination in lieu of facts. To-day he asked me nineteen questions by actual count, on the home life and domestic relations of fishes.

I think he has the germs of a Ruskinian system of political economy in him. I wakened early this morning and got him up to go raspberrying with me. We came home with filled pails and a good-sized pickerel, and when we sat down later in the day to baked fish and raspberry shortcake, and I remarked on the pleasure of eating of the labors of our own hands, he said with satisfaction, "yes, our gain is nobody's loss." Later we were out in the hammock enjoying the soft, warm darkness of the summer evening, and watching the stars and their torch-like reflections in the Lake, and he caused me to display the most heart rending lack of information on astronomy. Finally I ventured to state that somewhere I had heard the theory that the sun was fed by the meteors and planets which it drew into itself by its attraction, and probably some day our earth would be drawn into it. The doctor said that gave him the shivers, and I told him a burning sensation would be more



appropriate, but that we need not waste our time having sensations of any kind, for we would have shuffled off this mortal coil long before that happened. "But," questioned he anxiously, "we will be in Heaven, won't we? And if that is above the earth it will go into the sun first, won't it?" When I suggested that Heaven was probably beyond the sun, he asked promptly how long it would take us to get there after we died. Then I yawned, and proposed that we go to bed, and leave the vast and still unexplored regions of what I did not know, until another day. To this he consented but without enthusiasm.

Two weeks later: Guests have come and gone, and the days have been very full of temporalities. S. is with us still, but the doctor said this morning, "There is no crowd in this house," which, considering the source, S. ought to regard as a great compliment.

The only thing that I do not like about having my friends come is that they go away again. Sometimes I have missed them so that I have almost wished they had not come. But what Cain-like feelings I do have toward the mere acquaintances who come over and sit on my porch under the mistaken impression that I must be lonely, and how speechless is my rage against the entire strangers who come to the door, probably when I am in the midst of bread-making! "Ah, please excuse us," they begin, "but we have heard so much of the little log cabin and are so anxious to see it. May we look in? (When I make bread everything in the house, including myself, is covered with flour.)" "Ah, charming," they go on, "quaint, or-

iginal. Your own idea leaving the bark on the logs inside as well as outside? Two rooms and a closet—an ideal home for an old—ah, yes—maiden lady, and you live here all alone with one of the children? Are you not afraid at night? Are you not lonesome? What do you do all day?"

This question is repeated so many times, that I rack my brains to think of something really conventional and useful that I have done, and by a happy inspiration I remember that I have answered two letters received ten or twelve months ago. So I reply cheerfully, that sometimes I write letters, and sometimes I cook, the flour being in evidence. This leads to remarks about the size of my stove. I think myself it is the smallest stove anyone ever tried to cook on. At last they go, and I pour out my woes to S. in the hammock. "The psalmist is always comparing himself to a pelican in the wilderness or an owl on the housetop, when he is particularly unhappy. I wish I were either or both of those unsociable birds—especially the pelican." While talking I am polishing our one steel knife by striking it energetically into the earth, and S. says, "Well I would not stab my mother Earth that way, even if I *was* angry. It is not her fault." I wish S. had not said that. Now I suppose I will have to get some bath brick and polish that knife in orthodox fashion. The idea of stabbing my mother Earth is horrible to me. I love her very much, more than most people do, I think. The other night we had a bonfire across the Lake, and while we were waiting for the moon to come up for the row home, I lay on the sands and tried to remember a quota-

tion I had read to the effect that the space which is Infinite has room for all things in its lap to lie! That is how I feel to the earth; no matter how old and conventional I am, to her I am very young and little, and she is big enough and strong enough to hold me as long as I wish. And when I go to her in trouble and anger she holds me close, and says, "There, there! Hush child, hush!" and I grow cool, quiet and sleepy. When I lie on the ground and look up at the blue sky through green leaves I am very happy, unless I stop to think whether I am happy or not. To think about it is to remember what I want and cannot have. Then, too, I have a feeling that it is all more beautiful than I can quite realize, the blue sky and the green leaves, or else that in some other existence I saw something like it, but much more beautiful, and have a faint remembrance of it still.


We all, men, women and children, read *The Ladies' Home Journal* up here, the back numbers. I am sure I do not know why, for we all make fun of them, but in any emergency someone has a quotation ready from *The Ladies' Home Journal*. I read the other day that if you were troubled with ants you should put a saucer of lard in your cupboard to trap them and then pour boiling water over them. So I set my saucer of lard, and this morning there were a number of ants to be helped out of the world. One of them made a brave run for his life and I let him go, and then another followed suit, but I thought I could not let them all go, so I pushed him back and I wish I had not for all day the horrible thought has haunted me, "What if a freakish chance rule us in

the same way?." I had a feeling that I had read something like that somewhere and finally got down Browning and found it in "Caliban upon Setebos." Oh dear, I do not particularly want to be a Caliban in my theological views. Later, when the others had all gone to bed, I went out on the porch and after long looking at the stars the solution came: "For my thoughts are not your thoughts neither are my ways your ways saith the Lord." How glad I am, how very glad I am that they are not. And one thing is sure, the ants can have all the sugar and raspberry jam and marmalade they want for the rest of the summer. I am not going to have it on my conscience that I have put anything out of life in this weather, with such a lovely world to enjoy. This night everything is softly dark. The stars are shining far off, but giving one a sense of companionship and protection; the birch leaves are trembling slightly as if with a thought that cannot be put into words. One can hear the loon's shrill cry in the distance, and the little waves creep up the shore crooning, "Tired? sleep! tired? sleep!" If sleeping were not one of the pleasantest things in the world, I would think it a waste of time to spend these blessed nights that way.

Well, *Bien Aimi*, this letter is not full of happenings at least. You may begin anywhere and stop anywhere without spoiling the continuity. But it is useless to try to put on paper the bliss and blessedness of these outdoor days. One can only try to carry back the vital peace and serenity of them to the work-a-day world. And then there is always next summer coming to us."

# The Alumnus and His College.

L. S. BROOKE, '96.

 **A** COLLEGE is essentially a charitable institution, and an alumnus is one who has accepted all the charity the College has to offer. At the cost of thousands of dollars to someone, an institution has been founded and is maintained, and of the benefits of this the alumnus has freely taken. More than this, while some have given of their money, others have given of their effort and energy and wisdom to guide the young lives that come to them for collegiate training into the ways of learning and truth. A college becomes, therefore, to every student more than a dispenser of charity; it becomes a foster-mother. What the adopted child should be to the foster-mother who has taken him from poverty and bestowed upon him goods and lavished upon him care and love, the alumnus should be to his college.

Were it not for the utter inifference of many alumni to their Alma Mater, the question of what ought to be the relationship existing between them would seem to be ridiculous. But the fact is that many students after four years of bounteous receiving, leave college with the vain imagination that they have favored it in having been its student, not knowing that their presence has been the cause of much care and labor.

But what should be the relation of

the alumnus to his college? Evidently he should be true to the situation. And what is this? In the long run it is this, that a college is what its alumni make it. You may apply this in any direction you wish. After the first few years the alumni must be the chief support; trustees, faculty, students, funds, all must come from them. Look over the catalogue of any prominent institution of learning that is not supported by the state and you will find this to be true, and even in the case of the state university, its champion in the legislature must always be an alumnus.

This is all very natural. A college that cannot perpetuate itself will surely die. Its few friends pass away after a few years when the burden will fall in large measure on the basis it has created for itself—its alumni. From them must come trustees to guide the policy, wealth to support the work, professors to do the teaching.

From the nature of the case, then, "once a student, always a student" should be the underlying principle. The college is an organism and once a person is a part of it he should help in its life. Once he received, now he should give. Though separated in presence, he should be with it in spirit.

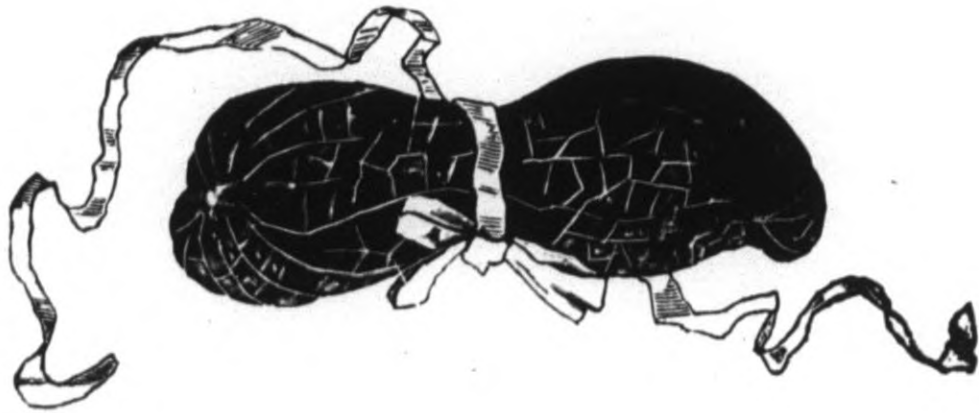
Now it is needless to say the ultimate success of a college will depend

to quite a degree on the loyalty of its alumni. They form an army whose united support counts for much. Outside friends arise, but from the nature of the case cannot be expected to bear the greater part of the burden.

Applying this all to Alma, our first thought is that it does not apply. But it will. Alma is young, but she will outgrow her youth. Twenty years hence it will all apply, and my purpose now is to make loyal alumni of the present generation of loyal students. We have our first friends and they are noble ones, but the time cometh when these shall lay down their burden. It will be our heritage and we want to be worthy of it. And if perchance some wayward member


of our present body of alumni casts his eye along these lines, let him be mindful of his obligations. There will be plenty of these derelicts to climb into the band wagon when it is gently rolling down the road of fame, trailing clouds of dust and glory, but just now the wagon needs to be pushed. Get out and push. Subscribe for the ALMANIAN. Camp on the coat collar of that next year's freshman until he knows where to go to college. Pay your alumni dues, and be alive generally. You imagine Alma is small? She was in the nineteenth but this is the twentieth century. She's grown.

"Freely ye have received, freely give."



# How I Didn't See the Pan-American.

A. R. M., '02.

 **I**T was a motley crowd of men and boys that swarmed upon the deck of the "City of Bangor" that night at Buffalo. The good ship had entered the harbor before four o'clock, but that was by Detroit time, and before she reached the bridge cutting off the outer channel from the part upon which the Great Northern Elevator was situated it was half-after-five, by Buffalo time. This meant that the bridge would not be operated again 'till 6:30, and the working day ended at six. The captain looked disturbed. He had said that if we could "make" the elevator before six he would begin unloading immediately, and could then probably engage a night force, and be ready to leave the city by the middle of the next day. Now this delay would mean spending all of Saturday at Buffalo. The ladies composing his party of passengers tried to look sympathetic, and succeeded very well, considering that their thoughts could not help leaping very promptly to a recollection of the Pan-American Exposition and of the chance this delay would furnish for at least a day on the grounds.

But even the wise captain had not

thoroughly known the zeal of Buffalo workmen. For when the boat finally came alongside the desired elevator she was not moored, much less connected to the wharf by her ladder, before figures appeared in the 'legs' of the elevator—this one was three-legged, if I remember correctly—and one after another men catching hold of ropes hanging in the openings, swung themselves out and over to the deck of the boat. Perhaps the timely presence in the city of the boat's owner helped in engaging a night force so promptly for that work of unloading; perhaps their own eagerness brought those men together, to wait for just such a chance as this boat, belated though so little, offered. Whatever accounts for it, they were certainly there, and ready for work. It seemed a matter of but a few moments before seventy-five or a hundred men had their tackling arranged and those belts of buckets revolving in the huge wheat-bins.

The passengers held a hasty confab with the Captain, and coming to the conclusion that the time for visiting the Fair the next day would be curtailed, it was decided to go up that night, and at least see the electrical display. Since I was sustaining

the unusual role of semi-invalid, I was advised not to try the trip till the next day, when the rest of the party would have learned how fatiguing it was. So I watched my friends descend the ladder one by one, the Captain following them to escort them into the city, and then turned to see the operations on the deck. I was much interested, but my position was a trifle conspicuous so I retired to the cabin, and "The Jessamy Bride"—Poor Oliver Goldsmith! So that was the romance of his life!—And I fell to musing and finally to dreaming which ended in sleep.

I was awakened by the sounds of a commotion outside. Whistles were blowing and men hurrying across the deck. The whir of the unloading machinery had ceased, and I sprang up to discover, if I could, what it all meant. To my surprise I found we were moving out. I hastened to the upper deck, not wanting to miss any chance to see the boat's manouevrings in the narrow channels.

The Captain, seeing me from his post on top of the pilot-house, after expressing surprise that I was awake, kindly invited me to share his position of vantage, an invitation which I made haste to accept.

"Have you heard about President McKinley?" I was asked. This was the evening of the thirteenth of September. Then, having learned nothing since in passing Detroit we received Wednesday's papers with their favorable accounts of the President's condition, I first knew that the physicians felt he would not live through that night. It was hard to believe, for the news we had received both at the Soo, and at Detroit had been so en-

couraging. I could not but hope that in the morning we should learn that the reports had been exaggerated.

Two tugs were handling our barge, one fore and one aft. (I regret that I see no occasion for mentioning the *missen m'st* for I know which one it is.) Captain was displeased at the laziness and inefficiency of the tug at the rear. It actually let the boat scrape against the stone pier, and I was quite desirous that some noticeable amount of paint should have been rubbed off as proof, for then the tug would have had to pay damages. The captain of the other tug was also disgusted that his colleague should do so little, and expressed himself on that point in no uncertain language, hazarding a guess as to the sort of a fool (Frank) was trying to make of our Captain. (A capitalized Captain always means the master of the City of Bangor.)

The language becoming more and more picturesque, Captain was moved to enter upon a quieting conversation, through the megaphone. He called down:

"Say, Jack, would you just as soon wait to get a party of mine and bring them over from the foot of Main St.?"

But Jack explained frankly that he would not just as soon, being sleepy.

"Well, you see," said the Captain soothingly, "I shouldn't ask this of you, but they're ladies."

However, Jack persisted with protests that he wanted to sleep just as much as the rest of the fellows, and the conversation ended there. I was vastly entertained; no less so when Captain turned to me and remarked:

"Jack's a good fellow; there's not a better tug captain on these lakes, but he's noisy." Truly, he was.

Having waited to see the boat safely lodged for the night beside the Electric Elevator—two-legged—I went below again.

It was not until the next morning that we learned how very interesting had been the assemblage on the boat's deck the night before. The mate called them "the toughest crowd in the country", and the steward came down to bemoan the raids made upon his larder.

Shortly after breakfast the boat was again humming with business, and the immense shafts dropped into the hold of the boat were making quick work of carrying the wheat into the elevator. By that time we had received definite information concerning the death of McKinley, and the consequent closing of the Exposition, and though my companions left the boat for a shopping excursion in Buffalo, my trip to see the Pan-American resolved itself into spending a day on the deck of a freighter in the harbor of Buffalo.

We were always interested on our trip in watching the various processes of loading and unloading, both of coal at Toledo and wheat at Duluth. But at Buffalo our attention was attracted by the entirely new sort of humanity at work there. Tough—they certainly were. There is no other word to describe them, but with all their coarseness and even wickedness quite beyond anything I had hitherto known, those men were interesting. They were of all ages, from mere boys to wizened old men, with uncanny, wolfish eyes. Many nationalities, too, I should say, were there represented, and they were jolly and sportive in their own way; a trifle heavy the way

was, but good-natured. To "shy" a bit of iron at a crony, or to suddenly let a rope's-end fly, were mere pleasantries. So, possibly, was the blow our inoffensive mate received, which sent him sprawling upon the deck. And so too, I've no doubt, those dreadful jests about the dead President, which to us were fairly blood-curdling, were meant to be funny.

It was a very seamy side of life held up to view that morning. Seen in the garish light of day, I could scarcely pronounce it picturesque, but it furnished some food for reflection and when the boat's engine became disabled, and because the engineer was a "scab," several hours must be lost before a machinist could be found who would make the necessary repairs, we felt we were in close contact with one phase of the great labor problem, hitherto scarcely known, save through the columns of the newspapers and magazines.

When our engine was finally in shape, and we were ready for our return trip, we all mounted guard beside the Captain and waved our farewells to Buffalo. As we neared the outer break-water of the harbor we had a good view of Lake Erie, generously sprinkled with white-caps, and were promised that as soon as we rounded the point we would "drive some spikes," a promise which was abundantly kept. The sun was glorious that day and the colors in the water, especially the rainbows in the spray, were exceedingly beautiful. The strong wind however, and the operation of driving those spikes kept us pretty quiet and somewhat tempered our enjoyment of that last day on board ship. It was a distinct re-

lief to leave Lake Erie—choppy Lake Erie—Monday morning, and end our trip with the ride up Detroit River. Traces of the wind's ravages the day before were frequently seen, many boat's being stalled at various points along the river; but we forged gaily

ahead, the equilibrium of the party being restored and spirits consequently high.

When we reached the wharf at Detroit, it was with feelings of genuine regret that we took leave of the boat on which we had found life so interesting and enjoyable.



## ALUMNI NOTES.

**T**HE last meeting of the Alumni Association may, perhaps, mark an historical epoch in Alma's progress. It is self-evident that an educational institution cannot be successful in the highest sense without the full and hearty support of its Alumni. At that meeting it was definitely decided to take measures whereby an increased amount of interest and enthusiasm toward the college and its work could be aroused among the members of the Association, and, as a first move in that direction, it was resolved to devote a part of each issue of the ALMANIAN to matters of interest to former students.

That the Alumni of Alma College have improved their opportunities and profited by their college experience is very evident to any one by a perusal of the list of graduates and the positions which they now hold. Of the forty living men who have graduated

from Alma, eleven have important charges as ministers of the Gospel, seven are in seminaries studying for the ministry or preparing for the foreign field, one has for some time been doing active service in Korea, eleven are successful teachers, two are taking advanced university work, while the remainder hold responsible positions in the commercial world. The Alumnæ have been equally successful. We believe this record cannot be equaled, certainly not excelled, by any other college. It is evident that Alma has done its part, and that a body of enthusiastic men and women such as these should be of material aid to the College.

We would, therefore, make an urgent appeal to all graduates to unite and work together, as well as individually, for the success of their Alma Mater,—“Alma” in a double sense. No one is so capable of per-



ceiving the needs of the College as those who have passed several years in its halls as students, and thus a certain responsibility rests upon us. Read the article by Mr. Brooke in this issue, and resolve that you will do all in your power toward this end. Make your success the success of the College; help along the work by a good word; endeavor to assist in securing new students; give aid financially and in other ways strive to show appreciation of the benefits derived from your college course. In the first place, make the ALMANIAN a medium of expression, that we may better exchange ideas for our mental good. The columns are open to you. If each member does his part toward the fulfillment of this work, it may mean the awakening of a new spirit at Alma.

The regular meeting of the Alumni Association was held after Commencement exercises last June. Officers for the next two years were elected as follows: J. E. Mitchell, '93, president; L. S. Brooke, '96, vice-president; Mertha Peters, '98, recording secretary; Bertha M. Trask, '91, corresponding secretary; K. P. Brooks, '97, treasurer; F. W. McCabe, '98, Alumni editor of the ALMANIAN. The class of '01 was formally received into membership. General discussion along the lines of closer relationship of the members with each other and the college finished in a resolve to accomplish definite results toward these ends.

Sad, indeed, was the news of the death of Miss Frances Booth, '99, which came as a result of being severely burned at her home. An obituary notice by her classmate, Miss Bishop, will be found on another page.

The matrimonial fever seems to have become contagious during the past few months. No sooner had H. P. Bush overcome the trials and tribulations of a successful collegiate education than he decided to overcome greater obstacles, and became a benedict June 26. W. H. Long, '98, and A. R. Eastman, '01, who formerly worked at opposite ends of Alma's football team, decided to continue working together, and entered the realms of matrimony the same day, July 10. And but a week or two ago came the announcement of the marriage of Miss Helen Church, formerly instructor in modern languages at Alma, to E. C. (better known as "Teddy") Marsh, which event took place in New York City, Sept. 20. The above does not include the other members of '98, Messrs. Crane, Divine and Grigsby, who were married during the past year.

Rev. and Mrs. J. A. McKee have an assistant in their duties at Bangkok, Siam. The new arrival, Samuel Booth McKee, made known his presence at Tokio, Japan, July 28. The ALMANIAN extends hearty congratulations.

Rev. A. J. VanPage, '97, who has been preaching in Coal City, Ill., has received a call from the Presbyterian church at Marengo, Ill., at a much larger salary.

A. F. Waldo has recently moved to Lebanon, Pa.

Miss Bessie McLean, '93, has recently returned from Europe, where she spent the summer. We hope to have an article from Miss McLean in an early issue.

Of the class of '01, W. B. Robinson has taken up the study of law at the Columbia University; C. W. Sidebotham and D. S. Carmichael have entered Princeton Seminary; H. P. Bush is Commissioner of Schools for Tuscola County; A. R. Eastman and H. E. Reed are teaching football and classics to the young Filipinos; Miss Butler is taking up P. G. work at Chicago University; Miss Carl has charge of the Wyandotte High School, while Misses Hard and Trapp are

teaching. This is, indeed, a grand showing for '01, and the fact that the majority of this class obtained their academic, as well as collegiate, education at Alma, surely proves what benefits the institution confers.

Randels, '00, is taking post-graduate work in Pedagogy and Psychology at the University of Pennsylvania.

Fullerton, '96, is attending the graduate department of the U. of M.



## To Lydia.

### A SKETCH OF AN ATHLETE IN LOVE.

(Adapted from Horace, Book I, Ode VIII.)

BEATRICE BLOOMFIELD.

O Lydia, speak, by all the Gods I pray;  
 Why loving thee, dost Sybaris keep away  
 From sunlit plains whose dusty heat did  
 once delight,  
 Contending there with comrades in many  
 a mimic fight?  
 Why does he now no more restrain the  
 Gallic horse,  
 Why fears he now to swim the Tiber's  
 yellow course?  
 Palæstra's manly games he shuns with  
 greatest care,  
 And yet love's poisonous fangs he meets  
 without a fear.  
 No longer now does he his bruised arms  
 display,  
 Who once, as victor, bore the laurel  
 wreath away.  
 When Grecian heroes left for Troy's de-  
 struction dire,  
 Achilles stayed behind, disguised in  
 maid's attire.  
 Thus Thetis kept him safe from Tyrian  
 weapons hiss.  
 O Lydia speak, shall Sybaris fate, like  
 his, be this?

### MISS FRANCES BOOTH.

News of the sad death of Miss Frances Booth came as a shock to the members of the Alumni who knew her during her college days.

Frances Thorne Booth entered Alma Academy in 1891, graduating in June, 1892. After teaching school one year she entered the Freshman class in '93. During the summer of '94, she went to Coleman, where she spent two years in successful teaching. In '96 she entered Alma College again as a Sophomore, and continued her work with the class of '99, until their graduation. Since that time she had been teaching in the Normal Department of Berea College, Kentucky. When she finished her work last June she was much reduced in health so that, against the wish of the college authorities, she decided not to return this year. During the summer she took treatment at Mt. Clemens and the Alma Sanitarium and by fall was much improved in health. Monday morning, September 9, her home caught fire and Miss Booth was so severely burned that she died in the afternoon.



During her college course Miss Booth was a member and officer of the Alpha Theta literary society. After leaving college she added, each time in her turn, a bright, entertaining letter to the class-letter, telling of her life and work in Berea College. An earnest Christian, a conscientious student, with a will and determination to succeed, she won the respect of all. We will miss her in the Alumni as a class-mate, we will miss her bright class-letter, but we will remember:

“Of all the thoughts of God that are  
Borne inward into souls afar,  
Along the psalmist's music deep,  
Now tell me if there any is  
For gift or grace surpassing this,—  
'He giveth His be'oved sleep.' ”

And friends, dear friends, when it shall be  
That this low breath is gone from me  
And 'round my bier ye come to weep,  
Let one most loving of you all  
Say, 'Not a tear must o'er her fall;  
He giveth His beloved sleep.' ”

### TRIBUTE TO McKEE.

Alma College mourns. The hearts of her students, and many of her graduates, are very sore. A brave and loyal friend has fallen. Robert Ivan McKee, '02, president of the Young Men's Christian Association, left tackle on the foot ball team, has been taken from us. To the faculty, students and friends of the College, Mr. McKee's death comes as a great loss; but to the foot ball men with whom he



was so intimately associated, and who loved him as a brother, it comes with all the keenness and force of a personal bereavement. To this, the letters of sympathy and sorrow which come from those at Columbia, Princeton, University of Pennsylvania and Chicago, as well as the warm and affectionate expressions from the fellows here, plainly and eloquently testify. The trains which now bear

the men to their games are funeral trains. He who shortened the journeys with stories and songs is no longer along. Only memories remain, and the stories and songs are sweeter now, coming as they did "from the lips of one who uttered nothing base."

Mr. McKee returned to College this year in poor health, and was told by Dr. Bagley, the College physician, that he should not play football. But "Bobby," as the boys familiarly called him, loved the game, and knowing his qualities on the gridiron, the boys could not resist urging him to come out and assist coach Mortimer, even if he were not able to play. The conviction of the boys that his presence in the line would strengthen the team, together with his ardent desire to see Alma "ever winning," proved too strong, and in spite of his better judgment and the advice of the physician, he was back in the position where his superior skill had proved a tower of strength to the team for two successive years. He was a brave, plucky fellow, and never complained of ills. The slightest complaint would have kept him out of the D. A. C. game, where he received his fatal injury, but it was not heard. He had developed a resoluteness of character, a will and determination which enabled him to stand like a rock in situations where a weaker spirit would have been unnerved and swept away like chaff. The human heart and mind are so constituted that we cannot help admiring such qualities, and we admire them the more in McKee because they were coupled with a genial and gentle disposition, a true and generous heart.

At the funeral service, held in the College Chapel, Prof. Clizbe and Prof. J. W. Ewing spoke fittingly and beautifully of his life, his character and aspirations, and of the esteem in which he was held by faculty and students alike. And the students sought in every possible way to give expression to the warm place which he held in their hearts. There was not a society, organization, or association of any kind in the College but presented beautiful floral tributes to his memory. And one which deserves special mention, and which was greatly appreciated, was sent by the foot ball team of Kalamazoo College.

May his noble spirit and high resolves continue to inspire us until we too shall "have crossed the bar," and together with him have opened our eyes to the light of the Eternal Day.

PROF. J. E. MITCHELL.

# ALMANIAN.

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NOVEMBER, 1901.

**A** PUBLICATION of the nature of the ALMANIAN, cannot exist without the support of those who are interested in the college. The Alumni have done their share, as a great many of them have subscribed,

and have also promised to contribute articles. The greatest part of the responsibility rests with the undergraduates. The ALMANIAN is now as much a part of the college work as any study in the curriculum; it affords an opportunity for the development of literary ability which in work the class-room or the literary societies cannot provide, and it reaches many who are unacquainted with Alma and has great influence in forming their opinions of the college. Taking these facts into consideration, every student should regard it as a duty to his Alma Mater to help those who are in charge of the paper for the coming year, to make it a success and an honor to the college.

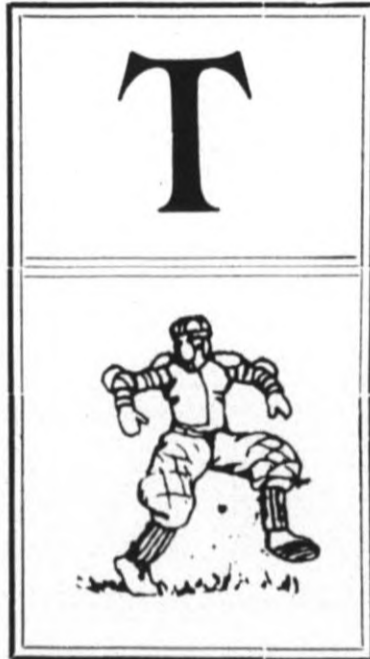
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**I**T is worthy of note that some other states have more of Alma's Alumni in the ministry than our own. Illinois has at least four while Michigan has only three. Divine, Grigsby, Crane and VanPage are all serving good churches in and about Chicago, while we have but Blanchard, Brooke and Long in Michigan. The valuable service which these latter are rendering the College, together with others who are not graduates, only indicates what might be accomplished if those whom other states are taking from us could be kept at home. None of these, of course, lose interest in their Alma Mater, but the service which they can be to her is trifling compared with what it might be if they were not so far removed. Is it not worth while, therefore, to make a determined effort that not only those who enter the ministry, but other professions and callings as well, be established in Michigan?

**I**N a recent publication appears an article on college honor which shows a very pessimistic view on the part of the writer. I wish to call attention to the statement concerning the honor system. I do not contradict the writer when he says that the people at large have a right to expect a high code of honor from college students, but the faculty has the same right. I do not agree with the writer, therefore, when he says that the so-called honor system nurses a false sensitiveness which resents supervision. Almost the contrary is true. A student sees in "cribbing" not an attempt to cheat but an effort to outwit a watchful professor, and a kind of combativeness in his nature tempts him to test the instructor's powers with his own. When it is left to his fellow students to judge his conduct, surely such judgment will be highly valued and will in no way be lenient. The same code of honor which prompts undergraduates to "queer" a man who breaks training, will look upon one who passes in work which has not been accomplished by his own honest efforts with no little scorn. I do not believe the presence of the police keeps citizens from committing crime. If their own conscience does restrain them, they are influenced more by a regard for the opinion of their fellows than by anything else. The same would be true of any dishonesty in college, and if the matter of judgment and reform be left to the students, the honor of the college will be vigilantly looked after.

**B**EFORE each foot ball game that is played on our gridiron, the students and faculty are earnestly exhorted to attend and show their college spirit by yelling and blowing their horns as though their lungs were made of leather. Such advice, it is needless to say, is always carried into effect and whenever the home team makes the slightest gain or gets near the side lines, everybody, from the members of the faculty to the first year prep., goes into a mild form of hysteria. Even the young ladies exert their angelic voices so that they are hoarse for a week. This is all very lovely, and if the game goes the right way all the faithful "rooters," imagine that it was through their vociferous efforts that the stalwart giants out in the field played so well. But when our boys go away and come back defeated and telling a sad tale about the rudeness and utter depravity of the "rooters" for the other team who yelled and whooped like Comanche Indians so that the signals could not be heard, our wrath knows no bounds, and we say that we were virtually cheated out of a victory. Of course the visiting team never become confused here or fail to hear their signals when we labor so hard to show our loyalty to our Alma Mater. By all means let the faculty and the young ladies shout, even if they are hoarse for two weeks after and let him who refuses to join in the clamor be branded as a disloyal student, for he fails to display in its latest and most approved form that great and laudable virtue known as College Spirit.

# ATHLETICS.



THE indications that Alma will this year equal, and even surpass, her former records in athletics are very good indeed. By reading the scores made in foot ball thus far this season, it is possible, yes even probable, that one would not come to the foregoing conclusion. But these inconsistencies are apparent only, and not real. Coach Mortimer arrived early in September, but was idle for some time, as the students, and especially the foot ball men, were slow in putting in an appearance. He busied himself, however, by urging, a shower bath which was finally secured and placed in a small

room in connection with the locker room. It adds very materially to the interest as well as to the comfort of daily exercise both upon the field and in the gymnasium.

The foot ball season opened with a game between Alma College and Alma High School, September 21. No scoring was done in the first half, but the last half was a little improvement over the first for the College, and resulted in a final score of 11 to 0. The High School boys put up a plucky game and bid fair to champion the state this year. We regret that we cannot have them practice with us, for we feel that both teams would be strengthened thereby.

On account of the cold and wet weather, the team had but a week's practice before they met and defeated M. A. C. by the smallest possible margin. The game was played at Alma, September 28. Each team scored a touchdown, but M. A. C. failed to kick goal. Score, 5 to 6. M. A. C. has a fine team this season and no doubt were confident of victory, but the boys resisted stubbornly, and notwithstanding the fact that we were

outclassed in both weight and experience, we excelled in possibly one very essential particular—that of team work.

Next came the game with D. A. C., October 5, at Detroit—which brought us defeat and lost to us one of our best and most experienced players. The score of 23 to 5 does not at all represent





the real strength of D. A. C., nor our own weakness. We would suggest, however, that officials who were not members of D. A. C. would have been exceedingly more satisfactory.

The game which was scheduled with Kalamazoo College, October 12, at Alma, was cancelled on account of Mr. McKee's death. The team went out of training for a week—not knowing what the action of the College authorities would be in regard to foot ball. After a few days signal work they met Ferris Institute at Big Rapids, October 19, and defeated them 12 to 0 in two very short halves. Then on October 21, the Alma team took the train for Albion, it seeming to be the only possible date that we could get with the Methodist brethren this year. Handicapped by the physical relaxation which followed the disaster of October 5; also by having had a pretty hard game only the second day before, and followed up by a nine hour's ride on the train just



preceding the game, the result cannot be wondered at; but the marvel is rather, that the Alma men did acquit themselves so nobly and play Albion to a standstill, and that too on her own home ground, represented by individually superior men in weight as well as in experience, and backed by her rooters howling themselves hoarse, both for the purpose of inspiring their own team and for the discomfiture of Alma. With only two and one-half minutes to play, on the third down and four yards to gain, Albion took her only chance for scoring and succeeded in obtaining a field goal. Score 5 to 0. Space does not now permit mention of the individual merit of the members of our team.

The basket ball boys are getting into the work, and already the Academy team has been chosen and is doing good work.



# Class and Society Notes.

## SENIOR.

Mr. W. J. Ewing preaches every Sunday at Calkinsville.

Miss Alice Marsh has been acting as assistant instructor during the absence of some members of the faculty.

Miss Agnes Hope was again elected President of the class. She has been president of the class of '02 since the beginning of the Sophomore year.

It is evident that the class of '02 is not to have the honor of being a Senior class without earning that honor. The members have been informed that they shall have to appear in public three times during the year. The class has not been quite able to decide whether it is the superior quality of the class which the teacher of rhetoricals wishes to exhibit or whether it requires three appearances of the class to be equivalent to one of former classes. As the class has long since learned to look upon the bright side of things, it will doubtless take the better interpretation.

It is with inexpressible sorrow that we are called upon to chronicle the death of Mr. Robert I. McKee, one of the most honored and beloved members of the class of '02. Mr. McKee came to Alma over seven years ago, and entered the first year of the Academy. During all the successive years, he lived an exemplary christian life. At the time of his death he had entered upon the work of his eighth and last year in Alma. It seems sad

that he should be taken just as he was about to enter upon a life of larger influences. While Mr. McKee was very popular, and is missed in all departments of college life, he is missed and mourned especially by the class with which he has labored so long. We can only bow in humble submission to Him who knoweth best, and who doeth all things well. His obituary appears on another page.



## JUNIOR.

The junior class has received three additions to its ranks this year, Messrs. Bagley, Miller and Willson.

The officers of the Junior class for the present year are: President, Mr. Webber; Vice President, Mr. Timby; Secretary, Miss Soule; Treasurer, Miss Thompson.

The logic class, after listening to a lecture from Dr. Bruske on skipping class in his absence, elected Mr. Timby assistant Professor to act in case of the absence of the President.

We regret that the genial face of Mr. Tinker is not seen in our ranks again this year. He is pursuing a course in mining engineering in the State Mining School at Houghton.

The Juniors regard with regret the easy life which our friends, the Freshmen are allowed to lead this year. We firmly believe it takes the strenuous life to develop the highest ideal in the college students, and we are wonder-

ing why the Sophomores have shirked their duty in this regard. We are certain that the Freshmen are prepared to loyally uphold the standard of their class and they should be allowed a chance to show their colors. Sophomores, grit your teeth, screw up a little courage, and attack the Freshmen and perhaps you will have the consolation of winning second prize.



### SOPHOMORE.

The Sophomore class has organized a football team and challenges any other class in the college.

A young gentlemen of the Sophomore class asked a young lady of the Freshmen class to march with him in the grand march, and the innocent soul replied that, "mother never allowed her to dance."

Query:—"Why does Miss Bair write on 'Famous Friendships?'"

Miss Allen:—"Mr. McBride, give the correct expression for the term, "hard up."

McBride, promptly:—"dead broke."

The Sophomore class this year mourns the loss of more members than any other class in the history of the college. No less than twenty members of last year's class did not return. We are glad, however, to welcome two new members to the class roll, Miss Graun, who comes from the Mt. Pleasant Normal and Mr. Wolfe from Rochester University.

On the night of the first Sophomore spread the Freshies also indulged and partook of the following sumptuous banquet: First course, one china milk pitcher, served raw. Second

course, china dessert plates (without the dessert.) Third course, chafing-dish burner. Aeneas is outdone and the "Comites" ate their dishes too. For depredations in Mrs. Steven's kitchen, Montieth paid thirty cents.

The class has lost by death one of its brightest and most popular members. On returning, the sad news greeted us that Mr. Northrup would no more be the life of our class meetings, and the friend of us all. Without him there is a vacancy that cannot be filled, for none knew him but to esteem, and none named him but to praise.

The Sophomores held the first class spread of the year Friday eve., Oct. 4, in the rooms of Messrs. McBride and Dunning, with Mrs. St. John as chaperon. While the class inside were enjoying their sumptuous feast, the Juniors and Seniors under the protection of a chaperon, gazed in at the windows. Our hosts displayed great skill in the art of entertaining and the evening passed quickly and pleasantly.

It seems strange that anyone who has been here as long as two young men of the Sophomore class should not realize that there are some things about which the Lady Principal must be consulted—even though it be so trifling a matter as playing tennis with a young lady. This negligence reminds us of a story of John Wesley's mother: Once when she was reprimanding her son, his father said, "Why do you tell him that a hundred times?" She replied, "Because ninety-nine times is not enough."

It is already traditional in Alma College that Freshmen and Sophomores shall engage in a class rush. Those who remember the glorious battle last year in which our opponents were made to look like the proverbial "thirty cents," have already expressed grave fears as to the fate of the class whom McCabe a few years ago eulogized in this magazine in the following ditty:

"Our verdant Freshmen, fuzzy-faced,  
As green as nature grows,  
Have yet to learn that country airs  
Are not concealed by clothes."



### FRESHMEN.

The class in Rhetoricals is taking up Practical Elocution.

Olive Hafer spent Sunday, Oct. 13, at her home at Forest Hill.

W. B. Chapin, of Merrill, called on his brother Charles while in the city Saturday.

R—b—ns—n (in trigonometry clas)  
"It approaches its limit as X is indefinitely deceased."

Rev. J. V. N. Hartness of Marquette, visited his son here, upon returning from the meeting of Synod at Niles.

The following class officers have been elected for the year 1901-'02:

President, J. C. Hartness.  
Vice President, Millie Cuvrell.  
Recording Secretary, Olive Hafer.  
Corresponding Secretary, Eva Thacker.  
Treasurer, Harry Kramer.  
Class Editor of the ALMANIAN, Harold Gaunt.  
Member of the Board of Control, Marjorie Dearing.

While on a pleasure trip up the river the other day, the President of the Freshmen class endeavored to take a bare-back ride up-

on a two-year-old colt which was found pasturing along the river bank. It seems that the animal objected to passengers and "Cam." was sent some fifty feet (or less) into the air, and landed in a neighboring field.



### KINDERGARTEN.

The members of the class of '01 are all teaching.

Mr. Griffin's wheel is ever turning toward the west. Whither doth it go?

Judging from the numerous devotees, Miss Stevens is making child study a specialty.

Apparently it is one to Mr. Brock as long as the "one" is a Kindergartner and in the family.

The Seniors are living in joyful anticipation of an elaborate spread to be given them by the Freshmen?

The officers of the Senior class remain the same as last year: Miss Conat, president; Miss Kinsel, vice pres.; Miss Mabel Sweeney, secretary and treasurer.

The Freshmen have organized with the following as class officers: Miss Stevens, president; Miss Wheeler, vice president; Miss Kelley, secretary and treasurer.

The officers of the Frœbel society are: Miss Periam, president; Miss Wilson, vice president; Miss Salter, secretary; Miss Iles, treasurer; Misses Stevens and Notestine, critics.

Monday evening, September 23, the Seniors gave an informal welcoming reception to the Freshmen. Light refreshments were served, and the new girls were initiated into the Kindergarten games.

**ACADEMY.**

Many new students have entered the Academy this year.

Too bad Shylock didn't have Mr. Jennings as his Advocate.

Prof. J. W.:—(viewing broken pointers, scraps of paper, erasers, rope, etc., scattered promiscuously about.) "Well, well, what does this mean?"

Mr. F.:—"The Preps. had a meeting."

Miss Allen must certainly be proud of her Fourth Academy English Class. The manner in which they take up deep and prolonged discussions is truly startling. "Wonder why?"

Miss A.:—"Mr. Webber, why do you think Portia was young?"

Mr. W.:—"Because if she hadn't been young, with all her wealth and beauty, she would have been married long before."

Miss A.:—"Oh that don't always follow, Mr. Webber."

Whenever you are in doubt as to how to spell a word, ask some member of the Geology class.

The Fourth Year class held a meeting Wednesday, Oct. 16, and elected their officers as follows:

President - Miss Velma Sharp.  
Vice Pres—Walter Fairbairn.  
Secretary—Austin Johnston.  
Treasurer—Charles Moore.

The Fourth Academy English class were delightfully entertained by Miss Watson and Miss Sharp, at the home of the latter, Friday evening, Oct. 18. After playing some very interesting games, a dainty lunch was served, and all returned to their homes feeling that they had been royally entertained, and more than that, none of us pent the night in the gym.

For the first time in the history of Alma College, the Collegiate Department have made a rush on the Academy, and it is needless to say that the former were greatly surprised to discover that they could not hold the door against the high-spirited, husky Preps., who came with overwhelming force from all sides, and as a result, the Preps. carried away the janitor's rope in triumph. However we were astonished to see so many dignified characters from the classes of '02 and '03 playing such a conspicuous part on this occasion.

**MUSIC.**

The Orchestra is studying Schubert's Unfinished Symphony.

The Choral Union has begun the study of the cantata, "The Rose Maiden," by Cowen.

An Ensemble class has been organized in the Piano Department. They will study the Beethoven Symphonies.

The following young ladies from Ithaca have entered the School of Music: Miss Celia Netzorg, vocal; Misses Brown, Ashley, Winton and Bailey, piano.

Four new pianos have been added to the School of Music. They are the generous gift of Mr. A. W. Wright, and are much appreciated by teachers and students, who are both very grateful for them.

**ZETA SIGMA.**

Henry Soule, '03, Cameron Hartness, '05, and Harold Gaunt, '05, are the only men who have been initiated this year.

At the beginning of the year the limit of membership of Zeta Sigma was set at thirty. At present the list of active members contains twenty-two names. A large majority of the men are drawn from the upper classes, there being only two members who belong to the class of '05.

Zeta Sigma has always made impromptu work a specialty, but this term it is the intention of the society to pay even more attention to the development of good impromptu speakers. The greater part of the subjects of the debates and speeches are drawn from current topics, and the thought and action of today are thus studied in the most practical and efficient manner.



#### ALPHA THETA.

At the first meeting of the Alpha Theta, Miss Hope was elected President.

The society is making a brief study of the Madonnas until the work of the year is planned.

Alpha Thetas are beginning to prepare for their new rooms which they expect to occupy as soon as Wright Hall is completed.

Monday evening, Oct. 20, six new members, Misses Graun, Christie, Schmidt, Holiday, Thorborn and Marjorie Dearing, were taken into the society.



#### PHI PHI ALPHA.

Messrs. Kramer, Butler, King, and Phillips have been taken into membership.

The officers for this term are: Ray Swigart, president; F. R. Hurst, vice president; H. L. Griffin, secretary; D. Johnson and Earl Webber, critics.

The Phi Phi Alphas began the work of the term with much zeal and interest and expect to make this year a very profitable one. Although several of

our old members were unable to return, we are able to refill our ranks with new ones.



#### PHILOMATHEAN.

The Philomatheans began the new year with only seven old members, but they think that what they lack in quantity they make up in quality.

Thus far six new members have been initiated: Misses Hafer, Creegan, Delong, Tipping, Wallace and Hastings.



#### Y. W. C. A.

The committees for the coming year have been chosen and from the way in which they are beginning their work it must be said they have been wisely chosen.

At the beginning of the new college year, Miss Bertha Higbee was elected Vice President of the Young Women's Christian Association, to fill the vacancy caused by Miss Strange's resignation.

The Association is looking forward to a very helpful and inspiring year. The increase in membership is promising and encouraging. Twenty-five new members have been taken in since the opening of college.

The Association is anticipating much pleasure from a visit by Miss LeFoust, one of the traveling secretaries of the Student Volunteer movement. She is to be with us from the tenth to the twelfth of November.

The third week in October, Misses Higbee, Notestein, Mahoney, Howard and Lowry represented the Alma Association at the state convention held in Jackson. The visits to the state conventions result in much good to the association and are very helpful and uplifting to those who attend them. One who can give herself the privilege of meeting with the fellow workers from different parts of the state will feel herself more than repaid by doing so.

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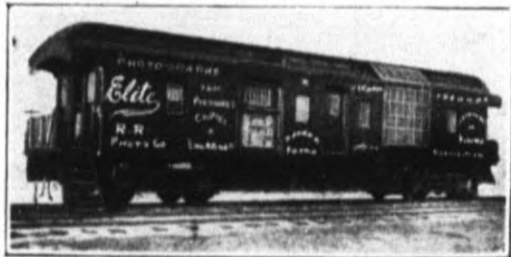
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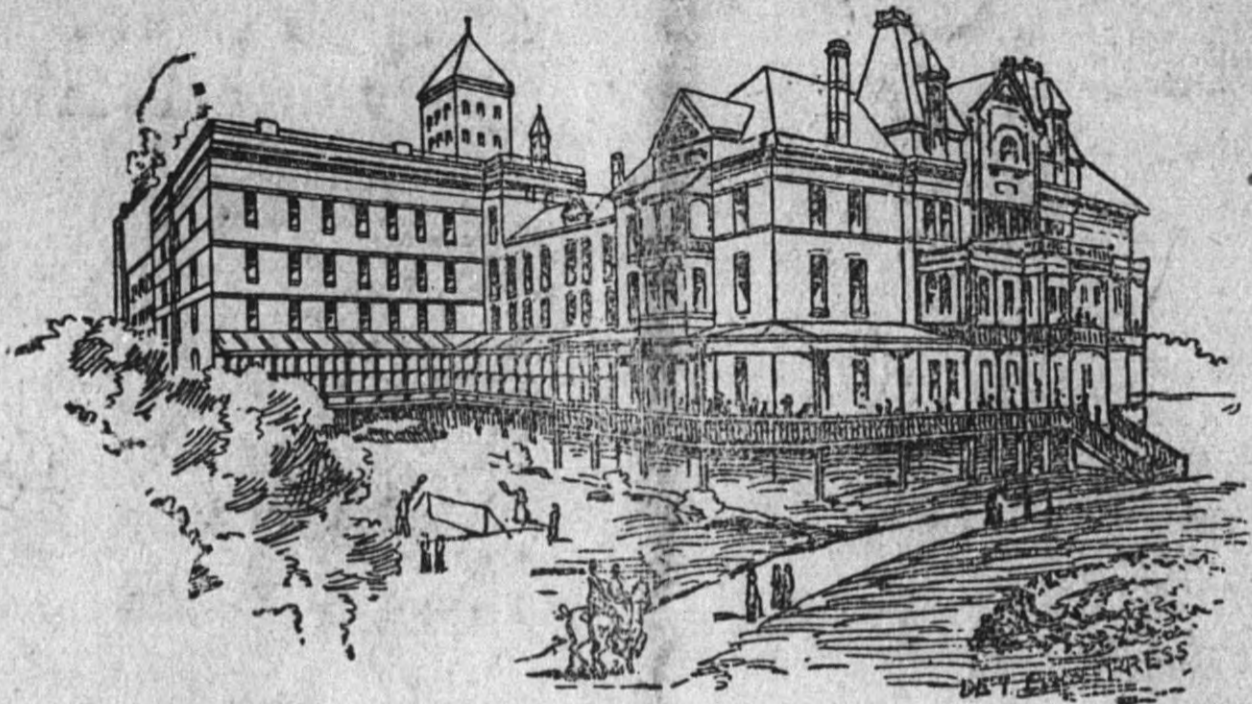
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