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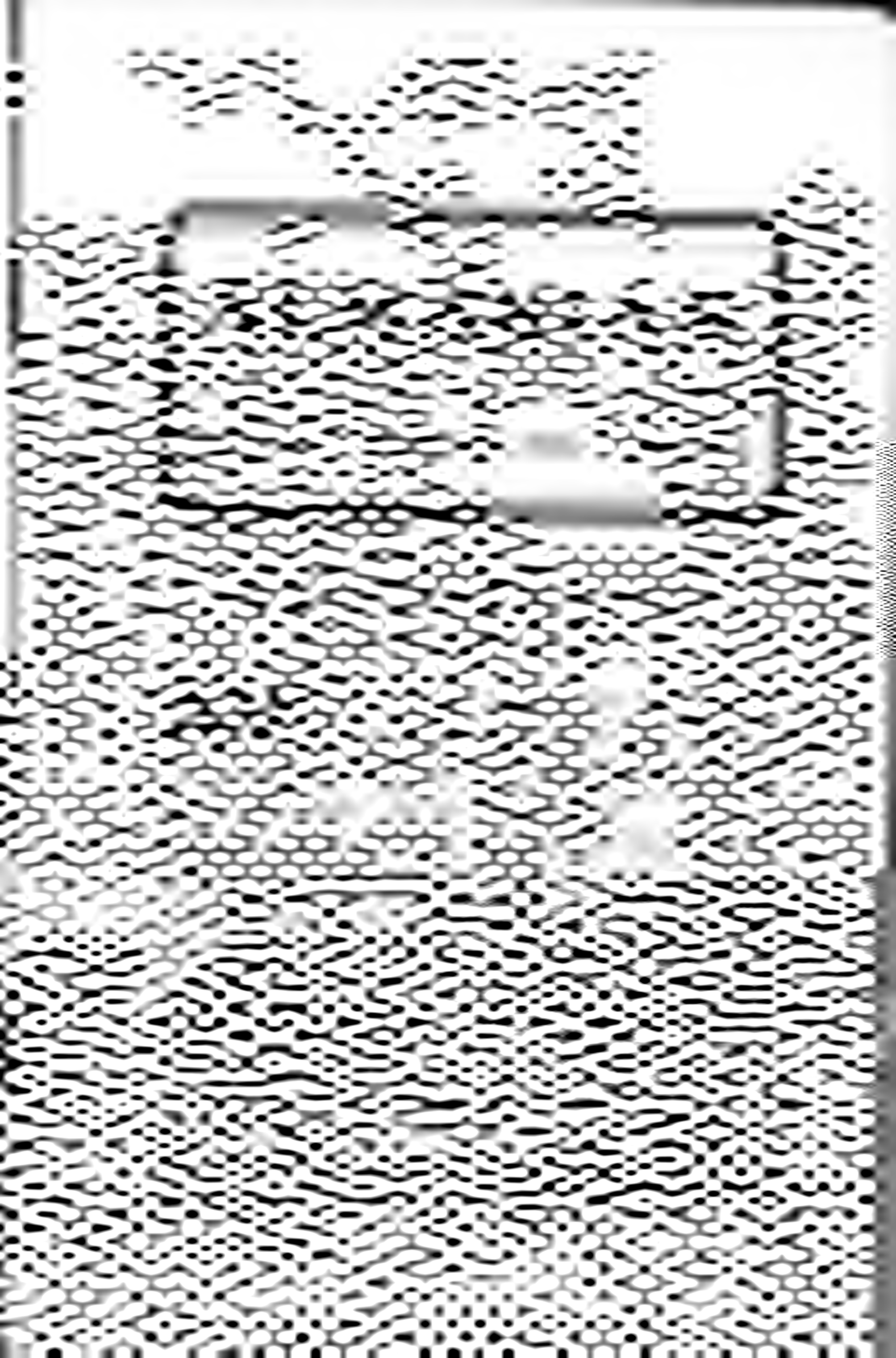
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girls who always look the ideal angel of a home when she sits in the glow of the fire-light—especially if she has a chafing-dish by her side full of creamed oysters for instance. One never allows a suspicion to cross one's mind that maybe the dish was first arranged by the cook in the kitchen. The idea at such times is unthinkable.

It was to be noticed that Mary never gave her supremest confidence in this line unless the young man with whom she conversed was on the narrow verge of avowing his deep, unquestionable and never dying love—then, as a last resource, she turned the conversation into this channel, for had she not a career before her and must she not show him that marriage was clearly out of the question for her? Unfortunately, she did not always convince her hearers to the extent that she desired.

Life moved on very evenly and pleasantly for Mary, until she met Mr. Emerson Barnes. They met at a reception, where Mary presided over a dear little bronze tea-kettle. Emerson promptly fell head over heels in love. Consequently, so rapidly did their friendship progress, that in one short week Mary found it necessary to break in upon a most impressive silence with her ideas upon telepathy and psychic communication. She had hitherto never gotten completely to the end of her thoughts on this all-engrossing topic before her caller was obliged to say good night.

On the evening in question, however, she talked without interruption, until she perceived that Emerson still sat looking at her intensely, but a faint suspicion crept unbidden into her mind that his thoughts were of

other things. It was late, too, and she wondered why he stayed.

"Now isn't it wonderful," she began, "that such things are so? I see you still doubt and I am going to prove it to you. I will sit down here and write a letter to a friend of mine—write it but not send it—and you just see if the answer doesn't come."

Emmerson smiled sarcastically.

"Now, honest, Miss Mary, you don't believe in all that trash do you?" and he laughed.

The laugh settled Mary. Indignantly she marched over to her writing desk and wrote as follows:

"MY DEAR JOHN:—

Come to me as soon as you can.

Lovingly,

MARY."

—even going so far as to put the note into an addressed envelope.

"Now," triumphantly handing the missive to her listener, "you may keep this so as to be convinced it is never sent, and you may come over day after tomorrow, and if he is not here—well you may ask me to do almost anything as a penalty—but I know he will be here," she added triumphantly.

With a smile Emerson pocketed the letter, and cordially wished her good night. Mary was surprised he did not go away more mournfully, but was willing to await the morrow with hopefulness. Mr. Barnes, as he walked rapidly to the street car, conversed in some such manner with himself:

"Who the dickens is this John, anyway? It's a case of good luck with me, at least, for I bet the other fellows whom she's turned down this winter



that I could argue her out of it, and here I am. Of course John won't come and I have her promise."

The next morning Mr. Barnes, who, by the way, was a promising young lawyer, hurriedly pushed a pile of letters in the mail-box and rushed to catch a car, for he had an important case on hand.

That night, when all the members of Mary's family had long retired to rest, the door bell rang sharply and a voice said, "A telegram for Miss Mary Ward, does she live here?"

Mary's brother growled as he felt his way down stairs and ran his head into the hall light. The whole family awoke. What was the matter? Was anybody dead? Run for the camphor someone, she may faint. But Mary gasped as she read:

"Be with you tomorrow.  
JOHN."

Strange to say the little god of sleep seemed to desert her then and there. After all, it was a foolish proceeding, for "John" was a young man who had never told her in words or manner that she was any more to him than his sister. Moreover, she tried in vain to remember how she had signed her name. Probably she said, "Yours sincerely," but this uncertainty was awful. What should she say to him

when he came? She honestly had not thought telepathy was so wonderful.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Emmerson Barnes called on Mary Friday night. The reason he did not call before was because he had in some way mislaid the important letter to "John," and he hated to confess the fact. But instead of finding a woebegone maiden, it was a triumphantly smiling face that greeted him, and Mary said in tones sweeter than ever:

"Oh, Mr. Barnes, I am so thankful to you that I am going to tell you a secret. I am engaged and its all because of you, for I should never have known I loved him if you had not had me send that message. And to think it was all done by telepathy."

Mr. Barnes' congratulations might have been more true-hearted but Mary failed to notice it. She was even forgiving when he confessed the letter had been lost, and told him all about how she had confessed the whole matter to John.

But as he went away that night, he carried with him the picture of a girl with a very sweet face, sitting thoughtfully by the fire—a girl with a diamond on the third finger of her left hand.



# A Day in Wisby.

BESSIE C. MCLEAN, '93.



ON the morning of a bright sunny day in August the yacht *Prinzessen Victoria Louise* dropped anchor off the northwest coast of the Island of Gotland in the Baltic, and we saw before us the walls and red roofs of the quaint old town of Wisby, at one time one of the most influential towns in the north. Its wealth was proverbial. "The Gotlanders weigh their gold with twenty pound weights, and play with the choicest jewels. The pigs eat out of silver troughs, and the women spin with golden distaffs." But it became a factor of the Hanseatic League, and shared its decline. Becoming involved in the wars between Sweden and Denmark, it was attached by Waldemar III, of Denmark in 1361. He defeated the inhabitants and plundered the place, which never recovered from the blow.

It now contains 6700 inhabitants, or about one-third of its former population in the days of its mediæval prosperity. It occupies less than half the area enclosed by its walls. The unused space is covered with gardens, amidst which stand the imposing and carefully preserved ruined churches, while the town is still enclosed by its ancient walls.

With the sun shining on the ancient towers and vine-covered walls, the red roofs of the quaint old houses, and the ruined churches, it made a picture never to be forgotten, as we

looked upon it from the ship while waiting to go ashore. As we rode over the waves in the life-boat, now down, with nothing visible but the blue sky, then up, on the crest of the waves, I thought of how, centuries before, men had come in just such a way, but with a far different purpose, to sack the town.

Of course the sight of our ship had brought the inhabitants to the water's edge, for it is not often that strangers reach this isolated spot. The streets are paved with cobblestones, and the sidewalks, where there are any, are so narrow we had to walk single file, or walk in the road—we usually did the latter. Everything about the town is picturesque, from the stucco houses, with red roofs and flowers in the windows, to the vine-covered walls. These walls, erected at the close of the 13th century on the site of still earlier walls, form the most striking feature of Wisby. They completely surround the town with the exception of a few hundred yards on the sea side.

From the walls, at equal distances, and in several stories, rise a number of large towers. One of which is called *Jungfrauturm*, or "Maiden's Tower," where, according to tradition, a treacherous maid of Wisby, who was in league with Waldemar, was built into the wall as a punishment. Of the forty-eight high towers, thirty-eight are still in good preservation. Outside the walls, the old moat is still traceable,



and on the north side there are two parallel moats. Wisby once possessed fifteen churches. Three have disappeared, eleven are in ruins, and one only is still used. This is the Cathedral of St. Mary, erected in 1190-1225, and since restored.

Perhaps the most interesting of the ruined churches is that of St. Nicholas, partly in the Romanesque, partly in the Gothic style; probably built after the middle of the 13th century. In the handsome façade are two rose windows, in the middle of each of which, says tradition, there once sparkled a brilliant carbuncle. These gems were carried off by Waldemar, but his ship was wrecked, and they are said still to illumine the depths of the sea near the Karlsöar. The interior is very picturesque. It was temporarily fitted with stage and seats, and a sort of passion play, which they called "Santa Maria," was being held there. One could not imagine a more beautiful setting for it than those old ivy-covered church walls. By a steep and winding stone stairway, we climbed to the roof, and found it curiously overgrown with grass and

shrubs, almost as luxuriant as on the ground below. It must have taken the winds of ages to bring the soil and seeds to cover this lofty spot with so much verdure.


St. Catherines, the church of the Franciscans, was erected about 1230; a Gothic edifice, of which twelve slender pillars and some of the ribs of the vaulting are still standing. The Church of the Holy Ghost, built in the Romanesque style, about 1250, consists of two stories. The Sister Churches, of St. Drotten and St. Lars of the 12th century, with huge towers, once probably used for defensive purposes. These were all intensely interesting.

After exploring the ruins, wandering about the narrow, winding streets and walking outside the walls, we returned to the ship, which soon hoisted anchor and we sailed away, dreaming dreams of old-time glory and splendor, and carrying with us memories of that quaint old town, once all-powerful, now in ruins and well nigh deserted, but wonderfully picturesque and attractive.



# Student Life in a German University.

C. E. SCOTT, '98.

 **A** German doctorate is no longer the object of worship it was once, for American professors who have had training in German universities know that more work and a better quality is often required by the Ph. D. degree in such institutions as Princeton, Pennsylvania, Columbia, Harvard, Yale and John Hopkins than is required in many of the imperial Universities of Germany. Nevertheless, students from the four quarters of the globe continue to flock in ever increasing numbers to those seats of learning, and not without reason. The very heart of accuracy—that we *know* what we know—even if it means specialization to the comical lengths implied in many a “horse-story” on learned professors, as, e. g., upon the classical philologist who spent his life on the Latin case-endings and on dying, regretted that he had not confined his efforts to the dative case.

Perhaps nowhere else in the world can that highly-vaunted thing, “method,” be so favorably studied and so thoroughly acquired *als im Deutschland*; for this conscientious, painstaking care, in their search for intellectual truth, is characteristic of the German scholars. Not only is no work too onerous in digging out the

wisdom-nuggets, but no trouble and patience in clearing the way of debris for the search itself, is too exacting. The Germans seem to have dedicated themselves as priests in the temple-service of the Goddess Sapiencia, to the finding and preparing of fact-offerings and heaping them upon her altars. They have furnished much of the material and laid not a little of the foundation walls on which many others have built superstructures. And in view of their spirit, one no longer wonders that the Bible is studied in Germany in what is technically a “critical” fashion. Everything is so studied, in all the realms of learning, from hydrostatics to belles-letters. It is as natural for a line of Fletcher or Ben Jonson to be analyzed to death as for a section in the Deuteronomic Code to be dissected and eviscerated.

The two greatest universities of the Empire are, Berlin, dominant over northern, Protestant Germany and Munich, dominant over southern, Catholic Germany. The latter, to offset the prestige of the former being in the capital of the Empire, has numerous attractions—many of its professors in philology, language, literature, art, physics and in other departments are the ablest and most famed in the land, in some cases, in the



world; the students are within easy reach of the Bavarian Alps and lakes and the wonderful castles of the Bavarian kings and the delightfully interesting highland villages, like Oberammergau. The capital city of the Kingdom of Bavaria has been greatly beautified with noble monuments by its often apparently æsthetically-mad kings, who have made their metropolis the center of the famous modern German schools of art, establishing here, on the nucleus of old collections, great galleries of painting and sculpture, extensive and of a high order of excellence, so that when, during the last fifty years, a masterly painting was wanted, Cornelius and his school were the men to execute it, and when the Hohenzollerns and Bismark and the Pope and other notabilities desired to sit for their portraits, they had to call upon such artists as Lehnbach. Then too, Munich is within a day of most of the great cities of the continent; here also Wagner was "brought out" by Ludwig I; and here also his grand operas are given in a manner, rivalling their production at Beyreuth, Munich claiming this great and unique musical dramatist as her own, together with Lizst, his friend, in much the same manner that every section of Germany appropriates Beethoven to itself.

One of the immediate impressions in this particular university—and it is not unlike the others in the great centers—is the go-as-you-please, every-man-for-himself-and-nobody-particularly-interested-in-anybody-else, manner of life of the students. The laxity of morals, the isolation of each man, and the general irresponsibility is at least depressing. The student

hides himself in the wilderness of the city by renting a room somewhere, with the understanding that he can do anything he pleases in it—keep any or no hours, as he chooses, invite there what company he will, in short, be lord of his rented domain, as a robber-baron, of his castle. His *Hausfrau* brings him his coffee and rolls which he usually takes in bed, he gets a square meal at noon in any beer saloon near which he happens to be, and at evening he has his *bier, brödchen wurst und sauerkraut* alone in his room—needless to say there is opportunity for improvement in the daintiness of the table etiquette of the average student. The only alternative from this wretched manner of living is to board in a good pension, and this many of the native students cannot do as they are very poor. Moreover, they would not enjoy the manners and the style of living at such a place.

The rooms of the students have, to a foreigner, an interesting sameness of appearance. Most of them are conspicuous by the absence of books, their occupants conscientiously lock even their note-books in their table drawers. Cheap editions of books, with abominable paper and type, are much used. In the corner of every room a huge Dutch stove rears itself aloft, in impotence to heat, so that one often studies encased in all available clothes, jersey-sweater and coat and ulster, getting what consolation he can out of the fact that there is a place—outdoors—much warmer. This condition is partly due to the inborn frugality of the *Hausfrau*, whose sense of the economic fitness of things requires that only so many

doled-out bricks of pressed sod be burned, (it not being "good form" to burn more), no matter how many are paid for; and partly to the custom of the Continentals not to heat their houses to so high a temperature as we do. The big and easy German sofa with the student's table drawn up in front of it, where the guest is supposed to sit, is inevitably there. The bed looks like the pyramid of Cheops, crowned with that glory of German housewife—the *Federdecker* (the feather-bed) under which the victim sleeps, and which is always too short to cover the sleeper and reminds me of James Whitcomb Riley's cold molasses which "sorter runs all over the edges like." To add to one's misery, it is absolutely impossible to persuade the maids that one prefers to have the bed clothing tucked in, and not sleep with one's feet sticking out and frozen, and to get a leverage anywhere to tuck in the clothes ones self, is as hopeless a task as to find a woman's pocket. In the light of the impressive fact that we spend one-third of our years lying in bed this is a grave situation, and merits careful consideration. The Germans need an Edison to meet this exigency. In the cupboard (which is often both book-case, medicine-chest, pantry, wine-cellar and garret) are always to be found some bottles of choice, old, Spanish wine, or something a little out of the ordinary, samples of which are proffered to visitors in glasses much smaller than the ordinary wine glass, so that instead of clinking glasses on a "Prosit," the drinkers deftly touch together their little fingers, before sipping the contents of the glasses. German students have quite a craze for artistic

posters and one may expect to see these upon their walls, as certainly as to see fencing gear in a corner, or a violin or a flute or some other musical instrument upon a table.

Such a thing as a "whoo-rah" or a "locomotive," or a "tiger"—in fact any kind of a college yell, seems to a German student most comical; and to "sense" it is like a blind man trying to appreciate color, and of any college event which could fuse the entire student body together and into a unit and thrill them with one enthusiastic, overpowering thought of "college patriotism" they are ignorant. One never sees the 6000 students of Munich together. Once during the year, upon the *Geburtstag* of the Prinz Regent, some 2000 were in line, in an interesting night procession, but this was in their official capacity of Corps, clad in their grandiose costumes and crowned with their funny little Corps *Mütze* which were cocked jauntily over one ear. Perhaps the fact that students rarely stay in a university more than one or two semesters accounts for the lack of "college spirit," as we know it. They appreciate the advantages of travel and the acquaintance it gives with varied scenery and different customs and manners and a new view-point of life, from what they may have known, consequently, one semester may find a student away up north at Kiel on the German Ocean; a second among the hills of Wurtemberg at Tubingen; a third in the lovely Neckar—that at Heidelberg; a fourth near the enchanting Black Forest region, at Strassburg; and still another not far from the grandest Swiss mountain and lake scenery, at Lausanne, etc. Still



another fact to account for the condition is that there are no dormitories, as there are increasingly in the English and American systems, to knit the fellows together into a unified and centered organic life.

The principal sort of an *esprit-du-corps* which exists among the German students is that expressed for their Corps and *Verbindungen*—“*Corps Geist*.” The ostensible object of these organizations is usually “*für Freundschaft und Vaterland*,” but, to the observer, the principal object seems to be—and the members aver it in private conversation—to fight and drink with all that those things imply. Some of these organizations originated in the middle ages, when the most renowned universities were in other lands, such as Cordova, Seville, the Sorbonne, Padua, Bologna, Vienna and Prague, and the hordes of German students, migrating to these international resorts, naturally came together in self-defense and “*für freündliche Erinnerung*” of their native land.

Nowadays, the Corps vary much as to wealth and social standing, just as our college “frats” do. The coveted site for the *Corpshaus* in Munich is as near as possible to the *Königliche Hof-Brau*, the Government Beer Hall; and this site is occupied by the “Bavaria,” the swellest of them all. Through the courtesy of a friend, a “Bavaria” *Mitglieder*, I had the privilege, rarely accorded to *Fremden*, of going through the rooms of this fine stone club-house, fitted up in the mediaeval style, with the rich dark trimmings that the Germans like so well. There were sleeping rooms, a dining room, a *Kneipe* room (for the beer-drinking bouts) at one end of which

a stage was erected for the performance of amateur theatricals by club members, a wine-room, a consultation room, a waiting room, a ball room, a parlor, and a duelling room, a suggestively gory-looking place.

The student-clubs are, broadly speaking, divided into those which advocate fighting and drinking *ad libitum* and a “good time,” as these fellows understand that term, and the “*christliche Verbindungen*,” the less pretentious clubs, which, in their constitutions, declare that they are Christians in principles, and lay two restrictions upon their members—that they must not duel and drink enough to get drunk, on pain of expulsion. But the percentage of students so bound is very small, and they are sneered at by the great body of their fellows. A student makes a “mark” of himself if he does not drink wine and beer, and all kinds of supposedly funny jokes like: “Water is good to wash wagons with,” etc., are made at his expense. Because of the popularity of beer-drinking a rich brewer’s son stands in the social scale next to a titled mogul. Such a student (who, by the way, knew no more the meaning of study than a Hottentot understands the making of artificial ice) once told me, in all seriousness, that when he left Frankfort for Munich: “I gave my word of honor, as a gentleman, to my father that, during my absence from home, I would not touch a drop of water!” To a large roomful of drinking students, expatiating upon the effeminary of not drinking beer, the query was propounded why the milk-and-water trained American athletes beat the European athletes so easily at the Olympian games, Athens '96,

and Paris '00, that the events seem merely like an American intercollegiate meet? The mystery was inscrutable. They frankly say that they would rather not win any laurels of any sort at the price of giving up their beer. In fact, a student was expressing no out-of-ordinary opinion, when he said to me: "No, I never go to mass, because I would get thirsty during the service and then I couldn't get a drink."

At Munich each Corps and *Verbindung* has usually two *Kneipe* meetings a week in its own drinking room, and often two others each week in addition at different large and popular *Branhauser*. Few foreign students are admitted to the inner arcanum of Corps-life, but as I happenèd to be elected an honorary member of one, I was able to learn the life as it is, and to witness the initiations, and it was a most curious and interesting study, for the life is peculiar to itself. This membership carries with it invitations to the surreptitious duels. The regular *Kneipe* room of each Corps is fitted up in pleasing taste. The walls are ornamented with the *Wappen* of the Corps, in the colors of each *Bruder* Corps in all the other universities; with fencing foils, sabres, masks, with ceremonial Corps-swords, and with the pictures of prominent members, many of whom have been or are professors, who once went through the same mill. On the mantle are *Stifts Steins*, elaborate and rich souvenir drinking mugs, some of which are several centuries old, while over the mantle are the colors of the empire draped about the bust of the Emperor, and those of the kingdom about the form

of the Prinzregent; also pictures of the local members, in a glory of their own Corps-colors.

The evening is passed in drinking, in jolly, uproarous conversation, and in singing *die deutschen Studenten Lieder*, whose number is legion. At the close of each song the company around the table usually rise and each *Mitglieder*, after an indiscriminate drinking of his stein with everybody else in reach, throws down part of the contents of his own. Each stein holds a liter, and many a member prides himself on being able to dispose of twelve liters before the meeting breaks up sometime during the *wee sma' hours*. There is usually a good pianist in the Corps, and as all the German students are hearty singers, the music goes off with snap and vim. Each Corps has three officers whose positions have become more and more differentiated in the complexity of the life. The first attends to the matter of duels, both inside and outside the Corps, and to the arrangements for visiting back and fourth between the other organizations in other universities; the second is *Fuchs Major*, i. e., he who wears a fox-tail in his *Mütze*. He fathers "Freshies," so to speak, and initiates them into all the intricacies of Corps etiquette, much of which is broad humor and horse-play, and a burlesque-relic of the days of Chivalry. The third leader corresponds somewhat to our toastmaster, and presides at the center of the low, long, narrow board, (literally) at which the fellows sit, each one regularly facing a certain Corps *Bruder*. When the toastmaster, who is usually a funny man and keeps the board lively, desires a song, he pounds his stein



upon the stein-mat and yells, "*Silentium!*," and it matters not how boisterous is the mood, all must at once subside to silence. Then the "*Kaiser*" announces the song, and together they all roar it out to the accompaniment of the piano. The song books are, as a rule, handsomely and substantially put together, and it is the custom of one member to present some other with a copy, the name of the giver and recipient being tastefully printed in gold on the cover.

It is a point of honor with many Corps students not to attend lectures the first year, the German variation

of "Never allow studies to interfere with athletics" being "Never allow lectures to break in upon the enjoyments of Corps-life." One notes the lack of athletes among the German students in the American sense of the word, and when little groups go out for tramps, as is a favorite custom, there is an absence of running, or vaulting fences or jumping streams or making a stiff finish. They are not only surprised at the energy of the average American student, but wonder why he should want to hurry, as much as he chafes at their easy-going ways.

*To be continued.*



## *My Enemy.*

They say that loathing is not right,  
And hatred is a sin,—  
But there is something that I hate,  
And feeling have ag'in.  
I'd like to know, I hope I shall,  
If someone knows, please tell  
Me who's the cruel, ruthless fiend,  
That made the rising bell.

Just when enchanting slumber  
Holds me fast in her embrace,  
While I hobnob with Solomon,  
And all the ancient race,  
At that enraptured moment  
Comes my enemy so fell,  
And shatters all those phantasies,—  
There sounds the rising bell.

When I dwell in Arcadia,  
And see my ship come in,  
When I'm a multi-millionaire  
Without the Wall Street din,  
I'll institute a grand reform,  
Which firmly I foretell;  
My land shall slumber peacefully,  
With ne'er a rising bell.

## ❧ Alumni Notes. ❧

**W**ORD has just been received that work has been begun on the new athletic field, and that it will be pushed through to completion. This news should be received with joy by the old, as well as the present, students, for we well remember the efforts made in this direction a few years ago by some of the enthusiastic athletes, who saw in the absence of suitable training quarters and grounds only hard times for Alma's athletics for many years to come. In spite of the most heroic efforts, however, no definite results were obtained; and it remained for an Alma football team, with limited facilities at its disposal, to fully impress the friends of the college of its needs in this direction, by overwhelming defeat of the teams of the other colleges, who had better opportunities in several ways. The football season of '00 will long be remembered, not only for the long and successful campaign conducted by Alma's team, but especially as affording the impetus which forced upon Alma's friends the absolute necessity of an athletic field and convincing them that the idea so earnestly pushed for years was not an idle dream. The man who has provided the means for the building of a proper field is Mr. Davis, of Saginaw, and it will always be "Davis Field" in honor of the friend

whose generosity made it possible at this time. May the students of future years appreciate the gift as well as those who have had to carry forward Alma's name under all manner of difficulties and those who will have the means supplied for the first time!

We understand that Davis field will be ready for use about next spring, or, at the latest, during Commencement week. If the latter should prove to be true, why not have a formal dedication, with the return of as many former athletic "stars" as is possible? A game of basket ball, track events, a tennis tournament, etc., etc., could be arranged which would serve the purpose of keeping alive the interest of the old students to higher ideals and efforts for the future. An impromptu base ball game was played last commencement between a pick-up nine, composed mostly of former college players, and the regular team, and resulted in a victory for the college by 4 to 3. By an effort being made to get back most of the former base ball men, we believe that a game could be arranged that would furnish much amusement and pleasure. Once an enthusiast, always an enthusiast, we believe is a true statement, and a temporary relaxation from the cares of every-day life might arouse some of the "has-beens" to such a pitch of



enthusiasm as to give a good example to the undergraduate and give him an impetus to greater deeds in the athletic line.

Wednesday of Commencement week has always been set aside as "Alumni Day" presumably for "doings" of the members of the Association who happened to return to their Alma Mater for that time. As a rule, a meeting has been held, lasting a few minutes, and for the past five years we have been royally entertained by our President. Two years ago an open meeting was held, which proved very interesting, and was enjoyed by those present. Last June another meeting was planned, but "fell through," owing to the inability of those asked to take part to arrange anything in time. A public meeting was supposed to be held every other year, but, owing to the universal disappointment expressed last June at the failure to hold such a meeting, it was decided at the Alumni meeting to give to "Alumni Day" all that should belong to it, and a committee of two, consisting of Miss Bishop, '99, and Mr. Robinson, '01, was appointed to act with the President in arranging a program of exercises to be held on that day. The Association is growing larger and more influential, and a public meeting each year would not only serve to bring back former students, but give the trustees, faculty and student body assurance that we are still true to our Alma Mater. The program will be announced in due time, and every former student, member of the Alumni Association or not, should make an effort to be present at Alma on that day.

The action of the M. A. C. foot ball team in canceling the game with Alma, set for November 9, brings up the old idea that Alma should be a member of the M. I. A. A. Not that independence in athletics is a matter to be regretted, but rather that the College should be represented in an association where its worth has shown that it has rightfully belonged for several years. Not only have our athletic teams defeated the best teams in the association, but—a fact of which they should feel proud—have also maintained a reputation for fair treatment and manliness not equalled by any other college in the state, and we doubt in the country. A good name is far better than victory at the sacrifice of manliness, and that Alma's reputation is of the highest, is evident by a talk with any one who has ever seen a team from that institution play. But at times non-membership has its disadvantages, and on the whole we believe it would be for Alma's interests to belong to the Intercollegiate, trusting in the fairness and common sense of those in charge of athletics not to become embroiled in some of the troubles that at times arise in that association. There is no doubt but that Alma would have been received some years ago had it not been for the hostility of one institution, but we believe that feeling has now passed away. The game above referred to was canceled because four or five men of the regular M. A. C. team had become partly or wholly incapacitated for work, and a game was arranged for the second team, that suitable substitutes might be selected for the Kalamazoo game of the week following; M. A. C. not caring to run any risk of

losing this game, as with it won, they would play Olivet for the championship. This fighting against odds on the part of Alma, and being pushed aside when anything in connection with the Intercollegiate is concerned, will continue until Alma is a regular member. Alma can hold her own, and should make efforts to be recognized and placed in her proper position.

Five men of '98 were formally ordained to the ministry last summer, and are now serving important charges. Long succeeded Brooke in Elk Rapids, and is doing good work. Divine received a call to the Morgan Park, Ill., church before finishing at McCormick. Stevens is located at Superior, Wis., near his old home at Ashland, and in a district where he has been spending several summers. Grigsby and Crane are both in Illinois, doing work which is much appreciated by their respective congregations. Bates and Scott are still in Seminary, the former at McCormick and the latter at Princeton. Bates spent one year in teaching before entering Seminary, while Scott spent the past year in Germany, taking P. G. work. Some of his experiences are related in his article in this issue.

Miss Bessie C. McLean, '93, spent the summer in travel through Russia, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, France and England. Upon leaving England her party will go to Austria-Hungary, and spend December and most of January in Egypt, going up the Nile as far as Khartoum. Then they will go to Greece and Constanti-

nople for a month, and from there take a month's trip through Palestine and Syria. The return will be through Italy, Switzerland and France, and they will reach England in time for King Edward's coronation.

Brooke, '96, is now in charge of the Presbyterian church at Howell. This is a very important charge, with a membership of 350, but we know our friend "Louie" will prove to be the "man for the place."

Miss Mertha Peters, '98, has resumed teaching at Wyandotte, being promoted to a principalship this year. Alma now has three representatives in the Wyandotte schools, in Misses Peters, Carl and Hitchings.

Johnson, '99, has entered his senior year at Princeton Seminary, and has hopes of going to the foreign field next summer. He is an assistant in the book room this year.

Magaw, '00, was a guard at the Pan-American, and royally entertained the Alma people he happened to meet.

Hill, '00, has gone to McCormick Seminary to continue his studies for the ministry.

Foote, '00, has returned to Lewis Academy, Wichita, Kansas, with a large increase in salary.

Bruske, '98, has gone to Detroit to take up reportorial work on the Detroit Tribune.

Marsh, '96, has charge of the New York issue of the "Concert Goer."

Ely, '92, is with the General Concentrates Co., New York.




  
**ALMANIAN.**

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DECEMBER, 1901.

THE committee from the Zeta Sigma and Phi Phi Alpha literary societies have arranged for an inter-college debate with Albion, to be

held near the end of the winter term. Albion has accepted the negative of the following question which was submitted to them by the committee: "Resolved, that it would be for the mutual benefit of the United States and the Philippines for the United States to retain permanent possession of the islands." The first preliminary will be held Dec. 16, and is open to all students in the college. Last year our experience in inter-collegiate debating was not as encouraging as it might have been, but the team strove with several difficulties which do not exist this year. There is plenty of material in the college for a good debating team and now that athletics do not completely monopolize the time of the students, everyone who is eligible should make it a matter not only of personal interest but also of college loyalty, and should show his college spirit in a rational and becoming manner by going into the preliminaries and doing his best toward getting on the team. Albion is ahead of us in experience and a larger body of students from which to select their representatives on the debate, all of which will necessitate more diligent and painstaking effort on our part.

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POSSIBLY there is no place where a person can either work or idle away his time so easily as in college. Even the brightest student must exert himself to some extent to thoroughly master the subjects included in the average course, and then there is the whole field of knowledge that the college course does not cover, as many of the departments of literature, which can be taken up as outside

work, and upon which the student may spend every moment of his spare time profitably. On the other hand, many students, possibly the majority, either through sheer laziness, or careless methods of study, go through the four years of their college course satisfied with exerting only a fraction of their ability and attaining only moderate rank in their classes, doing barely the required work and wasting their spare time in pursuits which may be innocent enough in themselves but which are destructive of all habits of hard and continuous mental exertion. One of the most noted authors in the country said that it took him about five years to overcome the idle habits that he had acquired in college. He and his companions did not indulge in any amusements more vicious than a little beer drinking and whist, but the result of wasting the precious time and opportunities which were open to him was almost as pernicious as four years spent in hilarious dissipation would have been. The remedy for laziness cannot come in any great degree from outside sources. Although the faculty and congenial companions and surroundings may help, in the long run it is the student himself who determines whether his college life shall be a period of growth and upbuilding, a preparation for a life of usefulness beyond the college, or whether it shall be filled only with idle frivolities which last but for a day and are a source of vain regret ever after.

**A**CCORDING to a recent ruling of the faculty, the students must report each week the number of times they have attended church on Sunday. A large majority of those who are connected with the college are church members and take an active part in the various lines of religious work. Attendance upon divine service is generally regarded as one of the duties of church members, so it is clear that the effect of the ruling will be to force many to perform what they already consider a moral obligation, and to compel a few to do what they regard as a mere matter of personal choice and convenience. We refer to this matter because it would certainly prove a fruitful subject of discussion for those who are well versed in ethics and the subject of Free Moral Agency.

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**H**OW we mortals do hunger for praise! The shower of pretty complements which fell upon the Alpha Theta's in chapel the other morning in praise of the unselfishness which they exhibited in proffering the use of their rooms for the relief of the congestion in the dormitory, has, we are pained to relate, stirred up the spirit of envy among the members of the other literary organizations. Prophets assure us that in the near future we will also see Zeta Sigma and Phi Phi Alpha "bringing out the stars."





# ATHLETICS



**S**INCE the last issue of the ALMANIAN our football team has played but one game. On October 26th, the team, manager and coach—together with a few rooters—boarded the train for Saginaw to engage the All Saginaws in a grid-iron contest. After the usual formalities, of arranging the length of halves and tossing the coin for choice of goals, the game was called. The gods certainly seemed propitious, for Fuller won the toss for the first time this season.

About 3:00 p. m., Saginaw kicked off to Alma. The field was very heavy owing to the sand, cinders, and decayed wood which lay upon the west end especially. Notwithstanding this hindrance, Alma by a succession of line bucks and short end runs, carried the ball straight down the field for about 50 yards before they were held for downs. Saginaw took the ball but failed to gain and surrendered it to Alma again. Once more it looked as if Alma would score but by a high pass from Wilson to Fuller the ball was Saginaw's for the second time. With but few short gains to their credit, they were relieved of the ball, but it was getting too late in the first half for Alma to score unless their gains were longer. Consequently, with about 15 yds. between the ball

and Saginaw's goal, time was called for the end of first-half. The intermission between the halves was of great length, owing to some difficulties in the money matters. Finally the difference was adjusted and the second half began. It was Alma's turn to kick off and Saginaw felt confident of winning. The man who caught the ball from the kick-off was downed almost in his tracks. Saginaw was held for downs and Alma began her march for the goal. By this time the Saginaw players seemed to have become so familiar with our signals that they began to mass in front of the plays. This difficulty was met in part by giving our signals in a low tone so that only our men could hear them. Seeing that we were to be held for downs, Capt. Fuller dropped back for a place kick. Coach Mortimer placed the ball upon the ground in the right spot, but owing to the loose condition of the ground upon which the ball was placed and from which Capt. Fuller was compelled to kick, the ball fell short of the coveted goal. Saginaw still being unable to advance the ball, Alma secured it, and not being discouraged, but rather encouraged, by the first attempt at goal from field tried a second time and were crowned with success—Alma 5 Saginaw 0. Saginaw kicked off to

Alma and after a few exchange of punts and a little line bucking time was called with the ball only about 25 yards from Saginaw goal line. The majority of the Saginaw men played clean, hard football, but there were about three among their number who should have been ruled off the field during the first few minutes of play. Brock was injured and had to leave the game, but it proved to be nothing serious.

Just as the team was beginning to get into shape, and promised to win every remaining contest of the season, we were suddenly cut off by learning that our game with the M. A. C. had been cancelled by the State College and that Albion likewise had refused us a return game.

Though our season was short, it was quite successful. Considerable new material has been brought out which will be valuable in the future. The new men who have come to us this year are all valuable men. Schenck is a strong and fast man but has a tendency for going in too high for a line man. The later games showed a marked improvement, however. Hartness at end is light but very fast and sure, with an abundance of nerve, but occasionally gets boxed in on end runs. Crawford at left half is a good line buckler—he hits low and hard. He is also strong on defense, tackling low and hard. Hurst is not a new man at the college but is new on the team. He plays a fine game at tackle notwithstanding the fact that he is lighter than most of the tackles in the state. His style of play specially adapts him to his position—he plays low on defense and covers a great deal of space in the line.

McEwen, who appeared rather weak in the beginning of the year, showed a remarkable development at the end. He is very swift and follows the ball well. A better end is seldom found in small colleges. Robinson also played a good end position. He is not as speedy as an end should be but has the nerve and recklessness which generally characterize the best ends. Willson is a promising man. His work at guard on defense is to be commended. He should make a star man for next year. Bangs is rather tall and slight for a tackle, but by his dash and dogged determination he proves that his position is not an easy one for the opponents to gain through. Shiner is heavy enough, but rather slow for a tackle. He will probably make a fine showing at guard next year. The position which Beechler has filled so well this year, will be open to the highest bidder next season. Beechler was slow, but owing to his great strength he was always able to do his part of the ground gaining. He was much stronger on offence than on defense. We are very sorry indeed that we cannot have him with us next season. At commencement Long will also leave us. His tendency was to play too high on defense, but on offense he was seldom called upon that he did not net the required gain. Brock is another who expects to graduate this year. His worth was not so much in what he did as in what he inspired other players to do. He handled the ball well at quarter and we only had to lose him to more fully appreciate his worth. Watson and Helmer played in only one game this year but they were men whose presence in a foot ball suit gave assurance



to the team. Fell also played in but one game, but he clearly demonstrated that he could play foot ball if he were in condition. He should work up gradually and not jump in too hard until he is in the proper physical condition. Captain Fuller needs but praise. His works praise him. Equally strong on both offense and defense, he was not alone a nervous force but also a physical force on the team. With any kind of support he never failed to gain. We are pleased to note that he has been re-elected captian of

the team for next year. This is one of the strongest recommendations for his magnificent work on the gridiron.

The "gym" classes have been organized and are doing good, honest work. We are glad to see the real interest taken in the work.

Coach Mortimer is busy devising means by which to place a new wrestling mat and some new apparatus in the gymnasium. Gloves, a punching bag, traveling rings, and a ladder are much needed.



## *Physical Culture.*

**P**HYSICAL culture, to be properly valued, must be considered under two heads. First, as an end in itself; and secondly, as a means to an end. Let it be understood at the outset, that when we use the term physical culture we do not have in mind gymnasium work alone, nor calisthenics, nor football, nor wrestling, nor any branch of athletics which may be the means of strengthening and developing the body. But on the other hand, we do mean to include under the head of physical culture all kinds of bodily activity which tend to strengthen and add grace and beauty to the human body. While we may and do

so include in our definition of physical culture, every bodily activity from the prize fight to the most gentle massage, we are frank to admit that not every kind of physical culture is most conducive to the health and well being of the individual, nor to society in general.

How then may we know, and by what rule or law are we to determine, which kinds of physical culture are beneficial and which detrimental? The answer to this question is three-fold. In the first place, we must demean ourselves with respect to those about us. We are largely creatures of circumstances. Therefore, if society brands a certain sport or recreation as

wrong, we must inevitably, sooner or later, submit to her judgment. And why cling to any exercise or game that has been placed under the ban by the culture and intellect of the times, when there are enough, and to spare—not yet adversely criticised—waiting to be summoned to our service?

Again, while we recognize some truth in the statement that, "All men are created free and equal," we are forced to reply that all men are not created equal in every respect. Some are naturally stronger than others, both physically and intellectually, and the theologian might add spiritually or morally. But for our purposes we may treat this latter faculty as an outgrowth or product of the physical and intellectual. Starting with this premise—that some are stronger physically than others—it is not difficult for us to arrive at the logical conclusion that their bodies can endure and also demand more violent exercise than weaker bodies. Finally, men differ in temperament—that is, in the quality of their physical and intellectual make-up as well as in quantity. With this fact before our minds, we are called upon to discriminate between the different kinds of physical culture, with reference to the temperament as well as to the physical strength, of the individual.

Thus we see that some games or exercises that might be very helpful to one person, in every conceivable way, might be quite injurious to another of less physical strength or of a different nervous temperament—e. g., let us take the well-known and much criticised game of today, football.

Leaving the physical advantages

and disadvantages out of the question for the present discussion, we will study the game with respect to its effect upon the nervous system of the human body. It is an indisputable fact that in a few cases, and we are pleased to state that such cases are rare indeed, men have shown by their actions that they are utterly unfit for the game because they could not keep their temper under control. They were of such a nervous disposition, that, when the excitement of the game was on, and the intellect was required to be very active, as well as the muscles, they were entirely beyond themselves. In such and similar cases, no matter how helpful the exercise, it should not be indulged in. They should be restricted to such exercises and games as do not master their nervous temperament, but on the other hand, in which they can become such perfect masters of self as to strengthen their nerves rather than to unstring them. Some of the above noted cases have been cured by bringing them up to it by degrees, while others were absolutely incurable. Consequently, we conclude that, in directing, the physical culture of men and women, the nervous temperament as well as the physical organism of the candidate, is to be consulted and developed.

Thus far we have been speaking of physical culture as an end in itself. We now propose to study it in its higher aspect—that of a means to an end. It is not enough that a man is simply strong, or well proportioned, or even graceful in his movements. These things are good, but there is a sphere of usefulness into which, if they do not enter, the one possessing



them is living far beneath his privileges as well as his duty. Too many men, we fear, seek advancement along these lines merely for the gratification of a desire to run the 100 yd. dash in ten seconds, or to advance the ball at least three yards every time they are called upon. These abilities are bestowed upon us for ends far greater than those just named. Possessing these capabilities in a physical line, we are entrusted with an influence upon our associates which is sacred, and which, if exerted in the right direction, will not only make us honorable and greatly respected, but will bring many others to share our exalted station in life. While on the

other hand, if their entrusted influence be misdirected, we lead our associates to share with us a groveling and sensual life.

So, while we strive to excell in our chosen branch of physical culture, let it be with the immediate end in view of giving strength, agility, grace of movement, etc., but let the higher and more worthy incentive of life—that of usefulness—be the predominating influence which inspires our activity. The mere praise of men for our physical abilities should be beneath our notice, for we are worthy of higher and greater things. Let us always be loyal to some noble institution or principle.

T. H. M.



## A Lay of Ancient Rome.

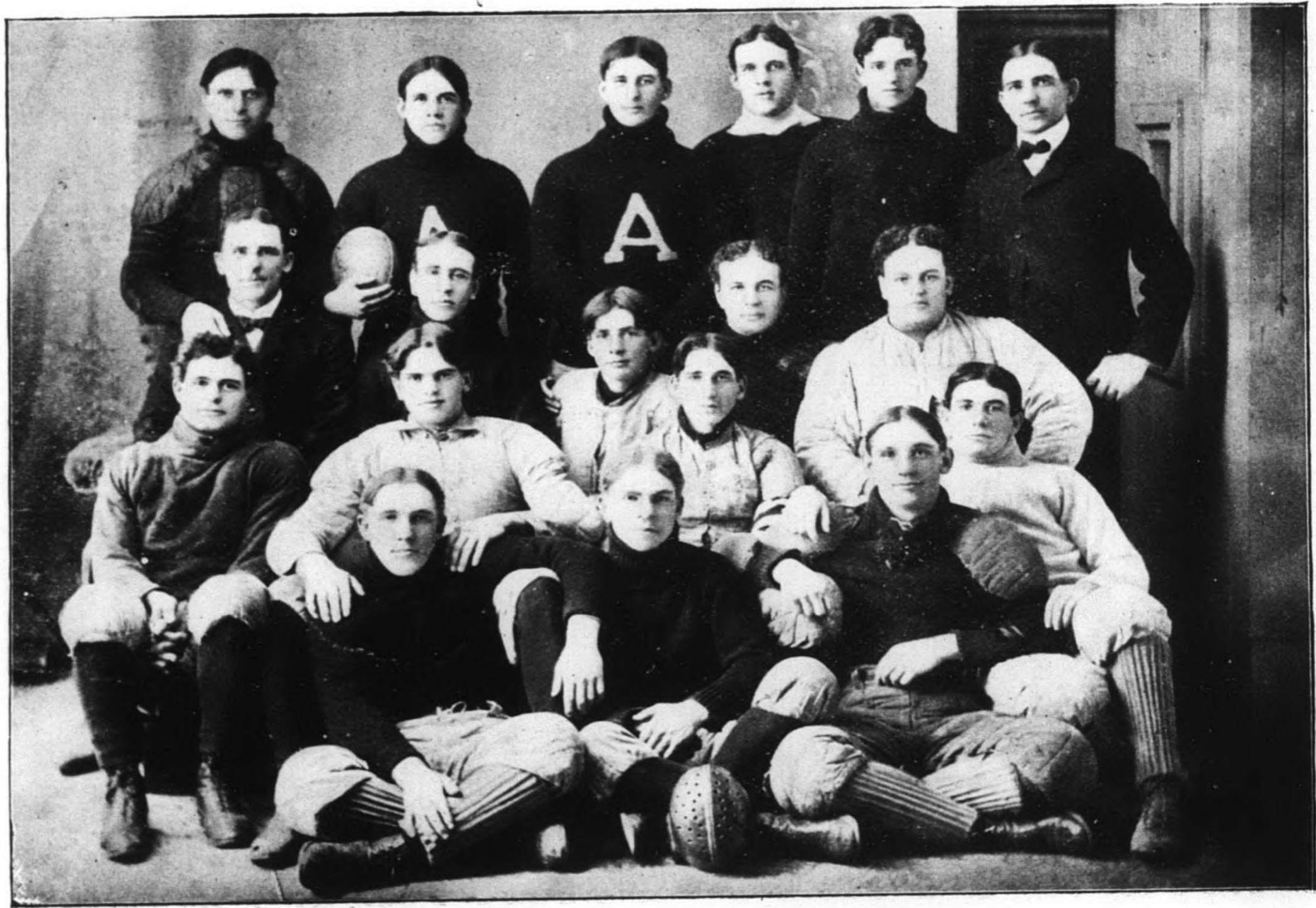
Oh! the Roman was a rogue,  
He erat, was, you bettum;  
He ran his automobilis  
And smoked his cigarettum;  
He wore a diamond studibus,  
An elegant cravattum,  
A maxima cum laude shirt,  
And *such* a stylish hattum!

He loved the luscious hic-hæc-hock,  
And bet on games and equi;  
At times he won; at others, tho,  
He got it in the nequi;  
He winked (quo usque tandem?)  
At puellas on the Forum,  
And sometimes even made  
Those goo-goo oculorum!

He frequently was seen  
At combats gladiatorial,  
And ate enough to feed  
Ten boarders at Memorial;  
He often went on sprees,  
And said, on starting homus,  
"Hic labor—opus est,  
Oh, where's my—hic—hic—domus?"

Altho he lived in Rome—  
Of all the arts the middle—  
He was (excuse the phrase)  
A horrid individ'l;  
Ah! what a diff'rent thing  
Was the homo (dative, hominy)  
Of far away B. C.  
From us of Anno Domini.

—Harvard Lampoon.





# Class and Society Notes

## SENIOR.

The Senior class in Rhetoricals has been distinguishing itself. Ask anybody connected with this institution from the youngest pupil of the Academy to Mr. Howe, if that isn't so. And how? By appearing one by one and reading essays in chapel. The general subject treated by the essays was "The Educated Man," and various themes on this subject were presented as follows:

Nov. 13, "The Educated Man in Profession," Mr. Booth; and "The Educated Man in Politics," Mr. Ewing; Nov. 14, "The Educated Man in Business," Mr. Fell, and "The Educated Man in the Home," Miss Hope; Nov. 15, "The Educated Man in Society," Mr. Bradfield; "The Educated Man in Amusements," Miss Marsh; Nov. 18, "The Educated Man in Literature and Science," Messrs. Brock and Long.

We were fearful that we might not hear Miss Hope's exposition, when we learned that the first manuscript was lost in the fire which visited her room. But, always equal to every emergency, Miss Hope arose to this occasion too.

The Senior class was delightfully entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Ewing at their home, Friday evening, Oct. 26. A notable feature of the evening was the very proper hour at which the fun came to an end. Thereby hangs a tale, but it is a little hard to decide to whom the ignorant should be sent for information.

Dr. Bruske:—(After a lengthy disquisition in Theism) "All right, Mr. Br-df-ld, better wake up now, I'm all through."



## JUNIOR.

It is doubtful whether there have ever been two classes in the institution so kindly disposed to each other as the present Sophomore and Freshman classes. It seems impossible for them to find any cause for strife. This situation so rarely occurs that we cannot attempt to explain it. However, it is not yet too late for them to show that they do not differ from other classes in this regard. May we have the pleasure in the near future of seeing the customary and time-honored rush.

A. J. Helmer has been forced by ill health to leave college and go to his home in Parma. He may not be back before New Years.

Pearl Fuller has left college to accept a position as chemist at the beet sugar factory. He will be back in college in February after the factory closes.

Prof. J. W. Ewing:—(in pedagogy class) "Mr. Baker, should a teacher ever ask a question that can be answered by yes or no?"

Mr. Baker:—"No."

The logic class was taught by Mr. Timby, the president's substitute, during Dr. Bruske's two weeks' absence in the Upper Peninsula.

**SOPHOMORE.**

Mr. J. Wirt Dunning has been elected president of the Sophomore class.

There is no doubt but that the Freshman class is a howling success, judging from the unearthly sounds that fill the upper halls during the period of their Rhetoricals class.

It is generally understood that Misses Strange, Stringham, and Holiday and Mr. Swigart will appear at the Soph. exhibition since they were the only members of the class who had their essays in on time, the rest of the class getting zeros.

**FRESHMEN.**

The class in mathamatics is taking up sphericial trigonometry.

Paul Allured of Evart, will be the guest of Walter Ardis for Dec. 7.

According to one of the brilliant Sophomores there are two forms of animal life that hop, viz., toads and Juniors.

The following Freshmen spent Thanksgiving out of town: David Monteith, Port Huron; Harold Gaunt, Saginaw; Martha Blatz, Saginaw; Olive Hafer, Forest Hill; Carolyn Hastings, St. Louis.

It is interesting to note the fellowship that exists this year between Sophomore and Freshman. While this is to be highly commended, it seems that there ought to be at least enough class spirit to arouse interest for the annual rush. Sophs., "where are you all!" The Freshies are ready.

**KINDERGARTEN.**

Mrs. Plum has been ill during the past week, but she is now with us again.

Misses Wood and Wheeler of the class of '01, will be guests at the Dormitory during the Thanksgiving.

It is with mingled feelings that we learn that Miss Iles is unable to keep the Wolf (e) from the door this winter.

A number of the students in the Kindergarten department spent Thanksgiving at their respective homes.

For Thanksgiving vacation we are glad to welcome Misses Merriam and Grant as guests of Miss Conat and Mrs. Periam.

Dr. Leonard gave a very interesting lecture in the Kindergarten room Friday evening, Nov. 22. Some musical numbers were also given after which a dainty luncheon was served. The faculty and the pedagogical and Kindergarten departments were present.

**ACADEMY.**

The fourth year English class are studying "King Lear."

Miss Cuvrell and Mr. Iles have recently entered the Academy.

Mr. Whitney received a visit from his sisters, Misses Carol and Gertie, one day last week.

Prof. N.:—"Mr. Watson, as there are a great many square inches of surface on your body, what prevents the atmosphereric pressure of fifteen pounds per square inch from crushing you?"

Mr. W.:—"Air on the inside."



We fear that some of the young gentlemen have been keeping late hours, else what should cause Mr. Williams' head to sink lower and lower when Miss A. is reading King Lear, and how could another young man remain oblivious to his surroundings until Prof J. W. had twice, in his deepest tones, said, "Montieth?"

Prof. M.:—"What remains of a man after he has been ruined?"

Mr. Leslie:—"Debris."

Prof. H.:—"When is the process of erosion greatest?"

Mr. Y.:—"When there is the greatest amount of weather."

Prof. M.:—(in gym. class) "What's the matter, Mr. Rohlf?"

Mr. Rohlf:—(very earnestly) "I am commencing to sweat."

Mr. Johnston's favorite hymn is Olivet (Olive yet.)

Mr. Rohlf is giving his imaginative faculties full sway, and we may expect to read a continued love story from his pen in the near future.



### MUSIC.

On Tuesday evening, November 19, occurred the first recital of the year, given by the School of Music. Viewed as a whole, it was a very successful evening, and one in which not this department alone, but all interested in College welfare may take pride. General interest was abundantly manifested from the size of the audience, and that fact alone is a gratifying one.

Better still, the performance of the various pupils betokened advance and testified to the progressive work of the School. Representatives of various

departments of the School, the piano, violin and voice, including five gentlemen of the Glee Club, appeared on the program. The evening was enjoyed throughout, and elicited commendation from all sides.



### Y. W. C. A.

Miss Sarah DeForest, Secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement, was the guest of the Young Woman's Christian Association a few days of this month. Prayer meetings were held each day, and the Association was helped and given new inspiration, especially in the interest of missions.

A committee has been appointed, with Miss Wagner as chairman, to arrange for the Association calendar as has been done the past two years.

The world's week of prayer was observed by the Association. Prayer meetings were held every day of the week and were very well attended.



### ALPHA THETA.

The Alpha Theta's have been given the west room on the fourth floor of the new Wright Hall.

An unknown friend has made the Society a present of ten dollars, to be used in furnishing the new room.

Monday evening, November 25, the Society, after giving the regular Thanksgiving program before the Zeta Sigma's was very pleasantly entertained. The refreshments served by the young men did great credit to the committee in charge.



### ZETA SIGMA.

Messrs. Charles Wolfe, O. C. Chap-

man, and Earl Webber were treated to the mystic ceremonies of initiation upon the evening of Nov. 4.

Extensive preparations are being made for the debate with Albion, which will come off sometime in March. Several men have stated their desire to try for the debate, and a date for the first preliminary has already been set.

The Alpha Theta society gave its regular program before our society, Nov. 25. The Misses Dearing, Holliday and Hooper furnished the prepared part of the literary work. After Alpha Theta adjourned, a general good time was indulged in.



#### ITEM BOX.

"When the new dorm's done,"  
Quoth little Lute B.  
In his big bear voice  
And broad grin of glee,  
"Then will I taste the unspeakable joy  
Of seeing at Alma  
Two girls for each boy."

Anent the case of the Indiana man who was mistaken by a hunter for a rabbit, Wilson says that he himself has often mistaken a girl for a deer.

One of the sweet innocents of the art department has blushing confessed to the chief painter, that she firmly believes a young man who poses will make a model husband.

'Tis said the tender conscience of Piety Long hasn't permitted him a moment's ease since he discovered that it is just as big a sin to steal one chicken weighing twelve pounds as it is to steal two weighing six pounds each.

"Miss W., do you take gym?"

Miss W:—(blushingly) "No, Jim always takes me."

Our musical critics will gain nothing though they rail and sneer until doomsday at the discordant howls produced during chapel exercise by a certain member of the faculty. He carries unimpeachable proof of his assertion that music is in the soul. His shoes squeak melodiously.

Miss Allen:—"Are you sure this man was unmarried?"

Soph:—"Yes ma'am, I'm sure; he possessed a heavy head of hair."

Prof.:—"Ah—Mr.—Miss, ah, Freshman, why do you think that Martin Luther made a burnt sacrifice?"

Freshman:—"Because it says in the book that he burnt the papal bull?"

Chorus of weary girls coming home from the gymnasium: "Mr. Mortimer makes me tired."

Dr. Bruske in Theism:—"Mr. Fell, if man is the bread winner, what is woman?"

Mr. F.:—"The bread-maker."

Some want girls who are slim and tall,  
Some want those who are fat and wee,  
"But I want a girl," said Theodore George,  
"Any old girl that wants me."

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
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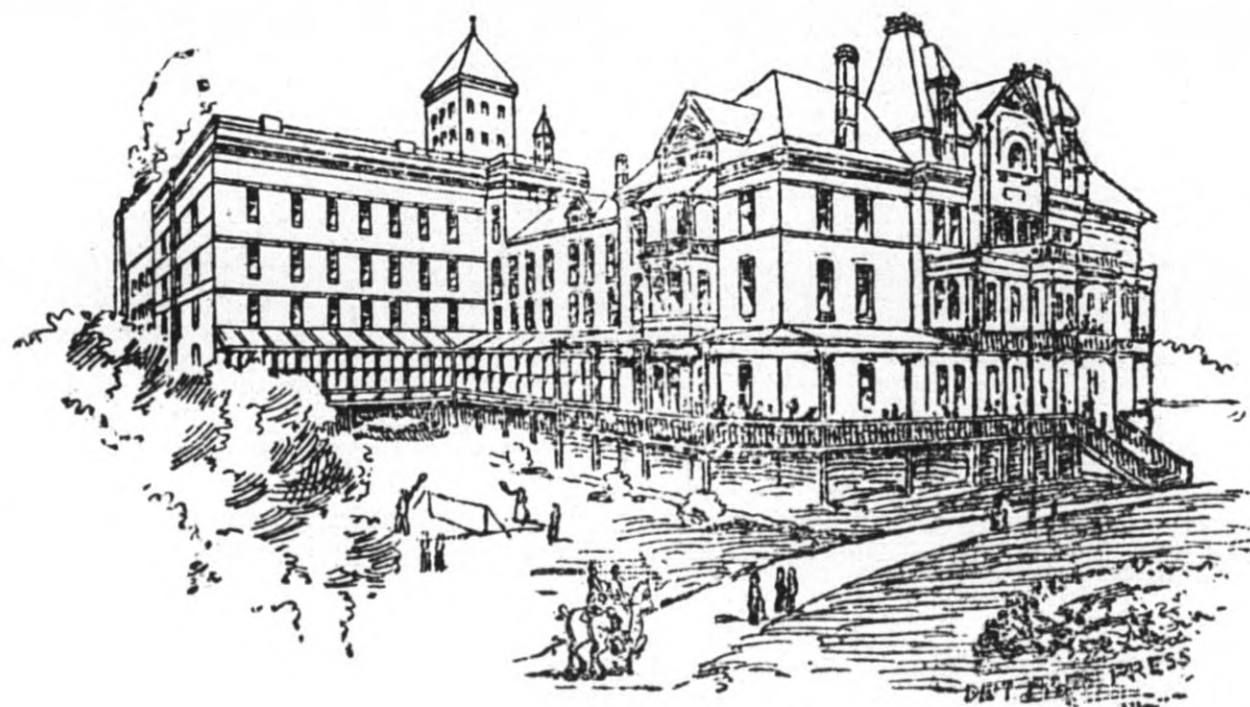
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