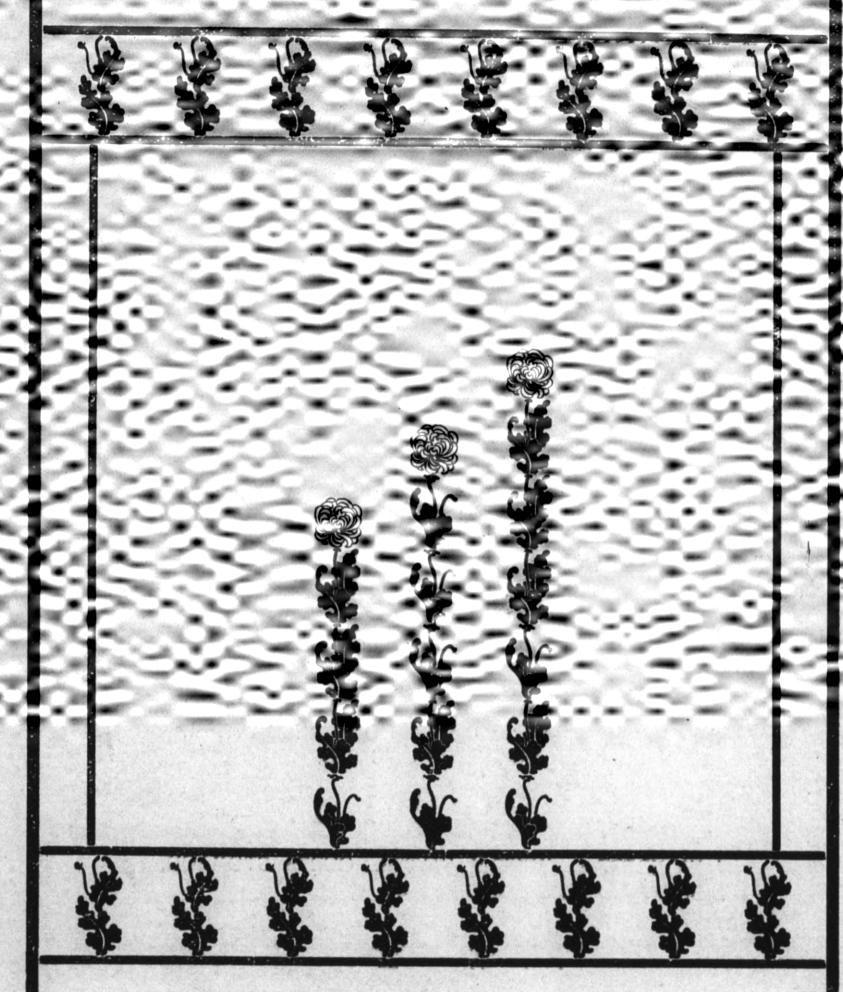
# ALMANIAN



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# ALMANIAN.

Volume 3.

JANUARY, 1902.

Number 3.

# Alma's Traditional Men.

THEODORE NELSON, LL. D.

RALPH C. ELY, '92.

OMETIME ago I visited a little college in the Western Reserve portion of Ohio. The school did not approach our Alma Mater either in curriculum, equipment, or scholarly attainment; but it was redolent with the memories of earlier days which must have been an inspiration to its youth. The one building of which it boasted had once been the courthouse, before the surging wave of population had receded and the county-seat had been removed. the way a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States had lived and just beyond a former Secretary of the Treasury had passed his days. In the very room in which we sat our late President McKinley had listened with ambitious interest to the forensic

displays, and had stood with beating heart before the platform to receive his admission to the bar.

We had no traditions at Alma in our days. The inspiration, if any was to be received, must come, not from the mellow stories of an envied past, but from the men and women who were about and before us. Some, indeed, knew that the first building used for school purposes had been constructed of slabs, the round side out, and had stood in the orchard between the steps and the boiler house; but it was not as at an ancient shrine, hallowed by the past, that the swains of '88, to '92 worshipped there. A few revered the building, now used by Mr. Caldwell as a blacksmith shop, as a primitive temple of justice and wisdom, for it was Gratiot's first court house, I believe, and Alma's second school; but as a whole we found our ideals in, and drew our inspirations from, a faculty rich in those qualities of heart and head which, while they did not attract that wide attention often enjoyed by men of meaner worth, possessed nevertheless the real essence of greatness.

I desire to write more particularly of four men. Three have already passed to the realms of eulogy and the fourth has been so long away from Alma that he too is but a memory there. No thought of glorification is in mind and only a desire to place before you a little of the yesterday contributing to Alma's traditions.

I once asked Mr. Wright to sketch the relations of Theodore Nelson, L L. D. to the founding of the College, and he replied, somewhat sententiously, "Well, he was always very generous in what he wanted me to give." I have never known just how to punctuate that, but it is a pithy analysis of Dr. Nelson as a founder. So generous that he gave his all and himself as well, he could not understand why others were not equally devoted. Knowing the large heartedness of Alma's chief benefactor and claiming the opportunity for him before he was himself quite sure he wanted it, Dr. Nelson sought and secured the foundation for Alma, at what price of sacrifice and of personal humiliation no one can estimate.

In the first faculty Dr. Nelson occupied the chair of English Literature, Rhetoric and History. He was neither a good quizzer nor a strong instructor, but he was an extraordinary educator. He was to the ordinary teacher as an arc light is to a guide-post-illumining the way and making it entrancing with its lights and shades. His classes were an odd mixture of reverence and rudeness. I never knew him to reprove disorder but once. It usually prevailed but he was serenely unconscious. occasion he appeared to be awakened from his absorption in his theme by some inattention, and, with a humility that was characteristic of his spirit, apologized to the roisterer for failing to interest him. There was no sarcasm, but a regret and sympathy so genuine that the girls nearly cried with vexation.

Dr. Nelson was ambitious, both personally and for others. He saw the possibilities of the young people and yearned for their fullest attainment. He had passed his boyhood in Gratiot in the pioneer days when the schools were very primitive, and his splendid scholarship was attained through great personal sacrifice and strenuous endeavor and he was eager to see Gratiot's youth profit by the new opportunity, This County has always loved him as the brighest and best of its own sons. He loved the praises of his friends and was keenly sensitive to their criticisms. For a man of his type, he possessed an unusual aptitude in reaching men, and always approached them on their higher levels. He took an active part in politics, was several times considered a congressional possibility usually had the ear of the leaders of the State. His service as Superintendent of Public Instruction was eminently able and progressive. One of the young fellows once approached him to ask assistance in securing a position as private secretary to his

congressman, and as an opening shot remarked that "such a job would be a fine thing." "Yes," replied the good doctor slowly, "but it is a finer thing to be the congressman and have the secretary." The youth returned to his books.

By temperament Dr. Nelson possessed great breadth of view and used to say that the wiser the man, the greater his latitude on all subjects of controversy.

Dr. Kendall Brooks, who, like Dr. Nelson, was a Baptist, was with him a great deal during his last illness. The two men were very different in their natural bias on matters of religion and in their attitudes toward dogma. Each possessed the unqualified respect and esteem of the other, but I have often felt, in talking with them, that each wondered at the other's religious or theological attitude. It was with very evident satisfaction and gratitude that the venerable dean of the faculty told me on the day of the passing of his one-time pupil and alltime friend that Dr. Nelson was clear as to the future and confident of final blessedness.

Probably no member of the Faculty ever had so firm a hold upon the esteem and affection of the men of the community. Boys and business men touched their hats to him upon the street. He was invited to deliver the oration on the Memorial Day following his announced resignation. master of a perfect style, his lack of physical strength barred him from a On this brilliant career as an orator. occasion the demand for standing room exceeded the capacity of the chapel, but the affection of the people kept them standing even beyond the

range of his voice until the conclusion of the address. The students who heard it may not recall the sentiment expressed, but time will not efface the impressions and inspirations of that hour.

Not long after he left Alma, Dr. Nelson was elected to the presidency of Kalamazoo College, which institution was suffering sorely from the departure of Dr. Brooks. As the day of his inauguration approached, the closer friends of Dr. Nelson who knew of the extreme delicacy of his health, gravely doubted whether he would be able to present himself, or, if he endured the journey, whether he could bear the fatigue of the occasion; but, calling upon the surprising resources of his will, he prepared and delivered an exceptionally strong address. The school filled to overflowing, attracted by the talisman of his name; but the burdens of organization and of incessant toil finally snapped the slender cords by which he clung. With the last weeks of suffering came a yearning for the scenes of his earlier youth and ripest achievement and he was brought back to Alma where the loved and loving ones watched the wasting flame. He died before Alma College graduated its second class and from his life and memory the young men and maidens drew the sweetest lessons of consecration to a noble cause; of genuine patriotism, local and national; of uncalculating devotion to the good of his neighbor, whom, more than any other man of my acquaintance, Dr. Nelson truly loved. Prophets may often be without honor in their own country, yet here was a prophet who was most honored by those who knew him best and longest, for Dr. Nelson's most constant admirers were Gratiot's pioneers.

# The Philosopher and the Graduate.

MARJORIE WARD DEARING, '05.

RE you coming, Elizabeth?"
"Yes, papa, just as soon as I can find my glasses and purse and Auntie's books," answered a light voice from above. Elizabeth hurried frantically about in a wild search for the missing articles, while her father waited patiently at the foot of the stairs.

"Ust one minute, papa," she called. "Where did I put that English book of Aunties? And where is my hand-kerchief? O, here it is," and she ran down the stairs with her hat on one side, books and handkerchief and purse tucked under her arm while she buttoned her refractory gloves.

"I'm sorry, papa," she said, when she had kissed her mother good-bye and they were out upon the snowy walk, "I don't mean to be careless, but I do get in *such* a hurry."

"Elizabeth's father smiled indulgently. Elizabeth was just a girl and girls will be girls you know. "I wonder if we can get by the Brownes'," he said as they passed the great stone dwelling of their neighbor next door— "without your rushing in to see Richard a minute?"

Elizabeth laughed. "I guess Richie is all right this morning," she said, "I won't run in to see, anyway."

But as she spoke the curtain at the front window flew up, and a baby face peered out over the sill.

"Look, papa, look!" cried Elizabeth, "Doesn't Little Philosopher look cunning this morning, though?"

The great blue eyes of the Little Philosopher were radiant with delight. He waved his little hand at Elizabeth and threw vaguely-aimed kisses into the air. Elizabeth and her father looked back at him as they went on down the street.

"Did you know, papa, that Richie will be three years old pretty soon—three years old next Thursday? Just think of it. It only seems yestesday that he was learning to walk. He told me all about what he was going to do on his 'birfday,' and I promised that I would make him a little cake, and send it over with a 'real letter' on it. Of course his mamma will have to read it to him, but he likes to pretend he is a big man and can read letters for himself."

"You must be sure to remember, Betty," said her father as they reached the corner and stood waiting for their car.

"You sometimes get in a little-er-ahhurry, don't you, dear, sometimes and forget things now and then? Richard would be very much disappointed if

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of faith."

"Well, he won't have to, I'm sure, this time," returned her father." But come, child, here is our car."

It was growing late when Elizabeth reached home, for she had gone to lunch with a friend, and then had stopped on the way home, to play a little while with the Philosopher next door.

She was much preoccupied as she was thinking of giving a little party, and was very busy making her arrangements and planning who the guests should be. She ran up to her room and threw her hat and coat on the bed, then getting pencil and paper from her writing-desk, she went into her father's study, to curl up in her favorite window-seat and plan the great occasion.

Whom should she invite? It certainly was not an ideal neighborhood in which to entertain, as there was hardly a girl or boy of her own age anywhere around. All her friends were her mates at school away over on the other side of town.

On one side of her there were the Brownes, but the Philosopher was hardly large enough to go to parties, and on the other side was a new family who has just come in. beth knew little about these people except that there was a sweet-faced little girl whose acquaintance she was very anxious to make, and that there was also a young man who was a graduate of Yale.

the promised cake didn't come." This young gentleman was looked "O, I forget some things, papa, but upon with a great deal of interest by I won't that," said Elizabeth, "Forget her friends, she knew. Not so much my little Richie? No indeed-not even vebecause he had handsome black hair Little Philosopher himself could reason mand eyes, a ready smile and pleasing out an explanation for such a breach, address, as because of the fact that he was a graduate.

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Most of the girls of Elizabeth's set were very young society ladies, and the gentlemen whom they knew were those who go through High School or some "Preparatory," and then idle away from three to six years before they take up the business positions of their fathers, and proceed to "make money." So the advent of a real graduate at their parties, one who had been through Yale, produced quite a flutter. Elizabeth had met him once or twice and was impressed quite as much as the others. She would surely invite him now.

And so she planned away the minutes until the solemn tone of the big bronze clock on the mantel, warned her that it was growing late. extricated herself from the sofa pillows about her and went to get ready for dinner, first placing her father's slippers by his chair, and hanging his dinner-jacket over its back, that they might be ready for him when he came.

The days flew by and Elizabeth was so busy planning the entertainment for her guests and one thing and another that it was Thursday afternoon as she was just finishing her late luncheon before she thought of Richie's cake again.

"O, Mamma, what shall I do? Hazel's box party at the matinee this afternoon-how will I ever make a cake before I go?"

"I'll make it for you, dear," said her

mother, "but you should have thought of it before."

"No, mamma—Richard wouldn't ike it all all unless he thought I made it my own self and I can't spoil his pleasure. I guess I can make it if I hurry." So, hastily excusing herself from the lunch table she ran down to the kitchen and putting on an apron set to work: Eggs, butter, flour, milk—the little cake was tossed together in a trice and put in the oven to bake. Chocolate, sugar, cream—the frosting was made, and ready when, in less than ten minutes, the little cake came all brown and delicious from the hot oven.

"O, and the note, too!" cried Elizabeth." I had almost forgotten it. "Get me some paper, Anne," she said to the cook, "instantly." Anne was a new arrival who was quite as stupid as she was new. She blundered about and consumed twice as much time as Elizabeth would have done, but finally brought the paper.

#### "RICHIE DEAR-

A happy birthday to you, darling—hope the cake will be goody. Here is a kiss from

BETTY."

"Take this over to Master Richard next door, Anne," she sald, and flew out of the kitchen and up the stairs to dress for the matinee.

At that same moment Mr. Richard Bruce Graham, the graduate from Yale, was in his den pretending to write. He was not in a very charming humor, as he had nothing especial to do that afternoon, except to write some stupid letters to some very uninteresting people. So he rose from

his chair and stalked gloomily up and down the room. There was a slight rap at the door.

"Come in," he said, without turning.

"A package for you, Mr. Richard",
said the maid, "it was sent over by
the young lady next door."

"The young lady next door—," repeated the graduate to himself. "Miss Elizabeth—but what on earth—" He unfolded the paper and started as a little white cake with chocolate frosting came to light. He took up the plate to get a closer view and a slip of paper fell out. He picked it up and read slowly:

#### "RICHIE DEAR-

A happy birthday to you, darling —hope the cake will be goody. Here is a kiss from

BETTY."

"What under the sun—" he thought, and then a sudden thought flashed upon him. "O, to be sure, the little boy on the other side—Richie Brown—well, if that isn't a joke on Miss Betty." He chuckled to himself, "I'll go over and thank her for it," he thought, "it will be a good excuse to call. But I had better send the cake over or the youngster will wonder what's up."

So he dispatched the cake to its rightful owner, sending it by way of the back alley. Then he found his hat and put on his overcoat; but just then he caught sight through the window, of Elizabeth starting out in her best bib and tucker with two or three other girls.

"Some party or other," he thought, "I'll wait till she gets back."

And so it happened that when Elizabeth had returned home from the matinee, and was taking off her wraps in the hall, she heard a ring at the door. It was almost six o'clock and Elizabeth thought it was probably her father who had forgotten his key. So she joyfully ran to the door, and unlocking it, threw it open. She stepped back in momentary astonishment, for there on the threshhold smiling, and bowing, stood the graduate from Yale. Elizabeth recovered herself at once. "Come in," she said smilingly and offered him a chair.

"O, I can't stay," he answered, "It is getting late. I just came over to thank you for my cake."

"For your-what?" echoed Elizabeth.

"Your cake—the little chocolate one you know—and the note was so pretty, too."

Elizabeth gazed at him helplessly. Then it dawned upon her. "That stupid Anne," she said under her breath.

"I sent it right over to Richie Brown I thought maybe he'd like part of it," said the graduate, and then they both laughed heartily.

The side door of the hall opened cautiously and a little figure suddenly appeared on the threshhold.

"My cakie was des goody," it said brightly, and ran over to Elizabeth, a little shy of the strange gentleman.

"I get a good many thanks for my cake," said Elizabeth, laughing as she patted the little fellow's snow-covered hair.

"It was a fine cake, wasn't it?" said the graduate to Richie. "Do you know why?"

The Philosopher pondered a minute. "'Cause she made it," he answered pointing to Elizabeth.

"I dot to do home," he added, "Mamma said I must."

"I must go, too," said the graduate "It is nearly dinner time. Will you come with me?"

"Yes," said Richie and kissed Elizabeth good bye as the graduate opened the door.

Elizabeth stood and watched them as, hand-in-hand, the Philosopher and the graduate descended the steps and went down the walk.

### A POEM.

J. W. D.

ANGING down in golden tresses,
Which the gentle breeze caresses,
As her form in fancy passes,
My eyes behold a vision sweetly fair,
A dream of love exquisite—
Bessie's hair.

In the moonlight on the campus,
(What though evening dews may damp us
And sometimes the Profs. may hamp' us)
Two shining orbs that come as from the skies
Cause my heart's defection—

Bessie's eyes.

But, what makes my love the sweeter,
And my joys the more completer,
As each day I chance to meet her;
Coming as a spice wind from the South
Treasured words pass through it—
Bessie's mouth.

And though her face is shining fair,
Though so golden is her hair,
Yet sometimes I must despair;
For in this lovely work of Nature's art,
One thing has been neglected—
Bessie's heart.

## A Contrast.

KENDALL P. BROOKS, '97.

between a small college and a large one is a difference in size. That is axiomatic, but the axiom is a good one, so we may proceed logically with the argument.

In the first place, however, let us see how it is that large colleges and universities have become what they are. It must be that they have some advantages to offer beyond those enjoyed by other institutions; advantages of location, equipment, or faculty. But however that may be now, there must have been a time when these colleges were also small, and, as a rule their growth has been slow, and even doubtful at times. Now, the more a college grows in size and influence, the better it is known; and the better it is known, the more it grows in size. Each growth, thus reacting on the other, tends to make of it a successful institution. This has, almost without exception, been the case with the larger educational centers of our country.

Looked at from the viewpoint of a prospective freshman, the large college offers many inducements. The faculty has on its roll some distinguished names,—names of writers and thinkers of note; the equipment of libraries and laboratories may be fine, and the base ball and foot ball teams may be champions in their class,—all this is very alluring and attracts a great

many. But after a few months attendance they find that some of the great professors are known to them by sight, and some are not; that the libraries and laboratories are used less by the undergraduates than by the graduate and special students, and that they have the privilege of supporting the athletic teams and sitting in the grandstand at the games.

A number of years ago a junior in one of Michigan's small colleges, a man at the head of his class, thought that he must spend his senior year and receive his degree at Yale. He went, and found himself lost in the crowd—one of a class of three hundred, reciting in sections of sixty. He recited twice during the first term, and wrote to his former teachers that he had made a mistake in making the change.

But is there not some smaller college with first class educators on its faculty; with ample libraries and equipment, and with successful foot ball teams? If these great institutions have sprung from small beginnings, certainly there is reason to believe that, in this time of so great interest in educational institutions, there are some colleges which have in them the germs of much greater growth and development. I think I can name one or two,—perhaps you can also.

And in a small college the professors are all known to all the students; the president returns your bow, not be-

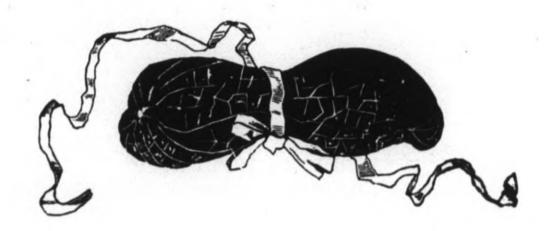
cause you bow to him, but because he knows who you are; there are few advanced students to so take up the time of the professors that they must put off their work with the underclasses on tutors and instructors; and lastly, as I once heard a boy say, "In a small school I'll have some show for the team."

But in a broader way, let us look at the influence as a whole, that the different kinds of institutions have on their students. A man at any of the universities is very apt to reason, unconsciously, in this way:—"This is perhaps the greatest institution of its kind in the land. It's all here; all I have to do is to keep my eyes and thoughts fixed on this campus and drink in all my instructors give me, and I will have all the best there is to be had, and there is no use looking for anything better." A few years ago I heard a senior at the U. of M.

say, in regard to the fossil in charge of the department in which she was working, that "he was the greatest authority, on his subject, in America." Perhaps he was, thirty years ago, but such a statement is absurd now, except to those who know of nothing outside of Ann Arbor.

On the other hand, a student in a smaller college would say to himself: "This is a good college and I am learning a great deal, and getting in close contact with some very fine men, but I know that this is not the only thing worth looking at, and that I can learn more, later, from the great world outside." Which of these do you think is going to be undeceived after he graduates?

As I said in the beginning, the chief difference between a small college and a large one is a difference in size—and it may happen that the smaller is the greater of the two.



# A Glimpse of the Far East.

J. McClure Henry.

"If you've 'eard the East a'callin,' you won't never 'eed naught else."
—Mandalay.

O the average passerby the little laundries that dot here and there our cities, present no particular attraction. Their signs, displaying some absurd name in letters often ludicrously grotesque, no longer call forth curious comment. It is only occasionally that some inquisitive mind seeks further information than the price of laundry from the busy little man with yellow face and almond eyes, who blandly smiles on his questioner from behind the counter. But to the man whom fortune or profession has exiled from his native land and built for him a home in that realm whose eastern boundary is washed by the waves of the vast Pacific, or whose lot it has been to spend his years of childhood in that far off empire, the little shop possesses more than ordinary interest, and is not merely the dingy, stuffy den that it appears to others, To him it is the Orient once more, and although he may be in the metropolis of the New World, and around him all the noise and roar of the tremendous whirl of western civilization at its highest pitch, when he steps across the threshhold of that unassuming and almost unnoticed room, all is forgotten; the subtle influence of the East, so mysterious and so irresistible has caught him, and the old life with

its flood of memories comes surging He stands once more in a land of shadows and of wonders, of strange sights and strange people, and yet withal a land of sunshine bright as ours and skies as blue; where the stars shine even more brilliantly at night, and a tropical moon sheds a far richer, mellower radiance; where unfamiliar but beautiful flowers blossom and spread their delicious fragrance all the year round, and where winters, mild as northern Springs, leave unharmed the luxuriant foliage of the trees, amid whose branches birds of gay plumage sing each his own mad roundelay of joy; a land which nature has caressed with loving hand and on which she has lavished choicest gifts. Hot summer suns blaze down upon mile after mile of rice fields yellow with grain, rustling and swaying, impatient for the reaper's hand to come, or are reflected from a thousand ponds, where the far famed lotus spreads its broad leaves and unfolds its lovely buds—great cups of pink or white, breathing the sweetest perfume everywhere, fringing these ponds, skirting the river's banks, or half hiding some quaint old shrine, in solitary beauty or in great groves as though transported from fairyland itself, graceful bamboos toss their feathered plumes against the sky.

And as the swelling torrent of memory, regardless of time and space, sweeps back the years, there passes before his eager vision many a well remembered scene of those happy days that are no more, and even as the weary traveler in the desert feasts his eyes upon some beautiful mirage, so he gazes enraptured as he sees once more, with its broad verandas and surrounding trees, the home of his childhood. The birds have just begun to sing and the morning star gradually fades away as the eastern sky grows rosy and finally blazes with light, as far beyond the row on row of odd, low houses whose monotony is broken only by an occasional building of larger size and still more odd design, and far beyond the shapely dark green banyan trees which mark the foreign setlement where flags of a dozen different nations wave, the sun climbs over the horizon's rim, flooding the large city with its light. Behind him for three miles at least the same low structures meet his eye: buildings crowded and gloomy and separated by narrow, crooked streets, thronged with a teeming mass of noisy, struggling humanity. At intervals, nine or ten storied pawnshops, looking like great square towers, overshadow their humbler neighbors, while here and there rise picturesque arches and gateways perpetuating the memory of some sainted dame or sire. Spots of green where the trees in some official yamen, or park, rise above the surrounding level of houses, rest the eye. Near one of these little oases in that desert of buildings, like a dilapidated lighthouse, are seen the ruins of the Mohammedan mosque, built, according to tradition, by an uncle of the great

prophet, over a thousand years ago. On the summit, where once the muezzin was wont to call all faithful followers to worship, birds have scattered seeds and trees now wave their branches. At a little distance, quite eclipsing in size and interest everything in the vicinity, and a conspicuous object for miles around, the Flowery Pagoda lifts its tapering tower two hundred feet in air. In the background appear the White Cloud Hills, looking like some enchanted heights as the gold of the morning sun mingles with their hazy purple. north and west, behind him and on either side, stretches the great city with its countless myriad of homes and its labyrinth of streets; before him flows the mighty river bursting from the sunrise and carrying on its broad bosom a huge and varied fleet, from the palatial river steamer to noisy little launches and from great three masted junks to the small passenger barges, or the tiny skiff of some poor creature, half fisher and half beggar, and he hears once more the wild babel of shouts and cries from the incessantly quarreling boat-people, drowned occasionally by the deep-voiced steamers or made worse by the shrill whistling of the launches as they dart hither and thither. And as he lingers on the scene which has for him a wonderful charm and fascination, the memory of old pleasures stirs his blood and he hears the old voices calling; but even as he listens the scenes are shifted, and the westward flowing river seems trying to deluge, with its waters, the setting sun, as he sinks to rest in a bed of gilded clouds. Almost at once, for there is no twilight there, the stars come out, making the sky

The tumult one blaze of brilliants. on the river quiets down, and the lights from countless boats cast their tremulous reflection on the water like the will-o'-the-wisp, but one by one they die away as their owners, wearied by the busy toil of the day, go to their rest. But tonight is the Feast of Lanterns, and even though half the city is wrapped in deep sleep, the pleasure seekers have only just begun, and from far down the river, at first faint and dim but ever growing louder and brighter, come the twanging of an endless variety of stringed instruments together with the clatter and clang of drums and cymbals, and the dazzling glow as boat after boat, adorned with innumerable lanterns, floats gaily up the stream until the eye can follow them no longer and the strains of music melt away in the distance. dark now on the river save for the gleam of a single light from an occasional guard-boat. From the blackness of the city no sound breaks, the stillness except now and then the

drowsy watchmen beating the watch.

In the garden a light breeze stirs the acacias and fans gently the broadleaved palms. Along the walks luxuriant ferns and slender lilies droop as if in sleep; milk white camellias and chrysanthemums of many hues look like spectres in the starlight; here and there from behind their sheltering leaves fragrant magnolias peep out. Beyond, the great river with its treacherous eddies and under currents sweeps swiftly and noiselessly down to the sea.

And from it all, through the silence and the darkness, from the river with its boats, from the city with its towers and temples, and from the garden with its trees and flowers, the old voices call still more pleadingly and the heart yearns still more insistently, and although the scene fades away into the light of common day, and the dreamer wakens from his dream, the fires kindled by memory still smoulder and the longing still is for that eastern clime.



# A Dash for a Queen.

(With apologies to the author of "A Dash For a Throne.")

J. WIRT DUNNING, '04.

HE sun had not yet risen as Ashley ascended the ridge. From its summit he scanned the southern horizon far out upon the tropical sea. No objects were yet discernable, for the mist still clung thick over the surface of the water, as if reluctant to give way to the breaking day.

Ashley seated himself on a large boulder and idly kicked the green moss which had formed at its base. It had now been over a year since he had seen Harold Wilton. They had been chums together at Harvard, and on the day of their graduation had been presented with a large estate on one of the small islands of the West Indies. It was a gift from their fathers, who, believing that the professions were not the only vocations for college men, had induced them to engage in tobacco raising. Wilton had always been of an impulsive disposition and he had declared his intention of seeing something of the world before he settled down for life. His father had humored him, and after fitting out the yacht "Fairy," he took leave of Ashley, giving his promise to return in a year and settle down on the estate with his Ashley, meanwhile, had assumed charge of the plantation. The first crop was now ready for harvesting and it was time for Wilton's return.

Ashley had each morning, for more than a week, journeyed the three miles from the estate to the summit of the ridge overlooking the bay, in the vain hope of seeing the yacht approaching. This morning he was more discouraged than ever. Presently, however, a gust of wind seemed to lift the fog, and there, scarce a quarter of a mile away, outlined white against the blue of the water, he saw the graceful lines of the little steamer. From the masthead floated the red ensign, "Fairy."

There was life on board and presently a boat was lowered, and he recognized the manly form of Wilton emerging from the cabin. He hastily randown to the beach and arrived just as the boat was leaving the yacht, and across the water came a rollicking bit of college song that Ashley knew so well. The friends were soon together and the walk to the house was soon over, but on arriving at the door Wilton suddenly became serious.

"Charley," he said, "I must see you alone now before anything else."

"Well, come on old boy. Right here in this room. Anything to humor you."

Seated in the sunlight of a large French window, and sipping the coffee which a servant had brought them Wilton began.

"I have a proposition to make to you, Charley, that I know you will not approve, but I must tell you. About a month ago we were cruising off the coast of Brazil. Along toward evening we thought we heard firing off to the right of us. I thought of pirates but was well nigh certain that sea-robbers had disappeared from the western ocean. Nevertheless, from pure curiosity, I ordered the only gun we had brought on board: steam was tucked on and we made for the direction of the firing. Some five miles out we came upon two boats which were engaged in a hot seafight. Scarcely had we arrived when from the larger yet poorer equipped boat we observed the black flag flying. We fired two shots into her and observing that reinforcements had come to her enemy, she turned and fled. I exchanged greetings with the boat we had befriended and was invited on board. I was received by a most royal old gentleman and a beautiful girl whom he told me was his daughter. You will not believe me but that man was none other than Leopold, king of Aldea, and his daughter, the princess Hulda!

They were touring in the royal yacht, "Hulda," when attacked. I was offered a handsome reward but did not accept it, and as the yacht had been disabled and we towed it to Rio for repairs. I remained there three weeks and saw Hulda very often. I loved her and she loved me. I could not take her then, for she dared not leave her father alone. But, one night upon the deck of the royal yacht, I asked her if I could not come and take her when she had arrived safely home. She promised and now I'm

going there as soon as I can make ready, and what is more, you are going with me. We can leave everything in charge of an overseer and we will be back inside of eight weeks."

Ashley at first objected and then refused, but it was of no use, and he finally consented. For a week the "Fairy" was being made ready for her long voyage across the Atlantic. Finally they sailed. The voyage passed monotonously. On the night of the fourth Tuesday they arrived just outside the harbor of Buela the, capitol city of Aldea.

Next morning Wilton went ashore. There he learned that on the previous day an uprising had occurred among some dissatisfied peasants and the king had been assassinated. The princess Hulda had fled to the protection of the fleet and was even now in the harbor guarded by the entire navy of Aldea.

Wilton determined that night to make a bold dash, secure his prize and then sail away. He confided his scheme to Ashley but the latter shook his head doubtfully. Knowing that he must enter the harbor as a boat of the Aldean navy, Wilton had learned by visiting the fortress the signals and these he determined to use in his strange adventure.

The night was scarcely suited to his purpose. It was starlit and cloudless yet still he boldly entered upon his preparations.

Shortly after eleven o'clock, the commandant of the fortress overlooking the harbor noticed a strange steamer moving about in the roadstead. Above on the masthead he saw the flaming signal "Messages for the queen."

"It is the dispatch boat 'Thomas,' " he said.

Nevertheless, as a preçaution, he ordered the big guns trained on the incoming boat. Could he have known at that moment the daring purpose of that small invader, Wilton and his crew would soon have met destruction. The boat was fast approaching the outer circle of gunboots.

The "Fairy" cast anchor not one hundred yards from the royal yacht. From her side a boat was silently lowered, and two sailors sprang to the oars closely followed by Wilton who looked taller than ever in his neat duck uniform, with his yachting cap gracefully tilted on the back of his head. Entering the boat as silently as his two companions he waved his hand and the little craft sped straight for the "Hulda" lying at anchor, surrounded on all sides by the royal navy. Stealthily the yawl crept along, in and out among the big hulks, the great guns frowning down upon her daring commander and his little crew. Twice they were challenged, but the unflinching reply, "A herald with messages for the queen," silenced all opposition.

On the "Hulda" there was not a sign of activity. Stolidly the soldiers on guard stood around the outer railing of the ship. The queen had given orders that no one was to be admitted to the deck. She herself was seated in the stern of the yacht, alone. As she looked up at the brightness of the starlight night. she appeared to be lost in reverie, and at times her face seemed to light up with happiness which suddenly faded and into her beautiful eyes would come a look of unutterable sadness.

The guard standing near her looked pityingly down upon her.

"Tis bad," he muttered, "she is so beautiful. To think of the perils she must face."

Perhaps it was his meditations that made him careless at that very moment. Perhaps it was fate. He did not hear the grating sound as the boat containing Wilton touched the side of the yacht. He was only brought to his senses when the latter's six feet of manhood raised itself above the rail and boldly said, "Good evening, I have messages for the queen."

With levelled weapons three guards sprang to the assistance of their companion and in a minute Wilton's scheme would have been doomed to a failure, but Hulda herself sprang to her feet and with a wave of her hand motioned all the guards forward. Without a word they obeyed.

Tall and graceful she stood there, imperious in her attitude, her long black hair fallingly loosely about her shoulders, showing darker yet against the contrasting whiteness of her gown; Wilton gazed upon her with rapture. She advanced slightly and he, bounding forward eagerly, seized her outstretched hand.

"I have come to take you."

A look of pity entered her deep blue eyes.

"Do you not know that even now you are in danger of your life? Do you not see lights gleaming in the fortress on the hill yonder? You have been seen. A moment ago one of the ship's guns might have blown you to atoms."

She seemed to him to shudder at the thought.

"Hulda, I have not thought of dang-

er nor have I forgotten the promise I made to you two months ago. I love you. I have come to take you as I said. All is carefully planned; will you come?"

"And you have dared, you have risked all this for me?"

"Yes all, and willingly would I risk more."

"O God, that you had come before it was too late. All these days since I told you to come when we met alone on this same deck two months ago, I have watched and waited. Yesterday a cruel assassin killed my father, and the poor misguided people who laid all their woes at his feet applauded the deed. I fled here to the protection of the fleet. Today they came and asked me to be their queen, —and—I promised."

"And you distrusted me, thinking I would never come?"

"I didn't know. It was all so strange, so uncertain. I mean our love."

"But I had told you I would surely come. The yacht is waiting just outside the circle of warships. We must make haste."

She came closer to him.

"Harold," she said, "you have said you love me. I must put that love to the greatest test that mortal knows."

"Come then, if I am taken most willingly would I die if I only knew that you had willed it."

"But it is not that. There is a greater sacrifice that love can make. I must ask you to live and to leave me with my people. My duty is here with them. They are poverty-stricken and ignorant. I am their queen. To-morrow they will place the crown upon my head. No, you must go. It is

hard for me. Go now; I will not forget you. Someday—perhaps—someday."

She took a small locket from her throat and placed it in his hands. He could not speak. Reverently he knelt before her and placed her hand to his lips.

A strange picture they made there. Behind, the grim fortress towering like a lone sentinel on the cliff above. Overhead, the blue heaven set with unnumbered stars, while far beyond the harbor the new moon was fast dropping into the ocean; beneath, the deeper blue of the water, where the stars, reflected, mingled with the scarcely less radiant lights of the gaily decorated ships and seemed to make a brighter heaven below than that For tomorrow the queen above. would be crowned. Herself, the queen, beautiful in the semi-darkness of the deck of the royal yacht, stood alone; before her was Harold Wilton.

There were tears in her eyes as she had spoken her last words. For full five minutes they thus remained. When he at length rose there were tear drops on her hand as well.

Without turning Wilton made his way to the rail and was gone as silently as he had come. The guards returned to their posts. Hulda sat motionless upon the deck and silently wept as the small boat crept noiselessly back to the "Fairy."

Just as she weighed anchor, from out of the darkness of the fortress, a cannon boomed. The shell passed harmlessly over the deck, but before another shot could be fired, far up into the heavens a fiery rocket sped. The commandant of the fort watched it intently. Presently it broke into a hun-

dred green and purple stars; it was the signal from the royal yacht, "Cease firing."

At the coronation next day many an adoring peasant noted the pale face of his young queen.

"Poor girl," many a mother sighed, "too young for the responsibility she must bear." They could not understand.

The "Fairy's" voyage home was uneventful. Wilton never explained to Ashley why Hulda did not come back with him, and he has never had the heart to ask. He has noticed that ever since that memorable day, a vein

of sadness has entered his friend's life. At times he awakens from his lethargy only to return again.

Each year as the anniversary comes round, he receives a little golden locket. Within is the face of a beautiful woman and beneath is the inscription "HULDA, REGINA." At such times as this Wilton takes out the pictures one by one and gazes long at them in turn. The face is now more womanly, it is far more sad, and as he looks at those sad eyes and parted lips, they seem still to murmur to his fancy, "Someday—perhaps—someday."

#### MARCHING THRO' ALMA.

Adapted from the "Triangle Song."

Tune-"Marching Thro' Georgia."

C. W. SIDEBOTHAM, '01.



ING a song together, boys! we'll sing it loud and clear, Sing it with a hearty will, and voices full of cheer; Sing it as we used to sing way back in Freahman year, While we were marching thro' Alma.

CHORUS—

Alma! Alma! Ring out the chorus free—Alma! Alma! Thy loyal sons are we, Cares shall be forgotten, all our sorrow flung away, While we are marching thro' Alma.

Well the old Pine river knew the music of our song; For Arbor Day's festivity our youthful hearts would long; None but the true and loyal were found with us among, While we were marching thro' Alma.

Yes, and there were maidens, too, that heard our footsteps beat, When the moonlight shore along the still, deserted street; We woke for them the echoes with our serenading sweet, While we were marching thro' Alma.

Arm in arm together, boys! we've wandered thro' the night, Step and song in unison, and every heart was light, Ready for a serenade, a class-rush or a fight, While we were marching thro' Alma.

When we take our final walk thro' this dear college town, Though our voices tremble and our spirits may be down, Still this rousing chorus every thought of grief shall drown, While we are marching thro' Alma.

# Alumni Notes. 5£

OUR years have now passed since the class of '98 were endeavoring to impresstheir greatness upon the poor preps and undergraduates, and occasionally, perhaps, putting forth some efforts to ascertain the path in life which the various members would have to tread. Time indeed

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from wandering when an incident' of\* college life is brought to memory, and we are prone to relapse into reminiscences of some special event in the' days of old. And yet this should not be all. We should not be content with recollections or relating what was or might have been, but rather endeavor to possess an active, instead of a passive, spirit. If the days we spent at college were pleasant ones, as well as beneficial, why not strive to give others some of the good results? Why not make an effort to give up some time for your^Alma Mater besides that which is spJq.t in revery? A word at the proper time and the proper place may mean much for the future of some young man or woman, and young men and women are what will insure the perpetuity of the college.

And let us act collectively as well A college has no as individually. better support than an active and united body of alumni. Strife and jealousy may have a place among the undergraduates, and to a certain extent accomplish a purpose, but the alumni should stand as a unit. We would not advocate continuous dissension of any kind, but rather feel that out of troublous times incident to the varying ideas of different natures will come peace, and the belief that on vital questions in their relations with other colleges the undergraduates stand as a unit. The alumni should see this to a greater extent, and realize that to accomplish anything as a body they must act together. trust that this may be the case with the alumni of Alma College, and that as time goes by we may see a powerful body of alumni firmly united in building

'up'tliel'rtterests of their Alma Mater. -

From this time on it will be "Papa" Brooks. The class of '97, receives an honorary member in the person of Gratia Bradstreet Brooks, born Dec. 16, at Marquette. Mr. and Mrs. Brooks were both members of that class. The former is now teaching mathematics in the Marquette High School. Congratulations!

Five members of the alumni had a reunion this Fall in the east. The party consisted of W. T. Johnson, '99, C. W. Sidebotham, '01, and D. S. Carmichael, '01, of Princeton Seminary; W. B. Robinson, '01, of Columbia University; and G. B. Randels, '00, of University of Pennsylvania. Perhaps it is needless to say that the neighbors were aware of the presence of the quintet.

W. T. Johnson, '99, has passed the physical examination necessary for a successful applicant to the foreign missionary field, and expects to sail next Fall for the Orient, thus making another representative of Alma in the foreign work.

A. R. Eastman, '01, and H. E. Reed, '01, are located in Sorsogon, Philippine Islands, engaged in teaching natives. Both received government positions.

Rev. and Mrs. J. A. McKee have returned from their work in Siam, and are now at Alma. Mrs. McKee, nee Clara Booth, was a member of '96.

Frances D. Adams, '98, has returned to her work in the schools at Sault Ste. Marie.

Rev. A. L. Toner, '95, is now preaching at Three Rivers. Chas. E. Blanchard, '93, is also in the ministry, having charge of the Presbyterian church at Big Rapids.

#### IN MEMORIAN

OHN M. Northrup, died on the 28th day of August, 1901, in Detroit, Mich., and his death cast a gloom over the many friends in Alma College, where he entered in the fall of 1899. He was the moving spirit of his coast and plant well. He was a member of the Phi Phi Alpha or as at lower called, the Adelphic Literary Society, and thou an exposure interest in the college athletics. He was compelled to leave where last May. on account of severe illness, from which he never recovered. It was not his intention to return to Alma last fall, but to begin his professional training at the Detroit Medical College, for which he was naturally well fitted.



All. Montous was one of the most popular men in college. was a well general dispassion, with a smile and pleasant greeting for every vice was too best of friends, and a most loyal suppotter with which will will will will will will be and whether in victory or defeat.

Mount Manual Levels of praise. Our recollections of him her symbole will strong and sweet.

J. L. MCBRIDE.



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#### JANUARY, 1902.

HE question among students of the present day is: Why are vacations given? It would seem from the work allotted by instructors

that vacation is the time for writing essays or doing any extra work which may come to one's mind. The student looks forward to a thorougly good and restrict time during the holidays. He labors with extra real, finishes the essays which he has on band, keeps up all his work, missing meach of the pleasant exercise of the terson that he may be free from work which worker conce. Chess, if you con, then the self-control it requires to walk column, east, interestedly, to TALL TO WAY STOP WITH gives extra wax all the first week of the coming with the additional of the second second second william for the first thy of the term and valuerous essues to be written below that two. the instructor in Emplish wishiri a certain author read during the vacation; the Greek professor suggests that the students "look over" certain difficult portions of the work; the science teacher advises that the class review some of the work which has been especially troublesome; and the teacher of thetoricals insists upon the essays for the exhibition being learned before the ovening of the next term. The words of each instructor are: "It will take only a short time and you will find Your vacation the more enjoyable for it." Each forgets that there are other teactures. Then, wishing us a pieasant time during the so-called "holidays" they deather us.

I may seem fact athletics and the yatious literary, musical and religious organizations here at Aleur offer as many advantages as the needage student can improve without neglecting the required work of meclassroom. There is one what have

ever, in which Alma is woefully decxMBXQtmtiatimBEsm any-ipart college work and that is public speaking. It is true that one hour a week 4s devoted- to shetorkate throughout the course and each class "appears in public" at least once each year (the Seniors three times by virtue of their, higher attainments) but the fact cannot be disguised that the quality of literary production and elocution is not improving and in some cases is even \* lower than it was a few years ago. Each year the exhibitions and publics of the iteraryl societies become more prefunctory and less interesting and profitable. Such a state of things should be improved. There would be but little

interest in athletics if it were not for •\*s ^e^^Btesis-with dher teams and for Bur atfw^spidt of Tivafry which is thus created. The same principle holds true, we think, in college oratory. Most of the other colleges in the state belong to the inter-collegiate oratorical association. Every man who has the least oratorical ability enters the preliminaries and does his best to gain the coveted honor of winning first place. If we should exert as much clever diplomacy in trying to gain admittance to the oratorical association as we do in regard to certain matters connected with athletics it is possible that Alma might yet develop orators, who would do credit to the college and redeem us from our present position.

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# Class and Society News

#### SENIOR.

At the coming of the New Year the class of '02 are caused to stop and reflect. We look back over four, five or

Mr. W. J. Ewing and wife spent the first week of the vacation visiting his parishioners at Calkinsville.

Miss Agnes Hope spent her vacation at her home in St. Johns.

Miss Alice Marsh spent the vacation at her home in Grand Rapids.

E. E. Fell attended the State Teacher's Association at Grand Rapids, and enjoyed the rare privilege of hearing Booker T. Washington.

Mr. Long was at his home in Ithaca during vacation.

Mr. Bradfield spent the holidays at Saginaw.

Mr. Brock remained in Alma for the vacation.

Through the courtesy of Mr. Hathaway the Senior class enjoyed a very pleasant afternoon at the sugar factory a few days since.

Mr. Booth spent his vacation in Detroit.

For dark and mysterious reasons of her own, Miss Hope is spending every minute of her spare time practicing climbing up and down the fire-escapes of Wright Hall. We are informed that she has become so skillful she can go clear to the roof without once using her hands or teeth.

The Seniors are contemplating the organization of a basket ball team some time in the near future. If such a step is taken it is a foregone conclusion that we will mop the floor with the other class teams.

The lamb-like fury displayed by the contestants in the recent Freshmen—Sophomore scrap caused many of us to sigh for those good old days when class spirit was a living, breathing thing in Alma. There were enough

Freshmen girls in sight the other morning to make mince meat of the Sophomores, but they were so frightened by the noise that they even forgot their yell. What a contrast with two years ago! Then our girls didn't turn pale and faint away, but sailed in like furies and pulled hair until every one had an opponents scalp dangling at her belt.

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#### JUNIOR.

The Juniors were entertained at the home of H. N. Ronald, Dec. 13, by H. N. Ronald and G. F. McEwen. All members of the class were present except Mr. Helmer who was out of town. A very enjoyable evening was spent.

Prof. Mitchell: (in psychology class) "Mr. Ronald, would you have any preference as to the person with whom you took a trip to Europe?"

Mr. Ronald: (blushingly)"Why, yes."

It is very gratifying to the Juniors to see that the Sophomores and Freshmen have thrown of their lethargy. The rush between the two classes on Dec. 19, though of short duration showed that they have the right kind of stuff in them and that our fears for them in this respect were unnecessary. The classes should be complimented for their spirit and the Faculty for the prompt and energetic manner in which they suppressed the conflict.

A maid there is with light brown hair, who had, of gloves, a foxy pair. Who had, pray do observe the tense, For these fine gloves have vanished hence.

The vanishing did thusly come about,
To her it did seem right and due
That she, these gloves red, knit and new,
Upon a well blacked stove should rub,
And thus to stove-man be a sub.

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"Alas! my woo is very great," did cry the maid,

"In sooth, how shall I 'scape my ma's tirade,

One stove shined thus both well and true,

Won't buy me gloves, red, knit and new."

For instructions in the high art of stove polishing call on Miss M-s-n-g-r...

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#### SOPHOMORE.

Mr.---: "Are you coming back next year, Miss Higbee?"

"No 1 am going to Armour Institute to take a course in Domestic Science."

Sophomore English class discussing the topic, "The appropriate vehicle of vague emotion is music." Mr. Mc-Bride:—"Well it depends on whose playing whether music tells me a story or not."

Miss I., in first year French:—"1am not sure whether this noun is masculine or feminine."

A Freshman (ever ready to volunteer information):—"lasked a second year French student and he said it was masculine."

Miss I.:—"Then it must be so."

We judge Xmas came early to some members of our class, as three of the girls appeared with new rings, several weeks before the 25th. Wonder what it means?

#### FRESHMAN. .

At last the spell has been broken and the Sophomore-Freshman, event has taken place. The impulse was given by the valiant Freshies wearing green ribbons to chapel, Thursday, December 19. The Sophs, saw the hint and accepted the challenge and after the exercises the real fun began. Sophomores, chairs, books and Facul-

ty were piled promiscuously in a heapupon the floor, with the Freshmen on top. The battle ragdd fiercely for sometime, and when hostitities ceased our elder brethren had secured only a few pieces of the trophies of war\* However', we give them credit for being brave and honorable antagonists. But the "greenies" still wear the ribbon.

#### ACADEMY.

Mr. Randels has recently entered the Academy.

• The Fourth Year English class have finished "King Lear."

Wonder why Mr. Sweet carries broken chairs in his coat pocket?

A great deal of interest and enthusiasm has been manifested during the past few weeks in basket-ball, and the "Preps." are the champions. Some very interesting games have been played between college teams and the Academy, and the "Preps." have won every game without the least fear of being overcome by their wiser breth-First the Juniors sought to win ren. laurels, but were so completely turned down that they have failed to put in an appearance for further com-Next came the "Freshies" in bat. their basket-ball slendor, despising the idea that a "Prep." team could withstand their skill and speed. the "Preps." it seemed as though a Freshman had never seen a basketball before. So thoroughly did the Freshmen get beaten, that they too decided to let the basket-ball drop. Now that the classmen were all defeated, the next game was the great game, in which the choicest team from the college met their Walerloo. If we .ruiei > " ir. •;\*

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were inclined to boast, we certainly could say that we have some athletes in the Academy this year, of whom we would be justified to boast. Moreover, we can say that the team which is to represent Alma College this year is composed almost wholly of Academy students.

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#### MUSIC.

The annual orchestra concert was given in the chapel, December 10th. The orchestra was assisted by Miss Anna Louise Gillies, soprano, and Miss Rose Messinger, pianiste. The concert was a great success, both financially and musically. Miss Gillies' singing was certainly a treat. She has a clean, high soprano voice, combined with a most pleasing stage presence She received several well merited encores. Miss Messinger's number consisted of two very difficult Chopin Etudes. They were played with artistic feeling, and an ease which showed perfect mastery of the technique. The orchestra is always appreciated, and Professor Milliken, their efficient certainly deserves great director, credit for their progress, and for placing such a concert before the public.

# ZETA SIGMA.

The evening of December 16th was devoted by Zeta Sigma to a discussion of the question which is to be debated with Albion College in February. The regular prepared program was postponed until the next meeting and every man took part in the debate. The question was ably debated on both sides but no decision was given.

The following men were elected as

officers of Zeta Sigma for the term commencing January 7th: Elton Brock, '02, President; George F. Mc-Ewen, '03, Vice President; Henry Soule, '03, Secretary; Wm. G. S. Miller, '03, Treasurer; J. Wirt Dunning, '04, and H. Norman Ronald, '03, critics.

#### ALPHA THETA.

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The Alpha Thetas received a very pretty Modern Madonna calendar for 1902 from Miss Florence Watrous of Seattle, Wash., who was a member of the society for a year. Also letters were received from Misses Humphrey, Peters and Adams expressing their desire to furnish something for the new room. It is hoped that by the time the room is ready for us that every girl who is, or ever has been a member of the society will have given something toward furnishing it.

After vacation the society meetings will be held in Prof. J. W. Ewing's room.

#### PHI PHI ALPHA.

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The following have lately been initiated into the Phi Phi Alpha Literary Society: C. Ronald, C. Whitney, S. C. Leslie, W. E. Rohlf, F. L. Preston, W. J. Andre and A. Johnson.

At the meeting on December 16th, the Phi Phi Alpha Literary Society elected the following officers: H. L. Griffin, President; D. A. Johnson, Vice President; S. E. Leslie, Secretary; J. Norman King, Treasurer; W. J. Andre, Marshall; W. Ernest Rohlf, Editor; P. Phillips, First Critic; L. Butler, Second Critic

#### ITEM BOX.

Tons of wisdom, sages old,
Doubtless in their head did hold,
For all of that, I'll bet a nickel,
They'd got themselves in an awful
pickle,
Had they attempted to discover
A way to squelch a freshman lover.

Prof.:—"Mr. Miller do you know what the national flower of Germany is?"

Miller:—"Yes sir, I do, it's the cabbage."

The young lady who grounds her claim to the honor of having the largest sized Christmas present on the fact that she received a piano, will undoubtedly concede first place to Mr. Wilcox when she learns that Santa Claus left him a new pair of shoes.

Those American soldiers in Cuba whose stomachs revolted from a diet of embalmed beef, can thank their lucky stars they weren't in the Civil War. A veracious freshman is responsible for the assertion that the union men threw up entrenchments at Vicksburg.

How we long for that day
When Wright Hall will be done,
How we long for the rise
Of Millenium's sun,
How we long for that day
Which will free us from care,
That day of all days.
When Brad, cuts his hair.

Prof.:—"Don't you know what a prophet is?"

Fresh.:—"Of course I do, a profette is a small prof."

"Ring out the old, ring in the new,"
Horses are gone,
Wasp waists too,
When our young man goes for a pleasure
ride,
With a lovely maiden by his side,
In ecstacy he.
In a box coat she,
Both in an automobile,
Lives that man so depraved in taste,
Who envies not this youth, indeed,
Whose one arm guides a horseless steed,
While the other encircles a waspless waist?

"There is one bit of slang," observed the visitor, "which you dorm girls seem rather unfamiliar with."

"What can it be?" asked the janitor in surprise.

"Darn," returned the first as he pointed to a number of fair maidens with holes in their mittens.

Bill:—"Why is a fellow in college like a New Year's resolution?"

Jim:—"Give it up. Why?"
Bill:—"'Cause he's always broke."

All days to me do look alike,
For college life is one fierce "hike,"
Vacations are for profs. alone,
We students must get down and bone,
From morn 'till dewy eve we toil,
Oft with gym dirt our hands we soil,
And if in chapel we recreate,
"Get into the spirit of worship, we're
late."
And so it goes from year to year,
But we have patience, never fear,
We'll wait until those days, the last,
When college farewells all are past,
Then clear the way or woe betide!
For, Whoop! we cut our sticks and slide.



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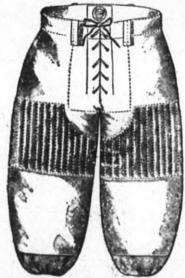
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