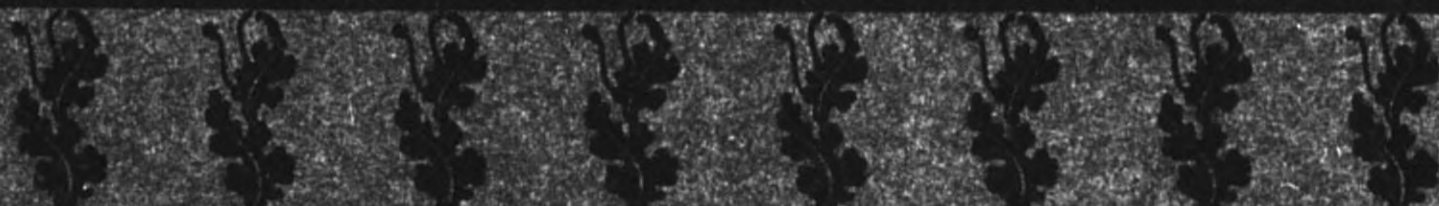
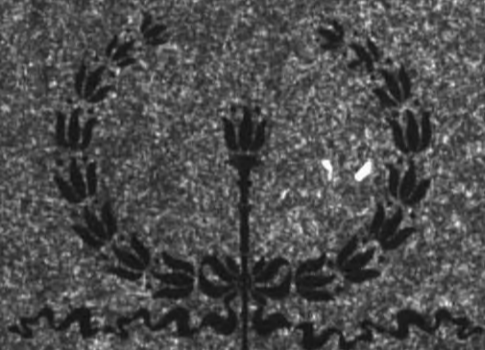
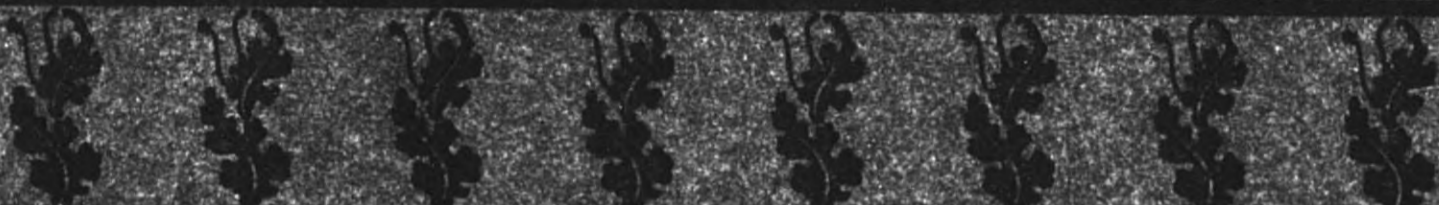


VOL. 3.

MARCH, 1902.

NO. 5.

ALMANIAN



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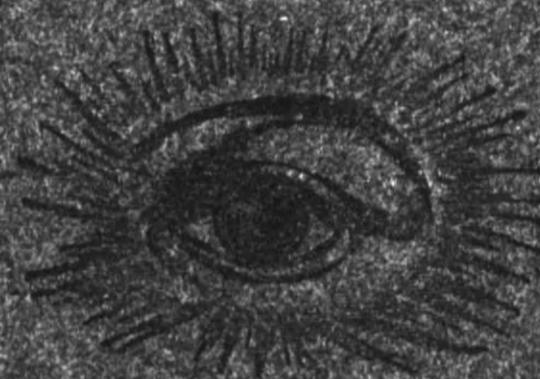
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CONTENTS.



KEZIAH FLOGG, <i>Carolyn Arnold Butler</i> , '01,	103
AN ASCENT OF MOUNT BAKER, <i>Francis Wayland Eply</i> , '92,	105
A CONSPIRACY, <i>A. J. H.</i> , '03,	110
THE FOUR-LEAF CLOVERS, (Poem), <i>Beatrice B.</i> ,	112
MANUSCRIPTS AND THEIR EMBELLISHMENT, <i>Alice R. Marsh</i> , '02,	113
EDITORIAL,	117
ATHLETICS,	119
CLASS AND SOCIETY NEWS,	121
ITEM BOX,	126
ALUMNI NOTES,	126
THE AVERAGE FRESHMAN, (<i>Poem</i>),	128

ALMANIAN.

Volume 3.

MARCH, 1902.

Number 5.

Keziah Flogg.

CAROLYN ARNOLD BUTLER, '01.

IN experimenting with an ouija board last summer a queer experience came to me. My companion was a firm believer in its power, and the message it spelled out after the usual preliminaries purported to be from a young girl dead some sixty years. She told me of some of her life history, and added as a final request that on the following day when I visited a certain country graveyard, that I put a few flowers on her grave—now long neglected. My friend said: "She has been here before to other members of your family and she always makes the same request." I smiled as I promised to investigate the matter, little thinking what the results were to be.

It was in Vermont, that most beautiful little state, where it has often seemed to me that people *must* be good, surrounded as they are with so much of grandeur and loveliness. Next day the train backed with its usual slowness out from the depot shed of the junction—the junction that seems to have been built up for the express purpose of allowing people to wait for trains, and which has a cemetery opposite the station, said to be filled with the bodies of those who have died while waiting there. Three miles through the woods in an accommodation train. You could ride in the baggage car and with the door open, imagine you were on an observation car, about to go through the White Mountains, or you could be respect-

able and sit in a stuffy little seat of the one coach and be treated with water by a boy who passed an immense tin tea kettle full of the *aqua pura* once during the trip. It takes quite a while to go three miles in this part of Vermont, but it seems short as one looks upon the ever changing, and yet always-the-same glories of the mountains only a few miles away with Mount Mansfield towering above the rest, or notices the beautiful ferns and white daisies and golden-rod close beside him. But we were at last put down at our destination—a small village which boasts of a postoffice, two stores, a tavern, the church on the village green and a graveyard. There are, of course, other attractions, but these with the brook and the mountains always come first to my mind.

The graveyard—never a cemetery—is over one hundred years old and so crowded that it is always with danger of falling into some neglected grave that one makes his way about the oldest portion. But right under the shadow of the mountain, its beauty and its antiquity and the memories that cluster about it make it a very fascinating spot to me and this day, after I had visited the corner of the graveyard I loved most, I turned my steps toward the further corner by the fence where my friend of the ouija board was said to be buried—an old stone—fallen—a grave sunken in—I deciphered with difficulty the epitaph:

KEZIAH FLOGG,

DIED, JUNE 6, 1841,

Age, 16 years and 2 months, 6 days.

Stranger, pause, as you pass by,
As you are now, so once was I,
As I am now, soon you will be,
Prepare for death and follow me.

I sat down by the stone and started to copy the epitaph. Before the last word had been written, the sound of a drum seemed to fill the air and many people came from the door of the church,

Impossible! I must be dreaming, but surely I could see soldiers, or at least men with guns and a few with some kind of uniforms. The bell begins to toll. One, two, three, four, up to sixteen, and then three times. "A funeral, a girl sixteen years old," I said to myself. From the church came a procession. A band in front, consisting of two immense bass drums, a tenor drum and two fifes. Men marching behind with guns and a few officers known to be such by immense epaulets and stove-pipe hats with a big plume on top; then a bier carried by four young men and followed by what seemed to be the rest of the village. They came toward the grave where I was and as the casket was opened for a last lingering look, I saw the face and form of a young girl, sweet and winsome. The ropes groaned mournfully as the casket was lowered, a woman sobbed and as the people went away, a young man who had been standing somewhat apart from the rest, came forward to the grave and bowed his head upon it.

The sun shone as brightly as ever; the flowers left by loving hands shed their fragrance around; the dear old mountain looked down protectingly as if to say, "Never mind, dear child, I will take care of you. Everything else goes away; I am here always; I will look after your loved one when you are gone; feel my arms about you and be still." But the sunshine and the flowers and even the mountains were

as nothing to the boy who struggled with the first greatest sorrow of his life—only Time could comfort him.

* * * * *

As I arose from the stone I felt chilly, and thought, "What a day-dreamer I am and what impossible things I dream. How absurd for a young girl to have a military funeral. But who was the boy, I wonder?"

After supper that night I sought the tavern keeper who had known every happening in the village for years. (If I could but give you this picture, and make you hear his old Vermont accent!)

"Mr. Williams, do you know anything about Keziah Flogg?"

"Yes indeed, I do. A very bad case. She was only sixteen when she died, and was buried on a June Training Day. It happened when I was a

boy, but I can just remember it."

Then followed a description of the old Vermont June Training which was a gala day when all able-bodied men and boys were compelled to appear on the training ground for drill and inspection. It compared easily with our Fourth of July and was looked forward to during all the year. "But," I said as he had finished, "who was the young man?" He looked at me in astonishment and I hastened to add, "Was—did she have any brother or lover?"

"No brother, but I believe, now that you mention it, there was some talk of a young man. He went to the war and I never heard of him afterwards. It may have been all talk though."

I pondered. Where had my day-dream come from? The ouija board had signed "Keziah Flogg."



An Ascent of Mount Baker.

FRANCIS WAYLAND EPLY, '92.

MT Baker is one of the several nearly extinct volcanoes that are scattered along the Cascade Range of the United States. It stands on the western slope of the Cascades, nearly at the northern boundary of the United States. It is thirty miles, as the crow flies, from the town of Whatcom, on Puget Sound, and on clear days we can see its dome peering over the

smaller mountains, back and east of us. One of the wondrous sights that greets the eye of the traveler on the Sound boats is this great mountain.

I had often been told that the summit is inaccessible, but being a novice at mountain climbing, the sight of that white marbled dome was always a challenge to me. Last summer Robert Vaile and I, both tired out from a year's hard teaching, set out to see

what we could do toward climbing the mountain. We went south and then east from Whatcom, up the Skaget River Valley to a point east and south of the mountain, then turned north, in order to reach its sunny side. This journey was uneventful until we got to the end of the railroad on the Skagit. Here we took a dreadful stage ride of fourteen miles up the Skagit to the mouth of Baker River which comes in from the north, and is fed by Mount Baker's glacial streams. Here we camped two or three days, then left most of our provisions in a shed (which served as a postoffice) and with our tent, ax, and such food as a little bacon, sugar, tea and Aunt Jemima's pancake flour, and the most meagre cooking utensils, we started up the trail along Baker River, each carrying about sixty pounds on his back. Ach! those packs! how heavy they got! for we were very green at the business. There is all the difference in the world, so far as comfort is concerned, in the way one's pack is arranged. We didn't know it until a kind hearted settler came to our rescue. We saw some bad trail, a good deal of rain, endless hills and woods, woods every where. Some of the trees were enormous. Once we caught trout in Bear Creek, but aside from this we had no luck, for the river is too muddy for trout, and salmon rarely bite.

During this tramp of many miles through the woods we saw no wild animals of any kind, though there are doubtless many of them in this region.

On the third day we came out on the banks of Baker Lake, and finding a sort of boat or dug-out, we rowed across to the United States Govern-

ment Fish Hatchery, located here in the solitude of the wilderness. There were four or five young fellows at the Hatchery, with not much to do just then, and perhaps because they were lonesome, they gave us a warm welcome, a warm supper, and a warm bed. We related all the news we could remember to our news-hungry hosts. "Camping out for a spell is all right," they would say, "but its different as a steady employment."

This lake is about three miles in diameter and is an emerald gem. Enormous hills hem it in on every side. Sitting in a boat one could slap his paddle into the reflections of three snow capped mountains—Mt. Baker, Mt. Shuksan and Old Baldy. Mt. Baker is about eight miles away, but stands up above the lake in overpowering grandeur. Any photograph belittles it; it seems a thing alive. At intervals all day we could hear dull rumblings—avalanches, they told us.

At the Hatchery we were again assured that it is simply impossible to climb the mountain. They had tried it, many had tried it—but still we doubted.

For several days at intervals we saw a thin curling smoke ascending from between the two summits. This only increased our desire to explore the summit. In the meantime we selected a camping place near the mouth of Rocky Creek, and fished and hoped for the arrival of the pack train which was to bring our supplies. Our bacon was low, pancakes and sugar grew monotonous, as did also the fish diet. We weren't after train food just then. But the Hatchery cook made us a loan and we got along. We had our fill of trolling for Dolly Varden trout, with

which the lake teems, and of fishing with pole and line for rainbow trout in a tumbling creek near us.

Before we left town a party of four or five young men told us they expected to take the same trip in a week or two. We resolved to wait for them, and when they came we joined forces and removed to a settler's clearing, somewhat nearer the mountain. The settler is a Bohemian, named Joe Morovits. He is a man of great endurance and can carry a hundred pounds on his back, and tramp all day long over the hills. We told him our plans and he consented, for five dollars a day, to do his best to guide us up the mountain, though he had never been very near the top.

Our equipment was substantially as follows: Bacon, sugar, flour, coffee, baking powder salt, and a few cooking utensils. Each man had a pair of very heavy soled shoes, fitted out with log runner's spikes. Then there were the cameras, blankets, guns and axes. Some had colored glasses and veils.

Early one morning we set out from the clearing. The plan was to follow up Park Creek, which ran from the mountain, for three miles and then to climb up some five thousand feet to the top of one of the great ridges or roots, which extend from the base of the mountain. The first three miles went very well. Our packs didn't weigh over fifty pounds or so, and there was an old trail. At the end of that trail the difficulties began. You must know Washington woods, and underbush west of the Cascades, to begin to appreciate what followed. There is one bush aptly called "The Devil's Club," that is especially ob-

noxious. It has enormous leaves and slender stalks thickly studded with long thorns. These we had to grasp many times with bare hands, to prevent a fall.

When we had climbed up that ridge, forcing ourselves through brush, using arms almost as much as legs, drawing ourselves up by means of the brush which ever stuck downward into our faces, clambering over logs as high as our heads, fording ravines which were toboggan slides to destruction below, we were an exhausted lot, indeed. On the ridge we found open, park-like woods, beautiful in the extreme and untouched by the hand of man. All about were luscious huckleberries, of a kind I had never seen before. But night must not catch us so far from snow line, so we stumbled on along the top of the ridge toward the mountain. This ridge gradually narrowed down until it was only a few rods wide as we neared the snow. We drove deer along ahead of us, but saw none. At last the timber thinned out to a few scrub hemlocks, and the snow lay before us. On each side of us hundreds of feet below were two great canyons; one the bed of a former glacier, the other containing Boulder Creek Glacier. This glacier is about a mile across in some places, shining green or white, in others dirty with moraine material, and everywhere frightfully rough. The evidence seemed conclusive that at no very remote period these glaciers were much larger and extended much further down the mountain than now.

But it was growing dusk, and we hastened to prepare our beds. On such an occasion sleep under a tree is

possible. We did not do so because the trees were too small, and consequently we had some experience with mountain dew. Our hair and blankets were very wet in the morning. We cut hemlock branches and made beds, laying the stems down and bending them, so as to secure the proper springiness. Vaile and I, ignoring the danger that we might turn sleep-walkers and meet our doom, placed our bed within ten feet of the cliff's edge.

By this time our cook had prepared some flap-jacks and coffee, and a more hungry lot of men never sat down to eat. During the meal a shot was heard on up the mountain. We looked and saw a goat running across the snow. Some of us ran in that direction and saw far ahead, Dakin, the forest-ranger, who had slipped away for a quiet hunt. But he would not come in response to our motions so we went on up to him. Before him lay a fine white mountain goat on the snow, and we dragged it to camp; glad of an addition to our bill of fare. Finally, just before going to bed, each man cut a short, stout, hemlock pole, peeled and sharpened it for use on the morrow. We slept. I awoke early and was fortunate enough to get the only good picture of the unclouded summit in the morning sun.

Soon camp was astir, but to our dismay, a cloud soon enveloped the mountain. This meant the death blow to our camera work. After breakfast we concluded to go up as far as we could, at any rate, but two determined to remain in camp. The rest at seven-thirty a. m. with a scanty lunch, three cameras, and our poles, entered the clouds and began the as-

cent. All the forenoon we went up and up, occasionally, however, having to retreat in order to get around huge cracks or crevices in the snow. I say snow, for we did not step upon ice while on the mountain. We were really groping our way along in a very thick fog. Occasionally lava crags projected out of the snow, always showing by their reddish appearance, the evidence of former heat. Everything told us we were on a volcano. After a while we emerged above the clouds and then—what sunshine! what air! what a wonderful billowy sea stretched out on every side! Many were the regrets that it was not clear, for we were thinking of those cameras. But the mountain was clear before us, so we went on. Soon the breath began to get short. We could walk but a few feet before it gave out, but strangely enough one almost at once recovered breath upon pausing. Our sturdy guide was ahead, but he too, had to halt like the rest.

About noon we reached a point below and nearly between the two summits, where we thought we were blocked. Before us were either great cracks in the snow, or perpendicular cliffs of lava. Over these cliffs poured water-falls, and occasionally, loosened by the sun, boulders shot out with the water, bombarding the place where we stood. Enormous masses of snow hung above us, and the thought came more than once, "what if they should topple over upon us." Yet the great crevices seemed to say that the snow was everywhere gradually and softly sliding down the mountain side, and these thoughts of fear vanished. After a short halt, Mr. Lee, the high school

principal, and I concluded to try a possible chance, by moving to the right around the main peak. Just as we started we heard a shout from our guide, who had climbed on ahead of the party, and our hearts froze within us as we saw him sliding with the speed of an arrow downward toward an awful chasm in the snow. But this was a little trick of his, for using his pole as a drag, he stopped in safety on the brink of the crevasse. He then joined us, went ahead out of sight, and after a while shouted that he believed we could make the summit that way. Weary indeed but still determined, we plodded on, beginning to struggle and at last after a wide detour, in ones and two we reached the top of the cliff that had blocked us. Here, at about three-thirty p. m., on a huge pile of soft ash, we ate our lunch. Why did those soft ashes remain there on the brink of a cliff in spite of the winds, the rains and the snows that must have assailed them for years?

Some of us who had the forethought to carry our undershirts, now put them on, for a chilling wind began to blow over the summit and down upon us. Then we were warm. The others nearly froze. We had now reached the lower edge of what seemed to be the former great crater of the volcano. This, though many hundred feet across, is now largely filled with snow. But in its center below us and off toward the lesser peak was a large hole in the snow from which steam and foul odors were issuing. We had plenty of evidence that these fumes were partly sulphurated hydrogen, for the odor of spoiled eggs was at that time very strong.

The hole looked so common place and we were so tired that we didn't go down to it. But the highest pinnacle of the mountain was still several hundred feet above us. Mr. MacPherson and Mr. Handschy remained here and busily worked their cameras, while the ambitious pedagogues, Lee, Vaile and Eply, and the guide, made the last dash for the summit, which we reached without mishap. I carried a chisel with which to make some inscription on the rocks at the top, but there were no rocks; every where was soft and spotless snow. Nearly a mile below was the great sea of cloud, with here and there in the distance, such peaks as Rainier and Shuksan, piercing the clouds like tiny islands in a white and billowy sea. It was a sight that few are blessed to look upon. But it was very cold and after a few snaps with the camera and after giving the fellows below a chance at us we lined up on the edge, congratulated ourselves, and began the descent. The party were soon together again and then the really funny part of the trip began. It was a simple matter to sit down on the snow, put one's stick out behind for a rudder, and lifting the feet, to slide. We had learned our guide's trick. In this way we coasted sometimes a quarter of a mile, keeping a lookout, of course, for crevasses.

We used a rope but very little; once or twice when compelled to go along a narrow ridge between the two crevasses, it was used as a matter of precaution. We followed our own tracks back, but it was dark and cloudy before we reached the edge of the snow, and soon we heard alarm shots. Our shouts brought the rest

of the thoroughly alarmed campers out to meet us. After a good supper we camped again all night at snow line, and in the morning awoke not much the worse for wear, in spite of our extraordinary exertions and the fact that our feet had been in ice water all day.

For many of us the hardest work was yet to come in clambering down that ridge through the brush. We should have had shoes that laced tightly across the instep, but as it was our toes dived into the ends of our shoes at every step. This produced a liberal crop of blisters. But at last we reached the clearing. The second morning began to reveal something we hadn't noticed before—sunburn. Mr. Lee's light complexion blistered fearfully. His wrist was big enough

for two and his face was unrecognizable. He could hardly eat. We all suffered more or less in the same way.


Among lessons that we learned from the trip the following are worthy of consideration: The wise will take along a thick veil and not be ashamed to wear it while on the snow. Colored glasses are probably advisable else many things may appear red on one's return as they did to one of our party, for the light is very trying to the eyes. We believe some kind of a rubber shoe might be worn on the snow to keep the feet dry.

After a few days of rest we returned to Whatcom very well satisfied, for we had climbed the snowiest mountain in the United States, and one that has been ascended but two or three times before.



A Conspiracy.

A. J. H., '03.

HE sun was slowly sinking from sight one summer eve., and in the gentle wind the corn waved to and fro, gradually recovering the beauty of its verdure which all day long had rolled in the melting sun. The cows slowly wended their way up the long lane to the barn, now and then stopping to browse on the way, but being recalled to their duty by the crack of the whip in the hands of the boy following them. The boy was thoughtful and his usual merry whistle was stilled, for in getting the

cows from the back pasture lot he had discovered that one of them had been killed on the railroad which ran through the farm. This was the third cow which had met her death in this way during the month and complaints of a similar nature had come from many farmers of the vicinity.

Captain Rogers was a man who had won great honors in the civil strife, which, a few years before, had nearly succeeded in dividing the nation. He had returned from the war to his family, who had kept up the old farm during his absence. A railroad had

recently been built through the country, and was not sufficiently fenced in to keep the stock of the adjoining farms from straying upon its track and being killed there. The farmers, headed by Captain Rogers, had protested again and again to no avail, and they had been driven to the verge of desperation by their constant losses and the refusal of the railroad company to pay the damages. On the evening, the scene in which has been described, when Frank, the eldest son of Captain Rogers reported the latest loss, the jaws of the father became more sternly set and a light of determination glowed in his eyes. After the evening chores were finished and the evening meal partaken of, he set out to interview his neighbors and, soon had a meeting of fifty farmers, assembled in the farmhouse of his friend and compatriot, Anson Franklin. Captain Rogers addressed the meeting with all the fervor of an injured man, and, as all present were in the same state of mind, a high pitch of enthusiasm was produced. The assembled farmers at last decided that each should pledge to give a certain amount to a fund to be used in a prosecution of the railroad company. Captain Rogers, Anson Franklin and Jerry Townley were appointed as a committee to represent the farmers and with full power to act as they chose.

* * * * *

In the city of Ralston a number of railroad officials were gathered. They were men of great wealth, but to whom had never come a sense of justice or fairness for men lower in the station of life than themselves. We wish to treat them with all fairness, and perhaps they were ignorant to

what extent villiany and criminality were used and to what extent justice was thwarted in the events which were to follow, but if they were ignorant it was no excuse, for ignorance excuses no man. With them were met ten men, one a deputy sheriff and ex-detective who had been suspected of some shady proceedings and the others were all men of very doubtful character. The chairman of the railroad officials addressed the meeting saying that from a distant part of the state complaints had been coming concerning the railroad company and that he wanted an officer and some men to go there and endeavor to prove by any means possible that the farmers of that vicinity had not been injured. John Fox, the detective and deputy sheriff, agreed to attempt this with his band of followers and on the next day set out for the scene of action.

* * * * *

A few days before the meeting of the farmers there came into the vicinity a number of laborers who secured employment with the farmers, for it was the busy season of the year. On the night of the conference, John Fox, for the laborers belonged to his band, was concealed in a place where he overheard the plans of the farmers. That night there was a wreck on the railroad. A passenger train was derailed by an obstruction placed on the track, and five people were killed and many injured. The next morning John Fox appeared with warrants sworn to by himself and a few of his fellow conspirators, accusing Captain Rogers, Anson Franklin and the other farmers who had met with them, with train wreck-

ing. These men were hastily transferred to the city of Ralston instead of being incarcerated in the village jail, under the pretense of greater security. They lay in the jail for days before their trial. These men, honest farmers as they were, used to plenty and the freedom of the country air, were greatly downcast at their lot. Grant Fraser, a rising young lawyer of their community, was secured to defend them. At last the day of the trial arrived. In vain Fraser pleaded the innocence of his clients. A strong web of evidence had been woven around them by the perjured testimony of Fox and his associates who had spied upon their actions when working as laborers. Their bitterness against the railroads which had often been expressed was used against them and finally Captain Rogers and Anson Franklin were sentenced to ten years' imprisonment and twelve of their associates to lighter punish-

ments. Through this conspiracy the best people of a whole community were transported to a distant prison for a long term of years.

Captain Rogers gradually pined away in his cell. Used to freedom and conscious of his innocence, his imprisonment sapped the very life from his existence. At last he was dying and gathered around him were his wife and children, who had come from home to take a last look at their beloved father and husband. His last words were, "I am innocent, and I pray God to protect my family and bring to justice those who have injured me and mine." The other farmers either served out their sentences or were pardoned and their innocence was finally established by the confession of some of the conspirators. Today Captain Rogers is regarded as a martyr in the community in which he lived.



THE FOUR-LEAF CLOVERS.

BEATRICE B.

I KNOW a place where the sun is gold,
And the cherry blooms burst with snow,
And down underneath is the loveliest place,
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

One leaf is for hope and one is for faith,
And one is for love, you know,
And God put another in for luck,
If you search you will find where they grow.

But you must have hope and you must have faith,
And love must be strong and true—and so,
And so if you work and wait and hope you'll find the place
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

Manuscripts and Their Embellishment.

ALICE REBECCA MARSH, '02.

SHOULD you some day chance upon that little book styled The Bibliotaph, you will find between its covers many a pleasing bit of nonsense or sense concerning the doings of one enthusiastic collector of books. Mayhap you will lay the little volume aside with a sigh thinking: "I too, were I but given the opportunity, could so love books."

The enjoyment of books almost irrespective of their contents—the rapture of merely entering a library or large book-store—is instinctive with many persons. It is essentially the same emotion which led a poet to say that "the long dark autumn evenings" would find him

"by the fire, suppose,
O'er a great wise book, as beseemeth age;
While the shutters flap and the cross-wind
[blows,
And I turn the page, and I turn the page,
Not verse now, only prose!"

Far from the last in a list of the delights we, in this day of culture, have learned to enjoy comes beautiful books; books—not merely of valuable reading matter—but books of sumptuous bindings and artistic illustrations, upon which it is a delight simply to look and which one's fingers tingle to touch. In our own country there are a number of presses producing books which, if not wholly the result of hand work, are of so beautiful design and perfect execution as to be worthy of

unstinted admiration. Many an *edition de luxe* has in recent years been put forth, an example of what modern book-makers can do. And it would be an interesting study to see to what extent hand work enters into its production.

This leads us to look a moment at some of the books of recent years which are the result of manual effort. The Kelmscott Press with Wm. Morris at its head inaugurated a movement tending toward a return to the mediæval method of beautifying books. This movement has, within the last decade, received a marked impetus in this country, gaining so rapid a popularity that the sight of a flexible cham-*ois* bound book of olive-green with lining of brilliant satin is now scarcely a novelty.

So this then, as Elbert Hubbard would say, is to introduce the subject of the Roycroft Press. And as Mr. Hubbard is responsible not only for the remarkable springing up in our midst of shops given over exclusively to hand work, but directly so for a large proportion of their output, I am proud to lapse even so little a bit into his imitable style.

While there are several establishments, putting forth very excellent hand work, the palm should certainly be awarded to the genius of the Roycroft Shop. The very suggestiveness

of the name Roycroft—craft of the king—is but a subtle mark of the man's originality. When one looks upon a perfect specimen of Roycroft work, one entirely accepts the statements of the advance notices, concerning the "loving care" bestowed upon the work of the Philistine Press. Take that exquisite edition of the *Ruskin-Turner*, with its copious full-page reproductions of Turner's masterpieces, its delicately colored paragraph marks and head and tail-pieces, its initials imbedded in beautiful little landscapes actually painted right in the book:—could volume be fairer?

Whence then came the inspiration for this sort of beautiful work? Of course Mr. Hubbard's indebtedness to William Morris is great, but we must look for something back of that. And as we notice somewhat the true source of this inspiration, we shall acknowledge that Fra Elbertus faithfully studied the achievements of those whose handicraft he is reproducing.

In olden days, before the use of the printing press, there were three distinct agencies which preserved literature. In the first place there was a much more extensive trade in books than we sometimes realize. And we are not a little indebted to the hoarding of durable specimens by certain notable manuscript dealers for the extent of our classic literature today.

Then we must bear in mind the work of the Universities. This factor comes second not in point of time but because the third agency is so overwhelmingly the most important that we naturally reserve it for the last.

It is to the early church that we owe the most gratitude. Furthermore, the painstaking work of scribes and monks

to which we are indebted for the preservation of ancient literature must be always recalled as a labor of love.

Let us imagine ourselves transported to the door of an Italian monastery sometime in the latter part of the fifteenth century. Wishing to view the work of the scribes we would immediately be led upstairs to the scriptorium, an apartment over the chapter-room; not, as often occurs, a series of small studies in which each scribe is assigned to a particular window. We pause at the door to read the Latin inscription placed above it, and being twentieth century English-speaking persons are thankful to the student who thus translates for us:

"Here let the scribes sit who copy out the words of the Divine Law, and likewise the hallowed sayings of the Holy Fathers. Let them beware of interspersing their own frivolities in the words they copy, nor let a trifler's hand make mistakes through haste. Let them earnestly seek out for themselves correctly written books to transcribe, that the flying pen may speed along the right path. It is a noble work to write out holy books, nor shall the scribe fail of his due reward."

As we enter the large rooms a hush falls upon us to see those writers bending to their tasks with reverent zeal. Near by is an aged man to whom has just been given fresh sheets of parchment, blank except for the rulings on them. On a desk beside him rests a *quarternio* of the New Testament, the book to be copied. Next him a youth is ready for his last stint upon the *Aeneid*. Being in doubt as to one word in his text, he dares not speak to ask for another copy, but places one hand on his heart and the other before his lips thus mak-

ing the designed signal when a secular book was needed. Had he wished a sacred missal, he would have made a motion of turning leaves and super-added the sign of the cross; or if a psalter, his hands would be placed on his head in the shape of a crown, the mark of King David.

Possibly if we take a surreptitious look over the shoulder of one of those young monks we may understand something of how an error might occur. It is monotonous work and requires the closest application. This youth has before him a copy of Saint Matthew's Gospel, open at the sixth chapter; and he is copying the Lord's Prayer. On the first line of the page are the words corresponding to our translation *be thy name, thy*, written without capitals, punctuation or spaces; the next line is *kingdom come thy*, and the next, *will be done in*. And this makes clear how easy it would be in copying mechanically to allow the eye to glance down from the word *thy* at the end of the first line to the same word finishing the second, and so join the words of the third to the first. This error is one of the commonest lapses, though there are various others which help to account for discrepancies observable in the manuscripts, especially so in those of the Aeneid and of the New Testament. The wonder is not that errors exist, but that they were so much avoided.

It would be very interesting to examine the materials used in the busy scriptorium: the parchment with one side smooth and white, (the original flesh side) while the reverse is yellowish and rougher, and the paper, a material which has been in use since the eighth century; the pen made

from the calamus reed or the feather of a bird; the ink which was to withstand the ravages of centuries; beside pen-knives, pumice-stone, rulers, weights and all the furniture of a well-ordered desk.

In a far corner of the room sits a skilled worker whose special task it is to add to the manuscript the rubrics. He has just received a quaternio from the hand of a scribe and will now insert, probably in colors, the title-page, a list of chapters, head-lines and a colophon. This concluding note, sometimes written by the scribe himself, is a significant part of the manuscript, betokening as it does the frame of mind with which the writer concluded his task. A similar note will readily be recalled as seen at the end of the Roycroft publications. For example, the Roycroft edition *de luxe* of Mr. Hubbard's "Little Journeys to the Homes of Famous Women" has on its last page a paragraph in red which reads somewhat as follows:

"So here endeth 'The Little Journeys to the Homes of Famous Women,' by Elbert Hubbard, made into a book and completed—thank God—this third day of October, eighteen hundred and ninety, at the Roycroft Shop, which is in East Aurora, New York."

Such a note as this bears unmistakable marks of Mr. Hubbard's hand, but must not be regarded as entirely original with him. That he has so thoroughly caught the mediæval spirit, which breathes from the old books, is a great part of the artistic value of his work. The following are a few specimens of these notes, selected simply to illustrate the different emotions experienced at the conclusion of a

laborious task. Apologies are offered for somewhat uneven translations of none too classic Latin:

"Mayst Thou be praised, O Christ, since this book is put in order. The wearied hand and pen likewise have at last become quiet."

Another expressed this prayer:

"May the writing of this book be a blessing. Amen."

One hopeful writer says:

"I have finished my book, having written the end with pleasure. I am worthy, now that directions have been carried out, of the promised reward."

And one facetious individual lapses into rhyme to this intent:

"Now I have written the whole thing: in the name of Christ give me a drink." [Nunc scripsi tolum: pro Christo da mihi potum.]

But the manuscript must go thro' still another person's hands before it is ready for the binder. Probably we might find in that same scriptorium a monk, who shows not merely in his robes but still more in the way he receives a deference not accorded the ordinary scribes, that he is held in especial respect by his associates. He is sure to be seated with the best possible light on his desk, while spread out before him are his tools—the colors. He is the illuminator. Notice how carefully he touches up that initial, and with deft stroke brings out the curves in a brilliant red. Then with a sweep he prolongs the lines into the margin, soon making a formerly dull looking page glow as if instinct with life. He turns back a leaf to look at some completed illumination, and we see there a perfect little picture taken from the peasant-life about: a housewife bending over her

hearth, with garrulous neighbors talking in the door-way. The colors used are mainly red, blue and gold, with a sprinkling of green, purple and yellow, white and black. The preparations of the gold is of special interest, about which an authority writes: "When we read of a *codex aureus* or *argenteus* (a manuscript in gold or silver) we must understand one in which not the back-ground but the letters are of those substances. Usually to heighten the effect of these colors the whole leaf was dyed a deep purple. The effect is extremely fine. The description of a book as *aureis literis rutilans* (with a ruddy glow from its golden letters) precisely gives the impression to the eye. The gold was laid on with exceeding care and burnished, a single page containing more than a hundred separate and delicate pieces of burnished and shining gold."

When the last loving touch of brush and pigment has been laid on, the several quaternios which are to form the volume are given into the hands of the binder. Here they are placed between solid wooden boards, and holes being bored through wood and parchment, they are tied strongly together and the embossed and jeweled or otherwise embellished leather is fitted on and securely fastened. So with patient watchfulness the last part is given and the workman is ready to turn with naught but devout and pleasurable anticipation to the task of beginning another volume.

Can we ever measure the debt of gratitude we owe to those mediæval workers? Or fully appreciate how much is being done for us by living handicraftsmen, who are trying so sincerely and succeeding so admirably to effect a return to the methods of work in which joy in the accomplishments of one's fingers is the main-spring of all that is wrought?



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MARCH, 1902.

ALTHOUGH the talk given by William Jennings Bryan was in many respects edifying, there was one point which the popular

orator emphasized with which we wish to take issue. In enumerating the advantages which the small college possesses over the large, he called the small college a democracy. Now, not only is Alma College not a democracy, but, furthermore, we are far too enlightened not to be devoutly thankful that she is not. Time was when the promoters of this College with kindly intention but reprehensible judgment, proclaimed from pulpit and platform a democratic policy as the one in vogue here. But that has long since blown over, and now the rights of the few are justly recognized. We may not be old enough or big enough to have full-fledged fraternities or sororities; but what's the need anyway, since finally clique lines have become so thoroughly defined that they are recognized both by those included within their boundaries, and those who are not? At one time it might have occasioned some surprise that the social life during a vacation period of half a week should not only circle about, but be largely given over to one particular set of students. But "the world do move," and we are in the procession. We can at least applaud to our hearts' content when the members of *the* set administer smiles, or look on in supercilious contempt at the efforts of the weaklings to amuse and entertain themselves. So here's to US! Rah for Alma and her cliques! May they always thrive!

WHAT is wrong with the social life of Alma College? Probably no other question has excited so much inquiry among the majority of the students during the past semester as this one. While in intellectual,

financial and athletic lines Alma is making great progress, there is no denying the fact that during the first half of the year just past, the social life of the institution has not been what it should be. Everyone seems to have a different solution of the problem. To the old student who looks back to the halcyon days of the past, when society at Alma was astir, and the Friday evenings at the "Dorm" were something more than mere "conversation parties," the present situation seems utterly devoid of interest. The blame for this backward step cannot be placed entirely upon the shoulders of any department of the College. It has been sought by some to attribute it entirely to the stringency of the rules governing the social life of the students. This is manifestly unfair, for conditions within the student body have necessitated this increased surveillance on the part of the faculty. In an effort to build up that essential portion of the small college, the Academy, there has been a tendency toward the extreme, and recently the fifteen-year-old "prep." has come to be almost as great a factor in college life as the "grave and revered senior." Of course both must be brought under the same code of social regulations. In a sectarian college like Alma, where many of the forms of amusement, such as dancing, card parties and the like, must be forbidden, a substitute should be pro-

vided. This must come from the student body. The failure to provide this substitute is the main cause of the difficulty. Before this can be supplied there must come a change in the student body itself. A young lady, who is considered one of the representative girls of the college, is reported to have said that there are very few boys in the college who know the rudiments of society, and that there are not a dozen whom she would care to have enter her home. Another attributed the lack of interest in the social evenings to "slowness," as it was termed, on the part of the young men. It should not be forgotten, however, that Ladies' Hall is the home of the young ladies, and they are responsible for the pleasure, or lack of it, on these evenings. However true these statements may be, it is certain that unless a greater spirit of unanimity prevails things will remain just where they are. A change can be brought about in three ways, and only by all three working in harmony. The faculty can offer greater inducements to students, true college students with college spirit; the girls of the college, feeling more the responsibility for the social life of the institution, can make greater efforts to make social functions sources of pleasure; the boys of the college can put forth greater efforts to conform to the requirements of society and to familiarize themselves with its niceties.





ATHLETICS...

AS spring approaches, the basket ball teams and the "gym" classes look longingly through the screened windows into the sunshine beyond. The indoor work of the winter season has been very satisfactory indeed. The basket ball teams, though composed quite largely of those who are new at the game, have been doing excellent work. The ladies of the afternoon class engaged the ladies of the evening class in a game, and the result was surprisingly satisfactory. The boys' teams have had several games between themselves, beside two trips—one to Grand Rapids where we met the city Y. M. C. A. team; and the other to Lansing where, with the first and second teams, we met the Governor's Guards team and also the M. A. C. team. The game Feb. 28, with Bay City Y. M. C. A. will probably be reported in another column. On March 7, the M. A. C. team plays a return game in our gymnasium. This is beyond doubt the strongest basket ball team in the colleges of the state, and we can assure every one who desires to see up-to-date basket ball that he will see it if he attends this game. We are not willing to own ourselves defeated simply because we were beaten in the opponent's stronghold, but feel sure

that M. A. C. must put up their strongest game if they win from us again.

The annual indoor meet which took place on February 21, was enjoyed by all who witnessed it. The contestants showed clearly that they had been doing their work through the past season. The tumblers, in particular, won much applause. Two college records were established—that of the high kick by Schenck, who kicked 8 ft. 6 in., and the fence vault by Glass, height, 6 ft. 2 in. Indoor work is valuable, not so much as an end in itself, but rather as a means to an end. By indoor work the men are not only kept in physical condition, but they are developed and strengthened for the coming spring work; viz., track and base ball. The wrestlers are beginning to get into their work. A prospective wrestling match with M. A. C. has added enthusiasm to this work, and we see no reason why such material as we have shall not win from any college in the state. The time seems to drag, as we look upon our new athletic field and see it in its unfinished condition. An early spring will certainly be most acceptable this year, that the work upon the field may be begun as soon as possible. The outlook for winning track and base ball teams is as bright as might be reasonably expected. While we may

not be strong in every event of the track work, we certainly shall be able to land more than our share of the first places this year. The hand ball tournament is not yet finished, and the results will be announced in a later issue. This is certainly an attractive sport, and not only does it develop strength of body, but it also quickens the muscle, the eye and the intellect.

T. W. M.



BASE BALL.



I HAVE been asked to say something of Alma's base ball prospects for the coming season. To attempt to make any predictions of the outcome of the coming season, when its opening is still a month away, and the schedule thus far is largely a matter of speculation, would be useless. Still there are always prospects. Judging from four year's experience in base ball at Alma, the material on hand is perhaps the best that Alma has had since '98, when no less than thirty candidates tried for the various positions.

Of last year's team, there are Baker, who will this year captain the team. McBride, Fuller, Robinson and Helmer are also ready to enter the game this season. McBride is at present the only pitcher in sight. Hard, who has demonstrated that he can win games when properly coached, may enter college in time to work into shape for the season. A number of new men have aspirations for pitching honors, but at this early date no judgment can be formed. McBride can be depended upon for his share of the work, but at least two pitchers are essential to

any team. Dunning, who has caught for three years, but was out of school during last year's season, will try for the position, while the new material may develop another catcher. Fuller and Baker will probably hold infield positions, with first base and shortstop yet to be filled. Robinson and Helmer will be seen in the outfield.

With the view of an early season, indoor work will be started in a week or two, although it will not be emphasized. Outdoor work will probably begin immediately after the Easter vacation. One thing that will handicap base ball on the start is the condition of the field. The grading of the new athletic field has torn up the outfield so that the position of the diamond must be changed, for the new field will not be in condition when the season opens. This will make practice in team work backward.

From a player's standpoint, the one thing essential to having a successful team is a good schedule. Without interest any team is liable to fail. Interest can only be maintained by giving the players something to work for. It should be the aim of the management to secure a number of college games. Alma's position in the athletics of the state warrants this, and already propositions have been received from three of the state colleges. What the players want is plenty of games. The season should open with practice games the last two weeks of April.

If we have a good schedule, good coaching and enthusiasm back of the team, there is no reason why Alma cannot have a successful base ball team this spring. J. WIRT DUNNING.

Class and Society News

SENIOR.

Mr. Fell went as a delegate of the Y. M. C. A. to the convention of Mission Volunteers at Toronto. He reports a pleasant and profitable time.

Mr. Bradfield was absent from his classes several days on account of illness. His 'face value' has so depreciated that he finds it necessary to wear a brand new set of blooming burnsides in order to make it assume its customary proportion.

Miss A.:—"What does Oliver Wendell Holmes say in regard to the publication and reading of novels?"

Mr. Booth:—(doubtfully) "Of making many books there is no end."

Miss A.:—"Wasn't that Emerson?"

Solomon's Shade:—"Great Scott!"

Dr. Bruske's pathetic appeal for the return of the pulpit, struck a responsive chord in the breasts of some of us, but there seemed to be a conflict of interests.

Mr. McCabe, class of '98, renewed acquaintances in the senior and other classes, a few days ago, having come to attend the annual banquet of the Zeta Sigma Society.

Mr. Booth and Mr. Brock are enjoying a slight respite from hard study on account of the postponement of the debate. It seems almost providential as we feared that Mr. Brock's health would fail under the strain of overwork. He has been so diligent in study of late that he seldom finds time to attend a recitation.

We might relate an interesting episode of a few nights ago, in which a young man of the senior class and one of the senior girls were participants, but the tale is somewhat lengthy and we will refrain. Particulars may be obtained from a certain junior girl.



JUNIOR.

In the hand ball tournament which has been in progress recently, W. R. Baker won the championship in the singles.

Mr. Webber and Mr. Miller of the Junior class are attending the Toronto convention as part of the delegation from the Y. M. C. A., and Miss Hazleton is one of the delegates from the Y. W. C. A.

Mr. McEwen has been forced to leave college on account of the ill health of his brother, whose position he is filling as postmaster at Gladstone.

Mr. Ronald, the first member of the Alma delegation from the junior class and chairman of the delegation to the Battle Creek Convention was elected secretary of that convention.

In the recent indoor meet Mr. Fuller won the running high jump. He also won the championship in the heavy weight wrestling.

The juniors all through their college course have striven to advance athletics as have all other college students. We have worked with voice, heart and muscle in all athletic games. Hitherto this work has been divided,

and in public games the boys have been forced to use all the muscle and skill while the girls have been confined to heart and lung work. We hailed with delight the advent of basket ball and waited anxiously for the time when two teams of fair co-eds could be pitted against each other and the boys would show their appreciation by hearty enthusiasm. But our hopes were doomed to disappointment and the faculty ban was placed upon a public game. We hope that their decision may be reversed and that athletics among the girls of the college may receive an incentive by allowing public contests as is done in other co-educational institutions.



SOPHOMORE.

Miss Bair was unable to attend classes last week. Strange that a Junior should suddenly find the walk to the college so far.

Mr. Paul Kellogg, of Mt. Pleasant, a member of our last year's class, spent a few days with Mr. Dunning.

The Soph. Rhetoricals class, which is studying the Adornments of Discourse this semester, is expected to rival Bacon.

A young lady of our class, drawing a long sigh:—"If I can only get a good school I don't care whether I ever get married or not.

Miss X.:—"Mr. Dunning do you know where the pulpit is?"

Mr. D.:—"No, but I know where it used to be."

There is a story told of a Sophomore boy which goes like this: The boy, perhaps homesick or for some other reason, wrote home that he was feel-

ing miserable and begged that he might come home over Sunday to rest. The letter reached his parents but there were measles in the house and they knew not what to do. The anxious, frightened father boarded the first train to go to his son. He arrived and asked to see him immediately. He was taken to the college gymnasium and shown into the exhibition room just as his sick son, with gloved hands, stepped upon the mat to box.

Among the delegates to the recent conventions the Sophomore class has been well represented. Mr. Hurst and Mr. Wolfe attended the convention at Battle Creek, and Miss Higbee, Mr. McBride and Mr. Winton the Student Volunteer convention at Toronto.



FRESHMAN.

Eight members of the Freshman class will compete in the oratorical contest for the medals given by the New Jersey Alumni Association.

J. Norman King spoke at the Y. M. C. A. Convention in the Student's Conference on the missionary work in Alma College.

Nettie Thorburn has been obliged to return to her home at Holt, on account of sickness.



KINDERGARTEN.

The air was full of excitement at a meeting held for the purpose of electing officers for the Fræbel Club. On the usual ballot for President there were twenty votes cast, of which Miss Notestein received eighteen, Miss Iles one, and Miss Mabel Sweeney one. They then proceeded to elect Vice-Pres. The result was eighteen votes for Miss

Winer, one for Miss Iles, and one for Miss Sweeney. When the vote for Treasurer was taken Miss Iles and Miss Sweeney bolted and said, "they had voted for themselves every time and if the girls didn't see fit to give them an office they would not vote," so the result of the ballot for Treasurer was eighteen votes for Miss Bradfield. As yet all are peaceable in the Kindergarten department.

Miss Breece, of Mt. Gilead, Ohio, has entered the Kindergarten department.

Miss Addie Sweeney "just loves" to make fudge, and Mr. Miller "just loves" to eat fudge.

The Seniors were royally entertained by Professor and Mrs. Notestein the evening of February nineteenth.

We understand that the roof of the porch of the Kindergarten rooms furnishes excellent reserved seats for the gymnasium.



ACADEMY.

Miss A.:—(in fourth year English) "Miss Watson, who was Plato?"

Miss W.:—"Plato was the god of the underworld."

Any person wishing to take lessons in the Fistic art will please inquire of Mr. Rohlf. For references call on Leslie.

A bright member of the Physiography class has told us that air is composed of carbolic acid and nitrogen.

Mr. Kelton recently spent Sunday with his parents in Bay City.

Some members of the Academy have organized a Junior Moustache Club—the outcome remains to be seen.

The classes on the second floor were entertained recently by Miss Allen's singing class. The class contains some very promising voices, and we may expect something out-of-the-ordinary in the near future.



MUSIC NOTES.

Four new pupils have entered the Piano Department: Miss Lena Dyer, of Stanton, Mrs. A. J. Hall, Mrs. E. Hannah and Mr. Bert Leonard, Alma.

The second pupils' recital of the year will be given in the Chapel, Tuesday evening, March 18. The Ensemble Class will play the first movement of the Third Beethoven Sympeony.

A new Harmony Class was started at the beginning of the second semester.

A Sacred Song Recital will be given in the Presbyterian church the second week in March.

The Glee Club is preparing for a concert tour during the Spring vacation. They will sing first in Ithaca.



Y. W. C. A.

Misses Higbee, Kelley, and Hazelton were chosen as delegates to represent the Young Women's Christian Association at the Student Volunteer Convention held at Toronto, Ont., Feb. 26 to, March 2nd.

Much help and inspiration was given to the association through the visit of Miss Simms, the state secretary. The purpose of Miss Simm's and Mr. Ewald's visit was to awaken interest in the Volunteer convention, and the result shows that the work was accomplished even above what

we had dared to hope. The young women send three and the young men five delegates to Toronto.

The annual business meeting for the election of officers was held Monday, Feb. 10. The officers elected for the ensuing year are as follows: President, Miss Louise Strange; vice president, Miss Laura Soule; secretary, Miss Winifred Kelley; treasurer, Miss Beryl Kefgen. The newly elected officers enter upon their respective duties April 1st.



Y. M. C. A.

Mr. Ewald, Secretary of the Ann Arbor Association, visited the College February 3rd, in the interest of the Student Volunteer Convention at Toronto.

Messrs. Ronald, Gaunt, Helmer, King, Wolfe and Hurst were the Alma representatives at the State Convention in Battle Creek. Mr. Ronald acted as Secretary of the convention.

The officers for the coming year are: Pres., H. N. Ronald; Vice-Pres., W. F. Webber; Rec. Sec., A. J. Helmer; Cor. Sec., H. G. Gaunt; Treas., F. R. Hurst.

The Association elected Messrs. Fell, Miller, McBride and Winton as delegates to the Toronto International Convention.



ALPHA THETA.

The following officers were elected for this semester: Pres., Miss Marsh; Vice-Pres., Miss Messinger; Rec'd. Sec., Miss Higbee; Treas., Miss Dearing; Cor. Sec'y., Miss Graun; Critics, Misses Holiday and Bair.

The Society was entertained at the

homes of the Misses Dearing, by the newly elected executive committee, Monday evening, February 17.

The committee on furnishing the room in Wright Hall have had the chairs and tables re-varnished, and a window-seat made. They are also going to purchase curtains and rugs. This will make our new room much more pleasant.

A rug, a head of Circe, three dollars and a picture are some of the gifts received during the past few weeks.

Misses Tipping, Blatz, Thacker and Stringham will be initiated as soon as we move into Wright Hall.



ZETA SIGMA.

On Feb. 3, Mr. Frank Hurst was initiated into the secrets and mysteries of Zeta Sigma.

The date for our annual public has been set for March 17.

Mr. Lucius Bagley has been elected vice-president and chairman of the executive committee to succeed Mr. McEwen.

The Zeta Sigma Society regrets the absence of their vice-president, Geo. McEwen, who was called to his home in Gladstone on account of the serious illness of his brother. We are informed that Mr. McEwen will probably not return this year.

February 22, is always looked forward to with pleasure, and after it is past, remembered as one of the great days of the year by every loyal Zeta Sigma, not only because it is the anniversary of the birth of the noble Washington, nor indeed do we welcome the day wholly because of the annual banquet, although every dorm-

itory victim appreciates this part to the fullest; but because the 22nd, is a time when all Zeta Sigs., active and honorary, come together and renew old acquaintances and form new ones; when we can listen once more to Fell's worn out stories and Prof. Henry's new ones, and laugh without fear or restraint; and when we can listen to the most admirable jokes of a most exquisitely charming toastmaster and to most elaborate responses to many toasts which might possibly have been better appreciated had our stomachs not been so severely taxed.

This year's banquet was one of the most successful to which the society has ever been seated. Prof. Henry was the guest of the society and added greatly to the enjoyment of the occasion. We were also pleased to have with us the following honorary members: Mr. Franklin Warren McCabe of Lansing, Mr. Paul Kellogg of Mt. Pleasant, and Professors Mitchell and J. T. Ewing and Mr. Egbert Fell of the college.

The following account of the first public of the Zeta Sigma society may be of some interest. It shows that we have made some progress, for even though the essays and orations which are given in the regular meeting and in public may not be of the highest order they are better than declamations. In these days even a Freshman would be ashamed to inflict anything but an original production upon his hearers:

The result of Zeta Sigma discipline was observed by the body of students and some citizens for the first time last Friday evening. The "Public" so long promised, was opened with prayer

by Dr. Hunting, who was followed by the Quartette with one of their selections. The "spirit of the Zeta Sigma" was set forth clearly, definitely and pleasingly by its president, J. T. Norton, and the society had reason to feel proud of its leader. J. A. Torney declaimed the virtues of Washington, whose birthday, by the way, was the day following and whose noble attributes furnished themes for a large part of the program. A. F. Waldo enlarged on the birth and bondage of American liberty, in a manner that at once did honor to himself and his society. Waldo has that in him which promises to develop into a wonderful man. He was followed by W. E. Gibson on "The Wonders of Telegraphy" in whose essay were many indications of experience and practical knowledge of the marvelous art. A. L. Toner's selection for a "Dec." was from Emmett's death plea. The selection is an excellent one, being full of intense feeling and gives scope for no little power. He was followed by Miss Ora M. Sanford, one of the "new students," who played a selection from Mendelssohn in a very pleasing manner. She is not a member of the Zeta Sigma (it boycotts the girls).

Waring, who was on the program, was ill at the time with the measles. R. J. McLandress enlarged upon the imagination satisfactorily. He is very attractive in his writing and delivery. Jas. E. Mitchell was at his best with a selection from Webster and received hearty and merited applause. Then came Pratt, who, except for a selection by the Quartette which was encored, closed the exercises of the evening. His subject was, "What Shall I Do?" and a very practical application

of the title, at least, was to be seen when he was presented with a bouquet presumably from some of his admiring lady friends. He smiled and bowed, —he *knew* what to do. His article was a very good one, indeed. Visitors from away pronounced the program as an excellent one in every particular. Try again.—*Alma News*, Feb. 28 '89.



ITEM BOX.

MY AIN COUNTRIE.


F. H. '04.

O take me back to my ain countrie
Where the swallow skims the milk,
Where the mountain paths wind bobbins
from

The finest kind of silk
Where, "After the Ball" was never heard
Or "Just as the Sun Went Down"
Where the toughened barley has its beard,
But the student moustache is unknown.
Where the railroad ties the nuptial knots
And the bakers raise the dough
Where the Ship of State is pitching her tent
Above the Wild West Show,
Where the cement walks in sleep at night
Where birds don't fly off in a rage,
'Tis common to see a canary 'longside
"The Bird in the Gilded Cage."
Where the table legs it here and there,
The old bed springs and ticks,
Like "Der Wacht am Rhein" in the Father-
land
Where the hens are laying bricks.
That's where labor's fruits are ripe in June.
Where the watch dogs are never tied
That's where the strawberry grows on the
straw,
And the gooseberry grows on the goose.



Alumni Notes.

 **P**LANS are being made to make "Alumni Day" of Commencement week a time of general reunion upon the part of alumni and former students. Now that the alumni of Alma are beginning to be of sufficient number and power, there is no reason why they should not come together at least once each year and plan for the general welfare of their college, for who can better appreciate the advantages of the institution or see its needs than those whose crucial time was spent within its influence? And it is needless to say that such gatherings would be attended with pleasure,

as it would be the only opportunity for seeing many of our former associates and talking over the times when "we were young." Thus we would appeal to former students on the two ideas, to be present that they may aid in forming the future policy of the college, and to enjoy a pleasant time with friends of old. Then, too, your presence will have a beneficial effect upon the present study body. The opinion would otherwise prevail that your absence proved conclusively your lack of interest in your Alma Mater and would tend to injure good prospects for the future. A public program will be given Wednesday of

Page 120
Named under
record on 198
team with
McLeary, Nyr

commencement week in the afternoon and will consist of productions by four representative alumni. Following this a base ball game will be played between the college team and a team made up of the pick of teams of former years. In the evening will be introduced a new feature: viz., a banquet. From the reputation and ability of many alumni in gastronomics this should prove a great inducement. At any rate we trust "Alumni Day" this year will not belie its name, but prove the beginning of a long number of annual reunions.

Two former Alma students, Eugene Tinker and Glenn Robinson, were at the head of their classes for the first semester's work at the Michigan Mining School. Reuben Brown, who also attended both institutions, has a very good position as chemist for a large manufacturing company.

Harry W. Wright, with '99, is in his fifth year at Cornell. He will get his "Ph. D." this year. He has just been elected president of the Graduate Philosophical Association at that institution, and is also at the head of the Cornell branch of the S. A. E. fraternity.

Wyandotte now has at least five former Alma students. They are Misses Mertha Peters, '98, Winifred Carl, '01, Nellie Hitchings, K. G., '96, all of whom are in the city schools, and Mr. and Mrs. Norman Coan. The latter attended Alma as Miss Mabel McLeod. Miss Carl will read a paper before the Wayne County Teachers' Association at its next meeting.

Fred R. Perry, '97, is still with Parke, Davis and Co., at Detroit.

Miss Grace Paddock, K. G., '95, is teaching at Adrian.

Rev. Frank P. Knowles, alias "dad," is now pastor of the Presbyterian church at Iron Mountain.

David Magaw, '00, and Hugh McDonald with '02, those football fiends, at last reports were on a still hunt in the wilds of Canada.

"Jimmy" Martin has become a benedict, but continues his work at Lane Seminary. Mrs. Martin attended college as Grace Hedges.

Miss Winifred Heston, '96, is also in Cincinnati, preparing herself for work as a medical missionary.

Jacob Klaasse, '97, is pastor of the church at Mariaville, N. Y., and has a very pleasant location.

F. W. Eply, '92, has charge of the Department of Natural Sciences in the State Normal at New Whatcom, Wash.

Geo. Kinne, with '02, has become an auctioneer, his present itinerary taking him through Ohio.

Weston T. Johnson, '99, has been formerly accepted by the Board of Foreign Missions, but the field has not yet been selected. Before leaving this country "Johnny" will be married to Miss Sadie MacLeod, who entered Alma College with the class of '02, and who has been teaching for the past three years.

Alex. Wills, who took special work during '95-6, has become a benedict and is living at Toledo. Alex. has had continued success, and is now with the Craig Shipbuilding Company.

After six year's service in the West Bay City schools, Miss Allie Lovejoy, K. G., '95, has taken up work in the schools of Petoskey.



The Average Freshman.

WHEN dear Willy starts for college,
How his loving parents dream,
Of a brow bulged out with knowledge,
And of essays by the ream.

That when he comes home once more,
He'll have glasses on his nose,
Honors, at the least a score,
And he'll never write in prose.

Christmas comes: how sad and shocking!
Here is Willy; half-back now,
And from foot ball, not from cramming,
Come the bumps upon his brow.

Hair, six inches long; complexion
Tanned, not pale from nights of toil;
And he's burned far more tobacco
Than of classic midnight oil.

Standings, mostly "C" or lower;
Verses, not a single rhyme,
Tho' he writes for sporting columns
When he thinks he has the time.

Memberships in clubs a dozen;
"Frat." is his ambition's crown,
Values more his big "A" sweater
Than full dress, or cap and gown.

Speaks strange tongues; not Greek or Latin,
But such words as these: "high ball;"
"Pony," "flunk," "exam," "cinch," "kick-off,"
"Goo-goo eyes," "cut gym," "five all."

All our ideals rudely shattered,
To the real we meekly bow;
What a change from mother's Willy
Is this college fellow now!

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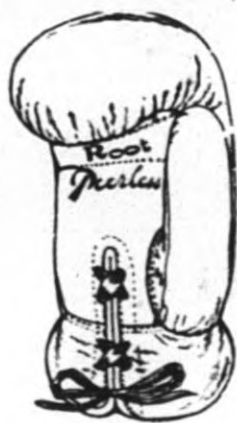
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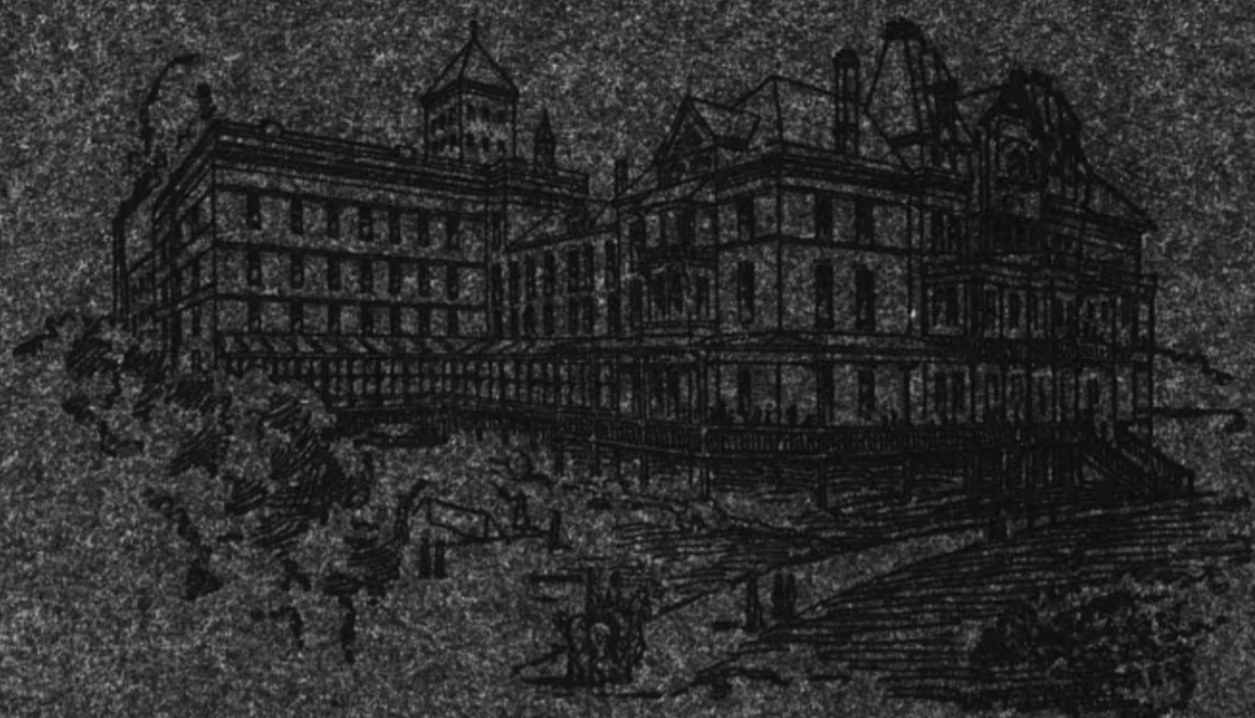
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