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ALMANIAN.

Volume 3.

APRIL, 1902.

Number 6.

A Question of Ninety-Five Dollars.

MARJORIE WARD DEARING, '05.

 **A** WINTRY day fast merging into still more more wintry evening; dark, lowering, grey-black sky above; hard, frozen, brown earth beneath; a cold, grey fog settling down over all the city. Already the lights had begun to glimmer along the streets, and houses that were now but great, dark masses, rising up in faint relief against the leaden sky began to send forth kindly shimmers from their windows, seeming to beam friendly encouragement upon belated travellers, until some unsympathetic inmate came to draw the curtains and make the house more dismal looking than before.

Down at the City Hall Transfer,

Rex Stuart was waiting, cold and shivering, for the University car. Far down the street he could see the electric sign-lights struggling through the mist as the cars rounded the corner. "Eleventh Ave." "Chutes Park"—they came gliding down the track, one after the other, and swung by unheeded. Would the "Roxbury College" never come? "It never rains, but it pours," said Rex impatiently to himself. "Why is it when a fellow is down on his luck everything conspires against him?"

Ah, down on his luck, indeed! Poor fellow!—He took the telegram out of his pocket and read it again by the dim light of the street-lamp high overhead:

"REGINALD STUART,
ROXBURY COLLEGE,
Roxbury, Va.

Loomis failed. Funds for present stopped.

J. W. MONTGOMERY."

Stuart could hardly make himself believe it, scarcely realizing what it meant. Leave college? He could not. Why, all the hopes and plans of his life would be ruined. How could he leave his cherished work unfinished, give up and go home and try to support himself without a completed education to help him? And if this year were lost it would be impossible to get started again. Yet with all the little things he had found to do in spare hours, and with his Uncle Montgomery's kindly help, he had found it hard to make both ends meet, and now Uncle Montgomery, it seems, could do no more.

Well—his pride came to the rescue; he straightened up and stood waiting calmly as the "S. Broadway, Roxbury College" came into sight. The car was packed with students returning from afternoon lecture down town, and as Rex swung upon the steps he was hailed with uproarious greeting.

"Hellow, Stuart" called Hal Stanton, "you missed it. The lecture was only an hour long, so we went down to C. R. & D. station and got rates for the fellows up to Berlington tomorrow."

Stuart managed to laugh and murmur something to the effect that he was glad of it, and wedged his way into an inconspicuous position by the door. What did he care about the Berlington tournament; what did he care whether the boys thought him unsociable or not; what did he care

about anything? He stood silent by the door and watched the boys talking and laughing together. He watched Hal Stanton as he told what he was going to do up at Berlington Hts. on the morrow at the athletic tournament. Happy, hearty, careless, thoughtless Hal, the favorite of the boys, the idol of the girls, the pride and pester of the faculty.

"Whose funeral is this, Stuart," asked Jack Browning, teasingly, and all the thoughtless throng joined in his laughter, just as the car lurched around the last corner, and the welcome lights of the dormitories flashed into view beyond the college campus.

* * * * *

It was eight o'clock of that same evening and the spacious halls of the boys' dormitory were aglow with light. The great dining-room had been cleared for dancing, and the polished floor reflected myriads of little lights from the high ceiling; around the walls were great vases of gorgeous yellow and white chrysanthemums, ferns and palms and potted plants. The reception rooms were sweet with the fragrance of roses and hyacinths, and the subdued light from the small banquet lamps fell over the soft carpets.

It was a great occasion, the first gentlemen's reception at Brown Dormitory, for the ladies, and all the gentlemen and all the ladies in, or of, or in any way connected with the college were present. There were the Morrison girls — 'sweet creatures,' gushing society gentlemen called them, but who were voted by the Roxbury boys, 'jolly'. There was Georgiana Page, a tall, dark-haired girl with glacial manner, who was

thought by scientific observers to have somewhat the same effect upon people as liquid air. It was thought strange that warm-hearted Halleck Stanton admired her; perhaps it was from the law of contraries, or perhaps it was because he was the only one who had enough warmth of manner to thaw the ice around her and so find out what she really was. And so the guests were assembling, and the great halls were full of warmth and light and beauty. In a little room of the second floor, Reginald Stuart sat alone by his window and was looking with unseeing eyes into the bleak night. Of what was he thinking? Of what was he not thinking, you might better ask? What tempestuous thoughts were not rushing and surging through his confused brain!

What bitter rebellion, what unreasoning resentment filled him; what mad desire to rush away, and forever leave a world which could make a man feel utterly discouraged, and set all his plans at naught, for lack of a hundred dollars! A hundred dollars—yes, he felt sure if he had that much with which to start, he could earn enough to pay all the rest of the way. But a hundred dollars!—it might as well have been ten thousand. Long the battle had raged within him, long the strength for mastery over self, for clearer, calmer judgment; for resignation and courage. And now he could hear the gay sounds of talk and laughter coming up faintly from below, and he dimly wondered if any of the boys noticed that he was absent, or would come to see why he did not appear. What if they should? What should he tell them?

Hark! a great clatter on the stairway,

some one running down the hall, and now a violent pounding at his door.

Reginald sat perfectly still and made no answer. "Hello, Stuart!" called a voice, and again the pounding, as though the door were shaken by a battering ram. Stuart hesitated, then drawing himself up with the pride of resolution, strode to the door and threw it wide. There stood Stanton, beaming, the picture of jollity and good will, about to break forth into a teasing laugh. As he caught sight of Stuart standing motionless in the doorway, his expression changed, the joking word died away on his lips. At last he found his tongue.

"I thought I'd come up" he stammered, "and see why you weren't downstairs tonight." Stuart made no reply. "Is there anything the matter?"

Stuart opened his lips for a curt answer but something in the other's look stopped him. A change had come over the careless, happy face; a gentle, sympathizing look into the gay blue eyes. Stuart felt his heart touched; the proffered sympathy was irresistible.

"Is anything the matter?"

"There is," he said, "will you come in?"

Stanton followed him into the little room, and Reginald closed the door behind them.

* * * * *

It was half an hour afterward when Hal again crossed the threshold, and went swiftly down the hall. Past the staircase he almost ran, and on to his own room. In he hurried, and locking the door behind him, threw himself into the big cushioned chair by his desk.

Yes it was awful, and the worst

thing was that it couldn't be prevented. Rex was such a proud fellow, he never would consent to a collection or anything of that sort. To be sure he might consent to borrow a small sum from a personal friend, if he could soon return it; but who was there to make any personal loans? He thought of the last check his father had sent him, which he had deposited in the city bank—ninety-five dollars; that especial fund was for his own expenses at the annual trip of the Athletic Association to Berlington, and the spread he had secretly planned to give the boys there. It would take nearly all of that little sum to do anything decent for them. Yes, it was too bad; if he had only happened to have a little extra on hand, he could have given Stuart a lift.

Stanton leaned back in his chair and ran his fingers through his brown locks. Stuart was a fine fellow, one of the best students in college—it was too bad—and yet now, if Stuart were out of the way, there was someone else who would have a better chance for the college medal-of-honor—Stanton gave a little jump and threw the thought from him as though it had been poison. He reached over and pulled out a side-drawer of his desk. After some rummaging about a little brown check-book came to light. He opened it, and taking up a pen, dipped it in the ink and wrote:

“Pay to the order of,”

The faint odor of roses and hyacinths came up to him, and the sounds of gayety below. He held his pen poised above the paper. What would the fellows say tomorrow, when he told them he wasn't going to Berlington? He could hear the exclamations

of astonishment and disapproval even now, and he would never explain. What would the girls think of so disloyal a student? He saw Georgiana Page's curling lip, and averted face—but then—. He straightened up in his chair, dipped the pen in the ink anew, and wrote in a bold, strong hand:

“Pay to the order of Reginald Stuart, ninety-five dollars (\$95.00)

(Signed) JOHN HALLECK STANTON.

Dating it, he sealed it carefully in an envelope, then snatched a scrap of loose paper and scrawled:

“DEAR REX:—

Not any no's and not any but's. The Gov. sent it to me today, but I haven't any earthly use for it; think of all the times you've helped me out of scrapes, and remember I've always wanted an opportunity to pay back. Don't refuse me, now I've got the chance.

Yours,
HAL.”

He took the two slips and left the room. Knocking softly he thrust them under Stuart's door, then turned away, and with calm unconcerned manner, walked down the stairs and into the dining room. A chorus of voices greeted him.

“Hal Stanton, where have you been, you unsociable thing!”

“I'm a hermit by nature, you know,” said Hal, laughing, and made his way over to where Georgiana Page was standing, the center of an animated little group. “Good evening” he said gaily—“It is almost good morning isn't it?”

“Yes,” answered Georgiana, “we were just talking about tomorrow; you are going to have a marvelous

time are you not? It is all anyone has been able to talk about here this evening. Are you going on the early train, or wait for the special at ten?" There seemed to be a sudden lull throughout the room. Georgiana's voice was a little high, and everyone's eyes were turned toward Stanton as they waited for his answer.

"You wouldn't find a young man like Mr. Stanton waiting for a later train, I think, Miss Page," said Professor Morris, laughing, "would you Mr. Stanton?"

Hal unconsciously straightened his shoulders a little, and smiled carelessly. "I am not going to Berlington," he said.



The Chief End of Man.

H. A. WILCOX, '04.

TO my mind there presents itself a far deeper reason for that appalling phenomenon, suicide, than the despondency resulting from cramming, "flunking" or the other causes of failure innumerable. The underlying cause of so much discontent with this present existence, and the one which is applicable to all such cases is a failure to perceive the one grand aim of the all wise Creator in interposing this transitory existence. So when a poor unfortunate, who has given his whole existence to the pursuit of pleasure, wealth or even knowledge, finds that he has failed to accomplish what he desired, he is, in his despair, often prompted to stop his monotonous existence, shuffling off this mortal coil by summarily chopping it off.

But he who is in the least philosophically inclined stops short of this rash act and asks, "For what was I placed in the world?" The answer comes,

"To be of assistance to your fellow-man." But he may well further ask, "Why was my fellowman placed here?—what business has anyone here?—" and to end with the beginning, "why was the world ever made?" The answer to all these questions is that each and every soul was placed in this world that he might receive assistance from his fellowmen, and give assistance to them, but this in substance amounts to saying that each of us were born into the world to receive strength from it. Thus the old idea of the mediæval, ascetical churchmen, that this life is only a transitory vale or vestibule in which to prepare ourselves for grand eternity, is intrinsically correct. Wherein these early fathers were wrong was in misapplying this hypothesis to their mode of life. Instead of assisting and receiving assistance from their fellowmen, these ascetics shunned their fellows, withdrew from the world filled with

contaminating vice, that they might live lives of purity. Many pious people are, in substance, doing this very thing today, but in this they show themselves to be possessed of the same moral cowardice as the poor suicide; for aside from recoiling from the responsibility of assisting in maintaining the "brother-hood of man," they are allowing the strength of their character to be sapped, for it is only by grappling with and resisting evil that we ever may attain true moral strength—ripe holiness. A babe in the cradle is innocent, but only the man or woman upon whose countenances are the scars of battle with sin, is holy.


In exhibiting a fraternal spirit to our fellows we are in a measure reflecting the love of God to man; in resisting temptation we are showing forth the power of God. These two constitute

what we commonly call glorifying God; and our inevitable reward can be none other than eternal joy—for where did man ever do good to his fellows, and when did he ever resist temptation that he did not feel the happier for having done so? So after pursuing this round-about path in search for an answer to the question, what is the chief end of man, we almost unconsciously, and yet logically, stumble upon that answer in the old Presbyterian shorter catechism. "The chief end of man is to glorify God and enjoy him forever." If humanity at large could only be made to accept this answer as the aim of each individual life, how very few would, because of despondency, take their lives out of the hands of their creator and protector—indeed what cause would we then have for feeling despondent?



Stevenson's Style as Shown in the Valema Letters.

BERTHA ALICE HIGBEE, '04.

 **T**HE letters from Valema are delightfully quaint and interesting. They record the very ordinary happening of the very quiet life of Robert Louis Stevenson upon the island of Samoa where he was compelled to live on account of his health. But the insignificant events are narrated in so

charming a fashion that they become wonderfully fascinating to the reader.

The letters are original in every way; a stereotyped expression is never met with, and every sentence is peculiarly Stevenson's own. He writes of a night ride on "Jack" through a dark glade out into a more open spot where he saw the "starlight drip down

through the crypt of the wood;" he tells of another ride when "the moon is on top again."

Stevenson's domestic life is delightfully revealed in his correspondence. He has spent an hour or so "hammering letters;" his wife is weary and worn, the result of a "spasm of work;" the whole family are making merry at dinner, while torrents of rain are tumbling down on the iron roof overhead, because, for one reason or another, "a soul of putty had to sing;" the gardener comes to tell of five "piglings" stolen; or Stevenson enumerates his live stock: of horses and cows and "piglings," thirteen head, and this leaving out of account the "ducklings" and "chicklings."

Another letter is the first after a


struggle of three weeks with the influenza, and recounts the accumulated piles of proof-sheets which meant indeed, no "joke of a hard time." Again, work and plans and discouragements are confided to his friend, and the letter ends, "such is my quarrel with destiny!"

Stevenson mastered the essentials of the English language and then colored and enriched it with his own personality. The commonplace is expressed by him in his individual way, so unique and striking that the old and trite become under his magic pen at once new and fascinating for us, and however apparently simple his style, yet in the simplicity itself we recognize the mind of the genius.



Paracelsus' Descent.

JAMES MITCHELL, '93.

 PARCELSUS is one of the most difficult to understand of all Browning's creations and for this reason is cast aside by most readers as unworthy of study. One might, of course, with equal reason, discard the philosophy of Plato, Kant or Hegel, or indeed much of the study pursued in college or university. But Paracelsus, like many another of Browning's poems, is rendered difficult of understanding because of the method by which it is developed; and Browning, in his pre-

face to the first edition, anticipates the difficulty and gives the following hint which helps us greatly: "Instead of having recourse to an external machinery of incidents to create and evolve the crisis I desire to produce, I have ventured to display somewhat minutely the mood itself in its rise and progress, and have suffered the agency by which it is influenced and determined to be generally discernible in its effects alone."

We have here a reversal of the process usually adopted in setting forth

any phenomena of the mind or passions. Instead of an external machinery of persons and events, of emotion and action, we have psychological mood, the play of motive, and are left to infer the action resulting therefrom. The poem *Paracelsus* is therefore an inner psychological drama, the stage on which it is presented being the inner life of Paracelsus. In evolving the psychological states, Browning casts aside all externals, all scaffolding and gives the reality. A play which thus takes one out of scenery requires, on the part of the reader, more sympathy and imagination than the ordinary drama.

The problem involved in this great dramatic poem is one of redemption. It consists in tracing the course of Paracelsus from the point of aspiration to his fall, his rise by means of purgatorial ascents, and his final redemption and entrance into paradise. The problem is similar to that of *Goethe's Faust* and *Dante's Divine Comedy*, reference to which assists greatly in its understanding and interpretation. Dante compels the soul to descend into hell, but by punishment it passes up through the various circles of purgatory, is at last purified and passes out into the realms of the stars which make up Dante's paradise. Browning does the same, only dwelling more on the purgatorial ascent. He takes Paracelsus, a given soul, causes him to sin and suffer, to rise through purgatory and finally to paradise. He gives us a view of the process by which the soul rises from sin to salvation. Paradise, however, is not mentioned; it is left to be inferred. Heaven with Browning is always the stage beyond. It may be

interesting to take a view of Paracelsus, as Browning presents him, at the different stages of his evolution, studying in each his character and noting the occasion of the transitions. This sketch has to do with the fall only, and a subsequent one with the purgatorial ascent and final redemption.

The faculties which, according to Browning, are necessary to completeness of character are feeling, knowledge and will. The perfectly developed person possesses these faculties in proper proportion, and in perfect concord and activity.

Did Paracelsus have these at the outset? First, had he feeling? Note his conversation with Festus and Michal on the evening before his departure, and his evident affection for them:

"Come close to me, dear friends; still closer; thus!
Close to the heart which, though long time roll by
Ere it again beat quicker, pressed to yours,
As now it beats—perchance a long, long time—
At least henceforth your memories shall make
Quiet and fragrant as befits their home.
Nor shall my memory want a home in yours—
Alas, that it requires too we'll such free
Forgiving love as shall embalm it there!
For if you would remember me aright,
As I was born to be, you must forget
All fitful, strange and moody waywardness
Which e'er confused my better spirit, to dwell
Only on moments such as these, dear friends!"

Not only does Paracelsus love his friends; he manifests also a love of nature as is shown in the following comment:

"Fancy the cricket, each one in his house,
Looking out, wondering at the world—or best
Yon painted snail with his gay shell of dew,
Travelling to see the glossy balls high up
Hung by the caterpillar, like gold lamps."

But is Paracelsus equipped at the start with the second requisite of the perfect man, knowledge? See the fiery ardor which urged him in its pursuit:

"We may not be doomed
To cope with seraphs but at least the rest
Shall cope with us. Make no more giants,
God,
But elevate the race at once! We ask
To put forth just our strength, our human
strength,
All starting fairly, all equipped alike,
Gifted alike, all eagle-eyed, true-hearted—
See if we cannot beat thine angels yet!
Such is my task. I go to gather this
The sacred knowledge here and there dis-
persed
About the world, long lost or never found.
And why should I be sad or lorn of hope?
* * * Who should succeed if not one
pledged like me?
* * * I must know."

Evidence that Paracelsus possessed the final requisite of the full orbed man, namely will, bristles on every page. His wild, restless energy urged him on in the face of every difficulty. Of it he says himself:

"Festus, from childhood I have been pos-
sessed
By a fire—by a true fire or faint or fierce,
As from without some master, so it seemed,
Repressed or urged its current."

Paracelsus, then, being complete in all respects, possessing all the faculties of the perfect man—love of friends, nature, beauty, mankind,—an irrepressible desire to know, together with an indomitable will leading him in the direction of knowledge, possessing all these in addition to manly beauty, why did he not succeed? Wherein lay the germs of his failure?

The first and most conspicuous germ of failure is found in his deliberate intention to spurn love, to consciously crucify his affections. He has an overmastering desire to know, and thinks that his affections will interfere

with his success in the pursuit of knowledge. He determines to thus set them aside:

"And though I spurn
All adventitious aims, from empty praise
To love's award, yet whoso deems such helps
Important, and concerns himself for me,
May know even these will follow with the
rest—
* * * My own affections, laid to rest
awhile
Will waken purified, subdued alone
By all! have achieved. Till then—till then"
* * * farewell affections.

Paracelsus expects at length when he shall have secured the object of his desire to restore his affections. He does not know that they will wither and die through disuse. Years afterwards his passionate utterance is:

"I ne'er engaged to root up loves so frail.
* * * There was a time
When yet this wolfish hunger after knowl-
edge
Set not remorselessly love's claims aside.
The heart was human once"—

With the loss of feeling, his memory fails, his will weakens and he is threatened with the loss of his mind—so inextricably are these connected the one with the other. After nine years of wandering in search of knowledge he came to Constantinople, discouraged, a physical wreck. The knowledge sought has not been gained. Not an incident of these nine years is remembered save that last night with his friends, Festus and Michal.

"And Festus—my poor Festus, with his
praise
And counsel and grave fears—where is he
now
With the sweet maiden long ago his bride?
I surely loved them—that last night, at
least,
When we * * * gone! gone! the better. I am
Saved the sad review of an ambitious youth
Choked by vile lusts, unnoticed at their birth,
But let grow up and wind around a will
Till action was destroyed."

Yet Paracelsus fears "a deeper

curse," an inner ruin, and breaks out in this passionate prayer for the preservation of his mind:

"God! Thou art mind! Unto the master mind
Mind must be precious. Spare my mind
alone! * * *

If my spirit fail,
My once proud spirit forsake me at the last,
Hast thou done well by me?
Crush not my mind, dear God though I be
crushed!"

In this state Paracelsus meets Aprilla. Aprilla without knowledge and will is as deficient as Paracelsus without feeling. He is as selfish in his way as Paracelsus, the one reserving for himself knowledge, the other feeling. "I would love infinitely and be loved" is Aprilla's aim, while Paracelsus, "my one ulterior purpose: I must know." Aprilla on meeting with Paracelsus is near to death; and in the delirium of his last moments, surrounded by spirits calling to him, he becomes conscious of his loss; Paracelsus of his likewise:

Apr.: Say, though I fell I had excuse to fall;
Say, I was tempted sorely: say but this,
Dear Lord, Aprilla's Lord!

Par.: Love me henceforth, Aprilla, while I
learn
To love; and merciful God, forgive us both."

Paracelsus' fiery energy still endures, and being ignorant of Aprilla's approaching end, he hopes that together they may retrieve their loss and yet achieve:

Par.: "Though dark and drear
Appears the world before us, we no less
Wake with our wrists and ankles jewelled
still.

I too have sought to *Know* as thou to *Love*
Excluding love as thou refusest knowledge.
Still thou hast beauty and I power.

Apr.: (in his last moments) I hear thee
faintly. The thick darkness! even
Thine eyes are hid. 'Tis as I knew: I speak,
And now I die. But I have seen thy face!
O poet, think of me, and sing of me!

Par.: Die not, Aprilla. We must never
part,
* * * Till thou the lover, know; and I the
knower,
Love—until both are saved.

Paracelsus can therefore say "I have attained," but he has yet to undergo the consequences of his error. The process is not instantaneous, but long. The purgatorial ascent now begins. Through suffering his powers are to be restored in part and we may see him climbing the heights of enjoyment and the final reunion with Aprilla.



From the Far East.

A. RALPH EASTMAN, '01.

SORSOGON,
SORSOGON, PROV., P. I.,
Jan. 12, 1902.



SUPPOSE I have been guilty of negligence to the Alumni editor of the ALMANIAN. Apology,—“No got time” as the Chinese say. I intended to send a little story on Filipino

life, but my official duties so far have kept me in arrears with correspondence and literary work.

The first five weeks after our arrival in the capital city of the Philippine Islands were spent getting instructions from our superiors, picking up a smattering of Spanish, studying the natives and laying in a stock of provisions and

household furniture. Incidentally we worked the department to locate myself and wife in the same part of the islands. They not only left us together, but put Reed in one of the barrios of our Pueblo. So we three make our home together.

When we arrived at Sorsogon, Sept. 27, none of us knew one word of Spanish for a surety and the children here knew only two American expressions, the American oath and "no got." Three months have passed away. We are getting proficient in Spanish. and many of our pupils can converse for hours with us in English. It is hard to get them to think, however. They will copy and imitate with accuracy. Several are good artists with the crayon now. Three boys and three girls are anxious to go to college in America. I would like to select one of each for Alma College if their expenses could be met by the college. One girl is a singer, dancer and pianist, ten yrs. of age; another, ten years old, is exceptionally bright in English, spelling, writing and arithmetic, and bewitchingly pretty; the third, is twelve, talks English brokenly, is an accurate speller, reader and reasoner. Of the boys, the oldest is fourteen. He talks perfect Vicol and Spanish, understands Spanish, knows some geography and history, is a good writer, excellent speller, understands multiplication, subtraction, division and addition, talks broken English, studies hard, is loyal, gentlemanly, religious, of good habits and wishes to study medicine. The others are about ten years old, bright, honest and good in their studies. Both are crayon artists.

We are very happy, live in ease and luxury, but do our own work most of

the time. Let me tell you why. This is a very lazy climate and country. The native customs lead one to corruption, i. e. every adult has a servant called a muchacho. This fellow in turn has a boy whom he pays a pittance to come at his beck and call. Finally the boy has a still smaller boy who goes with him as a companion. This is a country of caste, and the people think there is something wrong if you black your own shoes, or cook your own food. We had trouble in getting a mu-hacho lately. At first we had one who would wake us up mornings, get breakfast, hold a wash bowl for our ablutions, put the food in our mouths, wash the dishes, carry our books and trinkets, umbrella and lantern, in fact, get our meals, feed us and do our washing for nothing. One day he came up missing. Two weeks later he appeared and began work again as usual, as if nothing had happened. We took him back like a prodigal son, and now he wanted \$4, gold, a month. After a struggle I agreed to his terms. In two weeks he was ready to quit again and now we are without. We have engaged another who will appear on the scene in about a week if he sees nothing better.

With Reed, however, it is different. He has an old standby. This one is large and brawny. He cooks delicate meals for Harry, makes his bed, runs his errands and, in short, is his slave for the price of his rice. Harry even rides the poor man to and from school (2½ miles) in rainy weather. It is amusing to see the two come back to our house, plodding through the mud, Harry perched like a monkey on the shoulders of his man, who is already heavily loaded with his baggage. It

is too bad that we have such a climate here. Reed has given himself up to idleness except during school hours. The muchacho holds the cup for him to drink and chops up the food when it is too coarse for him to chew. He dresses him, bathes him daily and opens and closes his eyes when he is too tired to wink. I have read a part of this letter to Reed and he says I cannot send it. Perhaps I have overcharged him, for he is still ambitious, especially for the future, when he again lands in God's country.

I have withstood the effects of the climate enough to organize the educational department of this region. I have 71 girls and 97 boys under personal supervision and indirectly I am disseminating the English language in this pueblo and its barrios, a radius of ten miles. 750 children are taught


from books I have given out and by 12 native assistants who receive instruction from me on Saturdays.

Well, I must close for this time. Have received one ALMANIAN which was worth the price of a year's subscription to me. Miss Gelston sent some RECORDS. I subscribe to Detroit Free Press, twice-a-week, Ladies' Home Journal, Harbor Spring Graphic and Epworth Herald. Reed gets the Outlook and Howell papers. We also have the Manila papers. Letters are a luxury to us. So you must all write and in time you will get an answer.

P. S. How very sad about "Bob." We felt it deeply here, Reed and I, and accounts of his death in the RECORD and ALMANIAN increased the grief which the first news caused. True brother, mate and friend! We mourn our loss.



Alumni Notes.

 **L** W. Mills, with '99, has recently joined the Alma people in Detroit, having accepted a position with Strong, Lee & Co., wholesale dry goods.

Carl Hard and John Schwaderer, both members of the base ball team last year, have gone west to take up claims, the former to Washington and the latter to North Dakota.

C. S. Wills, a student during '98-'99, will graduate from the Detroit College of Law this year. He has been in the office of E. L. Pendleton for the past three years.

W. S. Caple, and R. M. Hyde, both Alma boys who graduated from the Commercial Department, are now in business for themselves at their hometown, Caple in hardware and Hyde conducting a sale stable.

Miss Anna Girmus, '96, is still teaching in Anna, Ill.

Wm. A. Howe, '96, has returned to his old home in Alma.

Miss Bessie Hoyt, K. G., '96, is now located at Mobile, Ala.

Miss Anna Kellogg, K. G. '96, is living at home in Mason.

Geo. R. Wells, at Alma during '98-'99, is in business at Ithaca.

C. S. Olmstead, "Bump" has an interest in a grocery at Midland.

Miss Laura Button, K. G., is now employed by the Union Telephone Co.

Howe Williams, at Alma during '94-'96, has a large stock farm in Central Illinois.

J. T. Northon, '96, is also located in Illinois, having charge of the Hebron schools.

Miss Mary Wheeler Plum, '00, has taught in the Ithaca schools since graduation.

Miss May Trumpour, Commercial, '01, is spending the year at her home in Bay City.

Miss Mary Schoettle is teaching in the primary department of the Detroit public schools.

Adelbert Thum, Commercial, has been with the Alma Sugar Co. since its organization.

W. F. Knox, with '98, has purchased a large interest in a paper to be started at the "Soo."

Dan Altenburg is still at his home in Ithaca, and will become a registered pharmacist this year.

M. J. Chapin, the "Only" is now in the employ of the Michigan Drug Company at Detroit.

Misses Daisy Hard, '01, and Winifred Trapp, '01, are teaching in the Alma schools.

Geo. W. Sears, prominent in base ball circles, has a good position in the engineering department of the P. M. R. R.

Miss Fern Nicholson, who entered Alma in '95, is now at home. She recently paid a visit to Alma to renew old acquaintances.

Orill Reichard, another Ithaca student, who attained prominence in athletics at Alma, is taking the medical course at the U. of M.

A. H. Harrington, with '99 in his Junior year, is teaching Latin, English and History in the Castana Normal School, Castana, Iowa.

Miss Nettie Misner, also a student during '97-'98, and a primary teacher in the Fairgrove schools, was recently married to Mr. Chas. Hyatt.

Theodore Nelson, with '01, graduated from Kalamazoo College last year, and at present is taking work in a Baptist Seminary at Newton, Mass.

Both of Alma's representatives in the foreign field, Miss Hunting, '92, R. H. Sidebotham, '96, are doing credit to themselves and to their Alma Mater.

Miss Nellie Osbourn, a student during '97-'98, is spending a year in California. She taught in the primary department of the Akron schools last year.

Frank F. Bradley, one of the few students who have received masters' degrees at Alma, is superintendent of a large paint and varnish works in Chicago.

Misses Stella and Mabel Wood, K. G. graduates, both have positions as teachers in their line of work, the former at her home in Caro, the latter at Holland.

J. R. Bray, a student during '95-'96, has attained prominence in art circles in Detroit, and had a number of drawings exhibited in the recent artists' show there.

Rev. S. P. Todd, who took special work at Alma during '97-'98, is pastor of the Presbyterian church at Fairgrove and Denmark, and his parish has the distinction of sending the largest number of students to Alma this year.



...The Alma College Glee Club...

Season of 1901-1902.



ALMANIAN.

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THE STUDENTS OF ALMA COLLEGE
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APRIL, 1902.

SUCH a magazine as the ALMANIAN cannot be successful without the support of the students. Nominally the ALMANIAN is published by

the students of Alma College, at least that is what we read on the cover, but judging from the names at the head of the majority of the articles that have appeared thus far this year, it would be more correct to call it the Alumni Journal or the Journal of the Faculty. There has not been a single issue in which every long article was written by a student. What is the matter? On the behalf of those who have so favored, or so unfortunate, as to have been given the responsibility of managing the magazine, we can fairly say that it is not owing to any lack of effort on their part that the student body has not taken more interest in the magazine or has not been more largely represented in its columns. We certainly have not lost any opportunity to let the students know that their contributions are welcome. Persistent and long continued urging and personal applications to every individual is not pleasant work to say the least, and ought not to be necessary and has yielded very small results when it has been tried. We have used every means to make the paper interesting, devoting as many pages to athletics, item box, class notes, etc., apparently the most popular departments, as we could find copy to fill. Of course the alumni and the faculty can put up very good copy, better, possibly, than the students can write, but the same interest cannot be aroused by the productions of an alumnus who is known only to a few of the faculty and to none of the students as by what those of our own number write. The object of the ALMANIAN or of any college publication is, as we said in the November issue, to furnish "an opportunity for the development of literary ability which work in the class-room or the literary societies cannot provide." Of what value will the ALMANIAN be to us if we do not utilize the opportunity it offers?

THE result of the recent debate with Albion naturally leads to some reflections as to what caused Albion to be victorious and the Alma team to suffer such a complete and humiliating defeat. Leaving out of consideration the unevenness of the question which gave the negative such a great advantage, we think it is only fair to our debaters to say that they are not wholly, or even mostly, to blame for our defeat. The real causes lie deeper than in the personnel or ability, or lack of ability, of the boys composing the team. In the first place, Alma lacks experience in debating, while Albion has developed by years of practice an almost perfect system of choosing and training her debaters. Then, too, Albion has many more male students in her regular collegiate department so that she has plenty of men to draw from in order to be successful in athletics, oratory, and debating, the only departments of college work that bring an institution into relations with other institutions. As a further stimulus four or five prizes, averaging \$35.00 each, are offered every year. Here at Alma nothing of the kind exists. We have a good many permanent scholarships. Why could not those who have the financial interests of the college in charge secure \$500.00 or more and devote the interest of it toward one or more annual oratorical prizes? Students will work hard when prizes are offered that amount to something and when there is some honor in gaining them. Here every means at our command has been exerted to the utmost to promote only one branch of inter-collegiate work, athletics. We have all of us given freely of our substance and gone into wild spasms of excitement over foot ball, basket ball, base ball and track work and yet when three callow youths with more ambition than common sense, have been selected as the victims of the veteran debaters from Albion, they are gravely informed by a high dig-

nitary that one victory in debate is worth fifteen in foot ball! Debates can't be won by ordinary students if this is the best stimulus they can have. The sentiment among the students and the faculty must change very radically before we can hope for anything but ignominious defeat in debating. We say that the sentiment among the students must change because all their interest is concentrated on athletics at present and creditable debating and athletics cannot be carried on together here unless there is an addition of at least fifty men to the college department next fall, which is very improbable. We say the sentiment of the faculty must change because they have encouraged the overruling passion for athletics among the students by giving free scholarships to promising athletes, thus bringing to the institution a class of young men who take an interest only in the sports of the gridiron or gymnasium or track and making our athletic teams really more professional than amateur, through the records of the foot ball and basket ball teams during the past season show anything but professionalism. We believe, too, that it rests with the faculty, in very large measures, to provide adequate instruction, or instructor, in oratory and to cease trying to build up subordinate departments at the expense of the college department. As things stand at present, therefore, we must choose between athletics, and oratory and debating. Which do we want? Though the most brainless of our students should be able to carry the ball the whole length of the field against the strongest team that ever played or should develop biceps like those of an ox, yet would we poorly off, for athletics never made a college worthy of the name. Successful athletics and debating are both good advertising mediums, but from which kind of advertising does a college gain the most prestige and gain the best class of students?

ATHLETICS...

T. W. MORTIMER.

EVERYTHING in its time. The season of basket ball and gymnasium class work is past, while base ball and track work are more than ready to receive timely recognition. As we leave the indoor work for the more attractive and popular outdoor work, it is very fitting indeed that we here record some of the real accomplishments of the past winter season. We believe that we are not stating it too strongly when we say that never before in the history of Alma College has indoor work been so popular and beneficial to the student body as it has been during the past winter. Quite a good deal of new apparatus has been placed in the gymnasium and has been extensively used. Much of the apparatus which was in the gymnasium had been so neglected as to be unfit for use. This was put in order and at once it began to be utilized. All the improvements have been paid for, and we can now show a pretty well equipped gymnasium. The large wrestling mat, traveling rings, striking bag, boxing gloves and horizontal ladder have added very materially to the attractiveness and utility of indoor work. There is another phase of indoor work that must not be overlooked. Although hand ball has been popular in days ago, it has been even more popular

during the past season. The one thing which has been contributed to this revival of interest in such a helpful and enjoyable sport, is the better working out of the hand ball courts. The ground was seen to be poorly distributed, and the proper corrections were made. A very interesting tournament was held during the past month which resulted in Ray Baker's winning the singles from John Robinson in three very close games; and also in a victory for Robinson and Jennings over Long and Earl Webber in the doubles, in three of the closest and most hotly contested games of the year.

We pass now to consider another very interesting branch of indoor athletics; viz., basket ball. We played five games during the season, four of which were played away from home, upon strange floors. The last one with M. A. C. was played in our own gymnasium. Notwithstanding the fact that the scores are against us, we feel that basket the ball season has been a success. We have this feeling and make this statement for two reasons. First, because four of the five games were played away from home, upon strange floors; secondly, because this is practically our first year in basket ball. We trust, however, that such an interest has been aroused in this sort

of indoor work, that in the future our basket ball team may be able to win, as do our other teams. We were weakened in the beginning of the season by the loss of Crawford, who had been elected captain. The difference between a player who has a working knowledge of basket ball and one who, though having ordinary physical abilities, is new at the game was easily seen in Crawford's playing. He certainly would have been of great service to the team could we have but had him through the season. Ray Baker, who was elected captain to fill the vacancy occasioned by Crawford's departure, played a very consistent and heady game; but was handicapped both by his lack of experience and short body, as might be said of nearly every member of the team. Basket ball players, of all men, should be tall. Schenck was entirely new at the game, but, owing to his height, had an advantage over the other members of our team. He did fair work on the offense but did not really get hold of the idea of staying with his man in defensive work. Andre's work was about equally good on both defense and offense. He did pretty even work at all times, but there was nothing especially brilliant about his playing. Jennings, the shortest man of the team, had one very glaring fault at the beginning, but was gradually overcoming it. He had an irresistible tendency to go to the floor with the ball, even though he had practically a free shot at the basket. This weakness was largely overcome toward the latter part of the season, and his agility, together with his diminutive physique, made him a great favorite with the spectators. Robinson, though he be-

gan quite late in the season, showed splendid basket ball ability. In all his athletic work he demonstrates the importance of studying and outgeneralizing his opponent. Cratsenberg, though possessed of several natural inabilities, yet by his faithful work and determination to succeed, made a very good guard. His principal weakness, however, was his over-determination to stop his opponents play. His efforts to interfere with his forward are often so great that he is unable to recover in time to continue his interference. Whitney showed as marked a development as any man on the team. He is a conscientious and hard worker. His dogged determination to win is sure to make him a valuable man to Alma College, as well as a success in after life. Claude Baker is also a man who is determined in his work. This is a spirit that all lovers of true sport delight in. His weakness, as is Cratsenberg's, is probably due to his being too anxious rather than to any indisposition on his part. Webber, though light and short, played a plucky, fast game. He has a great deal of natural ability, being quick and heady. Fuller, who played in but the last game of the season, is a heavy and fast man, but being so inexperienced in the game, was unable to show what he really is capable of in basket ball. His too ardent efforts caused several fouls to be chalked up against us.

The finals of the remaining two weights at wrestling were pulled off Saturday morning, March 15. The winners of the wrestling contests in each of the weights are as follows: Heavy weight, Fuller; middle weight, Wolfe; welter weight, Hartness; light

weight, Davis; feather weight, Jennings. This is a sport that is becoming more and more popular. True, it is probably the most violent of all athletic exercises, but the young man who is sound in body has nothing to fear, other than the accidents which are incident to all forms of physical training. The style of wrestling adopted in the collegiate world is the "Graeco-Roman," otherwise known as the "Catch-as-catch-can." We were very pleasantly surprised to see such a strong aggregation of men interested in such royal sport. We feel sure that Alma excels every other college in Michigan in wrestlers of every weight, with a possible exception of the bantam weight.

With the opening of the spring term, the track and base ball teams begin their work in earnest. In track work the outlook is quite flattering to say the least. The weight men have already begun their work, and considerable good material is showing up. We will probably be weaker in the pole vault and in the high jump than in any other events. We urge every able bodied man in college who has ever shown any ability in track or field work, or whoever expects or even hopes to have such accomplishments, to get out at once and not only build up a strong and healthy body, but aid his college in putting a winning track

team into the field this year. We are assured of three and possibly may have four meets this spring.

What we urge for track, we would certainly repeat for base ball. We must have more than one man trying for each position, else we cannot succeed. The men should lose no time for getting their arms into shape. Considerable time will be given each day to batting practice, for this is an indispensable requisite for a strong team and the only way to become a good batter is by practice. Few men are natural batters, this they must learn. Fortune does not seem to smile upon us this season to any flattering degree. Capt. Baker will probably not be able to aid us much on account of a serious sprain which he received in basket ball. This weakens the team very materially, for he had given promise of doing good work in the box this season. We are more than pleased to learn that work upon the athletic field is to be begun at once and pushed until Davis Field is completed. In the meantime we shall provide a short straight-away for the hurdlers and dash men to train upon. By changing the position of the base ball diamond we shall have a fairly good temporary ball ground. The schedules of both the track and base ball teams are being completed and are no doubt the best in the history of the institution.



Alma-Albion Debate.



ALMA students were given their first taste of intercollegiate debating on the last Wednesday of last term, when Alma held her second debate with Albion.

Alma took the affirmative of the question, "Resolved that it would be for the mutual benefit of the Philippines and United States for the U. S. to retain permanent possession of the islands." She maintained that a perfect union was beneficial to the United States morally and commercially and enforced strongly the benefits resulting to the Filipinos from a permanent union.

Albion made a strong play upon the word "mutual," conceding that certain benefits would come to the islands, but holding strongly to the political and commercial dangers brought about by the union. Her speakers did not touch upon the moral questions involved.

W. Elton Brock spoke first for Alma and presented the moral duties of the United States. He held that a loss of prestige would result from leaving the islands, which would be fatal to the national honor.

T. George Timby discussed the commercial benefits to the United States. He maintained that a commercial centre for this country in the Orient was essential to America's commercial supremacy.

J. N. Booth spoke of the benefits of

American laws, American education and American customs to the Filipinos and presented a vivid picture of the needs of the islands. He maintained that permanent control did not mean perpetual control, but only a sufficient sovereignty to insure in the islands a government based on sound principals of law and order.

The productions of Alma's men were well written and their arguments were logically presented. In two points, however, Alma was weak—in delivery and in rebuttal. They lacked the enthusiasm and fire so essential to convincing argument and this tended to take force from their rebuttals.

Albion's team, composed of Lancaster, Hartwell and McClellan, displayed a skill in presenting their arguments which showed what years of experience in intercollegiate debating will do. Their arguments did not outclass those presented by Alma, but they were presented with a convincing clearness that showed months of preparation and an enthusiasm that betokened careful training in delivery. All of Albion's team were orators.

The decision of the judges was not unexpected. While the result was a disappointment to the student body, it was by no means discouraging, nor yet to the discredit of Alma's team.

The fact that only one preliminary debate was held, and that not a public one, while from the start only eight candidates for the team pre-

sented themselves, indicates that the work was not managed rightly and that the students are not awake to the interests of debating.

"Preparation and work," is the motto for the debater. Albion showed this; Alma did not. That is where

the debate was won and lost. It is to be hoped that Alma will receive a challenge from Albion for another debate next year. We are always glad to meet such worthy and gentlemanly rivals as she presents, whether in athletics or in debate. J. W. D.



Class and Society News.

SENIOR.

Miss Hope spent the Easter vacation at her home at St. Johns.

Miss Marsh was at her home in Grand Rapids during vacation week.

Mr. Fell has gained some distinction, or notoriety, in the local option campaign.

The Glee Club report a delightful time on their concert tour, especially on the return trip. For particulars inquire of Charlie Long.

Mr. Bradfield spent his vacation somewhere, but we don't know where. On account of a certain rumor we think he intended to visit Grant's tomb but perhaps this is a mistake.

The members of the senior class seem quite jubilant to think that they have at last entered upon the home stretch of the college course. We hope the track will remain clear and that there will be no casualties.

Mr. Brock spent a few days at Battle Creek recently, in the interests of the Athletic association of the college. On account of Mr. Brock's agreeable and

persuasive manner, we feel confident that the college will secure whatever it wishes, by way of recognition in inter-collegiate athletics.

Certain members of the class seemed to feel so small after the recent debate that there was an apparent danger that the senior class would diminish to zero. Only a few days after that time, however, two other members of the class secured desirable positions for next year. They now feel so big that the equilibrium is restored.



JUNIOR.

The junior class is making great progress in the forensic art under the tutelage of Dr. Bruske. Every Friday forenoon those in the neighborhood of Bruske's room may hear the walls reverberate with junior oratory.

We regret to note that Miss Hazelton will not be with us during the spring term. She has accepted a position as teacher in the Vestaburg schools during the spring.

The junior class has always held an enviable reputation for celebrating Arbor Day in a fitting and novel way and we do not mean to deteriorate in the least this year. All other classes will have to begin early and keep it up late if they out-do us this year.



SOPHOMORE.

McBride has returned to school after a month's absence.

Miss Higbee and Mr. Winton of the Sophomore class recently volunteered for service in the foreign mission field.

Miss Eleanor Christie has been compelled to leave college for the remainder of the year to recuperate her health.

During the past month news has come of the death of the father of Ethelbert Waldron, a member of last year's class, but now of Ann Arbor.

Luis M. Perez, the Cuban student, who formerly belonged to the Sophomore class has been elected President of the Foreigners' Club at Ann Arbor. He is billed for a lecturing tour in Illinois the coming summer.

While dancing is not allowed in Alma, we understand that the Freshmen are to give a "bawl" this year. Judging from the unearthly sounds that come from their class meeting it will be a "howling success."

There is an interesting rivalry on in the Freshmen class as to who is the legitimate successor of Hobson, he of osculating fame. Judging from latest reports the man with the hungry name has distanced his two competitors, though "Celery" C. is running him a close race.

FRESHMAN.

J. C. Hartness visited in Lansing vacation week.

Eva Thacker spent her vacation with Beulah Reardon at Midland.

Some one has suggested a uniform '05 cap. Why not? The girls, too, of course.

Mr. Ernest Dail of M. A. C. was the guest of Chas. Chapman, March 20.

Miss Allen:—"Mr. Kramer, who was Saint Cecelia?"

Mr. K.:—"I don't know who he was."

"Why did Mr. Ardis skip his class?"

"Because he wanted to take a (Holiday) across the river."

"Why has Mr. Philips a good standing with the fellows?"

"Because he likes the boys (De Bois)"

Prof. Notestein:—"Mr. Butler, why didn't you reduce those factors to a simpler form?"

Mr. B.:—"Because it was easier to leave them that way."

After the basket ball game. Prof. Notestein (in college Algebra class):—"I don't know how many young ladies I am addressing here this morning."

Miss Hastings:—"Professor, I don't know how to work that problem."

Prof. Notestein:—"Well, I'm glad we have found something you don't know."

Miss Hafer, (seeing a certain prep. on the street with his arms well filled with groceries):—"Oh, there goes Mr. L.—with something to eat. I'm going to catch him."

Our sophomore friends wish us to advertise a plant which was missed

from the Dorm. some time ago. "Lost, strayed or stolen," is the story, and they will appreciate any information as to its whereabouts.

First Country Boy:—"What is that new building over there?"

Second Country Boy:—"That's the new Alma jail."

Third Country Boy:—"Why no, that's the new ladies' purgatory of Alma College."

The bowling craze seems to have passed off to a certain extent, and it is amusing to notice the effects upon some recent indulgers. One of our junior neighbors seems to participate in the fascinating sport while in dream-land. The other night while in the midst of his slumbers, he was heard by his room mate to cry out: "Hold on there! Its my turn to bowl!"

Who says the Freshman can't make a noise? The sophomores are reported to have utterance to such a statement. Quality and not quantity counts with the class of '05, and we are assured that no soph. has been listening at the door of the Rhetorical room lately, or they would never have expressed such an opinion.



ACADEMY.

Mr. Williams spent the vacation at Washington, D. C.

Ask some members of the Physiography class how they like Miss Sharp as a teacher. Some may say, "Oh if I had a piece of string."

The fourth year class have lost a loyal and useful member, Mr. Jennings, who was obliged to take up other work during the spring term.

Mr. Sproul has given up college work for the balance of the year. He expects to go to Pennsylvania soon.

The fourth year English class were "April fooled" very decidedly by Miss Allen who failed to put in her appearance at 2:45. However, the class rather enjoyed the interval and laid some plans which we hope may not fail to materialize in the future.

Prof. M.:—(English class) "Mr. Cratzenberg, how do you pronounce c-a-s-u-a-l t-y?"

Mr. C.:—"I don't know how in the dickens to pronounce it."

The fourth year English class have taken up the study of Dryden's "Palamon and Arcite."

Miss DeLong entertained some students at her home in Merrill during part of the vacation.

Messrs. Whitney and Griffin spent their vacation touring with the Glee Club.



ZETA SIGMA.

The following officers have been elected for the spring term. Pres., L. S. Bagley; vice president, Mr. H. Ronald; secretary, Mr. Pearl Fuller; treasurer, Earl Webber; 1st critic, W. F. Webber; 2nd critic, T. G. Timby; janitor, J. N. Booth.

Zeta Sigma men are developing themselves in the art of making fluent and lengthy nomination speeches. Mr. Fuller has the palm for making the longest speech on the longest subject.

At the meeting of March 17, the society resolved itself into a court of justice and tried Mr. Timby for gross neglect of duty, he having failed to

perform his duty as janitor of the society room. Mr. Booth appeared as attorney for defendant and Messrs. Bagley, Helmer and Hartness as attorneys for the prosecution. The trial elicited much interest and some embryo celebrities in the profession of law were developed.



Y. W. C. A.

The annual business meeting of the Association was held in Wright Hall, Saturday, March 15. Reports of the committees and retiring officers were read and the farewell message of the president. The new officers were then installed and the committees for the coming year were appointed. Refreshments were afterward served by the reception committee.

The cabinet held its last meeting at the home of Miss Marsh, Saturday afternoon, March 8. After the business meeting a delightful social time was enjoyed.

Our friends may be glad to learn of the progress made by the Young Women's Christian Association during the year. We have 80 members (not including honorary members who are not now in Alma), 58.8 per cent of all the young ladies in college. Of these 48 have joined the Association since September. Many of the remaining girls of the college are connected with other Christian Associations.

The candy sale arranged by the Geneva Conference committee was held Tuesday evening, March 18, and proved to be a very profitable form of entertainment.



Item Box

ONE moonlight evening I was quietly walking down Superior street with nothing save the care for tomorrow's recitations on my mind when I was startled by hearing a woman shriek. I looked up and down the street, but could see nothing. Soon it was made plain to me. A vehicle came tearing around the Wright House corner. By the screams I could tell that there were two women being carried to destruction. The buggy crossed the walk with such speed as to nearly throw them out. Here was a chance for a hitherto un-

known to make a hero of himself. I dashed out into the street, determined to save those ladies or die in the attempt. As I ran toward the oncoming demon (for such I judged the flying steed must be), I could see my name in large letters at the head of the columns in the leading Michigan dailies. I could feel my real heroism as I refused the rewards offered me by loving parents.

Nearer and nearer comes the furious steed! He is but a few yards distant! I can see the tossing of the horse's head as he comes tearing towards me!

He dashes almost upon me! I brace myself to catch him by the bit! Then, O surprise of all! It was Miller and Hartness in the thills of an old road cart, giving their girls a ride.

Seek ye the heighth of college fame?
It is not found in Latin, now,
Nor winning glory in debate,
But only in the learning how,
To bowl three strikes in every frame.

Mr. C. Napoleon Moore announces the discovery of the real reason for the alleged stagnation of the social affairs of this institution. During a recent tour of Wright Hall, he claims that no less than forty-seven fair maidens, when asked to accompany him to the concert, refused by flaunting soltaire diamond rings in his face. He suggests the great utility of placing a list of the unescortable upon the bulletin board.

Sophomore Girl:—"Who do you think is the brightest boy in college?"

Freshman Girl:—"John Smith, of course."

Soph.:—"John Smith! Why he isn't at all good in his studies."

Fresh.:—"May be not, but he dances just perfectly lovely."

"Would I were a little prep.,"
Sighed a saintly Senior,
"So I could step a single step,
Without somebody seeing.
O, this Senior dignity,
Stiffness and rigidity,
I feel just like a vacant owl,
Or member of the Faculty."

Wirt Dunning is credited with perhaps the most heartrending bit of pathos that has fallen from mortal lips in many moons. It was the evening of the day that several dorm. girls took the train for home. "Alas!" groaned Wirt, upturning his tear stained face to heaven, "Alas! what a beautiful night! What a splendid moon! Think of it fellows! A full moon!—and—no girl!"

Prof.:—"And so you think it incorrect to say "the sun rose and set in him?"

Hurst:—"Yes sir, I do, it ought to be, the sun rose and sat upon him."

The stiddies are bursting forth in song,
"Spring, beauteous Spring, you're here,
Most lovely season of the year,
Assuring us it won't be long
Till we can, with our dear hearts dear,
Stay out all night beneath the moon
On library steps and sweetly spoon."

Agnes David:—"And so Maude absolutely refuses to go there with Mr. W——. I wonder why?"

Myrtle Jonathan:—"O, that's easily explained. He hasn't asked her."

EDITOR ITEM BOX:—

I have been a subscriber to the ALMANIAN ever since it was founded and have laughed uproarously at every joke that has thus far appeared. I wish to brand as malicious and willfull lies, all statements to the effect that I intend to shoot the entire editorial staff on sight, if they permit any more "roasts" to appear about me. Publish all you want to, I don't care how many. In fact, I like to have my name kept constantly before the public. I have been woefully misquoted. I did not say that I did not want any more "roasts". My real statement was that I did not want any more boils.

Yours truly,

"JOB" BAGLEY.

Miss Piety:—"I am sorry that the Spring vacation lasted until after Easte. Sunday. I think we would have gained a great deal if the students could have worshipped together."

Mr. J——:—"In what way do you mean?"

Miss P.:—"Why, just think of all those beautiful new Easter hats we missed seeing!"

Alma is rising, no dowd,
The Athletic Field and Wright Hall,
Give us reason to holler and showd,
Yet there is one thing we ardently wish
Can never be happy without,
Since the professors have ceased keep-
ing hens,

There is need of a hen coop endowed.

Prof.:—"In what class of statesmen would you place Hamilton and Jefferson?"

John:—"Senior class, of course."

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