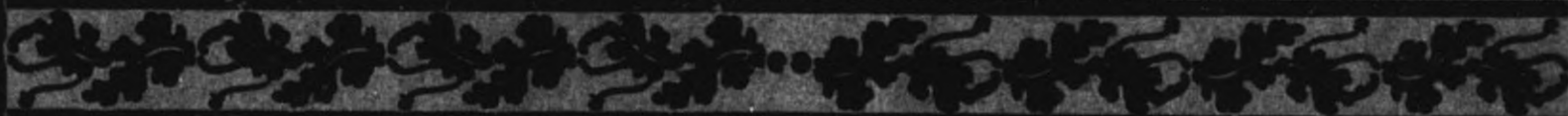


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NO. 7.



Almanian...



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CONTENTS



A JUNIOR'S VIEW OF BROWNING, <i>C. W. Sidebotham</i> , '01,	155
A SUGGESTION ON COLLEGE GOVERNMENT, <i>Lucius S. Bagley</i>, '03,	157
JOHNNIE LANDIS, <i>I. G. Norance</i> , '04,	159
KLAHOWYA NIKA TILLIKTMS, <i>Elizabeth Jones</i> , '96,	161
MR. HOOLIHAN ON MASS MEETINGS, <i>F. R. Hurst</i> , '04,	163
ALUMNI NOTES,	164
EDITORIAL,	167
ARBOR DAY,	169
ATHLETICS,	170
OUTRE MER, <i>Ethelbert W. Waldron</i> , (Poem),	172
ATHLETIC ITEMS, <i>T. W. M.</i> ,	173
THE ALBION-ALMA GAME,	174
THE UMPIRE, (Poem), <i>W. J. E.</i> ,	175
NEWS ITEMS,	176

ALMANIAN.

Volume 3.

MAY, 1902.

Number 7.

A Junior's View of Browning.

C. W. SIDEBOTHAM, '01.

The request for an article for the ALMANIAN came at a time when I was too busy to comply. I have ventured, therefore, to enclose a paper on Browning which I was required to write at the end of a term's study in his works, in my Junior year. It may be, perhaps, of passing interest to some of the readers of the ALMANIAN. At any rate it may serve to show that there are some writers of English too deep or too obscure, for even a college Junior to thoroughly appreciate or adequately understand.

WE are told that a natural scientist can from a single fossilized bone tell the species of any animal. Given a segment of a line, a good mathematician can tell whether the line be a straight line, an ellipse, a parabola, an hyperbola, or a circle. But given a term in Browning, the average Junior cannot hope to determine his thought-world; at least, if he does hope so to do, he will discover that his hopes are incapable of realization.

Some people may infer from this fact that the boundaries of Browning's thought-world extend on and on into the far-away distance, until the eye

can follow no farther. In other words, it is generally supposed that Browning's thought-world is relatively infinite. Perhaps this is so; we cannot disprove it. But is it not just possible that one reason why we fail to trace the boundaries of Browning's thought-world is because they lose themselves, not so much in the far away distance, as in the fogbanks of mysticism, and that if Browning had spent more time in casting his thoughts into intelligible form he would not enjoy his present reputation for being such a profound and extensive thinker?

We have not had sufficient data to warrant the expression of any dogmatic opinions concerning Browning. However, from the data we have, I think Browning is an over-rated poet. We are apt to prize most highly that which costs us the most pains, and yet sometimes it is of no more value

than that which costs us less fatigue. A nugget of gold near the surface is as valuable as the same nugget buried 500 feet beneath the surface of the earth.

Browning has certainly a great mind, but divest him of his mysticism of expression and I think he is no greater than many others not rated as highly. Browning is difficult to understand, and that is the reason, I believe, for his high rank. Many profess to admire and appreciate him, thinking that this will secure them credit for possessing keen and discerning judgments, and undertaking what the common rabble cannot appreciate.

One of the greatest thoughts I have found in Browning is that of the mission of failure—the thought that the losses of this life are not real losses, but stepping-stones to greater successes. This is a grand thought, but Tennyson has expressed the same thought far more poetically. In his "Enoch Arden" self-sacrifice appears far more beautiful to me than in anything I have read in Browning; and, treating the same subject philosophically, I think it is handled far better in "In Memoriam" than in any of Browning's poems.

It seems to me that Browning mistook his calling. We are told that in his youth he hesitated whether to become a poet, a sculptor, an artist or a musician. Browning had the musical instinct to a far greater extent than he had the poetic instinct. Of his poems I most enjoy "Apt Volger," his poem on music. He appears more at ease in this poem than in his others. He writes:

"But God has a few of us whom He whispers in the ear,
The rest may reason and welcome; 'tis we musicians know."

These lines came from the soul. God had whispered in Browning's ear, but Browning was not content to leave it to the rest "to reason and welcome." In Paracelsus, Death in the Desert, and other poems, the argumentative enters largely. Argumentation and poetry are as opposed to each other as night is to day. Poetry is literature arrayed in her finest draperies. Poetry places the truth before us in all of truth's innate beauty. We have no choice but to be led captive by her admirable presentation. Argumentation is literature armed with a club. Argumentation fells a man and then holds him in a relentless grasp until he accedes to the propositions placed before him. Argumentation may be very effective, it often is; so is a billet in the hands of a policeman. But it is seldom artistic, it is never poetry. There is a great gulf between the sphere of poetry and the world of argumentation. A few may excel in both, but no one can combine the two in the same work. When Browning tried to do this he attempted the impossible. A poet who argues forgoes all lawful claims to a poet's laurel. Browning appears to have forgotten this.

Browning would have been at his best in art. He had an artistic instinct. He realized that God is the great Artist, but he did not seem to realize that God is also the great Poet. From this it is safe to infer that he had a greater regard for art than for poetry. One does the best work in that branch which he holds in the highest esteem. And

then, as has been mentioned before, the desire to reason and argue was a great fault with Browning, and this fault is fatal to true poetry

As was remarked at the outset, we are not in a position to set a limit to Browning's thought-world. Yet in

our opinion he was a second-class poet, a third rate philosopher, but in music and art he possessed ability that would have made him, probably, in those departments, the peer of his century.



A Suggestion on College Government.

LUCIUS S. BAGLEY, '03.

THERE has been among the students this year, and especially of late, a very general discontent over the present system of regulating the conduct of the students. It finds its source, probably, in part, in man's inherent tendency to grumble but even more, I believe, in that aversion to any government in which those governed have no voice, which is so inbred in the American character. There are, too, certain difficulties in the way of any system of faculty government which do not tend to produce harmony between faculty and students. It is impossible for the faculty to know all that transpires among the students and not infrequently affairs of a most serious character which are common knowledge to the students, escape punishment while those much less grave are severely punished. It is true that the reason for this is a certain college honor, which keeps the students from "peaching" on any action, although among themselves they may condemn

it, but this honor, even if it be a false honor, is always to be met with as long as the faculty make and enforce the rules.

It is not my purpose, however, to go into a general criticism of our present system. The friends of that system say, "We admit that it has its faults; so would any system; you, at least, have not suggested anything better, and unless you can, what is the use of criticizing?" It is this objection, which is certainly just, that has prompted the writing of this article.

Before outlining in detail any plan for student government it will be well to first lay down the principles to which such a system must conform if it is to prove a success.

They may, I think, be briefly stated as follows:—

1. The ultimate authority must rest with the faculty because it is they who are responsible to the patrons of the college.

2. The immediate responsibility

must be shifted to the student body. In order that this may be done:

a. The students must have the control of the body which makes and enforces the rules.

b. The student members of this body must be made directly and immediately responsible to the student body.

3. The faculty should be given some voice in the making and enforcing of the rules.

4. The jurisdiction of this body should be over those matters which relate to the general conduct of the students outside of the class room.

These, it seems to me, are the fundamental principles upon which any system of successful student government must rest.

The next thing is to elaborate a plan which will comply with these principles. To do this satisfactorily is no easy task. However, I will attempt it.

In the first place I would suggest the creation of a council with eleven members to be chosen as follows: A president of the council to be elected by the whole student body; three members to be chosen by the faculty; one member to be elected by each of the four college classes; one by the Academy; one by the Kindergarten Department, and one by the Art, Music and Commercial Departments jointly. Under such arrangements the students would have eight members, including the presiding officer, in the council while the faculty would have three. This would give the control to the students yet with a representation of three the faculty could not help but have a strong influence upon the actions of the council.

Secondly, in order to make the student members of the council fully responsible to the student body, I would suggest making the term of office short, say a semester in length, and any member subject to removal by a two-thirds or three-fourths vote of those whom he represents.

Thirdly, as I stated in principle one, the ultimate authority must rest with the faculty. They should be given the veto power over the actions of the council but if this system is to prove a success it must be distinctly understood from the start that they are not to use this power unless it becomes absolutely necessary for the good of the college.

Fourth, as to what should be the exact jurisdiction of this council:

This is a very difficult and yet a very important point to settle. I shall not attempt to enter into it very minutely in this present article. My intention was to have this council exercise about the same control over what I have termed the general conduct of the students as the faculty do now. Just what is to be included under this term general conduct and just how to restrict the council from assuming control over matters which do not belong to it are questions that I will leave to the committee which drafts the constitutions if such a committee should ever come into existence. I should think, however, that such matters as come under the head of "General Rules of Conduct" and of "Social Privileges" in the rule book should be included, but not the internal regulations of the dormitories. There should also be guaranteed to the lady principal a proper amount of freedom in the exercise of her duties.

All this is very important and it should be clearly and distinctly specified in the constitution if the system is ever put into practice.

Lastly, the council should have regular specified times for meeting when grievances might be brought before it.

There are undoubtedly objections which will be urged against any plan for student government. It has already been argued that such a government would have a tendency to be too severe on offenders. In reply I would say that with three faculty members in the council I do not believe that there is much cause to fear for the prudence of its actions. If, however, the council should lose its head and go too far the faculty would still

have the power to veto its acts. To the opposite objection, namely that the students would be too lenient, I can only say that I have sufficient confidence in the students of Alma College to believe they would rise to a sense of the responsibility if it were placed upon them.

One thing more in closing. If the college should ever decide to try this system or anything resembling it I plead for a fair and sufficient trial. Don't be in too big a hurry to condemn it. It will take time to establish and perfect it and we must not be discouraged if some mistakes are made on the start. Once thoroughly established, however, I believe it would prove a success. Why not give it a trial at least?



Johnnie Landis.

I. G. NORANCE, '04.

JOHNNIE Landis was not a pleasant child to talk with, for the simple reason that he would not talk. People said that, for a child, he thought too much. But however much he might have resembled the Lean Man of Shakespearean fame in this peculiarity, certainly, in appearance he was quite different. And yet, although chubby, freckle-faced and sturdy, he really did think too much. Even in after life he tried to assign reasons for everything which happened.

Of course his thoughtful nature did

not make him a general favorite. His one solace and his only companion in his strollings about his father's meadows was a dog in whose veins was flowing blood which could be traced back to almost any variety and breed of dog. Her name was Bess. Boy and dog got along very well together. They had a great deal of sympathy for each other for both were outcasts from their kin. For two years Johnnie and Bess were fast friends, but there came a day when Johnnie asked too much from the dog.

Pulling her ears and tail had be-

come monotonous and therefore he decided to experiment. He wanted to know just how much pressure those yellow claws would stand. With increasing force he brought his heel down; then Bess forgot and snapped at his leg. Of course the boy aimed a kick at her ribs but she leaped quickly away. Then Johnnie sat down and thought. Presently he arose, procured a rope and tied Bess to the gatepost. At dinner time he simply said, "Pa, Bess bit me." His equally laconic father said, "Very well, I'll see about it."

Something happened to Bess after the chores were all done. But Johnnie slept just as sweetly and snored just as loudly Saturday night as he did the night before.

* * * * *

When he had first started to attend school, John Landis had selected Bessie Brown as the object of his youthful affections. No one knows why he did it, for she certainly was not beautiful. But she did have fine eyes which in later years were described as glowing stars, sparkling diamonds, etc.

To his chosen one, John was a faithful knight. The largest violets, the rosiest apples, the most luscious pears of his father's orchards were found in her desk and really, Bess did seem to reciprocate. She seemed, whenever they met, to have a loving smile which entirely concealed, or at least overshadowed, her rather prominent freckles. And John was happy, oh, so happy, until that day when he ate his dinner too hurriedly and returned to school too quickly.

Heated by his rapid walk he sat down, as was his wont, beside an open window to let the gentle breeze cool

him off. Alas, that open window! Through it were borne murmurings of voices, low but easily understood. Sweet little freckle-faced Bessie was telling her friends how she could make John Landis toe the mark. "Why, I guess he'd do most anything for me. Just look at these!" and she held up John's offerings of that morning. "Here Tom, you can have this apple, and Sam you can have these plums. He'll bring me some more this afternoon."

Poor John! He looked at the striped candy which he had brought for Bessie. Then he softly put it in the desk of a blackhaired little girl to whom he hardly spoke.

John was learning fast. . . .

The concert is over. Jack Landis leans back against one of the pillars of his fraternity home. He glances up at the stars above. They seem like glimmering lamps hung just above the shadowy limbs of the maples. His gaze wanders across the campus towards Andrews' Hall. Over there is a girl of whom Jack is thinking. The thick limbs of the maples and elms, the solid walls of the hall cannot interrupt his vision. He sees her over there, sitting in her chair, just as she had sat by him that night in all her glorious beauty. For three years had he known her. For three years he had meant some day to ask her to be his own and tomorrow night he would do it.

Just for an instant the sound of senior revellings is faintly heard, but in that instant his mind takes a backward leap. He thinks of those who had reared him; of the money which his father's lucky find had brought him; of his four years upon the foot-

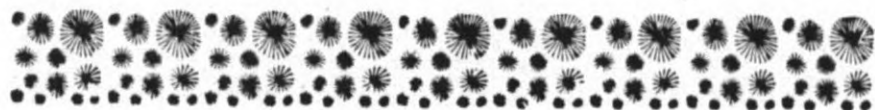
ball team; of the carousings, the fellows, the girls whom he knew; of the dear old campus itself. He will take just one look at it in its midnight quiet.

Softly he arises and walks across the grass. Presently in the darkness of some mighty elms he sits down and dreams again.

"Yes, indeed, Elizabeth Vaun is a lucky girl, and she knows it. Why she says that he is worth a cool hundred thousand!" Was he dreaming? It could not be, for just there before him were walking Elizabeth's chums. Stupid, stunned, bewildered, he arose

and stumbled out upon the walk. Mechanically he feels for his watch and his hand comes in contact with a little square box. Without a pause he opens it. The diamond flashes up at him in devilish gleams. With a shudder he throws it far out into the moonlight, and even then it seems to mock him in glistening triumph.

Jack Landis has finished his course. He had sought something perfect, something to worship, something, a God. He has found simply a dog, a girl, a woman—Bess, Bessie, Elizabeth.



Klahowya Nika Tillikums.

ELIZABETH JONES, '96.

IN a time long since forgotten,
 In the days long since departed,
 Gitche Manito, The Mighty,
 The Great Spirit, the All-father,
 Looked upon the land he'd founded,
 In the east where lies the Atlantic;
 Looked to northward, looked to south-
 ward,
 At the land along the Atlantic;
 But he sighed and cast his glances
 Farther westward, toward the Ohio.
 O'er this region swept his glances,
 Glances like the mountain eagle's.
 "This is fair," said the Great Spirit,
 "Fair to eyes of gods and mortals;
 But beyond, there must be fairer.
 To the eyes of gods and mortals."
 Then it was that the Great Spirit
 Turned his footsteps to the westward,
 To the westward, toward the sunset.

With his mighty strides he hastened,
 Over hills and through the valleys.
 Crossed the rushing Mississippi,
 Mississippi, "father of waters."
 Ever westward was his face turned,
 To the land of the Dakotas.
 In the evening, just at sunset,
 As he journeyed, without pausing,
 Journeyed o'er the rolling prairies
 In the land of the Dakotas,—
 He beheld a vision wondrous!
 Wondrous e'en to eyes immortal,
 To the eyes of the Great Spirit
 Who created all this beauty.
 There he paused upon a hill-top,
 And with rapture viewed the prospect.
 All the wrinkles from his forehead,
 All the lines of care departed;
 And upon his face benignant
 Played a smile of satisfaction,—

For before him to the westward,
 Where the glorious sun was setting,
 Rolled that grand majestic river,
 The Missouri, the great river.
 Both its banks were clothed with
 verdure,
 Clothed with forests green and smiling;
 Through the forests deer were roaming,
 Roamed at will the antlered roebuck;
 Through the underbush did scurry
 The Wabasso, the wild rabbit;
 Overhead, the spreading branches
 Vocal were, with woodland songsters;
 Songs they sang of joy and gladness,
 Songs of praise to the Great Spirit;
 And he murmured, as he heard them,
 "It is fair, this land before me!"
 Then he turned him northward, southward,
 And the smile upon his visage
 Did but deepen at each turning,
 For to northward, rolling prairies
 Dotted were, with blooming flowers;
 Dotted, too, with herds of bison,
 Herds of buffalo and bison.
 Southward, too, were rolling prairies,
 Where the antelope do wander;
 And the wild goose flying northward,
 Rests on all the lakes and rivers.
 O'er his head were the blue heavens,
 Bluer, purer, here than elsewhere—
 Here the air was clearer, purer,
 Than the air upon the Atlantic,
 On the mountains, in the valleys.
 As the grateful, healthful ozone
 Came into his mighty nostrils;
 As he breathed this air ethereal,
 Filled was he with inspiration,
 And he uttered then these words:
 "Here shall end my weary searchings,
 Searchings for a beauteous region,
 Where shall mingle peace and plenty,
 Peace and plenty joined to beauty;

And to beauty there is added
 Health for body, mind and soul.
 Here indeed hath the Great Spirit
 Wrought his masterpiece on earth."
 Forth he stretched his arms in blessing!
 Blessed the earth, the sky, the ether;
 Bade the earth to yield abundance
 For all times and generations;
 Bade the sky to smile and frown not
 On all coming generations;
 Bade the air inspire to greatness
 All the countless generations.
 Then he spake in strains prophetic
 Of the future of this country,—
 Of that great and glorious future
 Of the country of his pride:
 "On the hillside, just below me,
 On the slope above the river,
 The Missouri, the great river,
 There shall spring a thriving city
 Built by great tribes of the pale faces;
 Built by tribes with brain and sinew,
 And with great determination
 To accomplish glorious deeds.
 And the name of this great city,
 City of the plains and river,
 Shall be Bismarck, name euphonious,
 Name symbolic of all great things,"
 Thus did end the words prophetic
 Of the prophet, the Great Spirit;
 And his words have been accomplished
 Have been in the past, and shall be
 In that future full of promise,
 Full of hope for sons of men.
 To this city I did wander;
 Many moons ago did wander
 From my friends in far-famed Alma;
 Famed for noble men and women,
 Whom to know is a great blessing,
 From whom comes an inspiration
 To be noble, brave and true.
 And to these, I now send greeting,
 From this city of the prairies;
 Greetings from my heart I send them,

Wishing that the choicest blessings
 Which the wide world has to offer,
 May surround them, may attend them
 Day and night throughout their lives.
 To the friends and the companions
 Whom I knew while there in Alma,
 Would I send sincerest wishes;
 Wishes that successful may be
 All the ventures yet before you;
 And though rough may be your path-
 way,
 Many times your steps be weary,
 Yet may faith and courage guide you
 Safely to your journey's end.
 O'er this land we're broadly scattered;
 Some in lands beyond the ocean;
 Each one wishing, each one striving

To attain in his vocation,—
 That which many fail in reaching,
 Which is known in speech of mortals,
 By the magic name,—Success.
 Though apart our fates may lead us,
 And though many be not granted
 More to meet and clasp in friendship
 Hands of friends of former days,—
 Yet our thoughts will backward wand-
 er,
 Wander to our Alma Mater,
 Wander to those days of yore.
 Here our hearts be re-united;
 Here shall all our hopes be centered;
 Hopes for Thee, our fostering mother;
 Hopes for all thy future days.



Mr. Hoolihan on Mass Meetings.

F. R. HURST, '04.

“**W**HAT'S th' band playin' fur
 an' all the colors flyin' to-
 day?” says Mr Hogan.

“It's Arbor Day,” says Mr. Hoolihan.

“An' what's Arbor Day?” says Mr.
 Hogan.

“Why, that's th' day whin th' Guv-
 nor tells th' payple to go out in th'
 woods an' pull up threas an' plant 'em
 in their front yards.”

“But why the band an' th' colors
 an' the yellin' crowds?”

“Well, that's a part of th' ixorcises,”
 says Mr. Hoolihan. “The bands' goin'
 up to th' collidge. They're goin' to
 have a mass maytin'. Ivry thing in

collidge ixcipt studyin' is precaded by
 a mass maytin'. ‘An' why,’ sez you,
 ‘do they have the mass maytin's?’ Ye
 see it's loike this. It takes money for
 athlitics an' it takes spirrut to cheer on
 the players. ‘An what is collidge spir-
 rut?’ sez you. Collidge spirrut is the
 willingness t' git out an' tell ivry jigger
 on th' 'ponints' tame that he's a poos-
 hilanimous, soft headed, nonothink,
 an' that he dont' know he's livin'. An'
 th' purpose of th' maytins' is to stir
 up this spirrut. Ye go into a mass
 maytin,' frinstince, just before a foot
 ball game. Th' band plays, “A Hot
 Toime,” an the Glay Cloob sings,

"Rooshian down th' Field." Ye begin to git stirred up a bit. Thin they bring up an iligant orator who goes on to show how th' crowd plays th' hull game. 'Why,' sezze 'didn't Yale win from Harvord last year? B'cause th' studints didn't back 'em up. Why don't Ferris do anything in athlitics? B'cause they aint got the proper spirrut. Now,' sezze, 'how air we goin' to win that game tomorrer? Th' tame can't win it. Who kin? Why th' studints is goin' to win it. An how air ye goin' to do that? By gittin' out there on time and yellin yersilves hoarse. Lit ivrywon take a girrul. Tickets for sale at the dure whin th' maytin's over; twenty-foive cints.' Thin they have some singin' and more spaches by spiritoolistic studints; an' by th' toime the last yells are given yez air riddy to lick any man on the other tame. Afther wan of these mass maytin's no wan can stay away from the game. I'd go if I had to crawl under th' back fince. An' its th' same wid today's preformance. Th' collidge wants some threas planted in the grounds ferninst th' buildin's an' somewan's got to plant 'em. An' so they have a mass maytin'. The

prisidint gits up an' sezze, 'What's the use of havin' threas if they wasn't planted by somewan? What fun will it be fur posthurity to set under these threas an' not know who set 'em out? But what a rale playsure it'll be t' sit under th' big elum sivinty years frum now an' say, 'This threa was planted by the class of naughty four who all got married before they graduated.'

"Up till this time ye've tho't, 'What's the use;'" but now you begin to think ye'd better plant wan. Thin he goes on to tell how many there is that wants to plant threas an' ye'd better hurry as soon as th' ixorcises is over or ye wont git any chance. Thin he is followed by some spakers who show ye that threa plantin' is the best thing in the worruld. Thin they have some singin' about the diffrunt threas, an' when the hull crowd has sung, "Americy" togither, ye fale like tearin' up ivry threa in sight and settin' it out on th' collidge grounds."

"But what's those kids cluckin' about over on the front stoop?" says Mr. Hogan.

"That," says Mr. Hoolihan, "is the Frishman class givin' their yell."



Alumni Notes.

ARRANGEMENTS for the program of events for Alumni Day of Commencement week are about completed, and we believe it is unnecessary to add that these exercises will prove very entertaining to all, and will serve to bring into closer reunion not only the members

of the Alumni with the undergraduates but also the Alumni with each other. We trust also that as a result the Alumni Association may be encouraged to give regular exercises of various nature during each Commencement. This year the regular program will begin at two o'clock.

The participants will be C. E. Scott, '98, G. B. Randels, '00, and W. B. Robinson, '01, with one other yet to be selected. All of these have had the larger university training since leaving Alma, and will no doubt show the results of this in their productions.

At four o'clock of the same day, a base ball game will be played between the regular college team and a team made up of former base ball men at Alma. This should be a close and exciting game, as several of the "stars" of years gone by have promised to be on hand and show that they still have some of their former ability. The battery positions will be in good hands. "Jimmy" Best, who caught on Alma's first team, and has since gained an enviable reputation among professionals, has promised to be on hand and to catch. For pitcher, we will have "Georgie" Sears, who made a strike-out record while with the '98, team, and fooled the heaviest batters placed against him. Then for the infield there will be Holmes, with the team several years; Robinson, of '01; Bruske, of '96-'98; Kellogg and Beechler, of last year's team; Olmsted of '98; McCabe, of '96; Tubbs, who played with Best on the first team; Foote, of '98, and others. We believe the above will be a formidable line-up and give the regulars a good wind-up on the season.

In the evening an Alumni banquet will be given. This, we presume, will be unanimously agreed as a most fitting close to the exercises and be a potent factor in bringing the old students into closer relationship. Nor, in all these events, though we believe it to be a time of thorough enjoyment and one in which we may, perhaps,

be excused from a little "horse play" in connection with recalling the pleasures of our college days, should we forget that while the Association is attending Alma as a body it is a very propitious time to talk over matters of interest to the college, and urge the adoption of whatever in its mind has a tendency toward upbuilding the college in any of its many branches. One matter to be advocated should be Alumni representation on the Board of Trustees. The reasons for this are apparent, as no persons better know the needs of a college than students who have passed several years within its influence and graduated with honor. Let us be ready to consider the matter in June.

A custom which has been more or less observed at Alma is the giving to the college of some memorial by the graduating class each year. This practice should be encouraged as much as possible, as it not only serves to add to the college equipment, the beautifying of the grounds or giving other benefit to the college, but binds closer the members of each class in after years. We would, however, not advocate the gift of such memorials to furnish amusement and articles for destruction to the undergraduates. These should certainly appreciate the efforts of former students who showed loyalty to their college but who are not now present to defend their gift, and give their work in the destruction line to that which the owners can defend. One of the results which should be attained by a more earnest observance of Alumni Day is an effort to have class reunions each year. It may be difficult to start the former graduates from the cares of business, but

one visit may be an inducement for another and reunions as classes should necessarily result.

Gard. Hunting, an early student at Alma, is now sporting editor of the Saginaw "Courier Herald."

C. E. Walker, who has attended Alma College at different times, is traveling for the Michigan Drug Co. of Detroit. He will enter the Detroit College of Medicine next fall.

P. H. Bruske, '98, is now state editor of the Detroit "Tribune".

"Josh" A. McLandress will graduate from the Saginaw Medical College this year.

R. Hurd Sanford has settled upon a farm in the northern part of the state.

Sol. Netzorg, a student last year, is attending Cornell University.

Ed. Fry, with '98, has charge of the Evangelical church at Ionia.

Miss Charlotte Hallas, at Alma last year, is spending the year at home in Grand Rapids.

Miss Florence Watrous, who entered with '02, is studying pharmacy in Washington.

Miss Gertrude Humphrey, with '01, and Miss Marion Briggs, who attended the Academy during '98-'99, are at home in Saginaw.

Miss Irvana Smith, K. G. '99, has a position with the Saginaw Dry Goods Company.

B. H. Swift, at Alma during '98-'99, will graduate this year from the Detroit College of Medicine.

Miss Zoe Spencer is teaching at Linden.

Miss Donna Hill, K. G., '01, is teaching at Saginaw.

Misses Wheeler and Mitchell, both K. G., '01, are teaching kindergarten in the Detroit schools.

James Gargett, with '01, has moved to a farm near Alma.

Rev. L. S. Brooke, '96, has received a unanimous call to become pastor of the Presbyterian church of Howell and has accepted the same. He has filled the pulpit as stated supply during the past year, and his call is a well deserved tribute. Another Alma student "gone right".

W. T. Johnson, '99, will preach in Detroit during the summer. He recently refused the assistant pastorate of a large charge in Philadelphia, being determined to go to the foreign field.

H. E. Porter, '99, and B. S. Bates, '98, will be ordained by Saginaw Presbytery at Alma, May 15.





ALMANIAN.

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MAY, 1902.

IT seems befitting after the address given by Dr. Ament to make a few remarks in recognition of the same. Not many times has Alma College

been favored with the address of a Missionary who was so thoroughly adequate to his subject as Dr. Ament. "The situation in China with the narration of some personal experiences" as presented by Dr. Ament gave very clear ideas of Old China, the siege and the China of the near future. Dr. Ament has spent twenty-five years in progressive missionary work among the Chinese. His intimate fellowship with Minister Conger and his personal acquaintance with all the things pertaining to the late Boxer uprisings make him a valuable servant in revealing conditions as they really are in China. The stories of the Siege and of the Boxer uprising, which Dr. Ament left with us will long be remembered. The quick wit and keen conception are gifts of Dr. Ament which he uses very extensively; he easily travels from the pathetic to the comical and always leaves the point clear in the foreground. Our Missionary committees have indeed been at work and deserve the hearty thanks of students and faculty for this rare treat. We understand that they have also secured Dr. C. H. Irvin a medical missionary to Corea, to address the students in June. Dr. Irvin is a co-worker of R. H. Sidebotham and comes highly recommended as an excellent missionary speaker.

W. W.

IN the athletic column will be found an article intended as a reply to an editorial that appeared in the April issue. It is the policy of the ALMANIAN to admit anything that is "fit to print" and that is of interest to the students, subject, of course, to the ideas of fitness held by those managing the magazine. The ALMANIAN does not

belong to the editors and we wish it to be distinctly understood that this is the policy we always have followed, and always will follow while we are in control. It would be an abuse of the trust that the student body has bestowed upon us to make this column the vehicle for the expression of the peculiar views of the editorial staff and to rule out anything contrary to those views. We feel confident that everyone who writes for the magazine in regard to matters affecting the policy of the college is working for what he conceives to be the best interests of the institution and every one should be allowed to express his opinion, even though it does not harmonize exactly with the notions of some one else. It is only as this principle is consistently carried out and as matters of such vital concern to the institution as athletics and debating are treated impartially and candidly, without fear of the wrath or ill-favor of the "powers that be," that this or any college publication of like nature can have any influence or serve its highest usefulness.

EVERY student is delighted with the beautiful new Wright Hall, and there is not one who does not point with feelings of pride to this

noble gift of our beloved benefactor. There are, however, one or two things in which the hall seems lacking. Wright Hall needs a door bell! At present there is absolutely no arrangement whereby callers can establish communications with the celestial regions except through a prearranged plan or through chance meeting in the reception hall. One young man has given an oath (and he declares, that except for strongly grounded ethical principles, he would have given many more) that he waited exactly forty-five minutes before being able to inform the young lady, whom he had come to see, of his presence. To a young man whose social hours are restricted "from 8 to 10," this is indeed annoying. Let us have a bell, and some one to answer it. Secondly, the boys' reception room is thus far absolutely destitute of furniture. Not a chair breaks the monotony. There should at least be a few window seats, not to mention chairs and tables. If the young men of the college are to have a reception room of their own, and apart from the young ladies, they should at least have some place to sit down and bewail that separation.

Arbor Day.

FIFTEEN years ago, the Alma College campus was a treeless plain, marked only by two very tall and very lonely-looking buildings, the Main Building and the 'Dorm.' Today, there are seven buildings and all of them are surrounded with trees in various stages of growth. Fifteen years hence the quadrangle will be a park.

This rapid transformation of an inelegant field into a 'Garden of Delight' will be due partly to the unflinching generosity of the supporters of the institution, partly to the tireless efforts of Dr. Bruske, and last but not least, to the faithful observance on the part of the college of Arbor Day.

Trees have been planted on the campus every year since the college was founded, but until ten years ago, no special day was set apart for the purpose of tree-planting. Since that time, it has been the custom to have no classes in the afternoon of the day and to join in appropriate exercises and in tree-planting.

Alma College is too young to abound in traditions. But we have one college custom which has become strongly established through usage. It is the custom among the college classes of making a demonstration of class spirit in chapel on Arbor Day. This is the only day in the year when all college classes are expected to 'do something' and the custom is indication of the place that the day has come to have in the life of the institution.

This year, more extensive plans were made for the day than ever before. The teams had finished the grading about Wright Hall and everything was in readiness to set out a grove around the new Memorial Hall.

Gov. Bliss promised to come and take part in the exercises but was prevented. In his place Supt. F. R. Hathaway, General Manager of the Alma Sugar Co., and Dr. G. F. Butler of the Alma Sanitarium were present. The former gave an excellent address and the latter read an original poem. Rep. Holmes spoke, in behalf of the Alma G. A. R. post, a fitting eulogy to the late Wm. McKinley in whose honor the post planted an oak on the left of the walk leading up to Wright Hall.

The crowning event of the day was when Mr. A. W. Wright, the millionaire benefactor of the college came from his home in spite of the threatening weather and planted a linden wood tree which may be seen at the right of the walk leading up to Wright Hall. Never before has Mr. Wright attended exercises at the college except during commencement week. He was greeted by a rousing cheer from the students.

PLANT YE A TREE.

GEO. F. BUTLER, M. D.

Plant ye a tree, it will lift it's head
And 'mong it's branches when you are dead
The breezes will sing a song for you,
Softly and gently, sweetly and true.

There will be no censure in the song;
For the grand old tree, so firm and strong,
Will be as a true and loyal friend
Your foibles to hide, your faults defend.

Plant ye a tree and make ye a shade
To rest when the blazing sun has made
The outer places to glaze and glare
And grill and seethe, in the torrid air.

There is room in every soul to grow
A tree to shelter from storms of woe,
And from the pitiless, glaring sun
Of Hate and Wrong, a suffering one.

So plant ye a tree, wherever you may,
In soul or ground, you will find some day
A sweet retreat its boughs have made
From rain or shine, for shelter or shade.

Athletics.

· THERON W. MORTIMER.

WE wish to call the attention of our readers to one of the editorials of last issue, and to comment upon some of the statements made therein. One of the reasons assigned for our debating team being vanquished by Albion this year was our slavery to athletics. Our athletic teams are decried as semi-professional and our department of public speaking as being inefficient. Having made a careful investigation of this matter, and also a very close comparison of Alma with the other colleges of Michigan, we are prepared to state and to defend our position—that our own college has probably the cleanest record of all, touching this matter of professionalism in athletics.

The writer of the editorial says that winning athletic teams and victorious debating teams cannot exist in an institution of the size of Alma. Here he has made an oversight. He has failed to reckon with the opposing forces. These two departments of college life and activity can and do exist—and are excelled in—in the same institution, where their opponents have not such enormous advantages as ours have by way of numbers. Of course it is absurd for us to think that we can win upon the gridiron, upon the diamond, and upon the track from a college of the size of Albion. Much more ridiculous would it be for us to

expect to win in both athletic attainments and in debating, when we are so handicapped in point of numbers.

Are we such superior physical and mental organisms that our lesser number of students should repeatedly triumph over the much greater numbers of other colleges? Therefore, what the editor says about our not being able to win in both athletics and debating is true if he should only add the cause—when we are so outnumbered. But here we are—a small college compelled to compete with the larger colleges of our state. Until we grow larger, so as to compare more favorably in numbers with the other colleges, we must content ourselves with fewer victories. But the question at once presents itself: How are we to grow so as to more successfully compete with our sister institutions? The editor says we must choose between athletics and oratory (debating). If we excell in either and thereby cause Alma to grow most rapidly as she deserves to grow, we quite agree with him.

The question before us is, which shall we choose? We will now call the reader to the jury box to decide upon the merits of these claimants. Two phases of this question present themselves for our consideration—the good of the student body and the good of the institution. We will con-

sider the first—and note the probable results if athletics were sacrificed to public speaking at Alma. Not only would the student body grow smaller each year but the quality of work done would probably be of an inferior sort; for science backs us when we say that the mind is not at its best when the body is improperly cared for. But one may say, that we do not mean to abolish athletics altogether—we shall retain enough for the proper development of the body. This has proven impracticable often enough for us not to rely upon such an arrangement for the least assistance. It is only by maintaining inter-collegiate contests that the student body may be developed to the proper extent. Some would take regular and sufficient exercise without inter-collegiate contest, but the great majority of students would not have a sufficient interest in physical culture to inspire them to the proper amount of exercise. But, you say, make exercise compulsory. Do this and—as experience has shown—you have made what should be a diversion and mental rest, simply a laborious task, the benefits of which are diminished by one-half to the one compelled to participate. We must never lose sight of the distinction between physical diversion or recreation and physical exercise or work. Their effects upon and benefits to, the mental faculties of the students are so diverse. It may be urged that some colleges or universities have tried their hand at abolishing inter-collegiate athletics, and the results were satisfactory. We reply as follows: Why did said institutions return to inter-collegiate athletics, as they invariably have? We need no stronger ar-

gument against the attempt than that it was not continued. On the other hand we wish you to consider whether debating needs such a stimulus as the inter-collegiate debate to make it of permanent and practical value; or whether it may not be properly developed by the literary society and public speaking department. When we consider the best interests of the college, we are ready to affirm without fear of successful contradiction that athletics are of much greater importance than debating. Which is the best advertisement for the college—the winning foot-ball team or the victorious debating team?

How many people in Michigan know whether Yale or Harvard won the last joint debate? But how few there are who do not know the result of the last Yale-Harvard foot-ball game! Some one says this is not pertinent to the question in hand; but be assured that it is, for students are influenced by this fact more than by any other when they are choosing their future Alma Mater. The other advantages are so nearly equal that this is necessarily the determining factor. It is human nature to want to be on the winning side.

If oratory is of so much more importance than athletics, both to the college and to its constituency, why do not the majority of the leading educators and thinkers realize the fact? If a "high dignitary" believes it, why does he not act upon his belief, as as sane and honest people generally do? We believe the literary societies of Alma are largely responsible for the lack of ability in debating. The secret, or even semi-secret meeting, is not the place where real character or ability is

developed. Let the literary societies awake and get more of this athletic spirit—this spirit of rivalry and contention—for it is by such that we grow. Athletics are destined, by the innate actuating and perpetuating spirit, to draw men and women to centres of learning where they may be

fitted for the intellectual pursuits of life. A participation in athletics means the cultivation of that in man whereby he is best prepared for the struggles and strain of the real life which eagerly awaits every one whose equipment has been thus completed.



OUTRE MER.

ETHELBERT W. WALDRON.

*A sting of spume on the wild, wild air,
A breath of salt from the wind-blown foam,
And a voice came out of the dim beyond,
Calling me home.*

*It calls me over the wave-girt sea,
It calls me over the wind-blown foam,
This voice came out of the dim beyond,
Calling me home.*

*But I cannot go. I only wait,
Wait on the sand by the wind-blown foam,
Hearing the voice from the dim beyond,
Calling me home.*

Athletic Items.

T. W. M.

OWING to the wind, frost and rain which have been present either singly or combined most of the spring, there has been little done by the men of our college which merits the name of training.

The weight men of the track team have been doing some good work, notwithstanding the weather. The distance and dash men are almost without a place to train. It is hoped, however, that a portion of the new field may be put in order this week for the accommodation of the sprinters and hurdlers at least. The work on the field is progressing so slowly that unless different arrangements are made there will be no contests witnessed there this season.

There seems to be an idea prevalent at Alma College, and not with the students alone, that a man is at his best at any time and under all conditions. Students neglect to train because they deceive themselves by thinking that they can rush upon the field of con-

test and in their own strength, without the added strength which is the result of skill and which is beyond doubt the most potent factor in athletic accomplishments—and do wonderful feats or at least make a creditable showing. This is a delusion of the most harmful nature to college athletics. To this delusion is due nearly four-fifths of the injuries received by foot ball men of these days. To this delusion is due the condition of by far the greater majority of the narrow-chested, pale and consumptive-looking students of today. Steady and consistent training is avoided, and the result is the weakened race; or an injury upon the slightest provocation. We trust that neither the faculty nor the friends of Alma College will be so unjust nor so unwise as to censure the students who fail to win from other colleges, when they are laboring against such odds as our athletic field has presented this spring.



THE MESSAGE OF THE STAR.

J. W. D.

When the dusky wings of evening
Spread their shadows o'er the earth,
And I sit and muse, forsaken,
Beside my lone and dreary hearth,
When the twilight round me gathers
And the stars bedeck the skies
And through my doorway open wide
Scintillate the fire-flies.

Then from out the lapse of mem'ry
I recall a childish prayer
As I gaze out into heaven
And wonder if my God is there.
Then quick to me, despondent,
Comes a message through the air.
The twinkling of those stars replies,
"God is love; he's everywhere."

The Albion-Alma Game.

THE base ball season opened April 19th, with Albion. The day was cold and raw and far from being ideal for base ball. With only two weeks of preliminary training for what was probably the hardest game of the season, and handicapped by the lack of an experienced catcher, Alma made a very creditable showing and demonstrated that ere the season closes she will be in the race for honors with any of the Michigan colleges.

The most noticeable point of strength was in batting. Alma hit the ball fully as hard as Albion, and with a better bunching of hits could have evened the score. The loss of the game, however, must be attributed to Alma's errors. Walker, usually a star, had an off day and made five mistakes, while Whitney, a new man on third, although he made perfect stops, only once succeeded in throwing the ball across the diamond.

Swift pitched a magnificent game and eight Albion batters fell his prey. It was Williams' first game and he caught a plucky game considering his inexperience. First base promises to be a strong position this year. B. Dunning covered it in good shape and batted well. The outfield with Helmer and Robinson, old-timers, and C. Baker, make an excellent batting trio. R. Baker on second was handicapped in fielding by a sprained knee, but he can be depended on to fill his position perfectly.

The Albion team are all ball players and the strongest candidates for the intercollegiate championship. Karsen was a new man in the box but he has the making of a good pitcher. The batting of VanHusen, Church and Sebastian was a feature, while Simons' magnificent running catch was the star play of the game. The score:

ALBION	AB	R	H	P	A	E
Simons, 3b	5	2	1	1	0	0
Hyney, ss	6	1	0	1	1	0
Karsen, p	6	2	2	3	5	1
Sebastian, c	6	4	4	2	2	0
McKale, m	5	3	0	0	0	1
Van Husen, lf	5	1	2	0	0	0
Howe rf	5	1	1	0	0	0
Church 1b	5	2	4	15	4	0
Knickerbocker, 2b	4	1	1	5	5	1
Totals	47	17	15	27	17	3

ALMA	AB	R	H	P	A	E
Walker, ss	5	0	1	0	2	5
Swift, p	5	1	0	2	0	0
Robinson, lf	4	2	3	1	0	0
R. Baker, 2b	5	0	0	3	2	1
B. Dunning, rb	4	1	3	6	0	1
Helmer, m	4	0	2	1	0	0
Whitney, 3b	4	0	1	4	1	4
C. Baker, rf	3	0	2	0	0	0
Williams, c	3	1	0	3	5	1
Totals	37	5	12	23*	10	12

*Hyney out on hit by batted ball.

Score by innings.		R	H	E
ALBION	5 5 1 0 2 2 1 1	*-17	15	3
ALMA	3 0 1 0 0 0 0 0	1-5	12	12

Summary:—Bases on balls, off Karsen, 3; off Swift, 4. Two base hits, VanHusen, Church, Knickerbocker, Sebastian and Dunning. Three base hits, VanHusen. Double plays, Hyney to Knickerbocker to Church, Church, unassisted. Hit by pitched ball, Church. Passed balls, Williams, 2. Struck out by Swift, 8; by Karsen, 2. Wild pitches, Swift 2; Karsen 1. Time of game 1:50. J. W. D.



THE UMPIRE.

W. J. E. '02.

He stands in the midst of the base ball square,
Unmoved by the storm that is raging there;
Rooters are roaring—what cares he for that?
Regarding no man but the one at the bat,
Awaiting the swing of the pitcher's arm,
His lantern-jawed face betrays no alarm.

Fast flies the ball from the pitcher's fist,
Over the plate it shoots with a twist,
Round swings the bat—but the ball is missed.
The umpire calls, "Strike three!" and the crowd,
Half of them angry, the other half proud,
Exhibit displeasure, discordant and loud.

All of them thinking the umpire a thief,
Ladies all blowing on fog horns of tin,
Mingle to make a most heathenish din.
Alas! naught cares he for their symptoms of grief;
But bent on his duty, he watches the ball,
And all of their threats do not move him at all.

Long wages the fight on the base ball square;
Loud waxes the cry of the watchers there.
The crowd becomes wild and encircles him quite,
Each seeking a quarrel—all wanting to fight.
At length he is nettled, and yells with his might:
"**M**y decisions are just, and the play must be right."

NEWS ITEMS.

ZETA SIGMA PUBLIC.

The Zeta Sigma Society gave its Eleventh Annual Public in the college chapel Monday evening, April 7th. Miss Conat opened the program with a selection from Wagner's Tannhauser, "Hail to the Hall of Song," which she rendered most beautifully. Mr. Brock, the president, followed with a meaty five-minute speech on the work of the society. The discussion of the subject of "Interest" by T. George Timby was from the historical viewpoint and contained much interesting and valuable information. "Journalism in Japan" was the subject of a carefully prepared essay by Pearl Fuller, showing the marvellous progress which Japan has made in recent years in its field of effort. Miss Sharp, whose piano solos have long been heartily welcomed and keenly appreciated at the college, this time delighted us all with her exquisite rendering of the "Witches Dance," by MacDowell. J. Wirt Dunning, as on former occasions, disclosed no little ability as a story writer. His story in four chapters (1) A remarkable speech, (2) In which the newspaper plays a role, (3) A disastrous coronation and (4) The fulfillment, was rare and pleasing both in conception and execution, and called forth hearty and merited applause. Mr. Miller was at his best in his oration, "Why did Arnold turn Traitor" as was also Lucius Bagley in the vocal solo, "The Friar of Orders Grey." Altogether the program was

a credit to those who participated and to the society which they represented.

The following have been elected officers of Phi Phi Alpha for the spring term: President, H. L. Griffin; vice president, D. A. Johnson; secretary, C. H. Whitney; treasurer, G. W. Young; critics, C. Ronald and Philip Phillips; marshal, W. Andre.

The devotional meeting of the Y. W. C. A. on April 20th, was a memorable occasion, it being the first meeting to be held in the new Association room. This room is the northeast corner room on the fourth floor of Wright Hall, and is shared jointly by the Christian Association and the Philomathean Society.

The Phi Phi Alphas were highly entertained by a program given them recently by the Philomatheans.

There is great rejoicing expressed that at last there is a place for the Y. W. C. A. meetings which may be regarded as an Association home, and a movement was immediately set on foot for securing pledges of one or more chairs from members and friends of the Association. Other furnishings are greatly desired, and it is hoped and expected that many friends of the College will enjoy being represented in the making of this room attractive and homelike. Rugs, screens, pictures, draperies *et cetera* will be very acceptable.

At a recent meeting the Zeta Sigma Society appointed a committee to confer with the faculty in regard to allowing credit to the members of the intercollegiate debating teams. The society thought that some stimulus of this sort would have a beneficial effect in arousing the interest of the students. The committee petitioned the faculty to allow each member of all future debating teams three hours' credit. The faculty have referred the matter to a committee and it is still under consideration.

Mr. and Mrs. John H. Stuart, both former students, have been visiting friends and relatives in town for the past few weeks. Mr. Stuart was a member of the class of '02, and Mrs. Stuart graduated from the K. G. department in '97, as Mina Hannah. Mr. Stuart has been in the employ of the M. C. R. R. at Detroit and Marine City since leaving college.

It is quite possible that Alma will have no physical director next year. Two other members of the faculty will probably fill the position instead.

According to latest reports the friendship tree planted by Mortimer and one of his friends is still alive.

Since vacation the old dormitory has been the home of about eighteen of the boys. Everything seems to be running smoothly at present in spite of occasional attempts of the upper classmen to impress a sense of their greatness upon the meek and lowly preps. in too forcible a manner.

Miss Nora A. Clark, who was lady principal last year, is living on her farm near Pompeii.

Prof. Chas. A. Davis, at the head of the biological and chemical departments here for thirteen years, occupies the chair of Professor of Forestry at the U. of M.

Miss A-l-n:—(with exquisite grace) "Good morning, Mr. L-s".

L-s:— (in sepulchral tones) "Hello."

Prof. Mitchell, after several interviews with Miss Allen, has finally decided to become head coach of the track team.

The faculty has been acting as a criminal law court for some time past and after strenuous efforts has succeeded in discovering and convicting about twenty-two wilful and malicious breakers of the laws of Alma College. On another page will be found a discussion on the general subject of college government and an outline of government by the students. The writer evidently thinks that there is some room for improvement.

Miss Inglis has greatly improved in health since giving up her work here. She writes that she hopes to be back again at commencement time.

The Phi Phi Alpha Society regrets the loss of one of its members, Mr. Preston, who has left college.

Mr. Timby has taken issue with some of the principles laid down by Dr. Walker in his political economy, and in the future we may hope to see a new school of economists led by Mr. Timby successfully refuting the arguments of Mr. Walker and other economists of the same school.

In spite of the handicap occasioned by misunderstandings as to the place of meeting the Junior rhetorical class

has made great progress in the art of debating. Every Friday at eleven o'clock the sound of voices may be heard and gestures and looks that picture earnestness may be seen in Dr. Bruske's recitation room. We point with pride to the fact that the feminine voice is heard and the feminine gesture is seen here no less than that of their more favored fellow students, the men of the college. We say more favored because in spite of the fact that the co-eds. possess all the faculties necessary in debating they have been practically shut out of this department of work in Alma College. The young ladies in the Junior rhetorical class have demonstrated their ability to cope in debate with the young men. They should either be offered or try to secure the opportunity of entering into the debates of the college and assisting in the intercollegiate debating.

Prof. Mitchell:—Mr. Bagley, if a man can earn only three times the amount required to support himself, what would be the result if he should marry and have a family of four children?

Mr. Fuller (interrupting) "His wife might take in washings."

What about the Freshman base ball team?

Miss Tipping:—(In Freshman class meeting), "Now I want to propose—"

Much has been said of late by our Sophomore friends concerning the three competitive osculators of the Freshmen class. It seems that they have been exceedingly lavish in their praise and comments regarding the Freshmen triumvirate of Hobsonian

notoriety and by this means have lost sight of their own members who are certainly of no mean ability along this line. We believe credit should be given them for being at least rivals in this respect, however inferior they may be.

The class of '02, has always been characterized by its aggressiveness in every worthy enterprise. This has been especially true in regard to the observance of Arbor Day. In its Freshmen, Sophomore and Junior years the Arbor Day exercises of this class cast all others in the shade. And the exercises on last Arbor Day were no exception, unless it was that they far eclipsed any previous effort. It is right that the last Arbor Day which this class should spend at Alma should be appropriately celebrated. And so it was. The funeral procession consisted of drum major, Arthur Randal, musician, Chas. Napoleon Moore, a hack bearing the two worthy ladies of the class, the hearse driven by Roden Hooper and bearing the last offering of the class followed by the masculine members of "naughty-two." While Dudley Tinker tolled the bell, the sound of which has grown sweet because of its many calls to duty during the past four years, they slowly proceeded to the portion of the campus at the northwest corner of Wright Hall, and there with solemn funeral rites, with tender hands and loving hearts, they laid beneath the soft, damp earth the roots of a sturdy elm.

Mr. W. J. Ewing has preached at Calkinsville thus far during this college year. During the remainder of the year and during the summer he will preach at the Lafayette Presby-

terian church. We are glad that Mr. Ewing's efforts are being appreciated. The class wish him success.

Miss Alice Marsh has been tendered the position of principal of the East Tawas high school for next year.

Miss Bair recently spent a few days in Lansing.

On account of the rain and some other unfavorable conditions, the Sophomore class did not celebrate Arbor Day as had been planned. They planted their tree at 12:45 with all due ceremonies, but the festive part is postponed until after June first.

Miss Stringham, who has been ill for the past two weeks on the third floor of Wright Hall, is now back with us again.

A Freshman girl moved by the effects of Spring exclaimed with great eloquence: "Oh girls doesn't it sound good to hear the little birds a hollerin'?"

Misses Grawn, Higbee and Mahoney walking in late to German:

Dr. Bruske:—"Some members of this class had better remember that three tardy marks are equal to an absence—but members from the upper peninsula are excused because they come from afar."

Another Sophomore tree was planted on the 25th with strange, facitious ceremonies.

Miss Strange spent a Saturday in Ithaca during the last month. Wonder why?

Mr. M:—"Oh, dear, I can never open my mouth without putting my foot in it."

Miss S:—(singing in her room) "Wish I had some one to love me, I'm tired of living alone."

Voice from down the hall:—"Louise please shut your door and transom."

The Demosthenes of the Sophomore class, (waxing eloquent):—"What would you think if a man should rush into the presence of his lady love with his hat off?"

Miss H.:—"Why is a Freshman boy like a kerosene lamp?"

Mr. G.:—"Because he smokes?"

Miss H.:—"No, because he is sometimes turned down, never very bright, and often goes out nights."

Junior Boy:—"Will you marry me and let me be your protector through life?"

Junior Girl:—(Who has studied political economy), "No thank you, I'm not a protectionist, and when I marry it must be on a revenue basis only."

The Greek professor sat in his chair.

His brow was marked with dire despair. "When," quoth he "in this horseless age, Will the horseless student come on the stage?"

Weigh well the things claiming your attention. Learn to distinguish readily between the trivial and the important. Don't trouble yourself picking up pebbles when your path is strewn with diamonds. College life is too short to waste.

Mr. X. and Miss Y. are earnestly engaged in conversation at the Friday evening reception when a certain young man approaches.

Both:—"Mr. Z., won't you join us?"

Mr. Z.:—"I'm very sorry, but I'm not a clergyman."

It has been suggested by one of the Faculty that a spread follow all lectures given before Froebel Society. The suggestion is being seriously considered and no doubt an amendment will soon be made to the constitution in respect to the same.

The Sophomore class regret very much to lose two of their "stiddest" members. Miss Eleanor Christie and Mr. Martin Kramer have left College.

When a fellow gets a letter
From a maiden, he divines
Many a precious little secret
Written in between the lines.

Funny, too, in Greek and Latin,
How we meet with like designs;
Strange how many happy meanings
Oft are read—between the lines.

Prof. J. T. Ewing gave his lecture on the Greek Chorus before the Froebel Society Monday evening, April 28. It was highly instructive and thoroughly enjoyed by all.

Pres. and Mrs. Bruske and Mrs. Plum were at home to the Senior Kindergarteners Friday evening, May 2nd, at the President's residence.

Wm. Born, who attended the Academy at various times, was married recently to Miss Margueret Leibermann. Wm. is in the employ of the M. C. R. R. at Detroit.

Sympathetic friend:—"I hear your son is playing foot ball this year."

Fond Mother:—"Yes indeed."

Sympathetic Friend:—"Is he quarter back?"

Fond Mother:—"Oh yes, he's nearly all back; he only lost an ear and a finger."

Miss Atta Wilson is the first of the K. G. class of '02, to obtain a position for next year. She will teach in the Alma Public Schools.

The Froebel Society celebrated Froebel's birthday in the K. G. room April 21, with their annual picnic. Mrs. Plum told a charming story after which the good things were spread out and enjoyed muchly.

Miss Mable Sweeney has been compelled to leave college on account of her health. The K. G. class of 1902 regret her departure very much and wish for her speedy recovery, as they expect to welcome her back for Commencement.

Benj. O. Willebrands, a student in the Academy during '98-'00, well known about the town and at one time voted by the girls the "most popular man in college," was in our midst for a short time last week. "Willie" is now traveling in the interest of his father's firm, founders and mechanics, of Detroit.

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