The Echo

Semi-Centennial School Year

June, 1923

VOLUME II

Published by the Students of
Spring Arbor Seminary
Spring Arbor, Michigan
Foreword—

IN CONSIDERATION of the many benefits that Spring Arbor Seminary offers to its students, it is our wish that this issue of “The Echo” may bring a portrait of our school to every reader; also, that all who sense the great need of the age—men and women who will stand for truth, purity, and righteousness—may be convinced that a Christian experience, uncontaminated by the delusive tendency of the “Free Thinkers,” is the acme and panacea which our school offers to every earnest and diligent student; and that there is in our school a spiritual atmosphere that is conducive to the development of a deeply spiritual life. As students of S. A. S. we give the school an unqualified recommendation along all lines that influence one to be truly noble.

Dedication

As our beloved school has withstood the storms of years, and has come to the semi-centennial goal, we the students of 1923, with appreciation of the inheritance left us by our Alumni, do hereby dedicate the second publication of “The Echo” to the Alumni Association.
S. A. S. INVOCATION

Almighty God! Our hearts we raise
To Thee, our Sovereign King of Kings;
Who, at a word or with a nod,
Creates a Universe, complete
With countless stars and satellites,
Which weave their orbits thru the sky,
Thy peerless name — Thy matchless worth!
Our Father!

And Thou, Oh Christ! Hear now our plea,
Thou blest Redeemer of mankind;
Whose heart of love yearns o'er our race,
For whom Thy blood was freely spilled,
For whom Thy pain, for whom Thy shame,
Was gladly borne on Calvary's tree,
That Thou for us might intercede,
And ransom us from sin and death!
Our Savior!

Bless'd Holy Spirit, gentle Guide!
We prostrate fall before Thy feet,
To ask the boon, our souls would crave
Of Thee, Oh Dove of Heavenly grace,
Of Thee, Oh Messenger divine,
Who calms the breasts of sin-tossed souls,
And bids their load of guilt depart,
Then permeates them thru and thru!
Our Comforter!

Oh Father, Son and Holy Ghost!
Thou Three-in-one and One-in-three;
Our hearts we raise, our plea we make;
We humbly bow, and supplicate
The throne of grace for S. A. S.
God grant her life; God grant her strength;
God grant her students holy lives.
Oh Lord of Hosts, we humbly pray;
Amen!

P. R. B.

To be honest, pure, and true demands the whole man.—Austin.
OUR SCHOOL.

Words by C. E. Donaway
Music by Minnie L. Blowers

1. Michigan boasts of forests and rivers, her beauty to our hearts entwine; But her colons float on the breeze her banner of blue and gold!
2. Long may her colors blend on the brook; her banner of blue and gold!
The "North and south they come at her call, her fame is spread far and wide; from her halls, still memories will linger near of the days full of joy, without an alloy. And friends, we have loved while here, shed forth thy light, with rays of fire bright, fulfilling thy mission divine.

Then speed the glad song and the chosen psalm, till the echoes reach heaven along her banner unfurled shall bless the whole world, Spring Arbor, the school we love!

Memories romp beneath the stately trees on the Campus of Spring Arbor Seminary, in the little hamlet of Spring Arbor, nine miles southwest of Jackson; memories of the days back in 1833, when men dreamed of creating out of this Rip Van Winkle village of today, an educational center for the state. Eighty-five years ago, October 29th, in the year 1835, to be exact, two years before the University of Michigan was started at Ann Arbor, a group of men gathered at the home of one Dr. Sampson Stoddard, in the village of Jackson (now Jackson), for the purpose of completing plans for the establishment of a Methodist college at Spring Arbor. Land to the amount of 210 acres, 100,000 brick, and considerable money had been donated for this purpose. The panic of 1837 put a damper on the proposition, and the ensuing delay caused friends of the seminary, which had been authorized by an act of the territorial legislature in March, 1835, to reconsider Spring Arbor as a location. At a meeting of the board of trustees on April 12, 1839, this contemplated change was made official, Albion being chosen as the location. The corner stone was laid in Albion in 1841, and a year later the Wesleyan Semi-
nary of Albion was opened to the world. Later the name was changed to Albion College. Spring Arbor really has a claim to being known as the birthplace of Albion College. Brother Roberts lost the 100,000 brick and the money subscribed for the purchase of Spring Arbor College; but still it had the 210 acres, which William Smith and Moses Benedict, staunch Methodists, had donated.

The Free Will Baptists formulated plans in 1844 for the establishment of a college in Michigan. Leon, Jackson, Spring Arbor, and Cook's Prairie were candidates for the location of the college, which was to be known as Michigan Central College. Spring Arbor's ambition to become a seat of learning had better results this time, through the good work of William Smith and Moses Benedict, who, although Methodists, turned to and helped and befriended the Free Will Baptists to raise money to build the new institution, and thus secured it for their village. In 1845, Daniel M. Graham, of Gilead, Ohio, a member of the graduating class of Oberlin College, was chosen as the first president; and the college opened its doors to the public, first in an old store building, containing two rooms. There were five students enrolled, and four more followed. Three of these were girls, featuring good work of William Smith and Moses Benedict; and Spring Arbor really has a claim to being known as Michigan Central College. Spring Arbor, having disposed of our property, at the session of the conference pledged to the Free Will Baptists the property at that place and put the buildings in suitable repair, to raise at least $2000 for the purchase of furniture, etc. and as much more as shall make the amount thus appropriated equal to the sum appropriated by the citizens. The citizens of Spring Arbor held a meeting and appointed a committee to attend to raising funds for the purchase of the property; but no definite understanding was reached, and conference adjourned leaving the matter open until the session of the following year.

The city of Albion was chosen as the first place of the Michigan Central College; and Spring Arbor really has a claim to being known as Albion College. Spring Arbor's construction of new college buildings began in 1845. One of these frames was built as a dormitory, still standing on the edge of the college campus, and is used as a dormitory to this very day. Edward Everett, president of Harvard University, and Amos Lawrence, of Boston, donated several hundred volumes for a library in 1847; and the General Conference of the Free Will Baptists appropriated $500 for the purchase of laboratory apparatus. The first classes began on September 5th, 1852, with the following departments: English, Mathematics, Sciences, and Languages.

The citizens of Spring Arbor held a quarterly meeting near Concord, Michigan, and were present and presided. Aside from a few rooms in the board hall, the entire old campus, and is used as a dormitory to this very day. Edward Everett, president of Harvard University, and Amos Lawrence, of Boston, donated several hundred volumes for a library in 1847; and the General Conference of the Free Will Baptists appropriated $500 for the purchase of laboratory apparatus. The first classes began on September 5th, 1852, with the following departments: English, Mathematics, Sciences, and Languages.

At this session of the conference held at Albion, articles of agreement were presented by the committee on education, in which the conference pledged to the Free Methodists the property of Spring Arbor College; and Brother Roberts would purchase the property at that place and put the buildings in suitable repair, to raise at least $2000 for the purchase of furniture, etc. and as much more as shall make the amount thus appropriated equal to the sum appropriated by the citizens. The citizens of Spring Arbor held a meeting and appointed a committee to attend to raising funds for the purchase of the property; but no definite understanding was reached, and conference adjourned leaving the matter open until the session of the following year.

The eighth annual session of the Michigan Conference convened at Delta, Ohio, September 5th, 1852. The school question came up again, and the committee presented the following report, which was adopted: "We still feel the need of a school devoted to the promotion of earnest Christianity and sound learning. The effort to establish such a school at Spring Arbor last year was not prosecuted to success owing to various causes. There is still we understand, a good opening there; and we recommend the appointment of a committee to establish such a school as we need, to be raised and maintained in any other place which may offer in their judgment superior advantages and inducements."

After the conference adjourned the committee visited Spring Arbor and informed the people that we were about to establish a school at that point, and wanted an immediate decision as to their acceptance of our offer. With one or two other members of the committee I went to Leon, a station just east of Jackson, where the Wesleyan Methodists had formed a consolidated school, and looked over the vacated school property there. When we returned we found the citizens of Spring Arbor prepared to raise the funds for the purchase of the property at that place. By night their different opponents committee came in and reported that they had the required amount pledged. At this session of the conference the necessary steps were taken to organize the school at Spring Arbor. Having disposed of property, I purchased a lot and in the early spring commenced to build. The first building was a two school buildings, one for chapel and recreation rooms, and the other for a boarding hall, which were ready for occupancy by the next school term. The classical academy of the Wesleyan Methodists was transferred to Spring Arbor and the Free Methodists held their first school there. The school was named the Michigan Central College, and the Free Methodists were left in charge of the building. The school was opened to the world in the fall of 1852.

During the early years of the college's existence, the construction of new college buildings began in 1845. These buildings were constructed by the Free Methodists of the village, and were used as a dormitory until 1852, when the first dormitory was opened. In 1852, the citizens of Spring Arbor held a quarterly meeting near Concord, Michigan, and were present and presided. Aside from a few rooms in the board hall, the entire old campus, and is used as a dormitory to this very day. Edward Everett, president of Harvard University, and Amos Lawrence, of Boston, donated several hundred volumes for a library in 1847; and the General Conference of the Free Will Baptists appropriated $500 for the purchase of laboratory apparatus. The first classes began on September 5th, 1852, with the following departments: English, Mathematics, Sciences, and Languages.

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A RETROSPECTIVE VIEW

It will be twenty-nine years next month since I first came to Spring Arbor to look out over the field with a view to opening a short term, mainly perhaps as an advertisement for a regular opening which was to take place in the fall. Probably I shall never forget the appearance of things here at that time. There stood what was to be the boarding hall, a sadly dilapidated relic of former times under more auspicious circumstances; and another building of the same size, but even more sadly dilapidated, and looking as if it had lost its last and only friend, and had been turned out to pine away and totter to ruins.

These buildings seemed to have come to the fatal point of now or never and the community seemed to be at about the same point when the Free Methodists got their eye upon them and the people here, and felt there was a chance to plant a vine which would bloom here about the church. Beside the two skeletons of buildings there was here and there a residence, just enough to say not quite all was gone. Such was the case when we met upon the scene of action. Rev. E. P. Hart was here superintending the repairs so sadly needed and which for the want of means must be meager.

On the fifth of May, 1873, the effort was made to open the School for another year. The Seminary was not sufficiently complete to allow of our using it. During this short term we had an attendance of 20, largely primarily and intermediate students. No furniture to speak of, no apparatus, and very little needed in those days, all was extinguished. But scarcely had the school opened when an alarm came and the building was properly enlivened. This was true not only in Michigan but men from a distance were coming in. We saw what was going on and what the chances and inducements held out.

Interest grew. Friends sprang up. Strong young men and women came in, a goodly number from Illinois. Not all were such as we would have chosen, and some could not be tolerated, and this called for the exercise of firm but careful discipline. Around the campus in those early days, one while standing in a favorable position could hear the voice of song or prayer very similar to that in camp-meeting spring devotional exercises.

After some six or seven years of hard toil and sacrifice the time came when a humble and unpretentious little class of two young ladies had completed the course of study, and, before a fine audience of appreciative listeners, they finished their work in the form of public exercises and took their diplomas. From that time down to the present, with varying success, through ups and downs, the good work has been going on. Strong men are in the field who bless the days spent at Spring Arbor Seminary. From almost nothing the village has come to be a pretty little country town, where one can live and enjoy religion in all its simplicity and power. I am not taught to his charge for so doing.—Prof. Clark Jones "in the Spring Arbor Chronicle," April 1902.

EXPERIENCES AT SPRING ARBOR

On November 29th, 1885, I began pastoral work at Spring Arbor. Exodus 3:14 — "I am that hath sent me unto you"—seemed to so appropriate for the occasion that I chose those words for my first text. I was warmly received by both church and community.

On January 25th our quiet little village was the scene of what seemed to be a fair of excitement by the breaking out of fire in the old music hall. The cry of "Fire!" brought the students to their feet, and they rushed out of the main building without any regard for order. They were working heroically to extinguish the flames. The citizens soon appeared on the scene, and women as well as men could be seen removing articles of furniture and hurrying along the streets with buckets of water. The roaring flames at first threatened to consume the entire building, but by heroic efforts the work was speedily extinguished. (This building burned four years later.)

On September 12th, 1886, Professor Stilwell made me a proposition looking toward my taking a position in the Seminary. It seemed like providential opening, and I was only waited to know the will of God in the matter. In view of my responsibility to my children it seemed wise to settle in some place where I could give them needed attention and at the same time work for the Master. In October I reunited with the Michigan Conference and was returned to the Spring Arbor pastorate. Having been added to the Seminary faculty, I took up quarters in the boarding hall. My work in the Seminary, together with my pastoral work, afforded ample opportunity for the exercise of all my gifts and graces. My association with Professors Stilwell and Tiffany in the school was most agreeable.

While at Blissfield, Michigan, February 13th, 1890, I received a telegram calling me to Spring Arbor to attend the funeral of Professor Charles P. Tiffany, who had suddenly passed away. At the time of his death he had been associate principal of Spring Arbor Seminary for five years. He rendered valuable services to the school, and his death was deeply mourned. He was a devout man of God and an able defender of the principles and ways of the church. His preaching was clear, forcible, and convincing. His end was triumphant. During his last Sunday he expressed explicit confidence in the God whom he had served and trusted in one time when filled with divine glory he said, "If the Lord can make such a bed as this glorious, I can trust him for everything." Why a young man with labors apparently so much needed in the church should be suddenly taken down in the midst of his usefulness is an unsolved mystery of Providence. This we know, God does at least all things.

June 13th, 1905, was an important occasion for Spring Arbor, it being the date of the opening exercises and the dedication of the new administration building. It was a time of special intellectual and spiritual uplift to both students and visitors. The exercises of the different departments were exceptionally entertaining and the spiritual tone high. Spring Arbor after this date was a far more complete. Toward the morning the new building was dedicated with appropriate exercises. Its erection made possible by the uniting efforts of Rev. H. D. F. Gaffin, adds greatly to the educational facilities of the school. The annual meeting of the board of trustees in April brought to the church C. W. Stump, eloquent, eloquent and inspiring. Professor Warner's address to the graduating class was full of wise and timely suggestions. There seemed to be no lack of loyalty and enthusiasm among the friends of the institution and its influence is far-reaching. It has been blessed with steadily increasing prosperity under the management of Professor Burton Jones Vincent, while the standard of simplicity and spirituality as held by the church is fully maintained.—From the life of Bishop Burton R. Jones.

A GLORIOUS OPENING

On September 12th, the quiet hamlet of Spring Arbor was made to hear the old chapel bell ring out the glad notes of the opening day of school for another year. As it rang its usual five minutes from 9:40 to 9:45, about one hundred students and twenty-five visitors made their way to the new "Administration Hall," where a neat commodious chapel room has been prepared. On the platform sat Professors Vincent, Jones, and Pilmore, with five lady teachers, and a few members of the board of trustees. The school was opened with devotional exercises consisting of singing, reading the scripture, and prayer. Professor Warner's address to the graduating class was full of wise and timely suggestions. There seemed to be no lack of loyalty and enthusiasm among the friends of the institution and its influence is far-reaching. It has been blessed with steadily increasing prosperity under the management of Professor Burton Jones Vincent, while the standard of simplicity and spirituality as held by the church is fully maintained.—From the life of Bishop Burton R. Jones.

A SAVATION SCHOOL

A place of learning where Jesus Christ is the subject of conversation in every lecture and discussion. The subject of religion is the subject of more earnest and thoughtful study than any other subject taught. The student is brought into contact with the great truths of the Gospel in the daily service of the school. The influence of the school is far-reaching. It has since been blessed with steadily increasing prosperity under the management of Professor Burton Jones Vincent, while the standard of simplicity and spirituality as held by the church is fully maintained.—From the life of Bishop Burton R. Jones.
Faculty

HENRY S. STEWART, A. B.
Principal
Greenville College, 1919
Graduate student, U. of L. U. of M.
Teacher, Spring Arbor Seminary, 1910-12
Principal, Spring Arbor Seminary, 1912-17
Teacher, Phoenix, Arizona, 1917-20
Principal, Spring Arbor Seminary, 1920-

MRS. MAUDE W. STEWART
Ackworth Academy, Ackworth, Iowa
Preceptress, Spring Arbor Seminary, 1912-17, 1920-21.

CORA L. E. DEMARAY
Latin and French
Spring Arbor Seminary, 1917
Senior, Greenville College
Summer School, U. of M., 1919-21
Teacher in Public Schools of Ill., 1919
Teacher, Spring Arbor Seminary, 1920.

FLORENCE B. ALBERTS, A. B., B. Ed.
English and History
Seattle Pacific College, 1917
Teacher in Public Schools, Wash. 1917-19
University of Washington, 1920
Teacher, Spring Arbor Seminary, 1920-

C. DORR DEMARAY, B. O.
Science and Oratory
Vermontville H. S. Michigan, 1919
Graduate, Greenville College School of Oratory, 1922
Teacher, Spring Arbor Seminary, 1922-

MRS. MINNIE BLOWERS
Piano and Vocal
Mt. Vernon H. S. Illinois, 1910
Pianoforte, Teacher's Certificate—Greenville College, 1913
Graduate in Pianoforte Teacher and Soloist, Greenville College, 1914
Private lessons in Voice, Greenville and Mt. Vernon, Ill.
Teacher, Spring Arbor Seminary, 1922-
MRS. MINNIE MILLER, A. B.
Psychology, Ethics, and Mathematics
Southern Indiana Normal, T. N. C., 1891;
S. C., 1894
Teacher in Public Schools, Indiana, 1899-90
Student, Taylor University, 1890-99
Teacher, A. M. Chesbrough Seminary, 1910-11
A. B., Greenville College, 1919
Teacher, Spring Arbor Seminary, 1915-18, 1919-

WILLIAM V. MILLER, A. B.
Bible, Theology, and Greek
Student, Buena Vista College, Iowa, 1894-95
Student, Taylor University, 1902-03; A. B., 1922
Teacher, A. M. Chesbrough Seminary, 1910-11
Student, Greenville College, 1918-19
Summer School, University of Michigan, 1920-
Teacher, Spring Arbor Seminary, 1915-18, 1919-

MRS. BERTHA MESSEROLL
Teacher of Preparatory Department
Spring Arbor Seminary, 1911
Ypsilanti State Normal, 1911-13
Teacher, Spring Arbor Seminary, 1913-

MRS. EDITH BOIICE
Primary Department
South Haven High School, 1906
Kalamazoo State Normal, 1907
Teacher in Public Schools three years
Teacher, Spring Arbor Seminary, 1920-

HAROLD E. STEWART
Business Teacher
Graduate, Business University of Jackson, Mich., 1922

REV. J. T. MEYERS
Preceptor
Former pastor of Hennings, Ill.
In the village of Spring Arbor stands our dear old S. A. S.,
In the early seventies she was purchased when hard the finance pressed.
Some had caught the vision with our sainted E. P. Hart
That with sacrifice and labor, a Free Methodist school could start.

Trustees nine were then elected to keep business matters straight;
In May of '73 the students gathered, who in all were twenty-eight.
Clark Jones with one assistant was the faculty complete.
'Twas small but God's own planting and they didn't fear defeat.

In the fall increasing numbers to this Christian school did come,
They were there for work and study, as for shirkers there were none.
To Professor Jones' assistance four other teachers came
To teach not only science but subjects more than we can name.

As principal of this school for some time Professor Jones did stay,
And then to labor elsewhere for awhile he went away.
At this time he was succeeded by Rev. Walter A. Sellew,
Who had served our Church as Bishop twenty-five full years, so true.
Professor Calland for awhile this work did undertake, Then Professor Jones came back about the year of seventy-eight. Under his administration and discipline strict and firm This work was carried forward and many did obedience learn.

Then of this school Professor Stillwell was elected as the head, Of the problems he encountered there is much that could be said. Ten years of service did he render for the Master here, In Seattle he now lives and has taught there for many a year.

Professor Charles P. Tiffany in this great work did have a share, He was able and efficient, a man of God and much in prayer; But while here the Savior called him to the land of endless day, Where no sorrow ever enters and all tears are wiped away.

In ninety-three our B. S. Warner as principal the Board did call, He for twelve years served this calling, carried burdens great and small. To maintain this Institution always holding for the right.

When called to other fields of labor to do his Master's will, B. J. Vincent then did come, D. S. Warner's place to fill In the meantime Reverend Gaffin as financial agent was elected. In 1905 the Administration Hall through his efforts was erected.

And for four years B. J. Vincent safely guided school affairs, And his corps of Christian teachers gladly shared his many cares. Then he dropped the cares of school life, started for the sunny West, Where to preach the glorious Gospel, which gives to sinners rest.

H. A. Millican then was chosen for this all important place, He many years had been a Christian and enjoyed God's saving grace, He was tall and large of stature, strong the heavy loads to bear, Which now rested on his shoulders and brought many an anxious care.

Professor Millican then did leave us after three years' service here, Cheetham Seminary called him to take charge that very year. And for principal, H. S. Stewart next was by the Board elected To carry on this Christian school which God's own hand directed.

He for five full years did carry many burdens with his work To maintain the Bible standard and his duty not to shrink. He then left our dear old S. A. for a warm and sunny clime, And in the state of Arizona he did teach for quite a time.

From the land of Minnesota, P. R. Helsel did arrive; To keep the good work going he with all his heart did strive. Twice when the war was raging and the young men were but few, He was strong and full of courage, determined well his work to do.

For only two years did he labor for our dear old S. A. S., Then he went away to Kansas which is in the middle West. To McPherson where our school is, he is giving all his time To Christian education, holding fast that Christ is divine.

Then from (at away Seattle Verne L. Damon next did come, Left his home beyond the Rockies, where the Cascade brooklets run. For one year he gave directions to the school we hold so dear; Now in the state of Washington he's teaching school this year.

But while here the Savior called him to the land of endless day, Where no sorrow ever enters and all tears are wiped away.

Many more good men and women helped this work to carry on, H. A. Millican then was chosen for this all important place.

As now in the state of Washington he's teaching school this year. This work was carried forward and many did obedience learn.

Then from far away Seattle Verne L. Damon next did come. For one year he gave directions to the school we hold so dear; For only two years did he labor for our dear old S. A. S.

He was strong and full of courage, determined well his work to do. 'Twas when the war was raging and the young men were but few.

To keep the good work going he with all his heart did strive. So he left the land of sunshine and the mountains and the flowers.

Traveling back to old Spring Arbor where the elms and maples are. Since coming back the second time the third year he has served.

His teachers have done well their part, and much credit they deserve. This year two Millers, the Messinnae Blowers, Boice and Meseroll, Two Demarays, Miss Alberts and two assistants are the teachers all.

Four years ago the trustees did again H. D. F. Gaffin call To manage work and finances, and also the Boarding hall. Improvements many did he make which the students now enjoy.

The work is going forward and with improvements we're delighted. In Seattle he now lives and has taught there for many a year.

He two years did keep this place having general oversight. And then to fill this same position they elected Peter White.

The work is going forward and with improvements we're delighted. And to return and take the burden he had dropped when leaving here.

So he left the land of sunshine and the mountains and the flowers. To maintain this Institution always holding for the right.

And for four years B. J. Vincent safely guided school affairs. And his corps of Christian teachers gladly shared his many cares.

And for principal H. S. Stewart next was by the Board elected. To carry this Christian school which God's own hand directed.

And for four years B. J. Vincent safely guided school affairs. And his corps of Christian teachers gladly shared his many cares.

And for four years B. J. Vincent safely guided school affairs. And his corps of Christian teachers gladly shared his many cares.
Seniors

HUGH A. WHITE
Evart H. S. 1st semester 1916
S. A. S. 1919-20
Battle Creek H. S. summer term 1921
President of Athletic Association 1921-22
Business Manager of "The Echo" 1921-22
Vice-president Philomathian, 1st semester 1922-23
President of the Senior Class 1922-23
Valedictorian, 1922-23
Literary Director of Philomathian, 1st semester 1922-23
2nd prize in Declamatory Contest 1922
Geraldine Randall
S. A. S. 1920-23
Assistant Secretary of Alethepian, 2nd semester 1922
2nd Vice-president of Alethepian, 1st semester 1922-23
Assistant Secretary of Philomathian, 2nd semester 1923
Secretary of Senior Class, 1922-23
Burton A. Andrews
Kent H. S. Ohio 1919-20
McKinley H. S. Canton, Ohio 1920-21
S. A. S. 1921-23
2nd Vice-president of Alethepian, 2nd semester 1922
President of Soangetaha, 1st semester 1922-23
Assistant Editor of "The Echo" 1922-23
Vice-president of Senior Class 1922-24
Boys Glee Club 1922-23
Debating team 1922-23
Marjorie Doering
S. A. S. 1919-23
Associated Editor of "The Echo" 1921-22
Soangetaha 1922-23
Secretary of Athletic Association 1922-23
Girls Glee Club 1922-23
Riley Heald
S. A. S. 1920-23
President of Ministerial, 2nd semester 1920
President of Ministerial, 1st semester 1921-22
Editor-in-Chief of "The Echo" 1921-22
Treasurer of Senior Class 1922-23
Male Quartette 1921-23
Philomathian 1922-23
Boys Glee Club 1922-23
Florence Emerson
S. A. S. 1919-23
Secretary of Freshman Class 1919-20
Chorus 1919-21
Ladies Quartette 1921-23
Girls Glee Club 1922-23
Assistant Secretary of Philomathian, 1st semester 1922-23
Athletic Association four years

Roland H. Hamilton
S. A. S. 1919-21
President of Athletic Association 1920-21
Vice-president of Junior Class 1921-22
President of Philomathian 1st semester 1922-23
Vice President 1922-23
Myrtle Blowers
Tenn Broom Academy 1915-17, Franklinville, N. Y.
U. S. Mail service 1918-19
Houghton Seminary N. Y. 1920-21
First violin in Orchestra
Otton H. S. 1921-22
S. A. S. 1922-23
Secretary of Soangetaha, 1st semester 1922
Otto Jennings
Battle Creek H. S. 1919-20
S. A. S. 1920-21
Ann Arbor H. S. 1921-22
S. A. S. 1922-23
Soangetaha 1922-23
Chorus 1922-23
Boys Glee Club 1922-23
Lillian Pretty
S. A. S. 1919-23
Class President of 1920-21
Treasurer of Athletic Association 1921-22
Secretary of Soangetaha, 2nd semester 1922
Chorus 1919-23
Girls Glee Club 1922-23
Philomathian 1922-23
Treasurer of Alethepian
Warner Harris
S. A. S. 1919-21
President of Freshman Class, 1919-20
Yell-master of Sophomore Class 1920-21
Yell-master of Junior Class 1921-22
President of Alethepian, 2nd semester 1922
Literary Director of Soangetaha, 1st semester 1922-23
Vice-president of Soangetaha, 2nd semester 1923
Debating team 1922-23
Marian Hitt
S. A. S. 1919-23
1st prize in Declamatory Contest 1919
Secretary of Alethepian, 2nd semester 1921
President of Junior Class 1921-22
Ladies Quartette 1921-23
Athletic Association 4 years
Philomathian 1922-23
KENNETH WOLCOTT
S. A. S. 1919-21
First prize in Declamatory Contest, 1922
Athletic Association 1919-21
Soangetaha 1922-23

LOLETA BUSHNELL
Howell H. S. 1st semester 1917
S. A. S. 1920-21
Graduate of Commercial Dept. 1921
Secretary of Students Missionary Society 1921-22
Secretary of Ministerial Association, 1st semester 1922-23
Secretary of Missionary Band, 2nd semester 1923
Philotmanian 1922-23

CLIFFORD FLETCHER
S. A. S. 1920-23
Ministerial 1922-23
Chorus 3 years
Athletic Association
Philotmanian 1922-23

MABLE THICK
S. A. S. 1920-23
Chorus 1922-23
Contestant of Declamatory Contest 1921
Soangetaha 1922-23

ELMER BUHL
S. A. S. 1919-23
Ministerial Association 1919-23
Athletic Association

RUTH PARKINSON
Corunna H. S. 1919-20
S. A. S. 1920-23
Sec. of Missionary Band 1st semester 1922-23
Philotmanian 1922-23

HAROLD B. ROCHELLE
S. A. S. 1921-23
Treasurer of Missionary Society 1921-22
Treasurer of Althepian, 2nd semester 1922
2nd Vice-president of Soangetaha, 1st semester 1922-23
Treasurer of Soangetaha, 2nd semester 1923
Dish washer 1921-23

ETHELYN L. MEHLBERG
Fenton H. S. 1919-21
Hartland H. S. 1921-22
S. A. S. 1922-23
Soangetaha 1922-23
Chorus and piano 1922-23

OLIVER JOHNSON
S. A. S. 1919-22
Table waiter 1920-23
Literary Director of Althepian, 1st semester 1921-22
Substitute on Debating team 1922-23
Literary Director of Philotmanian, 1st semester 1922-23

M. LIVERNE HENDERSHOT
Milan H. S. 1919-22
Member of Mandolin and Guitar Club
Honors in typewriting
Chorus one year
S. A. S. 1922-23
Philotmanian 1922-23

LYLE DAVENPORT
S. A. S. 1919-22
Literary Director of Soangetaha, 2nd semester 1923
Chorus 2 years
Member of Athletic Association 1919-23

ORPHA M. KNOWLES
S. A. S. 1919-21
Secretary of Ministerial 1920-21
Secretary of Althepian, 1st semester 1921-22
Secretary of Missionary Society 1922-23
Chorus 1920-21
Religious editor of "The Echo" 1922-23
Soangetaha 1922-23
MARY HARRIS
S. A. S. 1919-23
Soangetaha 1922-23
Athletic Association

ELSIE F. DODDS
S. A. S. 1919-23
Chorus 3 years
Vocal music 1922-23
Philomathian 1922-23

GOLDIE I. HAYWOOD
S. A. S. 1st semester 1919-20
Vice-president of Ministerial, 2nd semester 1922
Secretary of Ministerial, 1st semester 1922-23
Treasurer of Soangetaha, 1st semester 1922-23
Treasurer of Soangetaha, 1st semester 1922-23
Chorus 3 years
Vocal music 1922-23
Philomathian 1922-23

GLENN A. HALL
S. A. S. 1920-23
Vice-president of Ministerial, 2nd semester 1922
President of Ministerial, 1st semester 1922-23
Treasurer of Alethepian 1922
Captain of Debating Team 1922-23
Treasurer of Ministerial, 1st semester 1922-23
Sec. of Ministerial, 1st semester 1920-21
Vice-president of Ministerial, 2nd semester 1922-23
Treasurer of Ministerial, 2nd semester 1922-23
Chorus 3 years
Vocal music 1922-23
Philomathian 1922-23

ALMA SCOTT
S. A. S. 1919-23
Sec. of Ministerial, 1st semester 1920-21
Secretary of Philomathian, 1st semester 1922-23
Secretary of Missionary Society 1921-22
Treasurer of Soangetaha, 1st semester 1922-23
Vice-president of Ministerial, 1st semester 1921-22
Vice-president of Missionary Society 1922-23
Religious editor of the "Echo" 1921-22
3rd prize in Declamatory Contest 1921

CHARLES MESSEROLL
S. A. S. 1920-23
Philomathian 1922-23
Ministerial Association 1920-23

JAMES HAMILTON
S. A. S. 1920-23
Assistant business manager of "The Echo" 1921-22
Treasurer of Soangetaha, 1st semester 1922-23

RUTH E. CONE
S. A. S. 1921-23
Graduate of H. S. S. A. S. 1921-22
Preceptress 1921-22
Soangetaha 1922-23
Theological Graduate 1923
Ministerial Association
Chorus

CECIL WINANS
S. A. S. 1921-23
Graduate of H. S. S. A. S. 1921-22
Preceptress 1921-22
Soangetaha 1922-23
Theological Graduate 1923
Chorus

LEON COOPER
Onaway H. S. 1919-20
Elm Hall H. S. 1920-21
S. A. S. 1921-23
Athletic Association 2 years
Philomathian 1922-23

RUBY BLY
Bad Axe H. S. 1919-21
Chorus 1919-21
Albuquerque, New Mexico H. S. 1921-22
S. A. S. 1922-23
Philomathian 1922-23

LYLE CARROLL
S. A. S. 1921-23
Philomathian 1922-23
Athletic Association
THE HIGHEST CHOICE

Class Poem for Class of 1923

The golden days of childhood and of youth
Have rolled unceasing till the present time,
When we the graduates of 'twenty-three
Stand at a crucial moment of our lives,
Deciding for ourselves what course to take
In this broad stage of action here below,
Our failure, or success, in life depends
Upon our will to choose the right or wrong.
Various the motives now impelling us—
Some for good and some for evil, yet
The greatest temporal institution,
Proving a factor in our lives for good,
Helping us live, eternity in view.
Knowing that Truth will finally prevail,
Has been our fostering Alma Mater,
And since we've gained the summit of our hopes,
We pause and bid adieu to thee, dear school,
Beloved Alma Mater, of our youth.
For thou hast furnished us devoted friends
To teach us Truth unmix'd with error's dross,
And point to us the way of righteousness,
That leads us on to happiness and peace,
While in this world below we live and move.
They taught us how to form a character
Of purity, nobility and truth—
Achieving by God's grace that true success
Which stands the rigors of eternal years.
This influence we shall never forget:
As time rolls on in ceaseless years to come
We shall remember it beyond the tomb.
May God, the gracious and omnipotent One,
The perfect Guide of all this universe,
Help us to choose the right in every way
And thus to honor Him who reigns supreme,
For well we know 'twill be for our own good.
And be a credit to the school we love.
Through endless cycles of eternal bliss.

B. A. A.—'23

To be truly great means more than fame, honor, prestige, and social pre-eminence; a truly great man feels, thinks, and acts from his heart—Austin.

CLASS HISTORY '23

In the year of '23 a group of thirty-two Freshmen gathered together at Spring Arbor Seminary to start for a mountain climb. The mountain called "High School" by no means the steepest mountain and yet we thought we would choose the smaller climb, first to gain strength for the harder climbing later on. Our group of anxious, over-confident youths, decided we needed someone who had traveled "High School" to show us the ups and downs of our way, so we chose Miss Milton as a guide, and for a leader, although we called him President, Warner Harris was chosen. The next thing needed was a motto, a signpost, to remind us of our purpose and encourage us on our way, so we agreed on "Forward ever, Backward never" hoping that this would keep us from turning back if the way became too hard. On ahead we saw the Sophomores and upper classmates struggling on their way. Some of the way was very rocky and looked very steep to our group but we found our path: not as steep as it looked and it was by no means all told.

We stopped off for occasional weenie roasts and picnics and what should happen but toward the end of the year all those climbing "High School" were gathered together and informed of the coming marriage of our guides, Miss Milton. Of course we were glad to hear this although we were sorry to lose her. One of our number won in the Declamatory Contest and we took part in so many of the school activities that our upper schoolmates were forced to recognize us and we were treated very kindly. After a year of struggling and climbing mixed with many a stop for rest and a good time we at last came to the milestone of 1920.

It was necessary now to choose another guide and we felt that we wanted this time who would stay by us until we reached the top. We chose Miss Alberts as an experienced leader in guiding others up the mountain of High School.

We entered our second mile with new vigor and life, proud of our class which now consisted of thirty-four members. Severe was the blow when along the wise providence of God our dearly loved Class-mate, Vivian Fletcher was taken from us.

We enjoyed a number of social gatherings along the way. One of our members won in the Declamatory Contest and we took part in so many of the school activities that our upper schoolmates were forced to recognize us and we were treated very kindly. After a year of struggling and climbing mixed with many a stop for rest and a good time we at last came to the milestone of 1920.

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The second mile stone past we continued our climb with renewed vigor, though the way was now becoming more steep and rugged yet so beautiful was the view after a steep and difficult climb and so spacious the land which was ours to attain that we felt required for our efforts and chose as our motto "The higher we rise the broader the view."
No one needed the second invitation to stop for the afternoon and we all had a merry time, playing games, gathering butter cups and wandering through the shady grove. We later learned that this place was known as the famous "Peppermint Spring."

Another very pleasant evening was spent at the home of Miss Marjorie Doering, one of our class-mates who so kindly opened her home to the Juniors that we might give the Seniors their annual reception. At least amid shouts of joy and tears of thankfulness the third mile stone of our journey was reached.

As we looked forward to our journey on the fourth or last mile, the way looked rather steep to us, and we had to be anxious to reach the top. But as we journeyed the distance seemed much shorter than we expected. A new occurrence took place which we had not experienced before in our climb, this was debating with the teams of other groups climbing High School and all on the debating team were Seniors.

We were engaged in writing an Annual for the Semi-Centennial Anniversary of this particular Road which has been traveled for fifty years. Among all the Senior classes that have reached the top, we are glad to be the largest. A class of thirty-six. Those who joined with us in traveling the last mile. Our motto, the last mile, was "Service." We chose this because we felt it was the important thing in life and perhaps we should be better fitted to carry it out after we reached our destination. We appreciate the great help our guide has given us. She has faithfully endured with us and we are sure if we were to climb High School again we would be glad to have Miss Alberts guide us all the journey through.

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**THE NEED**

- The man's a failure
- Who believes
- He need not give
- As he receives.
- For every man
- The world has need;
- Who knows the world
- Must take the lead.

Who has the power
- To set things right,
- If he'd be true.
- Must share the light.
- Life of the stronger
- Toil and bear
- That he shall bear.
- The heavier tasks.

- The mind with knowledge
  - Redly grooped
  - Must give it out
  - Or it is waste.
- The flags of life
  - Are forever furled;
  - Who can and won't
  - Betray the world.

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**CLASS PROPHECY OF ’23**

W—I see you in business now and I suppose this is your store?
O—Yes, I have a half interest in it with James Hamilton, who was my Canadian, chum and classmate at Spring Arbor.
W—This is what they call Woodard Avenue, isn't it?
O—Yes, we thought this the best street to have our store situated on as to draw the trade. What are you doing here, Warner?
W—Why, I have just returned from school. I graduated this year and received my degree in Law. I am now on my way to visit my mother who lives thirty miles out of this large city you call Detroit. On my way here from school I stopped off at Spring Arbor and attended the Alumni last night and who should I find there but our class President of '23, who is now President of the Alumni. Hugh A. White is now Business Manager of the new Ford plant that has been recently established at Evart. While in Spring Arbor, I met Geraldine Randall's parents, upon inquiring about her, was pleased to hear she now is Superintendent of Public Instruction of this state. Florence Emerson is now holding a prominent position in the Methodist school at Albion as vocal and piano teacher. Oh yes! Have you heard from Riley Heald?
O—Yes, I noticed in the Free Methodist paper just the other day an account, stating he is to start August 14th for Africa.
W—Why was he not sent sooner?
O—These missionaries have to be well prepared. The work in Africa is enlarging so it demands men who are versatile, because of his ability he was given the position as Principal of one of our new schools and manager of the school farm. Marjorie Doering, you probably know is now in the city, and is one of the chief magistrates. I was reading in the paper of Leon Cooper who is a soil expert and is widely known over Michigan because of his lectures to the Farm Bureau meetings and at the meetings of other organizations that are for the benefit of the farmer. I wonder where all the business students are cause of his lectures to the Farm Bureau meetings and at the meetings of other organizations that are for the benefit of the farmer. I wonder where all the business students are that were planning on taking up business as a profession while at Spring Arbor. Yes—As I was purchasing a ticket at the depot in Chicago the other day, I noticed a lady whose face seemed familiar and who should it be but Ruby Bly, who was returning to her former position as a newspaper reporter in Denver, Colorado.
O—There is one more business student, Cecil Wimans. While on business in Grand Rapids buying furniture for my store, I happened to be reading the city paper and my attention was called to an article written by Cecil. As I read a little farther, I saw an announcement of a lecture to be given in the City Hall by Oliver Johnson on the subject, "Our Great Opportunity." And where do you think Miss Alberts is? She wrote an article in the Missionary Tidings about a month ago concerning the work in India. She had been traveling and visiting the scenes and some of the old cities that had been laid waste in and near Palestine before the time of Christ. When she arrived at one of our mission stations and visiting some of her Michigan friends and being impressed by the wonderful work that was being done by the missionaries, felt she should stay as they...
were greatly in need of a teacher. So, she is still teaching and has become a missionary in India.

O—And where is your sister, Mary?

W—She has been one of the teachers at Spring Arbor Junior College. She teaches foreign languages and Mary says the most difficult one is Greek. She expects to go to Europe this fall to spend her vacation with one of her old classmates, Mable Thiek, who is there specializing in the study of art and painting. Just before leaving Spring Arbor, Mary received a letter from another one of our classmates, who was formerly Elsie Dodds, telling of her new home in Canada and how much she would enjoy attending the Alumni. She also spoke about the much desired Canadian school, that was needed while we were attending Spring Arbor, was finished and is prospering under the supervision of Alma Scott.

O—Brother Messeroll who is pastor at Jackson assisted our Detroit pastor of the second church, Rev. Otto Jennings, in a series of revival meetings. In my conversation with Brother Messeroll about our great times at Spring Arbor, he spoke about his wife receiving a letter from Ethelyn Mehlberg stating that she was acting as matron and Goldie Haywood as Superintendent of an orphanage for girls in Kansas. While attending the General Conference two years ago I met our dear Bro. Hall who was at the head of the Kentucky Mt. work but was elected to the office of Bishop at this session of the General Conference.

W—He sure has climbed in those ten years.

O—Yes, but you know how he was while at Spring Arbor burdened like a man with many cares. Although he looked like a man, he was only a young chap of twenty at that time. You remember Harold Rochelle who went to Canada with me one summer; well I am sorry to say he is in Illinois raising more corn, to feed more hogs, to buy more land, to raise more corn and he is making good at this, so he says. He said in his letter that there was only one other of our Spring Arbor classmates out there he knew of and that was Lyd Davenport, who is a Philosopher and is making a lecturing tour over that state. My wife received a letter yesterday from Orpha Knowles, who has been visiting relatives in Scotland. She expects to return to America this summer and take up her old work again, the Mission Home. Miss Knowles expressed her delight in hearing the outcome of our Spring election in which Marian Hitt was elected President of the U. S. Miss Hitt is trying to rule out Catholicism and the use of tobacco in all forms and do you know it is surprising how a woman changes the great minds of this nation concerning what she stands for. To tell you the truth, Warner, I believe a woman is best for such a position,Of a brainless brute that has lost his way.

In an evolution strange, uncouth,
Of an ape unchanged, and man unmade,
Of a soul ungrown, a life unknown.
Falling, shrieking its own death-knell
From the great white tomb to the dread beyond
Swells forth, and wavering, dies again.

O—And where is your sister, Mary?

W—Yes, we have a class to be proud of I think and I wish we could start a class letter. Well, I must be going for my train is due in about an hour. I am very glad I met you once more and only hope you continue to prosper in your business.

—E. M.
—O. K.
—H. R.
—E. H.

Un Entre Perdu

Up from a distant, misty past
Comes a wild, wierd cry of a soul that's lost,
Of an ape unchanged, and man unmade.

Of a brainless brute that has lost his way.
In an evolution strange, uncouth,

A spirit-thing that has glimpsed a ray
Of light not meant for its brutish eye,
And now shrieks forth from the vaults of time
A mournful, shuddering, bilious rhyme.

In the mystic night of death is framed
That hopeless wail of a soul unclaimed,
As a Bambi's quivering wall is gone
From the great white tomb to the dread beyond,

Through the burning halls of a devilish hell.
In the mystic night of death is framed

That hopeless wail of a soul unclaimed,
As a Bambi's quivering wall is gone
From the great white tomb to the dread beyond,

But, rising, falling, that wild, mad cry
Of a soul unawake, a life unknown.

A spirit being left to die
Mid the wastes of a dim eternity,

Swells forth and, wavering, dies again.

—L. D.
THE SENIOR CLASS FUNCTION

One could not anticipate a social evening that would compare or surpass the evening of the Senior Class function which was held at the home of Mr. Kenneth Wolcott, Oct. 27, 1923. Leaving the Campus about 5:30 we reached our destination a few minutes later. Every part of the evening, even the ride, was enjoyed by all.

We all received a hearty welcome upon arriving and no one could feel "out of place" with those smiling faces all around them. We were then seated to a bountiful supper while mysterious faces and eyes were peeping at us through the fence among the pumpkins in the corn field on our napkins which reminded us that it was the Friday before Hallowe'en. After our feast we were privileged to listen to a program which had been prepared by several members of the class. Besides the talks and short orations and several musical numbers, which we enjoyed very much we were favored with a selection by our Caruso 2nd, Kenneth Wolcott. We enjoyed the evening by visiting and playing numerous games. We cannot forget to mention our honorary member, Miss Alberts, she was our leader and without her it would have been impossible to have enjoyed the evening as we did.

In conclusion we all departed with memories never to be forgotten; and looking forward to similar evenings in the Spring of the year which will also be the Spring of an opening up of new life to us who have been building a foundation for it.

—M. L. H.

S. A. S.

RECESIONAL

Oh Campus Trees of Evergreen!  
When midnight moon plays o'er your leaves;  
Or thru your mass, an emerald sheen.  
The moonlight sun in splendid weaves:  
Keep watch and ward, keep watch and ward;  
Oh point our youth unto the Lord!

Oh glorious Sun! When in thy flight  
Across the heavens vast expanse,  
We pray thee that thy golden light  
May search us out in its advance;  
Then purge us with aseptic Truth,  
Oh Lord, that heals the faults of youth.

Ah mellow Moon in yonder sky!  
Serene and glorious, midnight Queen!  
As thy pure beams with darkness vie,  
So strive our souls with the unclean.  
Oh God, we raise our hearts above;  
Oh cleave and bliss with thy love!

Oh Alma Mater! We would be  
The graces the flesh with bitter moon,  
A student body wholly free  
From earthly faults to which we're prone.  
Hear now our vow! What e'er our bent;  
For Truth, for Right, we will be spent!

For Truth, for Right—a glorious cause!  
For Truth, for Right—a victor's crown  
Awaits us, if we do not pause,  
But battle on and smile or frown.  
We will be true; we will do right;  
Well serve the Lord with all our might!

P. R. B.
JUNIORS

We, the class of 24, have about reached the port of Success, so far as our high school career is concerned. Several of our fine class of twenty-nine members started together at the bottom of the ladder as freshmen. Although some of our number have "quituated" and some restituted, we are not discouraged in the least, but on the contrary our hopes are rising high, as we are nearing the port and smell the balmy breezes loaded with sweet fragrance sweeping out to us from the land.

However, we have not travelled this far without some trials and discouragements and a few set backs, but we quickly conquered these and went on with a victor's tread. We are no longer subject to petty trials and discouragements, as we have learned the art of taking off our coats, with a grin going at the hardest tasks which somebody said couldn't be done and we did them. It is our nature to attack the hardest problems with a grin, overcome them by bringing into play our sharp tact, but never flustered out or in other words, never giving up until we have conquered.

We attribute this most desirable characteristic to three factors which have brought influence to bear on us and in our lives. They are viz. Influence of Christianity through personal religious experience, influence of Christian Institution and faculty, which gives us the third factor, that of our will-power highly developed and started in the right direction. What a trinity of lofty and, (shall I say romantic? No!), but rather extremely practical ideals to rest our future lives and destinies on!

Now for a brief summary and correlation of these factors. First, influence of Christianity through personal religious experience. This point is of prime importance and of inestimable value as the head of the trinity. We all concede that personal salvation is the foundation of true character, and as the merits of this point are so obvious, it needs no further explanation.

The point ranking next in importance is the influence of Christian institution and faculty. No one can realize what a great thing a truly Christian institution is until they are in attendance and then their thermometer of appreciation usually registers only a degree or two above freezing, but when they leave the institution and go out into the world, their appreciation thermometer suddenly jumps to 110 on the porch on a cloudy day; and then think of their amazement when they find that the thermometer has become fast away up there to remain for the rest of their days. The Christian atmosphere is marvelously inspiring to conscientious hard work. The Christian faculty is an invaluable asset also, for many would not get a personal experience if it were not for the persevering interest and prayers of the faculty. Here in Spring Arbor each member of the faculty seems to take an especial interest in the welfare of each member of the student body. Pardon me just a moment, reader, did I use the word "seems"? Allow me to repeat making the statement positive as it should be. Each member of the faculty takes an especial interest in the welfare of each member of the student body.

Now we come to the last member of the trinity, somewhat the effect of the other two, namely our will-power highly developed and started in the right direction. By following out the lines of reasoning which the first two points suggest this is the only logical outcome. In getting salvation, we surrender our will-power to God; it is thus turned in the right way.
Then the first two members of the trinity, influence of Christianity through personal religious experience and influence of Christian institution and faculty develop the will-power to its utmost capacity and efficiency. Pray, tell me, what limits the power of a person to serve God and humanity when he or she is endowed with this invincible trinity?

We were very fortunate indeed to secure for honorary member. Mr. Dorr Demaray. He has counseled us wisely and guided us safely thru our Junior year. Many times has he entertained us with his humor and at other times has instructed us with his sound advice.

Realizing that if we have our ideals too low, we will reach them soon and begin to retro-grade, we have endeavored to raise our ideals to a high plane, and we are trying to progress steadily, by God's help, to these ideals.

H. E. S.

JUNIOR CLASS POEM

We started in our High School Days
As Freshmen of S. A.
It was not long before we saw,
Some boulders in our way.
We struggled hard to overcome
The trials of Freshman life,
We were rewarded by success
And conquered in the strife.
We started on as Sophomores
With much of "grit" and "vim,"
And pushed ahead with might and main
For we'd set out to win.
We labored on with patient toil,
The path, 'twas hard to tread!
At last our Sophomore days were gone
How swiftly they had sped!
And now, we are the Junior Class;
Encouraged by the past,
We're working hard to win the race
And gain a crown at last.
We know not where our paths may lead,
Through darkness or through light,
We need but know our Saviour guides,
He always guides aright.

E. B. L.

CLASS OF '24 REMINISCENCES

We have launched out on the career of our Junior year. Our band of 26 loyal Juniors have weathered the storms of high school life thus far.

Our class is amply represented in the various organizations of the school. In one of the Literary societies Juniors hold the offices of Vice-presidents and in the other, two Juniors hold the offices of President and second Vice-president. There are only a few of the many offices in the various organizations that Juniors hold.

We have been successfully piloted thus far by our honorable President, Harold Stewart. We also desire to speak of our honorary member, Dorr Demaray, whose ability is inestimable.

We have had many varied experiences. Among these our class feed stands out prominently. It was one grand and glorious affair, with antique Chinese lanterns swinging over head while we ate to the sort of runic tune of the brass band.

While we were discussing economics—which treats of the fluctuations of prices on the market for commodities—gravity suddenly became extremely strong and the legs of a chair proved too weak causing a loyal Junior to go flat on the floor with his feet uncere-

We are looking forward with great anticipation to the final activities of the school year. We expect to have a real picnic before many moons. The function that makes our pocket-books look as though an elephant had been trespassing, is the famous "bread-and-water" Junior-Senior banquet.

Watch for further achievements in our class and be sure to be on hand June 4, 1923, for this is when we give our program.

Altogether we have had a very enjoyable time this year.

G. T.
SOPHOMORE CLASS REPORT

The first year of high-school life gone, and the second passing, with all its problems and opportunities, have we anything to show for it? Does our record of that short period prove that instead of drifting along on the tide of time, choosing no port, but trusting the fair winds to bring us to some peaceful haven—we have charted our course and chosen our destiny and are piloting our vessel in that direction? It is the tendency of mankind to follow the lines of least resistance. To overcome means real, true, earnest labor; but again to conquer is just as truly victory and success.

The Sophomore class has succeeded and is proving a success. We have not succumbed to those tendencies that would corrode our character or lessen our usefulness. But we have faced the tides and are forging ahead with marked advances. Last year we were freshmen and our brand was too conspicuous to be hidden; this year we have progressed beyond that verdant stage, leaving behind its “Gin-like” mark of bluish ignorance, and view the vista from the high plane of Sophomore-ship.

There are thirty-six in our class, among which there are seven theological students. All have not been with us from the beginning as a class; neither have all the charter members proved faithful. But where one dropped out another has stepped in so our ranks have been strongly sustained.

This much for the past! But what for the future? Ultimate success depends upon our making each step a successful one! It depends upon our doing what we do with our will and putting ourselves without reserve into living—living pure, living humble, living so that each day finds us farther on than the day before. This, we as a class are doing and will continue to do in the future as long as God’s smile, which truly has been the source of all our past advances, rests upon us.

—C. C.
SOPHOMORES

We greet the brilliant morning sun
That rises up so bright,
With armor on and spirits bold,
We dare to stand and fight.

Now let us front the thickest fight,
And meet it with a smile,
Because for everyone of us,
There is a task worth while:

A battle some where to be fought;
A place that needs a man,
That calls for him who's not afraid
To do the best he can.

For him who 'en will die himself,
If others he may save,
Who's strong enough to say "I will,"
And in this to be brave.

In this our class of twenty-five,
Great warriors you will find
Because in dear old S. A. S.
To learn, we are inclined.

Oh! in the past we worked so hard,
Our Freshman year to make
Many a battle there we fought,
The best rewards to take.

Now the Sophomore battle's on;
We watch and fight and trust;
The Juniors' call comes from afar
And follow them we must.

Then toward the Senior goal we'll press,
With faith that will believe,
Although the heedless babble fails,
Our vision to perceive.

May we our purpose ne'er forget
To make Christ's vision real,
And tread our path in righteousness
And serve our fellow men.

—G. D.

SOPHOMORE CLASS FUNCTION

On the third of November, twenty-six Sophomores packed themselves into the Seminary truck and were carted about eight miles and finally arrived at the home of our classmate, Bernard Denimore. We were greeted by the hostess, Mrs. Denimore. After being seated we were served to a lap luncheon which consisted of sandwiches, pickles, cake, candy and cocoa. We then amused ourselves roasting marshmallows in the fireplace after which we played many games such as Lemon, Lemon, Lemon and Three Deep out on the lawn. Mrs. Denimore told us about a murder that happened in their house when suddenly a gun went off scaring some of the girls almost into fits. We were honored by having a mascot, Dal Baird, with us, also Mr. C. E. Demarary, our honorary member.

As we were the honored Sophomores we started home at nine o'clock. When coming onto the grounds, we gave some of our yells after which we played games on the campus. At ten o'clock we retired only regretting our first class function was over.

—G. D.

SOUR GRAPES

An Old Fable in Modern Rhyme

Sly Reynard once a-roaming went, with anything but good intent;
And as a vineyard passing by, a luscious cluster chanced to spy,
Which hanging o'er the low-built wall, seemed ready from its branch to fall
Upon the place beneath.

"Aha," said Reynard, "here's a treat; these grapes were surely meant to eat;
If I but jump I'll reach them quite, they'll sure afford a juicy bite,
And satisfy my appetite,
Which has been somewhat keen."

No sooner said than put to test, and Reynard tried his very best,
The tempting prize to gain;
But "best laid plans" "gang aft agley" so Reynard found to his dismay,
That 'though he jumped with all his might and tried the tempting fruit to bite
The grapes he could not gain.

"Ah, well," said he, "what is the use to waste one's time and act the goose?
I might have known had I but thought and saved the labor I have wrought,
These grapes, I'm sure are sour."

And so when man, or child, or maid, some very handsome plans have laid to gain a tempting prize;
And when these plans are tried and fail and seem to be of no avail—
When disappointment's clouds still lower, 'tis then they feel the grapes are sour
And say, "I've taken too much trouble, this thing is but an empty bubble,
And I don't care a bit."

—"Our Folly."
FRESHMEN HISTORY

Sept. 13, 1923, 8:45 A.M. We hoisted anchor, having a full head of steam we set sail to the fair land of 1926. With a class of willing workers and competent leaders on board, we are confident of making the landing safe. Our training is well proportioned and demands all there is of us.

It is considered from a three-fold standpoint namely: physical, intellectual and spiritual. First, the physical must by no means be neglected. "Know ye not that ye are the temple of the Holy Ghost," for the physical part of man is what the cannon is for the ammunition and the engine is for the gasoline. The physical then, must be the conveyance and it plays a great part in the trinity of man. Secondly we enjoy the development of our intellectual powers, keeping them in harmony with season and eliminating all so called scientific theories that would rob God of his creative power in and of the world wherein we live, also of the masterpiece of His creation, namely man. We trace our origin then from the Genetic account and do not look down the misty line of presumption, considering ourselves the results of a spontaneous generation. In our mental development we will strive to build a foundation, the corner stone of which is truth. Thirdly, spirituality is the prime cause of our existence, hence all things should be subordinate to it. If we fail to develop any of the aforesaid, results will be disastrous. It is true that many are burdened with a frail physical frame and others are limited intellectually, but all may launch out into the unlimited resources of God's infinite mercy and enjoy the life that now is and the life that is to come.

After our four years trip with the training and development of these faculties we are sure of success and as the pioneer mariner sets his compass by the North star so we of the Freshman class have our compass set by the "bright and morning star."

Our time we here must use
In deeds and words of love;
To sail through life's unrestful sea
And make the port above.
True, the world for us will bid
Its sparkling offers show;
But we will choose the "Golden Rule"
To be our guide below.

— J. T. M.

FRESHMEN CLASS PARTY

The Freshman class held their first party in the latter part of October.

A large company of us rode to the farm—(and) home of Charles Hammond, where doors games were played until dark.

A most delicious supper was served after which we played games in the parlor and had an interesting debate. Several talks were given to us by the President, and Mrs. Mes-erroll, our Honorary member and others.

About nine o'clock we retreated to the kitchen where we engaged in a taffy pull.

We returned tired but happy and are looking forward to other class functions.

— E. F.
CLASS POEM

We're sailing the sea of school life
Like mariners brave and true,
And though we are but Freshmen
You'll find we are true blue.

Of course we long to be Sophomores,
For nothing else will do,
But as we are still just freshmen
You'll find we are true blue.

And then be pompous Juniors,
And stately Seniors too,
But now though only freshmen
You'll find we are true blue.

In future years when we've gone away,
Dear old S. A. we'll think of you,
Though we are scattered far and wide.
To you our hearts will still be true.

R. H

ESPRIT DE CORPS

Ere long this life shall pass from me,
Gone I'll be from this dark world;
Gathering shades shall round me curl.
While death's dark shadows soon will be
Forcing my soul to that black sea
Of hidden mysteries always furled;
Rent from earth the soul is hurled
Straight toward obscure eternity.

Obdurate is the icy hand,
Stealthy, silent, yet so sure.
So certain is his onward track
To take us to that far off land;
That dismal, dark and distant moor,
From which there is no coming back.

—Allen.
Intermediate Department

Possibly you will be interested in the following statements concerning these sojourners in the sixth, seventh and eighth grades:

**PEARL CLINE**
- Politeness and preciseness.

**Beulah Boice**
- Kind, sincere and noble.

**Mary Houghting**
- Yes, but we need more time.

**Paul Chamberlain**
- Always happy.

**Reuben Roth**
- Ready to recite.

**Lowe Richmond**
- Tranquility.

**Mary Edith Miller**
- Seems independent.

**Ella Fletcher**
- Silence is golden.

**Charles James**
- Honest, isn’t it nearly time to get out?

**Louise Cross**
- Industrious.

**Alex Lock**
- Slow but sure.

- Edith Stewart
- Exactly so.

**Henry Lieng**
- Frankness.

**Edward Boice**
- Always friendly.

**Carl Jones**
- Quiet but prepared.

**Ruth Vincent**
- Pleasant and agreeable.

**Laura Huffman**
- Conscientious and sincere.

**Steven Vanderhoof**
- Not time enough.

**Wesley Mallow**
- Sobriety.

**Florence Marian**
- Has a smile for everyone.

**Mattie Boice**
- Why worry.

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**Preparatory Report**

Twenty-one have been enrolled this year. Our numbers being rather small we are using our opportunity to do more supplementary work.

We have had some fine results in painting. The Indian scenes and the snow scenes were among our best.

Every week one period is devoted to Bible study under the direction of Professor Miller. In connection with this work a contest in writing essays on "The Life of Joseph" was held. Beulah Boice received the prize for having the best production.

Three times a week, Mrs. Blowers, our music teacher gives vocal music in our room. Since the beginning of the year a marked improvement has been made by the pupils.

The eighth grade have just finished interesting essays on "Bees," "Forestry," "Flowers" and "Insects."

We have most of our social times to look forward to a little later in the year but the girls had one pleasant occasion together at a birthday reception for Mary Edith Miller. We played games and had victrola music. Refreshments were served.

Much more interest has been taken in outdoor exercise since we purchased a large rubber ball and basketball. An observer might think someone would surely be hurt but all seem to be the better for the vigorous exercise at recess.

Near Christmas time we raised money to purchase a picture for our room. It is a pastoral scene of sheep, trees and water. The names of the pupils are printed on the matting of the picture.

As vacation was drawing near great interest was taken in preparing a short Christmas program. The Primary Department came in our room and the same tree did for the presents of both rooms. We enjoyed their selections and dance.

We must soon begin to plan for Commencement. This always means doing our best and we think the effort worth while as it gives the pupil practice in playing their part in public.

So many pupils now-a-days have no opportunity of learning the fundamentals of the Christian faith. Here these essential principles are constantly emphasized and there is prejudice and Seminary an influence which is most effective in encouraging those even of tender years, to take their stand for that which is right and become established in the Christian faith.

During our special meetings several Intermediates earnestly sought and found the Lord. May the religious element always be kept foremost in the minds and hearts of our younger pupils as well as of the high school students.

B. M.
Primary Department

IMPRESSIONS WORTH WHILE

"Childhood shows the man, as morning shows the day."—Milton

The enrollment in the Primary Department this year is thirty—seventeen boys and thirteen girls. The work covers the courses of study outlined for public schools in the first five grades.

For one fond of children no work is more inspiring or pleasurable than daily associating with such a bright faced group of little folks.

In later years minds that are comparatively callous to new impressions still retain vividly those of earlier years. The mind of a child is most impressionable. How important then that impressions made by the examples set by parents and teachers be of the right kind? Someone said, "Fill the bushel with wheat and I defy the devil to fill it with tares."

Life is so large that none of us can grasp the whole of it in the few years we have to live. Parent’s and teacher’s noblest endeavors should be to so lead those given to their training that they will be able to grasp the things in life that are most worth while. Ours is the great opportunity to help them to live their lives most effectively!

We believe that the environment of the children attending Spring Arbor Seminary is of a higher moral type than can be found in public schools. School always opens with Bible reading and prayer. Professor Miller is conducting a Bible course suitable to these grades. We are also fortunate in having the services of Mrs. Blowers who is very well qualified for the work in vocal training. We who are working with the children are trying not to shrink our duty and are praying that the impressions which they are receiving this year may be for their highest good.

"If we work upon marble, it will perish; if on brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon mortal minds, and imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and love of our fellow-men, we engrave on those tablets something that will brighten to all eternity."

E. M. B.

Business Department

SUCCESS

What power and magic there is in the word “SUCCESS!” Everyone who has the least spark of hope is searching for it with diligence comparable to that of a person seeking a lost diamond on his hands and knees in the dirt.

Why do they fail to find it? Because they are not prepared for responsible positions in the business world. If you would succeed, prepare. Training is absolutely essential today.

How many fail to find this prizeless gem — SUCCESS — in the business world? Ever since the Industrial Revolution, which began in 1760, business organization and management have become more and more complex until we have the giant companies, corporations and trusts of today, with their ability for producing which has never before been equaled in the history of the world.

It is obvious that the standards of qualifications for participants in this great game should have been raised according to the progression of business methods. This has been specially true the last few years, until at the present time, as we have said before, we must have training—specialized training in order to succeed. A High School or even a College training will not do it; to be sure they greatly augment one’s ability and thus one’s acceptability, but you must specialize in your preparation.

A commercial course offers you this specialized training. Unlimited opportunities are yours, if you only prepare for them. The business world will give its best to you in exchange for your specially trained ability. Do not expect to climb up from the lowest rung of the ladder, for you will fail. That door to success is quite securely barred today.

If you are aimlessly drifting in your education, come and take a commercial course — the course that yields the most and quickest returns in actual money, besides culture received — at Spring Arbor, where you are surrounded with the best of influences and a fine, friendly student body, and a corps of teachers, any of which will gladly help you at any time.

Think it over. Come and join our fine Business Department. It will pay — a business course is the sure way to SUCCESS.

H. E. S.
The study of Literature is for the purpose of enabling us to speak well before the public or in conversation. We sometimes are very careless and forget small words. We are very often called on unexpectedly and then it pays us to have studied and read the different books in Literature. Again it is also very important to have a large vocabulary. The value of this is to be able to express our thoughts to another in a simple way so they can receive the full meaning. To have a large vocabulary is to use the words found when reading.

We study History for the purpose of learning our ancestors' deeds. Literature opens to us his immortal nature and tells of his dreams, imaginations and ambitions. We very often read for the privilege of being entertained or for the pleasure we receive from it. Literature presents the ideals of the past from father to son. People remember a lesson taught them by a picture or story longer than by ordinary facts. Don't put off your work and wait for something better or easier to come to you. For instance in the battle that was fought near the end of the line stood a cowardly soldier, he was thinking that if he only had a good sword he would be able to do wonders or if he only had one like the king's son. Presently the king's son came by tired and wounded and without a sword. He espied the sword of the soldier sticking out of the ground where he had thrown it away, picking it up and stirring new life in the soldiers around him he rushed forward and won the battle. The cowardly soldier lost his opportunity of doing good by just waiting for better circumstances while the king's son took advantage of the opportunity and won.

Some are always wishing to be of such great service in the world, doing something great. In Literature we read of people doing great deeds but not until after they have completed the smaller tasks first. There is around each one of us every day the small duties of kindnesses we can perform. We read of some men and women who have spent their time and lives just for the purpose of making others happy. One man was loved more at his death than the king himself just for the simple fact he was kind. We each have our reward whether good or evil. One illustration is found in the story of the two sisters, one kind, the other selfish. One morning the kind sister went to the well to draw water and while there an ugly looking old woman appeared to her, she knew her not. The woman asked if she might have a drink of the water, the girl gladly gave to her. As a reward the woman said diamonds would drop from her mouth. Later in the day the selfish sister came to draw water and the same mysterious personage appeared and asked the same favor to the other girl. The girl refused and took her to draw water for herself. She also received her reward and frogs dropped from her mouth. Although this is just a fairy tale we can easily see the moral lesson back of it. At the spur of the moment when we are called upon we must be ready to reply in a kind and unselfish spirit. Not only once but every time.

Reading the lives of noble men and noting the experiences they went through and how they came out on top, encourages us to take their lives as an example and try to succeed where they have failed.

G. I. H.

A Question

They tell me the world is less lovely
Than it was in the long ago;
That the good old days
And the old time ways
Were finer far than our modern lays.
Pray tell me, is it so?

They tell of the silent splendor
Of an autumn long ago;
Friend, tell me, was it so?

They sing of the golden glory
Of an autumn long ago;
How the moon's half-light
On the snow at night
Was a scene ne'er given to modern sight.
Pray tell me, was it so?

They dwell on the wondrous beauty
Of the Springtime long ago,
Mid new-born flowers
Lovelier far than our modern bowers;
But tell me, was it so?

They tell of a brighter sunshine
In the summers of long ago,
From the Southern seas
Mid new-blown flowers
Oh, tell me, was it so?

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—L. D.
Philomathian Literary Society

First Semester
Roland H. Hamilton............... President
Hugh A. White.................... Vice-President
A. H. Scott.................... Secretary
Florence Emerson............... Assistant Secretary
Alexander Parsons............... Treasurer

Second Semester

Our object is to place the skilled ones altogether on the programs but also place those who have the material to do this. We allow nothing to enter into our ranks but that is of the highest type and that enables the young man or woman to seek that which is the noblest.

At the beginning of the year there was a lack of enthusiasm and interest in the Philomathian Literary Society. After due consideration and careful thought it was thought advisable to divide the Society so that it would encourage the Literary spirit and add competition.

This occurrence gave rise to the Philomathian Literary Society which name implies "Lovers of Learning." It was started out with high ideals and stands for the development of each personality to its highest degree. It is our aim to create in each member the ability to cope with the problems of life efficiently, to conquer temptations as they come, to give a broad outlook upon life and to enable him to find his sphere of greatest usefulness.

Co-operation is our watchword. The spirit of every member is to present the strongest and most practical programs and by doing so to get the very best that is offered for him in the realm of usefulness.

Although we have just organized, we do hope and know that it shall win a reputation of each personality to its highest degree. It is our aim to create in each member the ability to cope with the problems of life efficiently, to conquer temptations as they come, to give a broad outlook upon life and to enable him to find his sphere of greatest usefulness.

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EN TOYTIN NIAK

(BY THESE TWO, CONQUER!")

Prize Story

Representing The Philomathian Literary Society.

I.

"Ouch! Oh? Get over, you!" The voice came strangely out from the stall of Major, one of the big draft horses of Alex Benn, and the voice was accompanied by loud "smack, smacks," such as the palm of the hand produces when coming in violent contact with sleek flesh. A clatter of hoofs followed the outburst and vigorous snorts gave evidence that Major had had an experience which had upset his equanimity. A boy of about sixteen or seventeen years hopped vigorously out of the stall on one foot while trying to nurse the other one in his arms. This sort of posture not being conducive to equilibrium, he kept up a rapid sort of sidestepping as he emerged from the stall, while he crooned over his surroundings.

"Oh, dear! Oh, my! It's smashed, I know it is! I wonder, can I ever walk on it again?" and he put the foot gingerly down to the floor—put it down again—put a little more weight on it—and at last hobbled over to the wall where he removed a tie-strap from a working harness hanging there, doubled as he limped back towards Major.

"What!" "What's causing all that stomping around out there?"

"Oh, the horses are just pawing for their oats!"

"Oh, that's it! Well come in to supper as soon as you can."

"All right, Pa! Be there in a minute!"

The boy was cooled off now and was sorry and ashamed of what he had done for he really loved the big, kindly horses and knew that they would not purposely do him any harm. He went into the stall to place and soothe Major, but the horse was all excited, not knowing or understanding what the punishment was for. He kept stepping from side to side of the stall to guard as best he could against another attack. Once more the agonized yelps came from the stall accompanied by the "smack, smacks.

"Oh, Oh! Ouch! Get over!" and the boy again emerged from the stall with vigorous hops while he nursed the other foot in his arms. Thus neither of his feet could complain of favoritism shown to the other one for the boy was lame in both feet and could not decide upon which foot to limp. The boy was again gingerly trying his foot to the floor and casting wistful glances towards the tie-strap when the barn door opened and his father appeared.

"What in the world is the big hold-up, Chester?" he asked. "We've been waiting supper a long time now and you know we have to wait to the wagon for camp meeting yet to-night."

"Well, Major stopped on my foot," the boy answered sullenly, "and I had to wait until I could step on it before I could come in."

"Ooh! Well, that's too bad, son. Here, lean on my arm and I'll help you into the house and then we'll get some arnica on it." And they wavered away toward the house.

II.

During supper, the final plans were made for the start to camp meeting early the next morning. The cares of the farm would be left in the capable hands of the hired man while the whole family went to spend a week or ten days with a congregation of the saints in the woods.

Accordingly, when morning came, Duke and Major were harnessed and hitched to the farm-wagon already loaded with supplies for man and beast, and by six o'clock that same evening, the Benn family had arrived at the Camp Ground, had their tent up and their supper cooking.

This was a very interesting meeting for Chester. In his first place he heard the Financial Agent tell all about Spring Arbor Seminary. The student life as depicted, interested Chester and a burning desire came over him to go there. He had graduated from the eighth grade in the district school that last spring and his people were talking of sending him to high school in town that next fall. Oh, if he could go to Spring Arbor Seminary instead! He would try to persuade his folks to accede to the plan. He surely would.

In his second place he heard a returned missionary from foreign fields tell his experience over there, his burning desire to bring the heathen to Christ, the rich satisfaction that it afforded him to see them coming into the fold, and the exultation which he felt because he was counted worthy to endure hardships in such a glorious cause. The fiery enthusiasm of the missionary could not fail to make a deep impression on a young and impressionable person.

Thus Chester's life work was crystallized in his heart and mind; his great commission was set forth before him, to go forth and make disciples of all nations, to baptize them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. The mission wavered away toward the house.

III.

He went out to feed the team, after nursing from the altar, and the big, noble, friendly horse-beefed so heartily that he could not refrain from throwing his arms about his necks and hugging them tightly. As he caressed Major, words came bubbling spontaneously from his lips:

"Oh, Major, forgive me for abusing you so the other night. I know you didn't mean to step on my foot and I knew it then but I just naturally got mad. I'll never do it again, old friend."

Major turned his head and softly nuzzled the boy with his lips in token of complete amnesty and forgiveness and understanding.

After feeding the horses Chester wandered away into the woods to be alone. There, he threw himself on a mossy bank and gave himself up to the contemplation of his new state. Thoughts of the missionary talk recur to him. He went over his whole frame which felt much the same as does an electric current short-circuited thru the body. Immediately, while he was yet tingling from the effects of it, he heard words, distinct and bell-like, which vibrated thru his entire being with a healing, soothing insistence.

"Go ye and preach the gospel to the heathen who now sit in darkness."

Thus Chester's life work was crystallized in his heart and mind; his great commission was set forth before him, to go forth and make disciples of all nations, to baptize them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. The mission wavered away toward the house.

Chester rose and went back to his father's tent. He climbed into the wagon, and then fell asleep. He felt so different. Everybody and everything looked so strangely new, so good, he could hardly contain the wonder of it.

IV.

Then in the third place, Chester "got saved." Yes he did! He was joyously and immediately converted. He felt so different. Everybody and everyone looked so strangely new, so good, he could hardly contain the wonder of it.

chester
saved and the other in joy that he had taken his mother's God to be his God. The meet­
ing between the old and the son was more digni­fied; they clasped hands, placed their free hands on the shoulder of the other and looked deep into tear-laden eyes.

"Son," said the father in trembling tones, "this is the proudest day of my life and — it seems — the happiest."

"Oh, Father, will you forgive me for telling you a lie the night before we start­ed for here? The stumbling around that you heard out in the barn was caused by my flogging Major for stepping on my foot.

"I'll forgive you freely, my boy, freely. Oh, this wonderful day!" and the em­
}
Both of you fellows leave me alone."

"You will need drilling in articulation, you know."

"Here Sports edged forward. "Now that this bird has shut up and gone, I'll hang up another target. Keep your eyes on the ball and don't let Umps call a strike."

"I'm with you, Forensic," the boy cried.

"Goodbye, Forensic," he murmured, raising his hand in salute. "You and I will make a team and we'll put old S. A. S. on the map!"

The declaration Contest was over and the first of the four preliminary or eliminating interscholastic debates had just been held with a visiting high school team in the Chapel.

Ch主力, hard worked, made the team and to-night had been the first tryout. It was now over but it left the boy heartbroken and mortified. Who has not had the same experience, when after all his efforts and labors, he does not look the way it was intended to go?

Until the last of the crowd left, he was engrossed in the dimly-lit and confidential room. He was large and solid, with a broad face and a broad nose."

"I don't know why my speech took the course that it did tonight," Chester de­dicated. "I thought of nothing more than the old Alma Mater, don't you? All right, grab a hat and put it on, and we'll fix them so that they wouldn't retort that old Alma Mater for us to get our boats from the St. Lawrence into Lake Ontario. I intended to fix them so that they couldn't answer that old Alma Mater for us."

"Can we come to Spring Arbor for but to learn? Then turn it to and I'll show you how to throw some dust into your opponents' eyes so that you could get away with your line."

"How will such a decision be jointly constructed by the teams of England and the United States at any moment?"

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"How will such a decision be jointly constructed by the teams of England and the United States at any moment?"
BLIND BARTIMAEUS

O wondrous face! O vision rare!
That shone upon the long-closed eyes
Of the blind beggar, long ago;
New-opened eyes, by Christ, so fair;
That looked with wondering glad surprise
On Him, the Friend of men, so low.

The life of night, the dawn of bliss
That followed when the spoken word,
Of the Lord Christ of Nazareth
Had fallen soft as mother’s kiss,
When the strong power of our great Lord
Unsealed his sight as by a breath.

Long was the night; and from it came
Yes, from its midnight came a cry,
When he that in its darkness heard
A murmur of a potent name,—
A word that one was passing by—
Then hope within the darkness stirred.

And, “Jesus, son of David, hear!
And mercy, have on one like me.”
Thus came the cry of his great need;
But others who were standing near,
What cares the Nazarene for thee?
Said they. To this he gave no heed.

But wild and vehement his cry
Rang out, “Thou Son of David, hear!”
And then the Son of Man stood still,
Commanding, “Let the man draw nigh,”
And asked him, when he was come near,
“And, thou, tell me, what is thy will?”

He said, “Lord, give me my sight,”
Then Jesus spake and it was done;
And that first vision shone on him,
Whose early days were one dark night,
Whose eyes tell thee how that came,
But now with vision, clear not dim,
They saw the fadeless light of life;
And all the love in that pure face
Of the majestic Son of God,
Had hushed the soul and stilled the strife,
By the calm spell of his great grace,
And love that paid the price in blood.

(Continued on Page 86)
And so we read, he followed Him,
With that first vision we're not forgot.
Ah, well for those who come to Him
When other visions waxing dim,
And other helpers hear them not.
That they may bear remember Him.
That first view of the loving Lord!
How other visions fade away!
How gloriously His beauties shine,
When first we hear His healing word;
When first we see the light of day
And gone upon that face divine.

All gloom and darkness ever gone;
All halting steps and piteous cry;
All poverty and beggar's place;
The light and life of heaven won,
Put placed upon the strong rock, high,
All blessings shine in His sweet face.

Dark souls still beg beside the way,
For earth's poor crusts, they eager cry;
They hear not Jesus passing by
And break not forth in cryings loud.

O, Jesus, thou of Nazareth!
Have mercy on the hearts of men!
May those who see take up the cry;
Re-echo it in realms of death,
And waken souls that sleep, and then
Men will believe Thou passest by.

And there are those who yet would still
The cry of blind and seeking hearts,
Who fain would in their misery
Find light and day in Thy sweet will.
Rebuke them, Lord, whose hate upstart
To hinder them who cry to Thee.

And do Thou yea in might stand still,
And lead the blind souls come to Thee;
For surely then Thy word of power
Can execute Thy sovereign will.
And from the chains of darkness free,
And healing bring in every hour.

W. V. M.
passing by, note the flourishing condition of this tree, they will be caused to exclaim: "Why does this one tree seem to be superior to those around it?" and immediately the answer will be given that it was planted in a fertile soil, every year has been well cared for. And when the fruit of this tree is found in the North, the South, the East, and the West, it will be so greatly admired, that many will be caused to wonder where it was grown, and not surprising will be the answer, "From the Soongtetha Tree of Knowledge." There is no other tree like it, it cannot be purchased for it is of such great value that it is priceless.

"SED FUGIT INTEREA, FUGIT IRREPARABLE TEMPUS!" (Virgil, B. G., 9, 264.)

(But lies meanwhile, lies irreparable time)

Time? Time sweeps on nor pauses in its flight
To vast Eternity, that stretches back
Into the past, its countless years of space,
Whose hoary heads, like mileposts grim and sere,
Erect themselves in solemn majesty.
Then take their stately march into the gulf
Of that Oblivion, which swallows up,
With greedy throat and ever-yawning maw.
Each temporal thing that passes on the brink
Of living Present.

Oh, the Present Time!
That fleeting, momentary span of life,
Which flies across our pathway, in its sweep
From those unfathomed realms, unseen beyond
That veil of mystery, behind whose fold
Broad fields unroll their spaces to the blue,
Dim reaches of infinity, unknown,
And unforeseen, and unforeseen by all
Except Omnipotence, whose mighty voice
Called into being all that ever was.
Or is, and all that lies behind that mask
Which we call Future.

Yes, the Future Time,
That clothed in misty doubt of aspect gray,
Yet, tinged and interwoven with rosy Hope,
Holds out alluring challenges to mankind;
And too, an inner stark and staring fear
That seizes on the heart with icy grasp.
Yet tempts, withal, that inner bent to chance,
Which hazards all upon one fatal cast
To score upon fickle Luck, and shout
Its secrets from the maw, whose struggles dire
Upon the brink of cataclysmic Past.

What sweeps from future, dim unknown,
And o'er the wheel of Destiny, which whirls
In furious revolutions on the brink
Of Death—of—Death, and dashed into that vast
Abys, engulfing Past, down which all things
Of Time are hurled, so more to be repaired.
To never be recalled forever more,
By pensive Man.

The whirling belt speeds on:
Its surface studded over with precious jewels
Of blessed, golden Opportunity,
Which, intermixed with pebbles base and mean,
Present to Man a choice of good or ill.
Which he may have but for the bending o'er,
And picking up from off the speeding belt.
Beneath his feet, on which he strives and runs
With might and main and sue, hard-courage, he
Should have a momentary pause, should'st trip,
Should not fail, and thus be swept around the wheel
Of Destiny, and down into the depths
Of dark Oblivion.

No, no; no not!
When Man slips over the brink of Destiny
Into the Past, 'tis not Oblivion
Which galls him up with its discomfiture,
Or sinks without a trace its victim, doomed
To leave the madly whirling belt of Time,
And disappear forever from the sphere
Of earthly action all.

Oh, Man, whose hoary heads, like mileposts grim and sere,
Erect themselves in solemn majesty.
Then take their stately march into the gulf
Of that Oblivion, which swallows up,
With greedy throat and ever-yawning maw.
Each temporal thing that passes on the brink
Of living Present.

Oh, oh, Man!
Consider well thine awful plight, if thou
Shalt come unprepared into that Land
To stand before the Judge of all the Earth;
With nothing in thine hands but pebbles base,
And undesirable, to recommend
To stand before the Judge of all the Earth.

Choose, oh Man; for these are trophies rare, these precious jewels
Which lie before the Judge of all the Earth,
As the twelfth chime strikes, as the last bell tolls
And leaves Man to face the judgment seat,
And to receive the verdict of his fate.

Oh, Man, who're thou art!
Behold and read the truth of human fate.
Man runs upon the endless belt of Time.
Spring Arbor Seminary as a Bible School

Spring Arbor Seminary stands in the front rank among the schools of our country; not because it has better teachers, (however it has as good as many others), not because it has the largest enrollment of students, (for it has not), but because it has a religious influence on the mind and character. The Scriptures represent the Bible as operating to the hindrance of salvation. The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom. And after making all nature say, that it is not found there, yes, and all knowledge pertaining to nature, it is not found there; Behold the fear of the Lord is wisdom and to depart from evil is understanding.

The Bible gives moral prestige to any community; other branches of human knowledge independent of the Bible is sufficient to exert a moral influence on the mind and character. On the contrary there are portions of the Scriptures which hold them as operating to the hindrance of salvation. "I think. O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes." St. Paul points to the injurious effects of "philosophy and vain knowledge." Such philosophy could not be depended upon to conquer one single vice, or implant any principle of virtue, and therefore be pronounced to be "entirely useless." Not one single instance do we find that mere human knowledge (independent of that of the Bible) is capable of producing a substantial and consistent and lasting moral improvement. The best of philosophers, such as Socrates, Plato, Cato, and Cicero, all recognize the reality of the Bible in their respective ages were guilty of crime and died in disgrace. It has ever been the same, we need the Bible, it is this Book that gives moral strength.

The distribution of religious literature is another work of the association. These services have proven a great benefit to the association and to the school at large, as well as the special benefit to the one in charge, because it gives him or her experience in preaching or exhorting. These meetings have not only proven a means of street meetings are held in the nearby villages when the weather permits. These meetings have been of great interest, and many have heard the gospel who, no doubt, would not otherwise have heard it. The formation of religious literature is another branch of work of the association.

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Ministerial Association

Our present Ministerial Association of Spring Arbor Seminary was organized in the fall of 1915. The constitution and by-laws were drawn up by M. W. Bigelow, B. C. Lec- man, and Ermon Weidman, assisted by Professor Miller. Since that time this association has been one of the most active and progressive of the schools, with the exception of the school year of '18 and '19. This was the time when most of our boys were off to serve our country and the association did not contain sufficient members to form a quorum, but the year after the war, the association was reorganized and since that time has been very progressive. Today our membership is thirty-eight.

The type of our members is different than one would find in most any other organization. They are young men and women who have dedicated their lives to the service of God and are consecrated to fill the places that are open to tell the world of Jesus.

The association has weekly meetings which are held on Sunday afternoon at 3:00 o'clock conducted by one of the members.

These meetings have proven of great benefit to the association and to the school at large, as well as the special benefit to the one in charge, because it gives him or her experience in preaching or exhorting. These meetings have not only proven a means of grace but a number of the students have been converted through its instrumentality.

We believe in aggressive evangelism at home, as well as in foreign countries and heathen lands. There are those in our midst who will go as heralds of the gospel to darkened lands of India, China, Japan, Africa, and some will remain at home and preach from the pulpits of our land while others will go as missionaries to our wicked cities.

Our society has for its object the formation of religious literature, and the furtherance of religious literature as operating to the hindrance of salvation. The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom. And after making all nature say, that it is not found there, yes, and all knowledge pertaining to nature, it is not found there; Behold the fear of the Lord is wisdom and to depart from evil is understanding.

Thank God, for Spring Arbor Seminary: A school where the Bible is the "Book of Books", a school where the Bible is taught from Genesis to Revelation, a school where the Bible is the beginning of salvation, a school where only Christian teachers are employed, a school that is contending for the "Faith once delivered to the saints."

Rev. J. G. Forteas, Pastor Spring Arbor.
Many there are in heathen lands who have never seen a Bible or heard the Gospel. Many are dying without the knowledge of a loving Saviour. We as a Student Missionary Society are interested in the welfare and conversion of the heathen and are endeavoring to aid them as much as possible.

On February 6, 1916 a mass meeting was called for the purpose of organizing this society. Later it developed into a flourishing Student Missionary Society under the direction of Miss Martha Montgomery, a former teacher of the Seminary.

While it is the privilege of every student in the Academic and Theological departments of the school to be members, there are those who do not have the interest as some do. When the society was first organized it had a membership of twenty-eight. This number has increased and now there are many of the former members who have heard the call of God to go work in His vineyard and are preparing themselves for their life's work. We would not forget to mention those who at the present time— members of this society are fitting themselves for the work they have been called to do. Although we all cannot go, yet we are deeply interested in this great work, namely the missionary cause.

At the monthly meetings inspiring programs are rendered which tends to instil a deeper desire in our hearts to be more diligent in this needy work. Usually each program illustrates the work as it is carried on in one certain country. The offering taken in each meeting is given for the benefit of the work in that special field.

Truly the harvest is great and the laborers are few. We cannot remain idle and let those in heathen darkness go on in sin and despair. It is a great privilege to be able to assist those who are living in such deplorable condition and we are endeavoring to send the light to a few of the countless millions in heathendom. Let us be strong and go forth doing our utmost for the Master. — E. B. '21

The Theological Department is one of our most important departments. Like all great things, it had a small beginning. We started before 1897, with what was then known as the "Christian Worker's Course," consisting of one year of study of the following subjects: Bible, Theology, Church History, Homiletics, Moral Philosophy, Psychology and Logic, and Rhetoric. Later another year was added making a two-year course.

Now we give a three-year diploma course, consisting of three years of Bible, two years of Greek, and one year of the following: Bible, Church History, New Testament History, Theology, Social Ethics and Homiletics. The Bible is studied every day.

We are endeavoring to equip young men and women to fill efficiently, different spheres in the "Master's Great Harvest Field." As the Word is the "Sword of the Spirit," we must first have a good fundamental knowledge of the Scriptures. Then we must next, be familiar with scriptural doctrines, such as, Justification, Regeneration, Sanctification, Attonement and the Trinity, in order that our own souls shall not be tempted away from the paths of righteousness, and in order to instruct others into the way, we study Theology. Here we delve into deep questions, but our Professor very conscientiously and prayerfully straightens out our crooked ideas, and expounds to us, those other doctrines which have always been so mysterious. Thus, Theology is one of our most interesting classes. Open discussions on Calvinism, Arminianism and Infant Baptism, by future preachers and missionaries, become quite warm sometimes. We are conscious of much of the help of the Lord, as we go to prayer and as we study these important doctrines. The Lord has blessed our Professor Miller and given him the unction of the Spirit in teaching this class. We have a large class, numbering eighteen.
We find Church History, the beginning of Christianity, a very important study, also. Here we number eleven. Our Bible class is the largest we have ever had, there are fifty-four of us studying the New Testament this year. We are very thankful indeed, to receive Scriptural instruction in a Christian School. Our Greek classes are not noted for their numbers, but we feel the Lord is blessing our feeble efforts in this direction, also, and some are now able to read in the Greek Testament. The Lord has put His seal upon this department from the beginning. We have missionaries in the foreign field and in the homeland, who have received their training here. We are doing all we can to fulfill the command of St. Paul, “Study to shew thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the Word of truth.”

Our students, have a chance, while studying to improve the mind, and instill the Biblical doctrines into the heart too, also do some practical, active work, through mediums of the Ministerial Association and the Missionary societies. We feel the Lord has blessed us as a department, in many ways, this year. We expect to graduate five of our students.

We, the graduates, intend to go forth, sowing the seed in tears, that we may later reap in joy. Did not the Master say, “The harvest truly is plentiful, but the laborers are few; Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth labourers into his harvest.” We expect to do the best we can to help answer this prayer.

Hear the Lord of Harvest sweetly calling,
“Who will go and work for Me today? Who will bring Me, the lost and dying? Who will point them to the narrow way?”

Speak, my Lord, Speak, and I’ll be quick to answer Thee,
Speak, my Lord, Speak, and I will answer, “Lord, send me.”

R. E. C.

THE DESCRIPTION OF EVENING

The evening was truly beautiful. One which the world is not always blessed with. The time when the stillness is only broken by those sounds which belong to the night; the lowing of the herd, the hoot of the owl, and now and then the bark of a dog in the distance. Across on the hillside the shepherd stood among his flock, his countenance bore a look of peace as he gazed into the firmament above. The moon shining with the stars was indeed the work of His fingers. And as the last mantle was thrown over the bore a look of peace as he gazed into the firmament above. The moon shining with the distance.

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Religious Editorial

TRUE EDUCATION

Education is strictly a development and is designed to lead out and expand the capabilities concealed in the human soul. In the darkened ages of the past, enlightened instructors led their pupils along some particular lines of development but omitted others which were indispensable to true education; and even in the nineteenth century men will close their eyes and live in darkness rather than bivouac in the open sunlight of the Gospel and intellectual noon. The erroneous idea is prevalent that education has only to deal with the development of the mind. This might be true with reference to a technical definition of the term, but today true education has a deeper and grander significance; it is far superior to its reach, more expansive in its breadth, and its fundamental principles are more securely laid. It anticipates that physical ability and morality are as essential to an education as the waves of ether which conduct sunbeams to our planet, are to the well being of humanity. It would concentrate the intellectual attainments of the heathen philosopher. The physical valor of the Roman soldier, and the holy zeal of ancestral examples in one youth of the nineteenth century. It would arrange the body as the instrument of the soul and the soul, under the government of the Divine Creator, a medium through which flows an ameliorating influence upon all mankind.

An observer stood upon the shore of a storm-tossed sea and observed two objects in the distance; one seemed to keep steadily in a given course, but the other was tossed "to and fro" by the merciless waves; as the difference became perceptible he determined to discover the cause and waited impatiently until it revealed itself to him. The one object proved to be a small fishing tug and the other a large flat of driftwood driven by the wind. A convincing argument was not necessary to persuade him with respect to the difference in their progress; the tug was propelled by a power centered within her. The flat was driven by the outward blasts of the storm.

The propelling incentive of true education must exist within the individual.

A burning desire in the soul of humanity for a symmetrical, three-fold, development—body, mind, and soul—will result in a constant and determined course of action which will inevitably bring them into possession of knowledge, peace and power, but he who is driven to education by the storm of opinions of friends and acquaintances, has no particular port in view but is subject to all changes of sentiment and is destined to be driven upon the rocks of inactivity and mental dejection, there to be wrecked while the angry surges of life's tempest dash o'er him with their crushing weight.

True education is not hereditary, neither is it the product of frail, weakened effort.

A Demosthenes reached the pinnacle of his oratorical fame by slowly ascending the steep and rugged elevation of opposition, on every step of which he conquered a displeasing stammer, an ungainly shrug, or the boisterous uproar of the popular assembly.

Life is a field of conquest and he who triumphs must apply himself diligently, energetically, searching out the best methods of meeting and overcoming the oppositions which must all be marshalled themselves against him.

Every individual is a general in a great strife but he has entrusted to him all the forces that are necessary to bring him victory if skillfully managed. The struggles of life are many, therefore if we fulfill our mission satisfactorily to ourselves and our God, it is necessary to achieve many victories.

Every man will not succeed in everything he undertakes, nor will he succeed in many things upon the first undertaking, but it is repeated effort and constant reference that are companions of success.

"To an ancient proverb, that "some men are born great, some achieve greatness, others have greatness thrust upon them," but the biographers of all great men contradict the sentiment of this statement. Men are born with element of greatness within them, but its development rests with the individual.

Virgil describes the ancient Trojans disembarking upon the island of Sicily and searching for an element of flame in the crevices of the rocks, and having secured the object of their search, they proceeded to kindle a fire upon which to burn their sacrifices offered to the gods for safety during their perilous journey to Italy. The point of interest is the rock and was both available and potent; had the search not been instituted and mode of combustion employed it would have still remained the same untested piece of flint, never fulfilling the most useful purpose of which it was capable.

The fact of reproduction and development is significantly apparent in all genera and species. The seed produces the beautiful flower, and delicious fruit; the kernel produces the teeming harvest; and assists in the sustenance of life; the mind imports knowledge and strengthens the weaker intellect; the character imports is graces and lifts humanity heavenward.

Until men are truly educated they are not prepared to fulfill all the noblest purposes which God has designed in their existence, but as long as the sun lifts itself from the mists of the stormy Atlantic and rises to the zenith, reluctantly passing down the western slope, bathes itself in the quiet waters of the Pacific, so long, shall true education be crowned with success; and in a powerful physical endowment accompanied by a powerful intellectual attainment, each governed and softened by a Divine inspiration and a holy influence, we behold the triumphant man truly educated.

—O. K.
The twentieth century is an age of great activity. The infant finds himself hurled by the ruthless hand of education past childhood, through his teens, away from all his youthful joys, into manhood, where, to his surprise, he is in the midst of the cares and responsibilities of a perplexing life.

To be sure, most young people of today receive sufficient information to draw respectable salaries, many find the path to honor, and some manage to get a great deal of pleasure out of life but how few there are who try to cope with the difficulties which confront them! How few there are trained to discern the fundamental error in their own mistakes and in the failures of others! Students should be taught to think; they should be trained to analyze a situation and perceive the underlying principles involved, in time to bless humanity with their conclusions.

No type of training is more conducive to systematic thinking and keenness of insight into the realities of things than practice in argumentation.

Debating has been one of the most interesting activities of the school year. Under the direction of the Michigan High School Debating League, Spring Arbor has debated with four different schools on the question of the St. Lawrence Deep Waterway. The Spring Arbor team won the first two of these debates by the unanimous decision of the judges; and while the other two were lost by a slight margin, we have been convinced that defeat is often more profitable than victory.

Q. E. D.
An Episode of the Sixties

One warm, sultry July morning, when I was about ten years old, my parents decided to go on a short trip, and also decided that I should go and stay with my great grandparents who lived about a mile away. So, my mother packed all the clothes I would need into a suitcase and father took me over in the carriage. We arrived all safe and sound and after the customary salutations were given, my father drove on.

I always liked to visit my great grandparents, but whether they liked for me to come, I don't know. They lived in a small four room house on a large lot in the edge of the town. The inside of their home was not very expensively nor elegantly furnished but it was indeed comfortable and cozy. My great grandmother was a real good cook and always had plenty of good things to eat. The only fault I could find, and what was a very grievous one to me, was that she would not allow me to eat the tempting things she had in the pantry whenever I wanted to, she said it wasn't good for me. I thought differently but that didn't alter matters any with her.

In the basement my great grandfather had a broom making shop. He was too old to work at any regular job, being about seventy years old, I think, so he made brooms, and good brooms they were too, at least the people said so. He was too old to work, I used to sit on an old keg and watch him by the hour, as he would wrap the straw on the handle, then put it in the clamp, saw it, cut it out and then cut it off straight on the bottom. As he was working he would always tell me an interesting story. The way he told them was so absorbing and fascinating, that he held my childish mind spellbound for hours. My infantine imagination was indeed so fanciful that I could see every scene as distinctly as the reality could have been. He had been a soldier during the Civil War, in General Grant's army and the multitude of stories he could relate was astonishing, they seemed to be inexhaustible. One day as I was seated at my accustomed place in the cellar on my keg, my great grandfather told me such an interesting and striking story that I have not yet forgotten it. It was a story about his brother, Ray Watson, who was a soldier in the same Army. I would not pretend to tell it like my grandparent but since everyone could not have heard it, I shall relate as best I can.

General Grant's Army was encamped for several weeks in Tennessee during the summer of 1862. Just the day before the Army was to start on a long march, Ray went foraging to see if he couldn't find a good chicken to roast. When he salted forth on this particular day, it was necessary to go several miles because the surrounding country had been visited. Finally at a small farmhouse he managed to capture two young fowls of the desired quality, two young, fat chanticleers. While making his way joyously back to camp with a fowl under each arm he was surprised and captured by some rebel troops who immediately relieved him of his plunder.

The next day, Ray, along with several others, was sent South to a rebel prison camp under a sergeant and five men. They journeyed for two days without anything of any importance happening, but the night after the second day Ray gave his captors the slip and escaped. His appearance however was somewhat altered. One of the soldiers took his cap and gave him an old worn out straw hat in exchange. The sergeant made him trade shoes and as a result of the bargain he received the old, dilapidated, run over remains of a pair of shoes. Everything that was of any value, whatever, was confiscated except his uniform and a five dollar gold piece which he had dextrously hid in his sock before he was searched. This small piece of money he treasured as if it had been his sweetheart's heart itself.

By walking in the woods, avoiding the highways, and sleeping part of the time during the day he journeyed for three days with scarcely anything to eat and by this time he was getting extremely hungry and weary. On the fifth day after his capture, while walking along in a field not far from the road he, indeed, presented a deplorable and lamentable condition. As his stomach and physical system pressed their needs more and more distressingly and unrelentingly, Ray became less and less cautious and he realized that something would have to be done to bring relief. When he noticed that the road had not been utilized for its original purpose very recently and that the weeds were even growing along in it, he decided to make use of it to the best advantage for himself by walking therein. As he went mopping down the road he had a very dejected, pitiable and sympathy deserving appearance. His old worn out hat had become completely inadequate after he had slept on it for two or three nights and now his big head of hair was a matted mass of tangles, his uniform was muddy and dirty and had a very slovenly appearance, his trousers looked like two ill-shapen bags, his shoes were hardly deserving of the name, but rather poor excuses for the real article, there was a hole in each toe as if that were necessary for proper ventilation, and the soles were worn through. To add to the deficiency of his wardrobe equipment, he was not the only inhabitant of his clothing. In other words there were some little creatures that like darkness rather than light, fleas and graybacks, which kept
him rather inconvenient company. But, what was worse, Ray was desperately hungry.

The beauties of nature on this June evening were all unnoticed by Ray. The southern sun was fast approaching the western horizon and was exuberantly shedding its yellow sunlight on the green foliage that lined both sides of the road. About a quarter of a mile in front of Ray, there spread out a large forest on both sides. Back of the trees huge banks of white clouds were piling up mountain high one above the other. As the declination sun sank lower the clouds became dark, and low rumbles of distant thunder punctuated a coming storm. When, with a slow pace Ray ascended a small knoll just before the sun plunged into the sea beyond the western horizon, he saw in the motionless light of the evening, a small house not more than three houses distant. His first impulse was to go immediately and ask for something to eat, but on a second thought he inherited that inclination for he realized that danger might be lurking about in the little domicile. So, Ray began to reconsider the place. There were no suspicious indications of peril, in fact it looked quite deserted and abandoned, only a small building that looked like an old chicken house, no barn, sheds, or anything which seemed to signify that the inhabitants were in prosperous circumstances. The only indication of life was the smoke rolling out of the chimney.

Ray mustering up his courage, proceeded to the window and looked in. He saw a short, skinny, wo- man taking a big roasted chicken from the oven of the stove. This she placed on a table nearby, where a big plate of warm, yellow cornbread was sitting. Without any further hesitation Ray went around to the door and knocked. There was no response. He rapped again. The woman opened the door slowly and rather demanded, “What d’ya want?”

“I want something to eat,” Ray stammered in reply for he was somewhat surprised at being accosted in such a manner.

“No, sir, I wouldn’t give a Yankee soldier a piece of shoe leather to chew on,” she said slowly. “You tell me what you will do, I’ll bet this corn bread and chicken,” here she opened the door and let Ray see them sitting on the table. “against your five dollars that I can beat you jumping.”

Just then Ray got a whiff of the cornbread and chicken, and immediately he decided to accept the wager; for he thought that surely, as weak as he was, he could out jump that little heavy set woman who weighed about two hundred pounds.

“Let me lay your coin here on the table,” she suggested, “and you jump first.” Ray complied with the suggestion and turned around on the door step to make the leap of his life. He swung his arms back and forth three or four times, bending his knees each time and then camed the critical moment. He gave a big leap and flew out in space about five feet, and landed all in a heap. As Ray was gathering himself together so that he might again come to an erect position, he was congratulating and felicitating himself, in fact, he felt all enrapated over the time. big jump he had made for he felt very confident and sure that even if the woman did her very best she could not equal it. But when he turned around his actions being rather slow, both from natural awkwardness and his weak physical condition, Ray saw to his surprise, consternation and dismay, that the little woman was standing in the doorway with a rifle in her hands. “Get off the premises as quick as you can shake those timbers of yourn or I’ll put a bullet through ye,” the woman ordered, as she pointed the gun toward him. Ray was dumfounded but the click of the rifle soon brought him to his senses, and almost seeing the fire fly out of her eye, he decided that discretion was the better part of valor, for his life was yet very dear to him and he did not want to die. So he immediately got his natural means of locomotion under way, and shuffled his weary and fatigued feet along as fast as he could.

By this time the sun had gone down below the western horizon and the dark shades of night were falling fast. Furthermore, to add to his trials and tribulations it had begun to sprinkle. He went toward the woods nearby, since there happened to be a path leading in the right direction and he might get a little shelter (fortum). When he had gone a few steps, two hundred paces, suddenly, there was a fiery, lurid, flash of lightning. All was silent for about three seconds and then it began to rain in earnest. It kept lightning every little while, but Ray was able to find his way through the trees on that dark and stormy night. He was now indeed of all men most miserable, on top of all his other adversities and misfortunes, he was soon wet to the skin. Ray felt the most dejected, forlorn, dispirited man in the universe, at least he thought so. He hardly seemed to him like life was worth living. Presently, he saw, or at least thought he saw, by a flash of lightning, a shelter in the distance. Ray quickened his locomotive apparatus, if that were at all possible, in anticipation of getting shelter from the storm. When he arrived at the place it proved to be a deserted, old mill. He went in the always open door and stood about six feet from it with water running in little rivulets down his back, and dripping in constant streams from the ends of his fingers and off the end of his nose. There he stood for a few minutes until the water ceased coursing off his person. His next move was to look about for a good place to lie down and sleep, and where no one would be likely to find him. The only place that suited these requirements was a big flat board about four feet wide and eight feet long, which lay over the hopper. Ray crawled up on top with extreme difficulty and stretched his fatigued, sore and almost exhausted limbs at full length.

While lying in this situation Ray began to think over the events of the past week: his capture, escape, his wanderings and then his experience with the little woman. He felt chagrined and humiliated when he thought how she had out-witted him. This was an unpleasant subject so his thoughts wandered off to his home and all his folks back in Ohio. How they were all sheltered in a nice, dry, cosy, warm house and enjoying the evening, probably thinking that their beloved boy was accomplishing valiant and glorious deeds for his country. Even the cattle were in a dry, snug barn, while he was in this deplorable, wretched condition. Ray laid in this condition, revolving these thoughts in his mind for about an hour and then it quit raining. The clouds broke up, the stars peeped out as the clouds went floating by, and the moon played hide and seek as its bright reflection beamned down with its silvery light from above on the wet earth below. Nothing was to be heard in the silence of the night except the accustomed noises of the night and the rain dripping from the leaves and trees and from the eaves of the mill on the soggy earth beneath. Ray lay on the hard board about half asleep, dreamlessly listening to the noise of the rain or column. The first whistle again blew its long melancholy call and was answered by another long, low, distant whistle which seemed to come from the very depths of the forest, and so all the more terrifying. Then there was an oppressive nerve straining silence similar to the stillness which sometimes comes before a terrific tornado or cyclone. The first whistle again blew its long melancholy call and was answered by a second, both being somewhat nearer than before. Then another whistle. Ray could not have lain more quiet and still, if he had been dead, every muscle in his body was in a rigid tension, his nerves were keyed up to the highest pitch and even to breathe was painful, no doubt his face was so white that it would put even a ghost to shame, although he could not tell it. What to do he did not know. The whistles blew again getting nearer and nearer. He must decide quickly.

If Ray’s mind never worked fast before in his life it certainly did on this occasion.
All manner of means of escape came into his head, some very impractical. At first he thought of fighting but he soon realized that that was out of the question because of his physical condition and then no doubt his enemies were armed. Then he thought of running away, but he decided that was impracticable since he was so weak and he didn't know the way. So, lastly he decided to make no resistance but lie perfectly quiet and await developments and whatever the circumstances might be they could do no worse than kill him. My, how despicable and ignominious to die in this condition. Far away in the South, from friends, and loved ones, he could be hunted down like a wild beast of the forest. If only he could have perished in the battle, there might have been some glory in that giving up your life for your country. And then he thought of what would be reported to his parents by the war department. Captured by the enemy, probably, and if ever they should hear of the real circumstances of his death it would read. Escaped from the enemy and pursued for three days and then shot by them on a dark and stormy night. Alas! what a fearful, terrible and ignoble death to be killed like a rat in a trap. The whistles blew again, now very close at hand. All was quiet for about ten seconds and then a man's voice said in a cautious whisper, "Mat!" It was immediately answered by another voice, "John! It sounded to Ray like a woman's voice, which seemed indeed very strange. Now they joined each other and the man continued in whispered monotones "Have you seen anything suspicious, Mattie?" "No, I haven't," she replied. During this conversation they had been coming toward the mill. Ray's heart pounded in his breast, and breathing was painful. Well he knew that the crucial moment was now to arrive and that in a very few moments he might be a lifeless corpse. The cold sweat stood out on his forehead at the thought and he reeled about. The woman gave an ear splitting scream and very suddenly absented herself on the run. Ray soon perceived from their conversation that they were not after him. As they continued in their conversation he found out that this was a man and his wife. That the man was hiding in the woods to escape the conscription and the woman was feeling him, this being their meeting place. Perhaps this had continued for about five minutes when the woman began to laugh and she said, "Before you eat, John, I've got a good story to tell you. I'll cheer you up and make you more agreeable and your vitriols will digest better."

As soon as she started Ray recognized the voice, he knew it to be that of the woman he had encountered that very evening. She related her experience that evening. When she came to the place in the story where Ray was leaving the premises, they were both so overcome with laughter at the ridiculousness of the scene in their imaginations, that the man burst all the buttons on his vest as he reeled about. The woman gave an ear splitting scream and very suddenly absented herself on the run. Ray soon perceived from their conversation that they were not after him. As they continued in their conversation he found out that this was a man and his wife. That the man was hiding in the woods to escape the conscription and the woman was feeling him, this being their meeting place. Perhaps this had continued for about five minutes when the woman began to laugh and she said, "Before you eat, John, I've got a good story to tell you. I'll cheer you up and make you more agreeable and your vitriols will digest better."

The Music Department of Spring Arbor Seminary was established in the year of 1898 with a small enrollment. Since then it has grown considerably. In the year of 1906 the department had grown to be one of the most prominent parts of school activities. In addition to the regular instrumental work classes were organized in choruses, musical history and biography. The history of the music department is one of continued growth and success.

We are prospering greatly this year under the leadership of Mrs. Minnie Blowers, a graduate of Greenville College. She has spent many years in the study of music and is one of the most competent teachers Spring Arbor has ever known. Several new organizations have been formed under her instruction such as Vocal Class, Girls' Glee Club, Boys' Glee Club and two Ensemble Classes. We are sure that they are doing splendid work which they have shown by their appearance on different occasions.

We are sure that our Course in Music is one of the best that can be found in any institution of this kind and we are confident that parents sending their children here will not be disappointed in having them take this course.

The piano students have rendered three excellent programs this year, one before Christmas, another at Easter and one at Commencement. These recitals have given the piano students the much needed experience of appearing before an audience.

M. H. — R.
PIANO STUDENTS

LADIES' QUARTETTE
Nora Hyndman, 1st Soprano
Marian Hitt, 2nd Soprano
Florence Emerson, Alto
Eleanor Ross, Contralto

MALE QUARTETTE
C. E. Denna, 1st Tenor
Howard H. Hyndman, 2nd Tenor
Riley H. Head, Baritone
Glenn A. Hall, Bass

VOCAL CLASS

Page Eighty-two
Page Eighty-three
OUR CAMPUS

In the hamlet of Spring Arbor
As you go from east to west
To the right you view the Campus
Of our dear old S. A. S.

In the center of the Campus
Where we hear all kinds of noise
There's a building, well, you all know
It is the home for all the boys.

To the north there is a building
Which we all know from the sound
It is, of course, the Studio,
Where much music does abound.

Just a little to the eastward
There the Principal's home you view,
And the upper story for the girls
Is used as Dormitory too.

They have English there and Latin.
And the History classes too,
And Geometry and Physics
Where they many problems do.

Also the Bible and the Ethics
That the preachers need to know.
And French and Greek and Science
Which makes students study so.

VOCAL DEPARTMENT

We have no record of an early Chorus Class in the Seminary. The only ones who received any training in the proper use of their voices, being a few who formed quartets or duets and furnished the vocal music on any special occasion.

In 1919 a forward step was taken in this line, under the leadership of Mrs. Damon. She conducted a large Chorus Class, offering training in the singing of special pieces, also the student might acquire the rudiments of music. Some excellent programmes were rendered by this class.

In 1920 the direction of the Chorus Class fell to the lot of our capable teacher Mrs. W. V. Miller and a new phase was added to the instruction given, in that the details of note reading from the beginning up were taught in a simple comprehensive manner.

The Class advanced rapidly, and put on a special programme at commencement in connection with the Public Speaking Class.

In the year 1921-22 further progress was made. Early Easter morning the class found its way along the streets of the hamlet, carolling before the abodes of the villagers. At commencement another excellent programme was rendered in connection with the Public Speaking Class.

This year, 1922-23, is the best in the history of the class. The last three years have had their effect, and several are developing excellent voices. Mrs. Miller has stayed faithfully by her task, and this year the energies of all have been concentrated to good effect on the mastering of Handel's masterpiece, "The Messiah Oratorio," for rendition at the greatest musical commencement programme in the history of the school.

Gen. Chorus Class

Spring Arbor can boast of something this year, she has not been able to boast of for several years—a line vocal department, and a splendid teacher. The vocal students themselves not only enjoy these private lessons in singing but the public has been able to enjoy solos and duets from the pupils on several programs given this year. The vocal department gave a joint program with the instrumental department Easter and at Commencement time.

The registration has been very large considering that this is the starting of a regular vocal department in Spring Arbor.

We find in Mrs. Blowers a very competent teacher, and willing to do anything in her power to hasten our progress.

As a whole the vocal department has created quite an interest among the student body.

R. M. B.
E. F. D.

General Chorus Class

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In the year 1921-22 further progress was made. Early Easter morning the class found its way along the streets of the hamlet, carolling before the abodes of the villagers. At commencement another excellent programme was rendered in connection with the Public Speaking Class.

This year, 1922-23, is the best in the history of the class. The past three years have had their effect, and several are developing excellent voices. Mrs. Miller has stayed faithfully by her task, and this year the energies of all have been concentrated to good effect on the mastering of Handel's masterpiece, "The Messiah Oratorio," for rendition at the greatest musical commencement programme in the history of the school.

—C. E. F.

VOCAL DEPARTMENT

Spring Arbor can boast of something this year, she has not been able to boast of for several years—a line vocal department, and a splendid teacher. The vocal students themselves not only enjoy these private lessons in singing but the public has been able to enjoy solos and duets from the pupils on several programs given this year. The vocal department gave a joint program with the instrumental department Easter and at Commencement time.

The registration has been very large considering that this is the starting of a regular vocal department in Spring Arbor.

We find in Mrs. Blowers a very competent teacher, and willing to do anything in her power to hasten our progress.

As a whole the vocal department has created quite an interest among the student body.

R. M. B.
E. F. D.

General Chorus Class

We have no record of an early Chorus Class in the Seminary. The only ones who received any training in the proper use of their voices, being a few who formed quartets or duets and furnished the vocal music on any special occasion.

In 1919 a forward step was taken in this line, under the leadership of Mrs. Damon. She conducted a large Chorus Class, offering training in the singing of special pieces, also the student might acquire the rudiments of music. Some excellent programmes were rendered by this class.

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R. M. B.
E. F. D.
EN TOYTOIN NIKA.

(Continued from Page 60)

with his vehement outbursts that he did not heed the approach of the two sisters in white who now stood in front of his corporeal body sitting on Senior Rock, while his soul wallowed away down in the chaotic abyss of sub-alienation.

Their voices reached him as pure, as soft as nectar and as sweet as silver chimes pealing out on Sabbath calm. They talked in whispers, even as they were indescribably hand in hand and the very sound of them stifled the turbulence of his emotion. He was conscious of a yearning sensation within him as the every atom of his being were streaming forward so as not to miss a single vibration of the dulcet tones.

XIII.

"Listen, Chester," they said. "Listen to us. You have heard all of the other Campus spirits but have not yet given us a hearing. We are the oldest of the Campus spirits in Spring Arbor. The first man of God who was inspired to procure these wonders for the purpose of founding a Christian school, brought us here and, taketh the Prayer by one hand and Faith by the other, we kneel in a circle upon the green grass and form the Scripture two or three gathered in the name of Christ, in the complete oneness required; and the key of Faith unlocks the treasure house of Heaven.

"How that man of God did use and we how we repeated the so used, for the more we are we, Chester, the closer we approach to Heaven. Why, it got to be so after a while that he would barely touch the hand of Prayer and the hand of Faith before the key of Faith would have the doors of Heaven swinging open over his head. And the answers to his prayers deluging him from above. In those days we were smiling and buoyant and sprightly. We were of great use in the world, in not entertaining any连接 circuit and it seemed that the windows of Heaven never had time to close, for the key of Faith seemed to constantly have them swinging open over the head of some consecrated boy or girl who depended upon Divinity. And how we had to keep running from place to place to let all us who wished to, to have a girl up in her room who wanted to get in touch with Heaven. We would join hands with her and rejoice with her for a moment in her answers from Abobe before we would have to rush out to a boy back of a stump who must have divine guidance in his next step along the road. Oh, those were the happy days when there would not be a minute of the day that we would not be needed somewhere!"

"You can see that there is a sad look about our eyes now and a lassitude about our walk. That is because we do not get exercises enough. You can not tire us out; you can not wear us out; you can not work us to death. The more we are we the more useful we become; but neglect to us means death. If any one wants to kill us, just let him neglect us long enough. Oh, yes, he can still mumble words which he calls prayer, but it is not that spirit of prayer coupled with the arm of Faith which he used to clasp nor is it that hidden treasure house of God Almighty unlocked for him and the witness seal. 'It is done,' sent back to him on mighty, rushing wings of glory as in days of yore.

"A while after we had been here these other Campus spirits began to creep in and we began to be neglected the more as they gained the ascendancy over the students. They were so insidiously plausible! Greasy Grind came first and he made it so plain to the students that, having come here to the cause of all the commotion out on the Campus at that time of night. But the lad did not arise until he had gotten back into old time communion with Jehovah and had promised Him that from that time forward, should he be in his life, no matter what the cost or what might come to him. Then, again, Peace reigned within his breast even when thoughts of his bosom the young men and women, who are equipped with the handmaidens of God, and of you. Use us and you will live, your holy aspirations will be fulfilled, souls saved thru your labors live and shine as a star in the firmament of God. But they fail to see that the brightest light they can give their Alma Mater lies in the continual use of us two sisters.

With God, all things are possible and we are the handmaidens of God and of you. We would join hands with her and rejoice with her for a moment in her answers from Above before we would have to rush out to a boy back of a stump who must have divine guidance in his next step along the road. Oh, those were the happy days when there would not be a minute of the day that we would not be needed somewhere!"

"Oh, that students would unforgettably learn to put their sole trust, thru us, in the Lord of Hosts! Then, not only their daily needs would be supplied, but they would be kept in a constant state of usefulness and power both here in school and in their fields of labor whenever they may be. And after all, what better monument may be erected to work for the salvation of souls, go into the world as veritable firesides for God. But they fail to see that the brightest light they can give their Alma Mater lies in the continual use of us two sisters. Thru God, all things are possible and we are the handmaidens of God and of you. Use us and you will live, your holy aspirations will be fulfilled, souls saved thru your labors live and shine as a star in the firmament of God."

"He made his way to his room and went to bed after explaining to the good Preceptor what had detained him. But some lines kept running through his mind. And when morning came, he wrote them down and pinned them up over his study table where his eyes, whenever he looked up from his work, might rest upon them and his heart renew its covenant with God.

XV.

COVENANT SONNET

Sweet hour of Prayer, I will not let thee go; I never more will lose my grasp on thee. When darkness falls to light my soul can be. But thou hast promised in Thine Son's dear name! Thine hearing brightness, never more to be. Obscured, but fanned by Prayer to steadfast glow! By these two thou, I'll conquer every day; And lift my soul up to heaven so high! By prayer and faith to Heaven; and storm my way Up to the presence of my Lord's cry. "Oh Lord of Hosts, my prayer and faith now claim All Thou hast promised in Thy Son's dear name! "..."
A BUSHTIT

I sit in the soft green grass,
Gazing at the deep blue sky,
Watching the clouds come and go,
When a bird settled down nearby.

A Bushtit, just what I had studied!
I knew they were friendly little things,
So I put my hand out slowly,
And tried to coax him to sing.

He might have made twenty resolutions
Not to trust that hand so near,
But he forgot the very next moment
And hopped into my hand without fear.

A teasing fellow I had never seen,
My thumb was longer than he;
He was the little gray dwarf
From the family of the chickadee.

A tiny tinkle came from his throat—
In breathless surprise did I wait;
Another one from a bush near by
Calling him to be his mate.

—M. T.

THE SPRING

I strolled abroad one Autumn day
Among the trees to lose my way
I wandered on, and wandered round
And, crimson, falling from the trees,
And, a great coniferous tower,
As sails far off upon the sea.

I wandered on. and wandered round
Among the leaves, that lay around,
And, stepping forward, soon I found
A clear and mellow tinkling sound;
That happily was flowing near
That in nature lay around me.

A kindly word and lover, deed;
A little stream of water clear
To send them romping thick and fast.
A kindly word and lover, deed;
A Bushtit, just what I had studied!
In breathless surprise did I wait;

Brethren and sisters, it can be done!
A little stream of water clear
To send them romping thick and fast.
A Bushtit, just what I had studied!

Amen.

—M. T.
MISFITS OR — — — !

Thru all the walks of every life
Misfits are found, mistakes made.
'Tis always sad to view the strife,
Of men whose hearts draw other ways.
So many preachers don't succeed;
There's lots of farmers can't raise corn;
And off when cornered will concede
They shine the other's boots each morn.

When'er mechanics try to plow;
Or doctors try a horse to shoe,
It always fails somehow, somehow.
"Upon the earth there's nothing new."

Beware my lad the judge's hat;
Think deep before his shoes you try.
His head's not yours, remember that;
His boots have nails you don't descry.

An old school book, when, but a lad,
Contained a piece of staid slow rhyme
Ending each stanza we hastily read
Three lines of verse with simple time.

"As round and round we run,
Ever the right comes uppermost,
And ever in justice done."

I've wondered since, so many times,
How much real truth those lines contained;
An old man's whim or a truth sublime
From despot's life or heart sustained?

In management of human fairs,
Extensive credit seems carried on:
Seldom, at once are we paid off square
But in the future our settling's done.

― C. C.

The daylight fails, the evening prevails and the moon plays on the lawn. The life it fails, the shades, we quail and what will our light then be?— Austin.
OUR GOD REIGNS!

I wandered out into the night
And observed Nature,
When the birds had gone to sleep,
And man had sunk into the arms of Morpheus,
To repose himself from the exactions of life,
And its toils and the afflictions of it:
But, the man had ceased to move about,
And his twinkling artificial lamps
Were vanished into oblivion,
Yet was I not alone.

The bright Spring Arbor moon
Looked down upon me;
And the man in it grinned as he saw me
So far below him and so inferior.
I gazed in admiration,
As he sent his silvery rays
Obliquely to the earth,
And bathed with them the trees,
The shrubs, the grass, and all,
With the pale radiance of his glory.

The nestlings stirred restlessly
Beneath the maternal breast,
And she chirped sleepily in reassurance to them;
While above and below and about her.
The insect chorus droned on among the branches,
And in the verdure, and thru the air,
Until the world was full of humming melody,
That rose and fell in the exquisite harmony
Of God’s first Creation, when the stars sang together.

I marveled much as I stood on the Campus,
Among the evergreens,
Whose foliage glistened in the moonlight,
As tho sprayed with powdered silver.
And, as I mused, I looked up
And saw the starry firmament of Heaven,
Spread like a canopy over me and around me,
Whose astral beauty flamed in fiery constellations,
With Luna wheeling her majestic course across it,
Amid the glory and splendor of Omnipotence.

And, as I meditated upon God, the Creator of all,
And contemplated his handiwork in the starry heavens,
And His marvelous creations thru out the whole earth,
The effulgence of them and their glory,
My heart beat high with rapture,
And my lips burst forth with praise
And exultation at the coming consummation
Of Purity Himself with His glorified Bride,
Thru out the ages of eternity, forever and ever.

"Be Thou exalted, O God, above the heavens:
Let Thy glory be above all the earth: (Ps.57:11)
For "the heavens declare the glory of God;
And the firmament showeth His handiwork." (Ps.19:1)
Yet "the Lord is high above all nations,
And His glory above the heavens. (Ps.25:3)
Oh, "let us praise the name of the Lord:
For His name alone is excellent;
His glory is above the earth and Heaven," (Ps.148:13)
And where His glory is, there we may be also.

"Lift up your heads, oh ye gates;
And ye lift up, ye everlasting doors:
And the King of Glory will come in.
Who is this King of Glory?
The Lord, strong and mighty,
The Lord, mighty in battle.
Who is this King of Glory?
The Lord of Hosts,—
He is the King of Glory!" (Ps.24:7,8,9)

"Blessed be His glorious name forever:
And let the whole earth be filled with His glory;
Amen, and Amen!" (Ps.72:19)

—P. R. B.
Feb. 4, the salvation part so overwhelmed the school part that not a class was called and not a lesson heard. During the chapel an opportunity was given to testify, and when this had continued for some time an altar call was given, and soon the altar was filled with seekers. The faculty and the students went to work not only at the altar but all over the room. Such prayers of faith I never heard surpassed. Tears of sorrow, tears of repentance, tears of broken hearts, and tears of joy all flowed at the same time. During the day and night some twenty or twenty-five sought the Lord. Doubtless the Spring Arbor Seminary never passed such a day before in its history. No bells were rung after chapel until study hours at night. Chapel broke up between four and five o'clock in the afternoon.

We feel to thank God for the prayers of our friends and people abroad. At this writing, February 6th, most of the students are converted. Before this is read in the Free Methodist many at home will have been informed of the glad news of the conversion of their boys and girls here in school. This is as it should be. For this our school at Spring Arbor was founded. This should give our people and friends courage to send on their boys and girls next year, and perhaps next spring term. We could take care of more students and we ought to have them.—Rev. S. W. Stone, in the "Free Methodist," February 26, 1897.

A FEW FACTS AND FIGURES.

On November 4th, 1878, Rev. E. P. Hart, the treasurer of the Seminary, reported that there was about $1,000 on hand towards a new building. At the next annual meeting, held in November, 1879, it was declared to be the sense of the board that the enterprise of erecting a new building should be promoted from that time forward, and that the building should be 50 by 80 feet in size and three stories in height. W. H. Osman, as agent, was authorized to go forward with the new building as soon as in his judgment enough funds were on hand to warrant his so doing. A meeting of the trustees was held February 22, 1881, at which it was reported that the efforts to raise sufficient funds in the certain specified time had failed, and it was voted to ask the citizens of Spring Arbor and vicinity to subscribe toward a new building, such subscriptions to become binding when at least $3,000 had been subscribed. On March 3rd, 1882, it was reported that the specified sum had been subscribed, and the following persons were appointed as a building committee: D. Pretty, J. Mains, and C. Mattice.

The work was pushed forward, and the building was dedicated in January, 1883, by Rev. B. T. Roberts, who preached from the text in I Timothy 6:17-19. "Charge them that are rich in this world that they be not high-minded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy; that they do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate, laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold upon eternal life." This was a text well adapted to the occasion in one respect at least, and at this time about $1,000 was raised. Of this amount John Mains and DeWitt Pretty subscribed $500 each.

On March 8th, 1904, the board of trustees authorized the financial agent, Rev. H. D. F. Gaffin, to commence the building of a new administration hall as soon as $3,000 had been secured in cash and reliable pledges. The building committee, appointed consisted of the executive committee, B. R. Jones, L. H. Mulholand, and G. D. Pretty, and in addition H. D. F. Gaffin, W. C. Muffett, and D. S. Warner. The new building was dedicated June 11, 1905. Bishop B. R. Jones officiating. Mr. Jones had for many years been president of the board of trustees and otherwise closely connected with the school.

The first term of school was opened in May, 1874, with Professor Clark Jones as principal. After a term of over two years he retired but was re-engaged in the fall of 1877 after which he remained for six years. In 1901 Professor Jones was secured again to teach languages, and at this time he also stayed six years, rendering the school a splendid service. During the interval between 1875 and 1877 Rev. Walter A. Sellew, who has since served as bishop for many years, held the principalship for over a year. The principals who followed Professor Jones are as follows: Albert J. Delwell, Charles P. Tiffany, David S. Warner, Burton Jones Vincent, Harold A. Milkean.
H. S. Stewart, Paul R. Helsel, and Verne L. Damon. Professor Warner taught sixteen years; Professor Clark, fourteen years and one term; Professor Stilwell, ten years; Miss Josie Chittendon, eleven and one-half years; Miss Emma Pretty, ten years. The present principal has been connected with the school, either as principal or instructor, since 1910, with the exception of the years from 1917 to 1920.

About 3000 students have attended the Seminary during the past fifty years, who are scattered over this country and other countries. Some are laboring as foreign missionaries, many as preachers of the gospel at home, while others are showing forth the praise of Him who hath called them out of the darkness into His marvelous light, in less public spheres.

The history of Spring Arbor Seminary is written in the lives and character of her students. It cannot be spread on the cold pages of the historian. The facts and influences are world wide and extend beyond the bounds of time. Many of the teachers and students have crossed the flood and are among the glorified. Citizens, trustees, and teachers, who have met with difficulties, borne burdens, and endured opposition in establishing and maintaining this work, have occasion for thankfulness for the past and for the present, and to exclaim with the sainted Wesley, “What hath God wrought?” and to hope and pray for more glorious things in the future than have yet been accomplished. Hopes are not history, but we may be allowed to express the hope that the future has in store a larger sphere of usefulness for Spring Arbor Seminary than has yet been realized.

—Quoted with several revisions from the historical sketch read at the dedication of the Administration Hall.

C. E. D.

**SUGN**

O Spring, God’s culminating gift to clime, Who only canst recall our feathered friends Back to their wonted home; in thee amends For all the long and dreary winter time Are found. The joys then bringest are sublime. Ev’ry clod is stirred by the warm light, Ev’ry bud doth feel a stir of might, All nature doth lift up her smile at sight Of thy sweet face: for God hath sent thy warm And mellow light, to call us back to life And love and praise. Oh, teach us how to love, And know God’s nature in this world of strife; Inspire our zeal and help our feet to move In paths of usefulness, even through the storm.

C. D. D.

**GET A VISION**

Get a vision, a wondrous vision
Not of the incarnate things of earth,
These have now almost destroyed us
But of things of untold worth;
Get a great and matchless vision
That the beloved disciples saw,
Of the High and Holy Being,
Which inspired them with awe.

Get a clear and lofty vision
Of the Lord upon His throne,
That shall on the earth prostrate us,
Till, indeed we’re all his own;
Get the Bright and thrilling vision
Of our God, the Lord of Hosts,
May our eyes behold the glory
Of the moving “doors” and “posts.”

Get a vision, a heart melting vision
Let the cry from our lips ring,
Help me Lord, I am undone.
Then get a vision,—the fiery vision
That will burn up self and Sin
Let the living coal refine us
Make us, keep us, pure within.

Get a vision, a broadened vision
Till the world’s great need we see,
Till our hearts cry out with fervor
“Here am I, Oh Lord, send me.”
Give us wisdom oh our Father,
Of Thyself and of Thy word.
Let the message of Salvation
By all mortals soon be heard.—F. G.

Be thoughtful of thy brother’s feeling, for the tide may ebb.—Austin.
Editorial 1922-23

In the compilation of this issue of "The Echo" a close and careful criticism has been given to every contribution in order to bring out the quintessence of our school privileges and our many school activities. The life, the prosperity of any institution depends upon the fidelity of its members in maintaining its criterion and perpetuating the truths that were taught them while they were the recipients of the complemental work. As students we need not expect that the institution we attend will create new possibilities in us for it can only be a factor in liberating our intricate capabilities and give us a melioration to be an auxiliary with our earnest efforts to true and sure success.

In a few short years as students now of Spring Arbor Seminary, we will be scattered through this earthly domain in our various vocations and callings. When we review this compendium of our school life of 1922-23 it will contain the account of our past relationships with our mother school and be an invaluable memento to all. This being the semi-centennial year of our Alma Mater we have endeavored to produce an annual to represent the school as a whole and bestow upon her justice for her influence that has helped to mold the plastic mind of many a noble and useful man.

We feel grateful to all for their kind assistance and constructive criticisms which have been one of the main factors in making the annual compatible for our school. We have endeavored to give every department of the school a true representation and bring-forth the commendable characteristics of each. Many discrepancies will probably be found by some but we have diligently tried to perform our duty.—Glenn A. Hall, '23.

Expenses of Staff

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Reminiscence

Memory loves to linger on the past events of time,
To linger and to live them o'er and o'er;
To bring unto our vision joyous thoughts of sunny clime,
And thoughts of what we've lived, and more and more.

Memory brings a picture, if our early years are true,
Of grandeur and of beauty and of God;
And of all our early pictures seen meth the skies of blue,
We love the ones of home and those of God.

But when our mem'ry wanders to the days of school again,
And we dream its dreams all over yet once more;
Our hearts are often saddened and the thought then gives us pain,
That we've lost the hidden joy we had of yore.

Oft we dreamed of hidden treasures that were lying deep within,
Of the diamond in the rough and still unknown;
We longed to have it burnished and its roughness all effaced,
That at length its brightened lustre might be shown.

But life took on new beauty as we gave ourselves to God.
With all our Christian teachers gathered 'round,
Our souls renewed their pledges while we waited there with God,
And joyfully our ears took in the sound.

Since the passing years have borne us from the school that we have loved,
Our love has grown still deeper every day;
And the gratitude within us keeps our hearts forever moved,
To say the word or do the deed we may.

Memory loves to linger on the past events of time,
To linger and to live them o'er and o'er;
To dream about the future and to make our dream sublime,
By making all our thoughts to upward soar.

— E. B. F.— (Alumni)
Mabel Peters, '12, (Mrs. Floyd Connor) Living near Spring Arbor, Mich.
Esther Vore, '17, Attending University of Michigan.
Howard C. Jacob, '22, Attending Spring Arbor Seminary.
Eunice M. White, '11, (Mrs. Wilson King) Living at Fairfield, Iowa.
Clara Baker, '21, Working in Owosso.
Claudia Leigh, '21, Teaching in Wayne County, Michigan.
Grace Somerville, '13, Missionary to India.
Margaret E. McLachlan, '21, Teaching near Evart, Mich.
Charles Nelson Davenport, '22, Attending Spring Arbor Seminary.
Bertha Fader, '11, (Mrs. Charles Messeroll) Teaching in Spring Arbor Seminary.
Grace Vore, '20, Attending University of Michigan.
S. Hubert Doering, '11, Farming near Evart, Mich.
Ruth E. Cone, '22, Attending Spring Arbor Seminary.
Adan A. Davis, '21, Pastor of F. M. Church at Caro, Mich.
Burton J. Vincent, President Wessington Springs Junior College, North Dakota.
Marion LaTurque, '22, Attending County Normal in Flint.
E. H. Punches, '09, Farming near Linden, Mich.
Bernice Humphrey, '21, (Mrs. Alphaeus King) Living in Detroit, Mich.
Leah M. Ewing, '12, Assisting on circuit near Cridersville, Ohio.
Thurber McHarg, '19, Attending Greenville College, Ill.
Ethel E. White, '11, (Mrs. Hubert Doering) Living near Evart, Mich.
Ruth Strawbridge, '22, (Mrs. Elmer Buhl) Teaching near Spring Arbor, Mich.
Edna Baker, '20, Attending Greenville College, Ill.
James J. Culp, '08, Pastor of M. E. Church at Bayne Falls, Mich.
Cora Dods, '16, Attending Greenville College, Ill.
Mera Houghtby, '17, Postmistress at Spring Arbor, Mich.
Rena Hubbard, '22, Attending Normal at Caro.
Ermon S. Weidman, '18, Attending Greenville College, Ill.
Lucy Earley, '22, Attending Greenville College, Ill.
John Timbers, Pastor of F. M. Church at Adrian.
Earl Fletcher, '20, Attending Spring Arbor Seminary.
Mildred Fowl, '22, Western State Normal, Kalamazoo, Mich.
Paul Kenworthy, '21, Attending Greenville College, Ill.
Wilda Burnell, '21, Western State Normal, Kalamazoo, Mich.
McKinley Bates, Preaching in Florida.
Kate Leininger, Missionary in China.
T. Z. Hadley, F. M. Pastor, Kent, Ohio.
Guy Williams, F. M. Pastor, Central Church of Chicago, Ill.
Orrin E. Tiffany, President Seattle Pacific College, Wash.

Education and the Bible

No process of education is worth while which is not founded on Christ and the Bible. Jesus Christ is the chief corner-stone of any true system of education. He is the embodiment of the Truth.

All true science and philosophy are but statements of the operations of the Divine Mind in the universe of created existence. It is the sheerest nonsense to babble about a conflict between the Bible and true science. Any moral system that leaves Christ out of its teachings will be a miserable mockery to the soul, destined to plunge the undressed spirit into the lathemless abyss of eternal remorse. True science, morality and religion have their Alpha and Omega in Jesus Christ.

The early Puritanical reverence for Christ and the Bible in their system of education provided a secure foundation of the great American Republic. It presents a striking contrast indeed to the Christ-rejecting modern educational plan. Puritaniical straightness is held in derision and the Bible is barred generally from our public schools.

Positively Christian education then demands first of all the Bible as the foundation of all truths of science, morals, and religion. And why not? It is the message from the Author of all science to his creatures. It presents a standard of morals infinitely above any other system. It reveals ultimate salvation through faith in an omnipotent Savor.

Is it the aim of education? Why did our Puritan fathers early feel the need of schools for their children? The answer is self-evident. Education is for social efficiency; good citizenship; intelligent and useful membership in society. Will fine spun theories of pedagogy, school management and scientific organization suffice? Will elaborate buildings and all needful facilities for training the intellectual and developing the physical be sufficient to accomplish the purpose? Will splendidly trained teachers meet the need? Will crowding the curriculum with almost endless studies prove adequate?

No, truly. All these things may be helpful as subsidiary forces, but the all essential is training in good-will, morality, respect for law and the rights of others, love of truth; all these are absolutely fundamental to good and useful citizenship.

Now then, where are we today in our educational program? Can we expect to train our youth in good-will when we bar from them the grand message of “Peace on earth and good-will to men” this old world can ever know in the advent of Jesus Christ? The all sublime and inspiring example of loving service for others? Can we hope by human theories to develop our youth in morality when we reject from our process the basic code of morals; the system of Christian ethics; the only system having divine sanction and possessing power to transform the very heart of natural man.

It is reasonable to think we can train our children to respect law and order when that very law they are supposed to respect prohibits instruction concerning their relation and responsibility to the Supreme Being? How can we hope to instill obedience in their hearts to parents and country if they are taught nothing of God’s wrath on the law-breaker? If they have no fear of God before their eyes? The fear of God is the beginning of wisdom.

Let the modern educators answer this question. Will it inspire in our youth respect for each other to teach them they are the descendants of brutes and not the highest handiwork of God on earth? All treatises on science, morals, and religion. And why not? It is the message from the Author of all science to his creatures. Christ-rejecting modern educational plan. Puritarianical straightness is held in derision and the Bible is barred generally from our public schools.

It is the merest twaddle to discourse profoundly on the modern systems of education producing lovers of truth and wisdom when the very fountain of all truth and knowledge is denied them.

We are termed a Christian nation. If we would long continue; if we would secure the blessings of liberty and prosperity to our children, we must arrest the moral degeneracy of our youth, the disrespect for law, we must preserve the sanctity of the Home. These great problems cannot be left to the church. The influence of the home far outweighs numbers. Modern education must reform, and it is indeed gratifying to note evidences of it already in some quarters.

Principal H. S. Stewart.
Business Editorial

It is impossible with the present status of achievements and complex mode of living to exist long independently and ignore the inestimable advantages of cooperation.

In the early days when every man was both the producer and consumer of all he needed it was possible under those standards of living to be almost independent. This is an age of specialization and it is a rare thing to find a man that is an expert in more than one line of business. But each producer must be so exact with his article that when it is brought in contact with its supplement the whole will function perfectly.

And so we see that it takes continual co-operation to accomplish the desired end. This is what the staff of the second edition of "The Echo" has endeavored to do.

We are very thankful to the business men of the patronizing territory who have been willing to cooperate with us in making this edition a success by advertising through its columns.

Before you buy look thru this edition and find where the quality is highest and price is right.

"Patronize our advertisers."  Hugh A. White, '23

Smith-Winchester Co.

Hardware
Factory and Mill Supplies

Jackson  --  Michigan
Calendar 1922-23
Sept. 13—School opens—mark the date.
Sept. 15—Reception for old students. Everybody gets acquainted.
Sept. 17—Students busy—looking after themselves.
Sept. 19—Unusual number of Freshmen.
Sept. 20—Dr. Tuttle vaccinates students.
Sept. 24—Smallpox breaks out in village.
Sept. 26—Next day after the 24th.
Sept. 28—Dr. Tuttle vaccinates students.
Sept. 29—Smallpox breaks out in village.
Sept. 30—Annual Staff.
Oct. 1—First day of October, 1922.
Oct. 2—Annual Staff.
Oct. 3—Annual Staff.
Oct. 4—Just the "fourth."
Oct. 5—Annual Staff.
Oct. 6—Harold Rochelle informs us that boards are made of wood.
Oct. 7—Annual Staff.
Oct. 8—No church on account of smallpox.
Oct. 10—Annual Staff.
Oct. 13—Speech in Literary, by member of faculty on "His mill."
Oct. 14—Junior class party at Mary Rauch's house.
Oct. 16—Annual Banquet.
Oct. 19—Annual Staff.
Oct. 20—Annual Staff.
Oct. 21—Annual Staff.
Oct. 23—Downfall of China in dining room; O. J. slightly rattled. First meeting of Annual Staff.

Students Welcome
A Christian Store
(Just off of Campus)
S. A. FLETCHER
Spring Arbor, Michigan

NOW READY
New Spring Lines of
Men's and Boys' Clothing
Furnishings and Shoes
Also a Fine Showing of New Spring Styles in
Women's and Misses' Stylish Footwear
MARVIN - BURNETT CO.
JACKSON, MICH.
Permanent Protection

It is distasteful to the average man to consider the duty of disposing of his estate, and oftentimes he thinks the necessity remote. However, it is every man’s duty to assure his family permanent protection and care in the event of his death. This is best accomplished by making a will and naming a Trust Company as executor and trustee.

GRAND RAPIDS TRUST COMPANY
Grand Rapids, Michigan

Oct. 25—Presentation of mahogany desk, for use of assembly room, by Seniors.
Oct. 27—Senior class party at Kenneth Wolcott’s.
Oct. 30—Teacher’s Institute at Jackson; no school. Everybody goes to hear Bud Robinson preach. Vern opens S. A. Jackson bus line via ox cart.
Nov. 1—Morning after the night before.
Nov. 2—7:00 P. M. finds Mr. Roth hunting a wheelbarrow to take someone a ride in. Who?
Nov. 3—Sophomores are entertained at Bernard Denhomme’s. Sad story is told of bad men while candy beats it and cannon booms.
Nov. 6—Pictures taken for annual; photographer “arranges them.”
Nov. 8—Everybody tired out—not much doing!
Nov. 11—Talk on Prohibition by Dr. Eastman.
Nov. 13—The “thirteenth.”
Nov. 15—Inspector from U. of M. makes us a visit—all O. K.
Nov. 17—Declaratory Contest; prizes awarded to three seniors—Kenneth Wolcott, Hugh A. White, and Goldie Haywood.
Nov. 18—Frieda Upton entertains boarding students in Reception room.
Nov. 21—Snow! Ivan sees first flake and is happy—“Now for a sleigh ride.”
Nov. 22—Member of faculty supporting new hair cut.
Nov. 27—Seniors go to Jackson to have pictures taken. Editor-in-chief of the “Echo” is reminded that the Library is a place to study and not to talk.
Nov. 30—Mr. Hall goes to Fenton, versus Howell on business for the annual!!
Dec. 2—Three girls, a sophomore, junior, and senior, walk home from the “city”.; Mr. Myers becomes worried—
Dec. 4—School again; after a few days’ Thanksgiving vacation.
Dec. 5—Boy’s shoe found in girl’s hall; Bill Collins, “where’s the preceptress?”
Dec. 6—Prof. advises the young ladies, by a speech in Chapel, to take up type-writing and shorthand so they will be independent.
Dec. 8—Debate—Spring Arbor and Colon. We won.
Dec. 12—Skating for the first time this year. Lake is crowded with happy skaters.
Dec. 13—Entertainment furnished by Sophomores and Seniors. Proceeds ($12.51) go to the expenditure of the annual.
Dec. 16—Surprise party at Marie Sidwell’s—sweet sixteen.
Dec. 17—A visitor—Miss Grace Vore.
Dec. 18—Calendar Editors Meet in Library; lights go out!
Dec. 21-23—Christmas vacation. Hugh A. White goes to Detroit on business for the annual.
Jan. 3—Students return, ready to begin the New Year right.
Jan. 5—Parliamentary drill in Literary—student body resolve themselves into the Board of Trustees. Bright prospects of a Junior College in S. A.
Jan. 10—Professor B. J. Vincent gives interesting talk in Chapel—delivers greetings from Wessington Springs.
Jan. 11—S. A.-Schoolcraft Debate—"We went, we saw, we conquered.
Jan. 13—"The Family" have their pictures taken.
Jan. 14—Mrs. "Butcher" subscribes for the missionary cause.
Jan. 17—Babe returns to S. A. from her home in Toledo where she has been spending her Christmas vacation.
Jan. 18—Ice thaws—slush.
Jan. 19—Literary-humorous ramification by four elderly gentlemen.
Jan. 20—Down on the Lake, "Come in, the water's fine."

---

Buried Treasure

Captain Kid would hang his head today.
Fake stocks and worthless bonds represent present-day "loot" running into hundreds of millions. Most of this could have been saved had investors first consulted a bank.

---

DAVY & COMPANY

FOR

FORTY
YEARS

THE

LEADING
STORE

OF

OSCEOLA
COUNTY.

EVART, MICHIGAN

---

JACKSON STATE SAVINGS BANK
JACKSON CITY BANK
CENTRAL STATE BANK
NATIONAL UNION BANK
PEOPLES NATIONAL BANK
FEDOR--Industrial Photographer

WE PHOTOGRAPH

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ANYTIME--
ANYWHERE

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All Group Work in this Book Made by Us

314 Rogers Building  Phone 3354  Jackson, Michigan

THE ECHO

1923

THE WORLD TAKES WHAT JACKSON MAKES

$10.00 Tom Grant, Clothier
$13.00 Suits for $10.00
$15.00 Suits for $13.00
$19.90 Suits for $19.90

Shoes for the Whole Family

The Family Theatre Shoe Store
SHIRTS, HATS, CAPS, FURNISHINGS
The Family Theatre Grocery Store
in Our Basement
JACKSON, MICH.

REO
The Gold Standard of Values

REO SALES CO.
Jackson, Michigan

FLUFF RUGS
Rag Rugs—Cane, Splint, Rush.

ARCHIE GROSE
Bell Phone 2161W  Jackson, Mich.

LESLEY & CO.
MONUMENTS and MARKERS
308-10 Cooper St.  Jackson

CARBON
THE ROBERT LAKE CO.
Corner Liberty & Milwaukee St.
Jackson, Mich.
Established 1869  Fifty-Four Years of Success

IHLING BROS. EVERARD CO.

COMPLETE PRINTING SERVICE

THIS ENTIRE BOOK is a product of our plant, where machinery and workmanship of the highest quality rule. Take up your present or contemplated Printing Problems with us. . . .
Write for Estimates

KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN

"Jahn & Ollier Again"

ACHIEVEMENT
The goal of every ambitious man and firm is reality in the rapid growth of the John & Ollier Engraving Company. Our constant demand for "J&O" commercial advertising illustrations is met by the large national advertisers—and the readable reproductions for prompt delivery which they require.
The mission of all advertising illustrations is to produce sale and the growth of the firm. We have experimented by the number of customers have had in attaining new business thus using "J&O"processes.

Thirty thousand square feet of floor space by rented and ever-well-handled and fully skilled employees are required to meet the constant demand for "J&O" commercial photographs, art, color process plates and fine engraving (free complete free is desired in color process work).

Intelligent supervision of all work by many skilled office service men eliminates your troubles. Sales service men sent everywhere.

JAHN and OLLIER ENGRAVING CO.
332 West Adams Street
CHICAGO
E. C. GREENE & CO.

Two "MEN'S WEAR" Stores

We Sell Everything a Man Wears

Clothing, Furnishings, Hats, Caps, Shoes, Trunks, Suit Cases and Bags

216 East Main Street and Corner Mechanic and Pearl Streets
Jackson, Michigan

KUENZ RADIATOR CO.

Radiators a Specialty

We Manufacture, Repair and Rebuild Radiators—Expert Workmanship.

136 W. Pearl Street, JACKSON, MICH.

KELLOGG CORSET CO.

BUY YOUR CORSETS DIRECT FROM FACTORY

A Wonderful Saving

Corsets
For
Every
Type
At
Unusually
Low
Prices

Salesroom 110 West Pearl St.
Jackson, Michigan

Crandal Electric
& Supply Co.

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Street

Wholesale Distributors of

ELECTRICAL SUPPLIES, HOME APPLIANCES, Etc.

Jackson, Michigan

HILLS GRANITE CO.

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106-110 E. Washington St., JACKSON, MICH.

P. R. HUNGERFORD

PHYSICIAN and SURGEON

CONCORD, MICHIGAN

COAL, COKE & WOOD

Prompt Delivery—Right Prices

We handle only the best grades

WM. J. BOICE
Phone 511, Spring Arbor, Mich.

BEHLING BROS.

FORD AUTHORIZED
SALES AND SERVICE

CONCORD, MICHIGAN

KEEP THE STORY WITH A KODAK

There is always a story waiting for the Kodak, and at our store a complete stock of Kodaks and Eastman accessories awaits your inspection. See them here.

We specialize in Amateur Finishing

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Means selling goods that won't come back to customers that will

LaRue Printing Company
"The Hurry-Up Shop"
221-223 Francis Street
Bell 2564

"Better Shoes for Less Money"

Miller’s Shoe Parlors

Up Stairs 148 W. Main Street
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COMPLIMENTS OF

LeClear Photo Co.

Jackson, Michigan

E. C. GREENE & CO. BUX

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Up Stairs 148 W. Main Street
Jackson - Michigan

COMPLIMENTS OF

LeClear Photo Co.

Jackson, Michigan
DIGNIFIED JEWELRY
Like good clothes, radiates success and attracts it—that's the kind we carry.

G. G. CASE
Jackson's Oldest Jewelers

HOLLAND FURNACES
MAKE WARM FRIENDS
The World's Largest Installers

THE HEART OF 2100 HOMES IN JACKSON CO. AND CITY—THERE'S A REASON

W. R. WOODWORTH
FURNITURE
Rugs and Wall Paper
 Undertaking Looked After with Care

RUDYZIZE YOUR HOME

I Seek Your
Continued Patronage

Hardware
Builders' Hardware
Stoves
Paints
Asphalt Shingles
Roofing
Silverware
Clocks

At your service for 19 years
D. E. WARNER
Successor to REYNOLDS & WARNER

The Farmers State Bank
Concord, Michigan

OFFICERS
FRANK N. ALDRICH, President
ALFRED FOLKS, Vice-President
Dwight A. ALDRICH, Auditor

Invested Capital
$50,000.00

Thirty-nine Years of “Helpful Service”

4%
Paid on Savings

BOYS If you have yourselves “bowed” and buy your accessories at HOWARD BARBER SUPPLY HOUSE, 147 S. Mechanic Street JACkSON, MlCHIGAN

W. N. ARMSTRONG
Druggist and Veterinary Surgeon
The Retail Store CONCORD, MlCHIGAN

The CONCORD NEWS has been enlarged and improved with the aid of a New Linotype.
Feb. 20—Mr. and Mrs. Myers leave for Indiana to attend funeral of niece.
Feb. 21—Marian Hitt celebrates her eighteenth birthday.
Feb. 23—Electric light bulbs disappear in Boys' Hall.
Feb. 26—Villagers get together and discuss plans for incorporating Spring Arbor.

Mar. 1—Mr. Messeroll turns corner at high speed and falls in mud.
Mar. 2—Professor Stewart feeds Chemistry class on butter.
Mar. 4—Truckload of students go to Ann Arbor. Mr. Demaray comes back in "hearse" fashion.
Mar. 6—Hot dogs for dinner!
Mar. 11—Levere Hendershot at breakfast where's Mr. Oddo?
Mar. 14—Meeting of the Board of Trustees. Seminary serves ice-cream for supper.

May 11—Faculty-Senior reception.
May 15—Junior-Senior Banquet.
June 11—Primary and Intermediate program.
June 15—Literary Program.
June 3—Baccalaureate Sermon.
June 4—Junior program.
June 5—Musical and Vocal.
June 6—The Messiah Oratorio.
June 7—Graduating Exercises.
June 8—Alumni Day.
Assembly room teacher—"I'm going to have some little, big boys sit up here on the front seat pretty soon."

Irene Holmes—"Mr. Zeller, I refuse to wait any longer."

Minnie, in Theology class—"Who's going to take care of the babies in Heaven?"

Luverene Hendershot—"Who are you going to do with me?"

Flood down stairway in Boys' Hall, third floor.

Mr. Myers—"Zat you Charles?"

Hugh A. White was told in history class that he was worse than the girls.

In Psychology—"Mr. Hall what do you think of that?"

Mr. Hall—"I was just wondering."

"That's just what Charles Darwin did all his life, and he never got anywhere either."

Teacher—"I was in Indianapolis a couple of years ago, in the insane asylum."

Mr. Demaray, what?"

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130 W. Main St. JACkson, MICH.

Get Better Kodak Pictures

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UMBRELLAS REPAIRED

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JACKSON 111 Cooper St. Michigan

The Right Garment for the Right Occasion

ALWAYS at JACOBSON'S

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ARCH PRESERVER FOOTWEAR

JACKSON, MICH.
FORD CAFETERIA
Frank C. Ford, Proprietor
Dinner 11 to 1:30
Supper 5 to 7
114 W. Cortland St.
Jackson, Mich.

BROWN'S STUDIO
PHOTOGRAPHERS
Bell Phone 1365
231 East Main St.
JACKSON, MICH.

Star Garment Cleansing Co.
Suits Pressed, 50c.
Cleaning and Pressing Suit, $1.50
REPAIRING OF ALL KINDS
Bell Phone 4174-M
208 Francis St.
JACKSON, MICH.

Marian Hitt—"Why do you like Jonah best?"
Charles H.—"Cause he swallowed a whale."
Preceptor—"You know you rang that bell."
Forest Gray—"How do I know I know it?"
Lyle Davenport—"What shall I do with my week end?"
Marguerite Ross—"Put a hat on it."
Otto Jennings—"Warner and I went deer hunting and all we got was two rabbits."
Riley Head—"Look after the little things, and the big things will take care of themselves."
Burdeett Andrews, when asked in English class to give a sentence with the word "stationary" in it, replied—"The stationary engine ran rapidly."

GLASSOW BROTHERS
Note For Selling Good Goods Cheap

GLICK & SCHPOK
IRON AND STEEL SCRAP METALS AND PAPER STOCK
Bell 215 Citizens 675-K
Office and Yard: 314 Michigan Ave., JACKSON, MICH.

HENRY M. BURT
FLORIST
Greenhouses: Francis St.
134 Francis St. JACKSON, MICH.
THE EDUCATION THAT PAYS

YOU WILL PAY for a business training whether you get it or not. Either you get it and capitalize on it as long as you live, or you will not get it and pay for it in opportunities lost. You will pay for it in the smaller salary you will be obliged to accept. You will pay for it in the harder work you will have to do. You will pay for it in the longer apprenticeship you will have to serve at a smaller salary.

The first method of paying for it nets you a handsome profit. The second exacts a heavy toll.

A few months here will save you years of monotonous apprenticeship at a small salary. It will enable you to step into a responsible position paying a good salary right from the start—a position offering clean, dignified employment with excellent opportunities for advancement.

Jackson Business University
JACKSON, MICHIGAN

Y. W. C. A Cafeteria
Serves Men and Women
Corner Main and Blockton
Jackson, Mich.

Absent-minded student—"Oh, this is the thirty-second, isn't it?"
Mr. Myers, in Chapel—"Prayer meeting, tonight at 6:30."
Mrs. Miller—"Bring your chorus books."

Discussing beggars in Economics class—Clifford Fletcher, "Aren't they in the same class as school teachers?"

Teacher—"Who is the author of Longfellow's Psalm of Life?"
Student—"I don't believe I got past that part of the lesson."

Bill Collins—"My, I'd hate to think I'd have to do my washing all my life."

J. B. BLESSING
FLORIST
256 E. Main St. JACKSON, MICH.

MEAT MARKET
CONCORD
The Sanitary Market
We Handle the Best of Meats
FRESH AND SALTED
Home Killed
Shippers of Live Stock—Cash at Scales.

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Jackson Business University
JACKSON, MICHIGAN

Distinctive Printing
PRINTING that attracts attention, that stands in a class by itself, that contains originality in conception and excellence in execution—this quality of originality and individuality characterizes all the printed work we turn out.

THE COOPERSVILLE OBSERVER
Volume 15, Number 33, published Cooperville, MICH.

Printers of the Spring Arbor Seminary Bulletin

THE ARMY
STORE
We Carry a Complete Line of Army Goods and General Merchandise at the Lowest Possible Price:

Odd Fellows Bldg., 113 Cooper St.
JACKSON, MICH.
"Everything for the Camper and the Working Man"

Wherever you go, whoever you patronize, ask always—

What is back of my deposit?

If you seek strength of Directorate and Safety Through Large Capital Resources, Bank with the

National Union Bank
JACKSON, MICHIGAN
The Strongest Financial Institution in this Vicinity

DIRECTORS
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A. R. WATER
President, Hayes Watch Co.
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