The ECHO

Semi-Centennial

1923

The Echo

Semi-Centennial School Year

June, 1923

VOLUME II

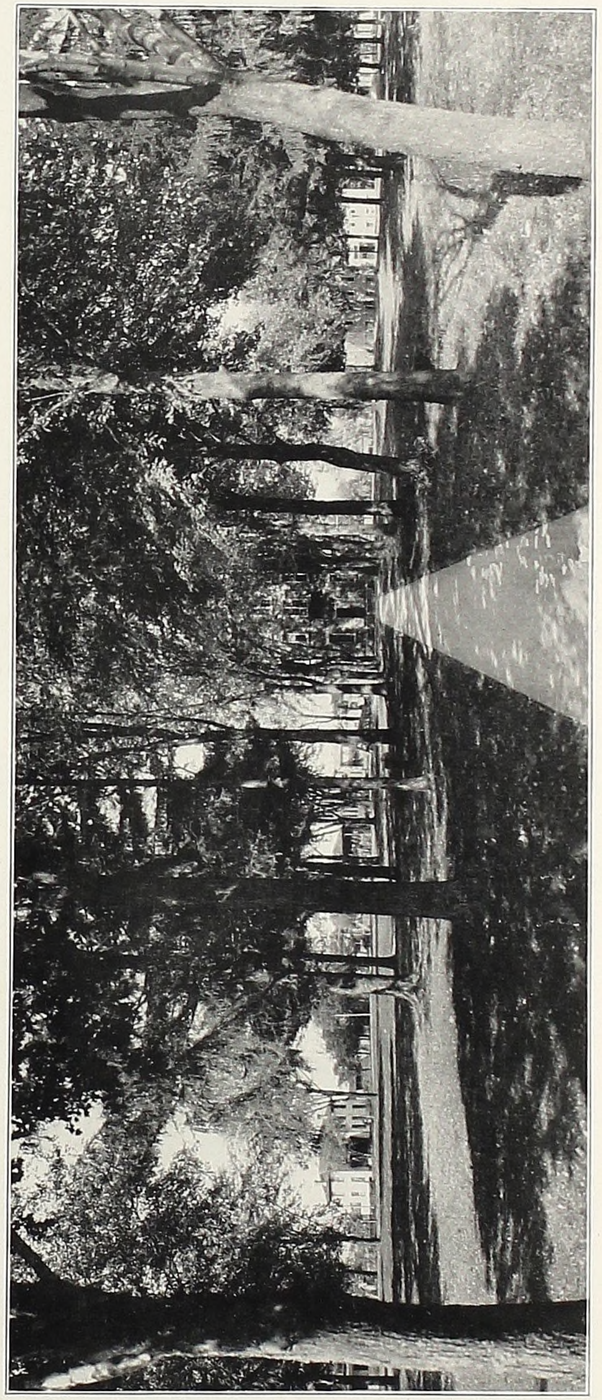
Published by the Students of
Spring Arbor Seminary
Spring Arbor, Michigan

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. ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴



BOARD OF TRUSTEES

Bishop D. S. Warner	*Glen Ellyn, Illinois*
Rev. J. Timbers	*Adrian, Michigan*
Mr. Lewis Snyder	*Spring Arbor, Michigan*
Rev. W. A. Sayre	*Toledo, Ohio*
Rev. D. W. Wesley	*Galion, Ohio*
Rev. W. C. Muffitt	*Adrian, Michigan*
Rev. H. E. Leininger	*Perry, Michigan*
Rev. S. H. Porterfield	*Port Huron, Michigan*
Rev. W. J. Jackson	*Memphis, Michigan*
Rev. F. L. Baker	*Battle Creek, Michigan*
Rev. Peter White	*Spring Arbor, Michigan*
Rev. C. W. Smith	*Knox, Indiana*
Rev. H. A. DeLong	*Grand Ledge, Michigan*
Rev. H. D. F. Gaffin	*Belding, Michigan*
Rev. G. H. Peters	*Detroit, Michigan*

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,
Whose blazing glory writes with fire,
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 Heav'nly 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.

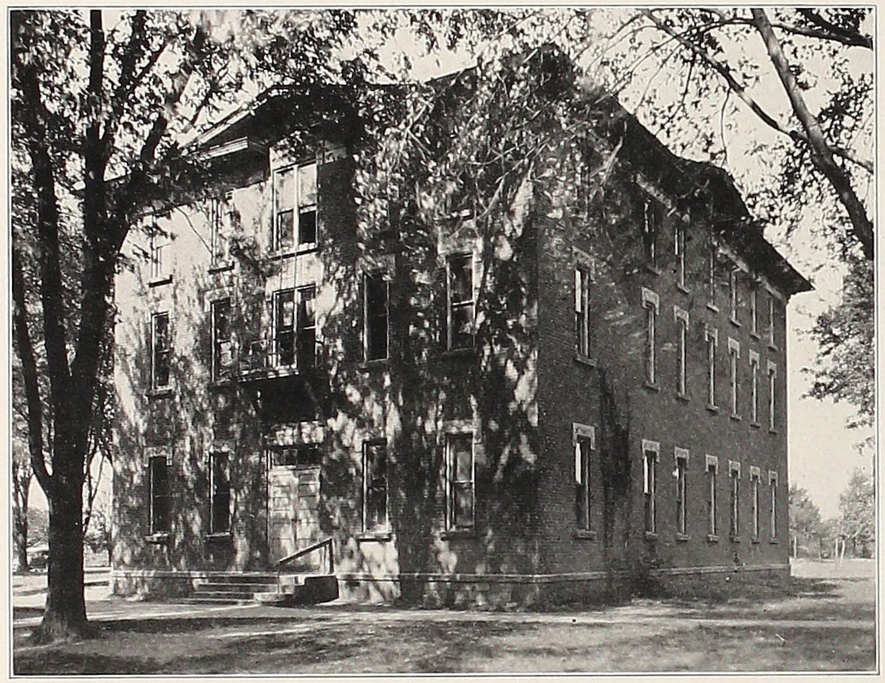
To be honest, pure, and true demands the whole man.—Austin.

OUR SCHOOL.

Words by C.E. Demaray — Music by Minnie L. Blowers

1. Michigan boasts of forests and lakes; Her beauties our hearts entwine; But there is a spot will ne'er be forgot, Far dearer than lake or pine.
2. Long may her colors float on the breeze, Her banner of blue and gold! The one is the hue of loyalty true, In the other her glories behold!
3. From north and south they come at her call: Her fame is spread far and wide; From east and from west the join in the quest Of knowledge that will abide.
4. Tho' we may wander far from her halls, Still memories will linger near, Of days full of joy, without an alloy, And friends we have loved while here.
5. Hail, Alma Mater! we cherish thy name; May many more years be thine, To shed forth thy light, with rays clear and bright, Fulfilling thy mission divine.

Then speed the glad song and the chorus prolong, Till the echoes reach heaven above; Her banner unfurled shall bless the whole world, Spring Arbor, the school we love!



BOYS' DORMITORY

School Colors — Blue and Gold

School Motto — Not for school but for life we learn.

Historical Reminiscences

THE CRADLE OF EDUCATION IN MICHIGAN

Memories romp beneath the stately trees on the Campus of Spring Arbor Seminary, in the little hamlet of Spring Arbor, nine miles south-west of Jackson; memories of the days back in 1835, 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 Jacksonburg (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; and Spring Arbor really has a claim to being known as the birthplace of Albion College. Spring Arbor lost the 100,000 brick and the money subscribed for the much dreamed of Spring Arbor Seminary; but it still 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. Leoni, Jackson, Spring Arbor, and Cook's Prairie were candidates for this embryo 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 the Free Will Baptists raise money to build the new institution, and thus secured it for their home village. 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 from an old store building, containing two rooms. There were five students enrolled, and four more followed. Three of these were girls, featuring Michigan Central College as the first co-educational institution of learning in the middle west. This was the first college ever granted a charter by the state legislature, and the first college ever chartered by the General Conference of the Free Will Baptist denomination.

The construction of new college buildings was begun in 1845. One of these frame buildings, built as a dormitory, is still standing on the edge of the 85-year-old campus, and is used as a dormitory today. 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 church appropriated $500 for the purchase of laboratory apparatus. The charter of the college was amended in 1850 by the state legislature, so that degrees could be conferred and diplomas granted, similar to those issued by other colleges. This act also provided that the course of study should be of the same high grade as at the state university. Elizabeth D. Camp, of Palmyra, New York, was the first to complete the scientific course and be given a degree.

In all thirteen students were given degrees, while seven hundred were enrolled for various courses in the years of existence of the Michigan Central College at Spring Arbor. Agitation for removal was begun in the early fifties, and in 1853 it was voted by the board of trustees, at what is known in the records as a "stormy meeting," to move the college. Jackson, Adrian, Coldwater, Hillsdale, and Marshall were all anxious to secure the college; but Hillsdale won out, and in the same year ground was broken for the new buildings there.

The empty shell of the college lay dormant in Spring Arbor until 1873, when the Free Methodists invaded the village and took over the buildings and grounds. The school is now called Spring Arbor Seminary, and is a preparatory institution, supported by the Free Methodist conferences known as Ohio, Northern Michigan, Eastern Michigan, Michigan, and Ontario. At the present time there are over 150 students from all parts of the country in attendance. Spring Arbor may well be called the cradle of education in Michigan, as well as the birthplace of both Albion and Hillsdale Colleges; and the hamlet, two stores and a handful of houses, is proud today of its "prep" school which has hundreds of graduates scattered to the four corners of the earth.—From the "Jackson Citizen Patriot," February 21, 1921.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

In the fall of 1870, while holding a quarterly meeting near Concord, Michigan, my attention was called to some old school property at Spring Arbor, which had formerly been owned and operated by the Free Will Baptists. It was in a sadly dilapidated condition. There were ten acres of land and two buildings, one of which had been formerly used for a chapel and the other for a boarding hall. The property had been sold to satisfy a mortgage, and, aside from a few rooms in the boarding hall, in which the preacher, Brother Leonardson, lived, was unoccupied. I presented the matter of a school, and spoke of this property, at the session of the conference at Holland. The next session of the conference was held in the Methodist Episcopal Church at Spring Arbor. Brother Roberts was present and presided. Aside from the family of the preacher residing in the old boarding hall, I think there was not a Free Methodist family in the township. But it was a rich farming community and the people were hospitable, and I question whether any session of our conference was ever better provided for.

At this session of the conference held at Spring Arbor articles of agreement were presented by the committee on education, in which the conference pledged itself, provided the citizens of Spring Arbor would purchase the property at that place and put the buildings in suitable repair, to raise at least $2,000 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, 1872. 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, solid 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, either there or 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 some point, and wanted an immediate decision as to their acceptance of our offer of the year before. With one or two other members of the committee I went to Leoni, a station just east of Jackson, where the Wesleyan Methodists had formerly conducted a school, and looked over the vacated school property there. When we returned we found the citizens of Spring Arbor in a stir of excitement raising the funds for the purchase of the property at that place. By night their different soliciting committees came in and reported that they had the required amount pledged.

We decided to locate the school at Spring Arbor, signed the articles of agreement, and the property was purchased and deeded to me in trust until an incorporation could be effected and trustees elected. I saw at once that the burden of the enterprize would rest upon me, and I decided to sell out at Delta and remove to Spring Arbor. Having disposed of our property, I purchased a lot and in the early spring commenced to build at Spring Arbor. The two school buildings, one for chapel and recitation rooms and the other for a boarding hall, were put in condition, and Brothers Roberts and LaDue formally dedicated the property to the Lord in the interests of Christian education.

We had removed to Spring Arbor and rented a house while our house was in process of erection. Needing some lumber, I engaged a man with a team to go to Jackson and haul it for me to Spring Arbor. I went with the man and team to Jackson, where I was to take the train to attend one of my quarterly meetings. Going to the lumber yard, I selected the lumber and saw it loaded on the wagon, when the horses, being frightened by the blowing of the noon whistle of the planing mill, started to run. Springing to the head of the off horse, I grasped him by the bit and undertook to stop the team; but they were running with such force that I was dashed into a pile of stones. My head was badly cut, and two wheels of the heavily loaded wagon passed over my right leg, breaking both bones just above the ankle.

For a short time I was unconscious; and when consciousness returned, I found myself bolstered up in a chair in the office of the lumber yard. Looking across the street, I saw a hotel and told them to take me over there. A surgeon was summoned, who soon reduced the fractures and said if I wished to reach Spring Arbor I had better go at once. A two- seated carriage was secured, and, encased with cushions, with my broken limb resting on the front seat, I was taken to my home, where, placed on a bed, I was made as comfortable as the circumstances would allow. For several months I was confined to my bed. At the dedication of the school buildings, being anxious to attend, four or five of the brethren took me on a lounge to the Sunday dedication service. It was a high day. Rev. B. T. Roberts, Rev. Thomas S. La Due, and Rev. Lewis Bailey were present and took part in the exercises.

Joseph Jones, the well-to-do farmer, who greeted Mrs. Hart and myself so cordially on our first visit to Michigan, had a family of four or five sons and three daughters. The chief characteristic with most of these was an all-prevailing determination for a higher education. Clark and Frank at the time of our advent were devoting their time to study preparing themselves to enter the state university at Ann Arbor. During our first winter in the state, we held a

series of evening meetings in the schoolhouse in the Jones' neighborhood. Our afternoon meetings were held in the spacious kitchen of the Jones' residence.

Clark soon entered the university, was graduated with honors, and when brother Roberts wrote requesting him to act as the principal of the Chili Seminary, I wrote Brother Roberts that Brother Jones was only loaned. So when we were ready to open our seminary, Brother Jones came on and took charge. As assistants he had Miss Johnson, Miss Davenport, and Miss Shepherd, with D. S. Arnold as professor of music. Clark Jones held the position of principal of the school until he saw a fine three-story brick building erected, then resigned and left the work to others.—Bishop Edward P. Hart, in "Reminiscences of Early Free Methodism."

A RETROSPECTIVE VIEW

It will be twenty-nine years next month since I first came to Spring Arbor to look 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 forgot the appearance of things here at that time. There stood what was to be the boarding hall, a sadly dilapidated relic of what had seen good times under more auspicious circumstances; and another building of the same size, but even more sadly marked by time, 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 be of great use to 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 came upon the scene of action. Rev. E. P. Hart was here supervising 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 Seminary. This must be done at first in the boarding hall, as repairs on what was to be the Seminary chapel were not sufficiently complete to allow of our using it. During this short term we had an attendance of 29, largely primary and intermediate students. No furniture to speak of, no apparatus, and very little needed in those first days, as the work was so elementary. But scarcely had the school opened when an interest began to be awakened. This was true not only in Michigan but men from a distance were here to see 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 during 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, and no man will lay aught 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 hath sent me unto you"—seemed 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 thrown into a whirl 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 soon on the ground 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 they were soon extinguished. (This building burned four years later.)

During the summer of 1886 Professor Stilwell made me a proposition looking toward my taking a position in the Seminary. It seemed like a providential opening, and I waited only 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 issues of the church. His preaching was clear, forceful, and convincing. His end was triumphant. During his sickness he often expressed explicit confidence in the God whom he had served and trusted. At one time when filled with divine glory he said, "If the Lord can make such a bed as this so glorious, I can trust him for everything." Why a young man whose labors were apparently so much needed in his church should be suddenly stricken down in the midst of his usefulness, is one of the unsolved mysteries of Providence. This we know, God doeth all things well.

June 9-13, 1905, was an important occasion for Spring Arbor, it being the date of the annual commencement 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 tide ran high. Sunday was a memorable day. In the morning the new building was dedicated with appropriate exercises. Its erection made possible by the untiring efforts of Rev. H. D. F. Gaffin, adds greatly to the educational facilities of the school. The annual sermon Sunday evening by Rev. C. W. Stamp was able, 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 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.

A GLORIOUS OPENING.

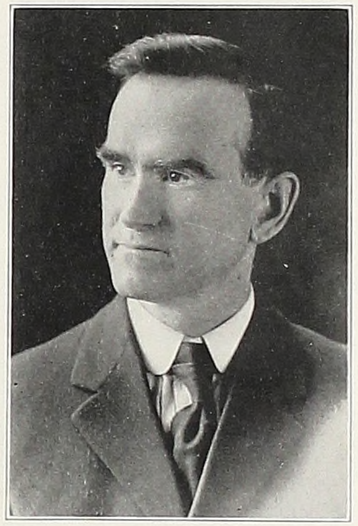
On September 12, the quiet hamlet of Spring Arbor was made to hear the old chapel bell ring out the glad notes of the opening day of school for another year. As it rang its usual five minutes from 8:40 to 8:45, about one hundred students and twenty-five visitors made their way to the new "Administration Hall," where a neat commodious chapel room has been prepared. On the platform sat Professors Vincent, Jones, and Pflaum, 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 Vincent made a few opening remarks, and then, according to custom, opportunity was given for any or all to speak. Testimonies and song mingled together until some thirty had spoken. The testimonies were mostly clear and definite on the work of holiness. Professor Vincent asked Professor Jones to give a talk on the importance of Greek and Latin. His talk created great interest among the students, especially as he spoke of the class of students that he wanted to come to his room. Some who said to us afterward, "I do not want to go to his room," have since said, "I love Professor Jones as a teacher." All of the teaching force are entering upon their work cheerfully, and the school is starting out with an outlook never before known in its history.—Rev. S. W. Stone, in the "Spring Arbor Chronicle," October, 1905.

A SALVATION SCHOOL.

A place of learning where Jesus Christ is honored would be a good definition of the subject in hand. If so, Spring Arbor Seminary quite well fills the demand. On

(*Continued on Page* 95)

Faculty



HENRY S. STEWART, A. B.

Principal

Greenville College, 1909
Graduate student, U. of I., 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.

CORAL 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 Piano as 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, 1889-99
Student, Taylor University, 1889-99
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, 1894-1895
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, 1920-21
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 BOICE

Primary Department

South Haven High School, 1906
Kalamazoo State Normal, 1908
Teacher in Public Schools three years
Teacher, Spring Arbor Seminary, 1920-

HAROLD E. STEWART

Business Teacher

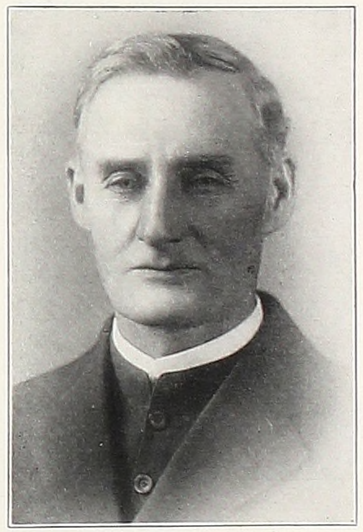
Graduate Business University of Jackson, Mich., 1922

REV. J. T. MEYERS

Preceptor

Former pastor of Henning, Ill.

MRS. ESTELLA WHITE
Matron



REV. PETER WHITE
Institutional Manager and Treasurer

MISS SYLVIA HAWKINS
Preceptress
(No Picture)

GIRLS' DORMITORY

SEMI-CENTENNIAL

1873---1923

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 here 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 has 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 D. S. Warner as principal the Board did call,
He for twelve years served this calling, carried burdens great and small.
Many noble men and women stood beside him in the fight
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,
There 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,
Chesbrough 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 shirk.
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,
'Twas 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 far 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.

And again to H. S. Stewart came a message very clear
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,
Traveled 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 Mesdames 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 walks and lights and bathrooms for both the girls and boys.

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,
The chapel now has all new seats and all the halls are lighted.

Many more good men and women helped this work to carry on,
B. R. Jones was one among them who as Bishop served so long.
It would take too many pages to mention every name;
But the Lord knows of their labors, and rewards them just the same.

We feel honored that four Bishops helped in building up our school,
They are E. P. Hart, B. R. Jones, D. S. Warner and W. A. Sellew.
The trustees have done nobly, though many difficulties they have met,
And may our school no never "Remove the land mark which our fathers set."

Many blessed hours and seasons have been spent in S. A. S.
With our precious Christian students and our teachers saved and blest.
God puts his seal upon us while to the Bible line we hold,
For this is the track to Heaven where the streets are paved with gold.

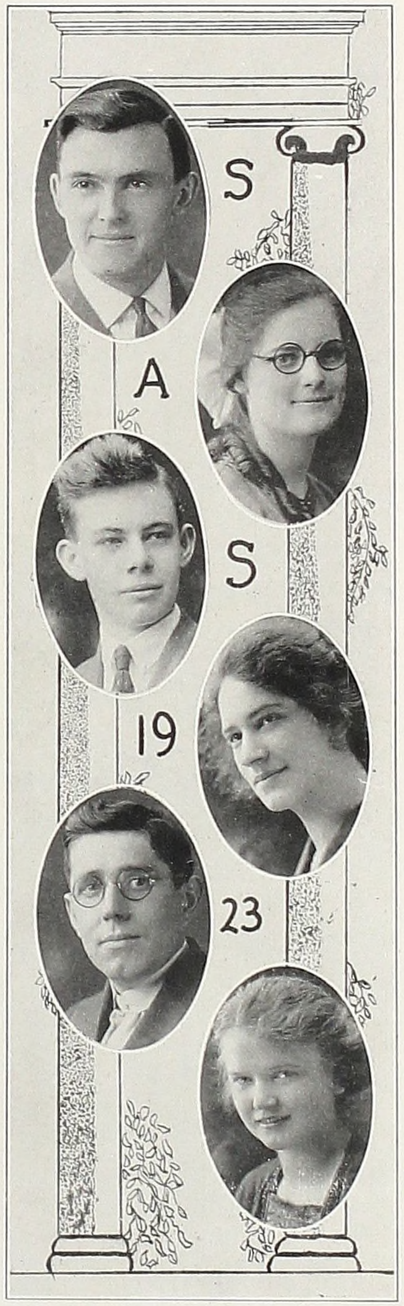
For years gone by this school's sent out its many faithful preachers,
And missionaries true have gone and also Christian teachers.
This year we have a Bible class that numbers more than fifty,
And many feel the call to point lost souls to yon fair City.

From year to year the students come from almost all directions,
They have filled our halls and we've never had a larger registration;
And many more expect to come and seek still greater knowledge,
The time has come we now can say we are to have a JUNIOR COLLEGE.

Fifty years have rolled behind us since this school was started out,
Many times the clouds hung heavy and the devil roared about,
But our prayers did reach to Heaven and our Father from above
Gave deliverance from the enemy through His everlasting love.

Dear old S. A. S. we love thee and to God we breathe a prayer,
Still His blessing be upon thee, keep thee as the morning fair,
May thy future years be greater, crowned with honor and success,
And God's glory rest upon thee, keep thee clean and pure and blest.

—M. W. S.



Seniors

HUGH A. WHITE

Evart H. S. 1st. semester 1916
S. A. S. 1920-23
Battle Creek H. S. summer term 1921
President of Athletic Association 1921-22
Business Manager of "The Echo" 1921-22-23
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 1921-22
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 1922-23
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. 1919-23
President of Athletic Association 1920-21
Vice-president of Junior Class 1921-22
President of Philomathian 1st semester 1922-23
Yell master 1922-23

MYRTLE BLOWERS

Ten Braeck Academy 1915-17, Franklinville, N. Y.
U. S. Mail service 1918-19
Houghton Seminary N. Y. 1920-21
First Violinist in Orchestra
Olian 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

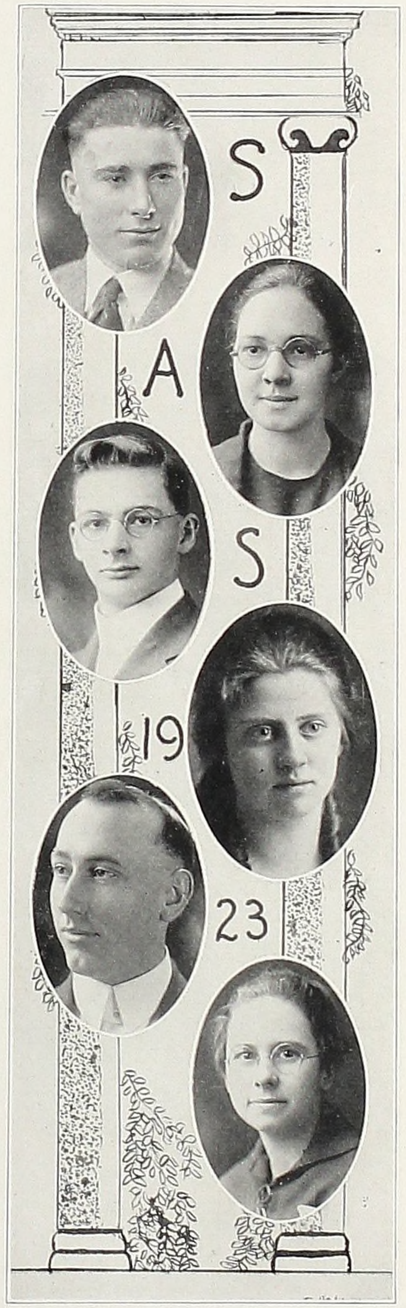
S. A. S. 1919-23
Class President of 1920-21
Treasurer of Athletic Association 1921-22
Secretary of Alethepian, 2nd semester 1922
Chorus 1919-23
Girls Glee Club 1922-23
Philomathian 1922-23
Treasurer of Alethepian

WARNER HARRIS

S. A. S. 1919-23
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 Quartet 1921-23
Athletic Association 4 years
Philomathian 1922-23



KENNETH WOLCOTT

S. A. S. 1919-23
First prize in Declamatory Contest, 1922
Athletic Association 1919-23
Soangetaha 1922-23

LOLETA BUSHNELL

Howell H. S. 1st semester 1917
S. A. S. 1920-23
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
Philomathian 1922-23

CLIFFORD FLETCHER

S. A. S. 1920-23
Ministerial 1922-23
Chorus 3 years
Athletic Association
Philomathian 1922-23

MABLE THICK

S. A. S. 1920-23
Chorus 1920-23
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
Philomathian 1922-23

HAROLD B. ROCHELLE

S. A. S. 1921-23
Treasurer of Missionary Society 1921-22
Treasurer of Alethepian, 2nd semeser 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. 1919-23
Table waiter 1920-23
Literary Director of Alethepian, 1st semester 1921-22
Substitute on Debating team 1922-23
Literary Director of Philomathian, 1st semester 1922-23

M. LUVERNE HENDERSHOT

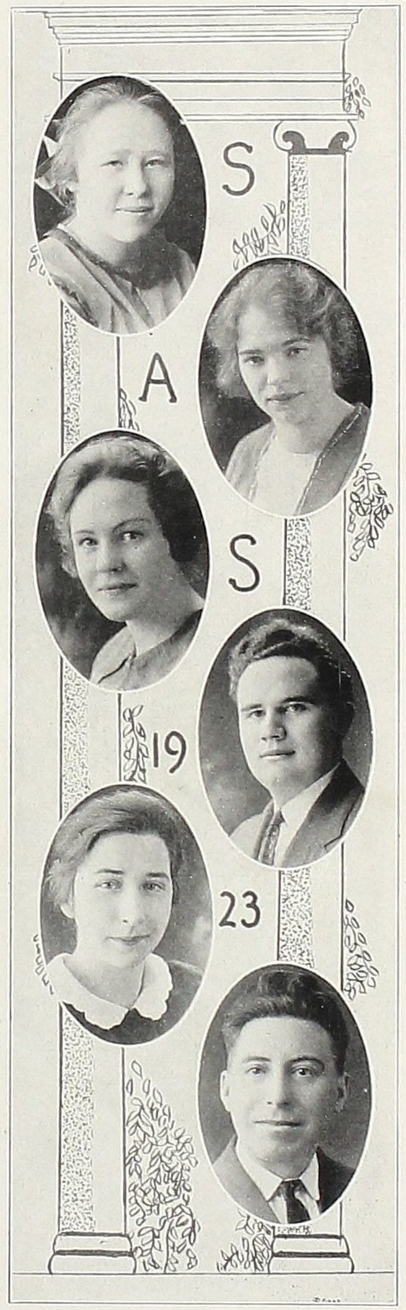
Milan H. S. 1919-22
Member of Mandolin and Guitar Club
Honors in typewriting
Chorus one year
S. A. S. 1922-23
Philomathian 1922-23

LYLE DAVENPORT

S. A. S. 1919-23
Literary Director of Soangetaha, 2nd sem- 1923
Chorus 2 years
Member of Athletic Association 1919-23

ORPHA M. KNOWLES

S. A. S. 1920-23
Secretary of Ministerial 1920-21
Secretary of Alethepian, 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
Belding H. S. 1920-21
Onaway H. S. 1921-22
S. A. S. 1922-23
3rd prize in Declamatory Contest 1922
Chorus 4 years
Literary editor of "The Echo" 1922-23
Soangetaha chorister 1922-23
Literary Director 2nd semester 1923

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
Literary Director of Philomathian, 2nd semester 1923
Male quartette 1921-23
Editor-in-Chief of "The Echo" 1922-23
Philomathian chorister, 2nd semester 1923
Boys Glee Club 1922-23

ALMA SCOTT

S. A. S. 1919-23
Sec. of Ministerial, 1st semester 1920-21
Secretary of Philamathian, 1st semester 1922-23
Secretary of Missionary Society 1921-22
Vice-president of Alethepian, 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

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

LEON COOPER

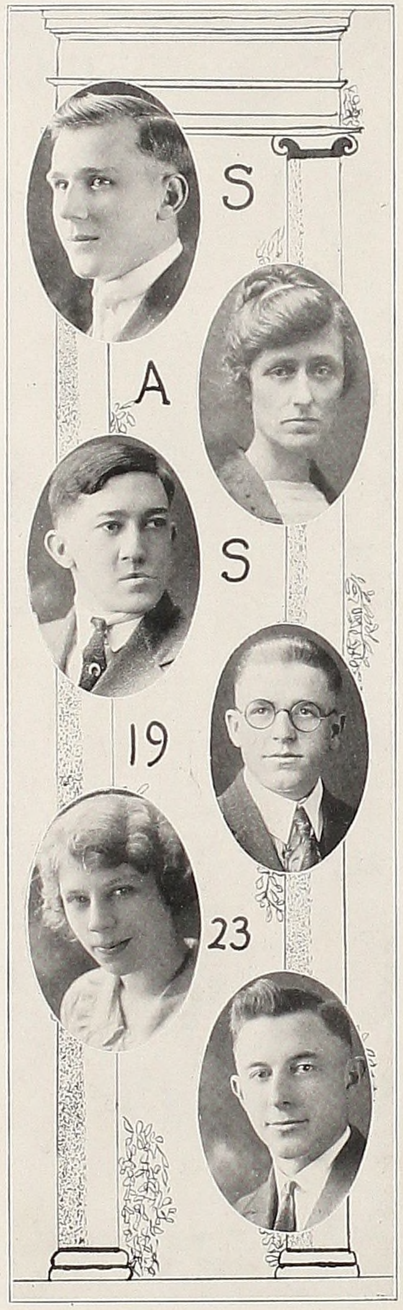
Horton H. S. 1919-20
S. A. S. 1921-22 and 2nd semester 1923
Athletic Association
Soangetaha 1922-23

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 are 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,
And reached the goal of our ambitious aim,
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 unmixed 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 ne'er forget;
As time rolls on in ceaseless years to come
We shall remember it beyond the tomb.
May God, the gracious and omniscient 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, likes, and acts from his heart.—AUSTIN.

Time with mighty wings is rushing onward. Time, Oh! precious time.—AUSTIN.

CLASS HISTORY '23

In the year of '19 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 *some* one 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 toil.

We stopped off for occasional wienie 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 guide, Miss Milton. Of course we were glad to hear this although we were sorry to loose 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 one this time who would stay by us until we reached the top. We chose Miss Alberts 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 through the wise providence of God our dearly loved Class-mate, Vivian Fletcher was taken from us. How keenly we missed him from our midst and how deeply we were made to realize the brevity of life! We always endeavored to keep our motto in view and often times when we were tempted to be discouraged with our work the voice of a fellow shouting "forward ever, backward never" cheered us on our way.

We enjoyed a number of social gatherings along the way. One of our members won in the Declamatory Contest. Two years of climbing brought us triumphantly to the third mile stone.

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 repaid for our efforts and chose as our motto "The higher we rise the broader the view."

Had there been only hard work and no play our journey would become monotonous indeed but occasionally we were invited to the home of friends dwelling upon the mountain side. We were delighted to spend an evening at the home of one of our class-mates, Kenneth Wilcott. We were royally entertained by our hostess Mrs. Forsythe and after a pleasant evening together bade her adieu with a feeling of gratitude for the kindness shown us.

One beautiful day in May, as we were trudging faithfully along what should we discover but a beautiful spring of cold sparkling water surrounded by numerous shade trees.

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 for we began 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. There were 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 has never spoken of leaving 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.

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 fight.

Life of the stronger
  Toiler asks
That he shall bear
  The heavier tasks.

The mind with knowledge
  Richly graced
Must give it out
  Or it is waste.

The flags of life
  Are never furled;
Who can and Won't
  Betrays the world.

—R. H.

CLASS PROPHECY OF '23

W—I see you are 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 so 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 that were planning on taking up business as a profession while at Spring Arbor.

W—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 Winans. 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 Thick, 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 but because of household duties was unable to come. 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 Lyle 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. I was noticing a while back in the Free Methodist paper on the advertising page that Burton Andrews is President of our School at Greenville and among the faculty of this fall is Lillian Pretty, teacher of English and Ruth Parkinson teacher of History.

W—In speaking of other classmates at the Alumni, I saw Luverne Hendershot. She introduced me to her husband who has a large dairy farm near Milan. In an inquiry about Kenneth Wolcott I was surprised to hear that he is captain of one of our largest passenger ships through the new St. Lawrence ship canal and the rest of his route is to the ports of South America. The project, since completed is proving feasible in every way. As he wrote home he spoke about his talk with Miss Cone while on one of his trips. She was returning from Beunos Aires, formerly a county school commissioner in Southern Argentina. Myrtle Blowers resides at Spring Arbor and her husband runs a new store there which is a confectionary and bakery combined. Clifford Fletcher is carrying on his father's business as store keeper and has erected a much larger store than the former one. Elmer Buhl, you know, went as a missionary to China about four years ago, but I have not heard

anything from him since. You remember that fellow we called our class clown or Roland Hamilton, he is now an ambassador to France. Loleta Bushnell was also at the Alumni. She said that she was going to the new work which the Free Methodist denomination had started in Belgium. She was intending to go with her sister. They expected to teach school a couple of years before leaving.

O—Well, it is surprising how things change in ten years and I am glad for each one of our classmates that nothing very serious as yet has happened to them.

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, hideous rhyme.
In the mystic night of death is framed
That hopeless wail of a soul unclaimed,
As a Banshie's quivering wail is gone
From the great white tomb to the dread beyond,
Falling, shrieking its own death-knell
Through the burning halls of a devilish hell.
So, rising, falling, that wild, mad cry
Of a soul ungrown, 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, 1922. 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.

To wind up the evening with its games, the ones who were the best qualified for the offices were called to another room and after a recess of time we were permitted to see them give a mock faculty in chapel, each one playing his part perfectly.

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.

RECESSIONAL

Oh Campus Trees of Evergreen!
When midnight moon plays o'er your leaves;
Or thru your mass, an emerald sheen
The noonday sun in splendor 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 heaven's 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 cleanse and fill us with thy love!

Oh Alma Mater! We would be,
Tho grieves the flesh with bitter moan,
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 mid smile or frown.
We will be true; we will do right;
We'll serve the Lord with all our might!

P. R. B.

Junior Class

Class Colors — Purple and White

Class Motto—"Not on, but toward the heights."

Dorr Demaray—*Honorary Member*
Flashes of merriment make the classroom cheerful.

Harold Stewart—*President*
Ambition his key word; preparedness his watchword; efficiency an asset.

Marguerite Ross—*Vice-President*
From around her face will always brightness glow.

Erva R. Booth—*Secretary*
Where simplicity and modesty doth abide.

Vina McLachlan, *Treasurer*
She would make brighter any sort of place.

Alex. Parsons
To be good-natured is a precious treasure.

Opal Payne
Sober, steadfast, demure.

Ethelyn Banks
Silence is a good motto.

Charles Williams
Why think? 'tis likely to prove fatal.

Hazel Mathews
Nature is her hobby.

Marie Sidwell
Quiet waters run deepest.

Fay Grinage
Nevertheless it's true.

Elma Lyons
What think you of this?

Howard Hyndman
Doctor—of shoes.

Hazel Sawin
"I'm so sleepy."

Merlin Dart
Sometimes called Deak.

Esther Buhl
Bashful? Oh no.

Mary Rauch
"It's just my way."

Gerald Zeller
An intellectual giant.

Bertha Kindell
Life is but an empty dream.

Mrs. Vanderhoof
Gentle of speech.

Ruth Bidwell
Coax me awhile.

Allen Robinson
Not robin, but robin's son.

Olive Johnson
Honor lies in honest toil.

Barbara Richard
"To be or not to be."

Gerald Thompson
Drawing—not his only talent.

Minnie Osterbaan
'Tis a woman's privilege to speak her mind.

Etna Shipley
"I won't tell."

Charles Hamilton
"I don't know, Professor."

Irene Mead
School became monotonous.

William Collins
Cooking is becoming an art.

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 resituated, we are not discouraged in the least, but on the contrary our hopes are running 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 taskes 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 flattening 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 and in our lives. They are viz.: Influence of Christianity through per--sonal 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 expansion.

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 retrograde, 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. These 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 unceremoniously stuck in the air. It was summarily accompained by hilarious laughter and intense screaming on the part of the lady-kind, but after a few tense moments the Junior recovered his equilibrium and limped to a more substantial anchorage.

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

C E. Demaray—*Honorary Member*
Quiet and dignified, and earnest in his work.

Chas. Caulkins—*President.*
Behold a man, to his work so true.

Violet Fletcher—*Vice-President*
Always a smile and never a frown.

Eleanor Ross—*Secretary and Treasurer*
Musically inclined.

Wesley Clayton
Vocalist.

Bernard Densmore
Our farmer boy.

Bessie Davey
You'd be surprised.

Alta Timbers
Cute.

Forest Grey
What's the style?

Forest Haywood
Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind.

Irene Holmes
'Tis true that she is much inclined to talk and chat with all mankind.

Claudia Hyde
Acquaintance lends enchantment.

Harold Hyde
Class Joker.

William Houghtby
Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Jr.

Marian Huffman
Just a minute!

Edith Johnston
"Well, I didn't either!"

Paul Martin
Who's more free from care than I?

Edna Noyes
Nature's greatest forces are unheard, unseen.

Gwendolin Denton
Mathematician.

Laura Dodds
Another day's coming.

Sarah Sines
Cheerful.

Lawerence Sprague
He keeps assembly in an uproar.

Frieda Upton
Hold the fort, I'm coming!

Glen Winters
Solid worth.

Howard Winters
Prof.—Ahem!

Elizabeth Zeman
Colloquial.

Nora Hyndman
Pleasant.

Hazel Meade
The "Golden Rule" personified.

Vincent Oddo
"Now let me explain."

Raymond Cox
Ornament of meek and quiet spirit.

Corrine George
Smiles.

Mariam Clark
Serenity.

Harry Fiddler
The workman is known by his work.

Mr. Knox
Our pulpit orator from afar.

Reuben Roth
Always the same.

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 Freshies and our brand was too conspicuous to be hidden; this year we have progressed beyond that verdant stage, leaving behind its "Cain-like" mark of blissful 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 e'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 Densmore. We were greeted by the hostess, Mrs. Densmore. 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 fire place after which we played many games such as Lemon, Lemon, Lemon and Three Deep out on the lawn. Mrs. Densmore 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 mascott, 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."

—"Old Fogy."

Freshmen

Colors—Old Rose and Silver.

MOTTO: What we should do we can do;
What we can do we should do;
What we should and can do,
By the Grace of God we will do.

JOSEPH MYERS—*President*
The man with an Iron hand.
EDNA FIELD—*Vice-President*
Just wait!
RENNIE HARMON—*Secretary*
Poetical genius.
CARRIE ROCHELLE
Short but mighty.
ORA SPRAGUE
From the country.
FLEETA BECK
It is time for school to be out.
MARGARET SHAW
Up in the "world."
CHARLES HAMMOND
Buffalo Bill.
MRS. MYERS
Still water runs deep.
GRACE ALLEN
Sharp as a razor.
BURTELLA MEHLBERG
Pleasant.
VIOLET ZELLER
A hidden jewel.
ROY LAWRENCE
Our Hamburger.
LESTER MCLACHLAN
In mischief he is at home.
DANIEL THOMPSON
Cartoonist.
PAULINE RANDALL
Gentle.
RALPH WHITE
Northern "Farmer."
VERN SAGE
Our heavy weight.
RAYMOND ALLEN
"This ain't like Detroit."
VERNON JONES
A long way from home without a "Bell."
GLADYS MATHEWS
Brilliant.
RUTH MATHEWS
Kindness.
LEONA MCGILL
Despondent.
HARRY HOSMER
The mechanic.
BURDETTE ANDREWS
Elocutionist

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 Genesis 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 out 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. Messeroll, 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 freshies
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 Houghtby
Yes, but we need more time.

Paul Chamberlain
Always happy.

Reuben Roth
Ready to recite.

Loyd 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.

Alice Lock
Slow but sure.

Edith Stewart
Exactly so.

Henry Leigh
Frankness.

Edward Boice
Always friendly.

Earl Jones
Quiet but prepared.

Ruth Vincent
Pleasant and agreeable.

Laura Huffman
Conscientious and sincere.

Steven Vanderhoof
Not time enough.

Wesley Mallory
Soberness.

Florence Marian
Has a smile for everyone.

Mattie Bovee
Why worry.

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 eats.

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 sound doctrine. Here these essential principles are constantly emphasized and there is in Spring Arbor 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 impressible. 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 shirk 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.

How many fail to find this priceless gem - - SUCCESS - - in the business world! 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.

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 epecially 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.

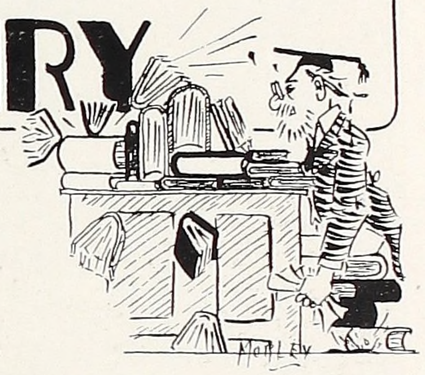
A commercial course offers you this specialized training. Unlimited opportunities are yours, if you only prepare for them. The business world will give its best to you in exchange for your specially trained ability. Do not expect to climb up from the lowest rung of the ladder, for you will fail. That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

LITERARY



1923

Literature as a Factor in Our Lives

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.

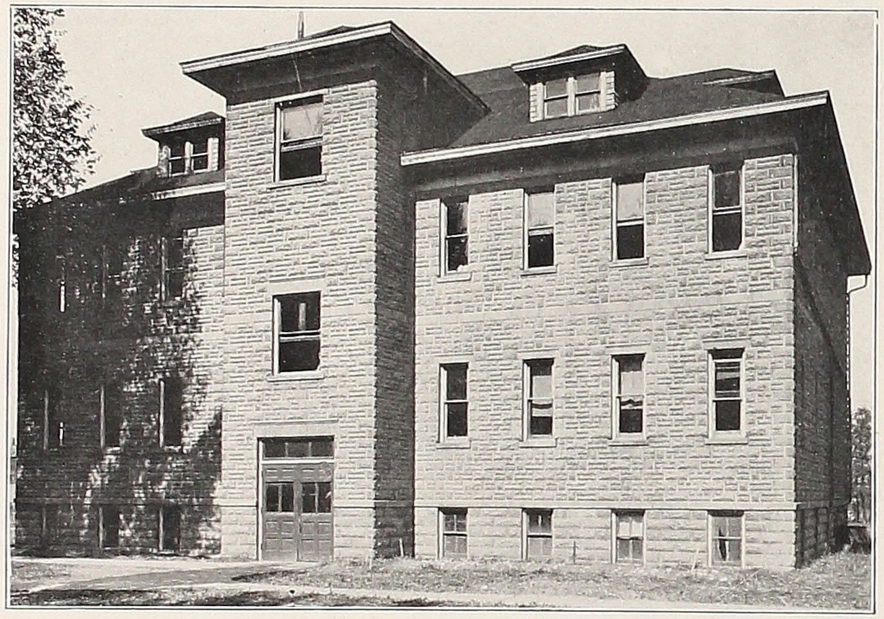
We study History for the purpose of learning our ancestors' deeds. Literature opens to us his inmost nature and tells of his dreams, imaginations and ambitions. We very often read for the privilege of being entertained or for the pleasure we receive from it. Literature presents the ideals of the past from father to son. People remember a lesson taught them by a picture or story longer than by ordinary facts. In Literature we have moral lessons taught in prose and in poetry. One lesson we learn is being content with what we have and making a success of it. 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 as to the other girl. The girl refused and told her to draw her 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.



ADMINISTRATION HALL

Truth needs no one to improve upon it for it is unprogressive.—AUSTIN

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 a winter long ago;
How the moon's half-light
On the snow at night
Was a scene ne'er giv'n to modern sight.
Pray tell me, was it so?

They dwell on the wondrous beauty
Of the Springtime long ago,
Of joyous hours
Mid new-blown 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,
Of a whispering breeze
From the Southern seas
Murmuring dreamily through the old trees;
Oh, tell me, was it so?

They sing of the golden glory
Of an autumn long ago;
How the woodland sear
And the dying year
Would bring to the eye of a man a tear;
Friend, tell me, was it so?

—L. D.

Philomathian Literary Society

First Semester	*Officers*	*Second Semester*
Roland H. Hamilton	*President*	Charles C. Caulkins
Hugh A. White	*Vice-president*	Gerald Thompson
Alma Scott	*Secretary*	Frieda Upton
Florence Emerson	*Assistant Secretary*	Geraldine Randall
Alenander Parson	*Treasurer*	Roy Williams

At the beginning of the year there was a lack of enthusiasm and interest in the Alethepian 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 unable 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 in the future which shall never be surpassed. In order to accomplish this a society must be composed of the material and talent that can be obtained and we truly can say that we have the material to do this.

Our programs consist of Recitations, Readings, Impromptu Speeches, Debates and those numbers that not only develops the individuals who are intending in the future to go in public work, but also trains the one who is timid in public appearances. It is not our object to place the skilled ones altogether on the programs but also place those who need such work to enable them to reach the standard of perfection.

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.

It is assured that success is only obtained by learning the highest and unselfish path of life which will make the world better for having lived in it. As our experiences deepen we realize that the whole earth is one vast incampment and that every man and woman is a soldier and that life is a battle and in order to fight it successfully we must obtain that culture which will enable us to be conquerors.

We are assured that every member of the society has this high ideal and therefore we have a right to be proud of the Philomathian Literary Society and may it ever be a success.

R. H. H.

We are descending from our zenith when we fail to encounter obstacles, we die when all is conquered.—Austin.

MARCH WINDS

Blow! Blow! March winds! Blow!
Let the sleet come with the snow;
Only blow the spring this way,
In your little pranks so gay,
April rains and flowers of May,
Sunny May.

Blow! Blow! March winds! Blow!
Tell the hiding grass to grow;
And on ev'ry hill and plain,
Where the winter's snow has lain,
Wake the sleeping dandelion,
Once again.

Blow! Blow! March winds! Blow!
Tell the murm'ring brook to flow;
Blow the ice from off the lake;
Cause the trout and perch to wake;
Tell the boys and girls, to skate
'Tis too late.

Blow! Blow! March winds! Blow!
And let ev'ry creature know
Winter's storms will soon be o'er:
Frosty windows, white with hoar,
Icicles hanging at the door,
Are no more.

Blow! Blow! March winds! Blow!
And wherever you may go,
Bring the springtime and the rain,
Bring the flowers back again,
Bring us April, May and June,
Sunny June.

C. E. D. '17

The man who nurtures his physical, or cultivates his mental, but neglects his spiritual is branded in wisdom's eyes as a fool.—AUSTIN.

'EN TOÝTOIN NÍKA.

(BY THESE TWO, CONQUER!)

PRIZE STORY

Representing The Philomathian Literary Society.

I.

"Ouch! Oh! Get over, you!" The voice came agonizingly 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 one-legged hop-hop-hopping after emerging from the stall, while he crooned over his favorite member:

"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——withdrew it——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. This he doubled as he limped back towards Major and exclaimed:

"Now, you big brute, I'm going to show you a thing or two! After I get thru with you, you'll be glad to put your big feet in your pocket when I come around!" and he proceeded to give the poor animal such a lashing with the doubled tie-strap that Major tried with all his might to climb into the manger and away from his tormentor.

"Chester! Chester!" an imperative voice rang out above all the clatter. The boy immediately ceased his operations, put up the tie-strap and answered:

"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 pet 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, smacking."

"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 load the wagon for camp meeting yet to-night."

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

"Oh! 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 the 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 only go to Spring Arbor instead! He would try to persuade his folks to accede to the plan. He surely would!

In the 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 boy.

"How wonderful it must be," he thought, "to give your life for others. To have those poor heathen look up to you and drink in your words!" The fancied adulation appealed to his youthful imagination.

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

III.

He went out to feed the team, after arising from the altar, and the big, noble, friendly horses seemed so near and dear that he could not refrain from throwing his arms about their 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 amity 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 recurred to him and a shock 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."

Instant and sincere was the response from the boy's heart: "I will, Lord, I'll do what you want me to do."

Thus Chester's life work was crystalized in his heart and mind; his great commission was handed him sealed by the words of the Master. But what of the means to this great end? He must have a proper education. Ah, that recalled his other intense wish——to go to Spring Arbor. True, he could only finish High School there and the Christian Workers' course unless————. Here a bright possibility occurred to him——Spring Arbor might, by the time he graduated from the courses already instituted, have the long looked-for and hoped-for Junior College that the Financial Agent was working so valiantly for. He made a resolution within himself to pray to that end and trust the Lord for it.

IV.

Chester rose and went back to his father's tent. His parents were waiting for him. He threw himself into his loving mother's arms and they mingled their tears, the one in happiness that her boy was

saved and the other in joy that he had taken his mother's God to be his God. The meeting between father and son was more dignified; they clasped hands, placed their free hands each on a 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 stomping 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 enraptured father made violent use of his handkerchief.

But joy does not always travel alone; it usually has its concomitant of grief or pain. The joy of the mother that a man is born into the world is accompanied by bitter, bitter pain; the joy of wealth is preceded or attended by grievous struggles to attain or retain it; the joys of the Lord coexist with the sneers of the world. A sword also was about to pierce the hearts of these two parents.

"Pa and Ma," the lad spoke up, "the Lord has shown me that I must be a foreign missionary."

Oh, the deep daggerlike thrust of those words! The man and his wife quailed visibly from them. The prospect of being parted from their own flesh and blood with thousands of miles of ocean rolling between them——oh, what a horrible thought! How could such a situation ever be endured? Oh, impossible! impossible! Yet——if the Lord demanded it?

"The will of the Lord be done, my boy," the father said brokenly, and, shaking his son's hand, he departed hastily for the depths of the forest.

"Amen," the tender mother murmured, kissing her first-born fondly and then instantly retiring to the innermost recesses of the tent.

V.

But Alex Benn and his wife were godly folk and deeply spiritual. Their consecration was not a whit recalled when their son informed them that he would have to leave them to go thousands of miles away to work for his Master, altho the very thought of such a parting tore their natural affections with a rending, sickening sensation that fairly turned them faint. They were reconciled to the will of the Lord, no matter how it might tear at the human affections and emotions. They turned in and planned with Chester; the Financial Agent of Spring Arbor Seminary was called in for consultation and before the camp meeting broke up, all plans were made for Chester to start in at Spring Arbor the following September.

VI.

'Tis one of those rare September nights in Spring Arbor. The laughing moon rides high among the fleecy-cloud islets in the star-spangled heavens. The perfume-laden zephyrs blow gently in from the uttermost parts of the earth and dally in the rich emerald foliage of the Campus evergreens, causing them to whisper and sigh among themselves as they toss their branchlets hither and thither in a delicious moon-madness of motion. The little birds twitter softly among themselves in sleepy tones as the boughs they are riding rock them a little higher or swing them in a little wider arc than usual. The stars shower their starlight over all, their rays picking out Boys' Hall, Ad Hall, Hillard Hall, Music Hall and Reception Hall sitting among their moon-shadows in the golden after-glow of this equinoctial night.

The nine-thirty, P. M., bell has just rung. It is time for the students to drop their textbooks and stretch their cramped muscles for a little while before retiring. A figure detaches itself from the group in front of Boys' Hall and wanders down the Campus until it comes to Senior Rock where it pauses and sits down. The moonlight reveals it to be Chester Benn.

VII.

Chester Benn had arrived in Spring Arbor safe and sound and according to schedule——and Old Man Homesickness was waiting at the station to meet him. During the rattle and clatter of the train, the boy had no time to think of anything but the varying scenery thru which they were so rapidly passing and the human qualities of his fellow passengers. But, when he descended from the coach onto the station platform of Spring Arbor, Old Man Homesickness jumped astride of his shoulders and became a veritable Old Man of the Sea——could not be shaken off.

"Ha! Ha!" the old man would gloat in the boy's ear. "What d'ye suppose your Pa and Ma are doing now? D'ye remember how they looked when you left them on the station platform back home? Ha! Ha!

How'd you like to see good old Duke and Major now? 'Twould be a pretty fine sight, hey?" And thus the old reprobate would keep dinging away at the lad day and night and many, many times, Chester had to mount to his room two steps at a time in order not to show the white feather before his fellow students.

But now the boy had unhorsed his unwelcome rider, tho the Old Man was still skulking around the Campus. Once in a while, the tip of his long nose could be seen or the point of his peaked cap as he squinted around corners or sneaked out of sight in the distance.

Chester had grown to love Spring Arbor Seminary and, as he sat tonight on Senior Rock, he was thinking: "Oh, if I could only do something to make a big name for Spring Arbor! Something that would call people's attention to what a very wonderful place it is and then more and more young people would be sent to study in this heavenly atmosphere."

Thinking thus, he fell asleep with his elbows on his knees and his chin cupped in his palms. Then the spirits of Spring Arbor came out in the moonlight and played around him and over him and conversed among themselves of different things.

VIII.

Don't tell me that there are no spirits in Spring Arbor for I know better. Some call it "atmosphere," others call it "surrounding element or influence." Well, perhaps so. But the Standard Dictionary calls atmosphere, "A force-producing *medium* by which a body is environed." Everybody knows that a "medium" is a dealer in spooks and so my point is proven.

Anyway, I challenge anyone to visit an old building, a storied spot or a historical setting and then truthfully assert that there was not an impalpable something in the atmosphere about them that seemed vibrant with the ineffable influences associated with the place in bygone days.

So these spirits about Chester were not ghosts but were merely the influences of past generations altho, in his dreams, they took shape and form. They named each other as they talked together.

There was Cut-up, a little Brownie-like fellow with fat body, spindle-like legs, a turned up nose and a stocking-cap on his head. He hung around with a taller fellow who had a cigarette perpetually hanging from his under lip in a precarious manner. This fellow, named Outlaw, walked with a swagger and when he talked, he drew his mouth around and talked out of the corner of it.

Another fellow was dressed with the evident intention of showing his bulging muscles. He was continually flexing his biceps or snapping his triceps and thus making his arms fly pugilistically. His name was Athlete. He had a companion, Sports, who was all rigged out in golf sox, tennis shoes, football pants, Jersey sweater and a jockey cap. He carried a baseball bat in his hand. His face and hands were tanned red from exposure.

Greasy Grind had a form about like a clothespin only his shoulders were stooped badly and his neck stretched forward in such a way as to hold his head in a perpetual attitude of looking for something down at his feet. The only way that he could see the stars and the glories of God above him would be for him to stand on the back of his neck. His companion, Forensic, was a straight standing fellow, carrying a pseudo-Websterian air of deep statesmanship. He carried a sheaf of notes in one hand and every once-in-a-while, he would emit a deep "Ah-h-h-h" that began at his boots and ended away up among the clouds. This was his method of chasing the "frogs" out of the reservation of his sounding apparatus.

The last pair of spirits were girls, both dressed in pure white and both with shining faces. One girl, called Prayer, had a wreath of thorny vine pressed down over her brow so tightly that it had drawn blood, some of which stood on her brow in drops and some had spattered down onto her dress. The other girl, Faith, carried a huge key in one hand while with the other hand, she kept a tight hold on one of Prayer's hands.

IX.

Outlaw came up to Chester now, put his hand familiarly on the lad's shoulder and spoke with a hoarse croak while his cigarette, dandling from his under lip, broke every law of gravity.

"Listen, guy," he said. "You're new here! Take my tip! Follow me and wear diamonds!"

"Where do you want me to follow you to?" Chester wanted to know.

"Oh, around and around! I'm going now an help a guy break de fifth rule. Come along an learn a thing er two."

"No, thank you, I don't care to go into anything of the kind," he refused.

"Come on, guy! Don't be a mollycoddle! I know a swell place ter smoke cigarettes an de Profs'll never get wise. We can have a game of cards there too an de boys have a little shot of moonshine hid there to put some pep into them. Come on, guy! Be game!"

"Don't listen to him, Chet," Cut-up broke in. "He goes altogether too far. Now you and I can pal around together just fine. We'll stack the boys' rooms out in the halls, get into the girls' rooms and muss up their things, play games on the teachers, break the fifth rule just a little bit once in a while and have a hot time all the time. We'll be dead a long time; let's ginger up while we're here."

"Aw, guy, wot's de use of goin' thru all that Simple Johnie stuff. Jump over in my class right off de bat an line up wit de rest of de flash guys," Outlaw insisted.

"Both of you fellows leave me alone," Chester demanded. "If I thought nothing of myself, for the sake of my parents alone, I would never be seen with either of you. Get away from in front of me; you obstruct my view!"

At this, Outlaw swaggered away in the direction of Reception Hall and Cut-up followed him, gamboling about his heels or leaping up onto his shoulders; from there onto his head and back onto the ground again and so on, and so on. Evidently, the breaking of the fifth rule was going to be an enjoyable lark.

Here Sports edged forward. "Now that that bird has shot and missed," he said, "I'll hang up another target. Keep your eye on the ball and don't let Umps call a strike on you. You want to score for old Alma Mater, don't you? All right, grab a bat and we'll put you in the line-up. What old Alma needs more than anything else to put her in the limelight, is the institution of games. Except rowing, there are no games we couldn't have here from dominoes to Olympics."

"Also excepting of course," Chester interrupted, "the comparatively insignificant rule against matched games with outsiders."

Sports had the grace to blush. "Well, that *is* against my plan," he admitted. "What we've got to do is to work up sentiment and knock that old rule for a goal."

"All right, I have no objection to that. Go ahead and knock it but I'd advise you not to use your head or you may batter your brains out," and Chester smiled.

"That's the worst part with the most of these fellows." Athlete stepped up and engaged Chester's attention. "They all have single-tracked minds. They go in for one thing and neglect all else. Now, I believe that a fellow has to have a perfectly healthy body to amount to anything. We have football, basketball, baseball, tennis, skating, hockey, and boxing. My idea is to indulge in these games only for the benefit of the body; play, but stop when you have the proper amount of exercise. Don't overtrain and become stale."

"How will such a *régime* benefit Spring Arbor Seminary?" Chester wanted to know.

"Why—why," Athlete stammered, "why, look at the muscles you'll have!"

"Who will there be to look at them unless I go around half undressed like you do?" This retort dazed Athlete and he subsided into the background.

"I believe," Chester flung after him, "that there are enough widows in this town who need their wood cut, for me to keep my body in healthy trim by helping them. That will be less selfish too, for others besides myself will be pleased: the widows and the God of the widows and orphans."

The clothespin-like Greasy Grind moved up and stood before the lad and spoke: "As soon as these othery gentry shall have concluded their remarks, will you deign to look upon the result of concentration and single purpose?" and he stretched his body up and his neck farther forward, making himself look more spindle-shanked and goose-necked than before.

Chester could not help smiling at what his eyes looked upon but Greasy Grind did not seem to mind.

"What did you come to Spring Arbor for but to learn? Then turn to it and I'll show you how to dig and cram until you have become a perambulating dictionary and a thirty volume encyclopedia as I am," and he thrust his goggle eyes up closer to Chester's face. But Forensic, coming up just then, gave him such a push that the pair of toothpicks he called legs got tangled up and he went spinning on the ground. Forensic not waiting to see the results of his push, went to talking:

"Listen here, old man! Old Greasy has the right of it but he is too narrow. I say, study by all means but you do not need to confine your studying to text books alone. For instance, you are to become a missionary; you will need parliamentary practice. That, you can get in the Philomathian Literary Society.

"You will need drilling in articulation, accentuation and enunciation to become a

good speaker. Enter the Declamatory and Oratorical contests and, presto! you have it. Last, but not least by any means, in order to appear before the public to advantage, you must have a good presence and be nimble-witted. Try for our interscholastic debating team. Thus, you will become a great man in your line and will help to raise your Alma Mater to higher heights. And remember, I'm backing you every step of the way."

"I'm with you, Forensic," the boy cried. "You're the first one to talk sense tonight," and he made a grab for Forensic's hand. He missed the hand but slipped off of Senior Rock and awoke. As he lay there a moment, he heard a familiar sound among the exergreens: "Ah-h-h-h——from low to high——the soughing of the wind among the branches.

"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!"

X.

The declamation 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. Chester by hard work, had made the team and to-night had been the first try-out. It was now over but it left the boy heartsick with chagrin and mortification. Who has not had the same experience, when the speech would not go the way it was intended to go?

Until the last of the crowd left, he was around among them smiling and confident-appearing. But when the last one had left, when the lights had been turned out in the Chapel, then did the humiliated lad take his faltering course out to Senior Rock and dejectedly drop himself upon it. Here he gave his emotions over to biting, gnawing soul-anguish.

The question debated to-night had been the same question that would be debated by all of the teams until a final winning or champion team would be declared. It was: Resolved that a lakes to ocean deep waterway should be jointly constructed by the United States and Canada in the St. Lawrence River. Spring Arbor had upheld the negative side this evening.

Chester and his colleagues gave three main arguments against the proposition: 1st, a better plan, to wit: to enlarge and deepen the New York Barge Canal to accommodate ocean going traffic; 2nd, the center of world exchange would be moved from New York to Montreal; 3rd, red war might possibly break out between Canada or England and the United States at any moment and the deep waterway would open up our very heart to the battleships of the enemy.

Fatigued by the excitement and the later turmoil of his emotions, Chester fell asleep with his chin in his cupped palms and his elbows on his knees.

XI.

When his eyelids dropped shut in slumber, almost at once the boy saw Forensic come staggering towards him, mopping his face with a big bandanna handkerchief and tossing his arms helplessly toward the heavens. When he saw that the lad was watching him, Forensic tried to nonchalantly give his old familiar battlecry, "Ah-h-h-h-h," from deep base to falsetto but it fell flat. He dropped in front of Chester and sat cross-legged like a Turk.

"Well, Chet, old man," he whined, "you certainly cut out my work for me to-night, didn't you? I never worked in all my life like I had to to-night. I threw about fourteen bushels of dust into your opponents' eyes so that you could get away with your line. Then I had to dodge around and get between the judges and the visitors so that the judges couldn't see them when it came time to render a decision. "I'm clean tuckered, I'll say!" and again he mopped his face with melancholy completeness.

"I don't know why my speech took the course that it did tonight," Chester defended himself, "I had it all right before the debate and then, when I got up there, it seemed to get away from me."

"I'll say it goes away from you——and it almost ran me down in the bargain! Nimble footwork is all that saved me.

"I expected to have to throw some dust when the main points were brought out for the negative for, poor as they are, they are the best that can be put forward against the project. If I could blind them, they would fail to see that even if the Barge Canal was developed, we should still be at the mercy of Canada for the Welland Canal, the use of which would be necessary for us to get our boats from the St. Lawrence into Lake Ontario. I intended to fix them so that they wouldn't retort that the next war will most certainly be fought in the air and so will not depend on waterways or battleships. I thought that they could be made to overlook the comeback, that the center of exchange is only where

the largest gold reserve is. But I never figured that you and your colleagues would come up there without a single authority. See what mammoth odds I had to face!

"That was hard enough, but then you had to come along with your line! Whew-w-w-w-w!" and he mopped his face anew. "I'm just about all in!"

"I'm awfully sorry." This was said from the boy's heart too.

Forensic did not heed the interruption but continued his complaint: "I'll never forget it——never——the way you brought the good old ship Titanic from mid-Atlantic into the St. Lawrence River to sink her afresh as an argument that the St. Lawrence is too dangerous to navigate."

At this Chester writhed once more. This was one of the sore points upon which his friends had rallied him after the debate.

"And then," Forensic seemed determined to recapitulate each and every *faux pas* of the evening. "And then the idea of you moving all of the custom houses from the United States up into Canada at Montreal was good. That argument alone ought to scare the U. S. away from trying to develop the St. Lawrence. Just think of the delay it would cause a cargo bound, let's say, from the Mediterranean Sea to New Orleans, Galveston or Savannah, to go up to Montreal and pay the duty on the cargo before proceeding to the port of call. And to pay the duty into Canadian hands, that's the rub! If you had only left one or two custom houses in the United States! But you moved them every one up into Canada, willy-nilly! Oh boy!"

"Don't! Don't! Forensic!" the boy begged. "I know just what kind of an object I made of myself without you rehearsing it all."

But Forensic did not heed the pleas. He wiped his face again with his large bandanna and continued: "It is to laugh! It is indeed!" and he snickered feebly. "Somewhere in these here United States, you started a coffee ranch in order that you might take our own coffee thru the St. Lawrence and pay custom duties to Canada before he might have the privilege of using our own product. Such a brilliant conception you have of international usages! Oh man!"

The boy had not the heart to expostulate further. He sat on the Rock as tho numbed while the raucous voice went on: "And then, contrary to all previous instructions, despite caution after caution, you came out with your bold declaration, 'I believe in America for Americans and in Canada for the Canadians!' You made this narrow, bigoted announcement, too, at just the time when you had placed our congregated custom-houses on Canadian soil and you had started the Canadians taxing us for our own coffee.

"Undiplomatic, Chet! Very undiplomatic! At least, you could have made your statement a little less sweeping; and you could have reserved a little space around the assembled custom-house where disconsolate Americans could stand and have the melancholy pleasure of watching the Canadian officials fill their pistol pockets with American gold. You rudely snatched their birthright from the clutching fingers of America's sons and daughters in order that you might calmly hand it over as a free gift to a foreign nation. Why, Chet, I think an action might properly lie against you for treasonable utterances. Oh, Chet, Chet!"

Here Forensic uncrossed his legs, arose stiffly and staggered away across the Campus toward the Stone Church. He essayed his habitual "Oh-h-h," once, but as it became irretrievably snagged in his throat, he shook his head sadly and wavered onward.

XII.

Chester was sipping the dregs of despair indeed. He had felt bad enough before but the light in which Forensic placed him, painted him as either wearing the motley or the dark, dingy robes of a conspiring traitor. He felt that he had been honest that evening; the only trouble had been that his enthusiasm had taken the bits in its teeth and bolted, thus carrying him to greater lengths than he normally would have gone. But Spring Arbor had won the debate even tho Forensic did say that he had used foul means to obtain the decision. A person did not have to believe any more of that statement than he wanted to believe.

"Fourteen bushels of dust," forsooth! There certainly was not any such an amount lying about on the platform! Of course, Forensic carried the inference that the most of it found lodgment in the eyes of the visiting debaters. That was nonsense, pure and simple nonsense!

"But," here he groaned and covered his eyes, "but I did make all of those breaks he accused me of. Those horrible, blighting, blasting breaks!" And he was so busy

(*Continued on Page* 86)

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
    Uusealed his sight as by a breath.

Long was the night; and from it came,
Yea, 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 to 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 till then beheld no sun,
    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 their great grace,
    And love that paid the price in blood.

And so we read, he followed Him,
With that first vision ne'er forgot.
Ah, well for those who come to Him
When other visions waxing dim,
And other helpers hear them not,
That they for aye 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 gaze 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,
Feet 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 yet the mumuring crowd,
But deaf as well as blind today,
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 upstarts
To hinder them who cry to Thee.

And do Thou yet in might stand still,
And bid 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.

The Soangetaha Literary Society

First Semester	*Officers*	*Second Semester*
Burton A. Andrews	*President*	Harold E. Stewart
Harold E. Stewart	*Vice-President*	Warner C. Harris
Myrtle Blowers	*Secretary*	Edna Noyes
Vina McLachlan	*Assistant Secretary*	Irene Holmes
James Hamilton	*Treasurer*	Harold B. Rochelle

The purpose of this Literary Society is to make each member capable of appearing before an audience and expressing with readiness and ease, that which he has to say.

Let us compare the Soangetaha Literary Society to a tree—The Tree of Knowledge. Through the nursery of our institution, we are endeavoring to bring forth a tree that will stand through all the storms that might come its way, and bring forth fruit that will hang until it is harvested. It is very necessary that this tree have a sound heart and roots that are healthy and well grounded. We have compared this tree with other trees of the same kind, have examined it very closely, and have found that its center is not affected by worms. insects, or diseases which might either weaken it or cause it so nearly to die that it would become almost unproductive.

This tree is not yet of a great age, but it has a tap root which is very rugged, and a "Strong Heart" that will make it steadily develop until it reaches maturity, when it will become increasingly fruitful and productive. This tap root, our President, is proving efficient in carrying out the functions that are set for it to do by nature, and in furnishing those things that are necessary for the development and growth of the tree. Just as the smaller roots bring in additional nutriment, so the remaining officers heartily co-operate with the President in bringing this Tree of Knowledge to a high standard of development. The trunk and the branches are made up of the members of the society. In proportion as the number of members increases, so by the increased amount of sunshine and air, taken in by the leaves of the branches, the beauty of the foliage and the fruitful productiveness of the tree is augmented. In the plant kingdom, as well as in the animal kingdom, the individual members must have a strong constitution in order to survive in the struggle for life, or for a healthy existence.

As from time to time residents of the surrounding country and travelers who may be

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 Soangetaha Tree of Knowledge." There is no other like it, it cannot be purchased for it is of such great value that it is priceless.

—H. B. R.

"SED FUGIT INTEREA, FUGIT IRREPARABLE TEMPUS!!"

(VIRG. G, 3, 284.)

(*But flies meanwhile, flies 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 pauses on the brink
Of living Present.
Oh, the Present Time!
That fleeting, momentary span of life,
Which flits across our pathway, in its sweep
From those unfathomed realms, unseen beyond
That veil of mystery, behind whose folds,
Broad fields unroll their spaces to the blue,
Dim reaches of infinity; unknown,
And unforeknown, 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 interwove with rosy Hope,
Holds out alluring challenge 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 fateful cast
To seize upon elusive Luck, and shout
Defiance fierce to every adverse Fate,
Whose clutching hands with tearing claws exposed,
Would bar the way.
The Past is past and done!
'Tis gone, tho not forgot, with all its deeds,
Of good import or fell despite, passed on
And leaving to the Present but their sting
Or benefaction sweet, as haughty Fate
Decides; nor will their vasty purport change
Thru out the years: 'tis writ, so let them lie.
The Future is unknown: it lies before,
In all its mystery and latent fears,
Potential joys, and hopes of rosy hue,
That animate the breast of all mankind
With all their various moods; it holds aloof
Its secrets from the mob, whose struggles dire
Upon the brink of cataclysmic Past
Will never cease.
Oh, Man, who're thou art!
Behold and read the truth of human fate.
Man runs upon the endless belt of Time,

Which sweeps from Future, dim unknown,
And o'er the wheel of Destiny, which whirls
In furious revolutions on the brink
Of Dead-and-Gone, and dashed into that vast
Abyss, engulfing Past, down which all things
Of Time are hurled, no more to be repaired,
To never be recalled forever more,
By puny Man.
The whirling belt speeds on:
Its surface studded o'er 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 lest, peradventure, he
Should have a momentary lapse, should'st trip,
Should'st fall, and thus be swept around the wheel
Of Destiny, and down into the depths
Of dark Obilvion.
No, no; not so!
When Man silps o'er the brink of Destiny
Into the Past, 'tis not Oblivion
Which gulps him up with its obscurity,
Or sinks without a trace its victim, doomed
To leave the madly whirring belt of Time,
And disappear forever from the sphere
Of earthly action all: No, no, 'tis Death,
That snatches man into his cold embrace
And thrusts him, nathless, thru the wicket gate,
Which leads into that broad expanse of space,
That bounds Eternity.
Stop, Mortal Man!
Consider well thine awful plight, if thou
Shalt come all unprepared into that Land,
To stand before the Judge of all the Earth,
With nothing in thy hands but pebbles base,
And undesirable, to recommend
Thee to thy God. What then, base Man, thy doom?
Oh, think before you die! Oh, pause and think
Of Hell——its bitter pangs; its sharp remorse;
Its endless, everlasting flames of Death;
That death which never, never dies, but lives
In death, and dies in life forever more——
Thru vast Eternity.
But choose, oh Man;
Oh, choose those trophies rare, those precious jewels,
Which lie before thine eyes, which are at hand——
A cup of water here; a pleasant word,
A happy smile to cheer some downcast heart;
A helping hand outstretched to fallen ones,
Who have been trampled, bleeding, in the dust;
A tender prayer to save some precious soul,
Which, struggling in the slough of sin and shame,
Sees naught ahead but black despair, and woe,
And hopeless death——Bring these, oh blood-bought man,
And lay them at thy Savior's blessed feet,
Together with thy heart of perfect love,
And thou shalt live and love and sing and shout
For aye, with Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

—P. R. B.

Spring Arbor Seminary as a Bible School

Rev. J. G. Fortress, Pastor of Spring Arbor

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); not because it has the largest enrollment of students, for it has not; not because it is financially strong, for it is not; not because it has fine and large buildings, for it has not. Spring Arbor Seminary stands among the best schools of our country because its main text book is the "Bible." All other subjects taught in this school are of a secondary nature; this is only as it should be for there can be no real education without a knowledge of the Bible.

A knowledge of the Bible does not mean a plea for ignorance on other subjects. The Sacred Writings themselves are altogether in favor of the cultivation of all useful knowledge, and its general circulation through society. Neither the Mosaic nor Christian religion are founded in ignorance. Notice a few statements from the Old Testament; "Wisdom" we are told, is the principal thing and it is urged upon us that we get "Wisdom." Yea that, with all our getting, "get understanding"; then states what this Wisdom is,—"The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." And after making all nature say, that it is not found there, yea, 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; no other branch of learning independent of the Bible is sufficient to exert a moral influence on the mind and character, on the contrary there are portions of the Scripture which seem to represent them as operating to the hindrance of salvation. "I thank Thee 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 deceit." Such philosophy could not be depended upon to conquer one single vice, or implant a single principle of virtue, and therefore he pronounces it to be "Vain deceit." 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, Cicero and Cato patterns of morality 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. Where there is no Bible with its influence we cannot expect a high standard of morals. No doubt this is the reason of the low standard of morals in our schools of the present day. When the Bible is eliminated from the schools we may look for morals but we look in vain. The "Flood gates" have been lifted and all kinds of vice and crime comes rushing in upon us. No wonder the teaching of evolution is prevalent, no wonder dancing is taught in our public schools, no wonder pride and indecent dressing is seen everywhere, no wonder the world is rushing hellward, there is nothing to stop it; there is only one remedy, Back to the Bible.

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 evolution is held in derision; a school where only Christian teachers are employed, a school that is contending for the "Faith once delivered to the saints."

Rev. J. G. Fortress, *Pastor Spring Arbor.*

Ministerial Association

First Semester	*Officers*	*Second Semester*
Glenn A. Hall	*President*	J. T. Meyers
Riley Heald	*Vice-President*	Harry Fidler
Loleta Bushnell	*Secretary*	Ruth Bidwell
George Marion	*Treasurer*	Elmer Buhl

Motto: "The World for Christ."

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. Lechman, and Ermon Weidman, assisted by Professor Miller. Since that time this association has been one of the most active and progressive of the school, 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-six.

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 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 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.

Street meetings are held in the near by 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 distribution of religious literature is another branch of work of the association.

Each member believes in being at his best for the work of the Lord, not only mentally but spiritually.

We are thankful for Christian teachers who teach us the right doctrine.

If we could only look ahead, five, ten, or fifteen years, we would no doubt see each one of our members out in the active work of the Lord, but each one feels as the poet has said, "Leave the unknown future in the Master's hand, Whether sad or joyful Jesus understands.

E. A. B.

Students' Missionary Society

META HYNDMAN ..... *President*
ORPHA KNOWLES ..... *Secretary*
ROY WILLIAMS ..... *Treasurer*

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 we have forty-nine members which includes several members of the faculty.

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 tend 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. '24

BIBLE CLASS

Theological Department

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 familar with scriptural doctrines, such as, Justification, Regeneration, Sanctification, Atonement 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 on 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 Bibical 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 plenteous, but the labourers are few; Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth laborourers 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 world the shepherd descended the hill, the sheep following to the fold. At this I thought that if at the end of life Christ the Good Shepherd would call me to His fold above, death indeed would be sweet and the evening of life would be truly more beautiful than the morning had been.

—L. P.

Life may seem rugged and rough but if we choose not our Guide, a still darker cavern is to be discovered.—Austin.

Missionary Band

First Semester	*Officers*	*Second Semester*
Ruth Bidwell	*President*	Ruth Bidwell
Ruth Parkinson	*Secretary and Treasurer*	Loleta Bushnell

"Come over into Macedonia and help us." We have caught the vision of those poor benighted souls of the far away lands who are born in ignorance and superstition with no one to help them, and we are trying to carry out the Savior's command "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel." Did not Jesus die for all or did he die for us alone? We believe he died for all and all must know that he did. We feel it not only a duty but a blessed privilege to give to others the same glad tidings that were brought to us at a very great sacrifice on the part of those who were interested in the salvation of our souls. We believe it is our duty to carry the gospel on to those in darkness. We are now enjoying the time spent in preparation and anticipation of our life's work. Of course we expect some roughness in our way but this calls for trust in God. In order that we may be more effectual workers in the Lord's vineyard he has brought us to Spring Arbor Seminary and here He is giving us some very valuable training, for Christian work. One of the means by which He is doing this is the Missionary Band. This is an organization of Christian students most of whom feel called of God to some kind of Missionary work either home or foreign, while others who are deeply interested in missionary work are eligible as members.

The purpose of this organization is to enable its members to gain a better knowledge of the qualifications of missionaries: to come in touch with the missionaries now in the fields: by direct communication and to study the lives of the most successful ones.

The Band holds its meetings each Tuesday from 7:00 to 8:00 P. M., except the first of each month. Prayer is the most prominent factor of these meetings.

The meetings are acknowledged by all to be a great blessing and a stimulus to missionary work such as could not be otherwise obtained.

The Love of God constrains us to take the steps we are taking in the path of duty. Our constant prayer is; "Lord fit us for the work before us and let us go as soon as possible." Thank God He is answering our prayer. Pray for us. —R. H. H.

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, benighted 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 in 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 inquiringly until it revealed itself to him. The one object proved to be a small fishing tug and the other a large float 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 float 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.

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 marshal 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.

'Tis 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.

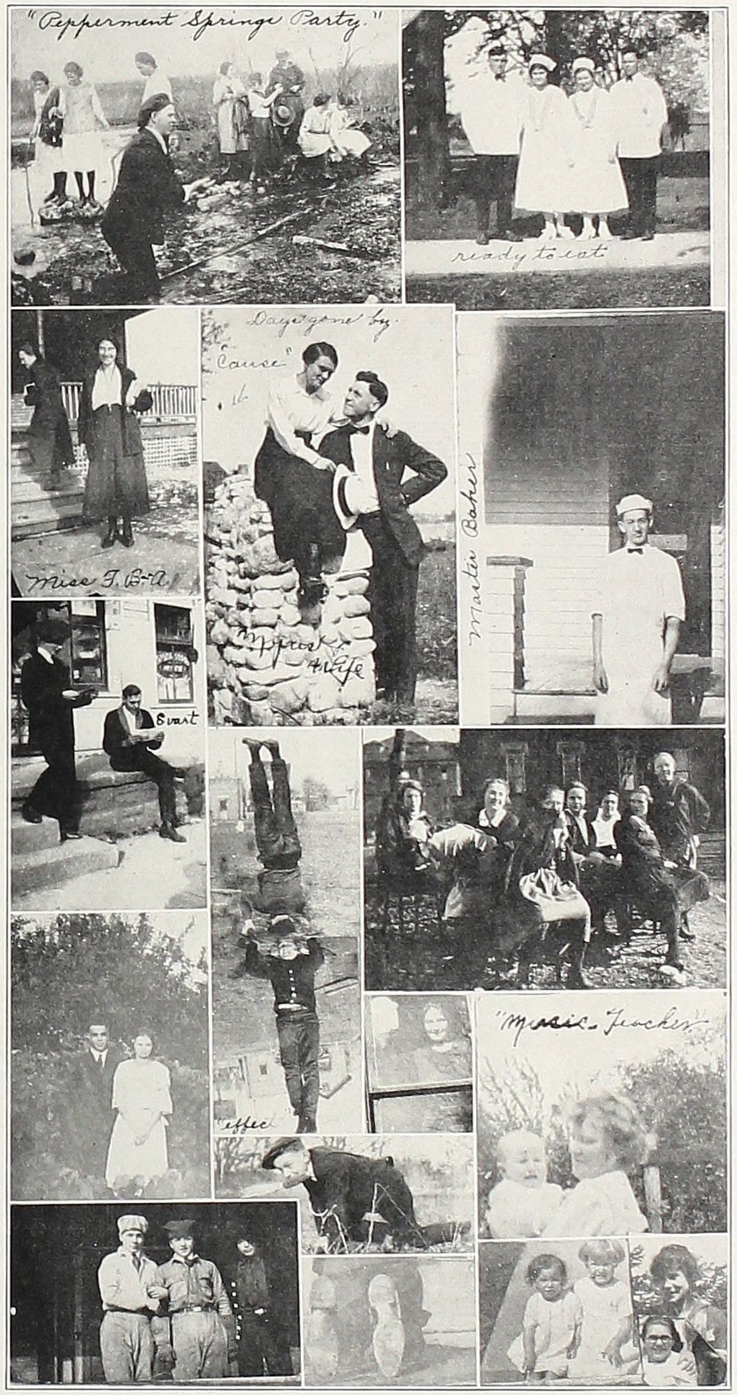
Vergil describes the ancient Trojans disembarking upon the island of Sicily and searching for an element of flame in the crevices of the rocks, and having secured the object of their search, they proceeded to kindle a fire upon which to burn their sacrifices offered to the gods for safety during their 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 unutilized piece of flint, never fulfilling the most useful purpose of which it was capable.

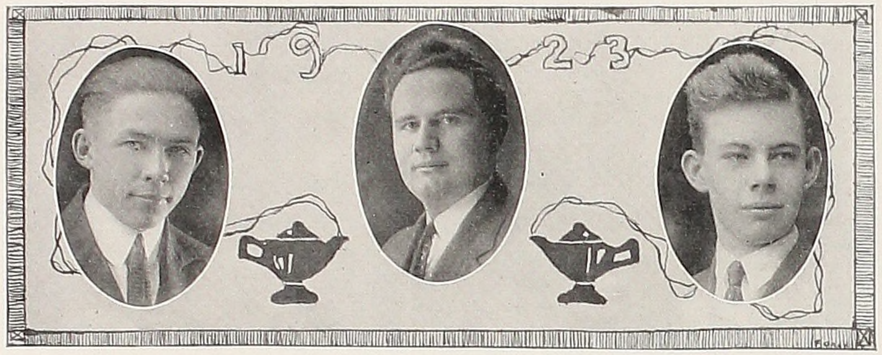
The fact of reproduction and development is significantly apparent in all genera and species. The seed produces the beautiful flower, and delicious fruit; the kernel produces the teeming harvest, and assists in the sustenance of life; the mind imports knowledge, and strengthens the weaker intellect; 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 triune man truly educated.

—O. K.

Serve thy self in truth and thy fellow men will not suffer.—AUSTIN.





DEBATING TEAM

WARNER C. HARRIS, GLENN A. HALL, BURTON A. ANDREWS.

C. DORR DEMARAY, *Coach.*

Actions that do not consider the entire, are wild and flow only from an ingrate.—AUSTIN.

Q. E. D.

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. —C. D. D.

HILLARD HOUSE

The being that evades realities will find himself finally in a deluge of terrors.—AUSTIN.

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. The basement was a dimly lighted, dusty place, with cobwebs on the three small windows and in the back of it there was a

pile of broom straw. In about the center he kept his tools, the clamps, needles, etc., and here was where he worked.

While he worked, 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, sew it, comb 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 sallied forth on this particular day, it was necessary to go several miles because the surrounding country had before 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 sargeant 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 sargeant 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 morey 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 journied 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 up 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 slouchy 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 his yellow sunshine 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 declining sun sank lower the clouds became dark, and low rumblings of distant thunder portended 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 mellow light of the evening, a small house not more than three hundred yards distant. His first impulse was to go immediately and ask for something to eat, but on a second thought he inhibited that inclination for he realized that danger might be lurking about the little domicile. So, Ray began to reconnoiter 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, nor anything which seemed to signify that the inhabitants were in prospering 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, heavy set, woman 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-I w-want something to-to eat," Ray stammered in reply for he was somewhat surprised at being accosted in such a manner.

"No siree, I wouldn't give a Yankee soldier a piece of shoe leather to chew on," she very decisively informed him, when she noticed from his speech and clothes that he was a northern soldier.

"But," Ray protested, "you don't have to give it to me, I'll pay for it," so saying he proffered the golden coin.

An immediate and apparent change came over the woman. "No, I won't do that," she said slowly. "But I'll tell you what I will do, she continued quickly, 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 whif 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 came the critical moment. He gave a big heave 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 came to an erect position, he was congratulating and felicitating himself, in fact, he felt all enraptured over the fine, 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. "Git off'en the premises as quick as ever 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 that direction and he might get a little shelter from the trees. When he had gone perhaps, 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 and so 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. It didn't hardly seem 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 at 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 far off in Ohio. How they were all sheltered in a nice, dry, cozy, 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 face beamed 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, drowsily listening to the noises of the night until he was almost asleep and then he heard a faint, far away, long, low whistle from the direction which he had come from. His heart began to throb in his throat and he didn't dare to move a muscle, nor raise a finger, so acute was his temporary fright, for he immediately thought it was someone after him. In a few moments it 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 dreadful and terrible tornado or cyclone. The first whistle again blew its long melancholy call and was answered by the second, both being somewhat nearer than before. Then another silence, 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 constitution 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, to 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 how 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 cautions 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 soon 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. Now they were at the mill door, they entered but instead of beginning to search the place and to tear everything up in general, they came in and sat down. 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 feeding 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 ye. It'll sure cheer ye up and make you more agreeable and your vituals 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 off his vest as he reeled about. The woman was so exceedingly amused that in her convulsions of laughter, she burst the buttons off her dress and the noise she made in her hilarity almost made Ray laugh himslf. Ray had been lying very quietly and still, during this conversation, but while they were in this peculiar situation he suddenly got an idea that he would like to see this woman's husband. So he stealthily got up on all fours and commenced crawling out toward the end of the board where he could look down. He entirely forgot or else he was not aware of the fact that the board projected several feet out over the end of the hopper. He crawled out along the board, quietly, slowly, and very cautiously a few inches at a time. When they were at the very height of the mirthfulnss, Ray reached the point in the course of his movements where his avoirdupois overbalanced the other end of the board and he suddenly and indeed very unexpectedly took a nose dive toward terra firma. The hilarity of the two below was very abruptly brought to a termination and instantly turned into mortal terror. No doubt they thought it was an officer who was going to take the man into custody for eluding the conscription. At least the woman gave an ear splitting scream and very suddenly absented herself on the run, in the direction she had come from, at a surprising and perfectly amazing rate of speed considering her size. The man gave a roar that sounded like a miniature Niagara and took to the woods as fast as his legs could carry him. As soon as they were gone Ray recovered his equilibrium, being very little the worse for his fall. By the light of the lantern, which the woman had brought, he saw a large basket which he immediately began to search. The contents proved to be a roasted chicken, a large amount of yellow cornbread, a jar of buttermilk and in the bottom his five dollar gold piece which the woman had brought along to show her husband. The whole affair Ray confiscated and proceeded to use the same to his own advantage. After satisfying his ravenous appetite, he proceeded on his way Northward.

—B. A. A.

MUSIC STUDIO

Music Department

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 chorus, 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.

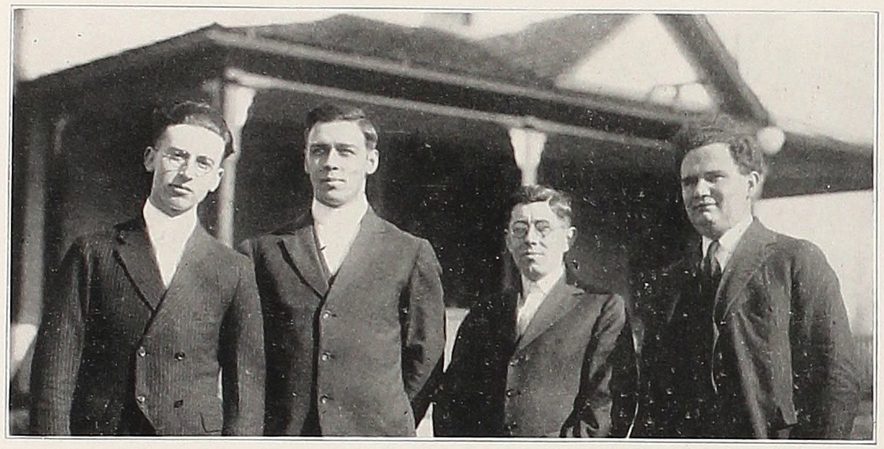
The piano students have rendered three excellent programs this year, one before Christmas, another at Easter and one at Commencement. These recitals have given the piano students the much needed experience of appearing before an audience.

—M. H.—E. R.

PIANO STUDENTS

LADIES' QUARTETTE

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



MALE QUARTETTE

C. E. Demaray, 1*st Tenor*
Howard H. Hyndman, 2*nd Tenor*
Riley H. Heald, *Baritone*
Glenn A. Hall, *Bass*

VOCAL CLASS

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 octets 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 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 fine 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.

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 Hall of learning stands,
Where the students meet the teachers
And comply with each command.

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.

And on a little farther
Stands the noted Boarding Hall,
It is also the Ladies' Dormitory,
Yet they dine there one and all.

And west across the street
The Principal's home you view,
And the upper story for the girls
Is used as Dormitory too.

And there they have the Business,
Hear the Typist's click, click, click,
And in Shorthand to make progress
Students must be very quick.

We need another building,
If we have great success,
We then would have a Junior College,
Instead of only S. A. S.

Just view again our Campus,
You will God in nature find,
The towering Elms, and sturdy Oaks,
The spreading Maples, and the Pines.

Our Campus greatly we enjoy,
We love her stately trees,
They do our hearts inspire
While waving in the breeze.

You see we have a Campus fine,
And buildings five have we,
Also students of the finest class
That one would wish to see.

The time has come when many
Must leave this spot so dear,
They will spend a while at home,
For vacation time is here.

—M. W. S.

'EN TOÝTOIN NÍKA.

(*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 sèlf-abasement.

Their voices reached him as pure, as soft, as clear and as sweet as silver chimes pealing out on Sabbath calm. They talked in unison even as they were indissolubly hand in hand and the very sound of them stilled the turbulence of his emotion. He was conscious of a yearning sensation within him as tho every atom of his being were straining 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 grounds for the purpose of founding a Christian school, brought us here and, taking Prayer by one hand and Faith by one hand, we knelt in a circle upon the green and formed the Scriptural two or three gathered in the name of Christ, in the complete oneness required; and the key of Faith unlocked the treasure house of Heaven.

"How that man of God did use us and how we rejoiced to be so used, for the more we are used, 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. We were busy connecting God and man for when students began to come, they were usually out of very poor families and had very little means.

"But they found us here, waiting for them and were glad. And how they used us! Not by ones and twos alone but in numbers, we would form prayer and faith circles 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 use us who wished to! Here was 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 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!"

"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 exercise enough. You can not tire us out; you can not wear us out; you can not work us to death. The more we are used 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 the 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 more and more as they gained the ascendancy over the students. They were so insiduously plausible! Greasy Grind came first and he made it so very plain to the students that, having come here at great expense to study, it was their stern duty to *STUDY*; that prayer and spiritual duties could just as well be put off until after the lessons were learned. After shoving us aside a few times at his behest, it became easier and easier for the student to do so until at last we have become well-nigh unknown quantities.

"The other spirits came and the students who did not fall prey to one usually did to another. You yourself, repulsed them all until Forensic made his plea and then you succumbed to him. You are honest, I'll admit, and so were the most of the

other students conscientious. It is only that you didn't stop to think. You became egotistically self-sufficient and did not ask for and wait for those leadings of the Holy Spirit which, if you had used us to have asked for them from Him, would have led you into all truth. But young people are so apt to think they know it all and are so inclined to rely on their own judgment alone that it is only when they encounter seemingly insuperable difficulties or when they become mired in the Slough of Despond, that we have an opportunity to talk to them and get them to see that the course they are pursuing is leading them away from, instead of towards, the Kingdom of Heaven.

"Sometimes we have to put the same ones straight time after time; for it seems to be human nature for a person, when he has once regained his feet, to get a new conception of his own infallibility; and again to steer his own course regardless of his previous experiences or the gentle insistence of the Holy Spirit and again to ride to the inevitable fall.

"Oh, that students would unforgetably 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 lead a holy life of usefulness and power both here in school and in their fields of labor wherever they may be. And after all, what better monument may be erected to Spring Arbor Seminary than to have young men and women, who are equipped to work for the salvation of souls, go out into the world as veritable firebrands for God. But they fail to see that the brightest luster 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. Use us and you will live, your holy aspirations will live, souls saved thru your labors will live and Spring Arbor Seminary will live and shine as a star in the firmament thru you. Neglect us and you, together with all these bright possibilities, shall die the death."

Their voices arose at the last words and something like an echo, reverberated on Chester's heartstrings in stirring command: "By these two, conquer! By these two conquer! By these two conquer!" He instantly thought of that great historical character who saw the Greek legend flaming across the sky and by following its precept, won the world for Christianity. Chester heard the words and was as conscious of them as tho he had verily seen glowing in letters of fire which spanned the heavens, the words, "'EN TOÝTOIN NÍKA!"

"Lord, I hear and I follow," the boy cried and, falling on his knees by the Rock, his hands unconsciously sought a hand of each of the two maidens and then, how he prayed!

XIV.

Chester was startled by the sound of his own voice. His eyes flew open and some windows in the Boy's Hall flew open at about the same time and filled with the heads of boys who were eager to know 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 Jesus from that time forward, should be first 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 fiasco of the evening recurred to him.

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. 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 its God.

XV.

COVENANT SONNET

Sweet hour of Prayer, I will not let thee go;
I never more will loose my grasp on thee:
When dark my path, no light my soul can see,
Oh! Prayer, then I will breathe thru thee my woe!
Oh! Faith, as fleet as arrow from the bow,
Athwart my pathway dark, restore to me
Thy beaming brightness, never more to be
Obscured, but fanned by Prayer to steadfast glow!
By these two then, I'll conquer every day;
And very hour and moment, I'll draw nigh;
By prayer and faith to Heav'n; and storm my way
Up to the presence of my Lord——and cry
"Oh Lord of Hosts, my prayer and faith now claim
All Thou hast promised in Thy Son's dear name!"

XVI.

Nor was it enough for Chester that he had renewed his covenant with his Maker and held constant communion with Him. His nature was essentially positive in its workings and he could not forbear talking among his young companions of what the Lord had done for him and how his experience at Spring Arbor had driven him to his knees. By that natural affinity which flows thru the ethereal medium between choice spirits, a large portion of the more serious-minded and spiritual students gathered around him as a nucleus. They started after-supper prayer meetings in "Ad" Hall where other students came to be attracted by the gospel summons pealed forth in the silver voices of youth, upraised in love and adoration and supplication to the Lord their Righteousness.

Chester was never sorry for his experience with Forensic for it showed him just how easy it was for a boy to have his entire attention switched from God into a purely material channel and how essential it was, even in such a Christian atmosphere as Spring Arbor, to follow the injunction of Jesus Christ to Simon Peter: "Watch and pray."

The lad came to see some of the followers of Cut-up suspended; of Outlaw, expelled; of Sports and Athlete, "flunked" in some of their subjects; of Greasy Grind become "goose-necked" and hollow-chested, and he never came to regret the final choice that he had made. He found the two sisters of help to him constantly in more than one department of his life, for thru them, his mind would be opened so that he did not have to spend tedious hours over his studies but could grasp them easily and fix them in his mind readily; he could help and encourage a down-hearted fellow-student when the "blue devils" surrounded him like flies on a house-top; he could get a hold on God for his unsaved companions.

So Chester lives a victorious life and his hopeful letters home bring cheer and comfort to the lonely hearts of his parents; his bright, happy life is an inspiration to his fellow-students; his faithfulness to his lessons encourages his teachers; and his zeal in all of the exercises at Stone Church makes him a blessing to his pastor who counts him as one of his most dependable church attendants.

Chester says that thru the two beautiful sisters, he has asked and received the assurance that by the time he has finished High School, Spring Arbor will have a Junior College in which he can immediately matriculate and spend two years of the time necessary for him to be fitted for his Master's work in heathen lands. I wonder whether this will also come to pass as have so many, many previous promises which he has received thru their assistance. When any one rallies him on his certainty, Chester quotes the promise of the Lord found in Exodus 14:13—

"Fear ye not, stand still and see the salvation of the Lord which he will show you." —P. R. B.

The End.

March 15th, 1923

Editor's note:—

Before going to press tomorrow, it may interest our friends to know that the Board of Trustees at their session yesterday, decided that Spring Arbor would have a Junior College beginning it's sessions next Fall. A more extended notice will be given elsewhere in this Annual. The seventy-five thousand dollars necessary to the project will be a simple matter if we all make use of Faith and Prayer to call down the blessing of Almighty God upon the venture, spiritually as well as materially. Brethren and sisters, it can be done! "According to your faith, be it unto you!" Amen.

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 tinier 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,
Were carried gently by the breeze
And placed with loving care, about
The roots of trees, that staunch and stout,
Have reared for ages, in great grandeur,
Their heads into that sea of azure,
Where floateth now white fleecy clouds,
As sails far off upon the sea.

At last I hear, (as in a glen
I stopped to note the beauty
That in nature lay around me)
A clear and mellow tinkling sound;
And, stepping forward, soon I found
A little stream of water clear
That happily was flowing near
Among the leaves, that lay around,
Anxious and restless the ground,
Waiting for the cold North blast
To send them romping thick and fast.

I followed the merry tinkling stream
Until I fell upon the spring,
That, gurgling forth from 'neath a stone
Shed happiness on all around.

Thus many lives that flow alone
Half buried in the things of home,
Refresh the hearts of some, who need
A kindly word and lover, deed;
E'en as this lonely little spring
Made all 'twas near it, bright and green.—C. F.

MISFITS OR — — — — !

Thru all the walks of every life
Misfits are found, mistakes made.
'Tis always sad to view the strife,
Of men who's hearts draw other ways.

So many preachers don't succeed;
There's lots of farmers can't raise corn;
And oft' when cornered will concede
They shine the other's boots each morn.

Whene'er mechanics try to plow;
Or doctors try a horse to shoe,
It always fails someway, 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 unstained?

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.

Athletic Association

Officers

Charles Caulkins ..... *President*
Marjorie Doering ..... *Secretary*
Howard Jacobs ..... *Treasuror*

We consider the Athletic Association a very important factor in our school life. How much better we can study after a hard game of tennis or basketball. We believe that in order to make a success of our school work, exercise is necessary. Although we do not have the equipment that we would like to have and expect to have in the future, we enjoy to the fullest extent the two tennis courts, baseball diamond and basketball court that we have. We play by schedule as near as possible so that every one may have a chance and we are proud to say that the majority of the students belong to the Athletic Association.

We have had some interesting games between the old and new students this year. The new students were defeated both in basketball and baseball, but they are doubtless looking forward to next year when they will be old students and perhaps defeat the new comers.

During the winter season skating is the favorite recreation. It is needless to say that skating is enjoyed but Spring time will be welcome when we can again try our skill at tennis and basketball.

As an Athletic Association we are doing our best to take care of our equipment and buy new whenever we can. We are looking forward to the time when we hope to have a well equipped gymnasium and physical training a part of our school work.—M. D.

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, tho 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 silver 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 glimmered 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 whelling 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 "tho 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.113:4)
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 be 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.

There is only one thing worse than war and that is peace at the cost of the principles of right.—AUSTIN.

Historical Reminiscences

(*Continued from Page* 11)

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 lined 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 burden, and tears of joy all flowed at the same time. During the day and night some twenty or twenty-five sought the Lord. Doubtless Spring Arbor Seminary never passed such a day before in her 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, 1907.

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 50x80 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 $5,000 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 highminded, 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 $2,000 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. Mulholland, and G. D. Pretty, and in addition H. D. F. Gaffin, W. C. Muffitt, 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, 1873, 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 H. Stilwell, Charles P. Tiffany, David S. Warner, Burton Jones Vincent, Harold A. Millican,

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 3,000 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.

SPRING

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 thou bringest are sublime.
Ev'ry clod is stirred by thy 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, e'en through the storm.

C. D. D

GET A VISION

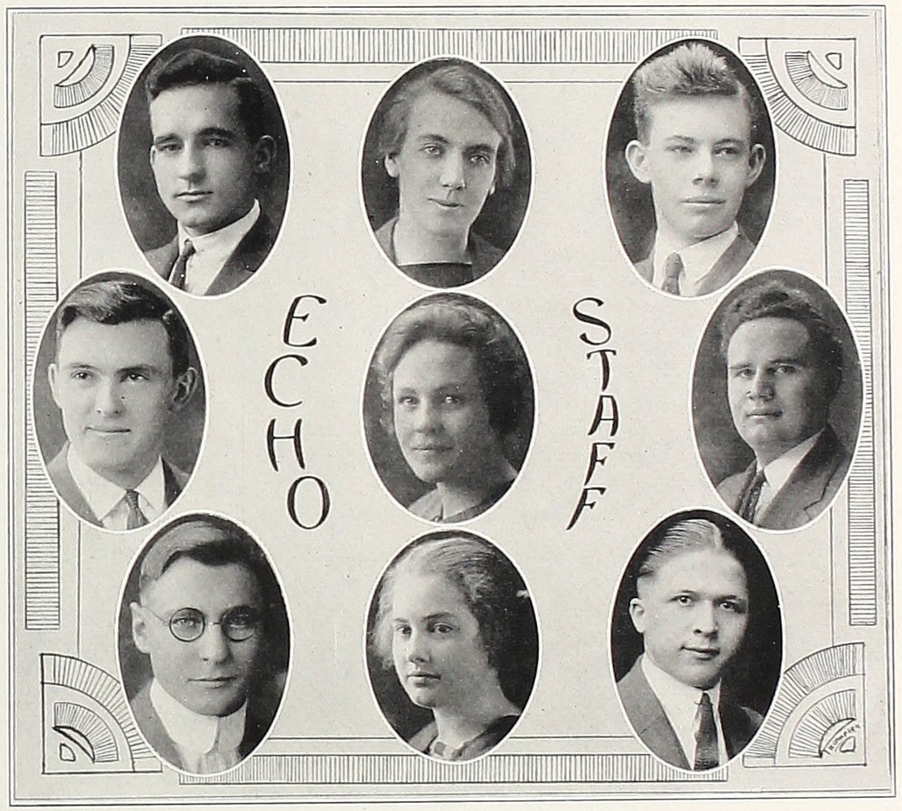
Get a vision, a wondrous vision
Not of the incarnate things of earth,
These have now almost destroyed us
But of things of untold worth;
Get a great and matchless vision
That the beloved disciples saw,
Of the High and Holy Being,
Which inspired them with awe.

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 glories
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 fi'ry 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.



CHARLES F. CAULKINS,
Assistant Business Mgr.

ORPHA KNOWLES,
Religious Editor.

BURTON A. ANDREWS,
Assistant Editor.

HUGH A. WHITE,
Business Manager.

GOLDIE I. HAYWOOD,
Literary Editor.

GLENN A. HALL,
Editor-in-Chief.

IVAN V. ZELLER,
Alumni Editor.

MARGUERITE ROSS,
Calendar Editor.

GERALD THOMPSON,
Art Editor.

FACULTY ADVISORY COMMITTEE

W. V. MILLER C. DORR DEMARAY H. S. STEWART

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 possibilites 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

Hugh A. White—Business Manager—sole leather	$00.009993
Marguerite Ross—Calendar Editor—ink	00.000004
Gerald Thompson—Art Editor—thought	00.000678
Burton A. Andrews—Assistant Editor—objections	00.000000
Orpha Knowles—Religious Editor—diligence	00.006666
Ivan V. Zeller—Alumni Editor—buttons	00.009000
Goldie I. Haywood—Literary Editor—music	00.001111
Charles F. J. Caulkins—Assistant Business Manager—lead pencils	00.009008
Glenn A. Hall—Editor-in-Chief—pen points	00.013540
Total	$00.050000

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 neath 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)

Alumni Editorial

In a conspicuous place on the walls at Spring Arbor hangs the legend, "Not for school but for life we learn." To scatterbrains it is meaningless! to those who think, it is the truth. To the mind of youth, life is a long and delightful journey; to those who have neared its close, it is short but weary. Not all who set out with high hopes safely reach the end. The spirit of youth is strong, and youthful hearts are buoyant, but the one will not last forever, and hearts that were young grow old. Only the strong can win, but all who will can be strong.

Within the walls of our Alma Mater where we were taught to be strong, the foundations of our characters were laid. Best of all, we were taught to build upon the Rock of Ages. Many have traveled on the old, old way and found safety on the farther shore. Many of us are only started but we are not afraid: We have built upon the Rock.

To those who become alumni this year we would urge that they build carefully. A life is not built in a day. We grow as we live. And when we cease to grow we cease to live. That great representation of the irresistible, Father Time will apply the test to all. He will try the endurance of the strong to the breaking point. "He will try the rotten hearted till they reel and break and fall." But if it be our business to build a life, we shall not be ashamed to have our efforts tested. "It is better to build a life than to make a fortune."

—I. V. Z., '21.

Alumni Notes

L. G. Lewis, '07, General Educational Sec'y of F. M. Church, Chicago, Ill.
Alice E. Evans, '09, Missionary to Africa.
David M. Wells, '11, Pastor F. M. Church at Kalamazoo.
Floyd J. Connor, '12, Farming near Spring Arbor, Mich.
C. Irene Doering, '13, Teaching in Jackson Public School, Mich.
Hugh A. Vore, '14, Attending University of Michigan.
George Kenworthy, '15, Farming near Spring Arbor, Mich.
Howard Tefft, '16, Pastor of F. M. Church at Evart, Mich.
Coral E. Demaray, '17, Teacher at Spring Arbor Seminary.
William L. Stephenson, '18, Pastor of F. M. Church at Benton Harbor, Mich.
Margaret Pretty, '19, Attending Greenville College, Ill.
Jesse Ragatz, '20, Pastor of F. M. Church at Silver Lake, Mich.
Elwin W. Cutler, '21, Pastor of River Park F. M. Church, South Bend, Ind.
Louise Hitt, '22, at home at Clark's Lake, Mich.
Joy Rauch, '16, Farming near Spring Arbor, Mich.
Harry B. Ansted, '11, Teaching in Greenville College, Ill.
Florence P. Dawson, '22, Employed by Mich. State Telephone Co.
Leon Voorheis, '14, Pastor of F. M. Church at Battle Creek, Mich.
Charles P. Stewart, '22, Pastor of F. M. Church in Alberta, Can.
N. Harold Lockwood, '21, Farming near Williamston, Mich.
Ralph Lee, '14, Farming near Spring Arbor, Mich.
Bertha Dodds, '16, (Mrs. George Kenworthy) Living near Spring Arbor, Mich.

Mabel Peters, '12, (Mrs. Floyd Connor) Living near Spring Arbor, Mich.
Esther Vore, '17, Attending University of Michigan.
Howard C. Jacobs, '22, Attending Spring Arbor Seminary.
Eunice M. White, '11, (Mrs. Wilson King) Living at Fairfield, Iowa.
Cleon Baker, '21, Working in Owosso.
Mary McLachlan, '22, at home near Evart, Mich.
Claudia Leigh, '21, Teaching in Wayne County, Michigan.
Grace Somerville, '13, Missionary to India.
Margaret E. McLachlan, '21, Teaching near Evart, Mich,
H. Edison Leininger, '12, District Elder of St. Johns District, Mich.
Charles Nelson Davenport, '22, Attending Spring Arbor Seminary.
Bertha Fader, '11, (Mrs. Charles Messeroll) Teaching in Spring Arbor Seminary.
Ivan V. Zeller, '21, Working in Detroit, Mich.
Edward F. Ferguson, '22, Attending Kalamazoo Normal, Mich.
Grace Vore, '20, Attending University of Michigan.
S. Hubert Doering, '11, Farming near Evart, Mich.
Ruth E. Cone, '22, Attending Spring Arbor Seminary.
Adin A. Davis, '21, Pastor of F. M. Church at Caro, Mich.
Burton J. Vincent, President Wessington Springs Junior College, North Dakota.
Marion LaTurneau, '22, Attending County Normal in Flint.
E. H. Punches, 1881, Farming near Linden, Mich.
Bernice Humphrey, '21, (Mrs. Alphaeus King) Living in Detroit, Mich.
Lura E. Davenport, "22, at home at Lowell, Mich.
Leah M. Ewing, '12, Assisting on circuit near Cridersville, Ohio.
Thurber Mehlberg, '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.
Helen Morrish, '19, (Mrs. Frank Ormston) Living near St. Johns, Mich.
Edna Baker, '20, Attending Greenville College, Ill.
Harold W. Loveless, '22, Normal Training School, Hamilton, Ont.
James J. Culp, '98, Pastor of M. E. Church at Boyne Falls, Mich.
Wesley R. Caswell, '22, Working in Flint, Mich.
Cora Dodds, '16, Attending Greenville College, Ill.
Merle Houghtby, '17, Postmistress at Spring Arbor, Mich.
Rena, Hebberd, '22, Attending Normal at Caro.
Fred E. Dodds, '11, Practicing Medicine at Silverwood, Mich.
Ermon S. Weidman, '18, Attending Greenville College, Ill.
Lucile V. Poor, '22, Attending Greenville College, Ill.
Frayne Robinson, '22, Attending Ypsilanti Normal, Mich.
John Timbers, Pastor of F. M. Church at Adrian.
Mabel King, '22, at home at Oxford, Mich.
Earl Fletcher, '20, Attending Spring Arbor Seminary.
Bertha Basset, '00, (Mrs. George W. Kiffer) Living at Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.
Mildred Fowle, '22, Western State Normal, Kalamazoo, Mich.
Paul Kenworthy, '21, Attending Greenville College, Ill.
Wilda Burnell, '21, Western State Normal, Kalamazoo, Mich.
Genevieve Parmalee, '21, State Normal, Ypsilanti, Mich.
Margaret Bailey, '12, (Mrs. Margaret Wells) Wife of Rev. D. M. Wells, Pastor of Kalamazoo, Mich.
John Baker, Business, Detroit, 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. Yea, 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 reckonings will be a miserable mockery to the soul, destined to plunge the undressed spirit into the fathomless 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. Puritanical 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 treatises on 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 savior.

What is 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?

Nay, verily. 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 grandest message of "Peace on earth and good-will to men" this old world can ever know in the advent of Jesus Christ? The most 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.

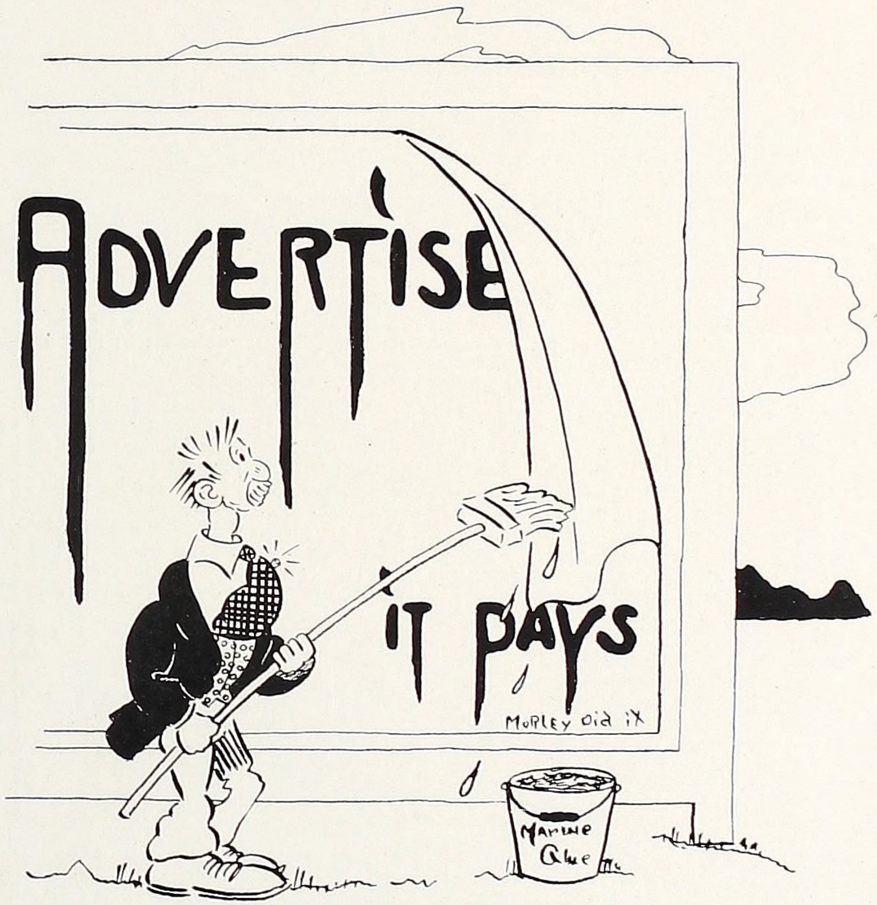
Is is reasonable to think we can train our children to respect law and order when that very law they are supposed to respect prohibits instruction concerning their relation and responsibility to the Supreme Being? How can we hope to instill obedience in their hearts to parents and country if they are 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 originally created in his own image?

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 schools touches far greater 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 co-operation.

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.

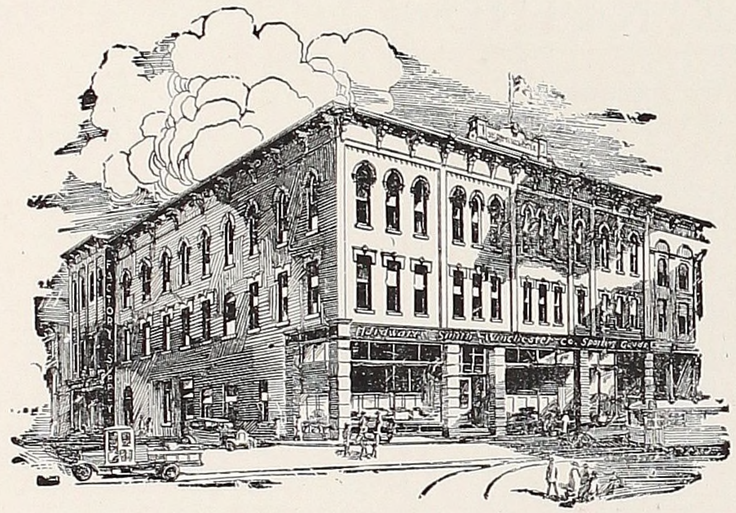
And so we see that it takes continual co-operation to accomplish the desired end. This is what the staff of the second edition of "The Echo" has endeavored to do.

We are very thankful to the business men of the patronizing territory who have been willing to co-operate 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

WE MAKE THE
BETTER CLASS OF

PRINTING

FOR BUSINESS AND
SOCIETY PURPOSES

CALLING CARDS
ANNOUNCEMENTS
PROGRAMS
FOLDERS
MENUS
ETC.

THE PARMA NEWS, PRINTERS
WM. E. BEEBE

Students Welcome

A
Christian
Store

(Just off of Campus)

S. A. FLETCHER
Spring Arbor, 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. 22—Election of officers of Alethepian Literary Society.
Sept. 25—Next day after the 24th.
Sept. 26—Small pox breaks out in village.
Sept. 28—Dr. Tuttle vaccinates students.
Oct. 1—First day of October, 1922.
Oct. 4—Just the "fourth."
Oct. 6—Harold Rochelle informs us that boards are made of wood.
Oct. 8—No church on account of small pox.
Oct. 10—Some hungry students go apple hunting—father leads.
Oct. 13—Speech in Literary, by member of faculty on "his mule."
Oct. 14—Junior class party at Mary Rauch's Mock Faculty. More fun.
Oct. 16—Annual weiner roast of the "Foolish Four." ??
Oct. 19—Speech by preceptress on Rule number six.
Oct. 20—Preliminary Debate—A paying proposition. Oh! hum!
Oct. 23—Downfall of china in dining room; O. J. slightly rattled. First meeting of Annual Staff.

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.

Compliments of
EDWARD F. FERGUSON
Western State Normal
Manual Arts Dept.
Kalamazoo, Michigan

Compliments of
SYLVIA L. HAWKINS
Vermontville, Michigan

Compliments of
C. DORR DEMARAY
Spring Arbor, Michigan

Compliments of
LEWIS SNYDER
Spring Arbor, Michigan

Compliments of
CORAL E. DEMARAY
Spring Arbor, Michigan

My hand is in the hand of my Savior,
And where He leads me, I will follow,
Tho I do take but one step at a time;
For I look on Jesus and He looks on me
With His holy, life-giving regard.
Oh, glad "Whosoever!" Even me,
Paul R. Bovee.

Compliments of
OTTO C. JENNINGS
Ann Arbor Michigan

The life fully **consecrated** to God and **filled** with the Holy Ghost and **lived** out in Service to others, leaves **no regrets** in declining years and gives a **victorious death.**
Mrs. Lucy M. Bovee.

Compliments of
VINA McLACHLAN
Evart, Michigan

Compliments of
LESTER H. McLACHLAN
Evart, Michigan

Compliments of
WARNER C. HARRIS
Spring Arbor, Michigan

Compliments of
FLORENCE B. ALBERTS
New Westminster, British Columbia

Compliments of
ELEANOR M. ROSS
Canton, Ohio

Compliments of
ELMA LYONS
Horton, Michigan

Concord
Spring Arbor-Jackson
BUS LINE

Courteous
Safe
Service

E. WHEELER, Prop.
CONCORD - MICHIGAN

The
Office Supply House

119-121 E. Cortland Street
JACKSON :: MICHIGAN

TYPEWRITERS
All Makes for Sale and Rent
CLEANED AND REPAIRED
ADDING MACHINES

Complete Line of Office Supplies

Compliments of
ROLAND H. HAMILTON
Detroit, Michigan

Compliments of
DALE W. FRANKLIN
Wayne, Michigan

Compliments of
RICHARD WARREN
Ann Arbor, Michigan

Compliments of
E. FAY GRINAGE
Shelbyville, Michigan

Compliments of
KENNETH D. WOLCOTT
Spring Arbor, Michigan

Compliments of
BETTY ZEMAN
Flint, Michigan

Compliments of
BABE UPTON
Toledo, Ohio

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
Ottawa at Fountain
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 Densmore'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 doin'!
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—Declamatory 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. 27-28—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. 7—Bro. Frank L. Baker begins series of Revival meetings.
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. 15—Bro. Baker closes series of Revival meetings.
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 ramblification by four elderly gentlemen.
Jan. 20—Down on the Lake, "Come in, the water's fine."

DAVY & COMPANY

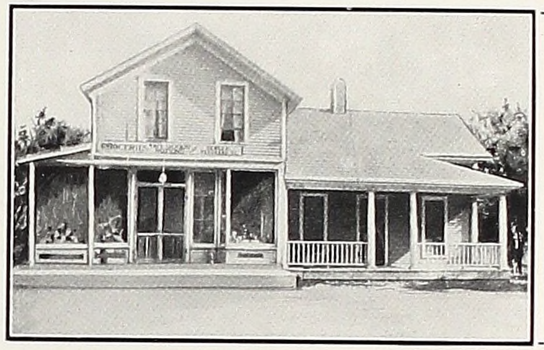
FOR
FORTY
YEARS
THE
LEADING
STORE
OF
OSCEOLA
COUNTY.

EVART, MICHIGAN

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.

JACKSON CITY BANK JACKSON STATE SAVINGS BANK
CENTRAL STATE BANK
NATIONAL UNION BANK PEOPLES NATIONAL BANK



Citizens Phone 5020. Also Farmers Phone Connections

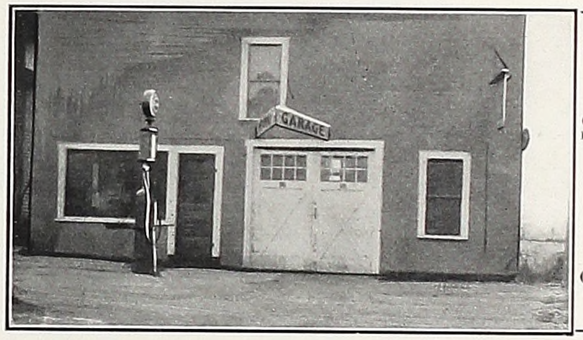
ONEY SIDWELL

General Merchandise

General Trucking

Local and Long Distance

SPRING ARBOR, MICHIGAN



M. E. KETNER PHONE 93

FORD SERVICE

Spring Arbor Garage

AUTOMOBILE REPAIRING

Tires, Tubes and Accessories

Our Motto
Service and Quality

Gasoline and Oils
Batteries Recharged

FEDOR--*Industrial Photographer*

WE PHOTOGRAPH
ANYTHING--
ANYTIME--
ANYWHERE

Also MOTION PICTURES Made for All Purposes

All Group Work in this Book Made by Us

314 Rogers Building Phone 3354 Jackson, Michigan

"The World Takes What Jackson Makes"

$10.00 Tom Grant, *Clothier*

$15.00 Suits for $10.00
$20.00 Suits for $15.00
$25.00 Suits for $20.00

Shoes for the Whole Family on Our Second Floor

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, Chairs—Cane, Splint, Rush.

ARCHIE GROSE

Bell Phone 2161W Jackson, Mich.

LESLIE & CO.

MONUMENTS and MARKERS

308-10 Cooper St. Jackson

CARBON

THE ROBERT LAKE CO.

Corner Liberty & Milwaukee St.
Jackson, Mich.

HARTFORD LIFE INSURANCE CO.

MERLE E. HOUGHTBY, Agent

Spring Arbor, Mich.

THE MARY LOUISE SHOP

295 West Main St.

A gift shop that caters to your needs for all occasions. Visitors always welcome.

Jackson, Michigan

J. W. McKIE

The Leading Cleaner, Repairer and Presser

JACKSON

143 E. Cortland St. Phones 407

Jan. 22—Mr. Messeroll is victim of a few (?) drops of cold water before rising.
Jan. 25—Girls steal sleigh ride—sleigh breaks down—all go in ditch.
Jan. 26—S. A.-Bellview Debate—Girls lull judges into forgetfulness—Bellview wins; score 2-1.
Jan. 27—Lyle Davenport studies.
Jan. 30—Finals—lots of ink wasted.
Jan. 31—Ditto.
Feb. 1—Rev. Caulkins addresses student body in chapel.
Feb. 2—Girls of boarding hall are entertained with a magnificent feed by the matron and preceptress—lemonade runs away.
Feb. 3—Chief cook and bottle washer takes his leave — — —.
Feb. 5—New Cook arrives.
Feb. 6—Preceptor's wife and Business Manager celebrate birthdays in dining room.
Feb. 8—Member of Faculty supporting *another* new hair cut.
Feb. 9—Teacher in oratory sick—nurse is summoned.
Feb. 11—Rev. Williams addresses student body in Chapel; theme—"Honesty."
Feb. 14—Valentine's Day—Mrs. White presents kitchen help with large sticks of candy beautifully decorated with hearts.
Feb. 16—S. A.-Sturgis Debate. Spring Arbor meets its "Waterloo."
Feb. 17—A crowd of sleepy students roll in about 2:00 A. M.

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

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 Recore Radiators—Expert Workmanship.
156 W. Pearl Street JACKSON, MICH.

Underwood Typewriters for Rent to Students at Special Rates. $3.00 per Month or 4 Months $10.00 in Advance. Portable, New and Rebuilt Machines Sold. **Underwood Typewriter Company**, 302 Rogers Bldg., Jackson, Mich.

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

WEBB'S DRUG STORE
JACKSON

BUY
YOUR CORSETS
DIRECT FROM FACTORY
A Wonderful Saving

Corsets For Every Type At Unusually Low Prices

Salesroom 110 West Pearl St.
Jackson, Michigan

KELLOGG CORSET CO.

Crandall Electric & Supply Co.

236 Courtland Street

Wholesale Distributors of

ELECTRICAL SUPPLIES
HOME APPLIANCES, Etc.

Jackson, Michigan

Printing Salesmanship

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

La Rue Printing Company
"The Hurry-Up Shop"
224-228 Francis Street Bell 2564

"Better Shoes for Less Money"

Miller's Shoe Parlors

Up Stairs 148 W. Main Street
Jackson - Michigan

HILLS GRANITE CO.

MONUMENTS and MARKERS

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

Coal, Coke & Wood

Prompt Delivery--Right Prices
We handle only the best grades

WM. J. BOICE
Phone 531 Spring Arbor, Mich.

COMPLIMENTS OF

LeClear Photo Co.

Jackson, Michigan

P. R. HUNGERFORD

PHYSICIAN and SURGEON

CONCORD, MICHIGAN

BEHLING BROS.

FORD AUTHORIZED
SALES AND SERVICE

CONCORD, MICHIGAN

DIGNIFIED JEWELRY

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

G. G. CASE

Jackson's Oldest Jewelers

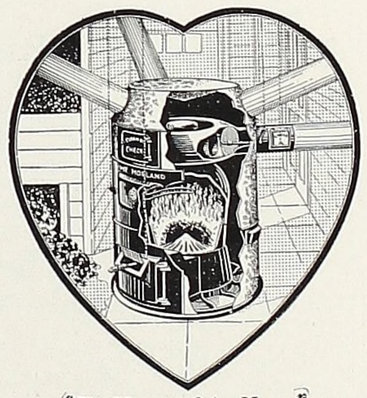
Cowley's

CUT RATE SHOE STORE

JACKSON - - MICHIGAN

DR. RUSSELL E. CURTIS
DENTIST
1 Merritt Block
Bell Phone 175 JACKSON, MICH.

Bell Phone 646
C. E. KERN
Bicycles, Velocipedes and Coasters
166 W. Cortland St. Jackson, Mich.



"The Heart of the Home"

HOLLAND FURNACES

MAKE WARM FRIENDS

The World's Largest Installers

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

Give us a chance to demonstrate and you will readily see why we have the Most Popular Furnace.

A. H. COBB, Branch Manager

OFFICE 207 CARTER BLOCK *JACKSON, MICHIGAN*
BELL PHONE 3623-J RESIDENCE, BELL 2870-W CITIZEN 66

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 A. Cashier
VIOLA KEELER Auditor

Invested Capital
$50,000.00

Thirty-nine Years of "Helpfu Service"

4%
Paid on Savings

BOYS If you shave yourselves "besure" and buy your accessories at
HOWARD BARBER SUPPLY HOUSE
147 S. Mechanic Street JACKSON, MICHIGAN

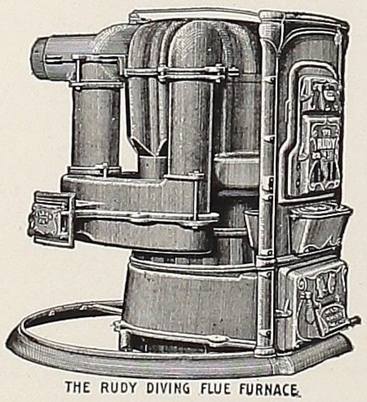
W. R. WOODWORTH

FURNITURE
Rugs and Wall Paper
Undertaking Looked After with Care
CONCORD, MICH.

THE CONCORD NEWS has been enlarged and improved with the aid of a New Linotype.

W. N. ARMSTRONG
Druggist and Veterinary Surgeon
The Rexall Store CONCORD, MICH.

RUDYIZE YOUR HOME



THE RUDY DIVING FLUE FURNACE

LEWIS W. SHAW
CONCORD - - MICHIGAN

COMPLIMENTS OF

Consumers Power Company

JACKSON, MICHIGAN

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. 24—Open house. Brooms in great demand.
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—Luverne Hendershot at breakfast—"Oh, where's Mr. Oddo?"
Mar. 14—Meeting of the Board of Trustees. Seminary serves ice-cream for supper.
May 11—Faculty-Senior reception.
May 18—Junior-Senior Banquet.
May 31—Primary and Intermediate program.
June 1—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.

Bugg
JEWELER & OPTICIAN
Lenses ground to Order
Fine Watch Repairing
JACKSON, MICHIGAN

National Shoe Shop
F. J. WRIGHT
106 N. Mechanic St., Basement
JACKSON, MICH.

Ask M. F. Cottrell About the American Life Insurance Company's Educational Life Policy.
Office, 504 Carter Bldg., Jackson

AMERICAN OIL CORPORATION
JACKSON, MICHIGAN

E. S. TRAY
MAKER OF PORTRAITS
Main and Mechanic Sts. JACKSON, MICH.

Arrow Clothes Shop
"CLOTHES FOR YOUNG MEN"
108 W. Main St. JACKSON, MICH.

MEMORY BOOKS
GREETING CARDS
PARTY FAVORS
GIFT STATIONERY
PRINTING OF QUALITY
The Citizen Job Printing House
Opposite Majestic Theatre
JACKSON, MICH.

Frederick Charles Mathews, L. L. B.
Notary Public
Legal Papers Properly Prepared
Rates Reasonable
Spring Arbor, Michigan

Get Better Kodak Pictures
Mail Your Films to
THE ROYAL FILM SERVICE
180 W. Main St. JACKSON, MICH.

Jackson Key Works
UMBRELLAS REPAIRED
PICTURE FRAMING
111 Cooper St.
JACKSON Michigan

The Right Garment for the Right Occasion
ALWAYS
at
JACOBSON'S
Headquarters for
MILLINERY
and
ARCH PRESERVER FOOTWEAR
JACKSON, MICH.

Smiles

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

Luverene Hendershot—"Mr. Demaray, what 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."

J. A. LaRUE, INC.
OPTOMETRISTS and OPTICIANS
J. A. LaRUE, Pres., O. R. PFEIFFLE, Sec., A. A. KENISON, Treas.
Bell Phone 275 Dwight Bldg., Jackson, Mich.

J. R. KIMBALL
CLOCKS, JEWELRY and SILVERWARE
136 Francis St.
JACKSON, MICHIGAN

Y. M. C. A. Cafeteria
New Management New Cooks
HOME-LIKE FOOD
Ladies Welcome
COME IN AND TRY OUR SERVICE
125 W. Cortland St.
Jackson, Michigan

THE HOME NEWSPAPER

The

JACKSON

CITIZEN

PATRIOT

NEARLY
EVERYBODY IN JACKSON
READS IT

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, MICHIGAN

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

S. A. WILDER & SON
Lumber and Coal Yards
Hal. H. Hungerford, Mgr.
CONCORD, MICHIGAN

WILSON-WAGNER CO.
111 W. Pearl St.
EAVE TROUGH, SPOUTING, TIN AND GALVANIZED WORK
FURNACES A SPECIALTY
See the New Weir
Bell Phone 1556-J 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?"

"When you get through listening your back will ache so you can't hardly see."

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 Heald—"Look after the little things, and the big things will take care of themselves."

Burdette Andrews, when asked in English class to give a sentence with the word "stationary" in it, replied—"The stationary engine ran rapidly."

Zoology Class—Teacher—"Miss Rauch, what is the third stage of the metamorphosis of the butterfly?"
Mary—Why, the grasshopper."

Heard in American History. Class—"We'll have those reports after the Civil War."

IF
YOU WANT TO BE SURE OF THE BEST, GET
FREEMAN'S
QUALITY
ICE CREAM
Bell 2729 JACKSON Citz. 292

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF WASHED AND STERILIZED WIPING RAGS

GLICK & SCHPOK
IRON AND STEEL SCRAP METALS AND PAPER STOCK
Bell 213 Citizens 676-K Office and Yard: 314 Michigan Ave., JACKSON, MICH.

Bell Phone 1074 Citz. 936-K
HENRY M. BURT
FLORIST
Greenhouses: Francis St.
124 Francis St. JACKSON, MICH.

R. S. LOCKHART
JEWELER
AND
OPTICIAN
JACKSON, MICHIGAN

GLASGOW BROTHERS
Noted
For
Selling
Good
Goods
Cheap
JACKSON, MICHIGAN

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 long 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

MEAT MARKET
CONCORD
The Sanitary Market
We Handle the Best of Meats
FRESH AND SALT
Home Killed
Shippers of Live Stock—Cash at Scales.
We Try to Please.
KING & KING
LOU RUSS CLYDE

Phones 1033
Jackson Farm Produce Company
Manufacturers and Packers
Medo Brand Food Products
BUTTER EGGS, CHEESE
HORSERADISH, VINEGAR
South Water Street
JACKSON, MICH.

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 over that part of the lesson."

———

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

Store Both Phones 358. Greenhouse Bell 2464-J
J. B. BLESSING
FLORIST
256 E. Main St. JACKSON, MICH.

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
Veduin & Shears, publishers
COOPERSVILE, 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"

ROBINSON'S BREAD

THE GOLDEN RULE LOAF

Jackson, Michigan

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

F. D. BENNETT	President
Z. C. ELDRED	Vice-President
A. C. BLOOMFIELD	Vice-President
C. B. HAYES	President Hayes Wheel Co.
MURRAY DALZIEL	Collins, Hahn & Dalziel
A. D. McBURNEY	Pres. Mich. Seating Co.
H. H. STILES	Pres. Jackson Corset Co.
W. B. FIELD	Pres. L. H. Field Co.
W. S. COBB	Attorney
ROBERT L. KENNEDY	Real Estate
R. W. SMITH	V. P. Smith-Winchester Co.

H. R. MARSH with A. B. ROBINSON

Spring Arbor Seminary and Junior College

A CHRISTIAN BOARDING SCHOOL

SCHOOL LIFE—

High standard of morals.
Home-like conditions.
The best student influence.
Christian teachers.
Required attendance upon religious services on Sunday.
Large Sunday-school.
Daily chapel exercises.
Quiet rural hamlet.
Healthful climate.
Beautiful country.

EXPENSES—

Tuition, $7.50 to $12.00 per term.
Registration fee, 50 cents per term.
Room rent, 75c and $1.00 per week furnished, steam heated and lighted with electricity.
Board, $4.00 per week.

EQUIPMENT—

Three commodious buildings.
One residence property.
Separate dormitories.
Beautiful campus and play grounds.
Large physical culture room.
Two science laboratories.
All class rooms either furnished with recitation seats having tablet arms or school desks.
Separate Music Studio; six pianos.
Large assembly room.
Excellent library.
Fine Grafonola and large collection of records.
A quarterly publication devoted to the interests of the school.

SCHOOL WORK—

Junior college course.
Academic courses accredited at state University of Michigan.
Business Course.
Complete Bible course.
Pre-academic courses.
Thorough instruction.
Two literary societies.
Current events club.
Chapel Addresses.
A thoroughly established music department.
Recitations from 8 a. m. to 4 p. m.
Two and a half hours of study required six evenings a week.

Send for Catalog and address all Communications to

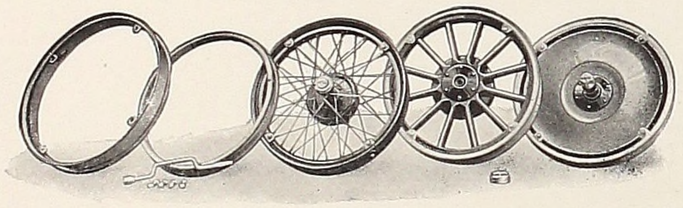
HENRY S. STEWART, A. B., Prin.

Spring Arbor, Michigan

THE WORLD'S BEST — THEY STAND THE TEST
TRADE — MARK
HAYES
WOOD, WIRE & STEEL WHEELS

HAYES WHEEL COMPANY

THERE is a side of industry the world senses, but seldom sees. It is the character of the institution itself. No matter how modest the beginning, how seemingly beset with obstacles the path, that organization with a foundation of faith, a cornerstone of confidence, will build surely and steadily to a place of leadership.



Standardized Automotive Wheel Equipment

MAIN OFFICE: JACKSON, MICHIGAN

BRANCHES

New York City:	250 West 54th St.	Indianapolis:	422 N. Meridian St.
Chicago:	2023 Michigan Ave.	Atlanta:	
San Francisco:	1440 VanNess Ave.	Detroit:	47 E. Canfield Ave.

Export Dept.: 30 Water St., New York City.

AUTOGRAPHS