The Echo

1924

Gerald Sanford Zeller '24

L. A. S.

THE
SPRING ARBOR SEMINARY

THE ECHO

FOR

1924

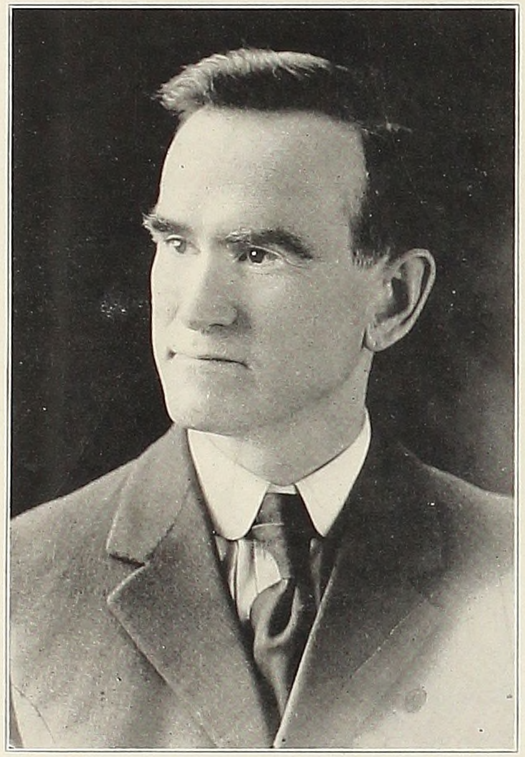
Sweet ECHO, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen
Within thy aery shell
By slow Meander's margent green,
And in the violet-embroidered vale,
Where the love-lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well.

—MILTON

PUBLISHED BY
THE S. A. S. STUDENTRY
SPRING ARBOR, MICH.

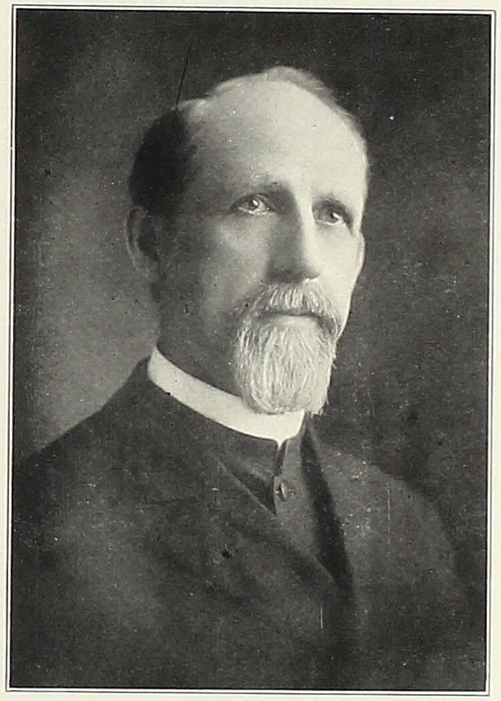
Foreword—

LIFE has three phases: a memory of the past, a realization of the present, and an expectancy for the future. Our future will be, we hope, a harmonious blending of our past memories with our present realities touched into life by the unknown of the next moment. To make our past and present a more correct data upon which to build our future, we have given in word and in picture, with gayety as well as in seriousness, the lights and shadows of our school life. Such is our purpose in presenting this issue of the Echo. ∴ ∴

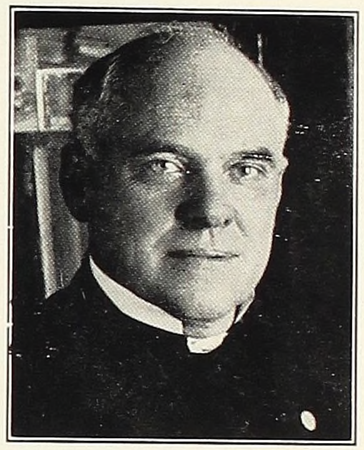


Dedication

IN appreciation of the eleven years of inestimable service from his consecrated life to our school, we gratefully dedicate this publication to Professor H. S. Stewart, who has so nobly upheld the principles of Christian education. ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴



DAVID S. WARNER



FRANK L. BAKER

Board of Trustees

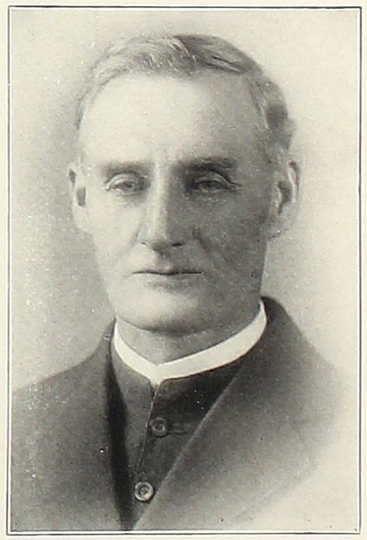
D. S. Warner.....Glen Ellyn, Illinois
President

H. Montgomery.....Spring Arbor, Mich.
Vice-President

F. L. Baker, 98 E. Van Buren St., Battle Creek, Mich.
Secretary

Peter White.....Spring Arbor, Mich.
Treasurer

Lewis Snyder.....Spring Arbor, Mich.
C. W. Smith.....2912 Vine St., South Bend, Ind.
S. H. Porterfield...707 Grand Ave., Owosso, Mich.
W. C. Muffitt.....353 Frank St., Adrian, Mich.
H. E. Leininger.....Perry, Mich.
H. D. F. Gaffin.....Belding, Mich.
W. J. Jackson.....Memphis, Mich.
H. A. DeLong.....Grand Ledge, Mich.
D. W. Wesley...138 North Riblet St., Galion, Ohio
W. A. Sayre...6001 Franklin Ave., Cleveland, Ohio
C. E. Caswell.....1237 Roosevelt Ave., Flint, Mich.



PETER WHITE

Personal Recollections

DAVID S. WARNER

My attention was first called impressively to Spring Arbor Seminary in the school year of 1872-1873, while I was a young student in Chili Seminary, now the A. M. Chesbrough Seminary, at North Chili, New York. During the first two-thirds of that year Professor Clark Jones was Principal of Chili Seminary.

The students came to regard him with much deference and to esteem him most highly as a teacher and disciplinarian, and it was with regret that they bade him adieu, for he had consented to become Principal of the institution that was to open in May, 1873, at Spring Arbor, Michigan, to be known as Spring Arbor Seminary.

Of the earlier history of the schools planned for Spring Arbor I have no personal knowledge. They lived and died before my dav. History tells us, however, that the Methodist Episcopal Church decided in 1835 to establish a Methodist college at Spring Arbor, and two hundred ten acres of land, a hundred thousand bricks and a considerable amount of money were donated toward this object. Because of serious financial depression, building operations were not begun and after three and a half years the trustees decided to change the location and settled upon Albion, Michigan, as the place to found the Wesleyan Seminary, later called Albion College.

Six years later the Free Will Baptist Church selected Spring Arbor as the seat of a denominational school to be called Michigan Central College. This institution was opened in an old store-building with two rooms. The new buildings for the College were begun in 1845. For eight or nine years the College continued in Spring Arbor when it was removed to Hillsdale, Michigan, to become Hillsdale College.

After twenty years, during which time the buildings were used for various purposes, the property was secured for the Free Methodists to be known as Spring Arbor Seminary. Reverend E. P. Hart, later elected one of the bishops of the Free Methodist Church, was largely instrumental in securing this property and establishing the Seminary. He was ably assisted in this enterprise by the laymen and other preachers of his time.

Spring Arbor Seminary opened its doors on the fifth day of May in the year 1873, with Professor Clark Jones as Principal. The first term was a short one and the attendance was small—only twenty-nine—but this was the beginning of what has proved to be one of the strong institutions of the church.

Professor Jones continued as Principal until sometime in the year 1875-1876, when he resigned to engage in the active ministry. Following him in the principalship was Professor Calland from Oberlin, Ohio, for one term; Reverend Walter A. Sellew, later elected a bishop of the Free Methodist Church, was principal for something more than a year. In 1877 Professor Jones again became Principal and continued in that position until June, 1883.

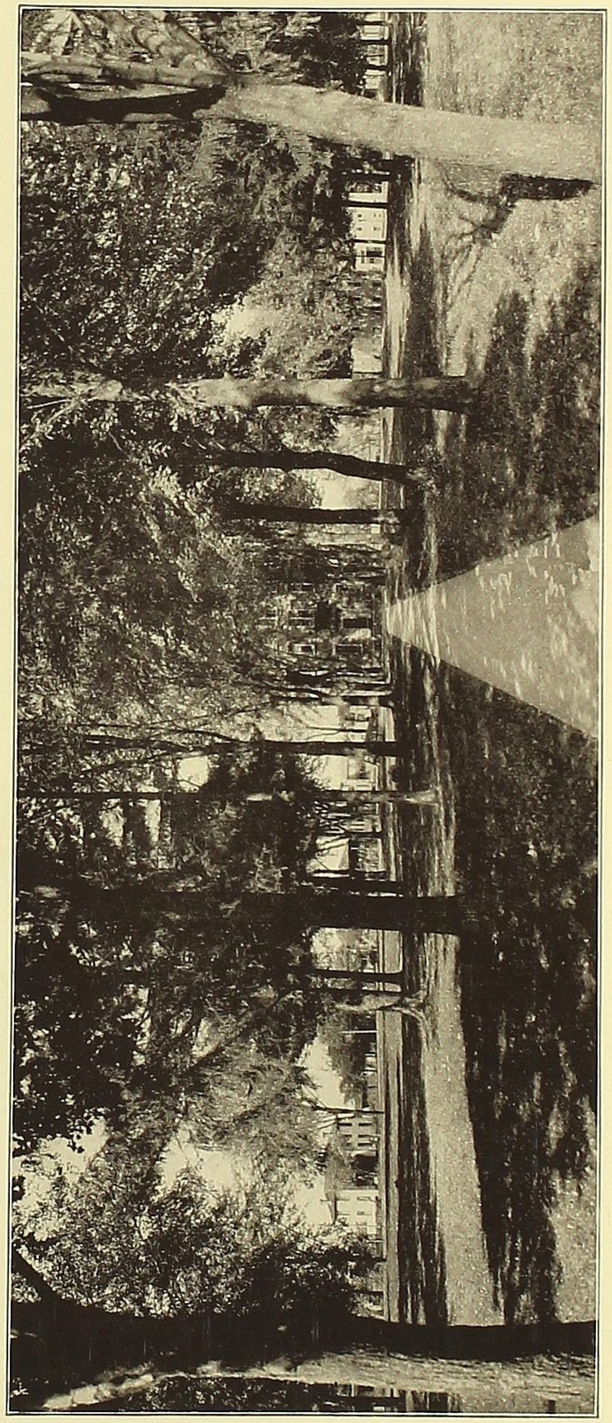
During the year 1878-1879, Professor Jones corresponded with me in regard to my coming to Spring Arbor Seminary as a teacher of mathematics. The resources of the institution were slender then and I was asked what was the least amount I would accept in the way of wages. I was just graduating from the University of Rochester; I intended to teach, and desired a position in our schools, I finally decided to offer my services for two dollars and seventy-five cents a week, with my board and room. My offer being accepted, I was on hand at the opening of the school year of 1879-1880.

I arrived at the Spring Arbor station one evening in the latter part of August, 1879, and was met by the mail-carrier, Mr. John French, who introduced me to my first field of labor in the Free Methodist Church. On the campus I saw two frame buildings painted white. One of these was used as a dormitory, and the other contained recitation rooms and a chapel used also as a church. The buildings were heated with stoves and the fuel was wood.

I met Professor Jones again, who had been my teacher six years before. Of this servant of God I cannot speak too highly. He was thorough as a student, as a teacher, as a disciplinarian and as a Christian. No student can ever say that Professor Jones allowed him to pass an examination unless he knew the subject. He was able to call out the best there was in a boy or girl.

When he prayed, it seemed as if he always had audience with heaven. His sermons and exhortations were powerful. His students can never forget them. He had his peculiarities. He was always himself. He aped no one. He was a man of God. I am devoutly thankful that I came into contact with him as my teacher and as a fellow teacher. The four years I spent with him in Spring Arbor Seminary from 1879-1883 are full of pleasant memories. They were busy years. Our teaching force was not large. A part of the time I taught twelve classes daily and my subjects ranged from mental arithmetic to general geometry and calculus with some subjects in the sciences thrown in.

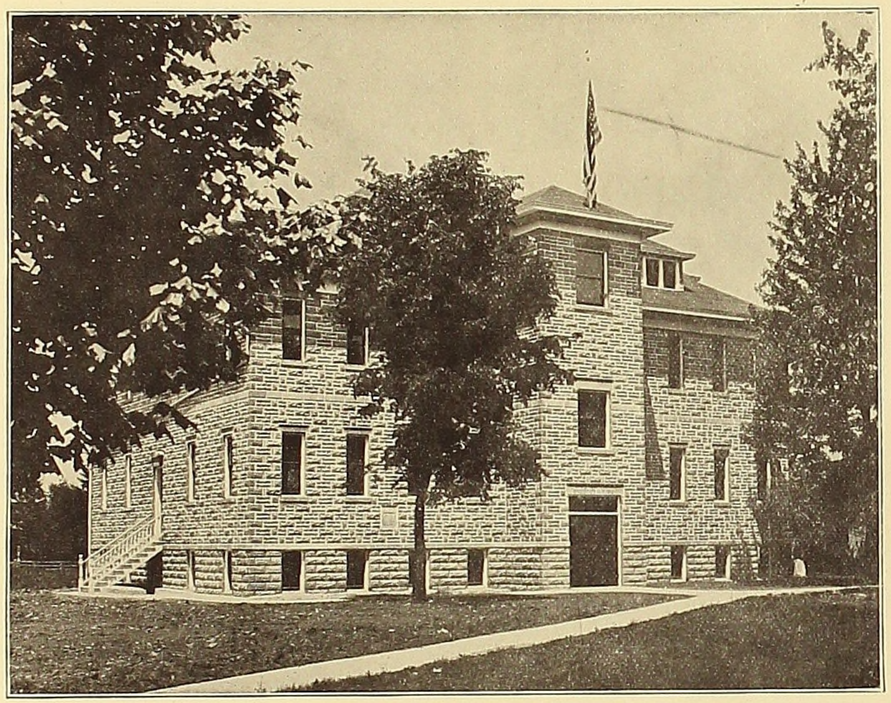
Please turn to page 82



HAIL! HAIL! HAIL! OUR CAMPUS HAIL!
SALUTATIONS TO THEE, O OUR SCHOOL!
SPRING ARBOR! SPRING ARBOR, ALL HAIL!
HEAR OUR SONG AS WE HONOR THY RULE.

And the shadows that doze in the lap of the lawn,
Softly whisper the leaves and the evergreens sigh
All their delicate tracery weave
To the young who pass under their shade;
In the sunlight that glows and that dies and is gone,
"Serve our God! Gather sheaves for His
Just as rich as the rose-light that dapples the
mansions on high!
dawn,
O, how Satan deceives! Preach the word 'till you die!
And as soft as the twilight at eve.
Tell the world Christ its ransom has paid."

NOW OUR SONG IT IS DONE:
MAY THE GLORIOUS SUN
CLOTHE SPRING ARBOR IN GOLDEN ARRAY;
MAY THE MOON AS IT GLEAMS,
SPRAY OUR SCHOOL WITH ITS BEAMS,
'TILL THE DAWN OF THE KINGDOM OF DAY. PAUL R. BOYEE.



ADMINISTRATION HALL

On Spring Arbor's Sunny Campus
Stands the Administration Hall.
Unsullied by the winter's furor;
Untouched by summer's sun.

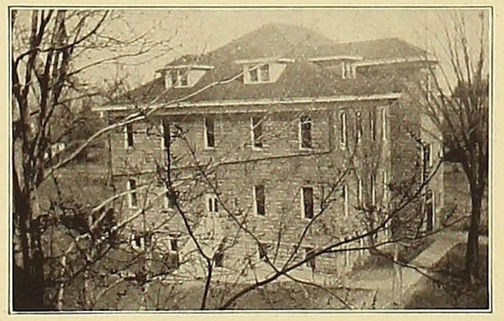
Within the walls are class rooms too,
Worn by the tramp of many feet.
The seats are scratched and carved now,
By the boys and girls who used them there.

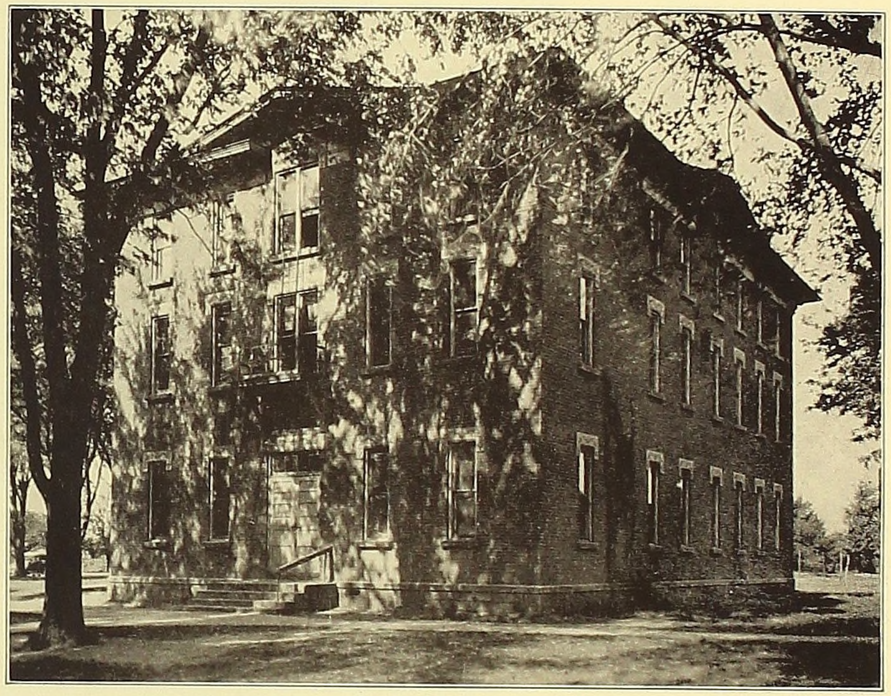
Old building, as I gaze at you,
I think of times agone;
Times in the past, when earnest seekers
After knowledge, climbed your stairs.

Many who once knew you, are gone—
They've scattered East and West,
And yet you stand erect as then,
For every seeker after knowledge.

Time may go and students too,
But thou shalt stand the wear.
And through many years, as yet untried,
Unmoveable, stand the tests of storms.

EARL L. HABECKER





BOYS' HALL

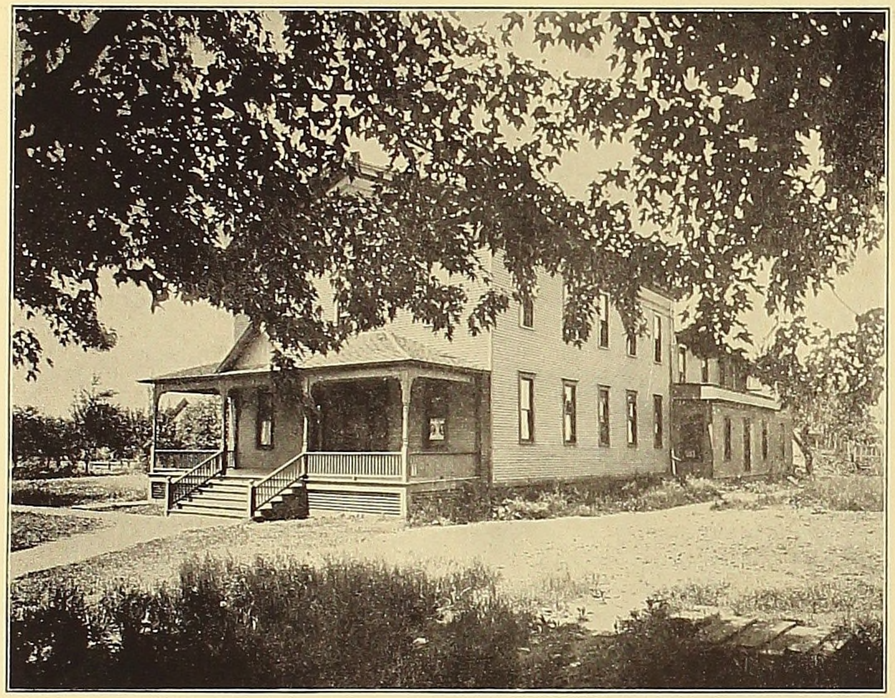
Nestled there among the trees,
Swept by many a balmy breeze,
Stands the dormitory hall.
Long you've stood the winters' blast;
Brave has been your arduous task.
May you never fall.

Scores of years have past and gone
Since your work was first begun,
And time is pasing by.
You've witnessed many a deed of worth,
Since you first were given birth.
May your influence never die.

Your task is great, your future great;
Generations have past thru your gate.
May your work go on.
And when your sun of duty sets,
May it be with no regrets,
When your task is done.

Preachers, farmers, tradesmen too,
Pass before us in review;
Can you their future gage?
A mighty force for righteousness,
A force, that all mankind shall bless—
They are your heritage.

EARL L. HABECKER



GIRLS' HALL

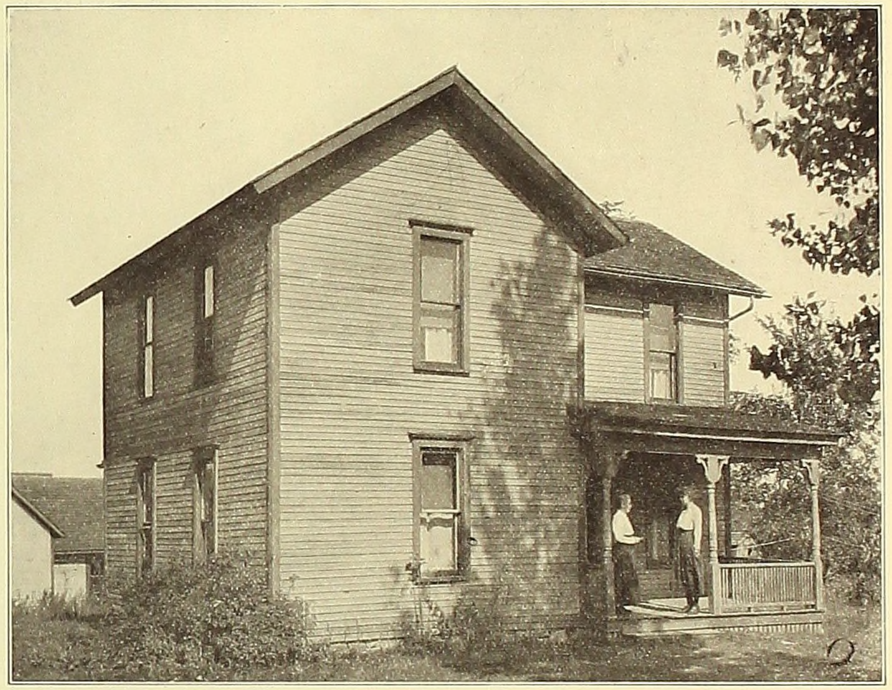
Thou'rt not like home, I'm sure we grant,
For loved ones here we cannot see;
But we are happy, ne'ertheless,
To think we have a friend in thee.

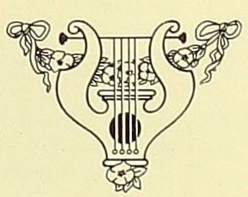
Can grandeur in thy halls be found?
Or beauty in thy form austere?
Oh yes, old friend; we love thee, too,
For thou hast sheltered souls who fear

Almighty God, their dearest friend,
The One who lovéd them the best;
And for Him now they've scattered far,
That by their lives man be blessed.

So spite of age, so spite of faults,
We think of thee with loving hearts.
In thee we lived, we laughed, we wept;
Of us thou seem'st a very part.

FLORENCE B. ALBERTS

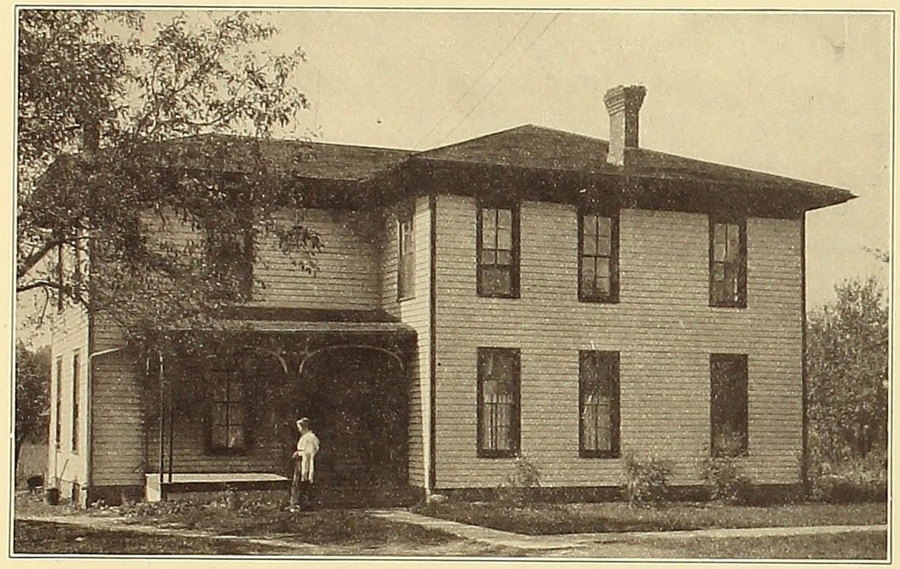




....HARMONY HOME....

Hark! Hark! What sounding tones are those I hear,
Which ring a joyful message sweet and clear,
Or deep Aeol'an sadness in the heart,
Whose vibrant strings with dulcet strains do start?
I hear the fairy footfalls,
Of elfin folk in nymph's halls,
As trips the light fantastic,
Each one with steps majestic.
All alone,
I hear a moan,
As, tempest-tossed,
They are forever, ever lost!
Now with furies surrounded,
Despairing, confounded,
They tremble, they glow,
Amidst ice and snow.
See, wild as the winds o'er the desert they fly;
Hark! Music resounds with the baachanal cry;
Ah, see—they die!
Yet still in death the melody is sung,
The melody still trembles on the tongue
Of zephyrs soft and fair,
Which to our senses bear
The many sounds from Music Hall's sweet cadence rung.

PAUL R. BOVEE



HILLARD HOUSE

The Hillard House, yes, there she stands,
In all her humble majesty.
Full view of the campus she commands,
Of Senior Rock and the old school well,
Of the old Boys' Hall with its echoing bell,
Of Administration and of "Harmony" Halls, as well.

In Hillard House our Principal resides;
There, too, the spirit of feminine youth abides.
For these, she is a real retreat,
A place to be called "Home," full meet.
For these, the evening zephyrs whisper low,
And gently waft away those thoughts
That steal from life its warming glow;
For these, the birds among the trees
Pour forth their varied symphonies.

Oft' from within come mellow strains
That calm the soul and soothe the brain;
And by times the voice of prayer
Comes floating out upon the air.

These are the things which consecrate
This time-worn Hall; for here no architectural skill,
The eye's delight in beauty e'er will satiate;
'Tis thought of what she is, that scores
Of hearts with love for her doth fill.

FLORENCE B. ALBERTS

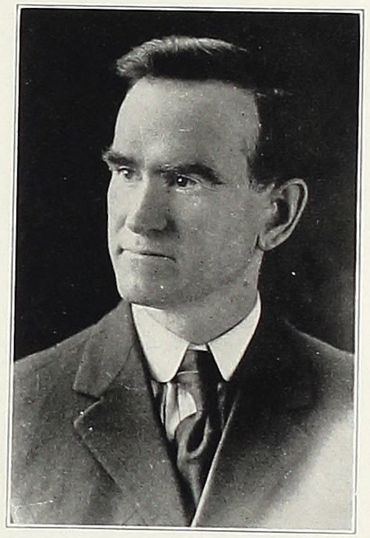
OUR SCHOOL.

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!

Our Faculty



HENRY S. STEWART, A. B.
Principal—Greek

FLORENCE B. ALBERTS, A. B., B. ED.
English and History

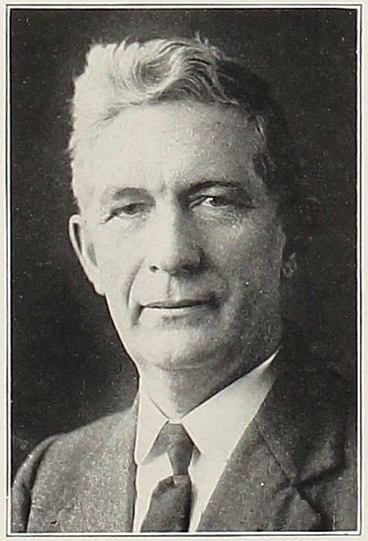
PAULINE L. BALDWIN, A. B.
Mathematics

GLADYS M. WOLCOTT, A. B.
French and History

EARL L. HABECKER, A. B.
Science and Public Speaking
Preceptor Second Semester

MARGARET J. MATTHEWSON, A. B.
English and Science

GLADYS M. REDDING, A. B.
Latin and Spanish



REVEREND B. H. ALBERTS
Bible and Theology

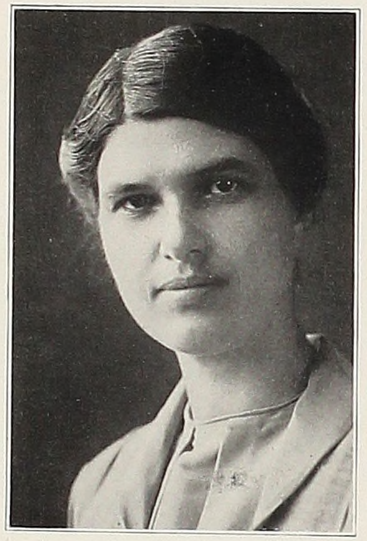
HAROLD E. STEWART
Typewriting and Shorthand

MINNIE L. BLOWERS
Piano and Vocal

BERTHA FADER MESSEROLL
Intermediate

EDITH M. BOICE
Primary

REVEREND J. T. MYERS
Preceptor First Semester



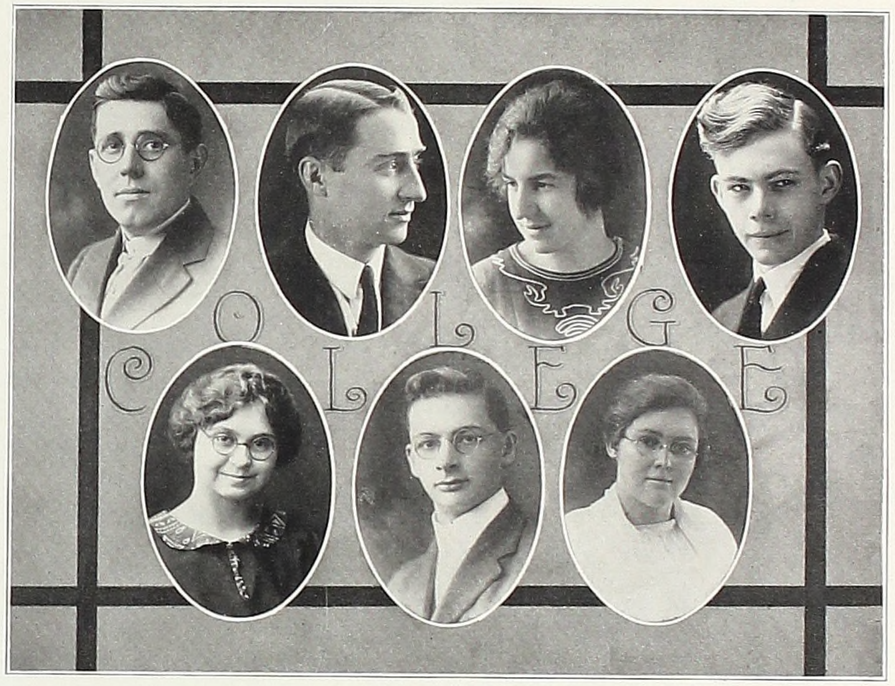
ISTHMA YERKES
Preceptress First Semester

ROSE KINNEY
Matron-Preceptress Second Semester

ELIZABETH LYTLE
Assistant Matron and Preceptress

Classes

College Alpha
Senior
Junior
Sophomore
Freshman



College Class

RILEY H. HEALD
"A man convinced against his will
Is of the same opinion still."

BURTON A. ANDREWS, *V.-Pres.*
"In everything he undertakes,
A vast success he always makes."

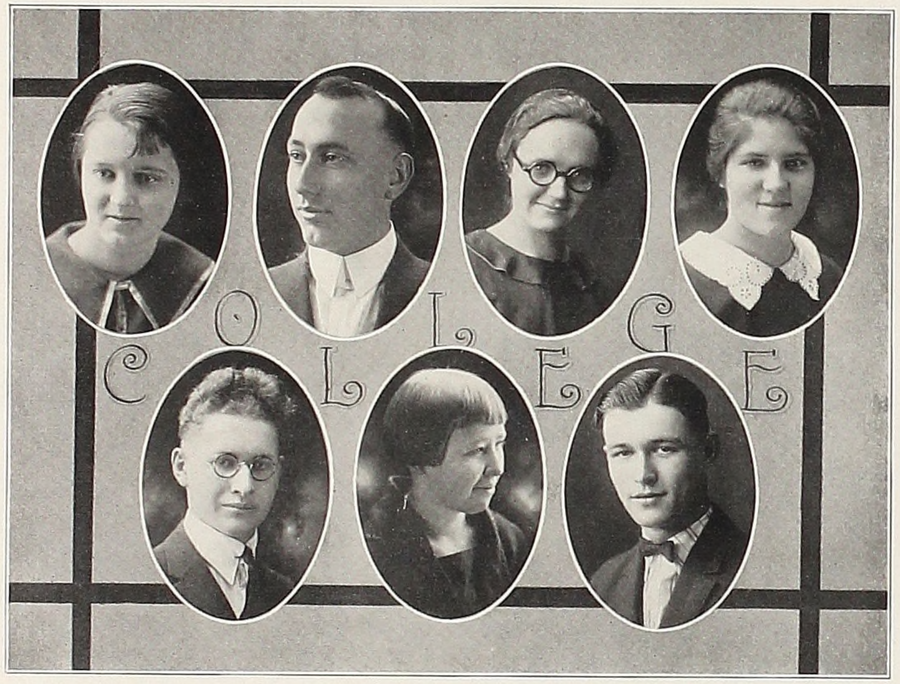
EARL B. FLETCHER, *President*
"He's serious and sober, we find;
We'll not accuse him of being a grind."

LILLIAN M. PRETTY, *Secretary*
"Nothing is troublesome for she
Does everything willingly."

CLIFFORD E. FLETCHER
"To speak so indirectly, I am loath,
I would say the truth."

GLADYS J. MORRISH
"If ever she thinks that she is right,
She'll stick to her point with all her might."

SYLVIA I. BUSHNELL
"A strong determination and a
set purpose wins the race."



College Class

F. MABEL CALLAND
"Jolly and full of pep is she,
Her middle name is vivacity."

GLADYS M. HUGHEY
"She hath a sober look, a quiet
mien,
But that there's more is aptly
seen."

RUTH STRAWBRIDGE BUHL
"A face with gladnesss overspread,
Soft smiles, by human kindness bred."

ELMER A. BUHL
"Worth makes the man."

MARY L. HARRIS
"One of the jolliest girls in school;
'Life is fun,' she makes her rule."

HAROLD B. ROCHELLE
"A man of might we know full well;
He's fair and square we all can tell."

LELAND E. SUMNER
"At whose sight all the stars
hide their diminished heads."

College Poem

Author of ages past; Author of years to come;
Author of all the good possessed—To Thee we come.
No enterprise can worthy be, nor worthwhile prove,
Without the sanction of Thy Power, without Thy love.
We deem it fit, O Gracious Lord, O Holy One,
To crave the blessing, on our Class, of Thy dear Son.

Thy blessing on this Class, this College Class of ours,
Will make us dauntless in the world's most testing hours;
Will make us firm to do the right; nor will we bend
When in the world true courage we must help to lend,
Backed by Thy grace, O Lord, we can with faith well fill
The greatest place in all this world,—if in Thy will.

Blest we have thus far been; blest we shall still remain;
Blest as the flower of the field receives the rain,
From Thee our course we take. From Thee and Thee alone
Have we received our honorary friend, well known.
Gone from our ranks, two classmates in love, proclaim
To unregenerate hearts that God is still the same.

Author of all, accept our thanks, our hearts' devotion;
Accept the loving praise Thy love hast set in motion.
Forgive our murmurings all; forgive,—and in our hearts
Behold that well of praise, the greatest of Thine arts.
Author of Life itself, we give ourselves to Thee.
Our College Class we love. We worship only Thee.

EARL B. FLETCHER.

The College Department

This grand old institution has stood for fifty long and fruitful years as a Seminary. Her immeasurable influence has reached the farther-most parts of the world. She is doubtless represented in every honorable walk of life and most especially in the great white harvest fields of God, both here and abroad. Too much cannot be said of her great achievements of the past. But, as is characteristic of the age, she caught a broader vision and ventured into a new field, undertaking the great work of a Junior College, standing even under the eaves of one of the greatest universities of the United States. You may say it is not strange that one year was the limit of its existence. Don't laugh too soon. All progress is brought about by dissatisfaction and agitation. If nothing more has been done, agitation has been effected. The need has been brought to the light. But what of the possibilities? No good thing can long be conquered. Victory has often been given to the weak by perseverance. If we keep battering, the wall of opposition must surely give way. Just this word in defense of the attempt. We would honor those who had courage and faith in offering up prayers in behalf of this Department.

To the students who have been so faithful and loyal, to those who have stood by and watched the dissatisfied ones leave their ranks, to those who have nobly held up the standards of true education, to those who have boosted, to those who have endured to the end, is due our greatest praise and commendation. These splendid men and women have lent their influence to all that has been for the best welfare of our dear College home. Search where you will but you will never find a class of better students having ambitions for all that gives to true scholarship and Christian character.

True you have been and true you will ever remain. What pleasant times we have had together! What warm and lasting friendships have been created! Kindred spirits have had intercourse and we have moved as one small invincible band together. No one has felt more the warmth of your friendship and the honor of your fellowship than the honorary member of the Alpha Club. She takes the opportunity of expressing through the annals of "The Echo" her great appreciation for every kindness.

We would all join in one great voice of supplication for every member of the Club to remain with us, but the ways of men must sever. It would seem that ill-fated winds are blowing; one to the right and one to the left and our ways are past our knowing. Your brief stay has cheered like a song. Life has been far more worth living. While at the cross-roads we stand let us pledge to each other, who have travelled the way together, that whether we lose or whether we gain, still to our God we'll be true, that at last our ways may converge into the great highway that leads to the land of no parting.— GLADYS M. WOLCOTT.

The Alpha College Club

The Alpha College Club is a class organization composed of the college students of Spring Arbor Junior College. It was organized in September, 1923, following the addition of the College Department to the Spring Arbor Seminary. The Greek word "Alpha" was chosen as the name for this organization, because it means "beginning."

At first there were twenty-one members in the Club, but because of sickness and for other reasons it was necessary for several to leave; however, there is still a good enrollment. The Club chose as its president, Mr. Earl Fletcher; as its secretary, Miss Lillian Pretty; and as its treasurer, Mr. Harold Lockwood. Miss Gladys Wolcott was chosen as the honorary faculty member.

There are many different characteristics and talents to be found in this Class. Some of its members are quiet, steady, earnest workers, while others are active, energetic and enthusiastic co-laborers. Together the Class is a well-rounded working body. There are those who have very promising careers as musicians, as shown by the music rendered on different occasions. A large number of the Class expect to be missionaries or ministers. Others will no doubt be scientists, doctors, and editors, and some are looking forward to positions of trust in the business world.

It is a privilege indeed to have for our honorary member, Miss Gladys Wolcott. Miss Wolcott's home is in Minnesota, but for several years she has been in Seattle, Washington. Now she is with us in Spring Arbor, not only in presence, but also in spirit. Her varied experiences in the West are always a source of inspiration and interest to us. We feel Miss Wolcott has a deep interest in every one of us and is one with us in our joys as well as in our struggles. Her deep Christian character has meant much to us and her influence upon our lives will be felt for years to come. She has been untiring in her efforts to instill within us the loftiest ideals, and to help us to see our responsibility to humanity. The Club owes much of its success to the faithful guidance of its honorary faculty member.

The Club has taken a prominent part in carrying on the work of the Annual. From its number were chosen the editor-in-chief, business-manager, and several assistant editors.

On December 9, 1923, the Club put on a public program to raise money for the Annual. Two very talented readers riveted the attention of the audience, and some splendid music was rendered. At the close of the program we were very glad indeed to hand over twenty-five dollars to the business-manager. In addition, money was raised by selling candy and pop-corn balls which had been made for the occasion.

To Miss Lillian Pretty came the honor of entertaining the Club at its first social function —a reception to welcome Miss Gladys Wolcott as our honorary member. Everyone enjoyed a very pleasant evening and became better acquainted with the members of the Class.

The College Club being keenly alive to the necessity of interest and enthusiasm in making school work enjoyable and in arousing school spirit, gave a short program in chapel. After the school songs were sung some live-wire speeches were made, and everyone showed great zest in giving Professor Stewart three rousing cheers.

The programs given by the College Literary Society have been of a high class and in keeping with the dignity and caliber of college students.

The college students are interested not only in the social and literary phases of school life but in the spiritual welfare of the students as well. During the special revival meetings which were held in December, nearly every member by prayer and effort took an active part and gave his hearty support.

Our aim as a Club is to better qualify ourselves for future usefulness, and to become more proficient in service for others. We believe our college life is helping us to realize the duties we owe to ourselves, to our fellowmen, and to God. As a class we endeavor to hold up the principles for which the school stands and are striving to make all our plans such as will advance her interests.

The future of the Alpha College Club looks prosperous and we believe this year is the beginning of a large progressive College Department in our school.

RUTH STRAWBRIDGE BUHL.

Seniors

HAROLD E. STEWART, *President*

"Watch your position."

In character, in manners, in style, in all things a perfect gentleman.

MARGUERITE V. ROSS, *Vice-Pres.*

"Good joke on—????"

O' thou art fairer than the evening air—clad in the beauty of a thousand stars.

ELMA B. LYONS, *Secretary*

"Don't believe I'm going to live long."

'Tis better to be short and shine; than tall and cast a shadow.

MARY DEE RAUCH, *Treasurer*

"Good night!"

I have a heart with room for every joy.

LOWELL H. HALL

"When I do fall, I'll fall hard!"

The greatest orator among the lawyers and the greatest lawyer among the orators.

MARIE SIDWELL

"Most assuredly."

There was a soft and pensive grace,
A cast of thought upon her face.

ERVA R. BOOTH

"Yes, That's allright."

A flower of meekness on the
stem of grace.

GERALD ZELLER

"I don't know."

He never flunked, he never lied,
I reckon he never "knowed" how.

ELIZABETH MILLER

"Aw-Say."

Don't take life too seriously, you'll
never get out of it alive.

BARBARA RICHARD

"Absitively! Posilutely."

I hate to see a thing done
by halves.

ALLEN ROBINSON

"Well what of that?"

Gallant, graceful, gentle, tall,
Fairest, noblest of them all.

ETHELYN BANKS

"Oh-joy!"

By diligence she wins her
way.

ALEXANDER PARSONS

"What's that?"

A typical man is he; vigor
and life in him we see.

GWENDOLYN DENTON

"I'll get even with you yet."

She doe'th little kindnesses
which others leave undone.

WESLEY CLAYTON

"Whoop there—wait a minute."

He knows what's what, and that's as
high as metaphysics wit can fly.

VINA McLACHLAN

"I'm with you."

Calm and self-possessed is she—
A model of propriety.

FAY GRINNAGE

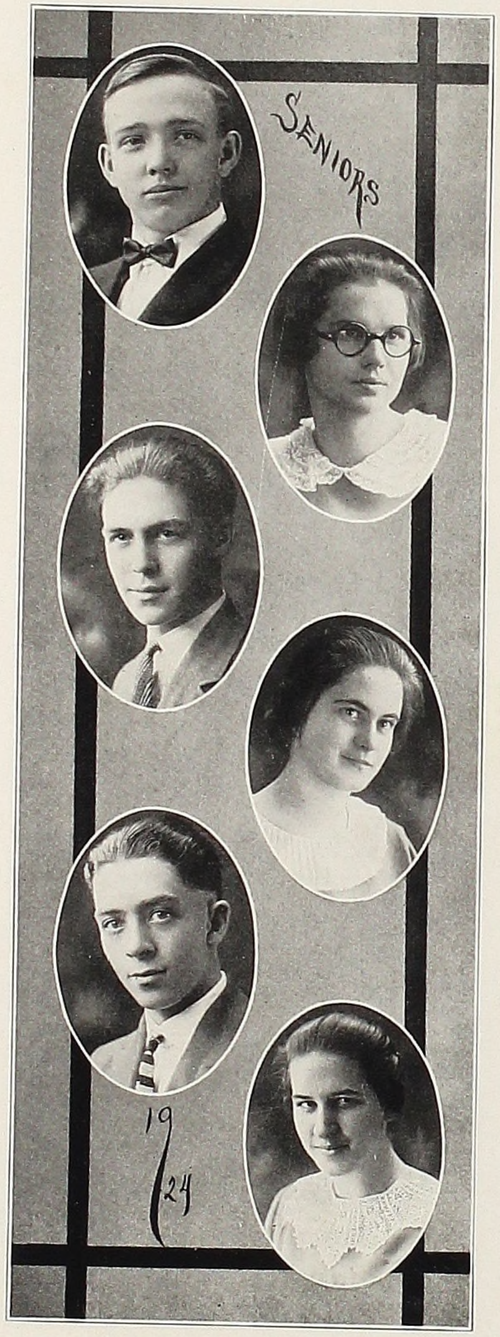
"Just ask me-eh! I know."

He could distinguish and divide
A hair twixt north and northwest side.

ESTHER BUHL

"Oh grief!"

She's sometimes glad, she's sometimes
sad;
E'en michievous but never bad.



RUTH BIDWELL

"Ole dear."

I do but sing because I must,
and pipe but as the linnet sings.

HAROLD MOOREHOUSE

"Surely."

In these matters the only certainty is that, there is nothing certain.

IDA CULP

"I don't care to."

I will be brief.

OLIVE JOHNSON

"Where's Miss Baldwin?"

She has talents many instead of few.
Among them a noise of melody true.

GEORGE MARIAN

"Is that right?"

Man is a free moral agent, therefore life is just what you make it.

MINNIE OOSTERBAAN

"No that's not right!"

I have no other reason than a woman's reason—
I think it's so, because I think it's so.

WILLIAM KELLEY

"Certainly."

If but the subject's easy,
we may all be wise.

ETNA SHIPLEY

"Now stop teasing me!"

For if she will, she will-you may depend on't,
And if she won't, she won't—and there's an end on't.

EARL KNOX

"Who said so?"

Full well they laughed and long with glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he.

FRANK I. GIBBERSON

"Thank you."

One of those silent forces
you hear about.

GLENN A. HALL

"Be diligent."

When duty calls, he never flies,
But always answers "Here am I."

History of Class of 1924

One beautiful September morning in 1920 a group of forty-one Freshmen were granted permission to begin their career on the old weather-beaten but well-preserved Ship of Spring Arbor. We entered upon our new activities with buoyant spirits and vim and vigor, rather careless as to our behavior before our upper classmen. Finding that we needed an experienced guide to help us through the difficulties of Freshmen life, we chose Mr. Coral Demaray to act as our adviser and Wilhemina LaTurneau as class president. We were very much unaccustomed to the rules and regulations of high school life yet having such a helmsman with us we were brought safely through without suffering any disaster.

As duties pressed in, we attacked with a little hesitancy the tasks that lay before us, but by diligence and honest effort we overcame our difficulties. We went forward with our share of work, not wishing to be slackers in any sense of the word, for we were aiming to make OUR career successful. But life was not all work for us; occasionally we enjoyed a social evening. One of these, a pleasant time spent at Miss Marie Sidwell's, will always remain a bright spot in our memories.

Finishing the first knot of the journey, we entered the Sophomore year with still higher ambitions and greater duties to perform. Several of our former class-mates were left behind but we gladly welcomed those who were eager to cast their lot with us. Miss Hayes, with her cheery smile and jolly disposition did not hesitate to be our guide, though many were the responsibilities and tasks for her to perform. Realizing that failure spelled disaster to any organization, our determination was to make "deeds and not words" our watchword. This was accomplished by our noble band of thirty-six for each one gladly contributed in making this year a prosperous one in our endeavors to gain a higher education.

The various school activities were well participated in by members of the Sophomore Class, one winning a prize in the Annual Declamatory Contest, another carrying the honors of being Spring Arbor's best tennis player. A few being impatient to finish their course, left our ranks and were installed as members of the Junior Class, much to our regret. But we were not the ones to mourn or cease from accomplishing the things that were ours to do, so pressed forward with renewed vigor, overcoming difficulties which stood in our pathway.

So we came to our Junior year; truly this was an eventful year, for having surmounted so many hardships and difficulties during two previous years we had begun to appreciate our Class—a band of thirty worthies. This year we were fortunate in having Mr. Dorr Demaray as our honorary member; through his careful guidance and the leadership of Harold Stewart as president we were successful in completing the third knot of our journey. Some finding it rather monotonous to stay and pore over their books, or work at other various duties, withdrew from our ranks and have since embarked upon the seas of matrimony. We extend to them our good wishes for a happy and prosperous life.

Do you believe that most people—especially school children—have a sweet-tooth? We Juniors did! On different occasions there was a rush to our candy-counter, and we were kept very busy selling many varieties of candy, also pop-corn and lemonade. These sales were a great value to us in many ways. Of course the first thing one would think of would be the financial gain they brought us. Truly they did aid greatly in lightening the burdens of our Junior year, but if this had been the only benefit we feel they would have been a failure indeed. Each one learned to co-operate better—a great factor in school life. And then the class spirit which is essential to any wide awake class was kept alive and glowing.

It was with great pleasure that the members of the class wended their way in the early Autumn to the home of Miss Mary Rauch. We heartily enjoyed playing games and our mock faculty meeting was amusing indeed. After the bountiful dinner we listened to several instrumental numbers and told stories. Here Mr. Demaray displayed his wit and humor; we were held spell-bound by the magnetic power of his story-telling. Again Miss Rauch's home and lawn was a beautiful scene as the Seniors were welcomed at the Annual Reception in the Spring. The Japanese lanterns hidden among the apple blossoms and the balmy Spring breezes blowing made one think he or she was living in the beautiful South. So it came at last that we have completed the third knot of our way and looked with eager eyes upon the most momentous year of all years—our Senior year.

It was the unanimous wish of the Class to have Miss Florence B. Alberts act as adviser for us, so before closing the third year we chose her as our honorary member for the coming year and she consented to join our number. By her varied experiences she has guided us safely through the struggles peculiar to all Seniors and we found her always ready to help us whenever we were in need of advice.

We would add here that every place on the Debating Team was held by Seniors and they have carried off the trophies from every debate so far.

We chose as our motto, "With the ropes of the past we will ring the bells of the future;" and we believe we shall carry out our ideals. We have endeavored throughout our career to be progressive, for we realize that it is impossible to get any more out of life than we put into it. Even though we have now reached one summit there are still greater heights to be explored and greater deeds to be accomplished. We have endeavored to build upon the foundation which our predecessors laid with great toil and sacrifice and to live up to the ideals held before us by our Christian teachers.— Erva R. Booth.

Senior Outing

"Let's go!" "Everybody here?" "All the eats in the truck?"

Such exclamations might have been heard around the Girls' Hall one noon in the early Fall. You ask me what all the excitement was about? I'll tell you. The Seniors were off for a half-holiday at Pepperment Springs. We were leaving no lessons behind to be "made up" and had to take none with us. This was a real vacation. It was to be our first class function for the year, too, and we were anxious to make the most of it.

Half the fun was the "getting there." Well loaded, the Reo truck, the Chevrolet and the Buick nosed their way down Lake Street, past Spring Arbor Railway Station, around one end of the lake, along narrow roads through the woods, into an old barnyard, thence down a lane and across a field to the lake springs.

Once there, we certainly used our freedom. No one was an idler. Merriment ran riot; Miss Johnson was full of sparkling wit, and Mr. Knox jumped and ran around like a little boy just out of school. Alex and even our Class President were so affected that they would persist in snatching the ball, just when we girls thought we were ready to catch it. Part of the time we played games; then some of the boys went swimming, and those who preferred a milder form of exercise found plenty to do in gathering fuel for the fire and in cutting sticks on which we were to roast the weiners and toast the marshmallows.

By five o'clock everybody was ready for "the feed." It was perfect; we had juicy roasted weiner sandwiches in buns, bread sandwiches, spicy pickles, luscious apples, flaky cakes, marshmallows that melted in your mouth—everything heart could wish.

In spite of having to carry water to put out our fire, and of having to get rid of the powder that had found its way into our hair, we were home and ready for work before study hour. The Seniors will always remember the afternoon of September twenty-eighth as a bright spot in the last year of their high school life.

— Barbara Richard
— Ethelyn Banks

The Senior Class Poem

'Twill not be long before the close of parting day,
Before the sun sets o'er the tree tops far away;
But sad 'twill be for us to leave this peaceful bow'r,
It brings us sorrow to think of the parting hour.

The hour of rest! That hour of parting soon will come,
And then our dear old S. A. S., we leave for home.
But in the still and silent watches of the night,
Our souls will pierce the dark that hides thee from our sight.

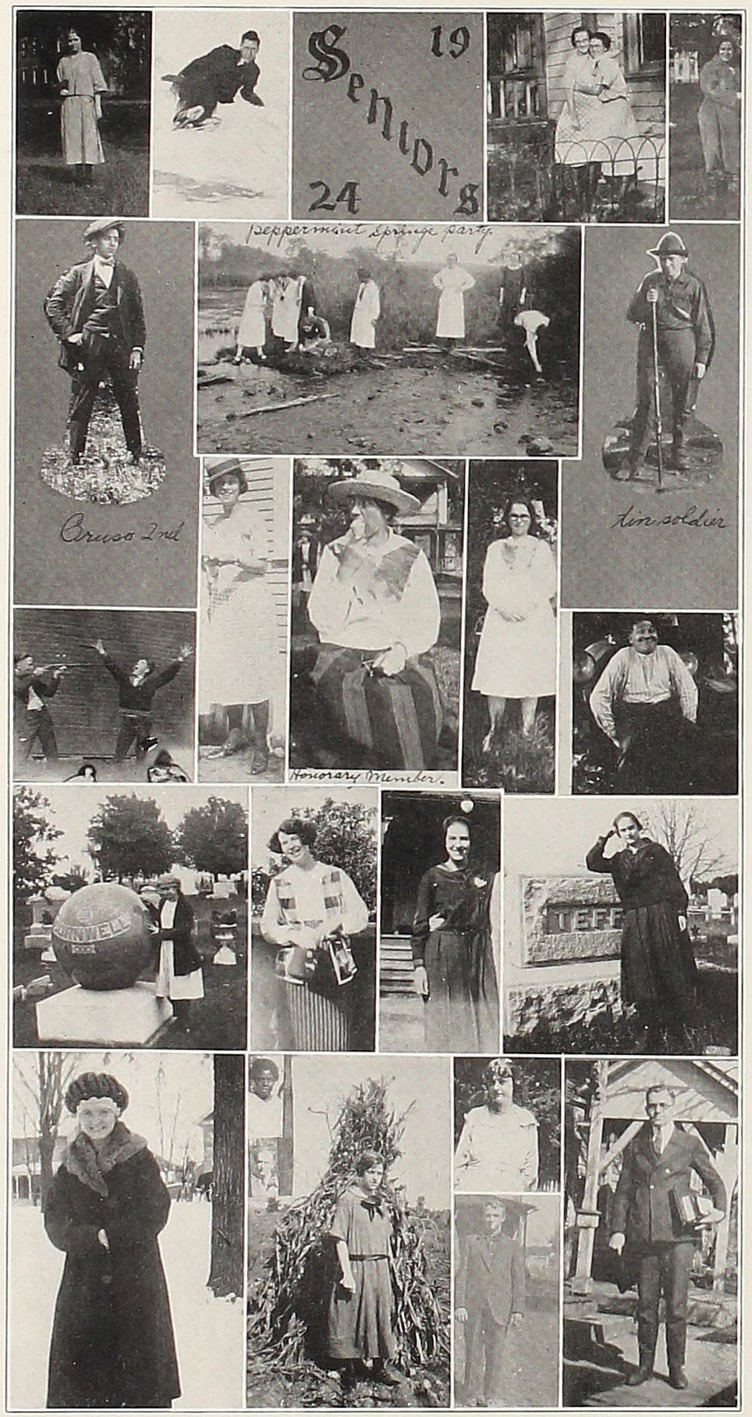
Four years we've lingered 'neath thy shade; 'tis sad to know
That since our high school days have fled, 'tis time to go.
The calm still night will bear our wish from shore to shore,
That thou, dear S. A. S., shalt stand forevermore.

Distinct, as Dawn begins to tear Night's jewelled shroud,
Comes to our ears the voice of Duty stern and loud,
That quick'ning call to noble task—to higher worth;
May we, prepared, be swift to answer and go forth.

Go forth to bless the world, like Christ forgot his own
Untainted self; may we not live to self alone,
And may the Holy Spirit in our hearts abide
Our lives to cheer, our souls to keep, our steps to guide.

But hark! We hear the soft, sad sound of vesper bell
That tolls the parting hour, and now we say farewell;
Oh, may the hand that guides the weary wanderer
With thee, our Alma Mater dear, abide fore'er.

—Elma B. Lyons



Ten Years Hence

"All aboard", shouted the conductor as the train was ready to pull out of a little town in central Illinois.

"Does this train go to Chicago"? asked a lady of the conductor.

"Yes mam, this train"—then he stopped suddenly. "Is it possible that this is Barbara Richard of the old Class of '24?"

"And this is Alex Parsons? Well I didn't expect to find you here!"

"It's like this," replied Alex. "I was on a farm for some time, but it was too strenuous work so I am having a change; I was brakeman on this train for a number of years but later was promoted to the position which I now hold as conductor."

"I am on my way to Chicago to have my teeth fixed," returned Barbara. "By the way, you probably know that Wesley Clayton is considered one of the best dentists of the city now. His office is located in a very pleasant part of the city".

"No, I hadn't heard that," replied Alex. "I have a few hours off when we reach Chicago; would you allow me the pleasure of accompanying you to his office, where we could talk over old times for a little while?"

"Certainly," answered Barbara.

"How do you happen to be in this part of the country?" asked Alex.

"O, I am teaching English in Greenville College. A girl friend and I have bachelor apartments and are enjoying life immensely."

"So you have never married? Well I never have either," replied Alex sadly.

"There is also another member of our Class at Greenville; Esther Buhl is head of the Domestic Science Department."

"Oh yes! Did you know that Gwendolyn is teaching in the High School at Kalamazoo?"

"No, I hadn't heard about Gwendolyn, but I received a letter the other day from Gerald Zeller saying he was the physical director at Seattle Pacific College, and that he was enjoying his work very much."

By this time they had reached the office of Dr. Clayton. Who should be there but Lowell Hall, Marguerite Ross and Mary Rauch on one of their debating tours.

"Well this is a great surprise," said Lowell, "to meet old classmates nearly everywhere we go."

"We debated last night in Grand Rapids and as we were waiting for the train this morning we picked up the Daily News and saw that Allen Robinson had become captain of the Detroit Tigers. You recollect he was always very fond of outdoor sports, and he also loved the woods, more especially the short growth timbers."

Mary remarked while on their way to the depot they had met Erva Booth and Ethelyn Banks, chums back in S. A., you remember. Erva was still holding her old position as office girl in one of the schools in Grand Rapids and Ethelyn was operating a bus line from Grand Rapids to Ann Arbor by way of Ubly.

Marguerite mentioned how just by chance, they had noticed their old class president, Harold Stewart, as he boarded the train at Kalamazoo. He surely was a jolly good fellow back in the old school days. He informed us he was president of a well known Business College in the West and was just returning to his duties. He had in his possession a few letters of recent date, one from Miss Alberts, our honorary member; this we read with great delight. She was taking a much needed vacation with friends in Florida.

He also had heard from Etna Shipley, who is now at the head of the Domestic Department of Fair View School for girls in Africa. She liked her work very much. He had another one from Mr. Gibberson saying he was enjoying very much the pastorate at the First Free Methodist Church of Detroit.

Wesley, too, told us of a pleasant surprise that he had had a few days before, when Elma

Lyons with her family, had called at his office for a short visit. Elma was making a tour of the world, by auto of course, as you remember motoring was one of her chief sports back in old S. A. On their route they had passed through Jackson where they had learned that Olive Johnson was head nurse at the Foote Hospital; also that Ida Culp held the position of County School Commissioner and was very proficiently discharging her duties.

He also mentioned the fact that Ruth Bidwell was the president of one of the largest Slum Associations in Chicago. Lest he forget his vocal training in S. A. Fay Grinage is assisting her in her Sunday services, one of which he, Wesley, had the pleasure of attending. As a calling Fay is making a hit as auctioneer here in the city. He says it's a *"paying proposition."*

And of course they had esteemed it a great pleasure to stop in Spring Arbor and note the many changes there. The first one of their old acquaintances whom they met was the pastor, Reverend Earl Knox. He informed them that William Kelley is now president of the Junior College and that Harold Moorehouse is capably filling the office of business manager. Minnie Oosterbaan is proving to be a very able instructor in Public Speaking, and little Elizabeth Miller is the piano and vocal teacher.

They also found that Marie Sidwell, who still remains in S. A. had married and settled down in a beautiful home located on Lake Street, and that the Sidwell Store is now known as the firm of ——— & Sidwell.

Marie had told the tourists that she had just received a letter from Vina McLachlan saying she very much desired to pay a visit to dear Spring Arbor, but on account of many household duties she would be unable to do so for some time

The pastor also mentioned the fact that George Marian was carrying on his work very successfully in the foreign fields, and that Mr. Glenn A. Hall is married and preaching in the North Michigan Conference.

The office of Dr. Clayton that afternoon was a place of much enjoyment. After recalling many pleasant memories Mr. Hall arose and said that they very much regretted the fact that they must leave but that the debating team had an appointment that evening before the debate.

Within a few minutes after the team had left the office Dr. Clayton had Barbara's teeth in perfect condition. As she expected to visit friends in the city before returning to Greenville and had been in Chicago only once before, Alex offered to accompany her. After performing this pleasant duty Alex returned to his work thinking more about what he had heard than of the tickets he was collecting.

—Charles W. Clayton

The Senior Banquet

On the evening of the seventh of November, Mr. and Mrs. Jessie Fritz kindly opened their home to the Seniors. Some of the girls went out in the afternoon to assist Mrs. Fritz in preparing the chicken dinner. At seven o'clock the rest of the Seniors went in cars. After finding our partners by the aid of dissected post card pictures, we gathered around the tables which were laden with good things. But the peace of the meal, was disturbed by sounds outside—sounds such as told us there were intruders about the place. The Seniors suffered no loss, however.

When quiet and peace were restored we were entertained by a short program consisting of music numbers, both instrumental and vocal, and by a reading given by Alex Parsons, in his own unique way. All too soon the time for departure arrived and we felt duty bound to return to our various places of abode. Every one pronounced the evening a complete success.

Barbara Richard
Ethelyn Banks

Juniors

These sayings are jokes, of course, you know,
Written only for fun.
There are many of course that may not be so,
We can not please every one.
So read them all and laugh at them too,
While you are looking them o'er,
But if you find one written for you
Be careful and do not get sore.

First Row—Left to Right

PAUL MARTIN .....He inherited his brilliancy.
HARRY FIDDLER .....On books his mind is firmly set.
JOSEPH MYERS ....."First call for breakfast; come and get it."
MR. EARL HABECKER, *Honorary*....."Give the debaters a word of encouragement."
ELEANOR ROSS, *President* ....."It is good to lengthen to the last a sunny mood."
VIOLET FLETCHER ....."I get in good with my Civics teacher."
HOWARD WINTERS ....."I'm the son of a musician."
GLEN WINTERS ....."You can't accuse me of being a shiek."
WILLIAM HOUGHTBY ....."Nothing else but."

Second Row—Left to Right

MARION HUFFMAN ....."Speech is silver; silence is golden."
CORRINE GEORGE ....."There is no place like home."
MADGELINE LONG ....."I sleep in class so I can study nights."
SARAH SINES .....She spends the winter in the Sunny South.
EDNA NOYES ....."Why don't we do something?"
IRENE HOLMES ....."Saginaw is some town; I live there."
EDYTH JOHNSTON ....."Don't judge my quality by my size."
BERTHA FLETCHER....."Much study is a weariness of the flesh."

Third Row—Left to Right

LAURA DODDS .....She can't trouble trouble until trouble troubles her.
RAYMOND COX .....He leaves clean work behind him.
LAWRENCE SPRAGUE....."I am good; my name is Sprague."
RAY SHAW....."I never can think of anything witty."
ALTA TIMBERS .....I know a maiden fair to see, Beware! Beware!
IVALETA SMITH.....She has a bright smile and a merry laugh.

Junior Class Poem

In thinking o'er the work we've done
Since we were young, and Freshmen green,
We see the work mingled with fun;
The gloom is only dimly seen.

We started out so fresh and gay;
Nor have we lost quite all our fun;
But we are somewhat tamed today
To what we were in '21.

We like good times no less than then,
But we must work with heart and will.
Diversion to our work doth lend
New zest to climb—to mount life's hill.

Our Class is sturdy, staunch and true,
In numbers though, not very large.
You'll find our spirits ne'er too blue
To rise and make a gallant charge.

Suppose defeat doth come our way?
Our courage does not drop and die;
We rise to greet a better day,
And are assured that victory's nigh.

Oh God, to Thee, our help, we pray;
Bless us as through this vale we wend;
Help us to thank Thee, Lord, each day,
For ev'ry blessing Thou do'st send.

And now be with us all through life;
We give our lives to Thee to mould.
Help us to conquer in the strife
And then be gathered in thy fold.

—Violet E. Fletcher.

Junior Class Activities

Junior Class? Yes, here we are again. Of course we are not conceited but the very fact that this write up has anything to do with Juniors, ought to make you interested. We have been very busy this year with inter-class affairs and have had time for only a few "Special" occasions.

Mrs. George Kenworthy, an alumna and the sister of Laura Dodds, one of our classmates, royally entertained us at her home, on the evening of the twenty-ninth of October. The date being so near Hallowe'en, the decoration color scheme was orange and black. The tables and rooms were adorned with black and orange crepe paper and jack o' lanterns. The Junior Class is a class that has some novel ideas. We furnished a six o'clock dinner, corn-beef and cabbage, and pumpkin pies being novel features of the course. We have not, up to date, heard of any serious consequence of this feed.

Two of the members of the Junior Class took part in the Declamatory Contest, held on the fifteenth of February. The Junior Class representative carried off first prize.

Not only are we Juniors interested in literary development, but we take an active part in inter-class affairs. The afternoon after the contest, the Junior and Senior Classes and the Alpha College Club enjoyed a sleigh ride (some in cars!) to Jackson. We had supper and spent a pleasant evening at the Y. W. C. A. We certainly appreciated the matron's kindness to us while we were there. In due time we arrived home not much the worse for wear. We are anticipating the time when in the near future, we shall entertain the Seniors at the Annual Junior and Senior Banquet. This is a chance which comes to us only once in a life-time, and we intend to make the best of it.—Violet E. Fletcher.

Junior Class History of '25

Well here we are, loyal Juniors; we arrived bag and baggage, in September. We have been struggling for this position for two years and at last we have attained it. In 1921 we started up the rough road of High School. We were a bit timid the first week of our journey in this new realm, but we soon became acquainted with our surroundings. For sometime after we entered this new land, we surely showed our greenness and freshness.

We passed our first mile-stone and rocked the boat again by climbing into "Sophomore-ism." We were not as green as when we were Freshmen, but then we were not supposed to be. We were beginning to think, in a surprised and disappointed way, that perhaps there might be a few things which we did not know; but we were not ready yet to concede that they were of very great number.

In September of 1923, we started on our third mile. We are finding that school life is not all fun—though there are periods that seem to make us believe so—but that there is a great deal of hard work connected with it. We are learning that if we would acquire anything from the books we are studying we must do a lot of intensive study.

In connection with our Academic and Theological Courses we are steadily progressing in the school of hard knocks. We find that the more severe the tussle and the brain struggle that we have with our studies in conquering them, the more we achieve and the longer that achievement stays with us.

We have seen during our stay in this realm of learning that "All work and no play, makes Jack a dull boy." This is the reason why we are so bright. Sometimes when we are loaded down to the limit with school and class work if we can get out into the sunshine and breathe God's clean air we feel that perhaps things are not as bad as we thought. Our Class is abounding in optimism. One writer has said, "The optimist sees the doughnut, but the pessimist sees the hole." We agree with him; if you don't believe it just watch our facial expressions for a while.

Of course there are times when it seems that everything is against us and that the odds are too great. But, while constantly forced to make minor decisions in connection with our daily life, we are thankful that so many of the Junior Class have made the Supreme Decision and have taken Christ into their lives, both to will and to do His good pleasure. Our paramount ambition is to live for and serve Christ to the best of our ability and to live exemplary Christian lives.

We hope that we may, as Bryant expresses it:

"So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him and lies down to pleasant dreams."

—Violet E. Fletcher.

Sophomore Class

First Row—Left to Right

RUTH MATHEWS.....“Speech is great but silence is greater.”
MISS GLADYS REDDING, *Honorary*.....“I just can’t help smiling.”
HELEN JENNINGS, *Secretary*.....A loving heart is the beginning of all knowledge.
BURDETTE ANDREWS.....“Ohio called me, I had to go.”
VIOLET ZELLER, *President*.....“Anything for a quiet life.”
ORA SPRAGUE, *Treasurer*..“I might be better if I would, but its awfully lonely being good.”
FLEETA BECK.....“Happy am I, from care I am free, why aren’t they all content like me?”
DOROTHY STEVENSON.....One of the quiet kind.

Second Row—Left to Right

GLADYS MATHEWS.....“Better to be small and shine, than large, and cast a shadow.”
CARRIE ROCHELLE.....A jolly smile and a friendly hello for everyone.
GRACE WILLIAMS.....“I’ll be merry and free. I’ll be sad for nobody.”
RUTH STOCKWELL.....“I never could tread a single pleasure under foot.”
MARGARET SHAW.....Pleasant and agreeable.

Third Row—Left to Right

LESTER LOOMAN.....In play he is at home.
ROY LAWRENCE .....Our meat chopper.
ROB’T MONTGOMERY.“Let us enjoy the present, we shall have trouble enough hereafter.”
RENNIE HARMON, *Vice-President*.....“It’s hard to please all the people at once.”
ROY WILLIAMS.....“He is as honest as he is tall, and he is the tallest of us all.”
CLARENCE LOOMAN.....“If he has any faults he has left us in doubt.”
DANIEL THOMPSON.....“There is a good deal of mischief beneath this calm exterior.”
DALE FRANKLIN.....“Come on, boys, now for some sport.”
LESTER McLACHLAN.....Happy boys shall have many friends.
CHARLES HAMMOND.....“Class Clown.”
MRS. CONNIE MYERS.....“I’m all ready to leave.”

Ascendimus

We’ve often heard the wise ones say,
“There’s always room at the top;”
And so we ardent Sophomores
Will never, never stop.

Though we are loyal Sophomores,
And must await the day,
When two years hence, we shall have reached
The summit of our way;

We’ve heard the call of Juniorship,
We’re working with a will,
E’en though the paths are rough and steep,
We’re sure to make the hill.

We’re climbing up the pathway now,
And don’t intend to stop;
We will not faint or make complaint,
Our courage will not drop.

We scarce can wait until we feel
The bond of Senior ties,
Until our Class of twenty-six,
Before the world shall rise.

But we are ardent Sophomores,
We’re climbing ne’er to stop;
With vim and might, we’ll climb the height,
Until we reach the top.

VIOLET E. ZELLER
RENNIE B. HARMON

The Eve of Parting

As the evening shadows softly creep through the trees and hover over the campus of S. A. S., groups of twos and threes may be seen; some strolling quietly in the twilight, while others are standing here and there laughing and talking together. As one catches snatches of their conversations, now and then, they seem to be mingled with tinges of mirth and sorrow.

The branches gently swaying in the breezes whisper their friendly message to them which on this eve seem dearer than ever before. The quiet chime of vesper bells is chanting in the distance and to each of us comes a weird and lonely feeling, for the happy days we’ve spent together in study, fun and frolic are, for some, to be no more, but each must turn his weary steps to enter new and varied experiences.

It is not until we come to the parting of the ways that we can fully realize how much our year at S. A. S. has meant to us. There have been hard and wearisome tasks and heavy burdens to bear; there have been moments of worry and anxiety too, perhaps, but somehow on this beautiful June evening all these are forgotten and floods of happy remembrances, notes of praise, and loving thoughts and deeds fill the soul to overflowing. It is then we realize the worth of those moments spent together in the school room and on the campus.

Those experiences which seemed hard to go through have, no doubt, been the very thing that have strengthened and enriched the character. “No experience is ever forgotten,” and, altho it appears to be, at some time in future life ideals of truth, righteousness and faith will unconsciously peep out.

As we go out of the halls of our school so dear to us, let us remember that for which it stands; let us in our daily walks of life keep in mind its principles and ideals; let us cheerfully do those things our hands find to do and in so doing we shall not only make ourselves happy but it will radiate sunshine to those about us.

And now we must say goodbye, but ever in our hearts shall we cherish the loving words and thoughtful deeds of those whom here we met and learned to love.—GLADYS M. REDDING.

Sophomore Class History

With much vim and undaunted courage, the Sophomore Class, sailing the Sea of Education, began the second lap of our voyage to the land of "1926." Our Class is of good size though not as large as it was last year. For various reasons it was necessary for our president and two other members to leave us. We are sailing steadily toward the goal, and though we are not yet quite to the half way mark, our courage has not diminished in the least.

As soon as school started we organized our Class and chose Miss Gladys Redding as our honorary member. Her guidance and good advice have boosted our spirits in times of depression. After organizing our Class we were ready to enter into every possible school activity. In school life, if we are to be successful we must develop first, the physical, second, the intellectual, and third, the spiritual. Full of pep and grit we went into athletics for both exercise and honors. Of course we won plenty of the former and considerable of the latter. We have given our full quota of athletes to sports. In basketball, soccer, baseball, and tennis our players have made their mark. Two of our boys represented the Class in the winning Basketball Team, while Miss Grace Williams was elected Captain of the Girls' Basketball Team.

In the fall we enjoyed a class function, at the home of Miss Ora Sprague, and in the winter a sleigh ride to Jackson. Eats were plentiful on both occasions, proving that we do not neglect our physical necessities.

Secondly, in the development of our intellectual powers we are holding true to our course. We have faced the storms bravely and are advancing steadily toward the destination we have chosen. Through honest labor and much struggling we have overcome the tendency to follow the line of least resistance. For this we are very glad, for truly there is no short cut to a good education; only by climbing the stairs, step by step can we obtain it. Ultimate success depends upon making each step carefully and successfully.

Above all, the Sophomores have learned that to neglect the third, namely, the spiritual needs, would be to neglect all. Education and fitness of body are cooperative with religion, and the results of any one minus the others are incomplete. A man may gain worldly fame, but in the end he will lose it all; "For what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" (Matt. 16:26). Many of our number have launched out into the boundless sea of God's great mercy, and many more are sure to follow, because of the congenial Christian associations with which they are surrounded.

"Not enjoyment and not sorrow.
Is our destined end or way,
But to act, that each tomorrow
Find us farther than today."

With this for our principle, and with God's hand guiding us, at the end of our four years' journey, we shall arrive at our port and be fully prepared for life's calling.

—Rennie B. Harmon.

Freshman Class

First Row—Left to Right.

BEULAH BOICE, *President*.....The Music Teacher
STANLEY KING .....Any girl can tell you about him
JAMES ANDREWS.....A popular young man.
BERNARD KREAGER, *Secretary*.....Spring Arbor's boot black.
HOWARD CLIFFORD.....A fellow who delivers the goods in a quiet unassuming manner.
MISS MARGARET MATTHEWSON, *Honorary*—God gave her more than her rightful share. He made her clever as well as fair.

Second Row—Left to Right

ROBERT JOHNSON, *Treasurer*....."Oh shoot! Do I have to do a-l-l that?"
MARY HOUGHTBY....."I love dates with peaches."
CORA HILL.....Wise and ambitious.
RUBY BATES.....A maiden fair.
ARLENE HAMILTON....."I'm going back to Detroit."
EUGENE WOODS....."I can't find my English book, Miss Matthewson."

Freshman Class Report

Here we are—the Freshman Class of '24!

On the morning of September 12, 1923, we, with great anticipation, started to ascend the famous "High School Hill" whose summit is "Graduation Day." We started with twelve in our number but several have dropped out. We, who remain, however, are determined to persevere until we have reached the goal of our ambitions, and won the honors of graduation.

Ahead of us but a short distance, we can easily see the gay young Sophomores. They have already reached the second milestone of this four year journey. With a little difficulty we can see the Jolly Juniors, who are nearer the top and have not far to go. They have gone by this same pathway—why can't we? It is only by the aid of field glasses that we are able to catch glimpses of the Noble Seniors. They are near the journey's end, and will soon reap the reward of their hard labors.

We see the time worn path stretching out before us, and as we think of those who have trodden it, we are encouraged, and feel sure that we also can make it. Steep rocks and piercing thorns sometimes hinder our progress, and dark clouds that often hang around the foothills threaten to engulf us, but we remember that "every cloud has a silver lining" and that just ahead the sun is shining. We are determined never to turn back or become discouraged. "Perpetual pushing and assurance put a difficulty out of countenance and make a seeming impossibility give way."

We are fortunate in having as our guide, Miss Margaret Matthewson, whose experiences in the West are a never failing source of interest to us. She not only aids us by her council in our serious moments, but also enters into our fun.

Pleasant memories that will be ours in the years to come will be those of our social gatherings. One day in October, after school, we enjoyed a grove banquet. We feasted on a variety of eats such as roast weiners, marshmallows, and all that goes to make a good supper for hungry picnickers. We then played games until time to go home. We also spent a pleasant evening in February at the home of one of our members.

Being only Freshmen, we know we are accused of carrying the hue of the verdure that surrounds us, but we believe that we have in our midst some who aspire to the highest ideals in life.

We are keeping our eyes on the goal far ahead; though we're not at the top, every day finds us diligently climbing.

—Beulah Boice.

"Freshies"

We, a band of Freshmen green,
  Have come to S. A. S.
Such loyal workers ne'er you've seen;
  We do our work with zest.

Here we are, to learn for life,
  And now we must succeed;
While at the bottom we did start,
  We'll to the top proceed.

By our colors we will stand
  Among the tried and true,
In this our free and happy land
  E'er faithful, though we're few.

When we've parted right and left,
  S. A. we'll think of thee.
May we have nothing to regret,
  But always faithful be.

—Cora M. Hill.

Departments

Theological
Music
Literary
Public Speaking
Business
Preparatory

BIBLE CLASS

Theological Department

In the fourth chapter of Proverbs and the seventh verse, these words are found: "Wisdom is the principal thing, therefore get wisdom, and with all thy getting, get understanding." How true it is that wisdom is needed especially in the work of the Lord.

No one would ever think of starting out to practice law or medicine, or to teach school, without first acquiring the necessary education to qualify himself for the responsible position which he expects to hold throughout life. The students of the Theological Department feel that they are preparing for a higher and a more responsible position in life than that held by the one who chooses law, medicine, or teaching. Our calling is of God. We are not dealing with the people for a year or so only, but we are to do work that will prove itself in this life, at the judgment seat, and throughout an endless eternity.

With this thought in mind and because they clearly saw and felt the need of educated ministers of the gospel, our good Fathers, who have gone on before, established the Theological Department in our beloved Spring Arbor Seminary. They knew that we should have to meet the arguments of many evildoers—possibly atheists, infidels, skeptics, or higher critics—and to refute the many erroneous doctrines which are continually presenting themselves.

In order to be able to stand firm and immovable for the doctrines in which our fathers believed, we aim, with all our getting, to get understanding. It comes to us through the different channels and avenues of the three-year Theological Course offered by the Seminary. While pursuing this course our minds are occupied in studying those subjects that will be the greatest help to us when we are in active Christian work. The common experiences of every day school life too, teach us lessons that will be of great value intellectually, morally and spiritually.

Our teacher, Reverend B. H. Alberts, is a very godly man, we have great faith and confidence in him, because he is daily proving himself to be a conscientious teacher and a spiritual leader. Carefully and willingly he unfolds the hidden mysteries of the Atonement and sets our minds right with regard to Predestination, Calvanism, Arminianism, Depravity, Regeneration, Sanctification, and all the other important points in theology.

The Theological Department has a large number of prospective workers, who will soon go out into various fields of labor to win erring ones for the Lord. Every member expects to wear a crown with many stars in it when he lays his armour down, he realizes the brevity of life and to him Heaven is not a far off place.

—Raymond Cox.

PIANO AND VOCAL STUDENTS

Minnie L. Blowers, *Instructor*

Instrumental Music Department

Picture in your mind a sunrise on a cloudy morning. On such a morning the sun always has a struggle to make its beams penetrate through the clouds. But after a few hours, as the sun rises higher and higher in the heavens, the clouds slowly disappear, and the sun shines forth in all his radiance. Such has been the struggle and the triumph of the Music department of Spring Arbor Seminary.

The Music Department, established in 1898, was not very large at first, but after a struggle of some years the clouds gradually disappeared from the musical horizon and the Department now shines as an important factor in school life. The interest has increased until at the present time it is greater than it has ever been before. Especially great has been the interest and improvement the last two years under the leadership of our competent instructor, Mrs. Minnie Blowers. She is a graduate of the Greenville College School of Music and we feel that to her belongs much praise for the brilliance with which our Department now shines.

This year, classes in musical theory, history, and sight-playing, have been organized. Theory is a course in the rudiments of music. History is a course of lectures on the lives of musical composers, and on the development of music itself. The sight-playing class has been studying Overtures, with considerable success. This class is composed of six pupils and uses three pianos. Some ensemble work is also done in connection with the sight-playing. Much interest is taken in these musical subjects and several who are now taking this work expect to graduate from the Music Department next year.

Two recitals have been given this year: one in January and one at Easter; another is planned for Commencement. These recitals have been well attended and have demonstrated not only the individual talent of the pupils but also the careful instruction of our teacher. The initial purpose of these programs is to enable the pupils to become self-composed before an audience and we are certain that those who appeared on the recitals were greatly benefitted in this way.

We are proud to say that the Music Department has a larger enrollment this year than has ever been known in the history of the Seminary. The prospects for the future are bright, and we are sure that our Department will continue to improve and to be esteemed by all.

Gladys Morrish
Eleanor Ross

LADIES' QUARTETTE

RUTH BIDWELL, *First Soprano*
MABEL CALLAND, *Second Soprano*
MARJORIE DOERING, *Alto*
ELEANOR ROSS, *Contralto*

MEN'S QUARTETTE

E. FAY GRINAGE, *First Tenor*
HAROLD B. ROCHELLE, *Second Tenor*
EARL B. FLETCHER, *Baritone*
RILEY H. HEALD, *Bass*

CHORUS CLASS

MINNIE L. BLOWERS, *Instructor.*
ELEANOR ROSS, *Accompanist.*

Voice Department

A good voice is a great asset, but a good voice well trained is a much greater asset. From a really practical standpoint, perhaps no branch of music is more important than vocal music. Very few persons, who have not had at least a little vocal music, realize to the fullest extent the benefits derived from the thorough training of the voice. And, as in most branches of education, the more advanced one becomes, the greater is his appreciation of the art.

Spring Arbor Seminary has had a splendid Vocal Department this year under the supervision of our excellent instructor, Mrs. Minnie Blowers, and much interest has been shown in the work. The Department is the largest that it has ever been, which, we feel, is indicative of a growing appreciation on the part of the students in our school.

The course given in voice culture has been thorough, giving special attention to correct breathing, to acquiring a perfectly blended scale, and to distinct enunciation, as well as to the development of the natural ability of each student. There were twenty-one private voice pupils enrolled in the Department, most of whom show much interest in their work; some of these are developing very good voices.

We also have had very good ladies' and men's quartettes. They have given special attention to the blending of voices; and, on various occasions throughout the year, have rendered selections which have shown the effects of their work.

In addition, we have had a chorus class of nearly fifty voices which has rehearsed weekly. The chorus has emphasized not only the reading of the notes but also the blending of voices and the working out of expression—the finishing touches of chorus music.

The public, as well as the pupils themselves, has enjoyed the benefits of the Voice Department. Vocal students have rendered pleasing selections on many programs during the year, which have demonstrated the abilities of the different pupils. The voice students also assisted in the musical recitals given in January and at Easter. A very good program was given at Commencement time by the voice pupils and the chorus. These programs were enjoyed by all, and we feel that our efforts to make them a success were not in vain.

We are well pleased with the advancement of our Department this year and we sincerely hope that the coming year will be still more prosperous.

—GLADYS J. MORRISH.

College Alpha Literary Society

OFFICERS

BURTON A. ANDREWS.....*President*
LELAND E. SUMNER.....*Vice-President*
MARY L. HARRIS.....*Secretary*
GLADYS J. MORRISH.....*Assistant Secretary*
LOWELL H. HALL AND HAROLD B. ROCHELLE.....*Treasurers*

An organization without literary tastes and ambitions would be a very dry and barren thing indeed, especially, when that organization is made up of young men and women keenly alive to the thoughts and doings of their day. This, we foresaw as we built into advancing order our great Alpha College Club.

To complement this great undertaking and to open up avenues whereby we might take advantage of a liberal education, in a literary way, the Alpha College Literary Society was formed.

It is not always easy to be the frontiersman of an enterprise but so well did we select the governing and guiding powers of our Society, that we are now past the frontier and are well advanced towards the goal of our ambitions. For president, we elected a modest young man who has proved that he has not only executive ability but also literary merits. Mr. Burton Andrews, so nobly filled his position as president, that at the beginning of the second semester he was re-elected by a unanimous vote. Backing him, and interested in their work, were the other officers; among these, Miss Mary Harris filled her position as secretary for two semesters; Mr. Lowell Hall, because of his many active duties, gracefully relinquished his position as treasurer to Mr. Harold Rochelle for the second semester. All officers, and this included the greater percentage of our Society, pledged their fidelity to the cause which they served and we have no fault to find.

Not all good things, however, come from within the scope of our student enterprise and

Please turn to page 102.

NOTE.—*A competitive contest was declared among the three literary societies of Spring Arbor Seminary to decide which one should have the honor of having its story in the ECHO; all three to pay equally for the space to be used by the story. Each society was to have three members write stories to represent their societies, which stories should be judged by an impartial committee who should declare the winning society and the winning member of that society. The winning society was declared to be the College Alpha Literary Society, the winning member of that society to be Miss Lillian Pretty and the name of the story to be:*

The Son of an Artist

The man quickly closed the door of the humble dwelling and hastened down the little path to the large machine in front. The motor started and the car disappeared in a cloud of dust. Mr. Murphy watched the cloud until he could see it no longer, then he turned to his wife and realized it was not a dream. She too was watching the fast disappearing automobile with its most mysterious occupant. They remembered him back in the college at Camden and due to that friendship he had come to them. Their reasoning could go no farther. They were brought to themselves by the child on the floor crying for "daddie." Mr. Murphy took him in his arms to comfort him while his wife prepared the evening meal. As he picked up the child he noticed for the first time an envelope which had been thrust into his hand. Nervously he opened it and the first object he drew out was a note which read something like this:

"I brought him to you because I knew that you would do right by him. His mother died a month ago and I am crushed and must get away. I leave a violin for the boy if he should ever desire it. Lest I never see my boy again I enclose sufficient means for his care and education. Rodney's second birthday was but yesterday. God bless you in your undertaking."

Folding the note he then drew forth a draft for ten thousand dollars. What could the man have meant? He had gained a great deal of celebrity in the musical world and what was he going to do now? Would the artist ever return? He turned to the baby again, a beautiful child he was too, and he found himself already loving him. Thus Rodney became a member of the Murphy household.

The meal over and the child safely asleep the man and woman together entered the front veranda and seated themselves in silence. The night was cool and still save for the leaves of the poplar giving the sound of rain. The stars shone down and they too seemed to wonder just what was going on in the Murphy dwelling. Mrs. Murphy began the conversation:

"Joe, it must be fifteen years since we last met Rodney Smerson."

"Yes, all of that," replied Mr. Murphy. "Do you suppose Jane that after we have learned to love the child he will return and take him away? It is a risk but for friendship's sake I am willing to do it."

The question decided they retired in silence. Rodney Murphy proved himself to be a fine little fellow and almost before the Murphy's realized it he had passed his eighth grade. Rodney often wondered about the violin that, from his earliest recollection, stood by the piano untouched. One day his curiosity got the best of him.

"Mother," he said, "do you play the violin?"

"I have not for a long time, my son," she answered.

"Did your father give it to you?"

"No, Rodney, it was left by a friend."

Boylike he would have liked to ask more questions but something in her attitude made him refrain.

Finally she asked, "Would you like to play it?"

"Yes, mother, I think I would," was his reply.

"Some day, perhaps, you will."

Rodney entered the town high school in the fall and the violin was taken from its place for Rodney now began to take lessons from an instructor in the city. It was with amazement that the instructor watched Rodney's advancement and one day he asked:

"Does your father or mother play?"

"I have never heard them," Rodney responded.

"Where did you get the violin?"

"It was left at our home by a friend."

The instructor was without doubt in a deep state of wonderment and the boy on his way home that night wondered too. Time passed quickly and the high school graduation day came.

Please turn to page 86.

Soangetaha Literary Society

OFFICERS

First Semester		*Second Semester*
Harold E. Stewart	*President*	Harold E. Stewart
George Marian	*Vice-President*	William Houghtby
Erva Booth	*Secretary*	Edna Noyes
Elma Lyons	*Assistant Secretary*	Esther Buhl
Fay Grinage	*Treasurer*	Howard Winters

The Soangetaha Literary Society has been, in the past, likened unto "The Tree of Knowledge." This comparison was made by our reporter for the 1923 "Echo." He looked into future's telescope, and it carried his vision of this healthy society far beyond what could then be seen with the naked eye. We are well pleased to report that our society is measuring up to the expectations of the one who saw far down the pathway of time and future prospects look far brighter than they did one year ago. The tree is now firmly rooted and grounded in the principles of good literary ambitions.

As the roots of any tree go down for water while other ones press toward the richest soil for food material, so our society is going down in the principles of righteousness. We feel that we should recognize, at the beginning of each program, God in all that we do; so we reverently kneel and ask for help from the great "I Am."

In our search for mental food we aim to find the very best rather than taking of many light sentimental thoughts which last only for a moment and then vanish away like the morning mist. Our literary aim is to bring to the listeners not only that which will be pleasing to the ear but also that which will be useful to them both now and in the future.

The Soangetaha tree yields its fruit in all seasons of the year. Neither frosty nights nor dry weather have any evil effects upon its increase. By pruning and digging about this tree for as short a time as one week, it can be made to yield excellent fruit of three main varieties: instrumental music, vocal music, and speaking. This tree produces such excellent fruit in so limited time because of the material which makes up the branches. What is it? Talent is the main stay of our society and the all important part of any similar organization. The great amount of talent in our society is what enables us to advance rapidly.

The Soangetaha Literary Society is composed of about forty members, willing workers who are always glad to lend a helping hand when a program is to be rendered. With the hearty co-operation of each member, we are able not only to entertain the listeners but also to fit ourselves for the responsibilities of the future.

—Raymond Cox.

Philomathian Literary Society

OFFICERS

First Semester		*Second Semester*
Gerald Thompson	*President*	Allen Robinson
Allen Robinson	*Vice-President*	Wesley Clayton
Ethelyn Banks	*Secretary*	Marguerite Ross
Marguerite Ross	*Assistant Secretary*	Alta Timbers
Violet Fletcher	*Treasurer*	Alex Parsons

Our Literary Society is designed to help its members in three ways namely: in speaking before an audience, in producing original work and in appreciating the literary work of the great authors and scholars of the past and present. As a whole the members of the Philomathian Literary Society have spent much time in quiet but efficient preparation for their work. Though some may not at the present time fully realize the worth of literary training, they will no doubt in later life appreciate it.

We have given some very interesting programs which have been instructive and beneficial. The Society strives to develop in each member the ability to surmount the difficulties and problems of life, to give strength to conquer temptations as they come and give a broad outlook upon life. It endeavors to help each one find the sphere in which he can be most useful.

Literary work in connection with public programs necessitates the enlagement of one's vocabulary. This enables one to speak more fluently when called upon for an impromptu or an extemporaneous speech.

Our programs consist of essays, readings—both original and select—recitations, instrumental and vocal selections, and also impromptu speeches and debates. It is indeed a pleasure to be able to enjoy the evening at the close of each week by listening to one of these programs. We find ourselves benefited and uplifted. When we see what others can do and have done we are made to realize that we can do the same thing if placed in the same position. We discover that in ourselves are the same talents, latent or undeveloped.

Our Society in conjunction with the other literary societies of the school, has purchased a number of magazines this year for reference use in the library consisting of The Literary Digest, World's Work, Independent, Pathfinder and National Geographic. Every one who finds it necessary to do research work appreciates the value of these magazines. They find in them articles which are helpful along both literary and scientific lines.

Literary pursuits will qualify us for active business of life. There is true pleasure in the result of diligent exercise of the mind, in the pursuit of noble ends by noble means. The education of an individual depends largely on his own work. Manifestly we are architects of our respective fortunes.

—Ethelyn C. Banks.

Literary Editorial

One writer has said, "The Literature of a people is but the written expression of its life." Some men in a nation express their feelings, ambitions or ideas chiefly through their actions; they are statesmen, soldiers, inventors and merchants. With others, this inner life finds its most complete expression not in deeds but in written words; they are poets, novelists, historians or philosophers. Both the men of words and the men of deeds have their part and place and both classes represent in some degree the hidden central life of the community to which they belong.

In a very important sense, literature is to be conceived as a social science, occupying a position by no means inferior to that of history, economics, or civics. History deals with group experiences and economics or sociology with abstract principles. Civics and literature reach the field of individual conduct but start from opposite extremes; literature dealing predominantly with individual conduct and having little to do with the formal duties of citizenship.

With the thousand and one phases of every-day behavior, history, sociology and economics have little or nothing to do; even civics in its broadest sense has relatively little to do with these phases of life's activities. On the other hand, this is exactly the realm where literature reigns supreme.

The study of literature properly conducted may and should extend the range of his experiences far beyond the limits of his immediate environment. The dominant ideals of a society—its traditions, its thoughts, its customs, its life—are embodied in its literature. Literature is valuable in that it reveals to the individual all that has gone to make society what it is and in that it causes the reader to cherish, though almost unconsciously, new ideals, thoughts and aspirations. The study of literature is delightful and beneficial in many ways: it enables the student to enjoy its analysis; it helps him to find pleasure in reading books by the most noted authors, to gain an increasing knowledge of such books and to distinguish the good from that which is trivial and weak; it gives him a knowledge of some of the most widely known authors, their lives, chief works and reasons for their importance in their own age and ours; it assists him in understanding the structure and style of the principal types of literature, such as novels, dramas, essays and lyric poems; it teaches him to read carefully and thoughtfully and to pick out the most important items. It gives him the pleasure of entering imaginatively into the thoughts of an author and of interpreting his meaning in the light of personal experience.

We, as students of literature, should not consider it something which must be studied merely to gain the knowledge of a few cold facts; we should study it to appreciate its real beauties. But if we stop here, all our efforts will be in vain for of what value will our appreciation be if we do not appropriate the new thoughts revealed to us. We find it true in almost every phase of life that unless we are benefited and helped in some way by our acquired knowledge, it is of no particular value to us. We must learn too that in everything worth while, there is something of value to us individually if we will but look for it.

Hence, let us remember that we may profit by what we find recorded in literature concerning men's lives; let us strive to bring ourselves to the highest standards it expresses; let us endeavor to do great deeds, to live noble lives as others have before us. It is then, and only then, that we can fully appreciate Longfellow's thought when he wrote:

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us,
Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and ship-wrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again."

—Margurite V. Ross.

DEBATING TEAM

Marguerite V. Ross — Lowell H. Hall — Mary Dee Rauch

Earl L. Habecker, *Coach*

Debating

To be truly educated one must have a well rounded education. To be educated to a high degree on one particular line, to the neglect of another is to be an abnormal person. The great problem of education is to attain the perfect type—the all-around man.

This cannot be accomplished if any part of the individual's training is neglected. The specific training which has been so often neglected is the development of the ability to think clearly. The best means of securing this is thru argumentation and debate. These force the individual to think and to think clearly. They make him mentally alert and self-possessed. They teach him to detect a fallacious argument and to discover the truth. The value of such training to the youth should not be underestimated.

Debating has had a prominent place in Spring Arbor Seminary for the last two years. The work in debating has been facilitated by a splendid state organization, the Michigan High School Debating League. It is an organization for the purpose of training the youth in the State of Michigan to more effective speaking and thinking. An advantage hardly second to this is that in this manner public questions are widely discussed producing a more intelligent body politic.

After the splendid work accomplished last year, Spring Arbor again joined the State High School Debating League. By competitive debating we chose a team of three: Marguerite Ross, Mary Rauch and Lowell Hall. The question for debate was, "Resolved that the adoption of a Ship Subsidy would be a wise National Policy." Our team won each of the four preliminary debates of the League—three of them unanimously. The winning of the preliminary debates carried us to the elimination debates. In the first of these we defeated Ann Arbor High School, at Ann Arbor, winning a unanimous decision. As this Annual goes to press, we are scheduled to debate with the Hastings High School on March twenty-first. Up to date, Spring Arbor has won five consecutive debates and has not been defeated.

We feel that the work of the year has been well worth while and that our efforts have been well repaid by the good training received.—Earl L. Habecker.

Department of Public Speaking

Means of communication advance in step with civilization. With the savage we find poor methods of communication. Signs and grunts and facial expressions characterize his meager language. Yet this simple language suffices for his simple needs.

In the great complexity of modern civilization and the great diversity of our wants we need a complex and a diversified means of communication. Such we have. Simultaneously with the development of language there has come improved methods of speaking. Notable orators of past centuries have stood out in striking contrast to their fellow countrymen. They have been heralds of their ages and a very influential factor in the shaping of their countries' destiny.

The old style of oratory is fast passing. Another type of speaking, in keeping with our times, inevitably must take its place. The cherished oratory of the past, with its grace and formality has succumbed to the newer practical method of speaking, characterized by its naturalness and effectiveness.

The call for public speakers was never greater than today; this call is sounded from the pulpit, bar, platform and in fact from every walk of life. The challenge comes to one and all. No one is truly educated if he is incapable of expressing himself. It is a decided advantage to the average man, whether in civic, business or religious affairs to be able to arise to any occasion without any warning and clearly state his platform. We no longer can depend on the silver-tongued orator. We must have speakers in every walk of life. The late Senator Hoar, long a leader in the United States Senate, declared in his old age: "The longer I live, the more I have come to value the gift of eloquence. Every American youth, if he desires for any purpose to get influence over his countrymen in an honorable way, will seek to become a good public speaker."

Certainly we can see the great need. Two motives have been given for learning to speak well: first, it increases one's chance for success; second, it increases one's power to serve. What young man or woman does not long to render real service to humanity and to have true success?

To be sure, the power of speech is not the supreme good. I am presupposing a noble Christian character; with such a requisite and a thorough training in effective public speaking, one is ready to bless the world. Look with me upon some of the outstanding characters in the religious world—John Wesley, Whitefield, Edwards, B. T. Roberts, Charles G. Finney and many others. Their influence, to say the least, would have been considerably lessened had they not been able to proclaim to the world, the truth they so strangely felt within. With too many of us, our ideas, as one has aptly said, are confined to life imprisonment. The purpose of public speaking is to liberate these ideas.

Our church schools have been particularly noted for developing in their students the art of public speaking. The fact that students from Free Methodist schools are particularly adept along this line is not an accident. This is what the schools plan for. The Student Missionary societies, the mission bands, the literary societies, the debating societies and the regular classes in public speaking bring about this result.

In promoting public speaking, Spring Arbor Seminary is among the foremost of our schools. It is not a side issue with us; we have a regular Department of Public Speaking. Two high school courses are offered each year—one a beginning course, the other an advanced course. Full high school credit is given for this work.

Aside from the regular organized classes in public speaking, where practical work is emphasized, we have various organizations which assist our students along the line of expression. Foremost are the literary societies of which Spring Arbor Seminary has three. These meet at regular intervals and offer splendid opportunities for the development of the students.

During the first semester of the school year a Declamatory Contest is held which is open to all high school pupils. Some splendid work is done by the contestants. In the last semester an Oratorical Contest is held. The debating work which has already been mentioned is an important factor in training the pupils in effective public speaking.

We believe that training in public speaking and in appearing before large audiences is a vital part of the student's education which should not be neglected. Our students have a distinctive service to perform in the world. Let us assist them in the performance of this service by emphasizing this part of their education.

—Earl L. Habecker.

Business Department

INSTRUCTORS

HAROLD E. STEWART.....*Typewriting and Shorthand*
PAULINE L. BALDWIN.....*Bookkeeping*

Many of us entered into this school year with new zeal and determination to make it the best. The Business Department, though of moderate size, is one of the most important departments in the school for preparing young men and women to make their livelihood after they leave school. Under the direction of our instructor, H. E. Stewart, we have learned to appreciate the opportunities afforded us in this Department of Spring Arbor Seminary.

The Business Department is keeping up with the advancement in commercial instruction. The business world demands competent, well-trained men and women. It will have them too, because the large companies of today can enforce their demands by their ability to pay large salaries.

Business firms want young men and women who are honest, trustworthy, steady workers. Our Department stands for the highest ideals of honesty. In these days of complexities in business, there is such a great host of details to be looked after that the executive must have someone upon whom he can place the responsibility of the routine work of the business. This person is usually his private secretary or stenographer. This assistant gets all the particulars of the business or in business phraseology, the "inside dope" on all the connections of the firm; hence his need of absolute honesty and integrity. One who has these assets and is entrusted with responsibility learns the business perfectly and is logically chosen for a higher position when a vacancy occurs.

The pecuniary value of shorthand and typewriting is by no means the only value received by the study and mastery of these subjects. Their cultural value also is very great. Carefulness in details is instilled in the stenographer until it becomes a part of his or her life. The art of attention and concentration are highly developed. The correlation of the mind with the motor system of the body is another great cultural value of the study. The use of shorthand and typewriting are not confined to the office only, they are of use to a person in his private life as well.

This age is unquestionably a time of great opportunity in the business world. The Commercial Course is especially designed to offer those subjects the mastery of which makes up the basis of a prosperous business career, fits one for higher training and enables one to fill any of the many positions which are waiting for the clean, well-educated young man and woman.

That old saying: "The elevator to success is not running, take the stairs," is still true. The first step of the stairs is a business training which is no longer simply an aid to success in the business world; it is a necessity. Prepare yourself so that when opportunity knocks you will be ready.

—Harold Stewart.
—Vina McLachlan.

Intermediate Department

Our group this year is composed of thirteen girls and eleven boys. If variety is the spice of life, we have it. We represent Michigan, New York, Kentucky, Indiana and Ontario.

Besides our regular work, good results have been obtained in the Bible work. Prizes for the highest marks in the tests fell to Laura Huffman, Louise Cross, Frances Huffman and Ira Fish. These were awarded by the Bible teacher, Reverend B. H. Alberts.

Two-part songs, note reading, and singing from the "Uncle Sam's Song Book" have been taken up extensively on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. A good foundation in the fundamentals has been laid and the work is progressing nicely. The Intermediates rendered two Thanksgiving songs in chapel previous to this holiday.

The Primary and Intermediate Departments also gave a Christmas program. We had a good audience although it was a stormy day.

During the many changes of the winter season, we decided to study "Snowbound" when the weather was the severest—twelve degrees below zero. After thoroughly outlining the poem, the eighth grade pupils say that they will be able to tell the story fifty years from now.

When studying Current Events, the pupils ask for the funny note. We think we have one of our own. Our Southern friend, who had worked hard with decimals, asked, previous to the Bible test, if all the decimal points should be put in the ten commandments.

Some of our group are earnest Christians. The morale of the room is good. Right impressions are being made on all the scholars while in their formative period.

We shall do cheerfully today whatever work is given us to do, endeavoring to live up to the expectations of generous-minded friends. We shall cultivate gentleness, kindness, courtesy and consideration. Then, however limited the sphere in which we have our being, we shall see the world become better for our presence and we shall have an influence for good not only on the individual but also on the race.

—Bertha Meseroll.

Early Training

Thirty-three bright-eyed, happy-faced boys and girls have answered to the roll in the Primary room this year.

On October twenty-eight, God in His infinite wisdom saw fit to take, very suddenly, our dear David Bright home to Heaven. Our hearts were saddened and we miss his smiling face but we know that if we live for Jesus here, we shall meet him again "in the morning."

"There is a reaper whose name is Death,
And with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between."

Our slogan this year is "Self Discipline." The teacher does not act as a policeman. All rules and regulations regarding the working order of our room are made by the group and for the benefit of the group. Good conduct is expected from the standpoint of good citizenship and real self-discipline is being developed.

We are not only progressing in the regular work outlined for the first five grades but are fortunate in having the services of Mrs. Blowers three times a week. Besides sacred songs, we sing songs appropriate to the seasons, marching songs—delightful for their rhythm—and "rounds" by which the children are getting accustomed to four-part melodies.

Our work thus far has been so interesting and the weeks have gone so rapidly that we can scarcely realize that we have entered upon the last half of the school year. The following fifth graders are hoping to be promoted to the Intermediate Department in June:

MARION TANNER.....*"A model student."*
DOROTHY BRIGHT.....*"Always happy."*
AGNESS BATEMAN .....*"Nightingale".*
DEMPSTER MAINS.....*"Artist."*
WOODROW CROSS.....*"Author."*
HARLEY SIDWELL.....*"Red-headed but good-natured."*

We appreciate the interest shown by Mrs. Alberts who makes us weekly visits to tell us beautiful Bible stories.

We know that the children are the hope of the Church and that many prayers have been offered for the ones attending this school. We do not know what great men or women may be among them but we do not doubt that many will some day be trusted leaders of their fellowmen. In working with these young lives, it is our aim to draw out and develop the best traits that are in them. We earnestly pray that, whatever may be their call to usefulness in this sin-darkened world, their training here will only serve to best qualify them for it.

"Be very vigilant over thy child in the April of his understanding, lest the frost of May nip his blossoms.—While he is a tender twig, straighten him; whilst he is a new vessel, season him; such as thou makest him, such commonly shalt thou find him.—Let his first lesson be obedience, and his second shall be as thou wilt."—

—Edith M. Boice.

The Challenge

Not all the greatness lies in yesterday,
  Not all the roses bloomed in yonder past,
Nor yet, have all life's beauties lived and died.
  Not all the sunshine comes in lovely May,
Not all the tinted petals have been cast,
  Nor yet, is all true beauty made a bride.

The greatness of the ling'ring past remains;
  The fragrance of the rose delights us still.
And, too, the beauties of today are seen:
  The sun shines better after soothing rains;
The blossoms fall, to have the new buds fill
  The places where the flowers once have been.

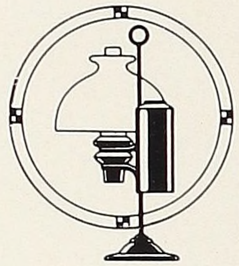
Oft hear we that the soothing, slumb'ring past
  Hath robbed our present of its grandeur glow,
Hath marked the zenith of an upward stride.
  Oft hear we from the generation last:
"You've not the power to stand a heavy blow,
  You've not the Master near and by your side."

Why should we be so destitute of Him?
  Why should our day be classed as without God?
Nay, 'tis not true.—The God we serve still lives.
  Why should our ears be burnished to the brim
With rumors wrong and much averse to God?
  Why should we fear when God, His blessing gives?

Our students true must never know defeat;
  They standing, wait to see an open door.
Shall we go on and leave them, all, to do?
  Nay, rather tarry humbly at God's feet;
Let's lift the burden, lifting, lift it more.
  The mighty oak just from an acorn grew.

The Challenge take. The bugle calls, "Advance!"
  Ye that are men, Arm!—Protect your youth!
Walk thou with them into the future new.
  They need your well-matured, protected lance,
They crave your trust; they must not be uncouth;
  Build up their school; the task you will not rue.

—Earl B. Fletcher, *Assistant Editor.*



Organizations

Religious
Athletic
Clubs
Alumni
Staff

Young People's Missionary Society '24

OFFICERS

RUTH BUHL ..... *President*
GLADYS MORRISH ..... *Vice-President*
RUTH BIDWELL ..... *Secretary*
ROY WILLIAMS ..... *Corresponding Secretary*
HAROLD ROCHELLE ..... *Treasurer*

The Young People's Missionary Society of Spring Arbor Seminary is a society for all students who may care to join. We have a large society and once a month, under ordinary circumstances, we give a very interesting program. At each program a collection is taken which is used for various missionary purposes.

We elected as our president at the beginning of the year, Mrs. Ruth Buhl, but as she had to leave the first of the second semester, Gladys Morrish, our vice-president, took her place.

The word missionary suggests to many the picture of heathen people in heathen lands but did you ever stop to think that we can each be a missionary right here? One definition of a missionary is, "one who is sent on a mission." Each one of us who professes the name of Christ is sent out to be a witness for Him. Is that not a mission for each one to fill? Perhaps there is some discouraged soul you may cheer; perhaps there is some little act of kindness you may do. Do it now! Perhaps that is the kind of a missionary God wants you to be. You know we cannot all be foreign missionaries any more than we can all be preachers but some of us must do the little things. After all, is anything little in the sight of God? It sometimes takes the most consecration to do the minor things and frequently the hardest cross we have to bear is just to be little and unseen by human eyes. However, the greater the cross, the greater the blessing; so it really pays.

Should we not then think of the Missionary Society as a body organized for the purpose of helping its members to do good? As one that is sent out on a mission of righteousness? How wonderful it would be if each one of us could act as though we were a part of such a society! We should then individually prove again and again that it is more blessed to give than to receive; that we can give not only money but also time, sympathy and a personal interest. As we give of ourselves to those about us, just in that degree will our capacity for enjoyment and for service be enlarged.

"Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor, and to wait."

—RUTH M. BIDWELL.

Missionary Band

First Semester	OFFICERS	*Second Semester*
RILEY HEALD	*President*	RILEY HEALD
RAYMOND COX	*Vice-President*	EARL FLETCHER
IRENE HOLMES	*Secretary and Treasurer*	IRENE HOLMES
EDYTH JOHNSON	*Corresponding Secretary*	EDYTH JOHNSON

"Why be a missionary? There is no money in that." These are the words of an individual interested in the future prosperity of a student-missionary. I do not wonder that such a question should be asked. It is well known that one of the greatest ambitions, if not the greatest ambition, of the world is the accumulation of what is called wealth. It understands wealth to mean: houses and lands, bank notes, stocks and bonds, and gold and silver—just the material commodities seen by the physical eye. This is a very narrow conception of the full meaning of the term. According to leading economists and writers on social ethics, the broader and fuller meaning of wealth is: that which satisfies the wants and desires of man. Millionaires confess that the accumulation of material things, be they ever so valuable, fail to give them the satisfaction hoped for. Thus money will not meet the requirements of the given definition of wealth.

That which satisfies must necessarily produce happiness. Solomon said that the seeking of riches is vanity—that is, they do not give happiness to the seeker. How then can true satisfaction which results in happiness be obtained? The best psychologists claim that the greatest degree of happiness can only be obtained by trying to make others happy. Here then is real wealth. Who has a greater opportunity to become wealthy than the missionary who goes into the darkened lands with the ambition to relieve thousands of poor souls who are suffering physically, mentally and spiritually with no one to help them.

In order to more perfectly prepare to do this work a missionary band was organized in the school a few years ago. At present we have twenty-three members in our Band. Interest has been growing continually since the Band was formed and much benefit has been received by all who have attended our meetings. We have endeavored to regulate our programs according to sound Christian principles. Prayer has been emphasized as the most essential factor in making our meetings spiritual and in qualifying us for future service. Sometimes the whole meeting has been given to prayer lasting into the late hours of the night. The Lord blesses us whenever we let Him give a program in place of ours.

This year we have received some very interesting and instructive letters from missionaries on the field. The study of the biography "Mary Slessor of Calabar" has been an inspiration to all who have attended the band meetings; we have learned some valuable lessons from what we have read. At different times we have had with us returned missionaries who have given instructive and forceful addresses concerning mission fields.

We feel that our work would not be complete unless we take advantage of this great opportunity to receive instruction for our life's work. We must study to show ourselves approved of God, workmen who need not be ashamed. . . . Remember us in prayer.

—RILEY H. HEALD.

Spring Arbor Seminary and Junior College

A CHRISTIAN SCHOOL

For fifty-one years Spring Arbor Seminary has been one of our most spiritual schools; fifty years as a seminary and one year as a junior college. Rev. B. T. Roberts, the founder and first bishop of the church, saw in its early history the necessity of a Christian school if our young people were to be saved to God and the Church. As a result of this vision the Chili Seminary was founded.

Rev. E. P. Hart, the second bishop of the Church and the one who, in the providence of God, introduced Free Methodism into the State of Michigan, saw the need of a Christian school in this part of the country and as a result of his vision, Spring Arbor Seminary was opened in 1873. It is not our purpose to give a historical sketch of the school. It is rather our desire to call attention to and emphasize the great trust committed to the Church, and its opportunity of assisting our young people to get an education under influences tending to make them Christians.

Since practically one third of the human life is spent in preparing to live the other two thirds, good judgment would suggest that this preparation should be made under the very best conditions possible. In these days of Modernism and Higher Criticism, Evolution and disbelief in the Bible, many parents are much perplexed to know where it is best to educate their children. Where can a better place be found than in one of our Christian schools, where every day the Bible is read, prayer is offered—with all kneeling—and God is honored. That these schools are not altogether ideal we admit. There is probably no home where there are several children where every thing is ideal. If this is true in the home how much more is it true in a school where the family numbers from fifty to three hundred and fifty.

Notwithstanding these difficulties, our Christian schools are a decided success. Many of the young people coming here from year to year unsaved, are converted and go away to make our most efficient preachers, teachers and missionaries. The Catholic Church recognizes that her success comes through training her children in the school room and because of this fact the parochial school is almost everywhere. Our Church also recognizes this fact and hence our ten Christian schools.

We have a commodious new church where the students and members crowd the prayer room. Many are the victorious testimonies given of light and help received in these and the Sabbath services. The six-thirty nightly prayer meetings held by the students have in some cases continued until long in the night. The Assembly room has sometimes been turned into an altar at which a number of students have found the Lord. The school and the local society work in harmony and if the parents could see the blessing of the Lord as it comes on the seekers where sheep and lambs feed together they would feel the work was worth while. Our Christian teachers, with qualifications sufficient to demand twice and three times the salary, feel the work is sufficient in results to justify the sacrifice, which should be, and doubtless is, appreciated.

The opportunity is now before us of providing another building which is so greatly needed to replace the first one which has stood here for fifty years and more. If a merchant feels that his business demands a better and larger store he does not stop for the expense, but says,"My business demands it and I must build to meet the need." Spring Arbor Seminary is surrounded by as large a constituency as any school in the Church. Here is a beautiful campus with plenty of room, and shall we not arise, lengthen our cords and strengthen our stakes. We and our money will soon be gone but Christian character abides forever.

—B. H. Alberts, *Pastor.*

Ministerial Association

OFFICERS

First Semester		*Second Semester*
George Marian	*President*	Leland Sumner
Harry Fiddler	*Vice-President*	Harry Fiddler
Loleta Bushnell	*Secretary*	Sylvia Bushnell
Raymond Cox	*Treasurer*	James C. Swanagan

What kind of a school is Spring Arbor Seminary? It is a Free Methodist denominational school. Why do we have our denominational schools? We have them so that those who intend to become ministers and missionaries can be informed concerning the true doctrines of the Bible and so that students may obtain a Christian education. We may say that Spring Arbor Seminary was founded purposely to instill into the minds of all students that are committed unto its care, the principles of true Christian living, and to bring about, if possible, the salvation of those who have not as yet given their lives to the Master. The spiritual is emphasized above all things. Although the physical and mental should also be looked after so that we may be of use in the world still we, as a band of Christian workers, feel that the uppermost thing in our lives shall always be the salvation of those about us.

Many Christian students have felt a call into the Lord's work; therefore almost every one belongs either to the Ministerial Association or Missionary Band.

The work of the Ministerial Association is to hold a business meeting the first Monday of each month, to hold street-meetings in near-by towns or cities and to hold each Sunday an afternoon service at the church. The members of the association are appointed successively by its stationing committee to take charge of this service. We are not treating the work of the Lord lightly for we feel a great responsibility lies upon those who engage in Christian work; our dependence is upon the Lord.

We feel our responsibility in the school as there are students who are unsaved. We are sure that they get enough preaching for they have line upon line, precept upon precept. If we can do nothing else, we feel that it is demanded of us and that it is our privilege to live Spirit-filled lives and to set a godly example.

The writer's conception of Christianity was not a good one when he first came to Spring Arbor. He had seen so few people, especially young people, who lived true Christian lives and he had heard of so many religious beliefs that he thought there was no true religion. But the spirit manifested by the Christian students was convincing; their influence and their prayers were effective and he was compelled to believe in the reality of salvation.

Since joining the Ministerial Association he, as well as others, has found it a vital factor in helping him to uphold Bible standards. It has proved a channel for religious activity and means of training for future Christian service. We believe that its members will, by the help of God, stand by the ancient landmarks which our fathers have set.

—Harold B. Rochelle.

Religious Editorial

Spring Arbor Seminary for more than a half century has succeeded in making spirituality the key-note of the institution. Her gradual progress has been due to various organized departments for the encouragement of religious activities and for the enlistment of the cooperation of every student who feels called to any line of Christian work.

The school has observed closely the movements and progress of our great nation along every line, has sanctioned every good, truly moral reform and has adopted any wholesome truths of scientific discovery which do not conflict with the Holy Scriptures.

There are, however, many theories which are generally advocated today by many leading institutions and churches of our land that we cannot tolerate. We believe Satan's poisonous gases of Darwinian Evolution and Higher Criticism have blighted the spiritual impulses of many of our universities, colleges, theological seminaries and high schools. This we regret. But they have not stopped here; they have polluted many of the modern pulpits and lowered the Bible standard, resulting in the wreck of "The Faith" of millions and leaving them stranded on the rocks of unbelief and religious despair.

We believe man, as the special creation of God, stands at the very summit of creation and that since the fall the tendency has been to devolve rather than to evolve. Sin changed the course of man. A striking example of this is found in Daniel 4:33: "The same hour was the thing fulfilled upon Nebuchadnezzar; and he was driven from men, and did eat grass as oxen, and his body was wet with the dew of heaven, till his hairs were grown like eagle's feathers and his nails like birds' claws." Much is said of man being the result of spontaneous generation; and many boast of the advancement of our ancestry who survived the "tree climbing age" and successfully crossed the period of barbarism, enabling us to reach our present state. What is anticipated beyond this remains yet to be heard—we may presume it to include the sprouting of wings.

When we consider the various teachings endorsed generally today, we need not be surprised at many churches being reduced to cold storage plants, lost in the fog of creeds, buried in church activities, and petrified in ritualism. Because of this fact, their gospel minimizes sin, overlooks evil, ridicules heartfelt religion; it robs God of His creation, Christ of His deity, the Bible of its inspiration, salvation of its reality, heaven of its glory, and hell of its fire. Hence, we can expect a sinning religion with its constituency of jazz lovers, pleasure seekers, face painters, card players, dance huggers, tobacco users, Bible disputers, sermon dissectors, God haters, Christ rejectors, "all having a form of godliness but denying the power thereof."

As a school, we are aware of the existing conditions which now prevail and are of the conviction that nothing will satisfy this poor sin scarred world but Jesus Christ.

This institution may never introduce to the world a great scientist or philosopher but it has sent out and, we trust, will continue to send out preachers, teachers and missionaries who will voice the sentiment and stand for the principles of the Church and of God's Word, in a fearless and dignified manner. May they be truly successful soul winners for, "He that winneth souls is wise."

—J. T. Myers.

Athenians Spartans

Athletic Association

OFFICERS

Harold E. Stewart.....*President*
Eleanor Ross.....*Secretary and Treasurer*

We all recognize the fact that exercise is necessary to the development of both mind and body. To obtain this necessity we have organized an Athletic Association. It is a very interesting factor of our school life but is second to our studies.

The aim of the Association is to develop the body as well as the mind. To create more interest, the Association was divided into two sections which are known as the Spartans and the Athenians. These two sections are as evenly matched as possible in every respect to provide true competition and as we do not engage in interscholastic games, we find great value in domestic athletics. We find ourselves combating each other with a determination to win but a true school spirit is shown in the contests.

We are divided; who will be the conquerors? This is yet to be proved. We shall soon know which group is the superior in strength and skill. The first of the Basketball series was played on a beautiful September day. It was sure full of "pep." The first basket was thrown by Zeller. The Spartans put up a hard fight but the Athenians won with a score of 25 to 13.

In the second game, the Spartans "carried home the bacon" but they won by only one point. Competition is great, feelings are up to high "C". The last game is at hand! It is a hard fight; the score ties and Referee Habecker calls for five minutes of play. The suspense is awful. At last! A basket! The game is won in the last one-half minute of play. The Spartans carry away the honors for the season.

Thus the season for the boys ended.

The Spartan girls proved themselves superior to the Athenian girls by winning two games in succession.

Now for the real sport.

The Soccer ball is ready for use. It was used very roughly one afternoon and the Athenians were the winners. In the second game the score tied and Referee Habecker "called the game" on account of darkness.

The remainder of the games are yet to be played. When the umpire calls "play ball," shall we walk, fan or make a home run? In the meantime, the tennis courts will be occupied and we shall make good use of the newly erected backstops which are needed when too much "English" is attached to the rubber sphere for the "stars" like to show their skill at tennis and not at "hide and seek" with the balls.

So the season ends but the "Echo" goes to press too soon to allow the report of all the games. We are sure they will be interesting and worth seeing; they will also give our vocal organs exercise whether we play or not.

—E. Fay Grinage.

Athletic Editorial

Athletics have come to be recognized as an important factor in school life. It is a great blessing or a great curse to an educational system; when employed moderately, the first condition obtains, when run to extremes, the second. We shall discuss the subject in its first aspect.

The need of athletics in its moderate forms is quite obvious. Watch the little fellows and the older ones as well, make for the athletic field as soon as school is dismissed. They need a safety valve for their excess energy and exercise for their bodies as well as for their minds. How does that old adage run—"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy"? Does not this saying apply equally well, reversed? That means, there is a time for study and a time for play. Young people are so constituted that they must have a certain amount of exercise or, in other words, something that breaks the ordinary routine. They must have something in which they can indulge with some degree of relaxation from the graver responsibilities of their everyday duties in preparing for their life's work.

The athletic field gives the student a change from the mental grind which has been going on so long during school hours that his brain is veritably befogged and tired out. It is useless for him to try to study more; his powers of attention and concentration are gone with his lack of mental vitality. His whole mental machinery demands a change from the intense concentration on work to some line that lightens the load on the mind. Likewise, the body, as well as the mind, demands a change from school room postures and calls for exercise. When the students come back from a course on the athletic field, their minds are cleared up and their bodies reconditioned for the next siege of mental labor.

There are some deeper and perhaps farther reaching benefits derived from athletics than those we have been discussing. Athletics are an important factor in a system of education because of their value as an agent of discipline. The school room is primarily a place for mental discipline, while the athletic field is a place where the principles of mental discipline are incorporated into principles of physical discipline and are taught the student. Discipline of the body is quite as necessary as that of the mind or, it might be more properly stated, a discipline which blends the two forms is highly desirable. This discipline is more pliable than that of the school room; its results are seen immediately and thus the young people are encouraged in it. Principles of fair dealing, as put forth in a Christian school, with our fellow men—in short, the principles of the common life—are thoroughly instilled in the young. Are these things not what we want imbued in our young people of today who shall be the molders of thought and the leaders in action tomorrow?

Perhaps the greatest value of athletics is that it teaches us how to keep our physical bodies fit for the tremendous responsibilities of life. Of what good is an education without health? None at all.

Athletics, just like anything else, must be properly supervised and conducted in order to get the benefits from it which I have outlined above. There must be supervision and order on the athletic field as well as in the school room in order to obtain the highest good. In conclusion, we believe that by continued careful supervision this phase of school life can be made much more efficient in the education of the student and that it will become a permanent factor in his or her life.

—Harold E. Stewart.

The French Club

Earl Fletcher .....*President*
C. Mabel Calland.....*Secretary and Treasurer*

The great question which arises concerning any foreign language is, "Of what value is it to the modern day student?" Many a person has missed the joy that comes from any degree of knowledge of French because that question has not been satisfactorily answered in the mind of students concerning this particular language.

How lately have you read a book which has been written in the last ten years? Did you not find French phrases there which you would have been glad to have understood, the lack of which knowledge caused you to lose the fineness of the story? I dare say also that you have been ill at ease when dining at a tea room because you were not just sure you knew what you ordered. The lecturer whom you heard the other night used many French terms much to your distress, leading you off into wonderland. Did the modiste who designed your last gown speak to you in these French phrases to which you answered "yes" or "no" thereby exposing your ignorance? These are a few of the "Whys" of French. A greater one perhaps to the student is the appreciation it brings for using good English to the best advantage in translation.

Because of some of these reasons and greater ones, French has been added to the modern curriculum. The purpose of the French Club has been to better understand the language and to use it in every day life.

Please turn to page 102

Hi-O-Hi Club

On September 27, 1923, about ten students from Ohio met and organized the Hi-O-Hi Club. Mr. Burton Andrews was chosen president, Miss Eleanor Ross, secretary and treasurer, and Miss Pauline Baldwin, honorary member.

One fine October evening the Club started out for Pretty's woods. They did not go as is customary for hikers to go, but went in cars. On the way, one of the cars got lost. After driving about five miles out of the way, and after being pulled out of the ditch by a "Packard," as Burdette afterwards told it, they finally "came to" and discovered where they were. They

Please turn to page 102

The Alumni Association

OFFICERS

JULIA FASSET WOLFE
President

C. IRENE DOERING
Secretary

MABEL PETERS CONNER
Treasurer

The Wider View

Professor A. H. Stilwell, a former Principal of Spring Arbor Seminary, used to tell a story of a friend of his youth. The young man had experienced one of those sudden transformations which cause all who behold it, to wonder; one of those changes from a weak, purposeless existence to a life of earnestness and power. One day as the young man was standing before an open window, he pointed to a beautiful, white cloud, one of those gems that sometimes hangs in the heavens, and said with deep feeling: "It was just such a sight as this that first made me resolve that I'd be a man."

The beauty with which God has clothed even the common things of life, is character transforming. Why then should the souls of men and women starve and wither when the heavens are radiant, and each lowly flower and blade of grass decks itself in a garment more gorgeous than the robes of King Solomon?

It is within the province of education to reveal the wonders and beauties of creation which otherwise our eyes would be too dim to see, our ears too dull to bear. The microscope reveals the marvels in the tiny things around us, while the telescope opens up such vast distances that the spirit faints as it seeks to grasp them. This is not all. As nature yields her secrets to the student, he becomes acquainted with the great minds of the past and present—men whose thoughts have been deep and penetrating, whose purposes were high and noble. He may gain an introduction to these great souls, he may count them as his friends and share in their intellectual inheritance if he will but bring his mind in tune with theirs.

Christian education does more than this. In place of the barren dogmas of evolution, it tells of the watchcare of a kind Heavenly Father, "Who giveth us all things richly to enjoy," (1 Timothy 6:17). Under its influence the mind glows with the radiance of great truths, the heart grows tender in thinking of the love revealed in earth and sky and sea, and great purposes are born in the soul. The path of life swings up out of the broad, smooth way where the careless multitude seeks only pleasure, up into the rugged but glorious path where "Truth and beauty fill the waiting soul with love and light."

For these truths and for these experiences which have come to us, so greatly enriching our lives and enlarging our capacity for the enjoyment of the good and the beautiful, we, the members of the Alumni of Spring Arbor Seminary, are greatly indebted to our Alma Mater. May she continue to bless the world and ever be an apostle of Sweetness and Light.

—W. E. VIDETO.

Graduates of Spring Arbor Seminary

Class of 1881
Alice Felt
Lillian M. Tefft

Class of 1882
Grant Felt
Hattie Hagenbaugh
Mary L. Matthewson
A. Edson Mattice
Emma E. Pretty
Seward W. Stone
Augustus W. Wolfe

Class of 1883
Lizzie B. Ball
Edwin H. Bradfield
Richard F. Brothers
Minnie L. Luce
John E. Luce
Asa E. Mattice
Chester C. Omans
Arthur E. Pretty
Adelaide E. Pretty

Class of 1884
Maria E. Clark
Jesse K. Fuller
Alex H. Norrington
Jennie L. Olmstead
Phebe Pretty
Clarence J. Reed
Wesley H. Mains
John L. Roberts
Orrin E. Tiffany
Ida M. Tucker
Belle B. Winches

Class of 1885
Lillian M. Camp
Martha A. Clark
Emma J. Bradfield
Elmer H. Punches

Class of 1886
Clark W. Shay
Marilla A. Titus

Class of 1887
Edward R. Cunningham
M. Luella Davenport
Alice A. Fuller
Edward O. Mains
Bessie A. Reed
Frank E. Romine
Edwin S. Wolfe

Class of 1888
Charles B. Allen
Frederick C. Mains
Grace G. Winches

Class of 1889
John W. Dart
Carrie A. Lockwood
Aura C. Showers

Class of 1890
Grace M. Hill
Nellie E. Jones

Class of 1891
Flora M. Gildersleeve
Maude F. Gildersleeve
Carrie E. Harrington
Cora B. Harrington
May B. Roberts
Deane S. Spencer
Maggie Tefft
Mattie Tefft
John A. Tomlinson
William E. Videto
Mary L. Weathermox
S. Lida Weathermox
Nannie A. West
Clara Wolfe
Sarah N. Wolfe

Class of 1892
George Bradfield
Jennie E. Clark
Eunice E. Cusick
Charles N. Davenport
Myrtle M. Dunlavy
Frank S. Walters
Robert E. Watson
William T. Wees

Class of 1893
Emma B. Aiken
Anna A. Hillard
Orval A. Kemp
Jay B. Thompson
Arthur L. Todd
George W. Wolfe

Class of 1894
Phebe P. Brenneman
Lenna M. Cunningham
Florence E. Harrington
Levi D. Headley
Ira B. Reed
Ora C. Tefft

Class of 1895
Samuel B. Aiken
Ailsie Bradfield
Wesley Bradfield
Mary E. Currier
Frank L. French
Cassius C. Hayden
Minnie M. McGee
Seth A. McGee
Annie E. Matthewson
Clairis Z. Matthewson
Otho J. Pardee
Lola M. Thompson
Heinrich L. Trenkle
Burton J. Vincent

Class of 1896
Daniel J. Brenneman
Harry M. Fassett
S. Archie Gildersleeve
Frank A. Jones
Burton S. Mains
Orson W. Mains
Lewis C. Rauch
Burton E. Ross
Benjamin J. Thompson

Class of 1897
Mabel A. Aikin
Julia L. Fassett
Alvin G. Fellows
Arthur E. Harrington
Jonathon O. Hindes
Mabel B. Matthews
Charles E. Parker
Manly B. Pierce
Ella F. Videto
Ellsworth R. Waters

Class of 1898
Benjamin J. Black
C. Gardner Cogswell
James J. Culp
Wilbur J. Gildersleeve
Thomas J. Hamilton
H. William Jones
William A. Lovett
Leroy H. Merryfield
Adelia Michaels
H. Burt Reynolds
Jonathon O. Hindes

Class of 1899
Alice M. Barber
Nettie B. Humphrey
Edith J. McKay
Albert G. Stead
J. Scott Sterling
Burton J. Tefft
J. Marshall Warner
Herbert T. White
M. Margery Willey

Class of 1900
Bertha M. Bassett
Gertrude E. Cunningham
Asa E. Fletcher
Sadie M. Hillard
S. May Roberts
Fred C. Stead
Edward C. Simmonds
Grace M. Simmonds
George A. Thomas
Susie L. Warner
S. Alvin Whitmore

Class of 1901
E. Nelson Aikin
Rollin H. Cogswell
Albert E. Day

Graduates of Spring Arbor Seminary—Cont'd

Edward S. Jennings
Alice M. Miller
Carrie L. Spratt
D. Ashley Warner
Lyman A. Vincent

Class of 1902
Nathan J. Aikin
Charles E. Caswell
Myrtle B. Crouch
Rolland E. Crouch
Myrtle L. Jones
Elba L. Morse
M. Belle Roberts
Grace E. Smith

Class of 1903
Jennie M. Walls

Class of 1904
John L. Baker
William D. Kingsby
Wesley F. Matthewson
Walter A. Sayre
Ora Shoemaker
Kittie Voorheis
Leo C. Worth

Class of 1905
Will E. Asplin
Irving Conner
Oliver Day
Harry P. Lewis
G. Stanley Mills
Clarence Mulholland
Herbert R. Parks
Herbert L. Smith
Adah M. Stowell
Clara B. Spencer
Carrie Waldorph
Albert Olmstead

Class of 1906
Alice Arnold
Alice Asplin
Lela Backus
Charles Collins
Elsie Collins
William Cross
Burton A. Hartle
Anna Irwin
Trevor Muffitt
Artley Newell
Eulalia Snyder
Mabel Stowell
Albert Tate
John Timbers

Class of 1907
Harvey Dawson
L. Glenn Lewis
Grace Waldorph
Loyal C. Watters

Class of 1908
Flossie Barr
Florus Broomfield
Mrs. H. D. Gorby
Arthur Miller
Asenath J. Montgomery
R. Carroll Olmstead
Grace M. Rawson
Edgar Thompson
Rolland Welch
Charles C. Whistler

Class of 1909
Ina A. Cusick
Charles H. DeLong
Eathel V. Dodridge
Lena P. Duell
Alice E. Evans
Lowell S. Hunter
Harry D. Gorby
Saxton Jacobs
Kate P. Leininger
Victor E. Rensberry
Hazel J. Schwarzentraub
J. Frank Smith
Mildred E. Stone

Class of 1910
George R. Backus
Katherine C. Bassett
Ruth F. Hitt
Harold H. Hunter
Howard L. Kingsley
Lynn A. Niles
Edwin P. Reed
Harry Schwarzenstraub

Class of 1911
Harry B. Anstead
Mary L. Aseltine
Reuben J. Baker
George H. Coleman
Mabel P. Cowell
Fred E. Dodds
S. Hubert Doering
Bertha Fader Messeroll
Marion A. Tharpe
David M. Wells
Ethel E. White
Eunice M. White
Lucy E. Wilkinson

Class of 1912
Floyd J. Connor
Lawrence E. Connor
Sherman T. Cross
Ottie B. Dawson
Leah M. Ewing
Mattie Kenworthy
Alice M. Knapp
H. Edison Leininger
Ruth I. McFate
Mabel Peters
Floyd A. Puffer
J. Fred Qulg
James Trickey
Margaret Bailey Wells

Class of 1913
Francis Barnes
W. McKinley Bates
Clara M. Cross
Irene Doering
Thomas Z. Hadley
Ruth I. Kenworthy
Harriet Lee
Frank Palmer
St. Clair Pardee
Mark B. Rauch
Eunice Ross
Grace Somerville

Class of 1914
Charlotte Bailey
Maude Cassidy
Charles Dornton
Zella Emerson
Marjory Goodhew
Frank Lee
Ralph Lee
Mildred Marshall
Marjorie Meek
Walter Reed
Lynn Scofield
Samuel VanKannel
Leon Voorheis
Hugh Vore

Class of 1915
George Kenworthy
John Thompson

Class of 1916
Helen Aldrich
Mark Bigelow
Cora Dennis
Cora Dodds
Bertha Dodds
Esther Green
Lucile Green
Bertha Hartle
Lillian Houghtby
Mildred Marshall
Ada Mudford
Ruth Mudford
Joy Rauch
Eli Richard
Howard Tefft
Fred Timbers
Florence Woodard

Class of 1917
Luella E. Carr
Lina S. Clement

Graduates of Spring Arbor Seminary—Cont'd

Elsie Dawson
Coral E. Demaray
Milton S. Horne
Merle Houghtby
Searle Houghtby
Enid M. Orr
Edna Pardee
Lyle Sager
Esther Vore
William Wagner

Class of 1918
Vera R. Dodds
Harold E. Emerson
William L. Stephenson
Elsie M. Turner
Ermon S. Weidman

Class of 1919
Ruth Crucius
Thurber Mehlberg
Helen Morrish
Margaret Pretty
Dorothy Rauch
Guy Williams
Hazel Younglove

Class of 1920
Edna Baker
Beulah Carr
Margaret Crusius
Winifred Densmore
Earl Fletcher
Paul Kenworthy
Mary King
Jessie Ragatz
Margaret Stark
Grace Vore

Class of 1921
DeForest Arrand
Cleon O. Baker
Wilda Bunnell
Sylvia I. Bushnell
Lester M. Clark
Elwyn A. Cutler
Adin A. Davis
Burnice L. Humphrey
Claudia Leigh
Nellie Lillard
Harold Lockwood
Margaret McLachlan
Genevieve Parmelee
Esther N. Snyder
Addie Sprague
Ivan V. Zeller

Class of 1922
Ruth Strawbridge Buhl
Wesley R. Caswell
Ruth E. Cone
Lura E. Davenport
C. Nelson Davenport
Florence P. Dawson
Edward Ferguson
Mildred Fowle
Louise Hitt
Rena Hebberd
Howard C. Jacobs
Mabel V. King
Marion La Turneau
Harold W. Loveless
Mary K. McLachlan
Lucile V. Poor
Frayne Robinson
Charles P. Stewart

Class of 1923
Burton A. Andrews
Myrtle Blowers
Ruby Bly
Elmer Buhl
Loleta Bushnell
Leon Cooper
Lyle Davenport
Elise F. Dodds
Marjorie Doering
Florence Emerson
Clifford Fletcher
Glenn A. Hall
James Hamilton
Roland H. Hamilton
Warner C. Harris
Mary Harris
Goldie I. Haywood
Riley H. Heald
M. Luverne Hendershot
Marian Hitt
Otto Jennings
Oliver Johnson
Orpha Knowles
Ethlyn L. Mehlberg
Charles Messeroll
Ruth Parkinson
Lillian Pretty
Geraldine Randall
Harold Rochelle
Alma Scott
Mable Thick
Hugh A. White
Cecil Winans
Kenneth Wolcott

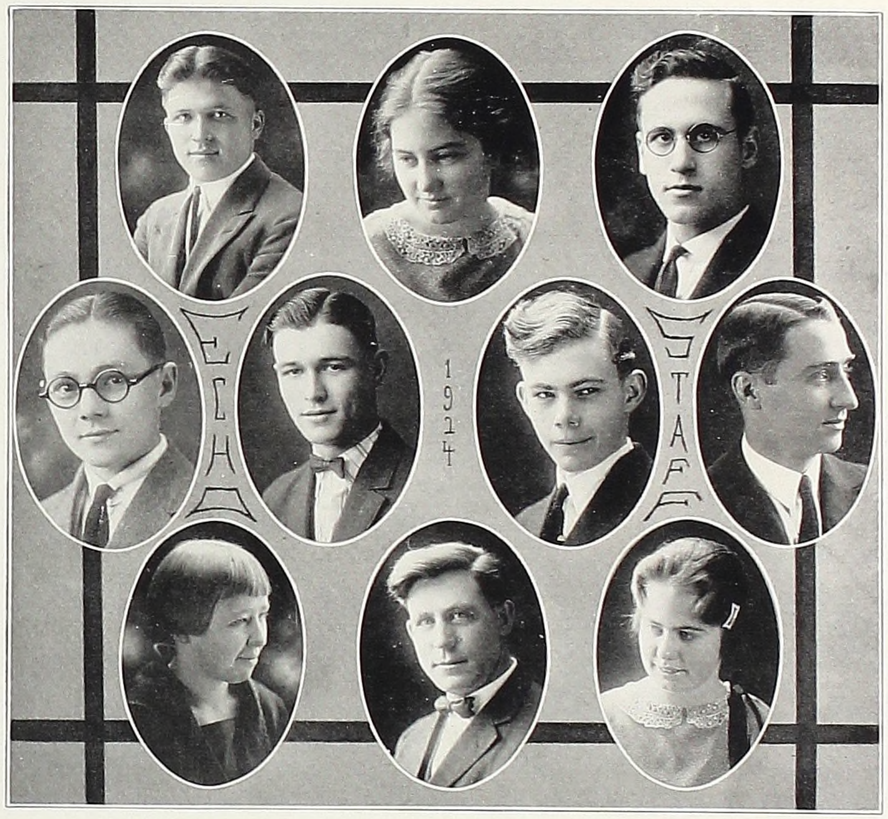
The Alumni Banquet

On the evening of June eighth, ninteen hundred twenty three, the Alumni Association of Spring Arbor Seminary held its annual banquet in the gymnasium of the Administration Building. Mrs. Burton J. Vincent, of Wessington Springs Junior College, Wessington Springs, South Dakota, acted as chairman and toast-mistress for the evening. After dinner a very interesting program was given.

Among the graduates present were several who have become illustrious in one or more of the various walks of life. One of these was Mrs. Winches Brown who is at the head of several social organizations and is a well known public speaker. She dwelt upon her appreciation of the school and suggested that each Alumni member present should pledge one dollar toward the establishment of a college department. This suggestion was acted upon immediately, and the results were indeed gratifying. Another important feature of her address was the statement of the fact that few of the older members of the Alumni are ever notified of the annual banquet, whereas if they knew of it many would like to attend. We hope that every alumnus and alumna who reads this will send us his or her address so that we may notify them in time for the next banquet.

Interesting numbers on the program were the address of welcome to the incoming Senior Class, and the response by Oliver Johnson; Mr. Peter White spoke for the Trustees in behalf of the Seminary and Junior College. Mrs. Vincent rendered a vocal solo and the Misses Doering and Emerson an instrumental duet. President E. G. Burritt of Greenville College, Greenville, Illinois, was in the community at the time and had been invited to speak, but declined on account of ill health.

Please turn to page 113



Echo Staff

Gerald Thompson *Art Editor*	Marguerite V. Ross *Literary Editor*	Harold E. Stewart *Athletic Editor*

Rennie Harmon *Asst. Business Mgr.*	Leland E. Sumner *Business Manager*	Burton A. Andrews *Editor-in-Chief*	Earl B. Fletcher *Assistant Editor*

Mary L. Harris *Alumni Editor*	J. T. Myers *Religious Editor*	Eleanor Ross *Calendar Editor*

FACULTY ADVISORY COMMITTEE

Margaret J. Matthewson Pauline L. Baldwin Florence B. Alberts

Editorial

This year several hundreds or perhaps thousands, of year books have been published by the high schools, colleges and universities of our land. These annuals represent the thought and expended energy of just as many staffs. The work that they have engaged in—the building of an annual—is becoming or rather is a real art that has been developing year by year. Each succeeding generation of year books, has in the main, been superior to its predecessors.

The building of an annual is similar in many respects to the constructing of a monument. Let us make an analogy. There are three essentials for both. First, there must be a reason for erecting such an edifice. Why do we have these great monuments over our land? Why were they built? The answer is easy: to perpetuate the memory of some illustrious person or to commemorate some great event, in such a way as to be a constant reminder to the people of past achievements. Why is an annual built? To be a lasting remembrance of a particular school year; to be a memento to the student of past friends and acquaintances, of their associations together and of the events of the school year as a whole.

The second essential for a monument or an annual is material. For the main part of the building we have masonry: stone, bricks, mortar or other composition. The carpenters finish it up on the inside and the painters and decorators give it the finishing touch. For the annual we get material from the school. The different divisions—faculty, classes, departments, organizations, or whatever they may be—constitute the main part of the book. The workmen take the different parts, fit them together, placing each according to its importance. The result is a symmetrical, well-constructed book, a standing memorial for coming years. The quality of the material will make the quality of the book.

But of what value would our enterprise be however dear the memory of the person or however good our material may be if there were no one to connect the two? Hence the third essential—builders. For the monument we have the architects, masons, carpenters, painters, or others. Each of these has his proper place and is necessary for the success of the enterprise. For the year book we have different contributors but the staff is the most important factor. They are the architects and builders of the annual. The editor-in-chief might be called the chief architect, for on him is laid the arduous task of designing the book as a whole. Each member of the staff then contributes his share of the work. The business manager has the important task of making the annual a financial success. Each staff member is responsible for his division and the editor for the book as a whole. If all do their duty the work is a success, but if one lags, the annual is that much a failure. Those who do not bear their share of the responsibility are traitors to those who elected them and should never have been chosen.

What does an annual mean to a student? Perhaps nothing to some, but to others it is a treasure. Methinks we see ourselves twenty years hence, sitting by the fireside on a dark night with the rain pattering on the window-pane outside. We are lonesome and blue and restless and wander aimlessly about the room. We catch a glimpse of our annual and picking it up we sit down to look it o'er. We start at the first. A multitude of recollections immediately come thronging into our mind. In our imagination we again see all our former teachers, classmates and school chums. As we glance at the pictures we notice this face and that face; we look at this one and think of a kindness shown us, at another and think of the help given us by a willing teacher, at another and remember a merry laugh, at another and think of a sober, quiet associate. Far into the night we sit, leafing it o'er and o'er again. In fancy we are in school at S. A. S. reliving all our former experiences. Long we sit there staring into space, recollecting, remembering, wondering, thinking, thinking. Does our annual mean anything to us?

In preparing this "Echo" there have been some discouragements the same as in any other undertaking but also many encouraging features. Perhaps there will be some criticism; no doubt there is occasion for it but be charitable. Remember we are human and make mistakes, so forgive them if you can. It has been our purpose to make this book a true representation of the school; to the extent that it does this we have succeeded. We wish to thank all who have contributed to this attainment; every contributor, every member of the staff, the faculty advisory committee, the engravers, the printers and the advertisers. Thank you again.

—Burton A. Andrews.

The Business Management

The board of Trustees of Spring Arbor Seminary elects the Field Secretary and Treasurer and fixes his duties as follows: He shall be responsible for the physical condition of all buildings and grounds belonging to the school including the farm, and for the electric lighting system and all its equipment; he shall make all necessary repairs and improvements as in his judgment they may be needed and the funds will permit; he shall devise ways to provide money to pay off the present indebtedness of the school and to meet current expenses which are provided for in no other way.

As the income from students covers only the salaries of the Principal and teachers, and boarding hall expenses, all the money needed to cover the current expenses must be provided for by the Field Secretary.

In current expenses are included the salaries of the Field Secretary and Treasurer, and the caretaker; the cost of coal, repairs, equipment, insurance, taxes, electric lighting, and payments due on property contracts. These items call for several thousand dollars per year. The important problem for the Field Secretary to solve is how to provide the funds to meet these expenses.

If we had an endowment fund of one hundred thousand dollars at interest bearing six per cent, it would provide for these expenses. But we have no such endowment and will not have until we have better buildings and equipment than we now have. There is a way, however, by which this money can be provided without calling for the raising of such a large amount as an endowment fund would demand and by which the school may have at its disposal an amount even larger than the six per cent interest from an endowment of one hundred thousand dollars. That way is by every conference in our school territory raising an amount equal to one dollar per member. Let each conference make it the duty of every pastor to raise this amount and pay it to the conference treasurer who will forward it to the school treasurer.

There are six thousand nine hundred and forty-seven members in full connection and seven hundred and ninety eight members on probation, making a total of seven thousand seven hundred and forty five members in the conferences of the patronizing territory. If out of this number six thousand nine hundred and forty-seven would pay to the Seminary the dollar per member there would be plenty of money to meet these current expenses and leave a balance of between two and three thousand dollars per year for much needed improvements.

The dollar per year per member is less than one third of a cent per day for the working days of the year. Is this asking too much for Christian education? Is this more than any member of our Church is able to pay? I am sure it is not. The Illinois Conference has voted three dollars per member per year for Greenville College, the Wabash Conference nearly as large an amount and the North Chili territory not less than the one dollar per member for Chesbrough Junior College. Will our people not pay this dollar per year per member for the support of our school, for the support of Christian education? They certainly will if the matter is brought to their attention by the proper authority, and in the proper way.

There is a part which every member of the Alumni, every one-time student, and every member of our present student body can play in helping to create a strong sentiment in favor of this plan of providing money for the school. This can be done by manifesting a school spirit, a spirit of loyalty, a spirit of devotion to the school's highest good, a spirit of helpfulness; by taking for his motto "Not a knocker, not a kicker, but a booster for the school." All the above mentioned classes can also help the school by putting forth a special effort in securing more students. We should have an enrollment of not less than two hundred and fifty or three hundred students, in all departments.

I appeal to every preacher of our Church, to every member of the Alumni of our school, to every person who has ever been in attendance at our school, to every friend of Christian education, to every lover of a strong, spiritual young manhood and womanhood: give to our school and its management your constant prayers, your good will, your best effort to secure more students, your hearty co-operation in giving to the school annually an amount equal to one dollar per member over our entire school territory.

If our people will do this, I am sure that the management of the school will promise in return to build up such an institution as shall be a blessing to the world, an honor to the Church, and a glory to God.

PETER WHITE,
Field Secretary and Treasurer.

THE MORNING STAR

Special Edition — **SPRING ARBOR, MICHIGAN** — **Published Weakly**

"The Sleigh Ride"

A crowd of students composed of Juniors, Seniors, College students, and also six faculty members, one wintry night in February, decided that "much study was a weariness of the flesh" and that they must therefore rest their minds for a few hours by indulging in some pleasant past-time. They chose for their recreation a sleigh ride to Jackson.

It was one of those real cold nights, the kind that makes you wish you were hugging the radiator instead of plowing the snowy deep. But these folks were full of courage and did not mind the chilly winds which blew over them and partially froze their faces as they rode along. They were looking forward to something that was awaiting them when they had reached the end of the last mile. Can you guess? Can you imagine what a bunch of cold, hungry, snow-blown, half frozen folks would want most of all? Would it surprise you any to tell you that it was a chicken dinner which they awaited with so much anxiety?

When they reached Jackson they made straight for the Y. W. C. A. where they enjoyed a very good dinner. The dining room was very beautifully decorated in keeping with St. Valentine's Day.

After dinner we followed Miss Wolcott to an adjoining room where we had a very enjoyable time playing games. It was quite amusing to watch Miss Wolcott, who during a very exciting game confused the names of two gentlemen that were present. What would cause this timid lass from out West to make such a mistake is more than the writer has been able to figure out. We will give her the "benefit of the doubt," however, and take for granted that she did not at the time fully realize "what an awful mistake she had made."

It was nearly midnight when the last ones "crawled in." Not one was sorry for having gone.—MARGUERITE V. ROSS.

History of The Morning Star

The Morning Star owes its life to the mental progressiveness of its Editor-in-chief, Mr. Lowell H. Hall. The idea of publishing some kind of a paper when school started, which would at the same time present a means of amusement and edification, came into Mr. Hall's gray matter some time before school started this year. It was then only a vague idea lying away back in one of the deep caverns of his commodious, but well-filled, brain, awaiting only a series of unique events to break the seal and cause the idea to bud forth into life.

Wilbur Glen Voliva, General Overseer of the Christian Catholic Apostolic Church in Zion, Illinois, had no small part to play in the bringing forth of the vague idea from the innermost, subconscious recesses of Mr. Hall's intellect. Among the buildings gracing our campus is one which is called the Girls' Hall; in that Hall there is a reception room; in that reception room there is a radio set; out of the "magnavox" of that radio set issue mysterious sounds; pleasant sounds, grinding sounds, celestial sounds, unearthly sounds, sounds of extreme agitation, and sound of majestical quietude rolling over a calm ocean of ether in the tremendous something we call "space;" most wonderful of all articulated sounds of the human voice talking or singing. Mr. Voliva held forth every Sunday afternoon out of the magnavox. One Sunday, in his characteristic way, he attacked the Newtonian, globular theory of our earth and in no uncertain terms denounced present day science, its exponents and all lesser lights, though fools, who believed in it. In the place of the spherical supposition, he placed the hypothesis of "flatness" as the earth's attribute. He brought up all the main arguments for the globe and proved it "plumb" flat, whereupon a young man who had been listening intently, was stirred and wrought up from the soles of his feet to the crown of his head, and completely obsessed with the idea that the world is a plane and therefore, flat. Indeed, his mental state of yearning to do something substantial in helping Mr. Voliva promulgate his theory of flatness over the land became so violent and severe that he immediately began a series of scientific researches into different phases of the subject with the idea in mind of writing a book, perhaps to be entitled, "The World Am Flat." As the identity of this young man need not be generally known,. I withhold all but his first and last names from publication. The exceptions to my censorship are Clifford and Fletcher, respectively.

It was about this time, also, that this young man was seized with the malady "Grandiloquated Languagezation" or, in short, a mania for tremendously lengthy and elevated words. Strange to say, the young man was taken with the worst form of the malady right at the start and was extremely low for some time. He used big words from morning till

Please turn to page 113

"SAY IT WITH FLOWERS"

Editorial

This slogan is all right in its place, but its place is limited to the advertising space of the florist. Its sentiment has no place within the bonds of friendship. Friendship can never be expressed by merely "saying it with flowers." It takes something infinitely deeper than a mere bouquet of flowers, a wreath of them, or a car load of them, for that matter, to give expression to that which makes life worth living—friendship. All who call you friend are not your friends; all who act as your friend are not your friends. How then can we tell who really are our friends? The best advice that can be given, was given many years ago by a truly great philosopher; he said, "A friend in need is a friend indeed." If you wish to know who your friends are, just wait until you need friends and then you can tell easily enough. If they stand by you when seemingly every one else has deserted you, if they help you when you have no visible means of repaying, they are your friends. It has been fitly expressed, "There is nothing earthly that I prize above my friends. Take all of my worldly possessions but give me them; in youth with the world before me let me have friends, in middle life let me be friendly and have friends, and in old age with my life behind me and many of my friends on the other shore, let the blessed and sacred memory of my friends be a benediction to my latter days." Friendship is liberty, and well might Patrick Henry have said, "Give me friends or give me death."

—LOWELL H. HALL.

Quotations of Some S. A. Students

By C. A. Robin's Son

(These are not funny, so please do not laugh.)

Wood: "Didn't I get my last haircut in this shop?"

Knox: "I think not, as I have only been in business for two years."

Ruth Bidwell: "Do you think I can do anything with my voice?"

Mrs. Blowers: "You had better keep it, it might come handy in case of fire."

Grinnage: "There has been something trembling on my lips for weeks and weeks."

Sumner: "Why don't you shave it off?"

Robinson: "You sit down on every joke I contribute."

Editor Hall: "Well, I wouldn't if there was any point to them."

Heaid: (to Irene in restaurant) "Would you like a little shrimp?"

Irene: "Oh, this is so sudden, Riley."

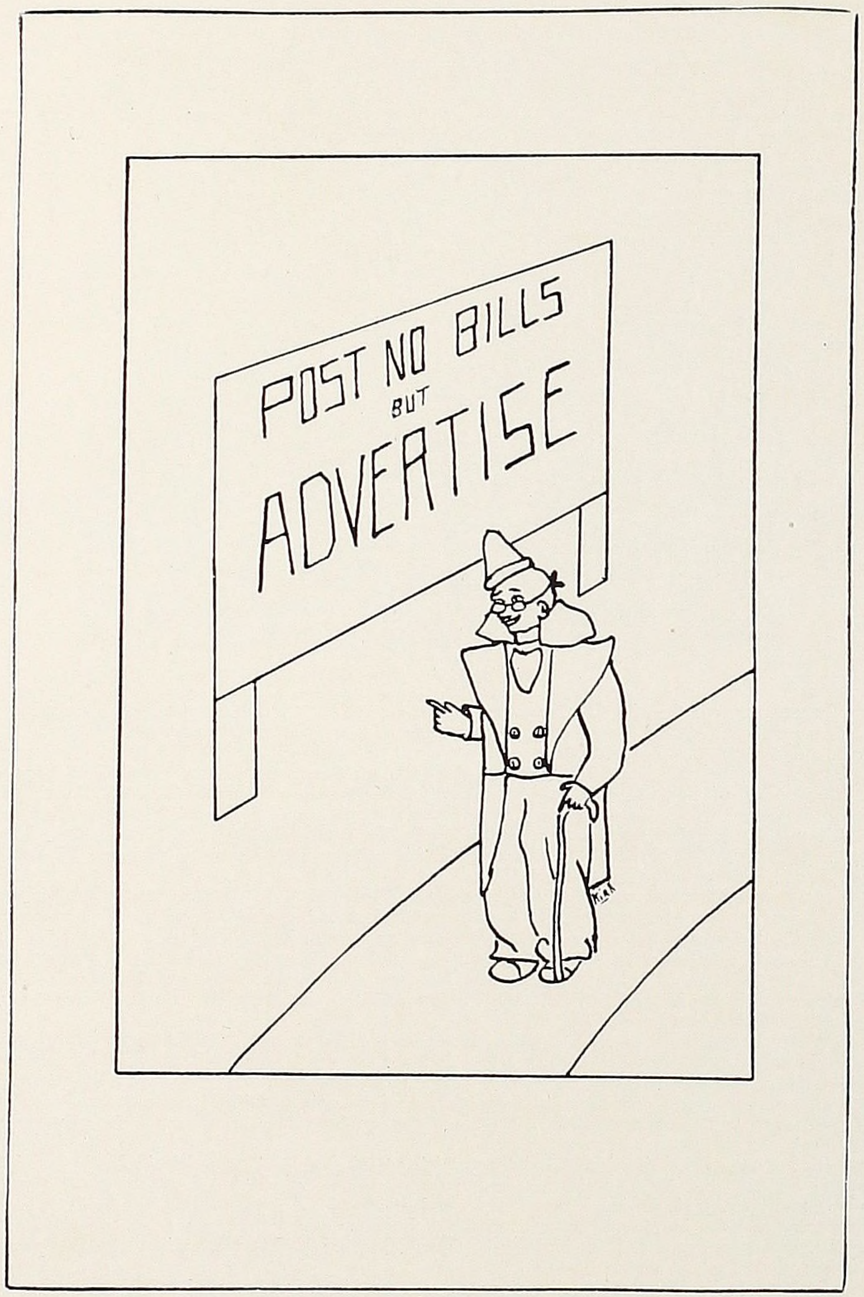
MORNING STAR STAFF

Lowell H. Hall.....Editor
Harold E. Stewart.....Asst. Editor
Clifford E. Fletcher.....Business Mgr.
Allen Robinson.....City Correspondent

The Year's Log

September 12—Beginning of another year's work.
September 13—Trunks arrive. Everybody busy.
September 14—Get-acquainted meeting. Mr. Fish meets Miss Whale.
September 16—Everybody goes to church to hear the "new preacher."
September 17—College Freshmen begin to shine.
September 21—Election of officers for the Literary Societies.
September 27—Hi-O-Hi Club is organized.
September 28—College class reception in honor of "Miss Wolcott."
October 1—Revival meetings begin.
October 4—Hi-O-Hi Club has its first function—Packards in great demand.
October 7—Revival meetings close.
October 8—Boys' basketball game—Spartans beat.
October 12—Mr. Marian takes a trip (West) to Florida.
October 16—Pictures taken for the Annual—Girls' basketball game—Spartans beat!
October 17—Seniors have their pictures taken—Lowell Hall breaks the camera.
October 18—"New stove arrives"—now for some "pie"!
October 22—More hard lessons.
October 25—Boys wash woodwork for "cookie."
October 26—Parliamentary drill in "Lit"—We decided that the foundation of the new Junior College building should be built with Seminary cookies. Junior Class function.
October 31—Hallowe'en party in the basement of the Add Hall—Girls are seen on the campus after ten o'clock.
November 1—Girls' dormitory porch beautifully decorated by "Hallowe'en Freaks."
November 2—"No Lit"—"no preceptress"—"no nuthin."
November 3—Mabel Calland goes to street meeting.
November 4—Reverend Corbon speaks Sunday P. M.—Reverend Looman conducts the evening service.
November 5—Now for tests—Oh, hum!
November 6—"If it isn't one thing it's two."
November 7—Senior Class function—Everybody (both young and old) turns out to the big affair.
November 8—Professor learns us something. Gladys Morrish wears "black," mourning over her last prospect.
November 9—College Freshies give their first Literary program—Pretty good for them.
November 11—Armistice Day.
November 12—Several students remain on the campus for a couple of weeks—always a reason.
November 16—We were favored in chapel by "Pep" program by the college students. Reason—report cards.
November 18—Some students go to Detroit to represent S. A. S.
November 19—Poor "Jimmy" has hard time finding place to "bunk" for the night.
November 20—"Jimmy" has headache—results from the night before. Community singing in chapel.
November 23—Debate: Brooklyn vs. S. A. S. Unanimous vote for S. A. S. "Morning Star" is read.
November 24—Mr. Kreager moves his shoe-shining parlor to the business part of town.
November 25—Rev. E. A. Andrews, of Ohio, conducts the morning and evening service.
November 26—Blue Monday.
November 28—Thanksgiving vacation begins.
November 29—Turkey, pumpkin pie and plum pudding—yum! yum!
November 30—Poor Olive has a sore throat.
December 2—Reverend David Wells conducts the morning service.
December 3—Oh, what sweet contentment to think another vacation is coming.
December 7—"Echo program" held in the College Auditorium, proceeds go to the Annual.
December 8—Not much doing!
December 9—Revival meetings begin—E. A. Andrews, Evangelist.
December 10—Debaters go to Ann Arbor.
December 12—Professor gets a new car—Ford sedan.
December 14—Debate: North Adams vs. S. A. S. Unanimous vote for S. A. S.
December 15—"Quartette" goes to Jackson to get their pictures taken.
December 17—Just three more days of school this "year."
December 18—The Primary and Intermediate Departments give Christmas program.
December 20—Revival meetings close.
December 21—Christmas vacation begins.

Please turn to page 106



Business Manager's Editorial

The business management fails to know the stock price of brass as it never had to buy any. We are certain that had we been without any our endeavors to purchase the necessary amount to solicit the advertising in this book would have bankrupted us.

After a year of business dealing the conclusion has been reached that business men, especially in large firms, to a great extent, do not care particularly whether they advertise in an annual or not (save those to whom constant business is given).

In our judgment, the great thing is to answer fully their arguments and show that we are not as "dumb" as we look. Get the best of a business man in a joke he pulls on you and you have his co-operation. He likes a fellow who can beat him at his own game. A written copy of an unpromised advertisement placed before the eyes of a business man pleases him, for he knows that you have been thinking for him and have thus saved him the bother.

I once went rabbit hunting with a young man. Seeing game he mounted a stump and pulled the trigger. Because of the kick of the gun he fell from his exalted position backward into a brush heap as his shot went skyward. The main thing is to keep on the stump. If a business manager can do this, even though there may be a great amount of kicking, his game is practically certain.

In these days of specialized industry it is highly necessary to the success of a business project that each faction of that business be in continual, efficient operation. Heated discussions between capital and labor hinder production regardless of which one is in the right. But in the publication of the "Echo" there have been no strikers. Everyone has loyally assisted in the making of the book. We are all "open shoppers." Constant fighting and struggling in an endeavor to come to the top always makes a business proposition go "over the top," provided it is wisely controlled and regulated.

The business management wishes to express its appreciation to the business men who have so loyally contributed to our Annual and to emphatically urge the student body of Spring Arbor Seminary and Junior College to give them business in return.

—Leland E. Sumner.

Personal Reminiscences

(*Continued from page 5*)

It was a great day for Spring Arbor when it was found that means were available to erect a new building on the campus. The people of the village and community made a bee and hauled stone for the foundation. At the close of that day there was a great celebration and jubilee. The new brick building was dedicated to the cause of Christian education and to the worship of God in January, 1883, when General Superintendent B. T. Roberts preached the dedicatory sermon. About two thousand dollars were raised at the dedication services.

It was my privilege to occupy a class-room in the new building for the remainder of the year. In June, 1883, Professor Jones severed his connection with the Seminary and I left and went back to the State of New York.

Professor Albert H. Stilwell was secured as Principal and served ably in that position for ten years. Professor Charles P. Tiffany worked with him for several years as associate Principal. He was called to his reward in February, 1890, after a brief illness.

He made a splendid record as a school-man and as a preacher and the influence of his noble life still lives. It may be added that Reverend Burton R. Jones was associated in the Seminary with Professors Stilwell and Tiffany and that he was later elected a bishop of the Free Methodist Church.

When Professor Stilwell was about to sever his connection with the Seminary, I was asked to take the principalship, which I had declined ten years before. I accepted the position and continued in that capacity for twelve years, from 1893-1905. During that time the high school course of study was extended from three to four years. In 1896 a steam heating plant was installed and the many stoves with which the buildings had been heated were dispensed with.

In January, 1890, the frame building which was being used as a Music Hall was destroyed by fire; the need of another building was keenly sensed but not until 1904 was a new one begun. The financial agent, Reverend H. D. F. Gaffin, assisted by the executive committee and the building committee directed the erection of this new structure of cement blocks. It was completed in 1905 and Bishop Burton R. Jones preached the dedicatory sermon.

I ceased to be Principal at that time and never had the privilege of teaching in the new Administration Hall. To Reverend H. D. F. Gaffin belongs largely the credit of the erection of this building and of remodeling the Boarding Hall, as well as of making many other im-

(*Please turn to page 86*)

Jackson's Department Hardware Store offers Sincere Congratulations to Spring Arbor's Graduating Class of 1924.

Smith-Winchester Co.

Jackson, Michigan

Hardware, Mill and Factory Supplies

Sporting Goods *Paints* *Auto Accessories*

Furnaces and Sheet Metal Work

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

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

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 Michigan Ave. East and
Corner Mechanic and Pearl Sts.
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

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

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

Compliments of

LeClear Photo Co.

Jackson, Michigan

Personal Reminiscences

(*Concluded from page 82*)

provements on the campus. He labored hard and long in improving the condition of the Seminary property.

Professor Burton J. Vincent was elected Principal in 1905 and continued in that capacity for four years during which time the Seminary was greatly prospered. The next Principal was Professor Harold A. Millican who served from 1909-1912. He was followed in this position by Professor Henry S. Stewart who had already taught in the Seminary for two years. He was Principal for five years.

Professor Paul R. Helsel was elected Principal in 1917 and served two years. In 1919 Professor Verne L. Damon was made Principal and served one year. Professor Henry S. Stewart was again elected Principal in 1920.

Since I ceased to be Principal of the Seminary in 1905, I have been somewhat closely identified with its interests as a member of its Board of Trustees. It is gratifying to know that the good work done by this institution through many years past is still going on. Men and women are going forth to spend their energy for the promotion of spiritual religion on the earth. May their efforts be signally blest of God.

The Son of an Artist

(*Continued from page 53*)

Rodney Simerson after leaving the Murphy cottage eighteen years before ordered the taxi man to drive him back to the city. In a state of bewilderment and sorrow he traveled to the coast and from there to France to bury, if he could, his sorrow in some conservatory of music. At times he seemed almost to forget the memory of his son and entered the door of a saloon to deaden the feelings that rose within him. At other times buried, as it were, in his violin he was seized with a longing to return and claim his son. And yet he realized that to snatch him from his foster parents would be an injustice. He felt that if he could only see him he might feel resigned, so he set sail for America.

The night of the Rockwell High School graduation had come and the class had no more than taken its place when a stranger entered and took a seat in the shadow. His eyes scanned the printed program hurriedly and were satisfied when they rested upon the name of Rodney Murphy. He looked at the platform and his eyes caught a glimpse of a tall young man. In memory again he saw the face of his young wife.

The boy's turn came and as he raised the violin the artist recognized the instrument and realized that his own son was playing it. The father at once searched for the Murphys and when his eyes fell upon them, quick tears dimmed his sight and with one more look he left the building.

Back to the hotel he hastened, threw himself on his knees and prayed God for strength and guidance. He resolved that as long as the Murphys lived the boy should never know. With this decision peace came to the soul of Rodney Simerson.

Back in Paris the artist buried himself, but this time with new determination. His old friend looked on and wondered and the man wondered at himself. His concerts here and there were very successful and the American was winning a name for himself abroad.

As years passed the transformation in the heart and life of the artist became more complete, for God had planted in his heart and soul a new ideal of manhood. The forces of righteousness had revealed to him his own depravity. Rodney Simerson played with a new ardor, a new power, and in the tones of the violin were notes of sorrow, triumph, joy, and peace. Crowds listened spellbound and they too were seized with new ideals and thus the work in Rodney Simerson's heart was accomplished in the lives of others. The artist saw it and was glad. Perhaps after all his life was not altogether wasted. He prayed for the Murphys and for the son whom he so dearly loved. The thought came that perhaps he had made a mistake and that the boy was his to claim, but no, the resolution still held.

Three years had passed and calls were coming from America for his return and drawn by some impelling force he set sail for his homeland again. As he neared the harbor crowds gathered to welcome him. He wished they had not come. New York received with honor and respect, Rodney Simerson, the famed violinist.

The early spring was filled with concerts but finally worn out and exhausted he refused to make any further engagements. To get away from the crowd in which he had been struggling, he secluded himself in a little coast town with his violin, to think. Yet thinking brought him no nearer the solution and April came before he had decided upon any course of pursuit.

Please turn to page 90.

Fifteenth Anniversary
1908---1923

Fifteen years ago, with a small plant, a capital of $50,000, the Hayes Wheel Company was organized by C. B. Hayes. Today, just turning the fifteenth anniversary of its founding, sees an institution with tangible assets aggregating more than $10,000,000; with eight great producing plants associated in one gigantic enterprise—equipping approximately 50% of all the cars of America with Hayes Wheels.

During the past fifteen years, this organization has become the largest of its kind in the world. For motorist or manufacturer to find the name HAYES on the lug is assurance of superiority, economy and convenience.

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

HOME CRUST BREAD COMPANY

—o—

THE BREAD WITH THE HOME MADE TASTE

—o—

We Furnish Bread for the Seminary's Boarding Hall

—o—

R. HAASE

Jackson, - - - Michigan

Crandall Electric & Supply Co.

236 Courtland Street

Wholesale Distributors of

ELECTRICAL SUPPLIES, HOME APPLIANCES, Etc.

Jackson, Michigan

THE HOME NEWSPAPER

The JACKSON CITIZEN PATRIOT

NEARLY EVERYBODY IN JACKSON READS IT

Kodak Film

WE HAVE YOUR SIZE

When you load with the dependable film in the Yellow Box and bring us your films for finishing, you make sure of results.

QUALITY FINISHING
ALL EASTMAN ACCESSORIES

E. T. WEBB

Jackson : : Michigan

Miller's

ARMY STORE

We Carry a Complete Line of Army Goods and General Merchandise at the Lowest Possible Price.

Odd Fellows Bldg., 113 Cooper Street

JACKSON, MICH.

"Everything for the Camper and the Working Man"

The Farmers State Bank

CONCORD, MICH.

—o—

FORTY YEARS OF SOUND BANKING

—o—

Assets Over $600,000.00
4% Paid On Savings

—o—

FRANK N. ALDRICH, President.

Marvin-Burnett Company

Jackson, Mich.

Would very much appreciate the opportunity of showing the Students of Spring Arbor Seminary and Junior College

Our Suits,
Furnishings,
Shoes for Men
And Our Beautiful Line of Shoes
for Young Women

The Son of an Artist

(*Continued from page 86*)

Back in Rodney Simerson's Alma Mater, the College where the association with the Murphys had taken place, Rodney Murphy was hard at work. Graduation, with the accompanying class day program in which he was to appear as soloist, was not quite two months away.

One evening his friend Jack Barnes burst into his room trying hard to control himself in the feverish agitation which he felt.

"Rodney," he began, "your father wishes to speak to you on the telephone. It's something very important."

The young men descended the stairs hurriedly. Jack was speaking to him but he did not hear. Something surely must be wrong at home.

"Hello Dad," he called, trying to control his voice.

"Son, your mother is very sick and the doctor has little hope for her. I will meet you at Rockwell tomorrow noon."

The young man hung up the receiver and ascended the stairs, Jack following.

"Jack, I'm going home, mother is very sick and may not live. Dad meets me at Rockwell tomorrow noon and I must be there."

"Rod," inquired Jack, "do you expect to come back?"

"I don't know Jack, Dad may not be able to spare me."

This dread of parting brought agitation to the mind of Jack as could be told by his expression.

Preparations were hastily made and in an hour's time Rodney was saying, goodbye to his comrade and the train carrying its bewildered occupant pulled out from the station, bound northward. All night the train hastened on and all night the young man sat gazing into space, thinking, thinking. It seemed to him that he was alone in the world but these thoughts were cast aside.

Upon his arrival Mr. Murphy did not greet him with his customary cheery smile and jest but the man looked broken hearted and as he clasped the boy's hand his only words were "Rodney, my boy, I'm mighty glad to see you. Your old dad is about done for I'm afraid."

Rodney dared not ask questions and they journeyed home in silence. A neighbor lady met him at the door broke to him the sad news. His father soon entered the house and sat down beside him and a new feeling of understanding seemed to flow between them. The simple funeral over, the question as to the future was pondered in the minds of both father and son.

"Of course you will go back to College," Mr. Murphy had remarked, "It will only be for a couple of months and surely I can get along for that length of time. Of course I will be down to see you graduate. Your proud old father couldn't miss that."

And thus he tried to speak cheerfully of the parting, and with these words Rodney telegraphed Jack that he would return the following week. Being at home and idle he pondered over the owner of the violin, but for some reason he dared not ask the name of the friend. It seemed strange that the friend never came to visit them but perhaps he was not living, he had never thought of him in that way before. Mr. Murphy also thought of that friend and wondered if he would return to claim his own.

The college activities were taken up with renewed vigor and more time was spent with his violin to which he poured out his perplexities and difficulties. Mr. Murphy, however, poured his out to God alone and he found himself praying that Rodney Simerson would return. He had read of his success in concerts and then he had heard that he had retired because of needed rest but where he did not know. Perhaps he would not know him for twenty years make changes.

One fine day in May while Mr. Joe Murphy was on his way to town his horse became suddenly frightened by a white piece of paper that blew across the road in front of him. Wildly the horse dashed down the road. At a sharp corner, the buggy overturned, throwing Mr. Murphy headlong into the ditch. Neighbors came to his help and carried him into the house, unconscious. Two of his ribs were broken and even though the doctor pronounced his case not a serious one, he suffered from a peculiar pain in his side. The ribs soon healed but the pain increased. While lying on his couch one day he thought he heard a gentle knocking at the door, as he listened it was repeated. Thinking that it was some neighbor he called cheerfully, "Come in."

After a moment of hesitation the visitor entered and stepped quietly into the sick man's room. Rodney Simerson had pulled up a chair and sat down by the bedside before Mr. Murphy turned his head. For a moment neither spoke, then Mr. Simerson broke the silence.

"How are you Joe? I heard up town that you were sick and so I hurried right over."

Astonished, the sick man began to speak.

"Rodney, is it really you. I have prayed that you would return and now I am very glad

Please turn to page 94.

Compliments of

Cedar Springs Merchants

James A. Skinner
John Beucus
Hart and Strauss
Central Hotel
W. J. Pollock
I. M. Wolbrink
Heeter Restaurant
Kaiser Grocery
Morley Dry Goods Store
Esch Grocery
Wheeler Department Store
Cedar Springs "Clipper"
Cedar Springs "Liberal"
R. H. Huff
Wm. Black & Co.
E. A. Remer & Son
Holland Feed Store
George Knapp
Ford Garage
Farmers and Merchants State Bank
A. H. Shaw & Son
Dr. P. W. Pearsall
Mather's Clothing Store

The business men of this town believe in supporting a graduate of Cedar Springs High School.

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

L. W. Shears, Publisher

COOPERSVILLE, MICH.

Printers of the Spring Arbor Seminary Bulletin

Risheill's Fruit Market

All Kinds of Fruit and Vegetables the Year Around

327 MICHIGAN AVENUE E.

JACKSON, -:- MICHIGAN

Prove for Yourself

Write Letters, Bills, Cards, Tags, etc. Give the Royal the "Third Degree" in every conceivable typewriter test. It will do all we claim.

FREE TYPEWRITING SCHOOL

OFFICE SUPPLY HOUSE

BELL 353

121 E. Cortland St. Jackson, Mich.

Franklin Market

Choice Home Dressed Meats

QUALITY THAT PLEASES

Our Meats available at Sidwell's Store in

SPRING ARBOR, MICHIGAN

Pope & Gauss

Bell 1934 719 W. Franklin St.

Jackson, Michigan

LEWIS SHAW

PLUMBING, HEATING
SHEET METAL WORK

We aim to please, for a satisfied customer will always come back.

CONCORD, MICHIGAN

Cedar Springs State Bank

The Bank of Safety and Service

4% UNDER STATE SUPERVISION 4%

Visitors Cordially Invited to Inspect Our Modern Bank Building.

"ON M 13"

Cedar Springs, -:- Michigan

Jackson Battle Creek

Jacobson

Now Showing

NEW SPRING APPAREL

for the Miss

A Pleasing Selection of the Newest in

SPORT COATS
TAILORED SUITS
DRESSES

Our Prices are Moderate and the Quality is Always High.

We Give and Redeem

U. S. PURPLE STAMPS

"For age and want
Save while you may
No Morning's Sun
Lasts a whole day."

Glasgow Brothers

JACKSON, - MICHIGAN

The Son of an Artist

(*Continued from page 90*)

that you have come for I feel I am not long for this world. Rodney, God knows that Mary and I have done our best and we are glad to give back to you a son of whom a man might well be proud. He knows nothing of you. I couldn't bring myself to tell him but I want him to know it now."

"No, Joe you need not tell for he belongs to you. I did not come to take him but I thank you from the depths of my heart for the care you have given him. But Joe you must have a physician. Something must be wrong with your side. While I have been sitting here I have noticed that you are suffering greatly."

Mr. Murphy did not answer but the artist stepped to the phone and called the physician of the city with instruction for a nurse to be secured. In a short time they both came. After an examination it was determined that an internal injury had been received that might prove serious. They sent for young Rodney immediately. Before the young man could reach the bedside of his father he had lapsed into a state of delirium and he uttered broken sentences. "The owner of the instrument has returned—Boy, he will be the very best friend— you can possibly have, for he is your—He'll—" Mr. Murphy lost consciousness which he never regained.

In the agony of his sorrow the boy seemed for the time being to forget these last words of his father which bore such a close relation to himself. But he was disturbed by a visitor, a man probably about the same age as his father. The visitor whispered the question "Is he gone?" and the young man rising answered, "Yes."

"I am a friend of your father and if you wish I will arrange for the funeral. I judge that you are his son, Rodney. Be brave lad, I may be in again this evening."

"Thank you, sir, I appreciate your kindness," Rodney answered.

The mysterious visitor had gone leaving no clue as to his identity.

The funeral was held on the twentieth of May, just a month before the time of Rodney's graduation. After the unpretentious service, Mr. Simerson accompanied Rodney home. During their conversation he asked Rodney where he attended college. When the young man told him, Mr. Simerson replied that they would meet again soon, for he had long wished to visit again his loved Alma Mater. He longed to tell the boy of his identity and their relation to each other but perhaps the time had not yet come. He would wait. Thus they parted, the truth hidden and Rodney wondering why this friend of his father did not make himself known. Perhaps it was because he had seen him only a few times and had not as yet become well acquainted. For the time being the matter of his identity was hidden from Rodney.

The College of Camden had in its history turned out leaders, politicians and artists as well as men and women in many other walks in life. This year's graduating class was no exception, for Camden believed that one of its graduates would win fame for himself. It was none other than our hero, Rodney Murphy. The night for the graduating exercises came at last and the crowd waited with anticipation the rendition of this amateur artist. The College was highly elated over the return of its alumnus Rodney Simerson, the famed volinist.

The night of the program the artist did not remain in the shadow as he had done at Rodney's High School graduation four years previous but occupied a conspicuous position in the audience.

As the boy lifted that wonderful old violin to his shoulder Rodney Simerson leaned forward with keen interest. The people saw it and wondered. Surely this artist realized the possibilities in Rodney Murphy. As the rich tones fell from the bow of the violin the artist wiped a tear from his cheek. The man heard little of the remaining numbers for he was wrapped in thought. At intervals he would gaze steadily on the face of Joe Murphy's foster son. At last the program was ended and people flocked forward with congratulations. Mr. Rodney Simerson bided his time and walked along side of the boy as he was leaving the auditorium. They walked slowly out over the campus and the same stars that were over the Murphy cottage over twenty years before again seemed to wonder what was happening to this young man. They reached a secluded place and sat down together. Rodney seemed to fear in the presence of this famed artist. The older man began the conversation.

"Mr. Murphy, you do very well with the violin and such a fine violin too. Where did you get it?"

"Dad told me that it was left by a friend when I was still a baby."

And then like a flash came back the last words of his dying father and Rodney hastened on.

"Sir is it possible that the instrument is yours?"

"Yes, boy, the violin was mine but twenty years ago after the death of my wife I left it at the Murphy cottage for you."

"But I left something else at the Murphy cottage." He hesitated and then went on, "I left a son, Rodney Simerson Murphy."

Rodney hesitated a moment in astonishment—"Is it possible, Father?"

"My Son."

—Lillian Pretty.

Spring Arbor Seminary 1924-25

A CHRISTIAN BOARDING SCHOOL

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

SCHOOL WORK

Academic courses accredited at 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

SCHOOL LIFE

High standard of morals
Home-like conditions
The best student influence
Christian teachers
Attendance required at religious services on Sunday
Daily chapel exercises
Quiet rural hamlet
Healthful climate
Beautiful country

EXPENSES

Tuition $7.50 to $10.00 per term
Registration fee 50 cents per term
Room rent, 75 cents and $1.00 per week furnished, steam-heated and lighted with electricity
Board $4.00 per week

Good Tidings Mission Band

Cedar Springs, Michigan

WE SEND:

Fruit and Mottoes to Sick.
Good Literature to Any.
Money to Missionaries.
Prayer to God.

OUR MOTTO:

"The Whole Wide World."

LILLIE STARK, President

World Star Knitting Co.

Bay City, Michigan

Manufacturers of

World Star Hosiery
"The Kind that Wears"

and

"Klean Knit Underwear"
in Sanitary Packages

E. FAY GRINAGE, Rep.

Spring Arbor, Michigan

SHAFER'S

ODORLESS DRY CLEANING

Hats Cleaned and Reblocked

ACCORDION AND
KNIFE PLAITING

225 S. MECHANIC ST.

Jackson, - - Michigan

TELEPHONE—Office, 200; Residence, 969-J.
HOURS—9 to 12 A. M.; 2 to 5 P. M.

DR. A. E. BULSON
Practice Limited to
DISEASES OF THE EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT
Suite 37-39 Sun Bldg.—Take Elevator
Residence: 1004 Francis St., Jackson, Mich.

J. A. LA RUE, INC.
J. A. LaRue, President
O. R. Pfeiffle, Sec. A. A. Kenison, Treas.
OPTOMETRISTS and OPTICIANS
Bell 275 Dwight Bldg. Jackson, Mich.

Compliments of . . .

J. H. JONES
Dentist

PARMA - - - MICHIGAN

SAVE A PIECE OF EVERY DOLLAR AT

S. A. FLETCHER'S JUNIOR COLLEGE STORE
BOTH PHONES

Special Attention Given to Students' Requirements and School Supplies

A CHRISTIAN STORE EVERYTHING BUT TOBACCO

CONCORD LUMBER
AND
COAL COMPANY

The Best for Fuel
and Building

CONCORD, : : MICHIGAN

Underwood Typewriters for Rent to Students at Special Rates. $3.00 per Month or Four Months $10.00 in Advance. Portable, New and Rebuilt Machines Sold. **UNDERWOOD TYPEWRITER CO.**, 302 Rogers Bldg., Jackson, Michigan.

Arrow Clothes Shop
"CLOTHES FOR YOUNG MEN"
108 W. Michigan Avenue. JACKSON, MICH.

LIGHT HOUSE FOOD PRODUCTS
Mean Quality

Get the habit of using
LIGHT HOUSE COFFEE
at your dealers

NATIONAL GROCER Co.
BRANCH
JACKSON, : : MICHIGAN

For All Baking Use
"PIONEER FLOUR"
Sold by
HEYWOOD MILLING CO.
JACKSON, -:- -:- MICHIGAN

DR. H. D. OBERT
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat
609 Dwight Bldg., Jackson, Mich.
Bell Phone 4229-W. Res. Phone 898
Office Hours: 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

THE REXALL DRUG STORE
W. N. ARMSTRONG
DRUGGIST and VETERINARY SURGEON
CONCORD, - - - MICHIGAN

"Jahn & Ollier Again"

ACHIEVEMENT

The goal of every ambitious man and firm is typified in the rapid growth of the *Jahn & Ollier Engraving Company*—the universal esteem in which their art and plates are held by the large national advertisers—and the enviable reputation for prompt deliveries which they enjoy.

Delivering this same high quality and careful personal supervision to schools has built up for us the largest college and high school annual engraving business in America—400 books yearly.

Thirty thousand square feet of floor space (4 floors) and over two hundred and fifty skilled employees are required to meet the constant demand for "J&O" commercial photographs, art, color process plates and photo engraving (one complete floor is devoted to color process work).

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

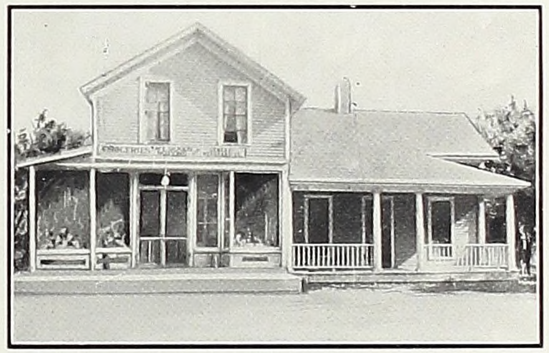
JAHN and OLLIER ENGRAVING CO
554 West Adams Street
CHICAGO
TELEPHONE MAIN 3820

THE YARD WHERE SERVICE IS A HABIT

When you need Lumber, think of "Corwins," who will make you a "Sudden Service" Delivery, whether it be in the city or anywhere in Jackson County.

THE CORWIN LUMBER COMPANY

Phone 348 413 N. Jackson St. Jackson, Michigan



Farmers Phone Citizens Phone

ONEY SIDWELL

General Merchandise

LOCAL AND LONG DISTANCE TRUCKING

PROMPT SERVICE

Corner Lake and Main Streets

Spring Arbor - Michigan

COMPLIMENTS OF

LEONARD BEFFEL & SONS, INC.

JACKSON, MICHIGAN

Complete Home Outfitters

For Service Regarding
Real Estate or Insurance
....See....

A. C. Nelson, Realtor

603-4 Dwight Building

Jackson, : : Michigan

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF WASHED AND STERILIZED WIPING RAGS

GLICK & SCHPOK

IRON AND STEEL SCRAP METALS AND PAPER STOCK

Bell, 213. Office and Yard: 314 Michigan Ave. Citizens, 676-K.
JACKSON, MICHIGAN

Wilson-Wagner Company

111 W. Pearl St.

EAVE TROUGH, SPOUTING, TIN and GALVANIZED WORK
FURNACES A SPECIALTY

See the New Weir

Bell Phone 1556-J. Jackson, Mich.

Coal, Coke, & Wood

Prompt Delivery—Right Prices

We Handle Only the Best Grades

WM. J. BOICE

Phone 531 Spring Arbor, Mich.

Behling Bros.

FORD AUTHORIZED SALES AND SERVICE

CONCORD, : : MICHIGAN

P. R. HUNGERFORD

PHYSICIAN and SURGEON

CONCORD : : MICHIGAN

R. S. Lockhart

JEWELER
and
OPTICIAN

JACKSON, MICHIGAN

Bell Phone 1074 Citizens 936-K

Henry M. Burt

...Florist...

Greenhouses: Francis St.

124 Francis St. JACKSON, MICH.

MEMORY BOOKS
GREETING CARDS
PARTY FAVORS
GIFT STATIONERY
PRINTING OF QUALITY

The Citizen Job Printing House

Opposite Majestic Theatre

JACKSON, MICH.

"Better Shoes for Less Money"

Miller's Shoe Parlors

Jackson - Michigan

Up Stairs 148 W. Michigan Ave.

The French Club

(*Concluded from page 71*)

The activities of the Club have been rather limited this year due to its being the first attempt at organization. A good program is to be rendered the last of March by the French Club in co-operation with the Spanish and Latin classes. Songs in form of duets, solos and quartets will be sung and various other exercises including dialogues, recitations and a practical French lesson will be given.

The function of the Club is being anticipated greatly. When spring breaks in upon us a merry evening will be spent profitably around a camp fire where will be heard many attempts at expressing one's self in a foreign language, such as, "Je veux des Weiners et des Marshmallows." (More or less correctly used.)

—F. Mabel Calland.

Hi-O-Hi Club

(*Concluded from page 71*)

were not long in finding the rest of the members and soon a lively bunch was seen roasting weiners and marshmallows before a blazing fire. A few ghost stories were told and also several songs were rendered by "Jimmie" Andrews. Presently, when all had seated themselves on the ground around the fire and when all was seemingly quiet someone from afar was heard to shout in a gruff voice "Be careful what you do for everything goes on record." The frightened bunch was not long in making its way towards "home."

This, however, was not the end of the merry times of the Hi-O-Hi Club, for one Saturday evening on the ninth of February, the same enthusiastic crowd, with the addition of five new members, found room for themselves in a sleigh and went for a ride to a nearby town. Although some complained of not having enough room, everyone was kept warm.

That sleigh ride will long be remembered by "Us Ohians."

The members of the Club are looking forward to more sleigh rides, more weiner roasts, and more fun in the future.

—Marguerite V. Ross.

College Alpha Literary Society

(*Concluded from page 52*)

we were very glad to have as honorary members some of the best the faculty could produce. Miss Gladys Wolcott was one of these. Elected to act as the honorary member of our College Class, she kindly consented to do so and thus she helped to mold our Literary Society. Professor H. S. Stewart and our Eastern Mathematics Teacher, Miss Pauline Baldwin, were elected to our roll as members of honor. Complete indeed was our Society and well prepared to cope with older organizations along this line.

Our first program, we are glad to say, was a decided success. Professor H. S. Stewart constructively criticised by saying that it showed the broadening view and the superior application of advanced students. Among other interesting numbers of this program was an extemporaneous speech by an eye-witness of the funeral of our deceased Ex-President, Warren G. Harding. Greater was our patriotism and love for our country after having heard his description of this sad event.

Numerous are the things which might be said but we conclude by quoting, "The half has not yet been told."

—Earl B. Fletcher

Established 1869 *Fifty-Five 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

Life Annuity Plan

Business and benevolence: The General Board of Education of the Free Methodist Church of North America desires to place before our people a plan of mutual benefit. It combines business and benevolence in that it offers at once an opportunity for profitable investment and generous giving. In brief, the Life Annuity Plan is this: The Board will receive amounts of $100.00 or more, paying annuities on the same during the life of the annuitant. At his or her death the money falls to the Board without further obligation. The amount of annuity which the annuitant receives will be five or six per cent per annum. The annuity is paid semi-annually. A bond is executed for the payment of the annuity, properly signed and bearing the seal of the Board of Education.

Large income: The income is larger than from almost any other safe investment. The rate of taxes in most places is at least two per cent, from which you are free when you place your money with the Board of Education on the Life Annuity Plan. This added to the interest you receive makes your income equal to seven or eight per cent in other forms of investment. The income is fixed. It is absolutely certain. It cannot decrease. This is one of the great advantages of the Life Annuity Plan.

Safety: The Board of Education of the Free Methodist Church of North America safeguards every interest of the donor. It is incorporated under the laws of the Commonwealth of Illinois. It has substantial investments, besides a growing annual income. A bond of the Board of Education is absolutely good. This bond is free from risks, which are unavoidable in other forms of investment. They cannot be attached for debt, and are free from any kind of speculation. Each bond is numbered and carefully recorded.

Permanence: Your money will bear interest every day through your life. Most investments are liable to expire within a few years or to change in value. Re-investments are often perplexing, safe and satisfactory ones being difficult to secure. All uncertainties are avoided by the Life Annuity Plan.

Convenience: The annuity is promptly mailed when due. There are no taxes, no repairs, no insurance, no re-investment, no cost of agent or attorney's fees.

Your money will help to do good: The annuitants not only have a regular income, but they can rejoice in knowing that their money is safely invested and that at their death, it will go to relieve the pressing needs of our Church in promoting Christian education. Some liberal friends, who are deeply interested in this Christ-like work, have offered to pay the interest on bonds up to a certain amount for a period of time. By this arrangement the annuitant will receive five or six per cent each year and a similar amount will go into the Permanent Fund which will be used to aid our young people in preparing for some form of Christian service to help establish the kingdom of Christ.

Better than a bequest: Money placed in the Board of Education begins its usefulness at once. There is no will to be made and possibly set aside by the courts. Courts will not set aside this Annuity Bond; it has been tested. There is no danger that money will be diverted from the use to which it has been devoted. There is no cost or delay in settlement. It makes it possible for you to enjoy a good income through life, and at the same time to assist needy young people whom the Lord has called into His work, and to know that after you are gone that which you have left behind will continue this blessed work and will lay up for you treasures in heaven.

Write for further information.

L. Glenn Lewis.
General Educational Secretary.

1132 Washington Boulevard, Chicago, Illinois.

Compliments of
Young People's Society
WASHINGTON, - - INDIANA

Compliments of
MERTON D. SUMNER
CEDAR SPRINGS - MICHIGAN

Compliments of
J. C. SWANAGAN
SPRING ARBOR, - MICHIGAN

Compliments of
HELEN MILLEY
WASHINGTON, - - INDIANA

Compliments of
WESLEY MALLORY
SPRING ARBOR, - MICHIGAN

Compliments of
PERSIS PHELPS
YEOTMAL BERAR, - INDIA

Compliments of
HOWARD CLIFFORD
SPRING ARBOR, - MICHIGAN

Compliments of
CHAS. E. CASWELL
Pastor of Second F. M. Church
1237 Roosevelt Avenue. Flint, Michigan

Compliments of
ESTHER C. ORR
LAKEVIEW, - - MICHIGAN

Compliments of
Prof. E. L. Habecker, A.B.
SPRING ARBOR, - MICHIGAN

Compliments of
DOROTHY SKINNER
Ypsilanti Normal, - Ypsilanti, Mich.

Compliments of
WESLEY R. CASWELL
1237 Roosevelt Avenue. Flint, Michigan
"Call upon me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee and thou shalt glorify me."

Compliments of
GEORGE H. WALKER
WASHINGTON, - - INDIANA

Compliments of
ROSE KINNEY, Matron
SPRING ARBOR, - MICHIGAN

Compliments of
SHERMAN H. SUMNER
CEDAR SPRINGS - MICHIGAN

Compliments of
ELIZABETH LYTLE
Assistant Matron
SPRING ARBOR, - - MICHIGAN

The Year's Log

(Concluded from page 80)

December 25—Girls receive wrist watches and clocks for Christmas (always a reason). Miss Snow blows in during vacation—awful cold.
January 6—Mr. Clifford shivers up a sweat.
January 10—Olive Johnson informs us in history class that General Wolffe climbed Abraham's plains with muffled oars.
January 11—Third edition of the "Morning Star" is read in Literary.
January 14—Lowell brings the fact to our minds that the Weather Bureau does not broadcast the weather but rather the reports—we fear he is getting too smart.
January 15—Public speaking class goes to court.
January 18—Debate! Spring Arbor vs. Leslie—S. A. S. is victorious, 2-1.
January 21—Reverend Meyers preaches his farewell sermon.
January 23—Music recital.
January 25—Preceptor and wife entertained in the dining hall—"Reading lamp" presented to them as farewell gift.
January 27—Quarterly meeting.
January 28—Preceptor and wife leave for Indiana—S. A. S. is lost.
January 29—Mr. Habecker supports a new kind of haircut.
January 31—Exams. actually come to an end.
February 1—"Auction Sale"—Girls' quartette" is treated. The second semester begins.
February 5—The "Morning Star" is read in chapel—much news.
February 6—Surprise on music teacher, Mrs. Blowers.
February 8—Debate! S. A. vs. Union City. S. A. S. wins unanimously.
February 9—Hi-O-Hi Club goes for a sleigh ride. All we needed was "more room." "Please shut the door."
February 13—Sophomores fall in line and go for a sleigh ride.
February 14—Mr. Dallwani from India gives a lecture.
February 15—Declamatory contest—Violet Fletcher, first prize; Mary Rauch, second; Ruth Bidwell, third.
February 16—Juniors, Seniors and College students go for a sleigh ride to Jackson—Reception at Y. W. C. A.
February 19—The "Morning Star" is sent to Parma to be printed.
February 20—Reports went around that Alta Timbers was stuck on a street car track. Mr. Heald mistakes macaroni for soap flakes.
February 22—Everybody has a "Morning Star" just off the press. Meeting of Dormitory girls—Lots of fun!
February 23—Girls go for a sleigh ride—Hot dogs!
February 26—Surprise for Miss Reddings birthday.
February 29—Hot dogs, hot chocolate, candy and popcorn on sale.
March 1—Came in like a lamb!
March 6—Gwendolyn has a birthday party. Oh for some more ice cream!
March 7—Debate: S. A. S. vs. Ann Arbor—S. A. S. wins unanimously.
March 8—Open house. Everybody cleaned up.
March 9—Revivals begin—Reverend A. D. Zahniser, Evangelist.
March 19—Annual goes to printers.
March 23—Revival meeting closes.
April 4—Fourth term begins.
May 9—Faculty-Senior Banquet.
May 16—Junior-Senior Banquet.
May 23—School picnic.
May 27—Primary and Intermediate Program.
May 28—Public Speaking and Chorus Program.
May 29—Musical Program.
May 30—Literary Program.
June 1—Baccalaureate Sermon.
June 2—College Students Program.
June 3—Junior Program.
June 4—Commencement Exercises.
June 5—Alumni Day.

ELEANOR ROSS,
Calendar Editor.

Y. W. C. A. Cafeteria
Serves Men and Women
Corner Mich. Ave. and Blackstone
JACKSON, Mich.

Dr. Geo. W. Baylis, D. D. S.
DENTIST
809 Peoples National Bank Building
JACKSON, MICH.

Hartwick Woodfield Co.
Lumber, Woodwork, Fuel
N. Mechanic St. E. Michigan Ave.
Jackson, Michigan

Roy H. Williams
ELECTRIC SHOE REPAIRING
Come Here for Quality
Across from Campus
Spring Arbor - Michigan

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

Cowley's
CUT RATE SHOE STORE
JACKSON - - MICHIGAN

Films Developed & Printed
Developing .....10c Roll
Printing .....4c Print
STANLEY KING, Boys' Dorm.

THE MARY LOUISE GIFT SHOP
295 West Michigan Ave.
A gift shop that caters to your needs for all occasions. Visitors always welcome.
JACKSON, - - - MICHIGAN

J. R. KIMBALL
Clocks, Jewelry and Silverware
136 Francis St.
JACKSON, MICHIGAN

JACKSON KEY WORKS
UMBRELLAS REPAIRED
PICTURE FRAMING
111 Cooper St.
JACKSON, -:- MICHIGAN

The Concord News invites the people of Spring Arbor to subscribe and advertise with our paper.

Why pay three profits on a Ford radiator? We sell to you direct factory price, allowing $10.50 on your old Ford radiator.
KUENZ RADIATOR CO.
156 Pearl Street Jackson, Michigan

Boys If you shave yourselves "be sure" and buy your accessories at
HOWARD BARBER SUPPLY HOUSE,
147 S. Mechanic Street Jackson, Michigan

MILES SALES COMPANY
Day and Night Storage and Towing Service
PHONE 485
156-160 W. Cortland St. Opp. Masonic Temple
JACKSON, MICHIGAN

: : : U-MER : : :

Oh, am she gone
(Oh, be she went)
And left poor I alone?
Oh Fate so cruel to be so blind,
To send her fore and leave I hind!
It cannot was.

Stranger—"Are you Owen Smith?"
Freshie—"Oh, I guess so. I'm owin' everybody."

Burton—"Are you still taking Trig?"
Riley—"No, it was typhoid fever that makes me look this way."

Alta—"Oh, there is still a little dew on these roses."
Allen—"Never mind, I'll pay that tomorrow."

Teacher (to tardy student)—"Why are you late?"
Stanley K.—"Well, a sign down there."
Teacher—"Well what has a sign got to do with it?"
Stanley K.—"The sign said: 'School ahead—go slow'"

Gladys Morrish: "I would rather remain an old maid than to wish I had been."
Marguerite Ross: "You don't need to worry."

Ora Sprague in English Class: "A Snowbird is a white sparrow with black spots all over it."

Burton Andrews: (at supper table) "How do they make these vegetable oysters?"

Miss Alberts—Give a very brief outline of Milton's life.
Marguerite Ross—He was born, got married, and wrote, "Paradise Lost." Later his wife died and then he wrote, "Paradise Regained."

(Debating Team in Cafe at Leslie) Waiter—"What will you have?"
Mary Rauch—"If you please, I will take 'Slaughter House' steak."

Why The Janitor Quit

A janitor of a school quit his job the other day and when asked what was the trouble said:

"I'm honest and won't stand being slurred. If I find a pencil or handkerchief about the school when I am sweeping I hang it up. Every little while the teacher or some one who is too cowardly to face me will give me a slur. A little while ago I saw on the blackboard: 'Find the least common multiple.' Well, I looked from cellar to garret for that thing, and I wouldn't know the thing if I met it on the street. Last night, in big writing on the blackboard it said, 'Find the greatest common divisor.' Well, I says to myself both of them things is lost now and I'll be accused of taking them, so I'll quit."

$10.00 Tom Grant, Clothier
Next door to Family Theatre
$10 Tom Sells it for Less
Suits, Hats, Caps, Shoes and Furnishing Goods

REXALL PRODUCTS
School Supplies
Candy
"Save a trip by buying when you get your mail."
MERLE E. HOUGHTBY
SPRING ARBOR, : : MICHIGAN

Store Both Phones 358. Greenhouse Bell 2464-J
J. B. BLESSING
FLORIST
256 East Michigan Ave.
JACKSON, - - MICHIGAN

Compliments of
MR. RENNIE B. HARMON
FLINT, - - - MICHIGAN

CARBIDE
THE ROBERT LAKE CO.
Corner Liberty & Milwaukee St.
Jackson, Mich.

Compliments of
MISS GRACE WILLIAMS
NEW MIDDLETOWN, - - OHIO

Compliments of
W. H. PHELPS
SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

KERNS CYCLE SHOP
C. E. KERN, Prop.
Safety Razor Blades Resharpened
166 W. Cortland Street Jackson, Michigan

CRITERION CAFE
DINNER - - - 11:00 to 1:30
SUPPER - - - 5:00 to 7:00
FRANCIS STREET JACKSON, MICHIGAN

G. G. CASE
Glasses - - $5.00
JACKSON, MICHIGAN

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

YEE KEE LAUNDRY
DOES Everything in Laundry Work
339 E. Michigan Ave. JACKSON, MICH.

Mail Your Films to
The Royal Film Service
180 W. Michigan Ave., JACKSON, MICHIGAN

COOPERATION

Together we stick
Divided we're stuck
Hang together or
We're out o' luck
Pushie or pullie
Don't buck.

LOWELL HALL.

Miss Alberts—Correct the following sentence, Mr. Fletcher, "We boarded the train, checked our baggage, and bought our tickets."

Mr. C. Fletcher—Well, er, er we boarded our baggage, checked our train, and got on our tickets.

Ruth Stockwell—"What kind of a car do you like best?"
Grace Williams—"A Harmon."

Deak Dart—"What kind of cars are towed in the most?"
Lawrence Sprague—"Why, box cars of course."

DO SOMETHING

Those who make a lot of noise
Will amount to naught I feel
For the steam that blows the whistle
Will never turn the wheel.

LOWELL HALL.

Mr. Habecker in public speaking class: "Mr. Kreager look at me and think."

Mrs. Blowers in Chorus Class (pointing to one of her pupils): "Just look at this straggly outfit."

It was so cold in the class room that it seemed impossible to bear it. Clifford Fletcher meant to help the teacher, so he said, "Come on teacher, lets go to the reception room."

Fay Grinnage informs the young ladies that if time gets too heavy on hand, just to take off their wrist watches.

Mr. Clifford: "Is there any chance of my playing my own practice pieces?"
Mrs. Blowers: "Can you play?"
Mr. Clifford: "Why—no!"

In Civics Class: Alta sat patiently with her hand in the air. Teacher finally noticing her, said, "What is it Alta?"

Alta: Why, I forgot!

Bro. Myers: "What's all the noise out in the hall!"
Boys: "Someone fell down stairs."
Bro. Myers: "Well, if you can't be more quiet about it you will have to stop."

FLUFF RUGS RAG RUGS
CANE—CHAIRS—SPLINT
ARCHIE GROSE
Bell 2161-W. : JACKSON, MICH.

Phones 1033

Jackson Farm Produce Company

Manufacturers and Packers

Medo Brand Food Products

BUTTER, EGGS, CHEESE,
HORSERADISH, VINEGAR

South Water Street
JACKSON, MICH.

SPRING ARBOR GARAGE

Agency

For a Complete Line of
ACCESSORIES
STORAGE BATTERIES, GAS, OILS,
TIRES AND TUBES

All Repair Work Guaranteed
C. J. COOK, Prop.

Compliments of

Detroit First Church

2383 Trombly Avenue
DETROIT - - MICHIGAN

R. L. SCAMEHORN, Pastor

The Alumni Banquet

(*Concluded from page 75*)

A unique and a surprising feature was added to the evening's pleasures when Mr. George Kenworthy announced the engagement of Miss Mary King to his brother Paul, both of the Class of nineteen twenty-one. Later in the season Miss King and Mr. Kenworthy were married. We extend to them our heart's congratulations and wish for them the very best in life.

* * * *

The members of the Alumni Association, scattered here and there over the world, and following various occupations, are proving successful in their undertakings. Many of these would perhaps not be termed successful from a worldly viewpoint, for they have gone forth to lives of toil and sacrifice, some at home and some on the foreign field. But the world has never heard of some of its greatest heroes.

We would say to those who in the future will enter our ranks: Do your work carefully and well, put your best efforts into all that you do. Only by laying a broad and a solid foundation can we successfully meet the problems that will daily confront us. Just in proportion as we determine that they shall be, our lives are enriched or impoverished. Let us enrich them and do with our might what our hands find to do.

—Mary L. Harris, *Alumni Editor.*

History of the Morning Star

(*Concluded from page 79*)

night and then in his sleep would let loose such an avalanche sometimes that the astonished alarm clock would forget to belch out its thunderous warning of "time to get up." He talked talked to babies in such language that they began to cry. It is said that one day, becoming disgusted at some hens for not laying eggs, he opened up on them with such a tirade of ambiguous language that one hen was so overcome it fainted and then in rapid succession took hysteria and hanged itself—well, er—, no, choked itself to death in a vain effort to mock the young man. He would even add syllables or tones to words when singing. It is unofficially rumored that his teachers were forced to carry around an immense volume of synonyms in which sometimes they had to trace words back to their fourth or fifth generations in order to find a word they could comprehend in the least. It is also unofficially rumored that the president of one of the big Eastern schools paid Mr. Fletcher a visit, but after the interview had lasted five minutes, the president's position becoming untenable, he withdrew from Mr. Fletcher's presence under the greatest embarrassment. To say the least, the whole thing was very incomprehensible. But we are glad to report the young man survived the attack of his malady successfully without any ill symptoms following and that he is doing well today.

Mr. Hall's fertile mind was absorbing all these peculiar incidents and the idea budded forth in the form of a character sketch. His plan at first was to have a character sketch weekly, but he decided to enlarge it to include local and general current events and news items. The paper met with instantaneous approval by the student body and the town people. Now, every Friday night when anything is going on in our auditorium the reading of the Star commands the universal attention and interest of the audience. The paper has succeeded even beyond the hopes of its founder.

—A. B. C. H. E. S. X. Y. Z.

OUR ADVERTISERS

Patronize Them

	Page
Arrow Clothes Shop	97
Armstrong, W. N.	97
Baylis, Dr. G. W.	107
Beffel, Leonard, & Sons	100
Behling Brothers Garage	101
Blessing, J. B.	109
Boice, William	101
Bulson, Dr. A. E.	96
Burt, Henry	101
Case, G. G.	109
Cedar Springs State Bank	93
Cedar Springs Merchants	91
Citizen Job Printing House	101
Compliments	105, 109
Concord Lumber and Coal Co.	97
Concord News	107
Concord State Bank	89
Consumer's Power Company	115
Corwin Lumber Company	100
Cowley's Shoe Store	107
Crandall Electric Supply Co.	88
Criterion Cafe	109
Detroit, First Church	111
Fedor, A., Photographer	84
Fletcher, S. A.	97
Ford Cafe	107
Garage, Spring Arbor	111
Gift Shop, Mary Louis	107
Glasgow Brothers	93
Glick and Schpok	100
Greene, E. C. Clothing Store	84
Grose, Archie	111
Hartwick Woodfield Company	107
Hayes Wheel Company	87
Heywood Milling Co.	97
Home Crust Bread Company	88
Houghtby, Merle	109
Howard Barber Supply House	107
Hungerford, Dr. P. R.	101
Ihling Bros. Everard Co.	103
Jacobsons Millinery Store	93
Jackson Citizen Patriot	88
Jackson Key Works	107
Jackson Farm Produce Co.	111
Jackson Business University	88
Jackson Banks	85
Jahn and Ollier Engraving Company	99
Jones, Dr. J. H.	96
Kern, C. E. Cycle Shop	109
King, Stanley—Photographer	107
Kimball, J. R. Jeweler	107
Kuenz Radiator Co.	107
LeClear Studio	85
La Rue, J. A., Optician	96
Life Annuity Plan	104
Lockhart, R. S. Jeweler	101
Marvin Burnett Dept. Store	89
Miles Sales Co.	107
Miller's Shoe Parlors	101
Miller's Army Store	89
National Grocery Co.	97
Nelson, A. C.—Realtor	100
Obert, Dr. H. D.	97
Office Supply House	92
Parma News	84
Pope and Gauss	92
Risheill's Fruit Store	92
Robert Lake Company	109
Royal Film Service	109
Shafer's Dry Cleaning	96
Shaw, Lewis—Plumber	93
Shears, L. W., Publisher	92
Sidwell, Oney—Gen'l Merchandise	100
Smith-Winchester Hardware	83
Spring Arbor Seminary	95
Tray, E. S. Photographer	109
Underwood Typewriting Co.	97
Warner, D. E. Hardware	85
Webb Drug Store	89
Williams, Roy—Shoe Repairing	107
Wilson-Wagner	101
World Star Knitting Co.	96
Y. W. C. A. Cafe	107
Yee Kee Laundry	109
Young People's Band	96

Pride of Service

3000 Employees Are Helping Make Consumers Power Service Good Service

AND every time you use this service—the pride of these three thousand men and women is brought into play. For there is striving for results—a keenness among departments—an aiming to constantly make good records. It is THE PRIDE OF SERVICE—and you benefit from it.

In the power plants—where, every minute of every day and night, Electric Energy must be produced—there is a great alertness—the pride in boilers properly fired—switches swiftly but surely made—turbines and generators rushing at high speed in perfect trim.

Out on the lines—from the power plants right up to your home—line forces trained for duty, build well the new lines which Michigan's growth needs, and watch the lines now serving you. Trouble is a challenge—there is pride in conquering it. Do you remember Michigan's sleet storms of last February and March? Every man was out on "the firing line"—forgetting sleep and food to meet Trouble's challenge and restore service. That is Pride of Service.

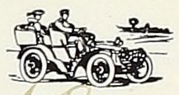
And in the Offices—where accuracy of records is all important, you find, again, the spirit of organization. Over 250,000 meters must be read every month—skilled eyes to do this, day after day—and the accuracy of this work is 99.9 per cent perfect. Don't you think there is PRIDE in that?

What does this mean to you? A benefit! Better service—a dependable, ample supply of Electric Energy at your finger-tip—at your wish—to help you see, to make work easier, to make life pleasanter.

This will-to-do, this high aim of our 3,000 employees,—the townsfolk and neighbors of yours,—this Pride in achieving, is the spirit of Consumers Power Service.

Consumers Power Company

JACKSON, -:- -:- -:- -:- MICHIGAN



GRAFS

Alexander J. Parsons.
Fennie B. Harmon '24.
Mary Dee Rowell '24
Clarence Looman.
Glenn R. Winters, '25.
Howard Winters '25
Gladys Redding
Ruth Bidwell '25
Corinne M. George '25
Lowell Hedley Hall
Elizabeth Willis '24
Joy Lawrence '26
Grace Williams '26
Audrey Smith '26
Harry R. L. Fidler '25.
Howard Clifford '27
Ewa R. Booth '24
Eleanor Rae '25
Mary Houghtby '30
Fay Grinage '24

May all your troubles
Be little ones
Allen Robinson '24

Of all things my
friend beware of women
A. J. Parsons.

May your life be crowned with roses
Ever thoughtful to the end
And when the race of life be ended
May your maker be your friend.
Gerald R Thompson

Do you remember one evening at night
of the graveyard fiasco when fight
when the girls got an awful fright
and some turned pale and others white

Jed and I and Steve
You do, I know you do
Lowell Hedley Hall

Count me your friend
ever true And I will
ever remain the same
to you
Roy H. Williams
The long fellow

Follow the light of my guiding star
If you would travel very far.
Clifford C. F Witcher.

Be as noble as your station and
the world will honor you.
Carl R. Fletcher '22

Choose not your friends from
outward show
For feathers float and
Pearls lie low.
Vina McLachlen '24

Set a high ideal and strive
for its accomplishment
Ever thicker than.
Your old classmate,
Harold E Stewart, ex '25

When you are married
and is henpecked man
Come over to my house
and I'll help what I can
Sarah Sims

I thought, I thought, I
thought in vain
I thought at last I'd write
my name. I. I. B.

Edyth Johnston - '25

Be true for there are those who
trust you.
Be pure for there are those
who care.
Ethelyn Banks '24

O gift of God!
O perfect day:
Wherein shall no man work,
but play;
Wherein it is enough for me
Not to be doing, but to be.
Sincerely
Mary Ellen Rose '24

May your life be filled with joy.
You tall and good and quiet boy.
Burton Andrews '23.

To the Christ be thou true,
Follow him, he'll take you
through
Wesley R. Caswell.
'22.

Graduation Exercises

INVOCATION.....Reverend W. V. Ross

VOCAL SOLO—"O, Master Let Me Walk With Thee".....Olive Johnson

CLASS HISTORY.....Ruth Bidwell

INSTRUMENTAL DUET—Persian March.....Erva Booth and Marie Sidwell

SENIOR REMINISCENCES.....Elma Lyons and Barbara Richard

ORATION—"On the Edge of the Future".....Marguerite Ross

QUARTETTE—"Pale in the Amber West" (Parks)
Wesley Clayton, Lowell Hall, Allen Robinson, Fay Grinage

CLASS PROPHECY.....Gwendolyn Denton

VOCAL SOLO—"Child Be Not Afraid".....Robert E. Knox

CLASS WILL .....Alexander Parsons

ORATION .....Selected

INSTRUMENTAL SOLO—La Ballerina (Richard Krentzlin).....Ida Culp

GIFTATORY.....Ethelyn Banks and Vina McLachlan

VALEDICTORY.....Harold Stewart

CLASS SONG.....Class

PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS .....Prof. H. S. Stewart

BENEDICTION .....Prof. H. S. Stewart

An Appreciation

As a last word in the Echo and as a farewell we wish to express our appreciation of the character and work of Professor and Mrs. H. S. Stewart. The tide of time is bringing near that day when they will be leaving Spring Arbor. Owing to the fact that Mrs. Stewart has been in poor health for a number of years, and that her recovery depends largely upon living in a warmer and dryer climate, they feel, as they expressed it, that their work in this place is finished.

They first came to Spring Arbor in the fall of nineteen hundred ten—the year following Professor's graduation from Greenville College. After seven years of faithful service in this school, they moved to Arizona and California, where for three years Professor Stewart was engaged in public school work. In nineteen hundred twenty, Professor being urgently requested by the board of trustees to become again Principal of Spring Arbor Seminary, they returned, feeling that once more God had called them here. They have now given eleven years of their lives—the prime of their lives—in labor for this institution.

We know that we cannot fully express this which we owe in sincere appreciation for their noble service in this place. But their silver wedding anniversary, Saturday, April fifth, afforded the faculty and student body an occasioin to show their esteem in a tangible form. After the evening meal—a dinner especially prepared for the occasion—and a few appropriate remarks, they were presented with a beautiful casserole set in a silver standard, with a set of dessert spoons, and a set of tablespoons. Since many of the students, however, do not live in the dormitories, the gifts were re-presented the following Monday morning after the chapel exercises.

In the remarks that Professor made to express his appreciation for the gifts, he spoke of his work here. He said: "I have not been here for the salary there has been in it for me, . . . but I have no regrets. If I have done any good and been a help to any one, I shall feel repaid. The years I have spent here I have been happy to give." He portrayed his own character when he humbly said: "They call me President. That word is obnoxious to me. I am frequently addressed as Doctor, and Professor, but I would rather be called plain Mr. Stewart."

We would further portray Professor Stewart as a man who is kind, but firm; humorous and witty, yet dignified; slow and deliberate in decision, then very emphatic in action; always willing to do what his hands find to do, whether in matters pertaining to the intellect, or to the menial tasks of every-day life. He believes in intellectual achievements, yet always places the highest premium on the spiritual life. He has held continually before the student body the great truth that little acts build character, and that the school is a reflection of the individual students—that it lies with them to make it what they will.

Of the noble character of Mrs. Stewart, and the influence her godly life has had upon those with whom she was associated, we cannot speak too highly. During the first years of their stay here she took a more active part in school life than she has been able to take of late. She is still however a real burden-bearer and always interested in the welfare of others. She is deeply spiritual, always happy to sacrifice that the cause of Christ might prosper; her glowing testimonies and earnest prayers are consistent with her daily life. Although unpretentious, she is a woman of refined tastes and habits. Professor has often spoken in tender words of the splendid way in which Mrs. Stewart has cooperated with him and has sacrificed that he might obtain his education. He has said: "If there is any good about me, I owe it largely to my wife."

Wishing to grasp every opportunity to fit himself for the greatest possible usefulness, Professor Stewart has attended summer school at the University of Michigan until he has completed the scholastic work required for the degree of Master of Arts. But since he must still spend a short time in residence in Ann Arbor before it is granted, he has decided to remain in Michigan during the summer. He, with his family, will then move to the West.

Though we shall be far apart, thought will often bridge the distance. It will bring again to mind that appreciation which the faculty and student body have for them; it will lead us to wish for them as we do now, a full cup of happiness, and a realization, in some degree at least, of that reward which they so amply deserve.

God Sees The Heart

How oft the life we think so pure
  Is dark and filled with sin;
Behind a mask is hid secure
  The heart so vile within.
A bold bad face deceives us all,
  We think the soul shines there;
But God who sees each sparrow fall
  Can trace each hidden snare.

Sometimes our nights are filled with grief;
  Naught can our woe beguile.
The morning brings us no relief
  And yet we force a smile.
The world must never know our pain
  Though tears forbidden start,
We force them bravely back again
  Thank God, He knows the heart.

How oft we scorn our daily task,
  We long for something great.
The world may think we do not ask
  For any higher state,
But discontent is in the soul
  However calm the brow,
And God can look 'neath the control
  And all our longings know.

Then let us to ourselves be true,
  The world may criticize,
But what can its opinion do
  As forced thru human eye?
Let it applaud; let it condemn;
  It only sees a part.
We yet may earn our diadem,
  For God can see the heart.

—Elma B. Lyons.