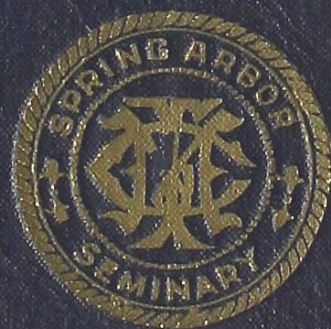


The Echo

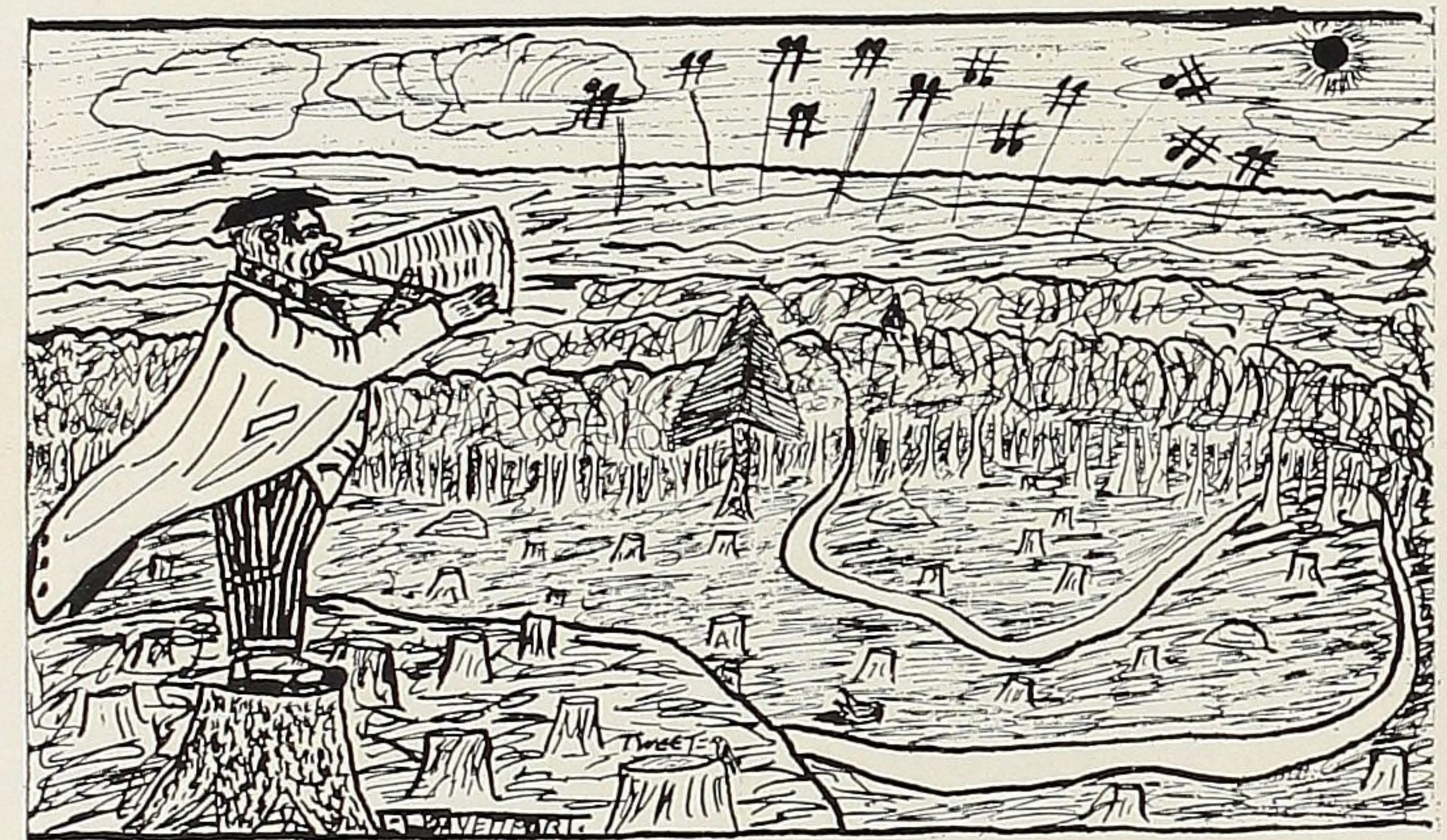
1922



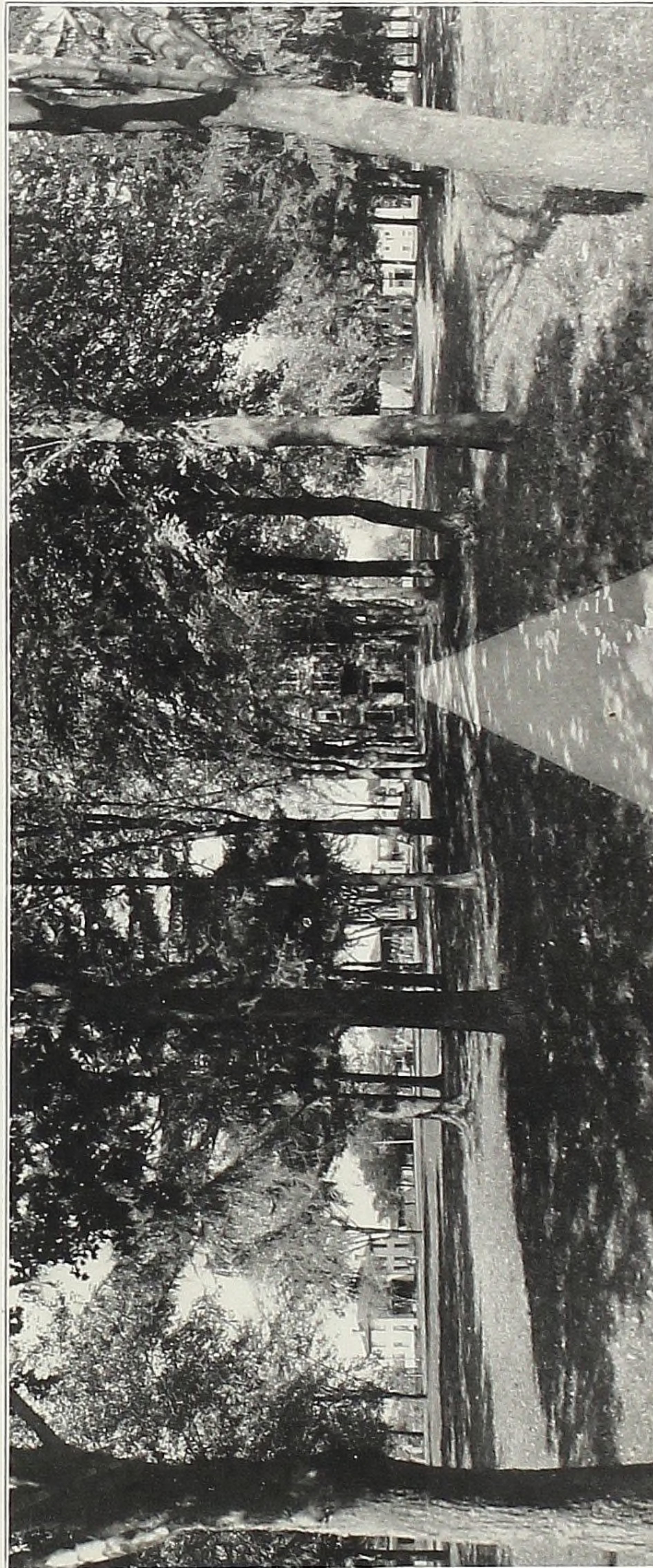


To Eunice & Wilson
From
Father & mother White.

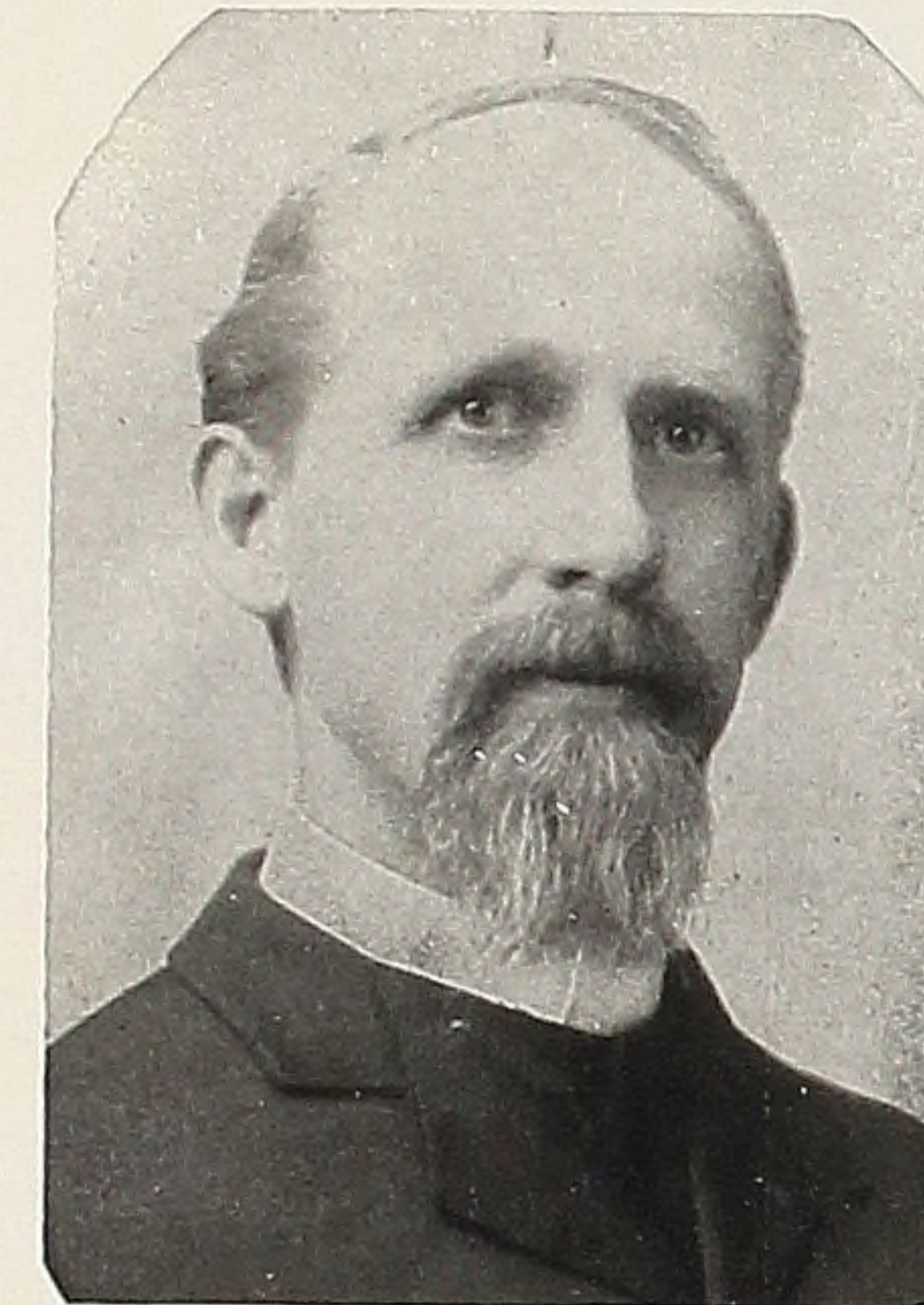
The Echo



S. A. S. 1922



CAMPUS



Dedicated

*To our beloved Bishop David S. Warner
in commemoration of his devotion to
the cause of Christian education, hav-
ing served two years as teacher
and thirteen years as
principal of
S. A. S.*



BOARD OF TRUSTEES AND PRINCIPAL

(Left to right in the above picture)

H. D. F. Gaffin.....	Belding, Michigan
Henry S. Stewart, Principal.....	Spring Arbor, Michigan
D. W. Wesley.....	Galion, Ohio
W. J. Jackson.....	Flint, Michigan
George H. Peters.....	Detroit, Michigan
William C. Muffitt.....	Hillsdale, Michigan
Walter A. Sayre.....	Toledo, Ohio
Frank Houghtby.....	Spring Arbor, Michigan
Peter White, Treasurer.....	Spring Arbor, Michigan
Samuel H. Porterfield.....	Sandusky, Michigan
David S. Warner, President.....	Chicago, Illinois
F. L. Baker, Secretary.....	Battle Creek, Michigan
John Timbers.....	Spring Arbor, Michigan
(No picture)	
H. E. Leininger.....	Port Huron, Michigan
David Allen.....	Sarnia, Ontario, Canada
William Kenworthy.....	Los Angeles, California

S. A. S.

School Colors: BLUE AND GOLD.

Motto: NOT FOR SCHOOL BUT FOR LIFE WE LEARN.

THE BLUE AND GOLD

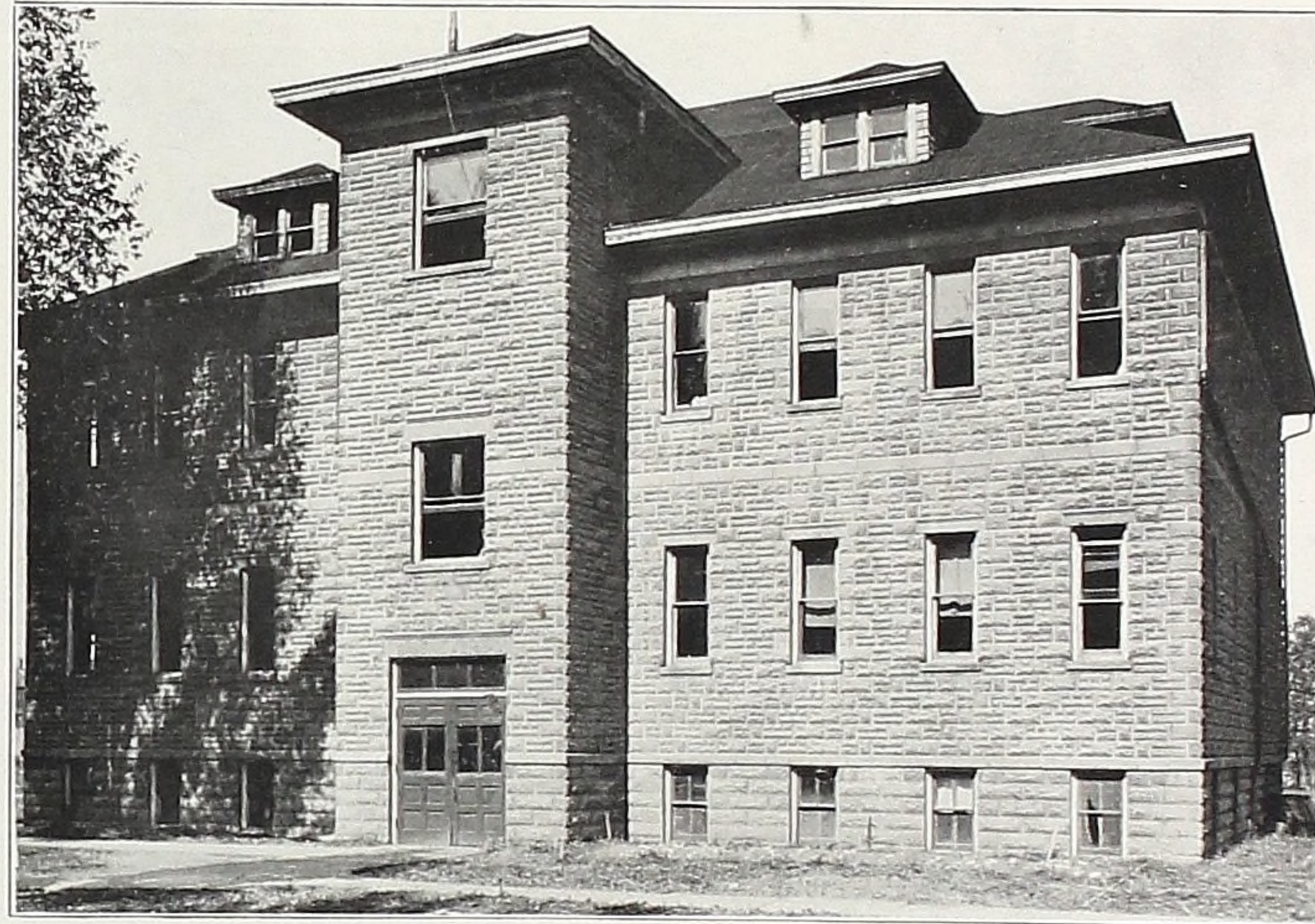
1. In the hearts of pilgrim fathers,
Breathed from heaven above,
Came the thought that gave a being
To the school we love.

Chorus:

"Blue and Gold," thy fame we cherish,
Through the coming days;
"God's own glory," be our motto
Till in heaven we praise.

2. From the blue that bends above us,
Blessings have been ours,
Golden moments spent in training,
All our youthful powers.
3. From the heavens to our spirit
God's own glory given
Come the blessings we inherit,
When sin's chains are riven.
4. In His service, to His glory
Through the future days,
Safe our all in His own keeping,
We can sound His praise.

W. V. Miller



ADMINISTRATION HALL



BOYS' HALL

SCHOOL SONG

Hark we hear an echo ringing
Over hill and dell,
Glories of our Alma Mater,
Which we love so well.

CHORUS:

Onward speed the vibrant chorus
Over land and sea,
Glories of our own Spring Arbor,
Hail all hail to thee.

Sweet the sound, O how 'twill cheer us,
On through many years,
Fill our hearts with love and praises,
Melt our eyes with tears.

Give the anthems to the breezes,
Fill the air with song,
Till the hills resound with music,
As we pass along.

S. A. S. we'll ne'er forget thee,
Though we scatter far,
'Bides within our hearts thy mem'ries,
As the morning star.

Howard Tefft, '16

HISTORY OF SPRING ARBOR SEMINARY

Spring Arbor Seminary under its present order has been in session for forty-eight consecutive years. We have been told that this is the only school now remaining in the state of Michigan of the old academy type, which was so prevalent throughout the United States during the middle decades of the nineteenth century. It still retains all the characteristics of this type of school, carried on under denominational and ecclesiastical control, managed by a board of trustees which is a self-perpetuating body and incorporated according to the laws of the State of Michigan.

This property was first purchased for school purposes in 1835 (two years before the founding of the University of Michigan) by the Methodist Episcopal Church. It was to be a Seminary governed by a board of trustees of that church which held their first meeting in Jacksonburg (Jackson) in the home of Dr. Samuel Stoddard. The plans for the buildings were made and some of the building material placed on the ground. But before the buildings could be completed the financial crisis of 1837 came on and it was deemed prudent to delay the work for a time. Meanwhile many of the friends of the enterprise, concluding this location ineligible on account of unnecessary local co-operation, proposed to move it to whatever town would offer the most favorable inducements. The citizens of Albion agreed to donate fine grounds, and subscribing a few thousand dollars for the buildings, the location was changed and the institution became Albion College.

This Spring Arbor site, however, was soon purchased by the Free Will Baptists for the same purpose. In December of 1844 this new school opened under the name of "Michigan Central College." What a College? The record tells us that they had no money, no endowment, no charter, no legal organization, no building, no library, no apparatus, no students. But they had a president. President Graham had moved into a log hut in the village and at the appointed time college opened in an old building formerly used as a store. It was a small wood-colored building containing two rooms, one on the first floor and one on the second. These two rooms served as chapel, recitation rooms, reception room, library, laboratories, etc., for the first year. Five students registered on the first day. Others came in during the first term from the immediate vicinity, from Baptist, Quaker, and anti-slavery families and influences. It is difficult to

understand how the institution continued. During the first term wood and money were exhausted at the same time. One of the students volunteered to go to the woods and chop the timber, a neighboring farmer volunteered to haul it to the school-house, and on the same terms other students got it ready for the stove. All other difficulties were overcome in like spirit and in the same manner.

Meanwhile a canvass was made throughout the state among the people of this denomination for subscriptions. These were usually of small amounts and frequently paid in property or labor. However one donation of eighty acres of land was exchanged for lumber which made it possible for them to put up two buildings which were ready for occupancy by the fall of 1845. We are still using one of these buildings for a girls' dormitory and boarding hall.

The school gained in public favor and patronage. A library of several hundred volumes was collected from private contributions. In 1850 their charter was amended by the state legislature, empowering them to confer regular college degrees, providing the course of study should meet the requirements of the University of Michigan. This was the first college charter granted in the state, and the first college of the Free Will Baptist denomination. In 1851 Elizabeth D. Camp of Palmyra, N. Y., graduated from the scientific course, receiving the first degree conferred by the institution. The school grew rapidly. A strong moral and religious influence surrounded it, yet a liberal sentiment prevailed. In a few years larger buildings, more equipment, and an endowment were necessary. The faculty and trustees determined to meet this exigency by raising the necessary building fund from the immediate locality, and the endowment fund from the denomination at large.

But as no response came from the local community when this appeal was made the managers decided they would have to remove to some more suitable location as soon as possible. All arrangements having been completed, the Michigan Central College closed its career at Spring Arbor with the graduating exercises of 1853, and was removed to Hillsdale, Michigan under the name of "Hillsdale College."

This plant at Spring Arbor was unoccupied until it was purchased by the Free Methodist denomination in 1872. They commenced with a board of nine trustees who carried on all the business and opened an academic school in May, 1873, under the principalship of Prof. Clark Jones who was assisted by his wife. Twenty-eight students were in attendance. For the opening of the fall term they received an addition of both teachers and scholars. The pressure of many matters and the decline in property value weighed heavily for a time upon the school, but gradually wore away.

I insert here a somewhat quaint extract from the History of Jackson County of 1881 pertaining to this institution. I do not know who wrote it, but give it to show something of the status of the school at that time.

"The surroundings of this school recommend it to the favor of all parents wishing to educate their children, and at the same time save them from ruinous company and low obscene conversation and conduct. There is no saloon within five miles to entice the youth into coarse, rough expression, blasphemies, foul-mouthed vulgarity and other deadly damning habits. No hotel for loungers. No place for doubtful recreations. Therefore the children are not trained in card playing, dice and other games tending to gambling, or squandering of time. No mania for tobacco. Students are not poisoning the air with narcotic practice, neither would it be allowed. No tobacco sold in the place except at a very small poverty stricken establishment in the suburbs."

"This seminary has some promising and effective features over other like institutions of the state, in that most of the female students dress plain but neat, thus cutting off the many hours of silly thought and talk about fashions, and the much time consumed in arranging their apparel, and the parades to disclose their decorations, until the mind finds little time for anything else to occupy it; also those fun-making socials, changing the attention from one to two days before their meeting, then binding the mind at least one day more in amusing themselves over the comic and other parts of the entertainment, leaving the heart foolish, vain and trifling. With this school sound thorough education is the motto, coupled with the principles of morality and extended religious privileges."

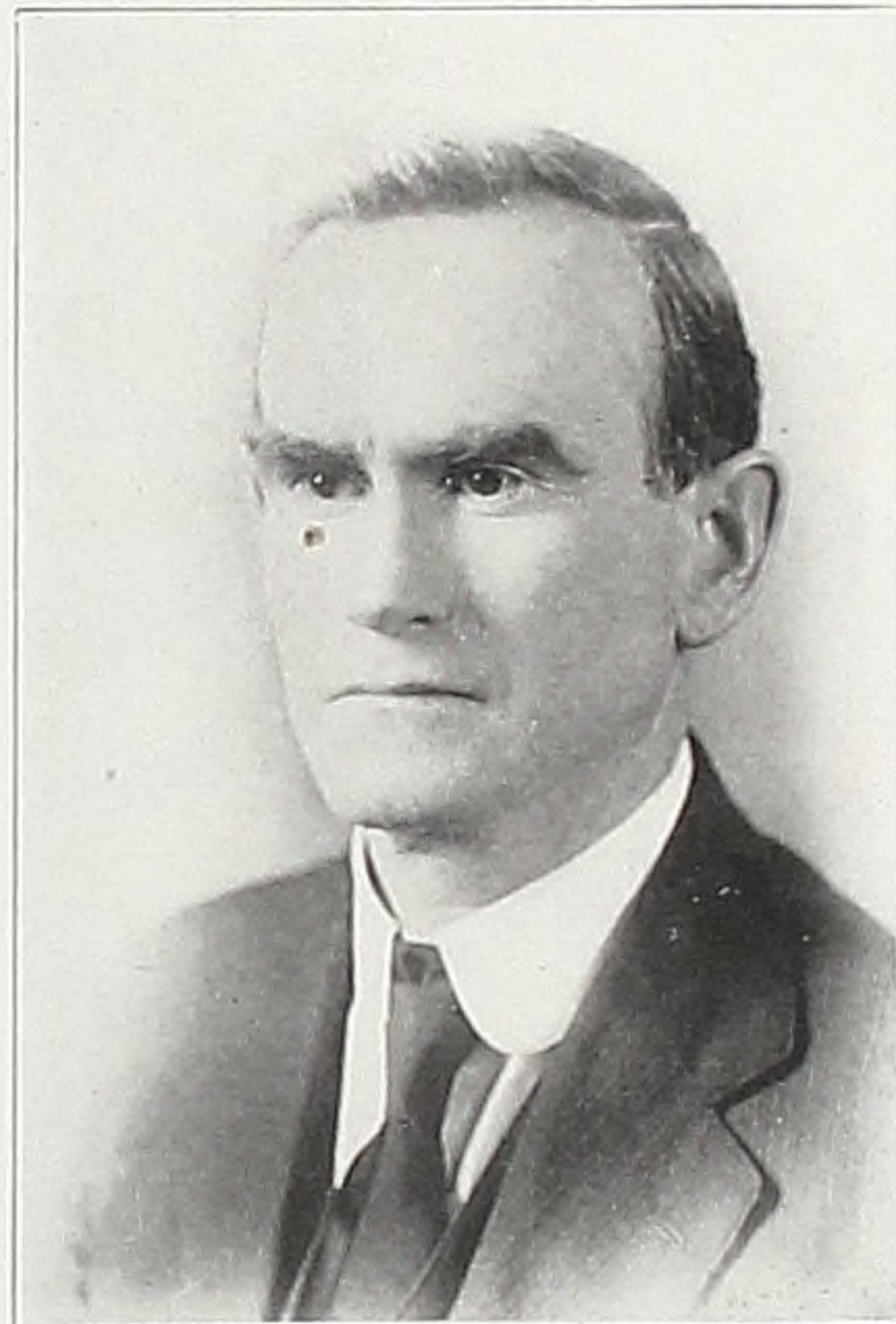
"The seminary carries the student within two years of graduation at Ann Arbor College, giving the children a longer time for healthy, moral exercise, strengthening them to resist detrimental influences when finishing their education, than at colleges where students have been permitted to have their liberty in recreations which dissipate the mind and hinder them from being master scholars."

"The corps of teachers numbers four; Prof. Clark Jones, graduate of Ann Arbor College is principal of the school and teacher of languages. Prof. David S. Warner, graduate of the Baptist College of Rochester, N. Y., teacher of mathematics; Miss H. J. Chittenden of Newark Seminary, N. Y., principal teacher in the preparatory department, and Mr. John Huston, assistant teacher in the intermediate department."

The board of trustees is still persuaded that the positively Christian school still holds a most important place in our present educational regime. In spite of the everywhere-present high school it still meets a need which is not supplied in any other way, that of positive Christian teaching concerning Christian experience and standards of living. The Bible is recognized as the ultimate source of authority on these questions. It is our endeavor to maintain a school where the principles of Christianity are taught as authoritative and exemplified. Scriptural conversion is an end sought in connection with every student coming to the school.

Mrs. W. V. Miller





HENRY S. STEWART, A. B.
Principal

Greenville College, 1909
Graduate student, U. of I., U. of M.
Teacher, Spring Arbor Seminary, 1910-12
Principal, Spring Arbor Seminary, 1912-17
Teacher, Phoenix, Arizona, 1917-20
Principal, Spring Arbor Seminary, 1920-



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



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

Seattle Pacific College, 1917
Teacher in Public Schools, Wash. 1917-19
University of Washington, 1920.
Teacher, Spring Arbor Seminary, 1920-



WILLIAM V. MILLER, A. B.
Bible, Theology, and Greek

Student, Buena Vista College, Iowa, 1894-1895
Student, Taylor University, 1902-03; A. B., 1922
Teacher, A. M. Chesbrough Seminary, 1910-11
Student, Greenville College, 1918-19
Summer School, University of Michigan, 1920-21
Teacher, Spring Arbor Seminary, 1915-18, 1919-



MRS. MINNIE MILLER, A. B.
Psychology, Ethics, and Mathematics
Southern Indiana Normal, T. N. C., 1891; S. C.,
1894
Teacher in Public Schools, Indiana, 1889-99
Student, Taylor University, 1889-99
Teacher, A. M. Chesbrough Seminary, 1910-11
A. B., Greenville College, 1919
Teacher, Spring Arbor Seminary, 1915-18, 1919-



CORAL E. DEMARAY
Latin and French

Spring Arbor Seminary, 1917
Senior, Greenville College
Summer School, U. of M., 1919-21
Teacher, Spring Arbor Seminary, 1920-



ALICE E. HAYES

Science and Business

Bound Brook H. S., New Jersey, 1916
Teacher in Public Schools, Penn., 1916-18
Student, Business H. S., Washington, D. C., 1919
Student, Greenville College, 1920-21
Normal Extension Course, Jackson, 1920-21
Teacher, Spring Arbor Seminary, 1921-



BERTHA FADER

Intermediate

Spring Arbor Seminary, 1911
Ypsilanti State Normal, 1911-13
Teacher, Spring Arbor Seminary, 1913-



MRS. EDITH BOICE

Primary

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



GRACE E. MOORE

Music

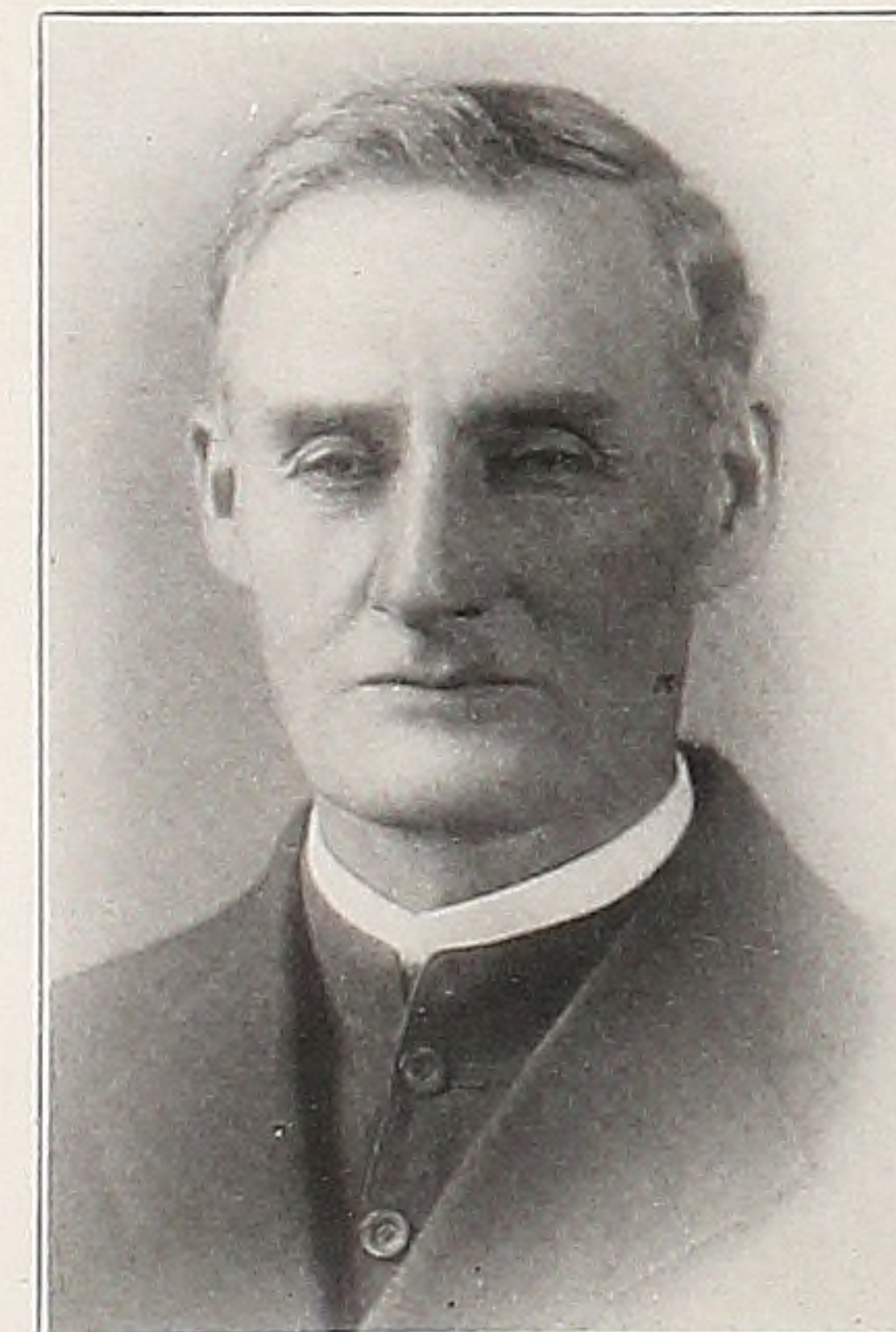
Central Academy and College, Kan., 1919
Student, Marion College, Indiana, 1921
Teacher, Spring Arbor Seminary, 1921-



RUTH E. CONE

Preceptress

Graduate S. A. S. 1922



PETER WHITE

Business Manager



MRS ESTELLE M. WHITE

Matron



SENIOR

1922

The Echo

HOWARD C. JACOBS, Pres.

"Cheer up"

"For right is right since God is God;
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty;
To flatter would be sin."

MARION LA TURNEAU, Vice-Pres.

"Yes Dear"

"Kind, sincere, and noble,
She hath but friends and many."

M. LOUISE HITT, Sect.

"Go on! you're conceited"

"I live for the cause that lacks assistance;
The wrong that needs resistance;
The future in the distance,
The good that I can do."

WESLEY R. CASWELL, Treas.

"What's wrong with that"

"One of the few, the immortal names, that were
not born to die." (Halleck)

RUTH STRAWBRIDGE BUHL

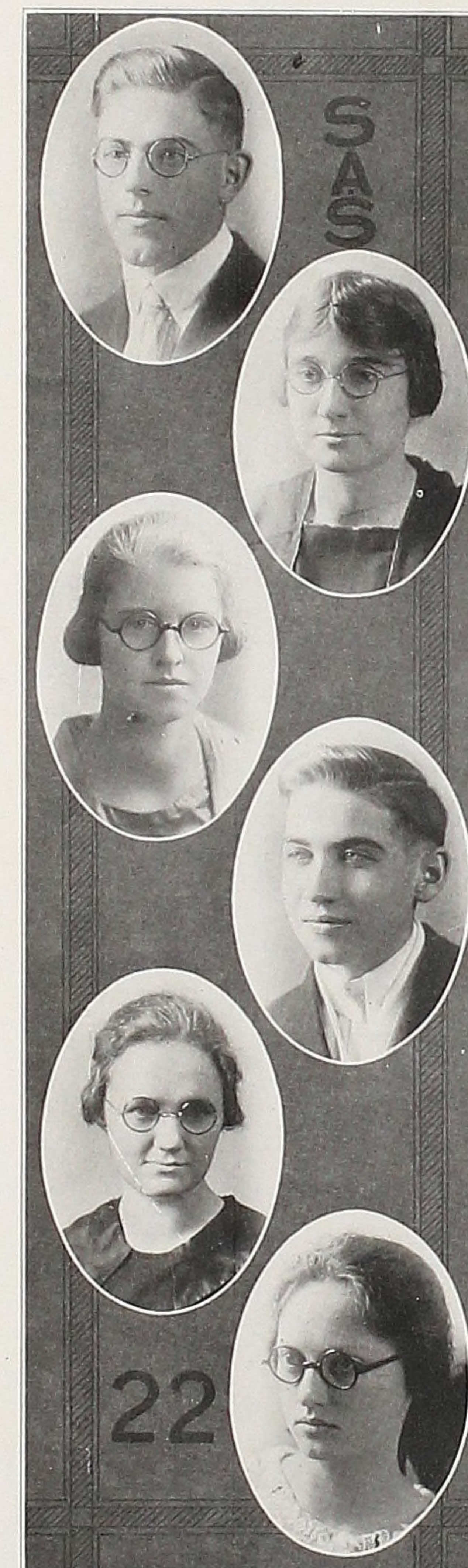
"Going to have something good for dinner."

"Cumbered with care, like Martha of old.
Her eyes are true blue, and heart of pure gold."

FRAYNE ROBINSON

"Well have your own way"

"Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low, an excellent thing in women."
(Shakespeare)





EDWARD F. FERGUSON

"Search me"

"Happy am I; from care I am free;
Why ain't they all contented like me?"

RENA L. HEBBERD

"Oh y-e-s"

"Her looks were like a flower in May,
Her smile like a summer morn." (Burns)

MARY K. McLACHLAN

"O did you ever"

"For she was jes' the quiet kind;
Whose natures never vary,
Like streams that keep a summer wind;
Snow hid in January."

HAROLD LOVELESS

"Up in the Soo"

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men."

MABLE KING

"Oh hum"

"Other hope had she none;
Nor wish in life but to follow meekly,
With reverent steps,
The sacred feet of her Savior."

LURA DAVENPORT

"O, dear!"

"True as the needle to the pole
Or as the dial to the sun."



MILDRED A. FOWLE

"Je ne sais pas"

"Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peep beneath the thorn."

C. NELSON DAVENPORT

"I don't know"

"All I need is plenty of time."

LUCILE POOR

"Aw, Well"

"Come over on the sunny side of life,
There is room there for all, and it is a
matter of choice."

FLORENCE P. DAWSON

"Ha-Ha"

"She walks the waters, like a thing of life
And seems to dare the elements to strife."

CHARLES STEWART

"Go on"

"Like the oak on the mountain
Deep rooted and firm,
Erect when the multitudes
Bend to the storm."

LESTER M. CLARK

"Oh my!"

"A wit's a feather, and a chief, a rod;
An honest man's the noblest work of God."
(Pope)

SENIOR CLASS HISTORY

It was during the fourth year of the Great World War that we as Freshmen with an ardent desire to be truly patriotic continued in the realms of learning.

Some who might have been with us were claimed by war activities. However there were thirteen of us, an unlucky number to be sure, but as we were the largest class in school our superiors soon overlooked our blunders and gave us a place in school life with them.

Everyone of us enjoyed the social events to the fullest extent. Perhaps the one most remembered was the pleasant evening spent at the home of Mrs. Houghtby, who so royally entertained us and gave us such a splendid meal.

We had not yet delved deeply into the mysteries of learning when the school was closed on account of the "flu." The seminary was turned into a hospital and we who escaped acted as nurses and doctors. Several of our class had to go home on account of illness and were not able to return the following year. The school was closed six weeks during the year. This was pretty hard on little freshies and we welcomed the summer vacation with open arms.

But the darkest hour was just before dawn, and our morning came with our Sophomore year. The armistice had been signed and the boys were allowed to return to school as well as to the homeland. Others came to fill the places of those who were not able to return because of the effects of the "flu." We numbered sixteen with Miss Clarissa Davenport as our honorary member. This was the banner year of the class of '22. Our associations were very pleasant and we shall never forget those who meant so much to us in the building up of our characters.

We came to our Junior year with happy thoughts of the past year and with bright prospects for the year before us. It was our privilege to have with us as our honorary member, Miss Irene Doering, who had spent several years teaching in the West. Her varied experiences were always a source of inspiration and interest to us. But to show Miss Doering she could have a good time in Michigan as well as in the West, we arose early one morning in November and motored seven miles to Swain's Lake for a class picnic. Weiner roasting, kodaking and boat riding filled our short day. For some of us it was indeed the beginning of happy days.

Our class was well represented in the Declamatory and Oratorical contests. Charles Holstead won second prize in the Declamatory contest and LaVerne Thompson second prize in the Oratorical contest.

But the momentous event was our entrance upon our Senior year. Once Freshmen now Seniors. We have but three pioneer members, but with those who have come into the class there are nineteen. The largest class Spring Arbor Seminary has ever graduated. We have in our class this year three new members, Miss Lucile Poor, whose father is professor of Mathematics in the University of Michigan; Miss Cone, our preceptress and assembly room teacher; Mr. Harold Loveless of Canada.

Howard Jacobs, whom we elected as class president, has faithfully guided us through the year. Marion La Turneau was elected vice-president, Louise Hitt, secretary, and Wesley Caswell, treasurer.

We are fortunate in having for honorary members, Mr. Demaray and Miss Claudia Leigh, who are both former graduates of the Seminary and know well the knotty problems and joys of the Senior year. We chose for our colors, Royal purple and White; our flower, the pansy.

Much of our time has been taken up in the work of the annual, but we have not been behind in our duties. Our class won first prize in the Declamatory Contest and was well represented in the debates and other activities.

Time has brought us to the close of our High School course. Though the waves of adversity have sometimes rolled high about us we leave behind us only pleasant thoughts, and feel that our lives have been made better and sweeter by our experience in Spring Arbor Seminary.

We owe much to our teachers who have so faithfully guided our way. May their efforts in the future be blessed with success as they have been in the past.

We wish for dear Alma Mater as we bid her adieu the very best both materially and spiritually.

Duty calls us forward and we hope we have left an influence for good that will not be forgotten with the passing of the year of '22. "We have crossed the Bay, the Ocean lies before us."

Ruth Strawbridge Buhl

THE CLASS OF TWENTY-TWO

Now we, the class of twenty-two,
Have overcome at last,
Have reached the end of high school days
By efforts of the past.

As we into the future gaze,
We see life's ocean clear,
Before us lie in splendor bright,
Untroubled by dark fear.

But lo, we pause one moment short
To think of mem'ries sweet;
Thoughts of the days of joy and care
Back to our hearts we greet.

We fain would stay, but in his bark,
Each one must sail away
To reach the harbor of success,
In realms of endless day.

To all our teachers kind, be thanks,
Friends who have helped us through
The thick and thin of high school life,
By their firm efforts true.

We'll ne'er forget thee S. A. S.,
Our Alma Mater dear;
Farewell, farewell, we must be off
Upon life's real career.

Wesley R. Caswell, '22.

TEN YEARS HENCE

Extracts from the Class letter

DALLAS, TEXAS, Jan. 3, 1932.

Dear Classmates of '22:— I was delighted to receive the class letter and to hear again from old-time friends. Not a day goes by but I think of the happy days spent at Spring Arbor.....We have a very good circuit. Though the work here is comparatively new, we are seeing a great deal of good accomplished.....My husband is baking a pie and I must hurry to help him.

Your classmate, Ruth Strawbridge Buhl.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 22, 1932.

Classmates of '22:— Received the class letter today. I assure you I am proud to be a member of such a class, each faithfully fulfilling his mission. I sometimes feel mine rather large; a lonely poet, and still alone!.....I miss the students of '22, and often my mind wanders back to the pleasant associations of that year.....A reporter is waiting. I must bid you adieu. Dear old Seniors of '22.

Wesley Caswell.

NEW YORK CITY, Jan. 27, 1932.

Class of '22:— Received the class letter with pleasure and am writing at once....At present I have a fine class of enthusiastic students, having received my diploma from the Art School in this city about two weeks ago....By the way, I am still a firm believer in woman suffrage.

Wishing you all a happy future, Ruth Cone.

SPRING ARBOR, MICHIGAN, Feb. 5, 1932.

Dear Friends of the Class of '22:— It is gratifying to learn of the success of my former classmates....I sometimes wish that some of the students of '22 could be here now to enjoy the improved equipments. We have the largest student body that ever attended school here, 378 in all departments. About 100 are enrolled in the college department. Even with so large an attendance, the buildings are such that we do not seem to be crowded at all.

Am wishing success and happiness to all, Lester N. Clark

SPRING ARBOR, MICHIGAN, Feb. 8, 1932.

Dear Class of '22:— It has been a great pleasure to me to visit Spring Arbor again after several years' absence, and it added very much to my joy when Professor Clark handed me the class letter yesterday morning at the chapel service....For several months now I have been making a tour of the country in the interests of Home Missions. This evening I am to speak in the church here on the subject, "The Need of Home Missionaries."....

Your classmate, Lura Davenport.

SARANAC, MICH., Feb. 15, 1932.

Dear Class of '22:— Just received the class letter and was glad to learn the whereabouts and the occupations of each member of our noble class....After graduation from the M. A. C. I have been putting into practice many new ideas of agriculture gathered there....Have changed my mind somewhat since leaving S. A. I did not find a bachelor's life so pleasant as I anticipated....

A loyal '22, Nelson Davenport.

AUGUSTA, GEORGIA, Feb. 23, 1932.

Dear old Class of '22:—Just returned from giving my second Musicale, which they tell me was very successful....Next month my husband and I expect to sail for Europe where we shall give a series of concerts....Farewell my dear classmates. To you I extend my best wishes.

Florence....

OSAKA, JAPAN, March 14, 1932.

Members of the class of '22:— I esteem it an honor, as I always did, to be the "honorary member" of the class of '22....In fact I believe that no finer class has been graduated from old S. A. S. since the Class of '17 (you will of course forgive me for putting my own class first)....Doubtless most of you know by this time of the position I have accepted in the Osaka Bible School as Professor of Biblical Languages. In some ways my work reminds me of the years spent at Spring Arbor teaching Latin and French....

Kindest regards and best wishes to all, C. E. Demaray.

NEW YORK CITY, April 3, 1932.

Dear old Class of '22:— Received the Class Letter this week and it certainly inspired me and brought back pleasant memories of S. A. S....We are home on furlough at present, but expect to return to Natal this fall. The work is progressing nicely there.... I believe the teaching of Manual Training is doing more for the people than any other one line of the missionary enterprise. We of course make our first business the salvation of souls....Pray for us....

E. F. F.

WESSINGTON SPRINGS, S. D., April 10, 1932.

Dear classmates:— It was with a feeling of mixed delight and sadness that I read and re-read the class letter....This is my fourth year at Wessington Springs and I like my work better every year....I have five classes in Latin, and I have my hands full. I can now appreciate the labors of our Latin Professor at S. A. better than ever before....Expect to sign a life contract soon, but not with the College....

Yours loyally, Rena Hebbard.

CHICAGO, ILL., April 16, 1932.

Dear class of '22:— "S. A. S. we'll ne'er forget thee, though we scatter far"—how true those words!....And so Rena is about to sign a life contract too. Congratulations, Rena! I have just committed that same deed, but shall still continue my work here in the slums of this great city....Truly the harvest is great and the laborers few....My best wishes are extended to the class of '22.

Louise.

YOUNGSVILLE, PENN., April 25, 1932.

Dear Friends and Classmates:—We are spending a few weeks at home before leaving for Africa. Received my M. D. degree from the U. of Penn. last January, and we are planning to accompany Edward Ferguson and wife on their return trip to Natal in September. We are anxious to get to our work....Farewell, dear classmates. We hope to meet you all again; but in the meantime, God bless you all!

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Jacobs.

P. S. We are enclosing a communication that came to us from Mable King, who has been in Africa since August of last year. The reports which we have had of her work have been the very best.

H. J.

UMZUMBI RAIL, NATAL, S. AFRICA, Feb. 5, 1932.

Dear Friends:— Greetings in Jesus' name!....It has been rather hard for me to become accustomed to my work, and especially since my knowledge of the language is still very meager. But the Lord lifts me out of all my discouragement and is putting a real love in my heart for these people....It seems good to know that several of our class are soon to be engaged in this work.—If the class letter comes to you before you sail, put in a word of greeting for me....

Mable King.

GREENVILLE, ILLINOIS, April, 30, 1932.

Class of '22:— Have just finished reading the class letter, which was nearly as good as a personal visit....As Louise said, what a scattered class we are!....My present occupation is keeping house for my husband, who is director of physical training here at the college. I am also taking two subjects at the college and expect to receive my A. B. degree in June....

A loyal Senior of '22, Marian La Turneau....

SAULT STE MARIE, CAN., May 12, 1932.

Dear Classmates of '22:—How it moved me to read of the place each has reached after only ten years' journey along life's pathway. Indeed, what a change ten years may bring into one's life....I am engaged at present as detective in the Secret Service. I sometimes find my work to be very thrilling....Am planning to be at Spring Arbor for Commencement this year. I shall expect to see a number of you at the Alumni Reception....

A royal '22, H. Loveless.

GREENVILLE, ILL., May 17, 1932.

Dear Class of '22:—I am enjoying my work as preceptress very much. There are very nearly one hundred girls in the dormitory this year....I find it no small task, I admit, to feel a responsibility for so many and at the same time keep the home fire burning for a college professor. But when one's heart is in his work he finds it a pleasure rather than a drudgery....We, too, are planning to attend the Alumni Reception at dear old S. A. this year....

Best wishes and happiness to all, Mary McLachlan....

ANN ARBOR, MICH., May 22, 1932.

Dear Classmates:— Today while wrapped in a reverie of the old days at Spring Arbor, the class letter arrived to add to the joy and the reality of my reminiscences. In the short time that I was a member of the class of '22 I learned to love the school and my school associates....Am now a full-fledged doctor, and each day I find my life's vocation becoming more and more interesting....

Goodbye—best wishes! Lucile Poor.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN, May 26, 1932.

"Dear Class of '22":— Just received the class letter on returning from a busy day as instructor in French in one of the public schools here. What a happy ending for a busy day!....Good wishes to all,

Your friend and classmate, Frayne Robinson

DETROIT, MICHIGAN, May 29, 1932.

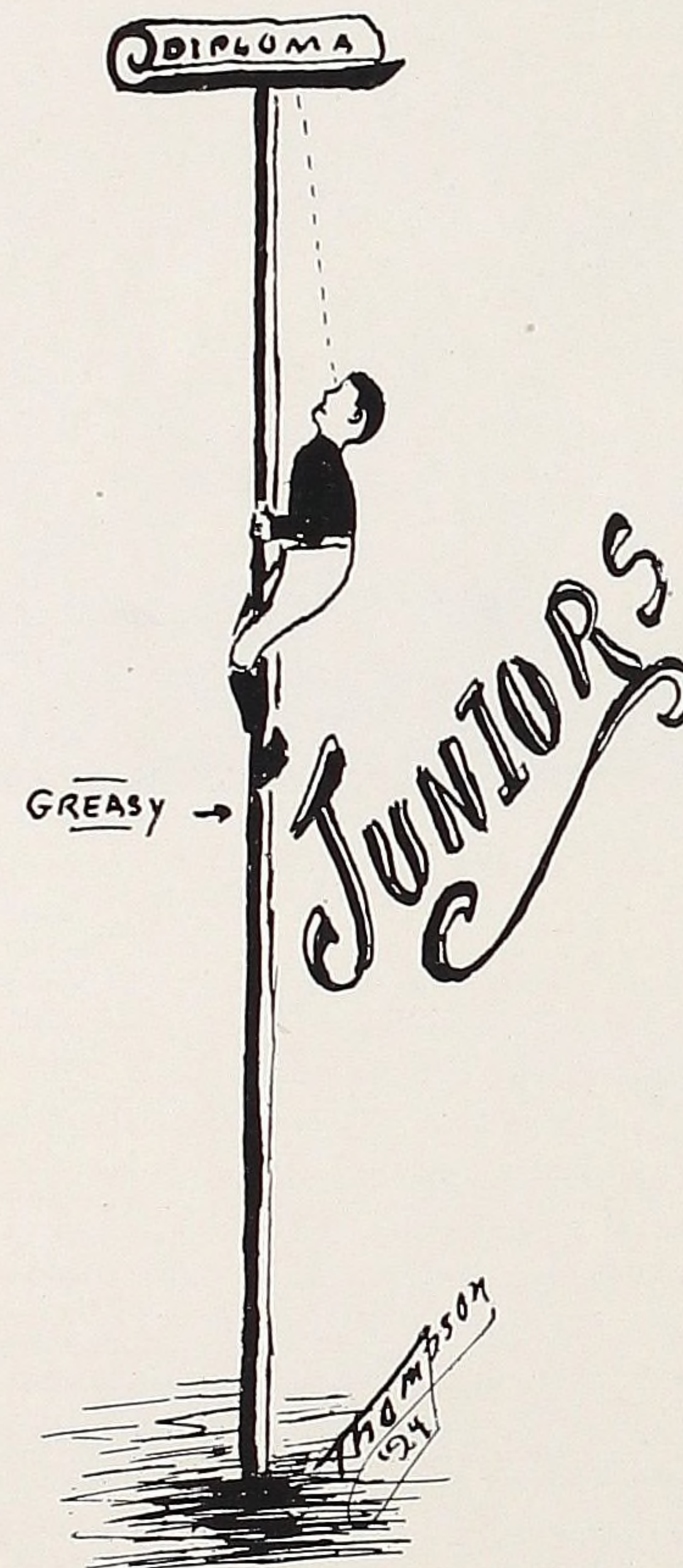
Dear Fellow-members of the Class of '22:— The class letter was handed me this morning by Miss Robinson. What a welcome to Michigan! We are on our way to old S. A. from the Land of Snow and Ice where we have been endeavoring to give the light to the Indians living there in heathen darkness....It is needless to say that the class letter was received with great pleasure, but we are hoping to have the greater pleasure of meeting you at Spring Arbor during the commencement season....

"Till we meet again," Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Stewart.

PASADENA, CAL., June 4, 1932.

"Dear Class of '22:—What a homesick feeling came over me as I read letters from each of my dear scattered classmates. I have been teaching here in California for several years and have learned to love the country, but Michigan and the friends of my school days will always have a warm place in my heart....I am extending best wishes for a happy future to all.

A loyal Senior of '22, Mildred.





JUNIORS

Marian Hitt-Pres.	Pleasant and Agreeable
Alma Scott-Sec. and Treas.	Elocutionist
Burton Andrews	A real scholar
Loleta Bushnell	Smiles
Warner Harris	Dapper
Oliver Johnson	Hash slinger
Orpha Knowles	Reliable
Ruth Parkinson	Persevering
Roland Hamilton	Class Clown
Wilson Sherburne	Athlete
Mildred Field	Tried and True
Leon Cooper	Soil Expert
Kenneth Wolcott	Caruso, the 2nd.
Mary Harris	Merriness
Riley Heald	Our model young man
Lyle Davenport	Our cartoonist
Hugh A. White	Good-natured
Marjorie Doering	Pensive
Pearl Zibble	Musician
Florence Emerson	Daintiness
Lillian Pretty	A lady
Elsie Dodds	Cuteness
Freata Hapner	A preacher
Harold Rochelle	Solid worth
Elmer Buhl	Contented
Florence B. Alberts	Honorary Member

JUNIORS

COLORS: GREEN AND GOLD

Motto:—"The Higher We Rise the Broader the View."

Here we are! Juniors. You look us over and remark. "The Typical Junior I suppose." But wait! The typical Junior? Yes, the queer being who attempts to look dignified, who attempts to attain an intellectual air without offending the Seniors. The one who is just beginning to find out that if he expects to get through school he will have to stop bluffing and work; who hasn't quite learned that he must not break the rules without taking the consequences; who is just beginning to find a place for his immense hands and feet and perhaps takes a few privileges because he feels that he is quite grown up. Who probably sneers when the Freshman ponders over his problems when he knows well enough he couldn't do it himself. Yes, I suppose we are typical Juniors but we are glad to say our class has many, many exceptions.

However, we are confident that great possibilities lie in the class of '23. What class with our aim and motto "The Higher We Rise the Broader the View," could help but send forth men and women who will make the world better by having lived? Some of our members aspire to the practice of medicine. They may become great surgeons or perhaps ordinary physicians; but they will do a bit to relieve the sufferings of the world. Some have decided to teach. Well, we hope they will remember the long lessons they studied and how they, themselves acted in assembly. Some intend to be farmers. What greater occupation than the tilling of the soil and the feeding of the world could there be? I am sure we are all fitted for domestic work, since the class armed with mops and brooms chased microbes in Botany laboratory. We expect to send forth preachers and missionaries to enlighten the world. Whatever occupation, we expect to succeed. Of course we expect some troubles and discouragements but if we remember the words of our motto and strive to rise above the sordid and low things of life, have a high ideal and strive to reach it, rise until we see things clearly, understand our fellow-men better and draw closer to God, we must succeed in the true sense of the word.

"But," you say "that is what you expect to do." What have you done? We feel that we have done quite a bit to progress this far with so many of our number. We are very glad to state that the Editor and Business Manager of the *ECHO* are Juniors. The president, secretary, as well as other officers of the Literary Society are Juniors. Some of us are musicians, some sing, some write poetry, and we all study. We are not boasting, but simply telling what we have accomplished.

We would mention our honorary member Miss Alberts, who has helped us in our journey. Not only does she help us over the rough places but joins in our fun as well. We are very grateful to her.

Now you know a little more about us. Are we exceptions or the common ordinary Juniors? We leave you to decide.

M. S. H.



CLASS POEM

We're traveling on the Junior road,
The hopeful class of '23;
And, though we bear a heavy load,
We're striving hard the end to see.

There may be things to Harris us,
As we our careful progress make;
But, if we're Hitt, without a fuss,
The healthful tonic we will take.

We find some roughness in our way,
Both sticks and stones and sandy Knowles;
But we are in this course to stay,
E'en though we wear out many soles.

We cast our net Andrew a Pearl,
Which gives us prestige as we go.
We would not bow to lord or earl,
When such a treasure we can show.

Our path is strewn with Pretty flowers;
Enjoyed by all who pass this way;
And, though we pick for hours and hours,
We cannot pick them all away.

Should we be stung by bumble bees;
Or if we're bit by poisonous snakes;
Though overcome by dread disease;
We shall be Heald of all our aches.

We're trying hard to reach the fort,
Where we shall be secure at last;
And rest upon the Davenport,
Rehearsing memories of the past.

R. H. H. '23.



SOPHOMORES

Class Colors: Maroon and White

Class Motto: "Deeds, not Words"

- Honorary—Miss HayesHer smiles make the classroom cheerful
Richard Warren—Pres.Not nationally known as yet
Vina McLachlan—Vice-Pres."I wonder"
Ruth Bidwell—Sec.Always at leisure to work for her friends
Sheldon Stevenson—Treas."Look out boys! Here comes Prof."
Gerald ThompsonOur *great* cartoonist
Merlin DartBashful, but not quiet
Marie SidwellSilence is golden
Opal PayneIndustrious
Alex Parsons*"Laugh and the World laughs with you"*
Harold StewartModel Boy
Marguerite RossPoliteness
Harold McFateQuituated
Hazel MathewsBook worm
Inez KinnamanDisciplinarian
Theo VincentA man

SOPHOMORES—Continued

- Achsah MeadSlow but sure
Ivan VidetoMathematician
Geraldine Randall*"Why worry?"*
Howard ArtzSpeedster
Barbara RichardsSoberness
James HamiltonU. S. has its Attractions
Mildred CunninghamShy, but attractive
Clifford FletcherConscientious and sincere
Helen RossHas a smile for everyone
Mrs. Elsie VanderhoofKeeping house
Mr. Harvey VanderhoofVersatile
Mabel Thick*"Bright Eyes"*
Mary Rauch*"I'm in a hurry, keep to the right"*
Harold MoorhouseEarnestness
Irene MeadA Nurse
Erva BoothA lady
Inez RickardConversationalist
Harold BrighamPhilosopher
Esther BuhlMischievous
Ray ShawOur farmer lad
Ethlyn BanksTranquility



THE CLASS OF 1924

The Sophomore class of 1922 entered upon its Freshmen year with an enrollment of forty students. Our ambitions soared very high, and the air castles we built were indeed very tall. But it was not long before we realized that we were just beginning our voyage on the high seas of Life. Before the end of the first semester we encountered many difficulties but by the faithful guidance of Mr. Demaray, our honorary member, we were enabled to surmount them with brave hearts.

The lessons assigned to us by our faithful teachers were prepared with the utmost care. We studied early and late; missed many meals in order that A's or A pluses would be marked on our report cards. As the result, many of us were exempted from the dreaded final examinations.

Commencement day finally rolled around and we parted never to meet again as Freshmen.

As school opened again the following fall of 1921, many of us returned to old S. A. S. as Sophomores. A number of our old classmates did not return but there were several new ones who filled the vacant places left by the departed members.

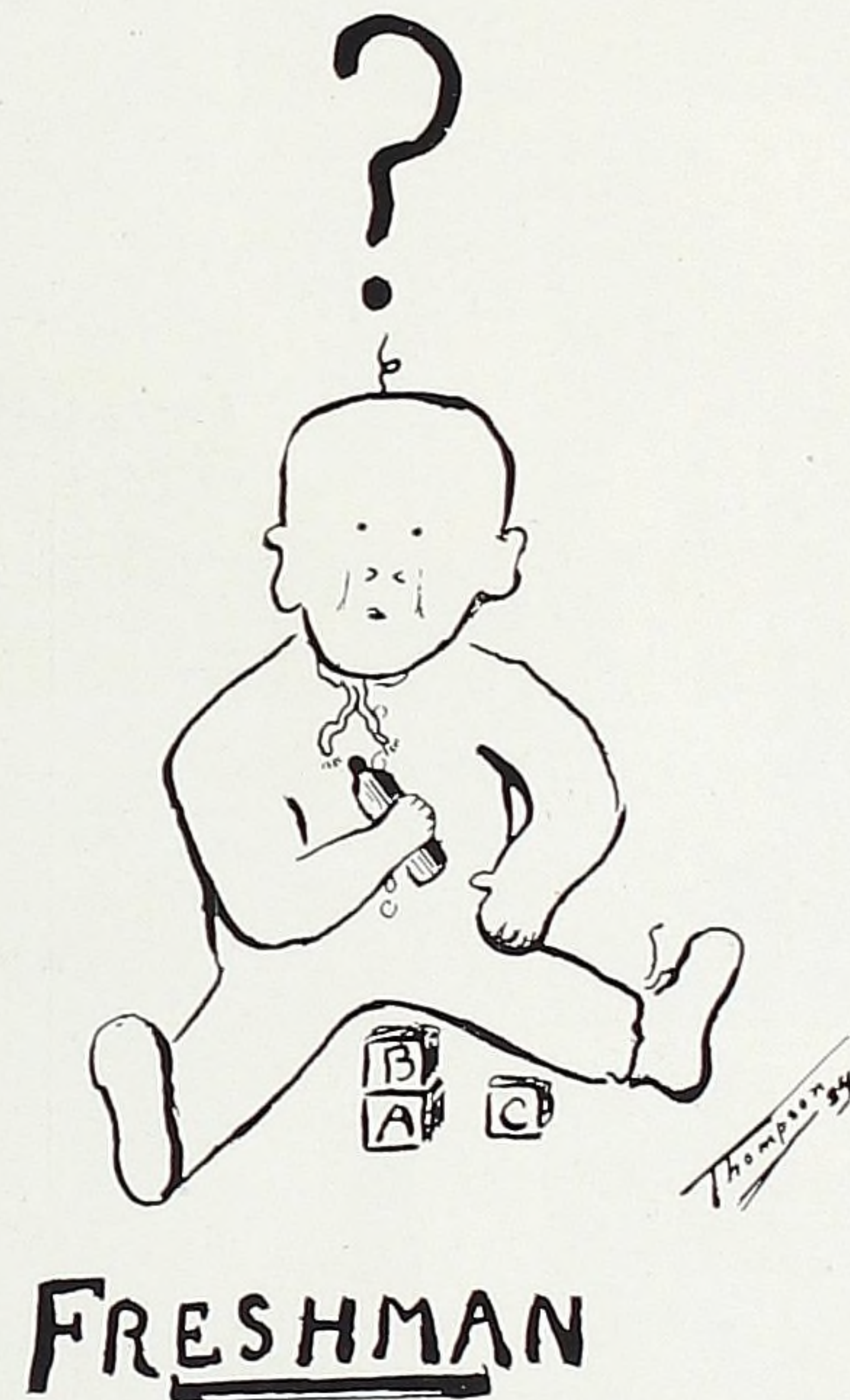
With determination and perseverance to overcome the obstacles in the way we are plodding onward and hope some day to reach the port of success. Many of us are learning that true success is not obtained entirely from books, but by doing the Master's will in the little things of life.

The strain of intense studying has been broken a few times by enjoyable times spent together. The evening spent in the woods, roasting marshmallows and weiners, will not be forgotten. Our kind advisor, Miss Hayes, chaperoned us with carefulness and it was she who looked after our wants.

Examinations are over; as we bid each other farewell we expect to meet again, next year, as Juniors.

E. R. Booth.





FRESHMEN

Class Colors....."Silver and Maroon"
Motto....."Bound to Win"

Edna Noyes Pres.	Names are so deceiving
Urlin Aiken Vice-Pres.	"Ohio called me, I had to go"
Eleanor Ross	Apple Blossom
Hazel Meade	Our Future Poet, tho' she doesn't know it
Florence Argue	What I want! I want!!
Alta Timbers	It's never too late to study
Irene Holmes	Short but Sweet
Claudia Hyde	Hidden but not concealed
Marian Huffman	Just wait!?
Violet Fletcher	Of spunk she hath much
Earlyn Lyons	Modesty and fun—Equal parts
Lula Merideth	"Well I don't have to"
Margaret Moore	Just smile awhile
Ethel Hanson	The "han'som" of our class
Paul Martin	? I'll make the whole world take medicine
Bernard Densmore	Talkative
William Houghtby	O. K. when asleep
Lawrence Sprague	Our "cowpuncher"
Howard Winters	A lad of kind disposition
Glenn Winters	I do my work with a will
Charles Caulkins	Prof. said, "he might amount to something"
Russel Hopkins	His chief aim "to run a power mill"
Will Kelly	He's a jolly good fellow
Loyd Nickerson	Fires enthusiasm, (night shift, boys' hall)
Carleton Huffman	He's a mighty man (he keeps us warm)
Corinne George	A friend indeed
Laura Dodds	On time?
Bertha Fletcher	Many a star is hidden
Miss Grace Moore, (Faculty Honorary Member)	"A perfect woman nobly planned To warn, to comfort and command"
Nora Hyndman	A songster
Howard Bronson	Clever
Mariam Clark	Piety

FRESHMEN CLASS REPORT

Greetings. We the class of '25 launched our small though compact class craft at the beginning of this year upon the sea of High School life and thus far we have had a successful voyage, though not without its storms and various troubles, which surely must have wrecked us but for the quality of our class and officers. Some through various troubles and discouragements, have been required to leave our number but the gaps have been filled by new comers who have gallantly cast in their lot with us.

As time bears us along we see every day new possibilities in our future and each of us, with his separate vision, is improving every opportunity as it comes to us, nor do we always wait for opportunities to come our way, but are constantly striving to be prepared to take service in any channel of life; thus forcing opportunities' door to be continually open to us while opportunity herself beckons us to higher stations in life.

As we take a critical view of our class we sincerely believe that there are none of whom we cannot be proud. Many different characteristics are shown; but we know that the talent and genius which lie hidden there will, when developed, produce men and women who will fill high offices of both church and state.

We are thankful that the hand of Providence has spared us all so far, and sincerely pray that it may never be withdrawn, and as we sail along on the ever changing stream of time may it ever uphold and guide us in the way of life eternal.

Charles Caulkins, '25



INTERMEDIATE DEPARTMENT

MAKING AMERICANS

"We build our futures, thought by thought, or good or bad, and know it not."

While our pupils come from far and near, yet they are in the melting pot of being made American citizens. This group of Intermediates, twenty-nine in number—are typical Americans in their common purposes, talents and ideals.

The similarity of appearance in this department often has reminded the teacher of Longfellow's quotation, "There the richest were poor and the poorest lived in abundance." The distinctions so noticeable in the public schools are almost entirely eliminated here. Neither having luxuries of the rich nor suffering from necessities, they enjoy the freedom of the country, and a feeling of unity.

Co-operation with the parents, which is so essential, has always been secured without an exception.

The pupils are interested in all phases of their work. Besides the regular program of the day, music is given twice a week and Bible once.

Can too high a premium be put on the work of the first eight grades? Will not these citizens "to be" have formed habits (---) in the right or wrong direction before receiving their eighth grade diplomas?

These foundation habits referred to are carefully guarded daily. Here are some of the ideals which we try to weave into the warp and woof of our lives, that the truest and noblest type of characters may be formed.

Orderliness—Have a time and place for everything and do everything in its time and place and you will accomplish more, and also have far more leisure than those who are hurrying as if in vain attempting to overtake time that has been lost.

Cheerfulness—"Cheerfulness is contagious." Happy, sunshiny persons lessen the gloom of others. Think pleasant, cheerful thoughts. Speak pleasantly and cheerfully. Do things to make other people happy and cheerful. Thoroughness—Better a little, thoroughly, by every pupil, than a great deal learned by only two or three. Oliver Wendell Holmes, who was a great teacher as well as a physician and writer said, "My advice to teachers less experienced than myself would be—Do not fret over the details you have to omit. You probably teach too many as it is. Individuals may learn a thing by once hearing it, but the only way of teaching a whole class is by enormous repetition, representation and illustration in every possible form."

Punctuality—Railroad trains must be on time. No banker could succeed without it. The physician must go promptly when called. Since we study for life and not for school, pupils should learn to be prompt, by being prompt in all their school work.

Be prompt! the tardy habit grows
And gets a sound berating;
For people always count the faults
Of those who keep them waiting.

Obedience—Obedience is the mother of happiness. It is my duty to my country to love it; to support its constitution; to obey its laws; to respect its flag; and to defend it against all enemies.

Hygienic Habits—Keep your teeth clean. Eat moderately and chew your food thoroughly. Breathe pure air whenever it is possible to do so. Go to bed regularly at a reasonable hour. Take proper exercise and keep yourself calm. Bathe often and keep the body clean in every respect.

The work each year calls for all our courage, all our strength. Let us attempt it, remembering that, "The struggle of to-day, is not altogether for to-day." It is for the vast future also.

And when the world shall link your name with gracious lives and manners fine, the teacher shall assert her claims, and proudly whisper, "These were mine!"

Bertha Fader.





PRIMARY DEPARTMENT

PRIMARY EDUCATION

Our Primary Department really includes the first five grades, the pupils ranging in ages from the beginners of five to the juniors of twelve years. The number in this department has more than doubled during the last six years, the enrollment this year being forty-five.

Wide awake, healthy, energetic—great indeed is the responsibility of one entrusted with the guidance of these young minds. Some day the boys will be men, and the girls will be women!

So much depends upon the impressions received during the early years of childhood, which fact is recognized in the old, yet true saying of the Catholics. "Give me a child till it is *seven* years of age, then I will trust it to you. (Protestantism)." These are years when seed may be sown to the best advantage in their hearts and minds, and definite work accomplished. At no other stage in their development can it be done so well. Some one has said, "The heart of a child is a garden, with tender, gentle soil. If you want a *rose* to bloom there, you must *plant* a rose, that's all."

A very important feature of the school life of boys and girls in Spring Arbor Seminary, is the spiritual influences that surround them. How privileged ought we to feel, that our children are receiving their education in a school where the *Bible* has not given place to the *dance*, and where their minds are not corrupted by false teaching! Once a week a "Bible talk" is conducted in our room by Professor Miller who is especially proficient along this line. The children are enthusiastic and by the end of the year will be saturated with outlines of Bible history and many choice selections.

We who are most interested are endeavoring to lead them right realizing that "Education is not that which is made up of shreds and patches of useless arts; but that which inculcates principles, polishes taste, regulates temper, cultivates reason, subdues the passions, directs the feelings and refers all *actions, feelings, sentiments, tastes and passions to the love and fear of God.*"

'As a twig is bent, the tree is inclined.'

E. M. B.



BUSINESS DEPARTMENT



CANADIANS



1922

The Echo



MUSIC DEPARTMENT



MUSIC STUDIO

MUSIC DEPARTMENT

Music is, after all, but one of the narrow and beautiful vales of life and of the literature of today, and in the past has been marked with the adoption of one particular time-worn figure of speech. And may we not as students of the music department leave our mark among the pages of the annual, as well as other departments represented? We, the students, of the chorus and piano department, have realized what it means to acquire a knowledge of music.

We entered into the school with new zeal and determination to make this year the best, and with the patient aid of our Piano director, Miss Grace E. Moore, and our Chorus instructor, Mrs. W. V. Miller, we have learned to appreciate the opportunities afforded us in Spring Arbor Seminary. We also have two well chosen quartettes and they have proved to us that it is an art to blend one voice with another and bring before the public in song that which oratory could not.

Music plays an important, yes, and essential part in our lives! How often have the soft, tender strains of harmoniously blended notes cheered, comforted, and blessed humanity. Indeed, our educational accomplishments would not be complete without having had some knowledge of such an art.

We have heard it said that those who live in the valley remain in the shadows of ignorance, and that in order to be successful we must climb to the hilltops. You ask "How shall we climb?" That we must determine for ourselves. Perhaps our path may lead to difficult steeps but, wherever they may lead, the pleasure will be in the climbing; and when we reach the excelsior heights which Longfellow immortalized, we shall then have discovered a new peak in the mountain chain of success.

"In the hour of love—music will enrich your heart with feelings that magnify the meaning of existence.

In the hour of mem'ry—music will unseal the treasures of the past, and bring a sacred glory to the present.

In the hour of death—music will speak to you of a life filled with an eternity of joy and song.

In the hour of prayer—music will quicken the aspiration of your soul, and perfume your life with the breath of Heaven."

All the desires of your heart will come closer as you become attuned to the rhythm and harmony of life.

Helen L. Ross, '24.



MALE QUARTETTE

Coral E. Demary, 1st Tenor

Edward F. Ferguson, 2nd Tenor

Riley H. Heald, Baritone

Glenn A. Hall, Bass.



LADIES' QUARTETTE

M. Louise Hitt, 1st Soprano

Marian Hitt, 2nd Soprano

Florence Emerson, Alto

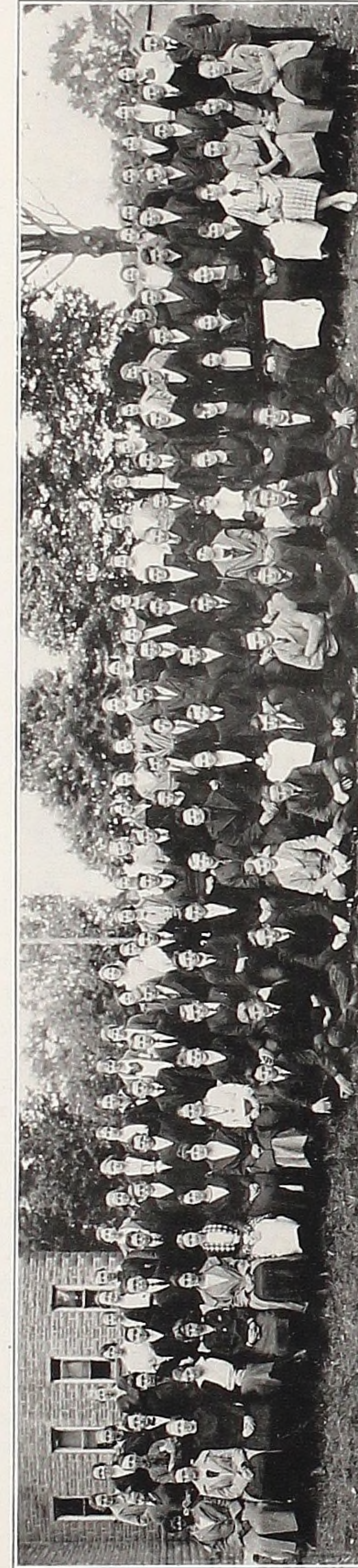
Mable King, Contralto



Literary

1922

The Echo



THE ALATHEPIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

OFFICERS

<i>First Semester</i>		<i>Second Semester</i>	
Edward F. Ferguson	President	Warner Harris	
Alma Scott	Vice-President	Harold Stewart	
Geraldine Randall	2nd. Vice-President	Burton Andrews	
Rena Heberd	Secretary	Lillian Pretty	
Claudia Leigh	Assistant Secretary	Geraldine Randall	
Vina McLachlan	Treasurer	Harold Rochelle	

The Alathepian Literary Society is the oldest organization in our school. Each year more and more interest is displayed by the student body, as they realize their need of perfection along oratorical and musical lines.

Thus, the ability which a student has is brought out and his weak points made manifest. Instead of being discouraged, he is encouraged, with the thought that "practice makes perfect."

The Alathepian aim is to develop the critical and appreciative function in the individual. The works of various authors, art and artistic, music and musicians, debates, and the dreaded "extemporaneous speech" are taken up; and, although not all become critics, we feel

every one attains from such programs, which are held each Friday night, a better appreciation of literary work.

The society is composed of all the academic and theological students, and others of the student body who may desire to unite. The faculty are considered honorary members.

Election of officers is held the first Friday night of each semester. The nominations for president are accompanied by a one minute nominating speech which causes much excitement.

The Alathepian Literary Society is doing excellent work. May it ever contribute its part toward keeping the morale of the Spring Arbor Seminary on a high plane.

E. F. F., '22.

THE VALUE OF LITERATURE

The study of literature has one definite aim, which is to know man. We are well aware of the fact that a knowledge of human nature is an essential which every successful person should possess, be his vocation or work what it may. As man is a dreamer of dreams as well as a doer of deeds we must go deeper than the outward appearance of his actions and learn the motives which prompt the deed. In reading history we find a record of man's deeds and outward acts alone; but every great act springs from an ideal and before we can understand this we must read his literature. Here we find not only his deeds but the ideals of his heart as well.

If we should read only the history of our early forefathers we might gain the impression that they were a savage warlike people, caring only for war and plunder; but when we study their literature, we discover many of the same ideals predominating their lives as we ourselves cherish today. We find not only what they did, but how they thought and felt; how they looked on life and death, and what they loved and feared.

Life is quite sure to be monotonous and prosaic if we merely follow the humdrum and routine of everyday life and observe none of the beauty around us. Two rules which someone has given us are: Do a kind deed each day, and particularly notice some beautiful thing. How much better one can appreciate and enjoy the beauties of nature after having read the poetry which some sensitive and susceptible soul has produced.

Those, who have never read any fine descriptive passages in good literature have failed to develop the God-given faculty, the imagination. If it were not for imagination we would enjoy but few of the wonderful inventions of science and works of art which we have today. Literature also directs the imagination in the proper channels. The classics which have stood the test of generations are a very good means, whereby this faculty may be properly guided.

One who is to be a public speaker must have a large vocabulary with which he may express his meaning to the people, and without this asset one can hardly be a success in this line of work. Where can one better acquire this than from the study of some literary artist, such as Shakespeare, who has given us such a large choice of words with which to express our thoughts?

The view is quite prevalent that literature like all other arts is pleasing to the senses but has no real or practical value. This view can be proven false if one merely stops and considers the question for a moment. Literature preserved the ideals of a people, and there is nothing more worthy of preservation than the ideals governing human life. The democracy and free citizenship which we enjoy is nothing more than an ideal which exists in the heart of every noble man and woman of this country. All the arts, sciences, and inventions have once been the dream of some one. What would the world be were it not for the ideals of true manhood and womanhood everywhere?

Thus we consider the study of literature a very important part of the school work. We feel that the value of it cannot be overestimated, for if we read and absorb the best thought and it becomes a part of our lives, how can we help being greater, nobler and better prepared to meet life?

M. L. H.

THE LIGHT THAT GUIDED DOUGLASS HOME

It was in the month of October. Nature was so very beautiful that men and women paused in the busy routine of life to admire its beauty and marvel at the hand of Providence. Did ever artist paint such a picture as this fair October day?

The sun was slowly sinking below the western horizon, softly shedding its departing rays upon the earth as if to cheer and brighten it, as Douglass McDonald unhitched his horses from the plough, passed out of the field, carefully put up the bars, and drove the horses up the lane toward the barn. Douglass was a youth of twenty-one, tall, erect and handsome. His face revealed a strong will and determination. As he walked leisurely up the lane, his gaze was directed toward the house, where his mother and sister Clara were busy preparing the evening meal.

It seemed to him that the old farm with its humble buildings had never appeared half so attractive as on that evening. The farm house, situated in a quiet valley, surrounded by groups of trees and beds of brightly colored asters, presented a pleasing picture. For a moment his hilarious spirit gave way to a feeling of sadness as he thought that this might be the last evening he would spend on the old farm.

From earliest childhood Douglass had always had an intense longing to go to sea. He had mentioned this to his parents several times, and now for more than a year nothing had been said on the subject. During this time he had been making plans, unknown to anyone, and had decided that this should be the night when he would put his plans into execution.

Douglass and his father did the evening chores as usual, then walked together to the house where a plain but tasty supper was waiting them. He tried to eat, but his appetite was gone; he tried to be jolly, but everything he said sounded dry and lifeless. For some time there was silence, finally broken by Clara, who raised her dark, questioning eyes to her brother's face and said, "You're quiet tonight, Douglass. Been having trouble today?" Her brother, who was always ready with an answer, responded, "Oh, no, Clara, no trouble, just been planning on taking you for a trip to Mars." At this Mother and Father joined with Clara in a hearty laugh.

Supper being over and the evening's work completed, the family, as was their custom gathered around the fire-place to enjoy a social evening together. Then before retiring Father took the Family Bible from its place on the table and read a portion of Scripture, one verse of which fastened itself upon Douglass' mind: "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path." After prayer was offered Douglass retired to his room; and when he was sure that everyone was asleep, he hurriedly packed in his grip the clothing he would need the most. In looking hastily over his books he noticed a Bible, which had been given him by his mother; and though a careless and reckless young man, he felt that this must be added to the few possessions which he was taking with him.

When all things were in readiness for his departure, Douglass sat down and wrote the following note to his mother:

"My Dear Mother:—

It is with pain I write you this little note. You will doubtless be surprised when you find I am gone. Do not worry about me, Mother, for some day I'll come back and then you will be proud of your sailor boy. Tell Clara not to be lonesome, and tell father good-bye.

Forgive

Your wayward son,

Douglass."

Douglass thought he was brave, but many tears fell upon the note before it was finished. He folded it, laid it upon the table, picked up his grip, and noiselessly descended the stairs. How he disliked to leave without bidding the folks good-bye. But he was determined, and notwithstanding the strange drawing to return to his room, he quietly opened the door and slipped out into the frosty air. Poor Douglass! Little did he know that his future was to be as dark as the night upon which he now entered.

A dim light shone from his mother's window. He turned several times to catch a last glimpse of the old home. Dimmer and dimmer grew the light until it could no longer be seen, and Douglass was soon lost to sight amid the darkening shadows.

Chapter Two

A month had passed since the night that Douglass left the light in his mother's window and entered the shadows of the unknown. He had gone to New York where he enlisted in the Navy. In a few days he found himself aboard a large ocean cruiser "The Eagle" and holding the position of a first petty officer of the United States Navy. It was a humble position, of course, with long hours, small wages, and hard work, but he learned that one could advance only by hard and persistent labor.

Each morning before sunrise Douglass was at his work and night found him so utterly exhausted that he threw himself into his hammock, too weary even to think of home and of the dear ones far away.

The sailing of the ship from New York Harbor was a great experience for Douglass and he felt repaid for his hard work for he, at last, was a part of the great sea life of which he had dreamed.

"The Eagle's" route was from New York to Liverpool, touching the ports of Italy and Spain, then around Africa and the Cape of Good Hope, making ports in India, China, and Japan, and back to New York by way of the Isthmus of Panama. Without accident or delay the entire trip would be completed in six months.

Douglass' dream had been to be a sailor and to see the world, but the glamour which had surrounded his idea of sea life gradually disappeared, and as the days passed he found the ideals of truth, honesty, and duty, which he had always been taught, slowly slipping from him. Thus the teaching of a Christian home was lost amid the rough life of the wicked crew which manned the "Eagle."

When they arrived at Liverpool, Douglass, with the rest of the crew, spent most of his time at a large gambling house near the wharf. Here, he was always in the game, and as he was a beginner his money soon slipped away from him until his small savings were gone. He had not yet learned to take his loss gracefully, and so he became angry over his failures.

When Douglass first entered the crew, he was called "green" and the "infant;" but, if he had once been different from the rest, one would not suspect it now, for it would have been an impossibility to distinguish him from the rest of the rough men who sailed on the "Eagle."

Yet far away in a humble farm-house a bright light beamed, every night, out into the darkness, and a little mother prayed that her son might be guided back to her. As she knelt beside the window, these words came to her, "The fervent and effectual prayer of the righteous availeth much" and her aching heart grew lighter over the thought that some day, somewhere, her prayers would be answered.

Once Douglass had written home, secretly hoping to receive an answer, which never came; and as a result he became more reckless and harder than before.

The "Eagle" continued her trip and, as there was no delay she entered the harbor of Hong Kong, China, one day in late November. One part of the machinery was badly disabled; and consequently it was necessary that they make a stop of several weeks. Douglass spent his time roaming through the great oriental city, and visited all the gambling dens. One day he and two other seamen found their way through a dark hallway into a horrible place known as an opium dive. One could imagine no place more disgustingly dirty or loathsome than this dark room, with shelves arranged in tiers where the smokers reclined. Here one lost all his self respect and decency, for after indulging only a few times in the drug he became a dope fiend and lay unconscious for hours upon the shelves of the shop.

The three sailors took places among the Chinamen, and were brought large pipes and some opium. Day after day Douglass visited the little shop and he became so addicted to the habit that his brain and senses became dulled. For the four weeks that the "Eagle" was in port, Douglass spent his time and money in the opium dive.

At last the day came for the sailing of the "Eagle" and Douglass arose early to go to the dive to spend his last few cents for opium. Taking his place among the smokers he was soon lying unconscious upon the bench of the dirty shop. Meanwhile the "Eagle" was preparing to set sail. The large ship left the piers and slowly made her way out to sea, leaving Douglass behind in the city of Hong Kong.

As the afternoon waned and night came on Douglass, at last, came back to consciousness and, though hardly able to stand, he staggered down to the sea, a hollow-eyed, sunken-cheeked wreck of a man. When he saw that the "Eagle" was gone, his dulled senses seemed to awaken and he, at last, realized that he was alone and penniless, far from the little home which he had so abruptly left months before.

As the shadows of night deepened around him he suddenly remembered the bright light which always beamed from his mother's window. Yes, it was burning tonight; but how was it to aid poor Douglass, standing alone and gazing out to sea.

Chapter Three

It was growing dark. Douglass had been standing on the seashore for a long time watching the great waves as they lapped the beach, but his thoughts were far from China, and the city of Hong Kong. Oh, that he could fly like a bird across those dark, angry waves to his quiet and humble home on the other shore. He wondered what father and mother were doing, and if Clara ever longed to see him.

Just then an inhabitant of the city came up to him and muttered a few words in the Chinese language. During the four weeks of Douglass' stay in China he had learned to speak a few words of this foreign tongue. Yet he could not understand what the man said to him, though he knew by the expression on his face that they were far from words of welcome.

However the muttering brought Douglass to a realization of his surroundings. "Why did the crew leave me here?" he was asking himself. "Here in this unknown city without a cent of money? But I must have my supper, for it is getting late."

He hurried to the nearest shop and tried to make the shop-keeper understand that he wished something to eat, but had no money to pay for it. Failing in this, he left the shop, went back to the place where he had been staying every night, and retired with a heavy heart.

As he lay on his bed, a happy thought entered his mind; and it seemed as though he could hardly wait until morning. In his hurry in leaving home he had picked up, among other things, a silver watch which had once belonged to his father. It was old, but he believed he could pawn it for a few cents at least. The next morning he took it to the pawnshop and was surprised to receive a sum amounting to \$5.00 in our money.

His heart at once leaped for joy; for he was hungry, and he knew this would mean a good breakfast, such as Chinamen are capable of preparing; and it seemed the best he had tasted since that last supper at home. But after breakfast that old craving for opium came back to him and as he looked at the money he thought, "Surely I can spend just a small amount of it, for I must have something to drown my homesickness." So Douglass was overcome by temptation and he went to the opium dive only to smoke the horrible poison until it took consciousness from him and he spent nearly all of that day on the shelf in the dive.

At last as evening drew near, and Douglass began to regain consciousness he left the loathsome place and wandered out into the fresh, balmy air. His thoughts were again turned homeward and he longed to see a ship which was bound for his own far away land. But that was not his good fortune so he made up his mind he would try to be at home in China.

As he went to his room that night he picked up the Bible which he had brought with him and, for the first time, in a number of years he attempted to read a few verses. This was the first verse which his eyes fell upon, "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path."

Such memories as this one verse brought to him. The picture of his dear old father with the large family Bible upon his knees, and especially that last evening at home when he had heard these very words read by him.

Deep conviction settled upon Douglass and he spent a sleepless night, moaning and tossing from one side of his bed to the other. He had been taught the way of salvation from his youth and he knew what it meant. He had never before endured such agony. When he would try to pray the thought would arise that the Lord could never forgive him for all of his waywardness because he had wandered so far away from Him.

He decided that he would go home on the first ship that came into port of Hong Kong; but that did not settle the question of seeking the Lord.

They were surely unhappy days which followed. Douglass did not go to the opium dive anymore, for his soul was in such distress that he hated the thoughts of being in the horrible place.

At last, a ship entered the harbor and these were the glad tidings which reached Douglass' ears, "A ship, bound for the city of New York."

The good news seemed almost unbelievable and Douglass was so overjoyed that he ran on board ship without even so much as asking if he could get a passage, but he was unnoticed until after the ship had left the harbor, for he had hidden among the freight on board. He could hardly make it seem possible that he was on his way home, and that he had really left the City of Hong Kong.

As soon as he was discovered he was treated very harshly, and the crew threatened to throw him overboard, but Douglass begged them to give him some work to do, he promised to do whatever they asked if only he could be permitted to stay on board. They gave him a job of shoveling coal, which was no easy task. It seemed at times that there were forty-eight hours instead of twenty-four in the day.

The journey across the ocean seemed much longer than it did the first time, but finally land was sighted and Douglass felt that at last he was nearing the shores of his own native country, America.

Now he was in another strange city, but oh! so much different from Hong Kong! Everyone he spoke to could understand him and it really seemed like being at home. But it did not take Douglass long to leave the great city of New York and start for that quiet farm house about one hundred miles distant. By his work on the ship he had earned a small amount of money over the amount it had cost for his passage to New York, and so he had enough to pay his carfare to his home town.

As he took his seat on the train he began to think of himself and of his appearance, for the first time during his journey. Surely he must be a very curious looking spectacle, with his coal begrimed clothing and his hollow-eyed countenance.

Would mother be proud of her sailor boy when he arrived home? Would she take him in her arms and tell him that she was glad he had become so famous? He had told her that she would be proud of him some day and he had really intended to keep his word. But now alas! all his dreams were shattered and instead of being proud of her son, she might rather be ashamed of him.

It was growing dark as the train pulled up beside the small station. As soon as the train stopped, Douglass leaped from the steps and ran hurriedly in the opposite direction from the village lights.

The road which led homeward seemed very familiar, though longer than usual. Suddenly Douglass stopped his hurried footsteps to listen to the chimes of the country church bell. What could it mean? Perhaps father and mother would be at the service. Oh! he hoped they would be at home to forgive and welcome him when he arrived. Just then a little light flickered through the darkness. It was the light in his mother's window. Douglass quickened his steps, and as he neared the lonely cottage he looked in at the window and saw his poor care-worn mother, with tears streaming down her wrinkled cheek, kneeling before her large armchair. As he listened he heard these words. "Oh Lord! Remember my wayward son, and bring him back to me. Help him to remember that tomorrow is Christmas Day. The day when our Savior was born in Bethlehem."

He could endure it no longer. He burst through the door and threw his arms around his mother's neck, "Mother, my dear mother! can you forgive me?" he cried. "Douglass! oh Douglass, my son! Can it be possible that you are here? The Lord has guided you home to me." "Yes mother I have come back, and I want you to forgive me. Let us kneel right here and ask the Lord to forgive me, for I have been very wicked since I left this humble home."

It was two happy faces that greeted father and Clara when they came home from the Christmas service. Truly they had received the best Christmas gift possible. As they gathered around the fireside that evening, Douglass related his experience of the last two months, and how he had drifted from bad to worse and had become addicted to the opium habit. He told them that one verse, which his father had read the last night he had spent at home, had deepened conviction upon him and made him feel he must give his heart to the Lord.

As he finished, his mother exclaimed, "Surely the fervent and effectual prayer of the righteous availeth much." And Douglass added, "His word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."

*Alma Scott
Louise Hitt
Rena Hebbard*



S. A. S.

We sing of good old U. S. A.;
Our country's fame we cherish;
We love to read tales of the fray,—
These stories ne'er will perish.

But let us sing another song,
One that we love to harbor,
We'll raise our voices loud and strong
And sing for dear Spring Arbor.

We've gathered here from far and near
To get an education;
But there is just one thing we fear,—
And that's examination.

But let us pass that subject by,
And talk of something cheerful;
Because we think, just you and I,
Of it, we're rather fearful.

Each morning at an early hour
We hear the bell for rising;
It has within its grip a power
Which really is surprising.

But sad to say some heed it not
Their eyes are closed in slumber,—
Contented with their peaceful lot
These precious hours they number.

At nine o'clock our tasks begin;
Till noon we're bravely working;
And then once more we're free again,
But we've no time for shirking.

Again at one o'clock we start
To fill our heads with knowledge,
And some of us are oh so smart
You'd think we'd be in college.

Once more at four the bell doth ring
'Tis music to our hearing;
Away our studies do we fling,
Away with doubts and fearing.

You see by this we've lots to do,
We're always in a hurry;
It does not pay to fret and stew
We have no time for worry.

So each of us are striving hard
And we the race are winning,
So that our life will not be marred
By any act of sinning.

H. Jacobs, '22.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD

The Shepherd calls his sheep by name;
They follow where he leads;
By rivers and in pastures green
He waters and he feeds.

The Shepherd guards, protects, defends
The flock from dangers bold;
He is a doctor when they're ill;
In loss they are consoled.

The paths in which the flock are led
Are pleasant ways of peace,
And in the presence of foes dread
He makes for them a feast.

When one of them has gone astray,
He seeks with love untold;
And when 'tis found, without delay
He takes it to the fold.

And when the flock are pressed with care,
The Shepherd is at hand;
He scatters all the fear they bear,
Of Sin he breaks each band.

When in the very midst of death,
He'll lead them safely through
To that fair country of the blest,
Where live the saints so true.

They'll dwell with their kind Shepherd dear,
While endless ages roll;
They'll be delivered from all care,
In that eternal fold.

Wesley R. Caswell, '22.

RESERVED

Who knows the thoughts that evolve from the deep recesses of one's mind! Sometimes we think and mull them over to ourselves but no one hears. Sometimes they are too great for words from our alphabet and have to go unspoken.

According to Freud, or some of the Psychologists, every individual has within his brain a part which he terms the "reserved area," a sacred retreat into which he can escape when reasoning processes press too hard against instincts.

Whether this be true or not, there's a chance for argument and a challenge to the pessimist. Only a couple of years ago something occurred at Sing Sing which verifies the statement. An old keeper told me the story and I think it's worth repeating. From the first night, since he had come to this great city of men, David Nichols had spent his leisure moments in front of the high barred window, smoking on a pipe and looking out over the peaceful Hudson and beyond for the setting sun. After the last rays had flickered their life away and twilight gathered forming misty shadows out of all the surroundings, slowly David would turn, knock the ashes from his pipe and feel his way back to his bunk.

Yes, with the years he had become accustomed to the routine—the answering roll call, the locked step and all. The grimness of the life had settled upon his tired shoulders and seemed quite a part of him. With the passing of the years he had to an extent forgotten what freedom was like. But he was ever glad when evening came and the rosy tints of the setting sun were reflected on the waters of the Hudson.

The great war was now over and troops were returning home. For several days a company had been encamped on the opposite side of the Hudson. They were to parade in the city near by. The remainder of those who had gone to France were to be reviewed and then be mustered out.

As David stood reading a newspaper, bent toward the bars, smoking slowly, a glorious thought ran thru his weak mind and reverberated in his sad soul. Why couldn't he attend a "reunion of the Grand Army of the Republic"—Oh, but the fierce light in his eyes slowly softened and they became dull. He was a prisoner, behind the bars, sentenced for life. He had taken his brother's life. Now he was seventy-six years old. But he had served in the civil war with a northern regiment.

The light was fading rapidly, only a little of the encampment could now be seen. He laid down the paper, and as he turned from the Hudson it was almost with an effort. Thru the hum drum years at gloomy Sing Sing, it had never before been so hard.

Must a dream die? Life isn't so bad even in this city of silent men—If there could be dreams. But this was more than that. It was real. So many reunions had been held and he could not attend. He was now an old man. The ranks were growing thinner each time. Perhaps they would not hold another. How he longed to see his old comrades, as the boys across the Hudson would meet their buddies from time to time. At last he knew he must write to the governor.

The very next day he sealed his word of honor as a soldier to return after the few days of the encampment with the Grand Army to spend the rest of his days in Sing Sing. It would be easier if only he could march again under the old flag.

But time had done its perfect work with David and while the ache and tumult was in his heart, and while his plans and dreams haunted him, little change could be seen in his face. In all these years he had been in the world, yet not a part of it. Time had drawn many lines across his countenance, and suffering, both physical and mental had eeked out his very self. Yes, the mental strain in his hopeless struggle had eaten at his very vitals. But the rebellion had long since left his heart. He had learned to bear joy and extreme disappointment with the same equanimity. And now at this time, whether the governor would notice his letter or not, he must but wait and hope, perhaps he would notice the prison seal, but it was all so vague.

The morning of the second day David was asked to report at the office, and there listened to the reading of a letter from the governor of the state. It was frank, but an answer to the depths of his feelings. He had been granted the desired parole.

Soon with his old blue uniform on David was speeding by train towards the camp of the G. A. R. He marched again with the doughboys of sixty-one, but how thin the ranks had become since last he had joined them. Though unknown to him, he marched past the governor, past cheering crowds and finally attended the banquet.

Oh how glorious it all was to him, the review, the banquet and exchanging stories with the old timers. But now it was over. The other old veterans turned to go to their respective homes, while David Nichols went back and after carefully laying away his uniform knocked once more at the barred city of Sing Sing in time to keep his word of honor.

The watch at the gate told him to report at its office, and when the trembling old man lifted his hat he was introduced to the governor himself, who explained that he believed if any one should be pardoned, truly Nichols was the one. And smiling, he handed a paper to David. After glancing hastily over it, looking up, he saw the extended hand of the governor, which he grasped eagerly and held tenderly, with a joy too deep and grand for words.

He could have left then for he was free, but he wanted to spend one more night in the little room he had learned to like. He had no close relatives, but had found friends among inmates and even the keeper proved to be his friend.

Nichols spent his last evening musing quietly to himself, and looking over the peaceful Hudson, until the sun's rays flickered away, and a shadowy mist creeping up from the water enveloped and claimed the tranquility. Suddenly, as though awakened from deep slumber the old man knocked the ashes from his pipe and laid himself down, breathing a prayer of gratitude.

Richard Warren, '24.

NATURE

As I sat by a brook one evening
And fished with hooks and line,
I noticed that all around me
Was nature, unique and fine.

I looked at the sky above me
Enraptured in beauty untold
With colors that cannot be painted
Red, purple, yellow and gold.

In the west was a ball of fire
Sinking slowly out of sight;
But it seemed to linger somewhat
As if to say good-night.

There was melody too, from somewhere
From whence I could not tell
For my soul was all enraptured,
And a voice said, "All is well."

I sat there until the twilight
Had faded away in the gloom
Till after the color had vanished
And all was still as a tomb.

Then I thought on the things I had witnessed,
And my heart was filled with delight;
For I knew that God made nature;
And all that He makes is right.

H. J., '22.

RELIEF FROM CARE

We may shove, and we may grind.
Plod along? Most naturally!
Work and think we're doing fine,
Joke and laugh most heartily.

Foolish man! how vain art thou,
Why is pride thy master now?
Money is thine only God,
And at its shrine you always bow.

In the Bible are these words,
"Thought of foolishness is sin."
Why art thou so foolish then,
Since alone you cannot win?

It's the constant Faith in God,
And continual fervent prayer
Of a soul redeemed by love,
That relieves us of our care.

—C. E. Fletcher, '24.

A VISION

The past rises before me like a dream. Again we are in the great struggle for educational life. We hear the sound of the rising bell—the music of boisterous boys awakened from peaceful slumber—their silvery voices pealing forth in merry song. We see them one by one or in groups going down the stairs by leaps and bounds as “taps” ring for breakfast. We see the austere teacher sitting at the head of the table, while the mischievous student, with one eye on the teacher, plays some prank on another unsuspecting student. Then quietness reigns for just one wee minute, the only time of quietness that is known during the breakfast hour, that while grace is said. Then many healthy appetites are revealed as the food disappears; and the bells ring at different tables summoning the waiter to their assistance. After the hunger has been appeased, a portion of the Word is read, and prayer is offered. Again merriment and confusion reign, especially in the kitchen. The stately china and willow ware are polished to perfection, while the pots and pans have their faces scoured. Then school work begins. We see many hurrying to the class room as the bell peals forth its lusty warning of the approaching class. Those who are unfortunate enough not to have an early class, must restrain any surplus energy, and keep out of trouble. Then we hear the bell ring for chapel. Woe betide the late riser or the loiterer! The birch rod is ever before our eyes. The faculty take their accustomed places, while the student takes a lower position. We then listen very attentively to a much needed lecture given by our beloved professor. Very often it is to warn us of the fact that cupid's arrows are flying about and that we should be careful or we will be hit.

Finally we see the long line of students passing to their various class rooms where much knowledge is imparted to them. There they stay, willingly or other wise, until the bell tells of the close of the period. Thus it goes until the dinner bell summons them to the mess hall. Again the cooks have a chance to show their skill and forethought in preparing a bountiful meal. Then there is a few minutes for recreation, and we see the campus dotted with students, participating in various games, until the ding-dong of the bell again calls for concentration of thoughts.

The afternoon is spent much the same as the forenoon, in absorbing and revealing the precious store of knowledge. Finally, the long desired sounds of the “Bell of Freedom” floats out on the peaceful air, and cares and studies are thrown to the winds for several hours. In our mind's eye, we follow the different characters. Some, sedate and stately, spend their time in learning from Nature, while others follow unforbidden paths which may lead them to—the Office.

We hear the cooks heave sighs of relief as the last task is accomplished and they are free to do as they please. But what about the student? We see them dragging reluctant feet up the stairs while their desires are pleading for a quiet evening stroll. (?) But, obedient to rules, they betake themselves to their studies. For a couple of hours, many heads are bowed and many backs are bent, as the industrious students endeavor to master the difficult problems. But at last, weariness overcomes, and one by one, the windows are darkened. Then—blessed quietness!

And so the days pass with varied recreations and excitement, until the merry month of May tells that vacation is fast approaching. O, what joyful looks we see upon the faces of the students. And yet—we think that we can detect a note of sadness underneath the gaiety. What can be the cause? Ah, yes! we finally reach a satisfying conclusion. We see them, by the dim silvery light of the moon, strolling down the streets and lanes, two by two. They are about to part, for a time at least, with those whom fond affections have been formed during the school year. We hear the whisperings as they lingeringly part, but cannot detect the substance of what they say, which love alone can. Of course, the time comes when each one is welcomed home by the fond and loving parent, while the student trusts his future to the fates. What a happy school year they have spent!

The past fades from our memory and the present rises before us. We are the generation of today. We have found that “We were not here to dream and drift,” but “We found hard work to do and loads to lift.” We did our work cheerfully as it came to us, and now we look upon it with a degree of satisfaction. We feel that our life which was spent in the struggle was not in vain, but that it built a sure foundation for us. So we say, “Do your work cheerfully and faithfully, and the harvest will be glorious.”

C. C. L., '21.

MOTTO

So live that when thy summons comes,
To go to professor's office.
That thou go not as one in fear,
With the terror of a broken rule,
Hanging low and heavy o'er thy brow.
But soothed and sustained in the
Knowledge that of naught can
They accuse thee.

H. Brigham.

SPICE

Extracts from Physiography test.

Coral reefs are the animals that have died, and their bones gather in one place and keep building up.

Gravity is the pressure that holds orbits in their places.

The seasons are caused by resolution. When the earth is at the North pole it causes winter and fall, and when it is at the South pole it makes summer and spring.

Physiography is the study of the earth and the physical features on man.

Son—“Father, what is the board of education?”

Father—“When I went to school it was a pine shingle.”

A little bit of kindness

To the teachers now and then,

Will often raise your standing

From zero up to ten.

Mr. Hyndman—“In Canada we say “us girls.”

Ruth Buhl—“Oh! Elmer, is that the cat coming in the door, the one that got killed the other day?”

THEOREM 7, COROLLARY 11.

Given: A rotten potato.

To prove: That it is a bee-hive.

Proof: (1) A rotten potato is a speckled tater.

(2) A spectator is a beholder.

(3) A beholder is a bee-hive.

Conclusion: Therefore, A rotten potato is a bee-hive.

HALL LIFE

Place: Boy's Hall

Time: 6 A. M. to 2:30 P. M., Saturday

Lawrence: Hey Caulkins is that you? Will you come in and shut my window?

Caulkins: Go on. Shut it yourself.

Brigham: Say! has anybody got any water?

(From Sec. Floor) Barnes: G'wan get out of the bathroom, y'u gonna wash all day?

Loveless: Hey one of you guys grab some cookies for me at breakfast, Will yu?

Barnes: Professor can I go to Jackson?

Prof. M.: What do you want to do in Jackson?

Barnes: I want to take a ride in a "Taxi Crab."

Field: Who swiped my broom? Somebody holler quick.

Alec (just up): What did you have for breakfast?

Johnson (in dying tones): "And now I am single again."

Prof. M.: Harold Loveless! I was just in your room and it doesn't look very clean.

Loveless: Well that's funny! I just swept three weeks ago and was gonna do it again next week.

Prof. M.: (thinking things over): Well I've a good deal to be thankful for. Hughie and Eddie never make any noise *Around The Hall* and all the boys seem to be doing better.

Religious





THEOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT

Prof. Miller, Teacher

James Hamilton
Walter Alspaugh
Harold Moorhouse
Ralph Howison
Alpheaus King
Charles Chokan
Glenn Hall
Earl Knox
Charles Stewart

George Marion
Lester Clark
Addie Stewart
Alma Scott
Minnie Oosterbaan
Freata Hapner
Corrine George
Etna Shipley



BIBLE CLASS

THEOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT

The Theological Department of Spring Arbor Seminary is very progressive and gives promise of some very proficient workers in the Lord's harvest field. We have seventeen members. Among us may be found some of the finest of the wheat, two of whom expect to graduate this year.

Our teacher, Professor Miller is recognized by all the members of the class as just the man for the place. We would not consider the possibility of finding a better. He is very zealous that his pupils have the very best instruction in Scriptural doctrine possible. The importance of the work of God, and the necessity of the anointing and preparation for the work is held continually before us.

The early Sunday morning prayer service started by the Department and later joined by the Ministerial association has been proving a source of inspiration, help, and encouragement. God meets with us there and makes us go forth feeling like conquerors in the strength of the Lord.

Perhaps some are wondering what the Theological Students are studying. Often when one is spoken of as being a member of the theological department, people get the idea that all he studies is theology, and is going to be a preacher. It is true that we study theology and it has a large place in our education but we do not stop here. Our Motto says, "Study to shew thyself approved unto God, a workman who needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth, II Timothy 2:15," and we believe that in order to reach the goal of our motto we must study a great many other subjects also. Last year we studied "Ralston's Divinity and Evidences, or Why I believe the Bible," Modern History and some other subjects which also give us credits in High School acceptable at the University of Michigan.

This year we study Bible, New Testament, History, Church History, Psychology, English, Homiletics, Pastoral theology and Greek. However we are not all taking all of these subjects at this time. Some are taking some of these and various other High School subjects.

We may not all travel circuits, but all expect to take some part in Christian ministry and in the Salvation of Souls, and whether we preach, teach, are missionaries or whatever line of work we take up, we must do our best to be able to give an answer to him that asketh.

Freata Hapner.

MY CHOICE

There are those who would worship the goddess of pleasure,
And are living for her alone;
In whose hearts sin is uppermost—held as a treasure,
And reigns as a king on a throne.

There are those who would worship the great god of mammon,
And daily they're striving for gold.
They forfeit their honor and smother their conscience,—
Their Souls for the dollar they've sold.

There are those who would worship the goddess of fame,
They seek the applause of the world.
But they're going their way to destruction and shame,
And at last, into Hell will be hurled.

There are those who are seeking the Kingdom of Heaven;
And with these let me ever be found,
For they have joy everlasting, their sins are forgiven,
And in every good grace they abound.

Howard Hyndman.

THE SHEPHERD PSALM

Jehovah my great shepherd is;
All wants and needs will he supply,
He makes me rest in pastures green,
And leads me the still waters by.

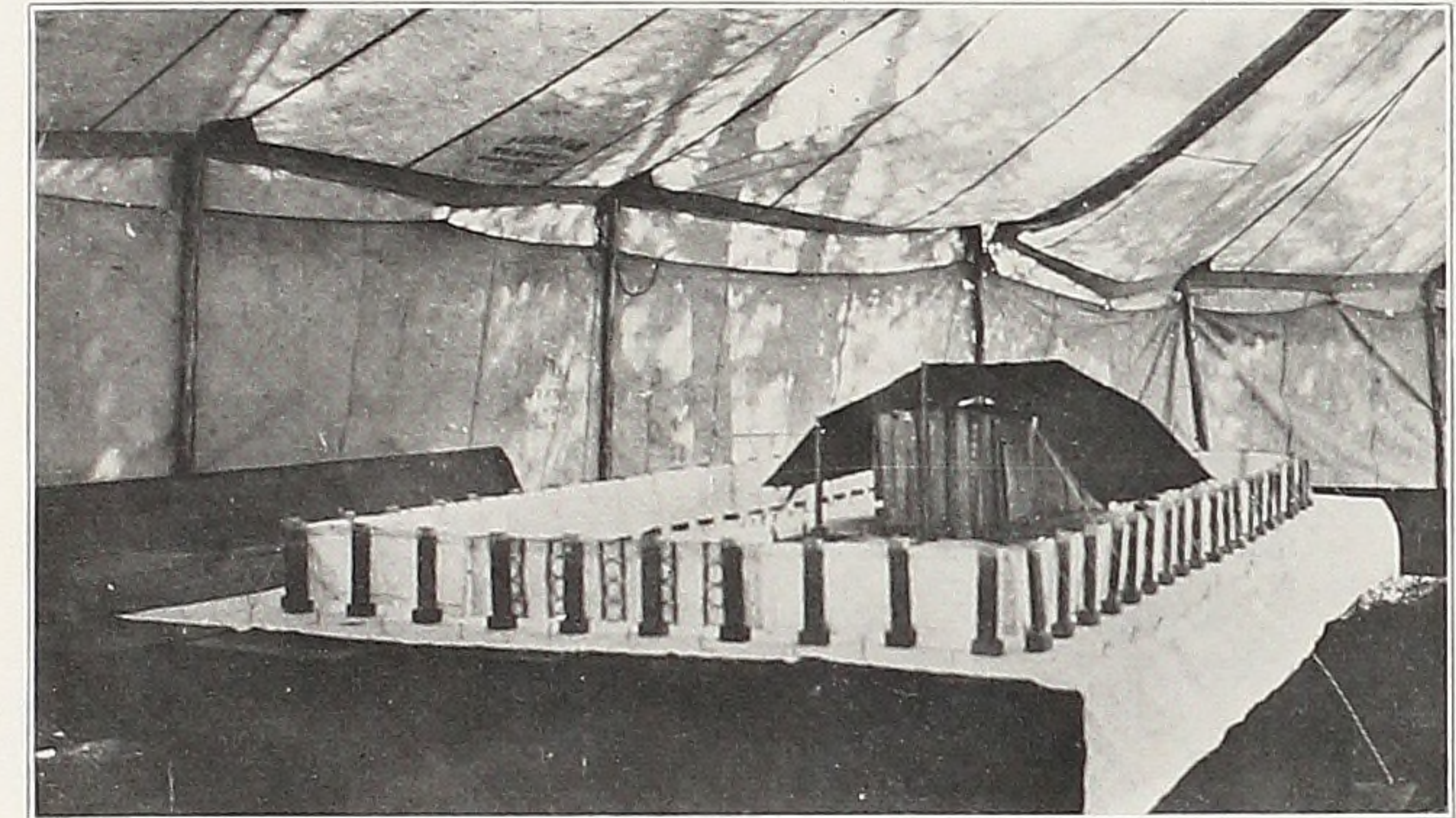
My soul he constantly restores,
Freely into his loving claim;
He leads me in the narrow way,
E'en for the sake of his own name.

Yea, though I walk in shades of death,
With thy sweet presence I'll not fear;
And with thy rod and staff I'm blest
With comfort through thy tender care.

With oil thou dost anoint my head;
My cup still overflows with peace;
And in the presence of my foes,
Thou dost prepare for me a feast.

Goodness and mercy surely shall
Be with me all my coming days;
And for eternal years I'll dwell
In heav'n above to sing thy praise.

Wesley R. Caswell, '22.



MODEL OF THE TABERNACLE OF ISRAEL

This model was made for the use of the class in English Bible, in the fall of 1915. It is made on the scale of an inch to the cubit. It cost about \$50. It has been of great value to the Bible Department not only in explaining the details of the structure of the tabernacle of Israel and its furnishings, but also in the matter of bringing out the typical and spiritual teachings of this unique tent which God commanded Moses to make for Him as His dwelling-place. The model has been used in class work and as an illustration in lectures and sermons by the writer in several places in Michigan, Illinois, Indiana and Ontario. It has awakened much interest in that part of the Word which describes the original.

W. V. Miller.



MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION

The constitution of man is of such nature that he is dependent upon a power that is not his own. The physical man receives his strength through the food which he eats; the spiritual man must receive his strength from a spiritual being. Behind the achievements of man there is a fountain of strength on which he is dependent.

Behind the prosperity of homes, of school, of business institutions, and of nations lies a live wire.

In the historical characters of the christian world we see this verified. The notable character, of St. Augustine can be traced to the prayers of a godly mother. The reformers of the eighteenth century had their first lessons taught to them by a mother who prayed. The powerful preaching of Charles G. Finney, was due to a certain extent to the prevailing prayer of Father Nash.

The great prosperity of the American people dates principally back to 1620. How thankful should the present generation be to those men and women who have feared God instead of man. Our heritage of freedom of religious worship comes from our pilgrim fathers.

We, the christian students of this Seminary, are trying to fill the place in this world which God has purposed we should fill. We very well know that we cannot all be the same instrument, but we purpose to be useful instruments in our different callings for the Lord, and to fully fulfill the mission for which God has peculiarly created us.

The Ministerial Association of Spring Arbor Seminary was founded and dedicated to religious truth and worship. In its history it has served as one of the indispensable organizations of the school. The Association affords opportunity to the Christian student that is seldom presented else-where. The development of characters suitable to dwell with Christ are the commendable endeavors of the executive body.

The Association has its weekly meeting on Sunday afternoon, 3:00 P. M., conducted by one of the members of the Association. These services have proved a great blessing to those who have participated in them and the Lord has crowned them with the salvation of souls. The Association serves as the condiment to the rest of the school. We believe not only in aggressive evangelism at home, but in foreign countries, and heathen lands. There are those in our midst who will go as heralds of the gospel to the darkened lands of Africa, and to the congested lands of India, China and Japan. While they are there we still have those who will remain at home and preach from the pulpits of our land the eternal truths of God, and supply the means to support those in other lands.

The Association is one of the most active organizations in the school. We have monthly business meetings in which plans are formulated and enacted to promote the cause of Christ. Street meetings are held in a nearby village, when weather will permit. Distribution of religious literature is another branch of the work of the Association. We believe these efforts will result in Jewels for the crown of our Lord.

An education that comes short of the glory of God is a loss in the end, and stops short of true education.

The being of man is not fully developed unless it has a certain amount of training along the lines of practical Godliness. The Ministerial Association presents the experimental side of true education by giving all its members an opportunity to exercise the gift that God has intrusted to their keeping.

We number thirty-five, and we all feel like fighting the battle until we hear his voice say, "Well done thou good and faithful servant thou hast been faithful over a few things now I will make you ruler over many things. ENTER thou into the joys of thy Lord."

Our Motto: "THE WORLD FOR CHRIST."

Glenn Hall.

SAVED

While I was in my sinful way,
This thought was brought to me;
"Why do I waste my life away?
What will my future be?"

I thought I did not need to be
In very great concern,
Since I was young and full of glee,
And yet had time to turn.

So I continued in my way,
Which did look good to me,
And sought for pleasure night and day,
Wherever it might be.

The more I sought, the more I learned
My life was spent in vain,
And in this course was nothing earned
But deep remorse and pain.

At last the error of my way,
I now began to see,
And then I heard my Savior say,
"Repent and follow me."

He showed me all my sins at once;
I saw them in the light;
Oh! how I wish I had a chance
To put them out of sight.

I could not move them, no not one,
For they were there to stay;
Oh! how I wished I had not done
The sins I saw that day.

The more I looked, the more the sight
Great sorrow gave to me;
My tears! how fast they fell that night,
When I myself did see.

My joy had turned to bitter grief;
I felt my heart would break;
The more I tried to find relief,
The more my heart would ache.

"The soul that sinneth, it shall die,"
I'd read in God's own word,
And this did make me groan and cry
And call upon the Lord.

I cried, "Forgive me, Lord, I pray,
A rebel in despair;
To meet Thee, at the judgment day,
A sinner, Lord, prepare."

"These awful sins I do lament;
I've lived my life in vain;
But now I truly do repent;
I'll never sin again."

These woeful cries did pierce the skies,
And reached the heavenly throne,
Where sits the bleeding Sacrifice,
With glory round Him thrown.

His heart was touched to see the sight,
As I, in great distress,
Upon my knees, with heart contrite,
Did all my sins confess.

Then He, who shed his precious blood
Upon the cross for me,
Did wash me in the crimson flood,
That I might spotless be.

At last my sins were really gone,
How far, I cannot tell
But this I know: the work was done;
With joy my heart did swell.

Such joy and peace I'd never found,
In all my life, before;
And notes did from my heart resound
In praises o'er and o'er.

I've kept my promise to my Lord,
And he is keeping me;
To leave Him now I can't afford;
He shall my leader be.

Some day when these eyes shall close,
And lay this mortal down
I shall before my Savior pose,
And he my head shall crown.

And then a golden harp He'll bring,
And place it in my hand.
And I shall always play and sing
In yonder glory-land.

Oh what! poor sinner, is your life?
Shall this your future be?
If so, give up your sinful strife
And to your Savior flee.

Riley H. Heald.

THE STUDENTS' MISSIONARY SOCIETY

"There's a call comes ringing o'er the restless wave, 'Send the Light!'" This we, as a Student Missionary Society, are endeavoring to do. Our membership is seventy, including several members of the faculty. There are many in our society who have felt the call and are preparing themselves for future service at home and in the foreign fields, while others are deeply interested in missionary work.

Our meetings are characterized by much of the spirit and blessing of the Lord. An excellent program is given each month, showing the work as it is carried on in the different fields. After the program an offering is taken for the benefit of that particular field.

We are endeavoring to do what lies before us now, but we see the future fields white, ready for the harvest; the evangelization of the world in this generation is the task given us to do, may we go forward in the might of Him who makes us strong.

Orpha Knowles, '23.

THE CALL OF THE HEATHEN

From far away regions and isles of the sea,
The call of the heathen comes to you and to me;
For ages in dense superstition and night
They have lived and have died without knowledge of right.

From China's great walls and lovely Japan,
From India's bright climate and Africa's hot sand
The heathen know naught of God's love He has shown,
But in blindness are bowing to wood, brass and stone.

In India where they cover the face of the dead,
They die without hope in the Blood that was shed,
"Oh why do we perish?" hear their pitiful cry,
"Is not there a Savior? Oh why must we die?"

And China is calling, yes calling to-day,
A million a month are dying they say,
"We know not the Christ who is mighty to save,
But sink in despair in sin and the grave."

Hear the call from the beautiful Isle of Japan:
"We open our doors to the Gospel's sweet plan,
Oh hasten and help us and do not delay
Our hearts are so dark and we know not the way."

From the dark land of Africa, dusky faces we see,
"Come over and help us," Oh hear their sad plea,
"We long for deliverance from the bondage of night
Oh haste with the message that will bring us the light."

The call of the heathen we turn not away,
With gladness we're sending the message to-day,
God's ambassadors true, gladly go at the call
And carry the Gospel to hamlet and krawl.

And when every nation and kindred and tongue,
Shall bow down to worship and adore God's own Son,
Our hearts will be glad and rejoice evermore
That the call of the heathen we did not ignore.

Mrs. H. S. Stewart.



MISSIONARY BAND

"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." This, the great commission, which our Lord gave to His disciples so many years ago, applies to His followers of today. This is the divine plan for carrying the message of salvation to lost humanity, through the agency of divinely called and equipped men and women. The Head of the Church depends upon His followers to execute His last request. If we fail Him, He has no other plan.

A number from our institution not only have heard the call, but have gladly answered, "Here am I, send me." Spring Arbor Seminary is represented by missionaries on nearly every field in which the Free methodist Church has established a work. At the present time we have twenty-three members in our Missionary Band, most of whom are preparing for the work of the Lord on the foreign field. In our band meetings we have been studying the lives of several of the missionaries, which we find very helpful. While we are studying and preparing for future service, we endeavor to manifest a missionary spirit in our daily lives and to keep God first in all our plans.

We have been greatly favored this year by a visit from Brother and Sister Kawabe of Japan, who have been making a tour of this country. We were much pleased to have them talk to us as members of the Missionary Band. All were inspired by the courage and interest which they manifested. The work was brought still nearer to our hearts as we listened to an address by Brother White, our Financial Agent and Business Manager, who is also a member of the General Missionary Board. Among other things, he spoke of the qualifications required by the Missionary Board of those who wish to be accepted as Free Methodist missionaries. Brother White helped us to feel more deeply the necessity of a thorough preparation for efficient service.

Mable King, '22.

BISHOP PEARCE AT SPRING ARBOR

We were highly favored this year in having with us Bishop William Pearce of Philadelphia. He came to assist our pastor, Rev. Fortress in a series of revival meetings, on February 22, and remained over March 5th. We have heard Bishop Pearce many times but it seemed to us that he was at his best both intellectually and spiritually in this series of meetings. Bishop Pearce brought us messages full of pith, point and power. There was not a dry service and it seemed that each service was better than the preceding. His Sermon on Faith, the first Sunday night was a source of help, inspiration and blessing to many of our students. His sermon on Conscience also made a lasting impression. His pleadings with the unsaved young people, to yield to the claims of the gospel, so fatherly, so tender and yet so full of warning to beware of the deceitfulness of sin, cannot soon be forgotten. Many of our students were persuaded to yield their hearts and lives to our Lord and were brightly saved. Others were sanctified. We feel that eternity alone can reveal the amount of good done during the revival. Bishop Pearce's Sermons were certainly appreciated by the large audiences which heard them and we feel that he has a host of friends in Spring Arbor who will be glad to hear him again in the future.

Several of our students and some of the teachers took notes of his sermons, some of which appear in the "Echo."

W. V. Miller.

PEARCE ARROWS

Here is one who has defrauded a man out of fifty dollars. He comes to the altar and cries, "Save me! Save me!" Save your lungs and pay your dollars!

"Money is a mighty fine thing to have in the hand, but a miserably poor thing to have in the heart."

A fool is one who wars against the eternal fitness of things.

God is a God of *all* our days.

Many care more for fashion than for the New Jerusalem.

I joined the Free Methodist Church by instinct.

It will never be necessary to have a new Bible till Jesus comes.

PEARCE ARROWS—Continued

Does anyone even dream that half of the church membership, even of Protestant churches, will be ready for our Lord's coming.

I want to preach a gospel so large that it will save a Free Methodist from fretting.

All we need as a church is to have possession—profession.

Absolute shallowness is a characteristic of this age.

What God wants is decision of character, which is worth a thousand shouts.

"Oh," you say, "I've been saved twenty times." I don't believe a word of it. "But," you ask, "Can't one be saved today and backslide tomorrow?" I grant you that it may be possible, but it is extremely improbable.

Perfect love is the greatest organizing power in the world.

The Holy God wants us holy, and at as early a date as possible.

Some of the greatest forces of nature are silent.

Anything that deviates a hair's breadth from the truth of the Bible is a lie.

Mrs. Eddy, the miserable old Boston witch.

Every system but the Christian system is a system of lies.

Our civilization, barring the Christian religion, has an element of heathenism.

I am preaching a gospel in the possession of which you will not need to have "fun."

Bishop Wm. Pearce.

CHRISTIAN EDUCATION

The period in the world's history in which we live demands men and women of character, well equipped intellectually and thorough moral training.

The majority of our educational centres of to-day are concerned merely with the cultivation of the intellectual and physical, while the question of religious and moral training is neglected as is often the case. The Bible is scoffed at; infidelity and evolution are set before the youthful minds, and as a result many students have gradually drifted from the moorings of faith, until at the end of his college course he finds himself an unbeliever and a skeptic.

Bishop B. R. Jones once said, "that our denominational schools are the fruit of a divine conviction, that the moral as well as the intellectual should be recognized." Such institutions as Spring Arbor Seminary are in existence as a result of that conviction. In this school the word of God is revered and held up as:

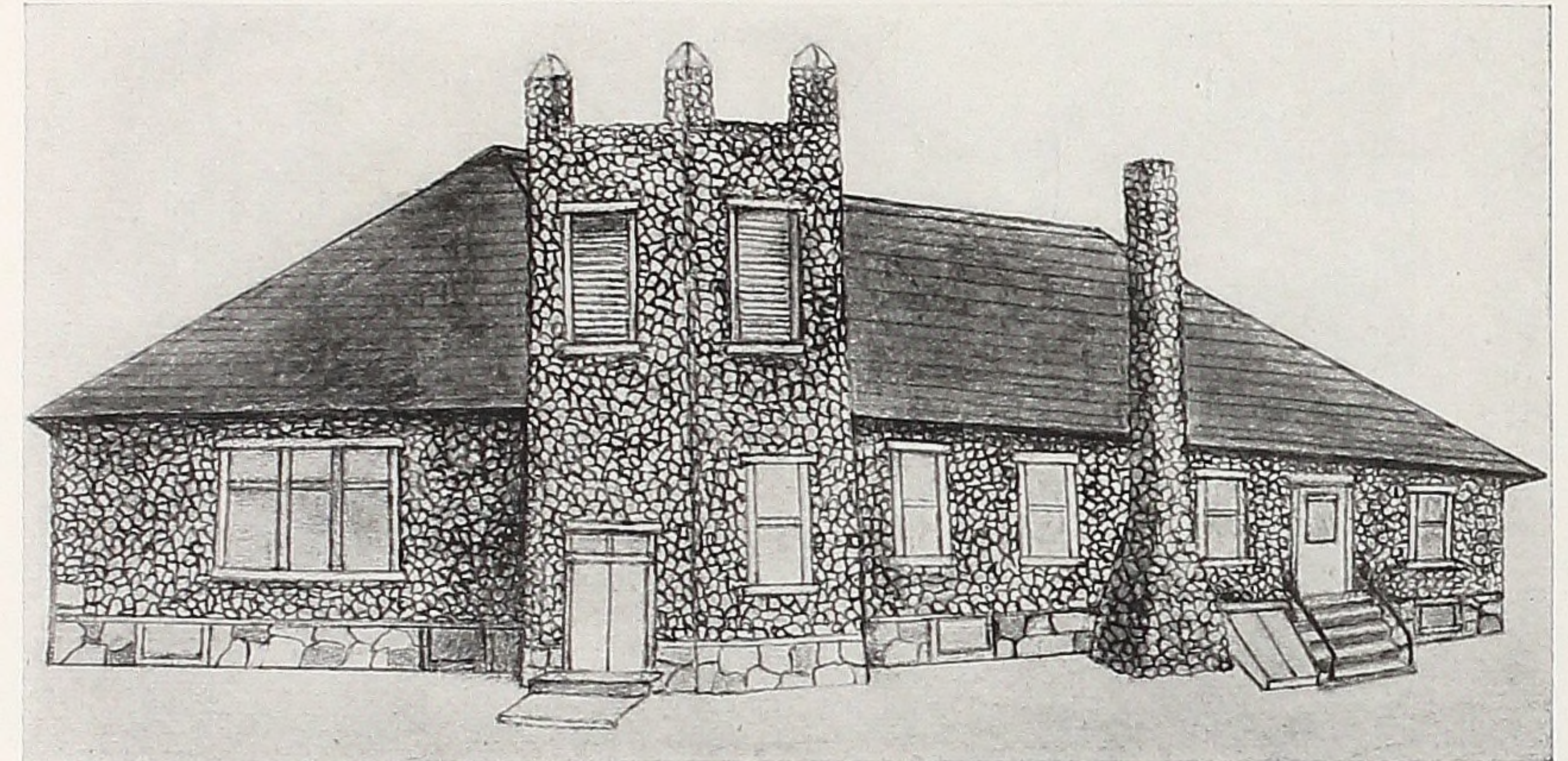
"The lamp whose steady light
Guides the lone traveler in the night
'Tis God's own Word! Its beaming ray
Can turn a midnight into day."

Thank God we have for our instructors those who are still firm believers in the inspiration and divine authority of the Holy Bible, who do not care to place it on the level of other literature but esteem it to be what it claims to be, a revelation of God to man containing the way of salvation and pointing out the future destiny of man.

The advantage of securing an education under christian instructors who care for the spiritual advancement as well as the mental development is inestimable. Many young men and women have gone out from this place to fill important places in the work of the Lord and in the business world.

Only in institutions of a decidedly christian character can the claims of christianity be pressed upon the students and the basis of a truly moral character be laid.

Alma Scott.



THE FREE METHODIST CHURCH BEING BUILT AT SPRING ARBOR



Seek Ye the Lord while He may be found—Isa. 55:6

REV. J. G. FORTRESS

PASTOR

FREE METHODIST CHURCH



THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

President Hugh A. White
 Vice-President Gerald Thompson
 Secretary Claudia Leigh
 Treasurer Lillian Pretty
 Faculty Advisor Mr. C. E. Demaray

The aim of our association is to give the students a healthy body as well as a good education.

Although we are somewhat limited in our equipment, we endeavor to present to the students profitable recreation. The student body as a whole take great interest in this association which is very necessary in making this department a success.

Although the gymnasium is not fully equipped at the present time, we have a fine athletic field and outside basketball courts and tennis courts.

At the beginning of the year a team composed of the old students challenged the new students and Canadians to a game of baseball. The

game was well contested and the old students maintained the lead throughout the game and won by the score of 13-10.

Much interest was displayed by the faculty and students, and a free-will offering was taken of over five dollars for the "The Echo."

Shouts may be heard from the court throughout the basketball season. The girls under the supervision of their instructor Miss Hayes, show their skill two days a week.

A tennis tournament was held in the fall and the honors were carried away by Howard Jacobs and Harold Stewart.

The association is a necessary and appreciated part of Seminary life, and we hope in the near future to have a well equipped gymnasium.
 H. A. W. '23

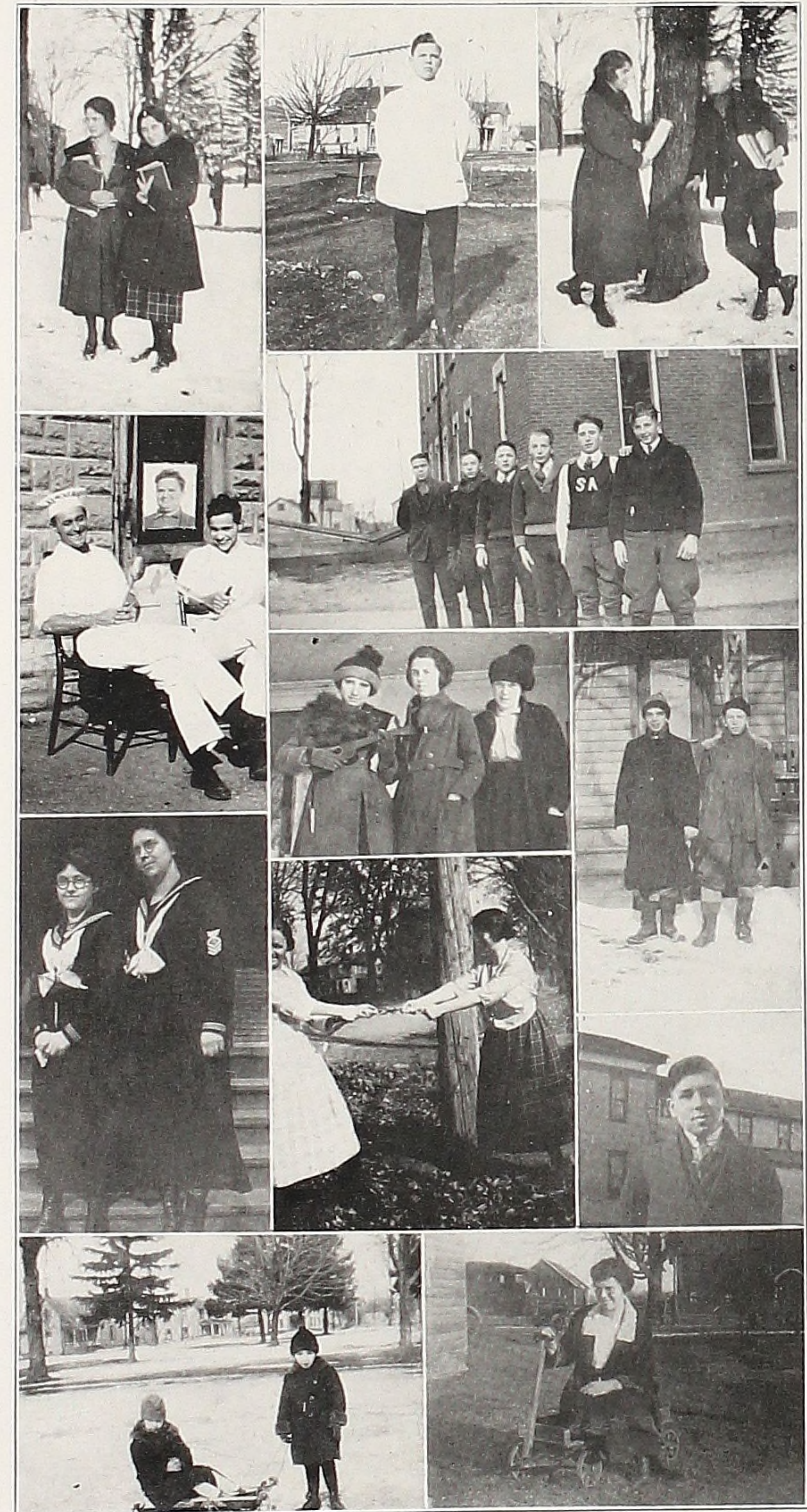
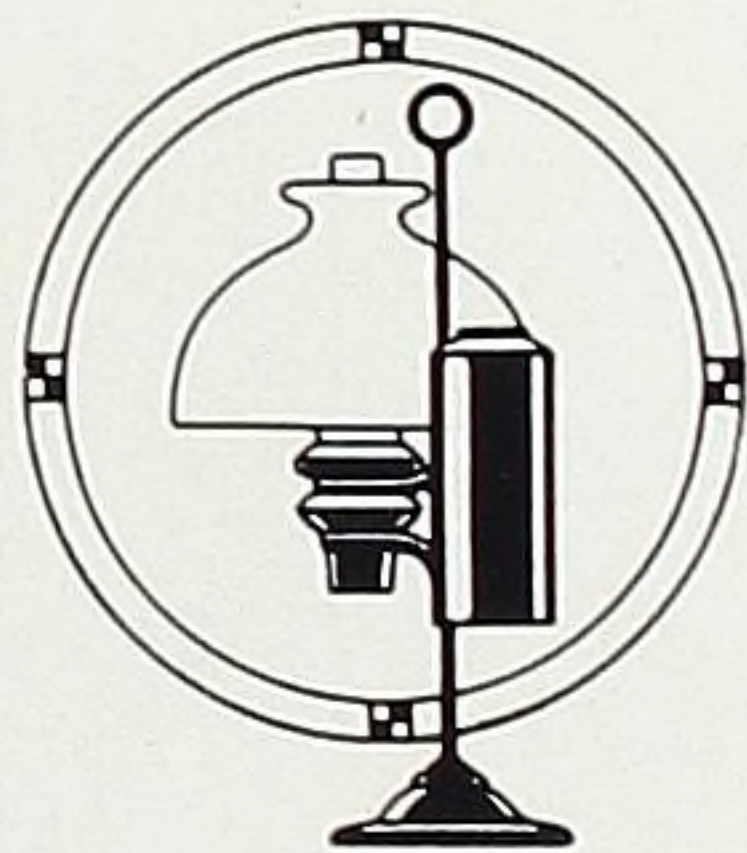


GIRLS' HALL



HILLARD HOUSE

Social



“SENIOR HIKE”

One beautiful Saturday afternoon in early fall the Seniors enjoyed the first hike of the year. About one o'clock we gathered on the campus with Mr. Demaray, and Miss Fader as chaperons. We quickly made our way over the hills to a nearby woods. We could not wait until we reached our destination to start playing games, but played some on the way. The apple trees by the roadside offered their luscious fruit to the hungry hikers.

After arriving, we enjoyed the sport of roasting weiners and marshmallows over the glowing fires. Stories were told and some very interesting secrets were revealed while playing “Cross-questions.” One boy was so unfortunate as to lose a valuable pearl knife in his hurry to hide from the view of the one who was *seeking*. We forgot for a while that we were the dignified Seniors and enjoyed an afternoon out of doors. We were glad to have with us our old friend and school-mate, Miss Margaret McLachlan, who is now teaching in Northern Michigan.

We returned to the Seminary that evening sorry that one of our class functions was over but glad we could look forward to more; as the Seniors have other banquets and outings later in the year.

“JUNIORS”

Dear Anne:

We are rather tired today as the result of our class banquet which we had last night, (not from the late hour but from the excitement perhaps). About five-thirty o'clock, twenty of us Juniors packed ourselves into the Seminary truck and were jolted about two miles and finally arrived at the home of one of our classmates, Kenneth Wolcott. We were greeted by our hostess, Mrs. Forsythe. In the dining room a large table loaded with good things greeted our hungry eyes. We found our places at the table and after grace was said by our honorary member, Miss Alberts, we proceeded to partake of the delicious meal. When we had finished, the address of welcome was given by the Host and the response by our president, Marian Hitt. Next the roll was called by the toastmaster, Roland Hamilton, and each responded with an anecdote. We then trooped into the parlor and played games until nine-thirty. We all went away with a feeling of gratitude to our kind hostess for the hearty welcome and the happy time which she had made possible. When we reached the campus we all gave vent to our feelings in some of our favorite yells. The ten o'clock bell rang and our joyful evening was ended.

We expect to give the Seniors a banquet this spring so you see the Junior class is still alive.

We hope that you can come out at Commencement time and we will have a good time.

Lots of Love,

F. F.

“SOPHOMORE WEINER ROAST”

'Twas in the month of November
On a bright and starlight night,
When thirty Sophomores as I remember
Started on their annual hike.

After the lunch which consisted of sandwiches, apples, marshmallows, doughnuts and weiners had been prepared, we gathered in front of the Girls' Hall. At five o'clock we started for a woods a short distance away. We hadn't gone far when we noticed that one of the girls was missing. Two of the girls went back, searched through the halls and found her in her room industriously studying Caesar. It didn't take them long to overtake the hikers again. As we neared the woods, we could see sparks flying. It might have frightened us had we not suspected that some of our energetic young men had gone early and gathered sticks for a fire and placed logs around the fire for seats.

When we reached our destination we secured sticks, seated ourselves around the fire and roasted weiners. We had a jolly time while roasting and eating them. After the fire had died down Miss Hayes, our honorary member told us a ghost story. When she finished the story, she said, “It was only a dream.”

As we were obedient Sophomores and believed in observing all rules, we left in time to be back at seven o'clock. We arrived at the Seminary, sorry our annual hike was over.

“FRESHMEN—TAFFY-PULL”

The Freshmen Class was the first to enjoy a taffy-pull this year. A large crowd of about twenty-four left the Seminary, where they had gathered, and made their way to the home of Violet Fletcher, where they were busy popping corn until the taffy was ready to pull. The evening was devoted to games such as: “Cross-question,” “Spin the Pan,” and “Bring back what you borrow,” etc. It was funny to see boys and girls alike playing, in the flour which was used on their hands. We thought the taffy the best ever. On our way back, the village was aroused by our class yells and we think some one was disappointed when the water which was thrown from an upstairs window failed to hit us. We greatly enjoyed our first class function and are looking forward to others.

SPECIAL DAYS

"THANKSGIVING"

When the first holiday of the school year rolled around some were planning enthusiastically on going home. Those who were to remain were invited to the reception room where luncheon was served. The room was artistically decorated and the long tables were daintily spread with such good things to eat, that the homesick ones were tempted to forget their lonely feelings and believe they were back in their own, Home Sweet Home. During the music and games which followed the luncheon, all enjoyed a very happy time, and we believe they became better acquainted.

"CHRISTMAS"

Just before leaving for our various homes for Christmas vacation we spent a very enjoyable evening in the reception room which was artistically decorated by our preceptress, with draperies at the scene painted windows. Sparkling snow lay on the top of the piano, and a large Christmas tree lighted by innumerable candles which provided light during a part of the evening; but the little candles were not the only things on the tree for provision had been made so that each received at least one gift. Some of these were very useful, and appropriate. A very handy dish mop was presented to the boy who washes dishes, a tiny coal skuttle to our former fireman; and to one who has a great capacity for salt, a pretty little salt cellar. One of the gentlemen teachers was the happy possessor of a stove, already equipped for use. Candy was furnished by the business manager. After all had received their gifts, and an interesting program had been rendered, the rest of the evening was devoted to music and games.

"VALENTINE'S DAY"

To change the ordinary routine of the dining room, and to create a homelike atmosphere on Valentine's day, our matron and preceptress had the dining room and tables decorated with red hearts. As a second course, ice cream and little heart shaped cakes were served.

"GEORGE WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY"

We were reminded of our fore-father's patriotism and loyalty to the cause for which they fought and died, when on the night of February the twenty-second, we beheld the dining room dressed in its holiday garb, on the wall was a large picture of George Washington, the father of our country, below which was arranged a series of important dates. Professor Stewart gave an interesting talk and demonstration on the development of our flag. Little red, white and blue hatchets made very appropriate and pretty place cards. The good cherry pie added very much to the dinner.

MISCELLANEOUS

About five o'clock one February morning the music teacher, Miss Moore, was greatly surprised when the lady teachers invited her to Miss Alberts room for a birthday breakfast. Fruit, biscuits, ham and eggs, and jelly were served.

Oh! the time of final exams! Those horrid days when suspense hangs on every breath, when all are cramming to the last minute, and worried countenances greet you everywhere you go. The bells call you to the recitation rooms where you pass hours of mental labor and then come out, and again prepare for another siege! After all this was ended we (girls) celebrated, the following Friday evening, by feasting on sandwiches, deviled eggs and candy. The same evening the boys were called together and had been provided for by the matron. They presented an amusing sight as they sat upon the floor with a dish of popcorn in one hand and a sandwich in the other.

The skating this season opened shortly after school closed for Christmas vacation and continued until late in January. One Friday night after Literary a skating party left the village for Bateman's Lake. For some time the lake was a scene of activity.

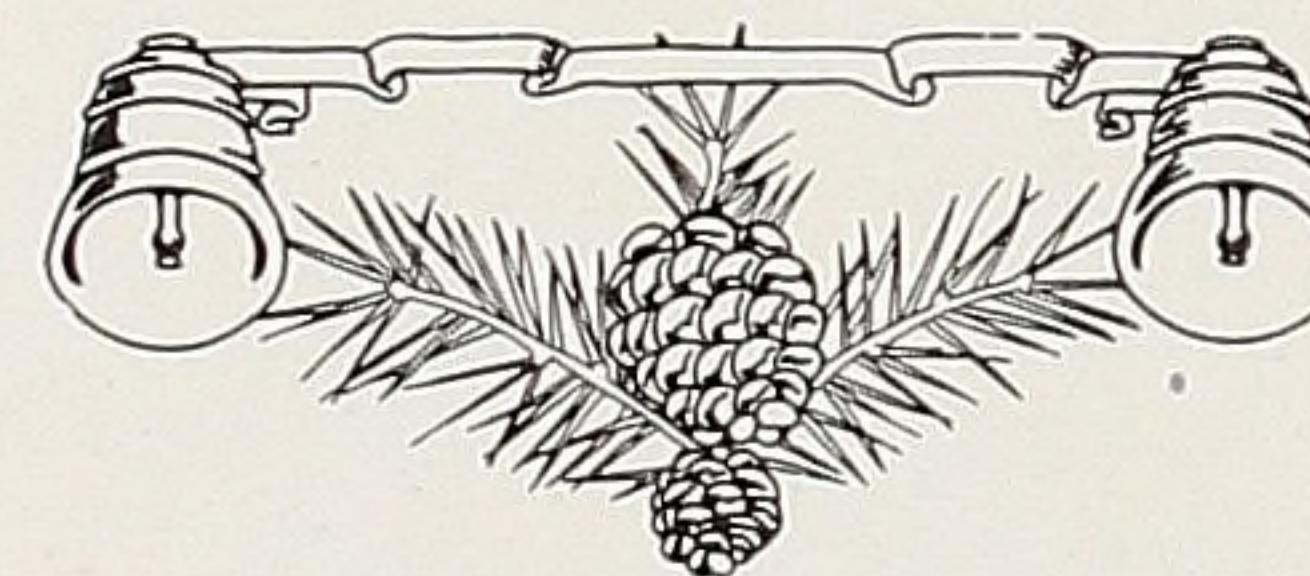
The Seniors are anxiously waiting to accept the kind invitation to spend an evening at Mildred Fowle's home in Moscow.

The faculty have announced that they are planning on entertaining the Seniors about May the fifth. This is always looked forward to with great pleasure.

The Alumni banquet which will take place June 3, is an important feature for both alumni and graduates.



Alumni



ALUMNI

"He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often, and loved much; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who has gained the respect of intelligent men and love of little children; who has left the world a little better than he found it, whether by an improved copy, a perfect poem, or a rescued soul; who always saw the best in others, and gave the best he had; whose life was an inspiration, and whose memory a benediction."
Anon.

We as members of the alumni, feel that "Success" in its fullest meaning is our watchword. Many of our number have proved by their lives that they have been successful. Perhaps not all are what the world would call successful, but some of the greatest heroes are those of whom the world never hears. And there is no doubt but that many such characters are enrolled as Alumni of S. A. S.

Surely, graduation has been rightly named "Commencement" for we are about to commence another life—another line of work. We have it in our power to choose our own future—to plan our own lives—Let us all have high, noble ideals, and never lose sight of them. Let us so carefully follow our calling that in the years to come we will have no regrets. In order to gain the true heights of success we must begin on the bottom round, and climb step by step. Let us not despise the small insignificant deeds that lie in our pathway, but rather do them with a cheerful spirit. Let us remember that our Savior was lowly. He was the most despised of men and is still rejected and despised by the world. Yet He was faithful unto death, even the death of the cross. But let us take a glimpse into the future and see the reward of the true and faithful. "Be ye faithful over a few things and I will make thee ruler over many" Bible.

There are many who have gone forth from this institution to bless the world. Some are laboring on the foreign fields, while others are laboring in the mission work at home. Others are found in the schoolroom, in the pulpit, while still others hold different offices of responsibility. Let us see to it that we live up to the standards of this school, to uphold the morals for which it stands, to give our best service to the world.

"Let our task be to prove
That they best show their love,
Who from duty and truth will not swerve"—Anon.

Claudia Leigh, '21.

TIME IS FLEETING

Life is like a natural day,
With morning, noon and night;
Each period has its seasons too,
Of shadows, clouds, and light.

These seasons pass so quickly by,
We hardly can discern
The changes, when they all take place,
And we to dust return.

How glorious was the sun that rose,
The morning bright and clear,
And as I gazed upon the sight,
Behold! the noon was here.

At noon no clouds appeared in sight,
I hastened to my work,
I thought, now I will do my best,
No time have I to shirk.

But soon the brightness passed away,
A cloud began to rise,
And with that cloud, the dust of shame
Filled both my longing eyes.

I stooped beside the sparkling brook,
For water pure and clear,
To wash away the dust of shame,
And lo! the night was here.

Dear friends, now may we all take heed,
For swift will pass our day,
Shall we not all our time redeem,
And look well to our way?

—M. W. Bigelow.

ALUMNI NOTES

Mr. Reuben Baker, '11, engaged in business at Lansing, Michigan.
 Miss Bertha Fader, '11, teacher of Intermediate Department of S. A. S.
 Rev. Adin Davis, Theological Department, '21, pastor at Caro, Mich.
 Miss Addie Sprague, '21, is teaching school near Spring Arbor.
 Mr. Cleon Baker, '21, farming near Corunna, Michigan.
 Mr. Ivan Zeller, '21, attending Greenville College.
 Mr. Lester Clark, '21, theological graduate of S. A. S. this year.
 Mr. Orson Maines, '96, resides at Spring Arbor.
 Miss Alice Barber, '99, teaches school near Spring Arbor.
 Rev. E. S. Jennings, '01, pastor at Ann Arbor, Michigan.
 Mr. Oliver Day, '05, resides at Detroit, Michigan.
 Rev. John Timbers, '06, District Elder of Fort Wayne district, resides at Spring Arbor.
 Mrs. Ruth Hitt Zinn, '10, resides at Battle Creek, her husband is engaged in business.
 Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Doering, '11, reside at Evart, Michigan.
 Mr. Thurber Melberg, '19, attending Greenville College.
 Mr. Paul Kenworthy, '20, attending Los Angeles College, California.
 Mr. Earl Fletcher, '20, attending Greenville College.
 Miss Jessie Regatz, '20, pastor at Silver Lake, Michigan.
 Miss Grace Vore, '20, attending Greenville College.
 Miss Margaret Crusuis, '20, receiving Nurses training at Los Angeles, California.
 Mr. Arthur Pretty, '82, in business at Seattle, Washington.
 Miss Irene Doering, '13, teacher in Jackson Public School, Jackson, Michigan.
 Miss Grace Somerville, '13, missionary to China.
 Miss Zella Emerson, '14, teaching in Lansing Public School, Lansing, Michigan.
 Mr. Hugh Vore, '14, teaching in Plainfield Public Schools, Ill.
 Rev. and Mrs. Leon Voorheis, '14, in charge of South Quincy Circuit, South Quincy, Michigan.
 Mr. and Mrs. George Kenworthy, '15, and '16, reside on farm near Spring Arbor.

ALUMNI NOTES—Continued

Mr. Joy Rauch, '16, resides on a farm near Spring Arbor.
 Miss Elsie Turner, '18, nursing at Ann Arbor, Michigan.
 Miss Wilda Burnell, '21, teaching school near Deton, Michigan.
 Miss Genevieve Parmelee, '21, attending Ypsilanti State Normal.
 Miss Esther Snyder, '21, resides at Spring Arbor.
 Rev. D. M. Wells, '11, pastor at Jasper, Michigan, also attending Adrain College.
 Mrs. Wilson King, formerly Miss Eunice White, resides at Fairfield, Iowa.
 Miss Ottie Dawson, '12, teaching school near Eaton Rapids, Michigan.
 Miss Margaret McLachlan, '21, teaching school near Evart, Michigan.
 Mr. Harold Lockwood, '21, taking vacation this year.
 Miss Sylvia Bushnell, '21, attending Greenville College.
 Miss Nellie Lillard, '21, at her home in Titusville, Pennsylvania.
 Miss Claudia Leigh, '21, post graduate at S. A. S.
 Mrs. Alphaeus King, Business '21, formerly Bernice Humphrey, resides at Detroit, Michigan.
 Mr. Elwyn Cutler, '21, resides at Manistique. Expects to enter ministry soon.
 Mr. De Forest Arrand, '21, attending Greenville College.
 Miss Esther Green, '16, teaching English and Latin in the High School at Goodrich, Michigan.
 Rev. Mark Bigelow, '16, superintending a Mission at Sault Ste Marie, Mich.
 Mr. Fred Timbers, '16, surveyor for American Oil Company at Whittier, California.
 Mr. Ermon Weidman, '16, attending Greenville College.
 Miss Merle Houghtby, '17, Postmistress at Spring Arbor.
 Mrs. Olin Snow, '17, formerly Miss Elsie Dawson, resides near Hanover, Michigan.
 Mrs. George Everest, '17, formerly Miss Tella Car, resident of Spring Arbor.
 Mr. Coral Demaray, '17, teaching at Spring Arbor Seminary.
 Claudia Leigh, '21.

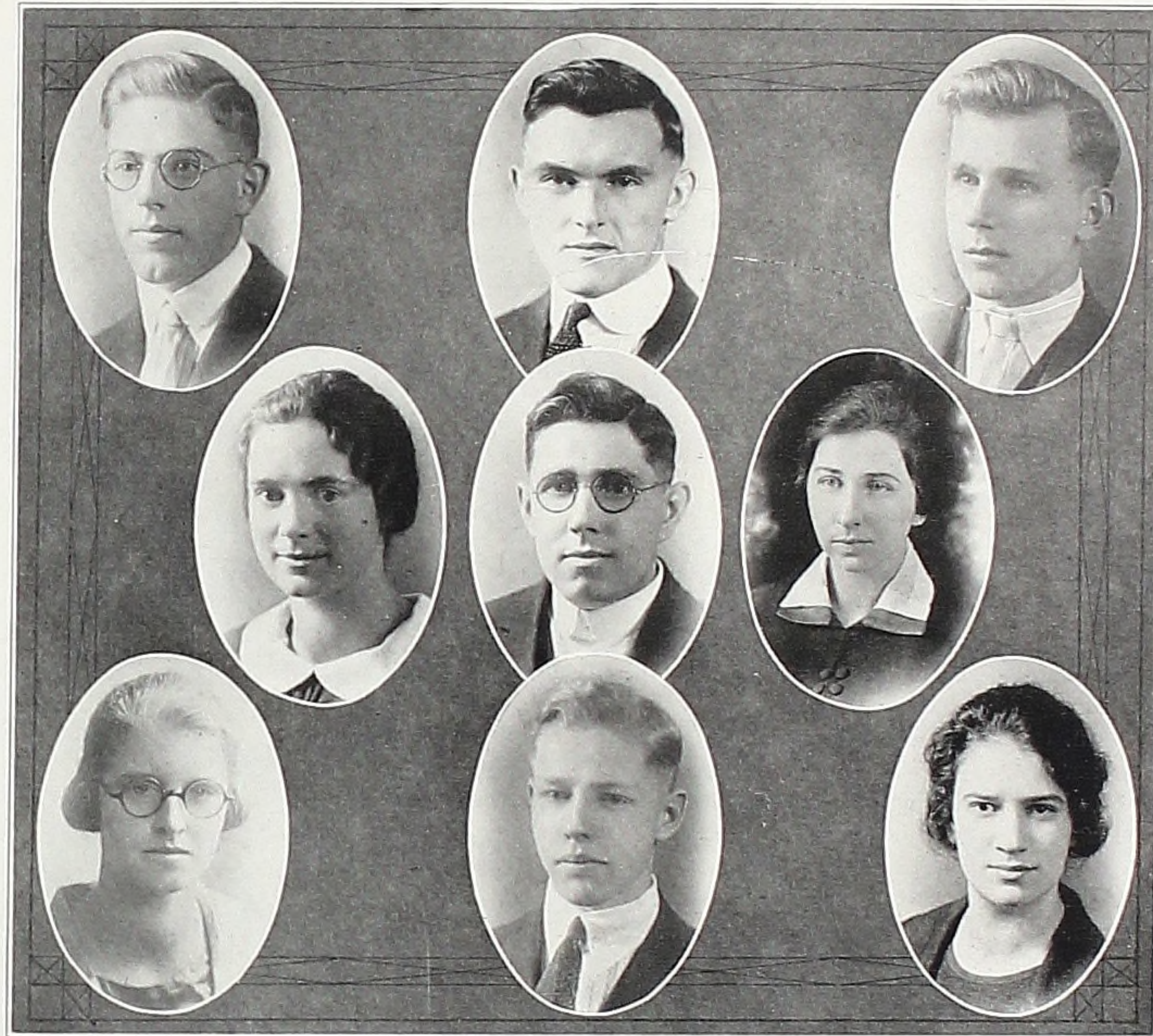
CALENDAR 1921-22

- Sept. 14. Opening exercise, Faculty, board, school and church represented by speaker. Prof. Stewart welcomes Canadians and gives an ardent address on the subject of "Internationalism."
- Sept. 15. Campus green once more with many freshmen.
- Sept. 16. Reception given to new students.
- Sept. 17. "Nothing doin'." All homesick.
- Sept. 18. Rev. Fortress preaches his first sermon to the student body.
- Sept. 19. A notable from Ohio returns.
- Sept. 20. Senior Class meeting.
- Sept. 23. First meeting of the Aletheian Literary Society. Election of officers.
- Sept. 26. Sophomore Class meeting.
- Sept. 27. Junior Class meeting.
- Sept. 28. The vacuum sweeper arrives from Port Huron.
- Sept. 29. Diagnosis of fifth rule.
- Sept. 30. Pictures taken for the annual.
- Oct. 1. 10:00 P. M. the end of a perfect day.
- Oct. 3. Ministerial business meeting.
- Oct. 5. Chorus meets. Accompanied by "me-ow."
- Oct. 6. District Meeting begins.
- Oct. 8. Fifth rule broken for first time by??
- Oct. 11. Annual staff holds mass meeting. Spring Arbor illuminated. Campus deserted. Why? Mr. Dorr Demaray gives impressive reading in Chapel.
- Oct. 12. Lecture on candy and chewing gum.
- Oct. 15. Senior hike. "Hot dog."
- Oct. 17. Missionary address by Rev. and Mrs. Kawabe of Japan. Championship game of tennis tournament played.
- Oct. 18. Pin causes general uprising in assembly.
- Oct. 27. Old students defeat a team composed of new students and Canadians. Score 13-10.
- Oct. 29. Balloon floats over S. A. Many rubber necks.
- Oct. 31. Hallowe'en reception accompanied by several exciting incidents.
- Nov. 1. 6:00 A. M. Campus a junk heap.
- Nov. 2. Bishop Warner preaches. Text—"What lack I yet?"
- Nov. 3. Executive Committee holds meeting. Discuss plans for Junior College.
- Nov. 4. Sophomore hike.
- Nov. 7. Niagara Falls on a small scale in boy's hall. Girls' dormitory on fire. Girls excited.
- Nov. 10. Studio takes fire. More excitement. Total loss, few love letters and a pair of shoes.
- Nov. 11. Junior banquet. Patriotic program.

CALENDAR 1921-22—Continued

- Nov. 17. Dedication of "Echo" to Bishop Warner.
- Nov. 18. Concert by Brownes Jubilee Sextette.
- Nov. 23. Home sweet home. Remarkable "get away" of spoon and forks.
- Nov. 24. The lost is found. Eighteen chickens disappear from S. A. S. dining room.
- Nov. 28. Students return two by two.
- Nov. 30. Excavation for new church is begun.
- Dec. 2. Hyndman's shoe shop opened.
- Dec. 5. A talk in Chapel on "Strange Code of Ethics."
- Dec. 6-8. Faculty, staff and seniors have pictures taken for the annual.
- Dec. 8. Glenn Hall's bed disappears at 5:30 A. M.
- Dec. 10. Violet Fletcher entertains the Freshmen.
- Dec. 12. Declamatory Contest, 1st. prize, Claudia Leigh, 2nd. prize, James Hamilton, 3rd. prize, Alma Scott.
- Dec. 13-14. Truck loads of students go to Jackson and Albion to hear the "Messiah."
- Dec. 15. Musical recital.
- Dec. 18. A junior and senior boy meet their Waterloo.
- Dec. 19. Christmas treat in the reception room for boarding students.
- Dec. 20. Students bound for home.
- Jan. 4. School opens
- Jan. 5. Concealed bell causes great disturbance in Boys' Hall 11:00 P. M.
- Jan. 6. Skating party after Literary.
- Jan. 11. "Fergie" hangs his skates on a wooden peg for a week. Why?
- Jan. 13. Exhibition in skating by members of the Faculty.
- Jan. 16. Mildred Field arises at 10:00 P. M. for breakfast.
- Jan. 21. Prof. Demaray moves into the Hall.
- Jan. 22. Average temperature in Boys' Hall 45° above.
- Jan. 23. Second semester opens.
- Jan. 27. Literary society holds election.
- Feb. 3. Ralph Howison soaked while ascending stairs.
- Feb. 6. Prof. Miller's heart is touched by the pathetic story of how Priscilla proposed to John Alden.
- Feb. 10. Two faculty meetings 9:45 A. M., and 4:00 P. M., Miss Hayes on the carpet.
- Feb. 14. Treat, ice cream for supper.
- Feb. 16. Senior Class meeting. Commencement program made out.
- Feb. 17. Scientific demonstration of the art of "sparking." S. A. S. famous male quartette sings.
- Feb. 20. Beautiful sunset. Milton goes home sick. Freata weeps.
- Feb. 22. Bishop Pearce arrives to hold ten days' meeting.
- Mar. 8. Annual meeting of Board of Trustees.
- Mar. 15. "Echo" goes to press.
- May 5. Reception for seniors by faculty.
- May 12. Junior-Senior Banquet.
- May 26. Alatheian Literary Program.
- May 28. Baccalaureate Sermon.
- May 29. Musical Program.
- May 30. Public Speaking and Chorus Class Program.
- May 31. Alumni Day.
- June 1. Commencement Exercises.

E. F. F., '22.



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Ass't Editor

Hugh A. White, '23
Business Manager

James A. Hamilton, '24
Ass't Business Manager

Claudia C. Leigh, '21
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M. Marian La Turneau, '22
Social Editor
(No Picture)

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C. E. Demaray

EDITORIAL

We, the students of Spring Arbor Seminary, in view of the fact that we are very greatly indebted to this institution for the opportunities it affords us along physical, intellectual and spiritual lines, feel it our privilege as well as our duty to do all in our power to promote its interests.

We do not know of any better way to do this, than by letting the people know something of what is being done here. In order to do this we have undertaken the publication of this annual.

Considering the fact that only one annual has been published previous to this one, we felt we were undertaking a work almost too great for an inexperienced body of students; and perhaps it should have been, had not our faithful faculty advisory committee always been at our service.

At last the task is completed, and we take pleasure in presenting to our friends, and to the friends of the Seminary, the first issue of "The Echo."

Though many imperfections may be discovered, we beg of you to be charitable in your criticisms. It has been our purpose to publish nothing that is not a credit to the institution we represent. May many, who have been hitherto unacquainted with this branch of the Lord's work, hear the call of "The Echo" and respond to the same, either as students, or boosters of S. A. S.

While the primary object of this publication is to promote the interests of the School, yet in perusing its pages, and viewing the pictures, we shall many times in the future be reminded of the pleasant associations formed and the excellent training received from our devoted Christian teachers. Thanks be to God for Spring Arbor Seminary!

"FROM THE BUSINESS MANAGER"

I wish to express my gratitude to the engravers, to the photographers, and to the printers, for their services, and to the business men of the cities and towns of the patronizing territory, who have so willingly advertised in "The Echo."

The staff may work hard, but without the co-operation of those assisting in the work connected with the publication of this edition, it would be to a great extent a failure.

We have great confidence in the business men whose advertisements appear in this annual.

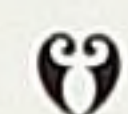
To the students and patrons of Spring Arbor Seminary, we would say: "Look through our 'ad section' before you buy. You will learn where the 'service and the price is right.' Patronize the advertisers!"

HUGH A. WHITE, '23.

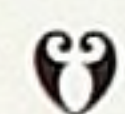
"I say without hesitation that every man who ever puts a dollar, or an hour, or a prayer or a thought in the work of Christian Education, is to be congratulated. He builds with God, and a structure that shall outlast the stars."

"It is Better to Build a Life than to Make a Fortune"

"The guiding spirits of the church in the future, must come mostly from our own schools. She must make the sacrifices necessary to maintain the institutions which produce them."—Bishop W. T. Hogue.



"The function of true education is to fit individuals for the service of men, and the society of God. It involves the transformation of the heart, the inculcation of right motives, and the training of the conscience."—Prof. Eldon G. Burritt.



"If we wish our children to attain to Christian standards of life, we must place them where they will have the associations of truly Christian forces."—Prof. W. R. Jackson.

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A Statement
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An appeal for
our young people.

If it were not for the fact that we fully believe the various statements made on this letter head it is more than probable that we would not be here; and not only is this true with Mrs. White and myself, but the same can be said with regard to the principal and the faculty, all of whom are laboring at considerable financial loss and are foregoing personal comforts that they may help "to build a life" and help in developing along right lines the future guiding spirits of our church, and in building characters that will be better fitted to serve men and enjoy "the society of God".

We would say to all parents in the patronizing territory of Spring Arbor Seminary that if you want your "children to attain to Christian standards of life, you must place them where they will have the association of truly Christian forces." The temptations of to-day are so great that unless we surround our boys and girls, preparing for life's work, with the best Christian influences and ideals there is grave danger that few of them will be saved, and fewer still will consecrate their lives to Christian service.

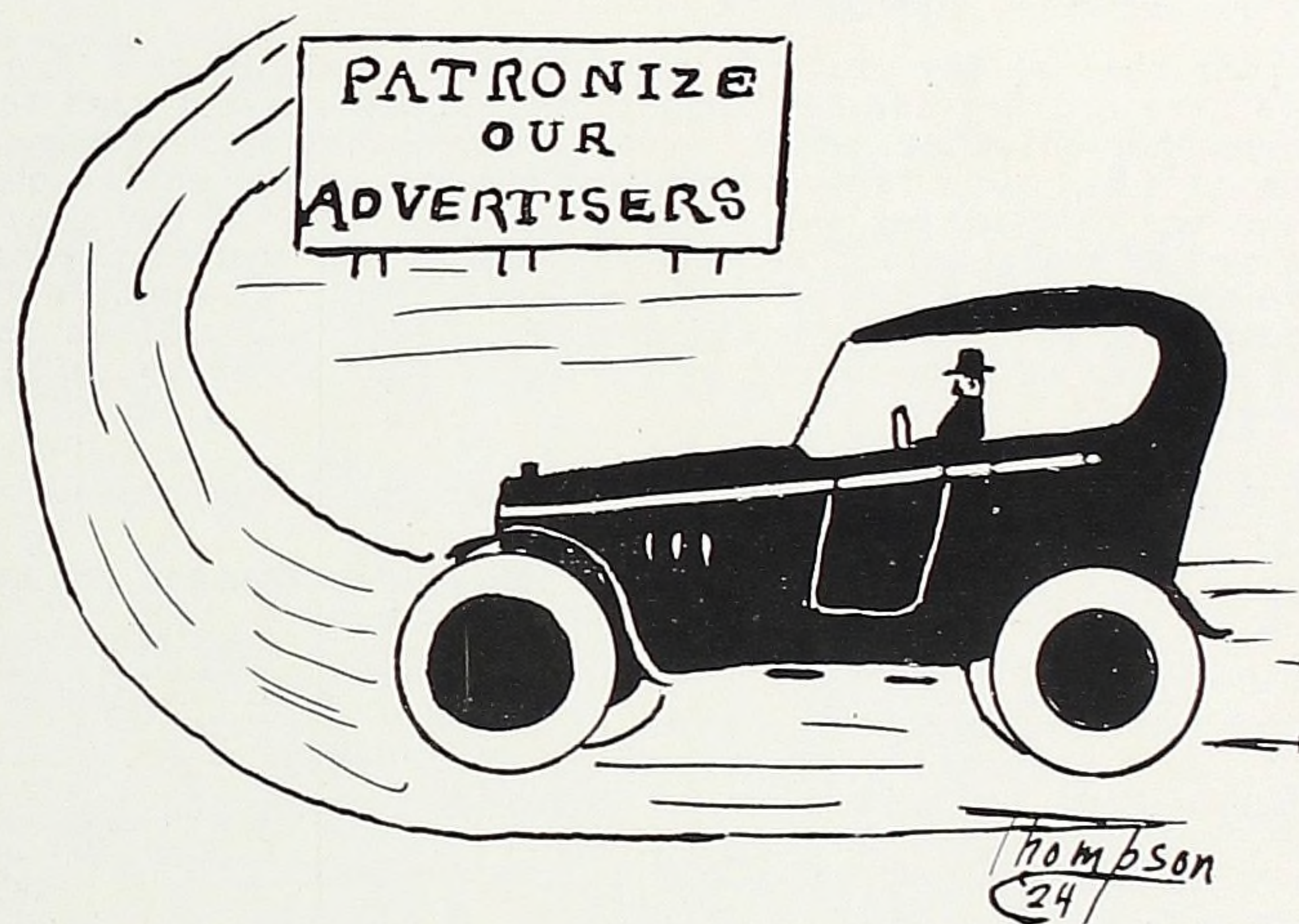
If we are to have men and women for the conquest of the world for Jesus Christ, we must make the sacrifice necessary to maintain our schools and to increase their facilities. It is highly important not only that Spring Arbor Seminary should be maintained as a Seminary, but it is an imperative need that it should also be made a Junior College. If you study the answers to questions asked as to why students attend certain Colleges you will find that the reason given above all others is that the College was near home, the next reason given is that the College had high educational standards. The central purpose of all of our educational institutions is the education of the will. We aim, first of all, to develop a Christian character. We want

to do more than give mere knowledge and skill. We aim to bring our students up to the point where they are ready to take all that they have, and devote it absolutely to the building up of the kingdom of Jesus Christ. The outstanding demand of to-day is for men and women of education, truly devoted to God and the things for which our Lord Jesus Christ gave His life. We do not want training for our boys and girls which is merely a training of the head and hands and which leaves the heart untouched, not the kind of education which undertakes only the development of knowledge and skill and efficiency. If we want our young people to develop into stalwart men and women for God we must not only give them strong bodies and trained minds, but we must seek to develop in them strong Christian characters that will be an honor to their parents, our country and the church, and a glory to God. These are the things for which we are laboring here in Spring Arbor. For this purpose we entreat your prayers and your support.

In order that we may properly care for the students that are now in attendance here and provide accommodations for others who wish to come we must have another building, and in order to have that we must have money. May we not have it! One fifth of the membership of our entire church live within the patronizing territory of our school. If our people would only give us the small amount we ask—one dollar per member a year—we could have all the buildings we need and have plenty of money with which to buy equipment, which is so badly needed. Brethren, will you not help God in His plan to save the world by giving of your money to build up this Christian school?

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PETER WHITE, Manager and Treasurer.



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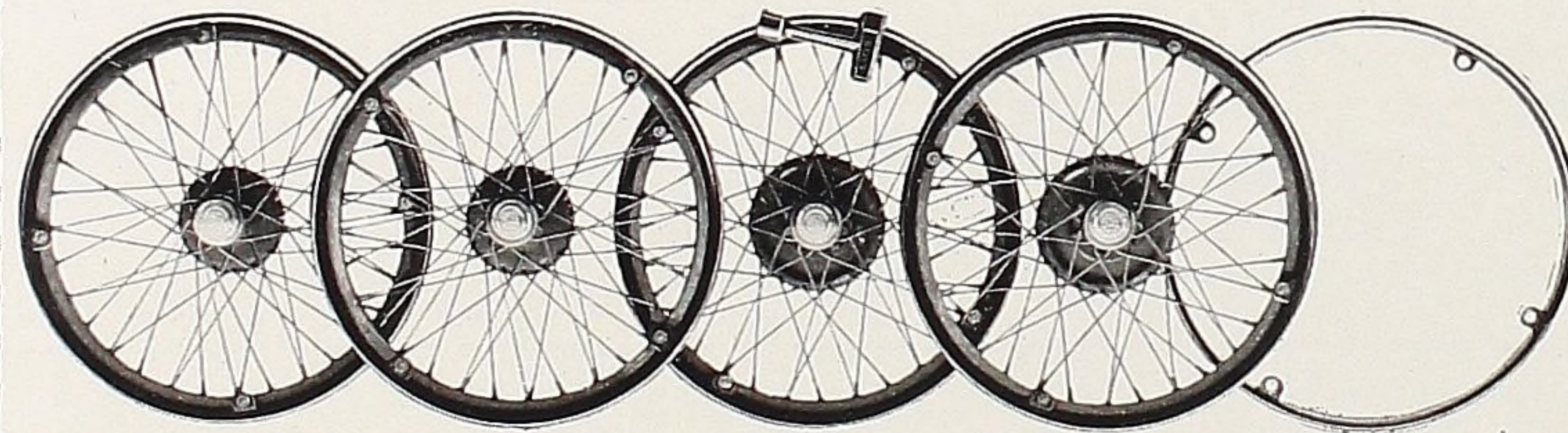
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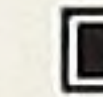
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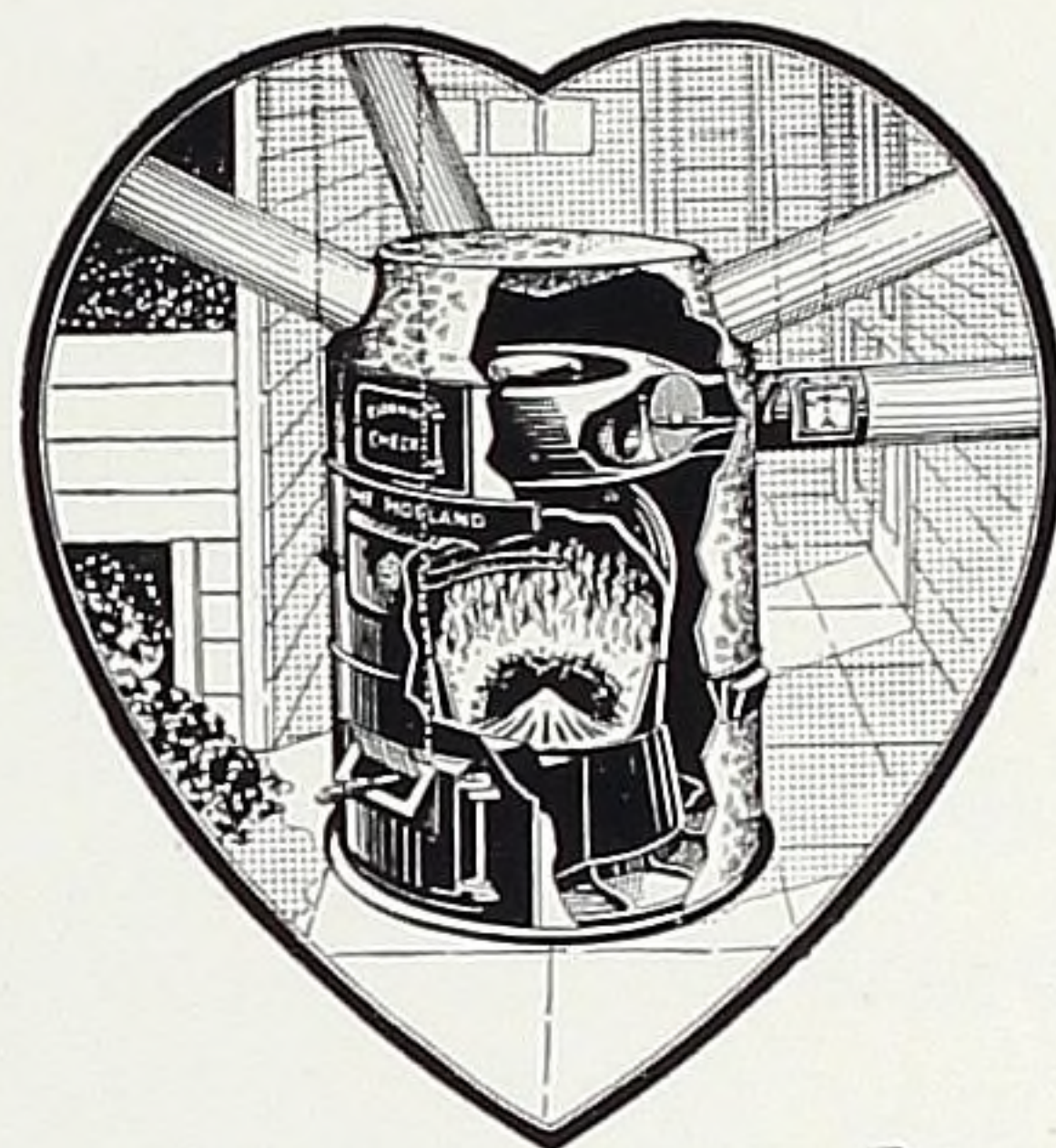
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Page One Hundred Seven



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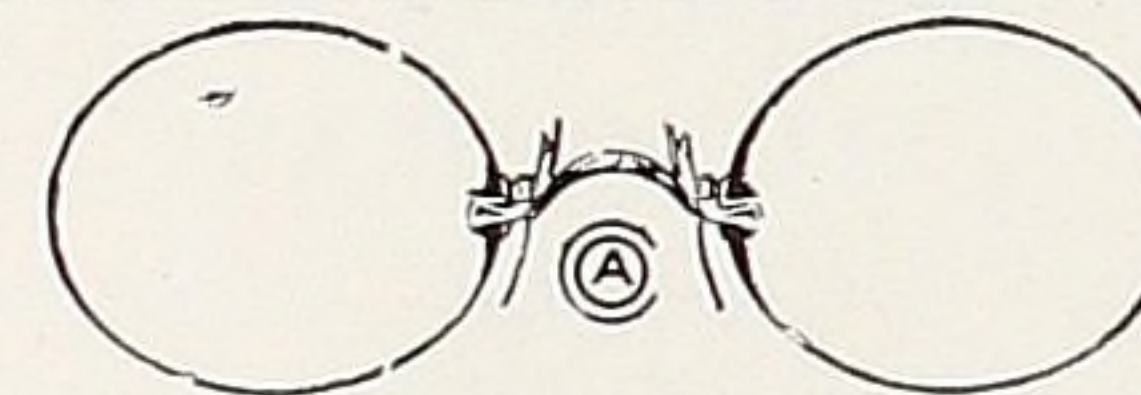
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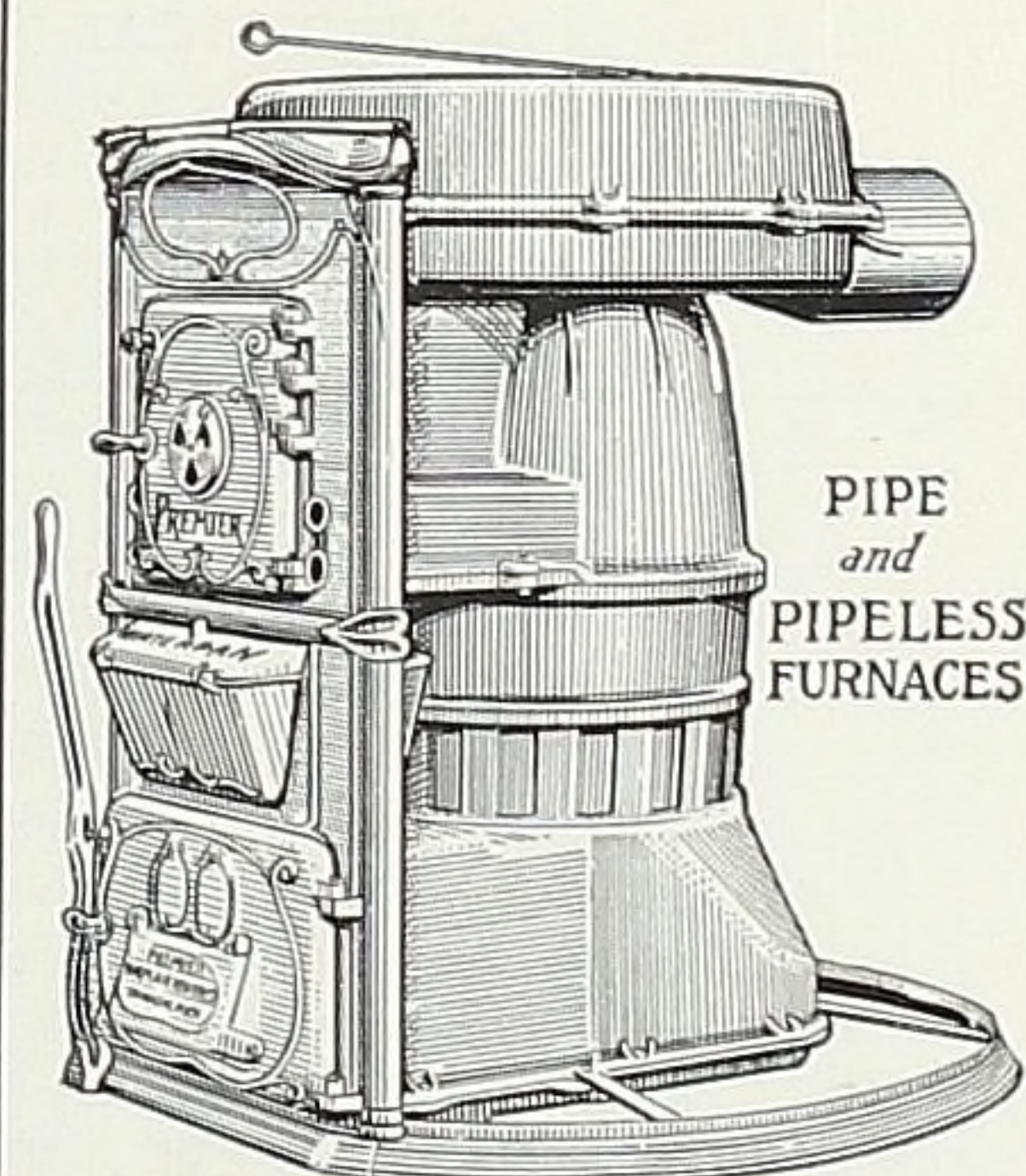
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CONCORD	SPRING ARBOR	JACKSON
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8:30 a. m.	8:45 a. m.	10:30 a. m.
1:30 p. m.	1:45 p. m.	4:30 p. m.
SATURDAY		
FOUR ROUND TRIPS		
CONCORD	SPRING ARBOR	JACKSON
8:20 a. m.	8:35 a. m.	9:30 a. m.
8:30 a. m.	8:45 a. m.	11:00 a. m.
1:30 p. m.	1:45 p. m.	4:15 p. m.
2:30 p. m.	2:45 p. m.	4:30 p. m.
SUNDAYS AND HOLIDAYS		
TWO ROUND TRIPS		
CONCORD	SPRING ARBOR	JACKSON
9:00 a. m.	9:15 a. m.	10:15 a. m.
5:00 p. m.	5:15 p. m.	9:15 p. m.

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A thoroughly established music department.
Recitations from 8 a. m. to 4 p. m.
Two and a half hours of study required six even-
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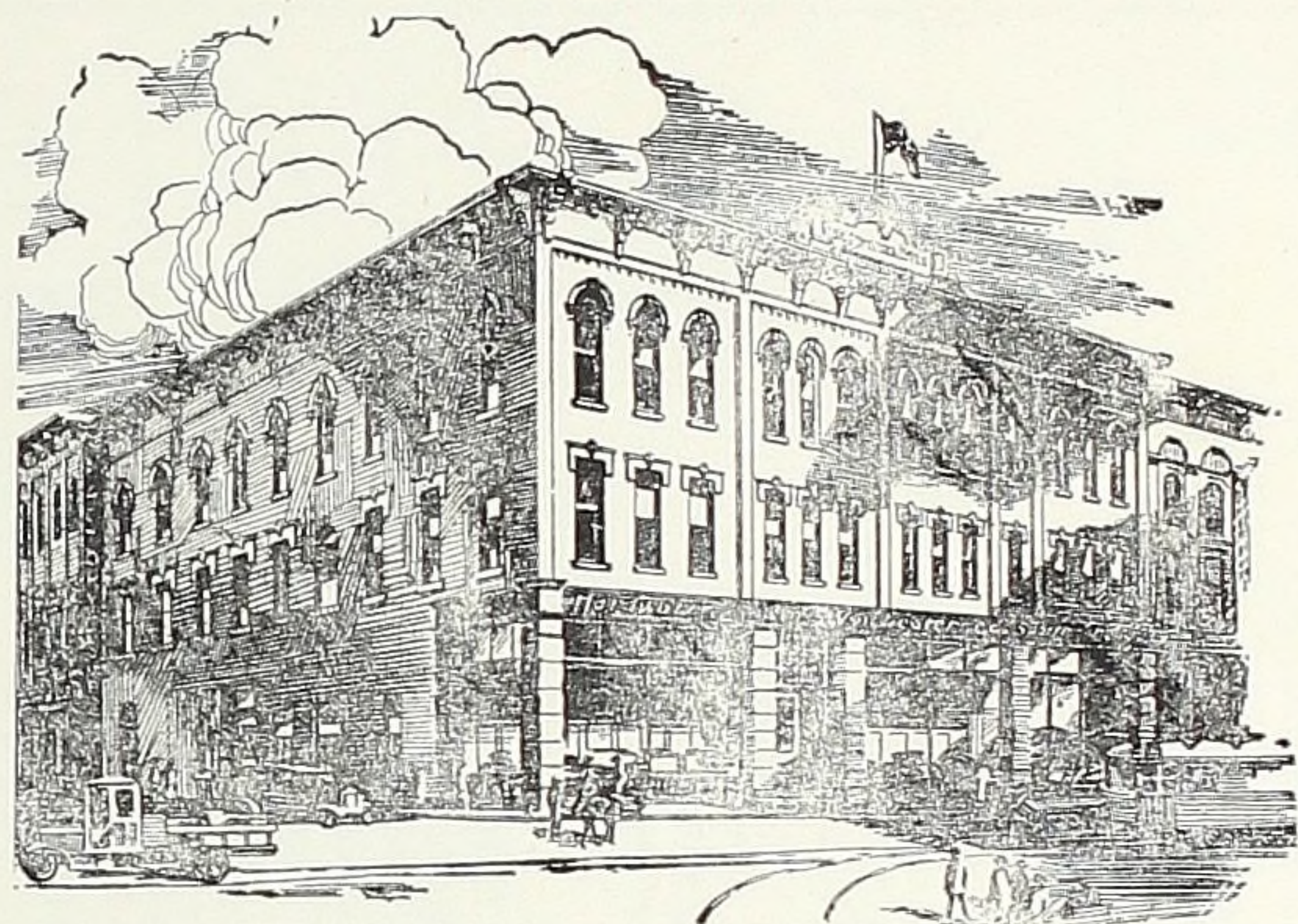
High standard of morals.
Home-like conditions.
The best student influence.
Christian teachers.
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Large Sunday-school.
Daily chapel exercises.
Quiet rural hamlet.
Healthful climate.
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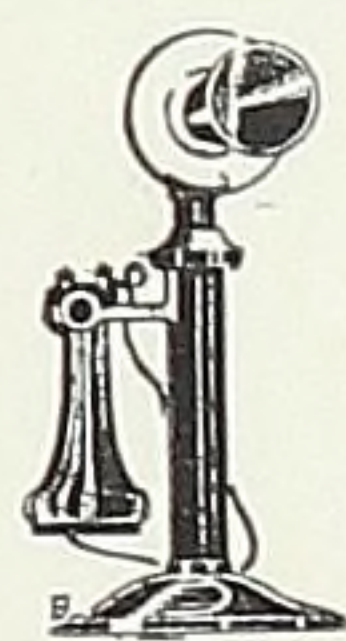
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Room rent, 75c and \$1.00 per week furnished,
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