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Aurora Volume 03

Mack E. Bouton (Editor)
Olivet Nazarene University

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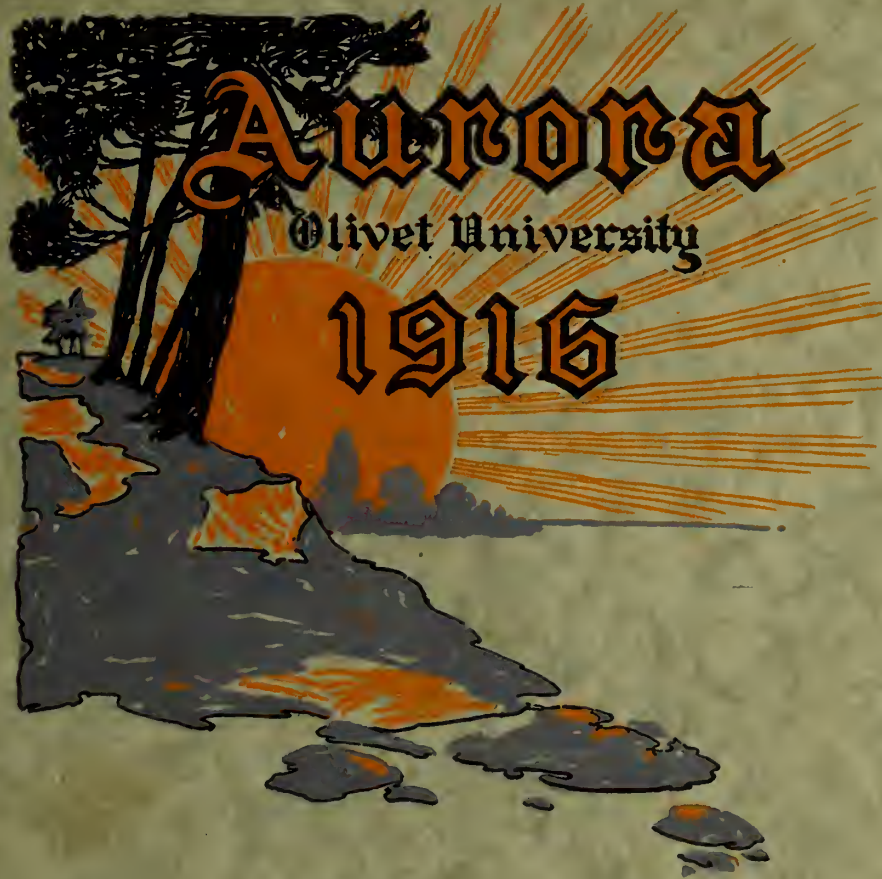
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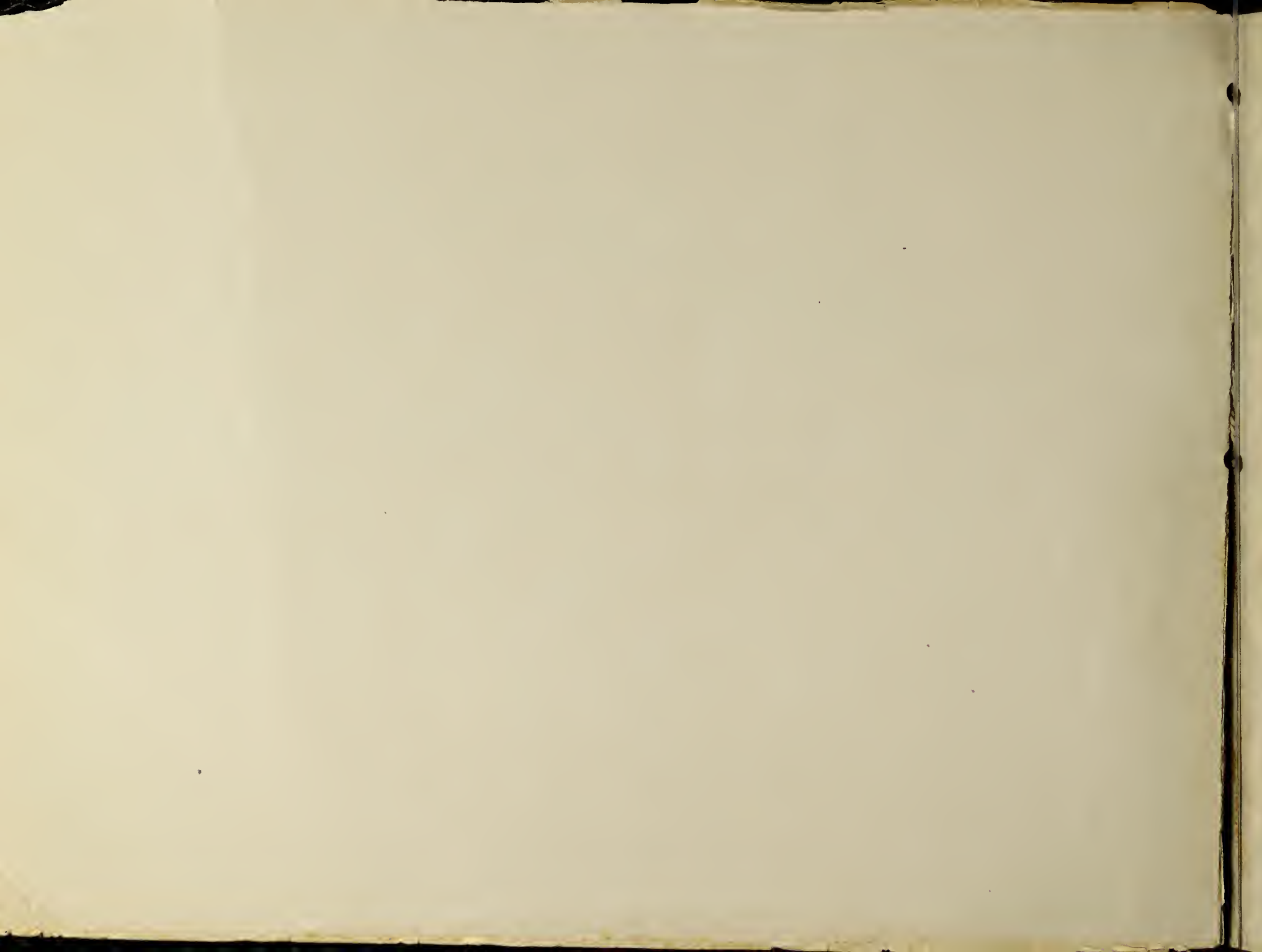
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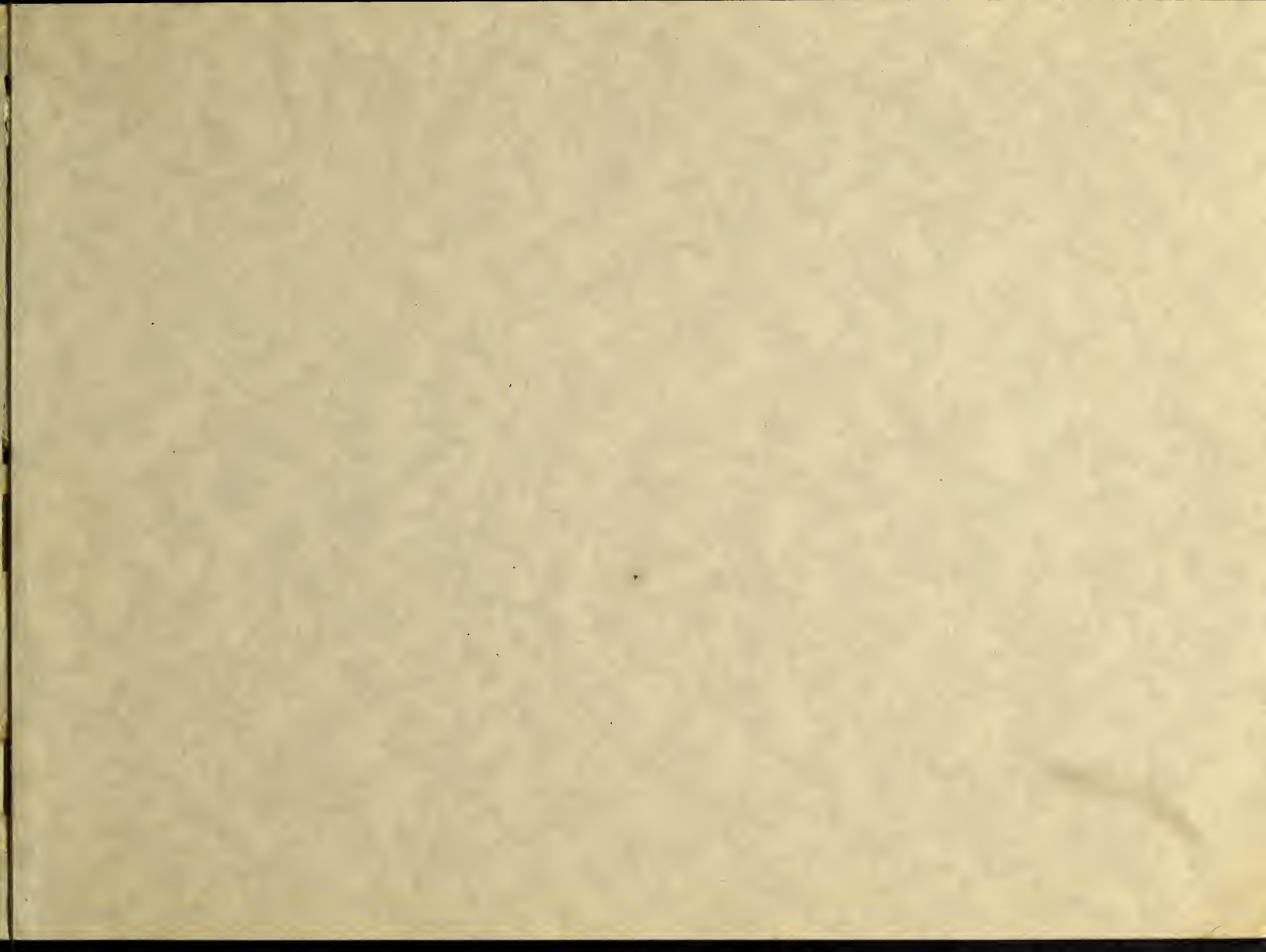
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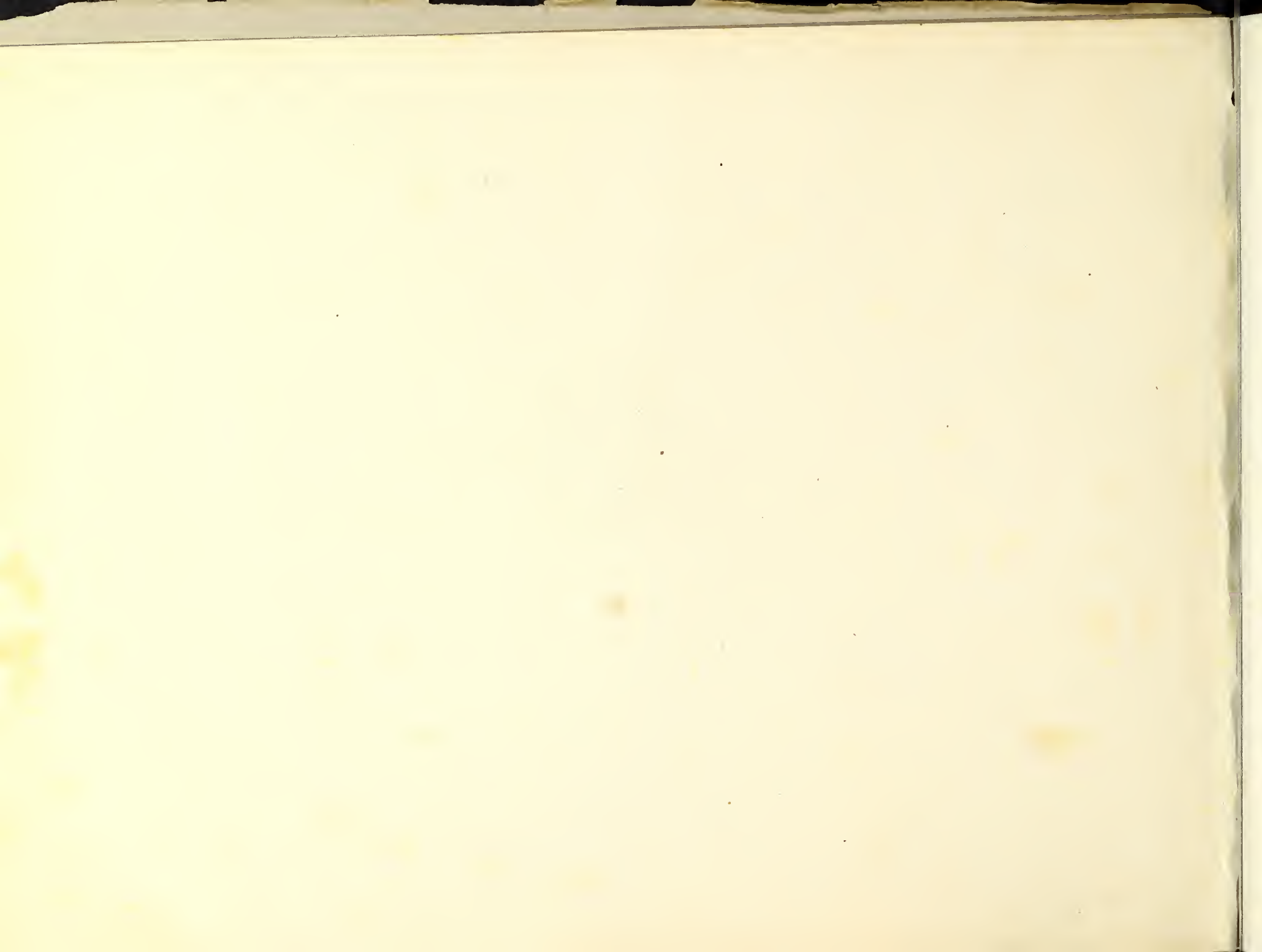
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Sawyer.





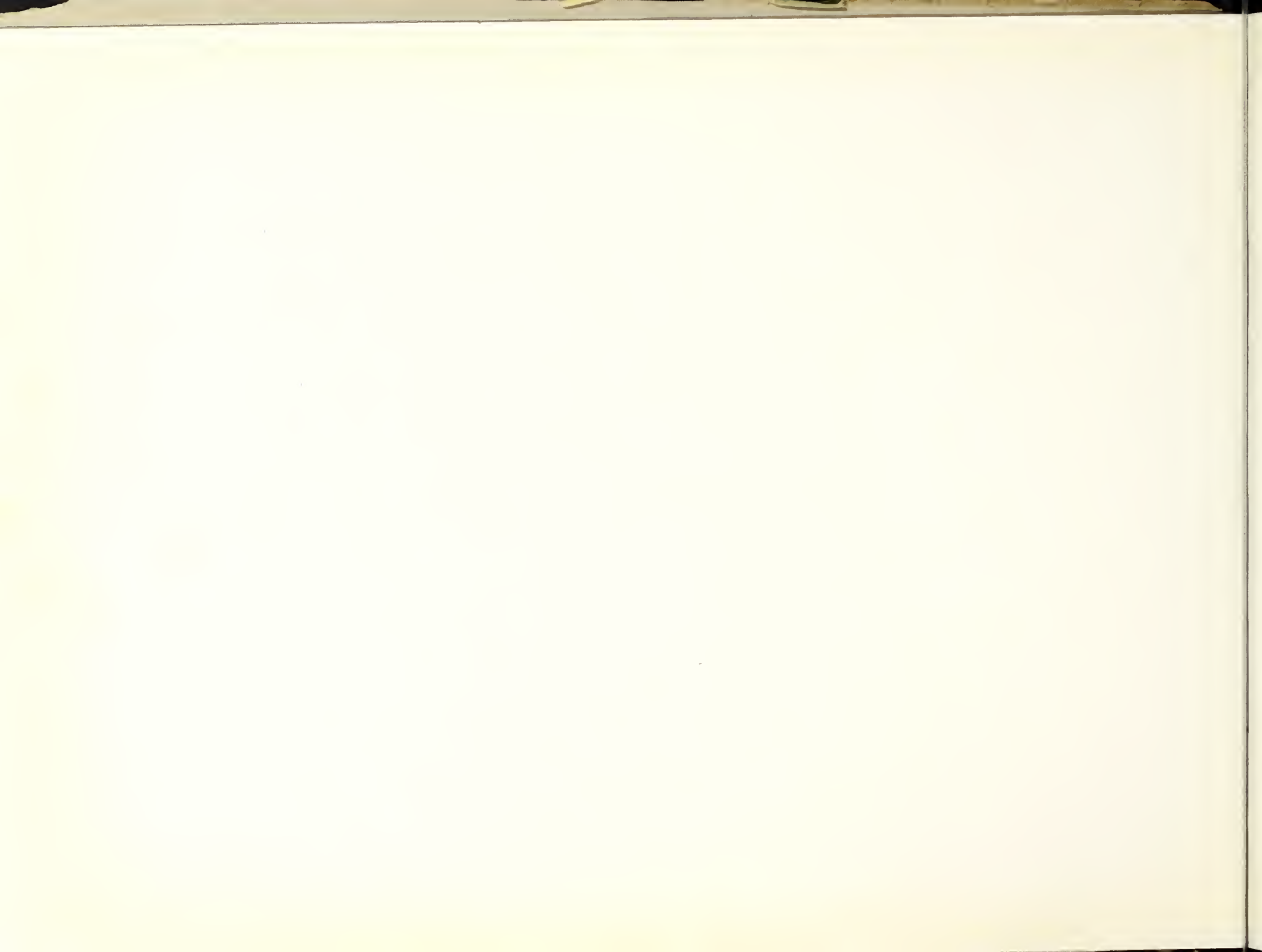






INTERPRETATION OF THE SEAL

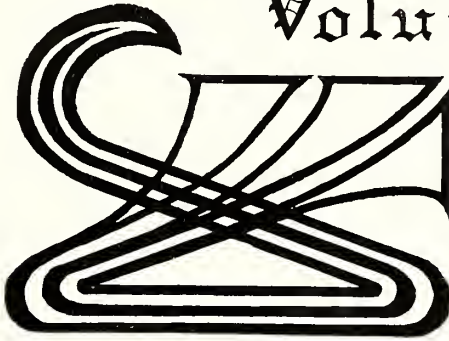
The Olivet University, of Olivet, Illinois, under the guidance and sacred influence of the Holy Spirit, and guarded by Righteousness and Truth, stands for the protection of all illuminated truth; and especially those phases of truth emphasized by the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene.





AURORA

Volume Three-'16




Published by the
Students of

Olivet
University



PROLOGUE

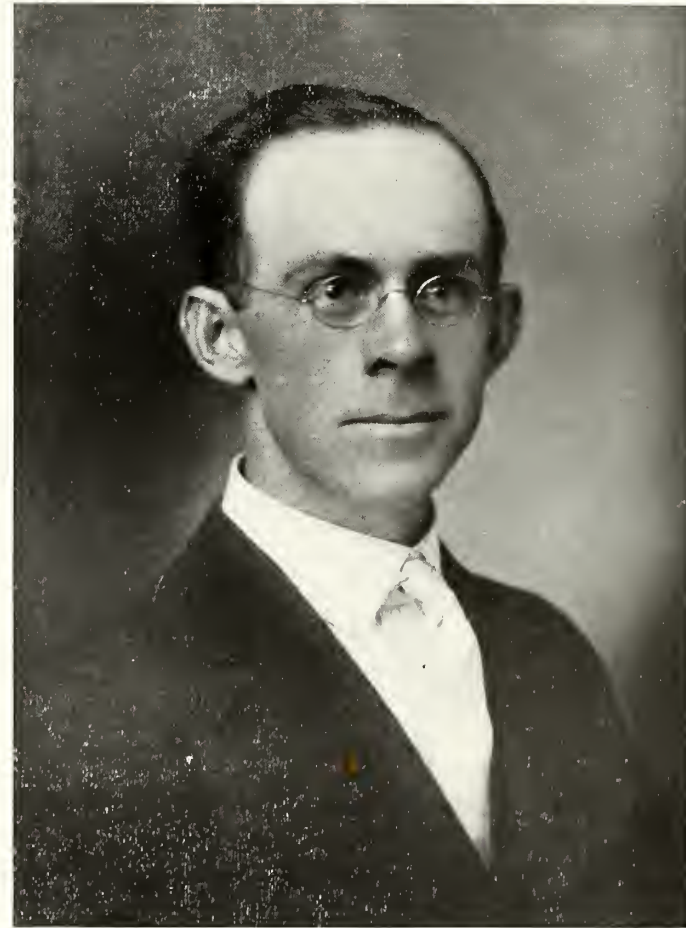


In mythology Aurora is the daybreak or morning deified. She is the goddess of light. As she approaches, the atmosphere is cool and refreshing; the song birds are singing their sweetest selections; the whispering breeze bathes the verdant foliage; and the flowers send forth their sweet aroma. She heralds life and joy, and inspires a sleeping world to renew its task with gladness. It seems fitting that this book should bear such a name as it goes on its mission to enlighten, enliven, cheer, and elevate the hearts of all who scan its pages.

Dedication

TO
PROFESSOR JOSHUA ELVIN HOOVER

*who has ever manifested a keen
interest in the student activi-
ties, and who, by his humble
and exemplary life, has
won the esteem of all:
we affectionately
dedicate this, the
third volume of
THE AURORA*



Olivet University

(Formerly Illinois Holiness University)



DOMESTIC SCIENCE HALL

PRESIDENT'S RESIDENCE

DORMITORY

MUSIC CONSERVATORY

ADMINISTRATION BUILDING

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN HAYNES was born and educated in Tennessee. Early in life he took up journalism as a vocation and followed that profession until he was twenty-two years of age, when he was called to the ministry. He became an ordained minister of the M. E. Church South and served as pastor for a number of years.

Ten years were spent in the editing of the "Tennessee Methodist" at Nashville, Tennessee, followed by the editing of "Zion's Outlook."

In 1901 he became President of Martin Female College at Publaski, Tennessee, an institution for the higher education of women. Then he became President of Asbury College at Wilmore, Kentucky. After a number of years he went to Peniel University and served as Dean of the Theological Department, which position he resigned in 1912 to become editor of the "Herald of Holiness" at Kansas City, Missouri. He still occupies the last mentioned position and became President of Olivet University April 1, 1916.



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN HAYNES, D. D.
PRESIDENT

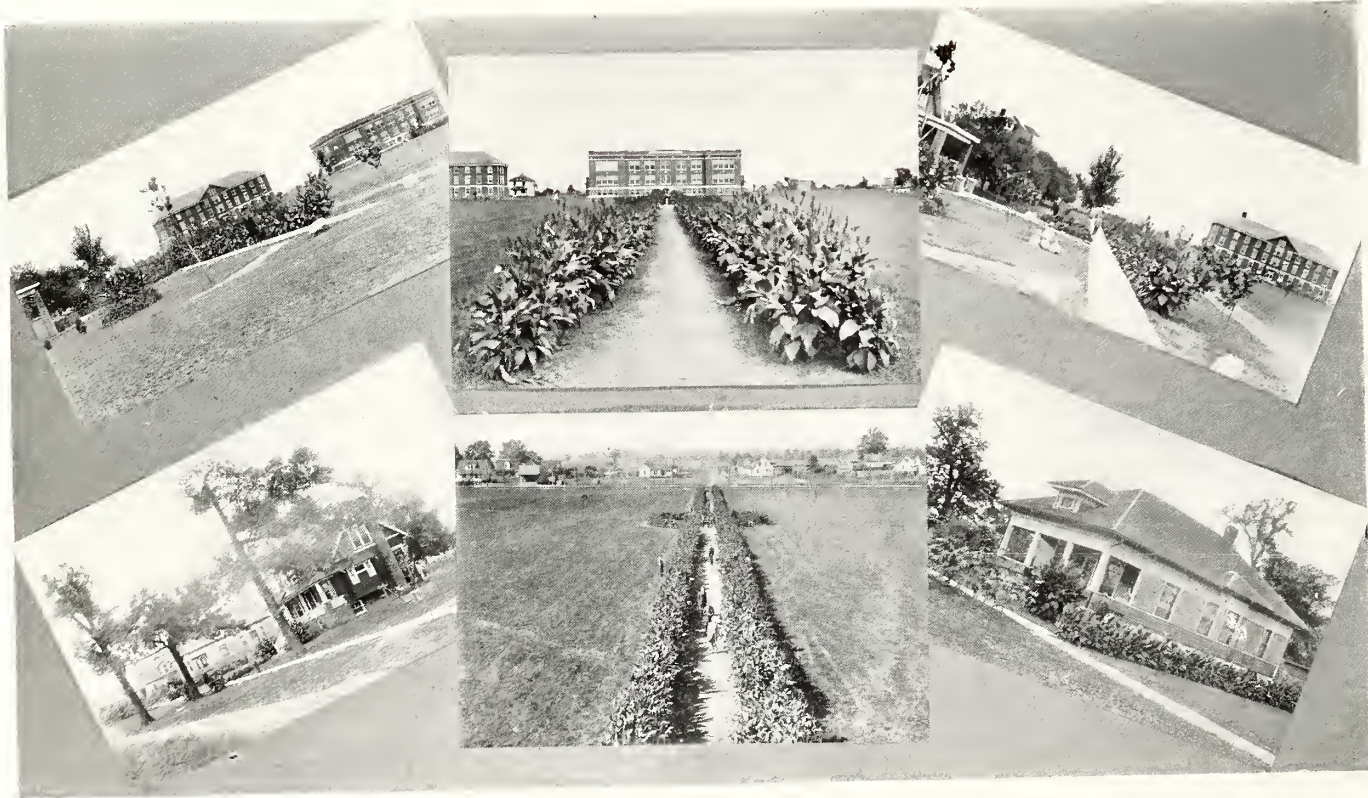


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Field Agent

THE Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene cannot esteem too highly her schools. These modern schools of the prophets are feeders to the church. Without them the standard of an efficient ministry would be lowered. The great importance of the preacher's training was voiced by our beloved Dr. Bresee: "If I had only ten years to preach, I should use five of those years in preparation." Even to those who never expect to enter the ministry, a Christian education is a most valuable asset. In fact, it is necessary, if one would attain the highest success, usefulness, and happiness in life.

Preparing men and women to live and to serve is the work of this school. It gives its students more than a knowledge of facts and something better than a training in athletics. It builds noble Christian character. It is not turning out Socinians and infidels, but young men and women who will be true pastors, flaming evangelists, teachers, musicians, professional men, and business men, who will stand for the Bible and full salvation. Who can limit their possibilities for good? Is not such a work worthy of all the sacrifice which it demands?

It is a fact, though it may not generally be known, that few educational institutions without an endowment are financially self-supporting. And especially is this true of the religious schools. The tuition and other fees are not sufficient to meet the regular running expenses. This is true in every school. But Olivet University has an additional burden—a large indebtedness. The interest on this debt, which is not a small sum, must be paid regularly.

This condition positively hinders the work which God wants done here. How grand it would be if someone would give Olivet University an endowment of \$500,000 and a new dormitory for men, which is so much needed.

We are pleased to present herewith the picture of Rev. T. H. Agnew, of Jacksonville, Illinois, who has always been a zealous supporter and friend to

the school. He has been employed as financial agent, and is now undertaking the work of raising the indebtedness through personal solicitation. An offering, whether large or small, given to him or sent direct to the school, will be greatly appreciated.

A. H. K., Jr., Col. '16.



MRS. LOUISE SKELLEY, MATRON

Dormitory Life

EVERY student has some interesting or exciting story to tell of school life; but unless one term at least has been lived in a dormitory an important chapter in life has been missed. "Dormitory life:" the very name brings recollections of various sorts, some pleasant, some unpleasant, and others —, the English vocabulary fails to supply a word to express my thought.

Our dormitory is a large brick building, the interior of which is divided into a number of cozy little rooms. In these reside most of the boarding students, whose lives are kept very busy with the various duties which demand their attention.

At the sound of the big bell and the buzz-bell at six o'clock in the morning, what a scramble ensues in the different rooms, as each prepares a hasty toilet! There is a scurrying to the dining hall below, where breakfast is served at six-thirty. After breakfast, the girls repair to their rooms, and when they have finished putting things in order and taken a last glance at their lessons for the day, they make their way to the chapel, where the daily exercises are held at eight-fifteen.

From three-forty until five o'clock in the afternoon the student's time is his own, and each pursues his own course—recreation, rest or study. At seven o'clock the study hours begin, at which time each one is supposed to be in his own room. "Quiet reigns supreme." But, no! does it? What was that peculiar sound, which was heard by the matron in her room? Was it the honk of a Ford or the whistle of the interurban? The matron concludes that it was

neither, and steals down the hall, only to find that two girls had forgotten it was study hours, and were having a jolly time. The matron enters; the girls look serious, apologize, and return to their studies.

The dormitory is a splendid place to develop spiritually as well as mentally. On Tuesday evenings a "girls' assembly" is held in the parlor, and all are invited to take part. Prayer meetings are also held throughout the week and God's presence is manifest.

Such is a brief glimpse of dormitory life. Space will not permit of enumerating incidents and adventures. We invite you to come and enjoy its wonders for yourself.

A. FIELD, Acad., '17.

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The Aurora Staff, 1916

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A Tribute

WE FIND pleasure in expressing the sentiment of fellow-students in behalf of our beloved Editor-in-Chief, Mr. Mack E. Bouton, B. S. Mr. Bouton registered in the Academy the first day the Illinois Holiness University opened its doors, in 1908. He has filled his place in its classes for the past eight years as a loyal student and as an ever-ready co-laborer.

During this time, every president has left the impress of his personality upon his character. Nearly every teacher has contributed the best labors of his class room to his education. To their ideals he has lent himself in such a way that he has become that type of student which the school attempts to produce: true in scholarship, upright in character, and filled with the Holy Spirit.

Today, Mr. Bouton holds the distinction of being the first student who has finished the entire course of the Academy and College of Liberal Arts. We are sure that as he leaves these halls he is well equipped for a life of useful service for the Master.

—E. H. K., '16.



MACK E. BOUTON, B. S.

LITERARY

Second
Timothy
Two
Fifteen



"Excelsior"

TO HAVE an aim in life with supreme devotement to it; to see the good in others with true appreciation of it; to know the benison of good-fellowship and the strength of unity; to seek after truth and prize it above rubies; to bear aloft that standard of scholarship which repudiates error, discredits inaccuracy, delights in nature's perfections, and beholds the Hand that hath created all things; and to attain to that retreat in God where love is constant and predominant where it finds expression in the simplicity of service, and where faith translates the holy life into glorious reality: these are ideals of Olivet. To all those, from out the near and far, who would realize these ideals is extended the heartiest of welcomes to this communion.

PROF. HESTER.

Her Awakening

IN THE garden bower of a beautiful country home near the city of Richmond, Virginia, sat the fair Elise Langdon. The attractiveness of her face was rather the mirrored beauty of her pure soul than that of regular features. Indeed, only those who knew her best thought her beautiful.

As Elise sat in the bower trying to read, her thoughts wandered off in other lines and she could only surrender herself to them. "Just think," she said half aloud, "tomorrow I'll be starting for New York to begin my career. Not really a career, of course, but getting ready for it. I wonder how I will succeed under Professor Marlow. He is a wonderful musician—the best in America: but my own dear teacher has given me excellent recommendations and he says I need not be afraid. But, Europe! It hardly seems possible that it can be; and then my life on the stage.

"I am so glad father came to take me to New York, even if he was compelled to leave the mines which need his attention. How I wish my mother were here! They all say I inherit my literary and musical talent from her. If she were here now to enjoy all my good fortune, it seems everything would be complete. Aunt Lou has been good to me, but she can't take the place of a mother: she believes greatness consists only in outward things, those the world

sees and applauds. Maybe it is so, but still I wish —. What is it I do wish? I'm not satisfied. We are told that when our ideals are realized, we still long for something greater. Perhaps that's why I've had the yearning in my heart for something—I wish I knew what."

While Elise is soliloquizing, she falls asleep and dreams. She stands before a bed of sweet peas, is in the act of plucking some of the flowers, when two pea blossoms begin to talk. A gay red blossom, the topmost one and not yet a day old, calls to a beautiful white one near the ground. "It must be very dull for you down there. Why, you can scarcely see those purple asters only three feet away, and you are almost ready to die. I can see all over the garden; and often when the wind blows, I get glimpses over the wall. O, it is beautiful out there, and I so long for a broader life! I must see the world 'ere I die."

The white blossom replies with modest voice: "I have plenty of sunshine and rain and the dear mother stalk gives me plenty of nourishment. Indeed, the world must be beautiful, but I must bear fruit. I am content to know that next year my children may be many and make the world brighter and happier."

Almost before it had ceased speaking, there came a puff of



wind and the red blossom was tossed over the wall and out into the meadow, there to wither among the grass.

Elise opened her eyes and there at her feet lay a mature white blossom and on the stem that it had so lately graced was a well developed pod of seed. Recalling the recent dialogue, Elise thought of the ripened fruit and the beautiful blossoms that possibly would be hers next year, and again could see the light of pleasure chase the shadows of pain from the pale faces of those in the crowded wards of the city hospital to whom she had taken blossoms from these very stalks only a few weeks ago. While pondering the meaning of all she had seen and heard in her dream, she realized it was growing late.

"What does this strange dream mean?" again and again she asked herself as she returned to the house, thinking to spend the evening with her father. But noting her listlessness as he endeavored to converse with her, and supposing it due to fatigue, Mr. Langdon insisted that she retire early. Glad for an excuse to be alone, Elise hastened to her room, but not to sleep. Hour after hour passed, but sleep refused to come to her weary eyes.

"I don't understand why this strange little dream troubles me so. What has it to do with my musical career? Why do I draw back from the life Aunt Lou and I have so long and carefully planned?" These were the questions which burned themselves upon the brain of Elise Langdon as through the long hours she lay awake and watched the moon thread its way in and out



among the fleecy clouds until at last it disappeared behind the dark line of trees marking the western horizon. Shortly before dawn, she fell into a troubled sleep.

Remembering her tired look of the previous evening, her father would not have her called for breakfast. Later in the morning when she appeared, her face was so haggard and her step so feeble that her father was alarmed and exclaimed, "What is the matter, dear? Are you sick?"

"No, father, I'm not sick; only tired. I'll be all right in a few

days. I wonder if we could postpone our trip to the city for a week? I'll be better then."

Day after day found Elise more nervous and restless; then a physician was summoned. After an examination, he called Mr. Langdon aside and said in an undertone, "What your daughter needs is a complete change. She is worn out, but I fail to find any organic trouble. Give her this tonic and see to it that she has a change of scene and if possible find something to arouse her interest."

As Mr. Langdon returned to Elise she asked, "What is it father?"

"He thinks you will be all right in a few days, but suggests a change of scene."

"Where shall I go, father?"

"Anywhere you may desire, my child."

"I know! I'll go up to Aunt Elizabeth's. It will be fine near the mountains! I'll get well so quickly and then"—she ended with a sigh.

Of Olivet

"But, daughter, isn't Lakewood Resort a more attractive place? Or, if you prefer the mountains, there is Mt. Hatten Inn," he said, as these were popular summer resorts.

"I want to go to Aunt Lizzie's. She will be so good to me."

"Well."

"You don't care, do you, daddy?"

"We'll see, girlie."

While Elise lay on her bed anticipating the visit to her aunt's Mr. Langdon was planning with his sister, Mrs. Devoe, with whom Elise made her home while he was in the West.

"We can't let her go there," said Mrs. Devoe, as her brother told her Elise's plan.

"I agree, sister. My wife's sister, Elizabeth Davis, is a regular fanatic. She spends all her time visiting the sick and helping the poor. She would drive Elise crazy."

"Way up there at Elwood, in the White Mountains, I would be distracted; and there would be no one to appreciate Elise's ability. I wonder of what the child is thinking."

"Sister, you must make some plan to take her to another place."

In spite of the protestations of Mrs. Devoe and Mr. Langdon, Elise was determined to go to her mother's sister. Fearing lest denying Elise this would impair her health still more, at last the consent of both was obtained, yet each had a secret fear that in some way Mrs. Davis might discourage Elise in her plans for the future.

The following Friday found Elise starting for New Hampshire, to the home of her aunt, who was more than glad to hear of the coming of her dead sister's daughter.

Saturday dawned clear and bright. Each ray of sunshine seemed to vie with the others to see which could shine the brightest; each flower in Mrs. Davis' garden seemed to strive for supremacy in being the most beautiful. The air was clear and

fresh as Elise stepped from the omnibus which brought her from the train to her aunt's door.

After the first greetings were exchanged, Elise looked around at her surroundings and exclaimed again and again, "How peaceful and calm everything is here. Let me drink it in."

The two spent the forenoon in pleasant conversation, recalling the time when Elise, as a girl of fourteen, had spent the summer in this same home. Elise was almost surprised that she could really laugh so gayly again, yet underneath all the enjoyment she could not lose that indescribable restlessness.

After luncheon, Mrs. Davis approached her niece with apologies. "I'm sorry, Elise, but I must leave you to make some calls. I visit the sick regularly, and they will be so disappointed if I do not come."

"Don't bother about me, Aunt. I can take care of myself. I don't want to trouble you."

"When you get stronger you may go with me; and how much they will enjoy hearing you sing."

"Yes," replied Elise, listlessly. "Why, oh! why," she asked herself, "does every mention of singing make me feel so restless?"

Throughout the busy afternoon Mrs. Davis frequently recalled the careworn and troubled face of her niece and, being so long accustomed to hear the stories of heartache and soul-burden, she readily divined that something was troubling Elise, and resolved to speak to her that evening.

Upon her return home, Mrs. Davis found Elise in the little study which she called "the library," seated before a table upon which lay the old Elwood family Bible. There were tear stains on the girl's face, and Mrs. Davis observed she had been reading the parable of the Lost Sheep.

"What is it, Elise?" asked Mrs. Davis.

"Do you believe this parable, Aunt Elizabeth? It seems to me I am just like this lost sheep. I've been seeking after honor and

pleasure, and now I feel so lonely: I wish some one would come for me."

"There is always One willing to help. Why not trust Him with it all, Elise?"

Elise then poured out her heart to her aunt and told her of the late plans, her unrest of heart and mind, her dream in the garden bower, her increased burden, and her decision to come to her.

"Jesus is ready to bear all the burdens of those who come to Him repenting and believing," encouraged Mrs. Davis. "He is able, my child. So often does He come to us weak creatures and give divine assistance. He wants to carry our burdens."

"I want Him to carry mine. I'm so tired of struggling with them."

The two knelt in prayer and Elise poured out her heart to God, confessing her sinfulness and shallowness of purpose, and asked forgiveness and guidance. It is needless to say that she arose from the place of prayer a different girl. She was, indeed, a new creature in Christ Jesus. Old things had passed away; the longing for the world and its applause, the unrest of heart and mind, the burdens of sin were gone and in their place peace and joy reigned.

The next day Elise accompanied Mrs. Davis to the village church, where Doctor West, the District Superintendent, was to preach. After the opening exercises, this devout man of God read his text: St. John 12:24, "Except a grain of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone, but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." The thought embraced in these words was strangely familiar to Elise; she recalled the dream in the garden.

Loung and earnestly did this servant of God set forth the truths embodied in the text depicting the value and fruitfulness of a consecrated life—the life "hid with Christ in God." He used for

one illustration the life of a talented teacher of vocal music in one of the schools of his denomination, telling of her consecration, her self-sacrificing life, and her triumphant death. In his discourse he mentioned the fact that as yet they had been unable to satisfactorily fill the vacancy made by her death.

"O, could I do this work? Am I competent?" Elise eagerly asked herself.

She became so absorbed in this thought that she scarcely heard the closing hymn and the benediction; and learning that Doctor West was to take dinner at her aunt's home, resolved to speak to him about the matter.

He heard her gladly and was favorably impressed with her ability and training. After consultation with Mrs. Davis he left, promising to present Elise's name to the executive board for consideration.

In a few days the letter came, telling Elise that her application had been accepted and she would be expected to assume her duties as vocal teacher of K. C. the following Monday. Elise's heart was filled to overflowing as she knelt and lifted her eyes to Heaven. "Jesus, I thank Thee."

She would not have time to return home, so taking leave of her aunt, she left Saturday to begin a contented life of usefulness. Three days later Mrs. Davis received a letter of which the following is an extract:

"I arrived here Saturday at five p.m., and am delighted. I find that I have had ample training to meet the needs of the department, and I believe God will help me with all other responsibilities. It seems as if all my life I had been asleep and have been awake only since the dream in the garden bower, of which I told you; but, truly, 'The darkness is past and the true light now shineth'."

Affectionately yours,

ELISE LANGDON.

The Pages of Time's Volume

Into life's dim yesterdays I gaze
And see unfolded in magic maze
Etchings, Time so thoughtfully preserved
There in faultless hues and varied curve,
Find portrayed the actions of the past.
Please view with me, pages turning fast.

Upon the initial page so bright,
Is a picture bathed in Heaven's light;
An innocent lad, at mother's knee,
Lispings a prayer, angels look to see.
Faith so pure sends up its incense rare,
Rising to Heav'n, is acknowledged there.

Another page slips into loving view;
Here a laughing lad with eyes so blue.
Playing, romping with his comrades gay,
Study, play, and mischief speed the day;
Faith has a part in ev'ry child's game,
In work or church worship, is the same.

Then Time's book clangs shut with dreadful sound:
Fore the Great White Throne the man is found.
Faith pleads the man's case with gentle word:
The Judge speaks, "Enter unto thy Lord:
Probation's o'er, thy sorrows now flown,
Thy reward, 'Well done and welcome home'."

The fairest page of all stands alone;
Reveals the lad into manhood grown,
His faith in love now unfolds its part,
Two lives become one by wedlock's art.
Two faiths unite, two pray'rs rise as one,
Two seek but the Master's words, "Well Done."

Now the pages, turning seem to fly,
Reveal the two beneath changing sky.
Temptings, work, and children add their share
Of joys, sorrows, tears, and smiles and care.
Faith gains strength with many passing years,
Harder battles wait without a fear.

Death steps grimly in and claims its page:
Paints upon the sheet as if in rage
His image, grim and dark; the black hands
Hold unsheathed a blade, he gloating stands.
Faith with holy brow and shining shield,
Adds lighter tone: Death to Hope doth yield.

—JAY J. GOULD.

Reminiscences of My Trip to Guatemala

WALTER HENSCHEN

HALF the world knows not what the other half is doing." This adage has a deeper significance when one has had the privilege to travel outside the borders of his native land.

Our missionary party sailed from New Orleans, January 17th, 1914, on the S. S. "Coppename," of the Great White Fleet Line. The departing of an ocean steamer is a scene never to be forgotten. While the last of the freight and baggage was being loaded, friends and relatives were engaged in earnest conversation. It was apparent that some repressed their feelings with great difficulty. When at last the hour had come, the signals were given and with prolonged embraces and hearty hand-shakes friends and relatives bade each other good-bye. The great engines began to puff, and churn the water, and the vessel steamed out into the middle of the Mississippi River, slowly, seemingly for the benefit of parting friends. Meanwhile, friends and relatives from the railings of the boat waved handkerchiefs to those on the docks as long as they were visible.

The "Land of the Stars and Stripes" was being left behind—possibly never to be seen again!

The passing from the waters of the Mississippi to the Gulf was characterized by the increased rocking of the ship. We soon

found ourselves on the rolling billows of the mighty deep, where the restless blue sea waves were continually heaving and splashing against our monster sea-horse, causing our vessel to assume a gentle rocking. The dizzy and somewhat sickening sensation that began to take hold of us was our first experience of that common complaint, called "sea sickness," so prevalent among sea passen-

gers. However, the sea was not as rough as it often is, and in a few hours we became accustomed to the gentle rocking, and greatly enjoyed the remainder of the voyage.

After three days' sailing there was a very noticeable change in the atmosphere. When we left the States it was cold, but here the air was warm and balmy and filled with a sweet fragrance from the foliage of cocoanut trees and tropical woods which we saw on distant islands.

Another night's sailing brought us to our destination—Port Barrios, Guatemala, Central America. The first view of this little tropical city gave a complex impression. Some modern buildings, such as the large custom house, railroad depot, a new rooming house, an American hotel and the "Commandante's" quarters, gave the appearance of an American city; but when we had seen the "Market," where native women stood under trees in the middle of the street with fruits, vegetables and meats for sale, primitive



Of Olivet

huts with thatch roofs, and especially the natives in their quaint costumes, it was enough to remind us that we were in a foreign land.

We established our headquarters at Livingstone, another port, and the capital of one of the states of the Republic of Guatemala. In my imagination, I can still hear the town clock strike out the time of day each hour (the clock was a steel rail suspended from the limb of a tree and struck with another piece of iron); hear the military band playing early in the morning; and see native women in dirty rags, passing down the street with cigarettes or little white pipes in their mouths, bearing vessels of water on their heads or carrying large bundles of wood on their backs.

My first view of an interior city in Guatemala made me think of Palestine. The white adobe buildings, cobble stone streets, primitive ox-carts, pedestrians going about in sandals, and girls and women carrying water jars on their heads, all closely resemble the customs of Bible times and the Holy Land.

There are some interesting things about the inhabitants. The better classes are amicable and courteous. Through the establishment of a public school system by the government, a portion of the population is now educated. They especially like the arts and sciences and many are beautiful singers and good musicians; all are dexterous in handiwork. The girls do various kinds of fancy sewing and crochet work; the men make mats, hammocks, and carve many kinds of fancy woodwork.

On the Atlantic coast there is a peculiar class of people, called Caribs. They are a species of the negro race, and live in a very primitive manner.

There are also several thousands of West Indian negroes living on the eastern coast of Guatemala. Of this class was "Palmer," the jester and gambler, whom we met shortly after our arrival. He was tall and dignified in appearance, and was one of the most conspicuous figures in town. His handsome frame, stately walk,

and graceful actions revealed a former refinement and better days. Yes, he had been well trained and educated and had once held a good position. But drink had overpowered him and blighted his life. Palmer was retained by the railroad company as a jester to enliven the employés by his jokes and witty sayings. One day he became seriously ill. I visited him at the employés' quarters, where he lay in dirty rags in a hard booth. Disease had claimed its victim. I talked to the poor man, cited him to Jesus, and prayed with him. Before leaving, I took soap and water and washed his dirty face and hands, at which he gratefully remarked, "How good."

The next time I called on him one of the men of the building told me that Palmer had been praying. When talking with him he said, "I feel so good in here," pointing to his heart. He said God had saved him and he was ready to die. He lived only about a day longer.

The religion of Guatemala is purely pagan. Twice a year, in January and June, people from all over the country make long pilgrimages on foot to an idol called "The Great Lord of Esquipulas," or sometimes called "The Black Christ." Those who want to be most holy approach the idol by walking on their knees through the cobble stone streets. All this is carried on by the Roman Catholic church in the name of Christianity.

The one urgent need of this beautiful country is the gospel. With a Christian civilization flourishing and the great natural resources developed, Guatemala might become one of the great nations of the world.

The writer has the satisfaction of having opened two schools while there, which are preparing promising boys and girls of Guatemala to participate in elevating their country into a strong Christian nation. The call is for a stronger force of well-trained preachers, teachers and other workers to help in this great work.



SNAP SHOTS

A Summer Vacation

ON THURSDAY, June 11th, I stepped off the Pere Marquette train at Grand Rapids, Michigan. I was met by a friend who piloted me to the home of the Kauffman brothers. There I found seven more of the Olivet boys, who were also on the way to fame through the sale of a curious but marvelous combination ironing table and step ladder.

On Saturday we all went out for a half-day's work, and when we returned our enthusiasm had lost its polish; only one order had been taken by the whole crew. If one should peep into my diary record of that day, these words would meet his eyes: "Badly in need of grit." We all were. The record for the next day says, "Worked industriously"; the record for the 16th reads, "More work"; the 17th, "Still working". As yet no mention of an order. But at last a few were obtained, which, to quote one of our number, were "An oasis in the desert of my memory."

But don't imagine for a moment that life didn't seem worth living to us. We had the best of times. On a number of occasions we entertained different families in Grand Rapids with a literary program; besides this, on Saturday evenings, we often held street meetings, and on Sundays we attended the Nazarene church at Grand Rapids. In addition to this, we had numerous invitations to dinner on the Sabbath, and outside of working hours we had such a delightful time that the vinegar was all taken out of our system. By no means the smallest factor in making our stay in Grand Rapids a delightful one was the home at which we were boarding. Mr. and Mrs. Kauffman were a real father and mother to us boys, and we were fed sumptuously (which, of course, we enjoyed).

On the twenty-fifth of June we departed for Muskegon, where we had a fine time. Our quartette sang to the fishermen on the

shore of the lake, visited a blind millionaire and sang to him also, met the ex-champion middle-weight prize fighter of Canada, and incidentally made a few sales. From this on, nothing will be said of the sales; they were few and well earned.

I can merely make mention of our experiences during the rest of our travels in Michigan, and can say nothing of the good time we had batching it by means of our little alcohol stove; how we were taken to be Mormons; how we held a meeting in Ionia and the Lord helped us to break the whole church up and bring the salvation light to the people. I must not linger to tell of our visit to the state reformatory, nor of the jail services we attended, nor of our visit to the State Agricultural College.

On July 22nd three of us departed for North Dakota to try our hand at farming as a means of revenue. My first day's experience on a farm was not so bad. I was sent out to the field to rake hay, and having never seen a hay rake before, I felt some misgivings as to my success along that line; but after receiving a few demonstrated instructions by the farmer I got along fairly well and began to think that I would rather enjoy farming. But the bright prospects sometimes fade into oblivion with the painful realities which come to pass. The next morning I was given an axe and turned loose on the wood-pile—a heartless looking pile of railroad ties. My diary reads something like this: "Two hours hard fighting against the foe nearly put a finish to me. Little Willie almost decides home is the best place for him." After an hour's rest, I got at the job again and made things fly the rest of the morning. In the afternoon I ground oats and did a few other things of little importance, and at the end of the day felt pretty good, after all.

My next joyful experience was weeding potatoes. I had lived

in Chicago all my life and knew not its pleasures. After staying with the job for four or five hours, I had a very peculiar feeling along the region of my spinal column. In time it passed away, but sufficient to say, I had rather anticipated than realized it.

On Monday, August 3rd, we started to shock grain. I vaguely remembered having heard of such work, but knew not what it was. I soon found out. We started in like steam engines the first thing in the morning, to show the farmer that we were some workers.

We continued this way until dinner time, and I had begun to feel considerably tired. Worked in the afternoon until five, and was almost a minus quantity. My feet felt like chunks of lead, my body was like a dishrag; the sun was scorching hot; the water jug carried by the binder nowhere in sight, and I felt as if I didn't care if I amounted to a row of pins if I could only get a rest. Nine hours good, hard, steady work had been enough for a city chap. I started for the house, which was a half mile away. When

about one-third of the way I faltered and stumbled behind a shock. The ground seemed as soft as down, and I could then and there have gone off into a most delightful slumber, but rousing myself, I started again. Three times in the half mile I had this experience. Finally I reached the horse trough near the house. I sat on the edge of the trough and was so hot and thirsty, and so dead tired, that I was just about ready to roll over in the water



when I saw the farmer coming down the road, and being ashamed of my weakness, I mustered strength and tottered over to the cistern and drank, and drank, and drank, of the water, which I afterwards found contained all sorts of things. Then I went to the tent and knew no more until I was awakened for supper at six-thirty.

The next day at seven I was at it again. By noon I was very tired: my feet were blistered. I walked on blistered feet and fought fatigue all that next day and the next. After four or five days I was adjusted pretty well to the work and things went along fairly well. I might put in a word here about the meals. I estimate, at a moderate guess, that I ate enough for four men, each meal. And those farmers' wives could cook! My mouth waters now as I think of it.

My narrative has been too long, now. I can only make mention of the delightful experience of getting soaked to the skin three times a day and putting on the same wet clothes and working until they got dry. While in North Dakota we frequently had our literary programs, and with the playing and singing in the house in the evenings, we had a splendid time.

About the first of September I departed for Chicago, wondering after all if it wasn't all a dream.

BRUCE DEISENROTH, Col. '16.

Influence

INFLUENCE appears to be some sort of social electricity, and like that inexplicable phenomenon, possesses both a direct and an alternating current. To put it awkwardly, the suggestively, everybody is influencing somebody else, and that somebody is anybody whom we may meet.

From this relationship there is no immunity. Influence is an epidemic. You catch it, you give it, and yet you have it. You ever carry with you what you are always leaving behind. To *be* is to exert an influence. It is either helpful or hurtful, hopeful or hapless, happifying or hideous, according to the source of emanation. You are the Architect, the Connoisseur, the Executor of your own fate or fortune, and that of others.

Would you like to exist without exerting an influence? Then you would be better off as a fence post. But you are a human being; you cannot dodge the issue. You are ever influencing somebody. They are better for having met you, or worse.

There are many things in this world which in point of time, in memory or geographically, we may depart from; but not so with our influence. It is indispensable. Our appearance may change with age—or cosmetics,—our clothes with the fashion, but influence, like the poet's brook, goes on forever.

There have been millions of human beings who have appeared upon this stage of life; have enacted their parts, just like we do

today; they saw the same sunlight, gazed upon the same terrestrial scenes; they played, they toiled, they laughed, they tried as we, but they are gone. Where? Echo answers "Where?" God only knows. But this we know: they lived, and no man liveth to himself; they died, and no man dieth to himself. But more. They now live a dual life; one in the beyond, and one representatively by their influence left behind. What they left is our legacy,—and thus the world goes on.



One has but to contemplate the handiwork of God to ascertain the estimate which He places upon influence. The world is as beautiful in appearance as it is wonderful in construction. And for every thing that was made there is a

purpose. Happy is that person who can read the ideographic annals which nature writes.

He who made the flowers commanded us to behold the lilies. He did not say, "Listen to the lilies," for they could not speak. They could only *be*, and being, they could exert an influence.

Gaze upon the sunset sky, from the haunts of birds in the solitude, when the summer sun has set, and the twilight shadows gather about; when the evening breeze is fragrant, and the western sky aglow, when the golden clouds appear as the portals of that blest beyond; then, of all earthly scenes, this is one of the

most sublime. Happy is that aesthetic being upon whose soul nature is permitted to stamp her glories.

Then, there is the influence of kindness. Is your influence upon others tempered by this genial spirit? In taking an inventory of yourself, do you find a good stock of kindness on hand? Should you essay to take a trial balance, to ascertain if yours was the true character equilibrium, you could not succeed unless kindness was included in your assets.

Did you ever meet a sociological criminal? They are just like other human beings, only they lack in kindness. Hence, their influence must be undesirable. Perhaps they may mean well, but doing well is better. Influence does not follow from intentions, but from acts. Did you ever *meet a former schoolmate* or acquaintance, and look for a pleasant token of recognition, only to behold an icy glance given in silence? Then, the door of your soul that had been opened for a pleasant salutation was closed upon a dreary void. Then you feel that something is not quite right, and wonder if it is not yourself. But afterward, life is not the same. Again you go forth and by the wayside, meet another. There is that cheerful greeting and pleasant look which makes you think that after all, life is not so gloomy. It was only a small thing, but it yielded great dividends. Only a word, a glance of the eye, or a kindly look of a passer-by, and afterwards life is not the same.

Indeed, the importance of exerting a good influence often is not felt till after some weary one has passed beyond the confines of time. Then, as if to atone, we carry a beautiful bouquet and place it upon the coffin. But the one to whom we owed the debt could neither see nor smell. The fragrance was wafted in vain.

This world, at best, is not any too cheerful. Her myriads of inhabitants have been stricken by sin. Their best song is in the minor key, in the plaintive wail. Our utmost influence is needed to counteract the unpleasantness. For this task we need salvation

and courage. Will we do our best?

If we should assemble all the learned men of the age, with all their power of analysis and synthesis of logic and precision, and should they concentrate their best efforts, they should utterly fail to define and give the scope and extent of the influence of a single human being. It is a product of personality, a concomitant of the soul.

Such is influence. But how varied are its manifestations!

There are folks whom we meet, and going on, we straightway forget them. There are others, the impress of whose personalities is caught by the camera obscura of the soul: and they ever afterwards live with us.

In conclusion, bear this in mind: no human soul is made of cast iron. It is plastic and capable of receiving the most delicate impressions. What it receives, it registers and retains. Then, at the great Judgment Day, like the record of a phonograph, it will transmit what in life it has received. "For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil."

This world is nearing a crisis. Present conditions are doomed. All nature seems to be in an attitude of expectancy. Life is too serious for trifling. Our best influence is none too good. Then let us be diligent, awake, alert, active. Shall we gaze upon the world's neropolis and think upon the dead, or shall we look upon the mass of living and adjust ourselves to their needs? Shall we lose heart and falter by the wayside? No, never! The weeping willows of despair may tower with ghostly majesty above the graveyard of time-buried years, and cast their sickly and sullen gloom out over her monuments of memory: but, thank God, *hope* does not lie buried here, but *abounds* with life, hidden with Christ under the shadows of the Almighty.

OSCAR RAISOR.

Did the Creation Cover Six Literal Days?

CONCERNING the Creation the Scripture has spoken its last word: after which the first word of Science must begin. Many great philosophers, theologians and scientists have worked on the problem of reaching some conclusion regarding the Creation, harmonizing the results of modern science with the Mosaic account. This record has not for its object the details of creation as such, but only so far as they concern the coming history of mankind; yet, as we view it in the light of geology and its various interpretations, its truth will only stand the more thoroughly vindicated and the more highly appreciated.

Perhaps the most serious question of adjustment is that of the time occupied during the creation. According to the generally received interpretation of the first chapter of Genesis, this covered six days, whereas geology teaches that it must have been in progress through periods of time which cannot be computed. The question confronting us is whether these days are literal days, as now measured by us, or indefinite and prolonged periods.

The word "day" is used in many places; and every other place where a literal day of twenty-four hours is implied, a numeral is connected with it. Again, it may indicate a period of time during which certain revealed purposes of God are to be accomplished, "In the day that the Lord God made the earth and the heavens" (Gen. 2:4). We read of the "Day of Mercy" and the "Day of Vengeance." II Peter 3:8 says, "One day is with the Lord as a thousand years."

From the earliest ages of Christianity, learned commentators have differed in their interpretation of the record of creation. Without an attempt to decide at present between their several claims, we shall proceed to show what these are; and that, according to any of them, all agreed facts of science may be fully

admitted, and yet the record of Moses stand secure and by no means discredited.

First, let us take that theory which is most literal. "In six days the Lord made heaven and earth," each of these days being taken as our solar day. Whatever geologists may agree upon, whatever fossils the scientists may dig from the earth, may not the Christian reply, "Is not God Omnipotent?" Was not His creative act a miracle? And might not God have formed and arranged all those particles just as they now appear in a single day as easily as in a million centuries? We believe the trees of paradise were originally created in fruit-bearing maturity and that man was not made first as an infant. Why not think of the Creation as extending over just six natural days!

Another method of interpretation is to take the expression of the first verse, "In the beginning," as referring to a period greatly distant in the past, in which "God created heaven and earth." The second verse describes the earth as without form and void, or as the original Hebrew reads, a desolation and a waste. The Bible distinctly states that the Lord created the earth not in vain; hence, we would not expect it to be in this state of ruin in the first place. The first verse tells of the Creation of the Universe, but of non-existing material; and the second verse begins a record of altogether distinct and subsequent events which did not affect the sidereal heaven, but only the earth and its immediate surroundings. Some maintain that the earth had undergone a cataclysmic change as a result of divine judgment. Age after age may have rolled away, and during their course the earth's crust was gradually formed. There is room for any length of time between the first and second verses of the Bible, and here again we find the geological attacks foiled. The six days comprising the "see-

ondary" creation were literal days, during which the readjustment and formation on the earth were completed, the creative acts being those connected with animal and man. The advocates of this theory hold to the idea that these were days of twenty-four hours, since they are spoken of as having "evening" and "morning".

While both the primary and secondary creations were accomplished by the wisdom of God and His power, there is a distinction between the two which is given in Genesis 2:3, where it says, "He rested from all His works which God had created and made."

The third mode of conciliation is construing the six days as metaphorical days, each implying an indefinite period of time. Here the word "day" is interpreted as meaning an enormous cycle of creative activity. The epochs of God whose periods are not as ours, are presented to us in our history as human epochs. There is then a double series of days: an upper and a lower; the one analogous to the other. The higher or the heavenly are the great cycles of creation, which ended in the Sabbath cycle of the reconstructed economy with man at its head. The lower and earthly, are the form they take to us in the representation of literal days ending on the Sabbath, hallowed forever, each of our working days being used to symbolize its own term in the secondary creation of God, and our own literal Sabbath His rest.

The first day in the creation is the most comprehensive, including all down to the production of light, one period of untold duration which it pleased God to call what we know as the natural

day, with its evening and morning. The last day is the long Sabbath rest with God, which with man is the hallowed day of rest.

Thus we find three theories regarding this question. First: the old orthodox view, most recently defended by Keil, which claims that the world was created in six literal days. Second: the Restitution Hypothesis, which says the geological epochs form an incalculably long period before the period of light and other creative acts. Therefore, the Mosaic six days work is a restitution or a formation superimposed on an earlier and, as it were, perished order of things. Chalmers, Buckland, Sedgwick, Hitchcock, Kurtz and many other eminent writers, adhere to this view of the literal days, and believe that ages of geology passed over silently in Genesis 1:2. Third: the view of the Harmonists or Concordists, who hold that the six days are periods of great indefinite length and are, therefore, reconcilable and parallel with the long geological formations. This theory was taught by St. Augustine in the sixth century and later advanced by Dr. Pope Cuvier and Hugh Miller.

With these theories before us, it is well to remember that the Lord has said, "As the heavens are higher than the earth so are my ways higher than your ways." While God does not forbid us to search as far as we may be able into the laws of His universe, our great task here is to learn the lesson of absolute dependence upon Him and entire submission to His will. Then, after a season, He will open vast stores of His wisdom to those who love and trust Him and will delight their souls with the secrets of His creative power.

GRACE RITCHIE, Col. '19.

"For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods.

In his hand are the deep places of the earth; the strength of the hills is his also.

The sea is his, and he made it: and his hands formed the dry land.

O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord our maker."
PSALMS 95:3-7.

Of Olivet



A FEW RESIDENCES BUILT IN OLIVET THIS YEAR

Mosaic on Faith

*O Faith, how cans't thou accomplish that
Which nothing else can bring to pass?
Is there anything too hard for thee?
How can thy power measureless be?*

*The fever from the aching brain
Thou cans't remove, and quiet pain,
That racks the physical of man,
And bring him back to health again.*

*Against the missiles, darts, and blows,
Despite the efforts of thy foes
To ruin and defeat thy plan,
Thou dost a huge Gibraltar stand.*

*At last unconquerable faith,
When wide swung open are the gates
Of heaven upon the streets of gold,
Thy glory there shall be untold.*

—O. J. T.

“Faith is a firm conviction of the truth of what is declared by another, simply on the ground of his truth or faithfulness; practical dependence on a person, statement, or thing as trustworthy; belief; trust; especially such belief and trust exercised toward God and Christ.”—WEBSTER.

“Faith is an acceptance, a renunciation of claim; a confession of unworthiness; an act of homage to God’s grace. It is without merit, but not without excellence. It is the very opposite of a meritorious claim upon God’s mercy; but there is an ethical excellence in the renunciation of such claim because it is the essence of the obedient and teachable spirit.”—STEVENS.

FROM the above definitions it is seen that real faith includes intellectual assent, submission of the will, self commitment, confidence, and trust. All anxious care, fretfulness and worry are foreign to faith, while, on the other hand, it brings rest, hope, and contentment. They who believe do enter into rest. Faith and rest are inseparable.

In Christian experience there may be two kinds of faith, saving faith and the fullness of faith. If an individual possesses the latter, his soul will continually exclaim with the Psalmist, “Wait thou only upon God for my expectation is from Him.”

The faith by which we are justified is not simply an assent to the gospel without moving or affecting the heart or bringing the in-

dividual to a realization of sin. Faith has a saving power and is the only condition of our justification. It is a concurrence of the will and affections with the plan of salvation which causes a renunciation of every other refuge. Such a trust in Jesus causes us to come to Christ and receive Him as our personal Savior, committing ourselves to Him with confidence in His ability to save us. There is no saving quality in faith itself, but it is faith in Jesus. The saving power is in the Savior.

Faith is always effectual; it brings something to pass and through it the personality and finite capabilities of man are raised to superhuman power. The greatest accomplishments have been and are being wrought by those who have unlimited trust in God. Just as certainly as faith lays hold upon God, its desires shall be realized. But there are obstructions which cause absolute trust to be an impossibility, for example: a lack of perfect assurance that God exists; doubtfulness as to His ability; questionings as to the truthfulness of His Word; sin harbored in the heart; and any unbelief in His Word.

True faith receives ample reward in this life and will be more fully recompensed in the life to come.

—E. E. T.

Bible Illustration

PETER, with Jesus and the other disciples, had come to Capernaum to minister the gospel unto the people. When they arrived and did not pay tribute, some came to them and inquired concerning their attitude. Wherefore Jesus called Peter and instructed him to go to the sea, cast in a hook, draw out the first fish that came up, take from the fish's mouth a piece of money, and go and pay their tribute.

The request was simple and possibly there was no difficulty in carrying it out. But, doubtless, Peter encountered some suggestions from the tempter that would have shaken his faith had he heeded them. And methinks I can see that disciple as he proceeds on his strange mission.

But before he reaches the water's edge, questions confront him: "Why is all this necessary? A fish with a coin in its mouth! Where would it get it? But my Lord said it would be so, and He never was mistaken." With similar thoughts flitting through his mind, he reaches the water. Something seemed to say, "Peter, you have been a fisherman all your life; you have caught tons of fish; few men know the trade better than you; but now, at the suggestion of this Galilean, you come here expecting to catch a fish that has a coin in its mouth. Go back and tell Him that such things are impossible." Peter reflects: "Would He tell me to do something that is impossible? No! He never did. And if He could feed that multitude with those few loaves and fishes, He can do this; so, here goes my hook." And with this he throws it into the water. One minute passes; two minutes; five, ten; but not a bite. "Wouldn't they laugh if you should tell them what you are doing, Peter?" Again he drops his head, but,— "There, I have a bite! He didn't fool me,—but it's gone." "Now, Peter, you have been following this man for some time; you have left your home, your trade, and all; and now you can see that He is just an ordinary man. He hasn't any more power than you have."

But there the devil overshot the mark and immediately there rushed to his mind scenes of the sick, blind, lame and deaf, as they leaped and praised God as this Man spoke, "Thy sins be forgiven thee." "And He said all things are possible with us if we

believe! Lord, I believe," and the line was jerked violently. He had the fish on the bank; he thrust his finger in its mouth and out came a shining coin. An exclamation of joy escaped his lips.

The tribute was paid, Peter's faith strengthened and God glorified.
—M. E. B.

A Personal Experience

AFTER God sanctified me, I felt that it was His will that I should go to school and prepare for work in His vineyard. Last summer I felt that the time had come for me to go. At that time I was working for a woman in Lincoln, Nebraska; and, having heard her express disapproval of girls leaving their employers suddenly, or on short notice, I felt impressed one Thursday morning to give her a twenty-four days' notice. I did so, telling her my plans. She said that it was foolish for me to go to school and tried to persuade me to stay with her. On Friday she told me a girl was coming on Monday to take my place, thus leaving me to look for a new place or go home.

The Assembly which I desired very much to attend was to meet in Lincoln in three weeks; but I could not afford to pay board and room rent without having any means of income, so it seemed that I must go home.

On Sunday, the pastor used for his text Romans 14:23, "For whatsoever is not of faith is sin." After the services I told him that the sermon had settled the question of my going home. Then I began to pray for God to make it possible for me to stay. On Sunday evening I said to the girls of the church, "All things work together for good to them that love God; and I do not believe God would take my position from me unless He had something better for me."

On Tuesday the girl came to take my place. I was compelled to leave, but had I believed God in vain? No! praise His name; for I heard of a woman who wanted a girl for three weeks. I went to see her, took the work, and found it much lighter than that which I had been doing. So I was given an opportunity to do some sewing in the day and go to prayer meeting in the evening. I attended the Assembly and it was through the influence of persons there that I am attending the Olivet University this year.
—A. M.



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"THE WIDOW'S MITE"

The Greatest Art

IT IS with wonder and admiration that we note the progress of nations in science, art, and inventions; but the greatest art is being neglected. Great men have lived for art alone, without regard to the high principles which should govern society and individual life. We cannot develop one side of our nature or intellect only without detrimental results. There is a greater benefit to be derived by having a symmetrical development of all our powers, which will leave neither our knowledge, nor our faith in God impaired. With all our powers developed, we will be fitted for the highest and noblest duties in the walks of life.

Moral life in the twentieth century is very complex. Wealth, knowledge, power, and social welfare make demands for establishing a standard of what is good and right. We cannot easily understand moral life today, with its problems and issues, except in the light of primitive society. It was out of the relation of the individual to social obligations and political order that the Greeks came to full consciousness of moral laws and personality. The necessity of forming a standard has been evident until today modern morality and civilization reveal influences of Hebrew, Greek, Roman, and Celtic life.

A great philosopher has said that the encampment of ignorance must be broken, the spell of satisfaction must be disturbed, and Christian spirits must have the right of way into obscurity, darkness, and speculation that they may overshadow it with light and victory. Socrates, the great philosopher, said, "Knowledge is the only virtue, and ignorance the only vice." As this great teacher taught men how to think and acquire knowledge, it was with the intention of teaching them how to live.

The greatest happiness that comes in our lives does not come to the individual who builds his enjoyment on the perishable things of the world, but on the enduring principle within him and seeks truth in order to reach the highest standard of manhood or womanhood.

It is the mission and duty of every person to train the faculties to precise action, and equip the intellect with all possible means

of research, so that with faith in God and with science perfectly developed, they will form a beautiful harmony of truth. Religion is the lamp of reason and the key to the doorway of life. Religion and science are parts of truth, while reason and revelation are factors of knowledge; and it is only by joining these components that a complete system of truth can ever be realized, and only through the harmony of these may we aspire to the highest good.

When the intellect has been trained to its greatest degree, and the understanding made clear and free from all imperfections and ignorance, then the mind can remain subject to the divine will of God.

Zeal for knowledge is wide-spread. Nations are perfecting their educational systems, and all forms of intellectual knowledge and the progress of the twentieth century is due to the increased interest in educational matters. The demand everywhere is for the new, because of the incompleteness, imperfections and dissatisfaction of the old. Poetry, art, philosophy, and eloquence, unaccompanied by religious life, are dangerous to any nation. Let him who would cast off the teachings of religion in the pride of research be assured that he will find knowledge and divine things inseparable and himself in ignorance. As we look forth on a field bounded with thought, her ideals and principles are struggling for the mastery. With the interests of humanity and the welfare of nations staked upon the issue, let us be found ranked with lovers of truth and benefactors of mankind, that we may fulfill the highest functions of life. Wisdom is not merely ability to apply a standard, but to form one for guiding and shaping ideals and principles in our character. There is a true system of rules for human conduct back of all that man knows. It is an unvarying principle, but it works out in different ways, because of the relation we have to places and things. It is by our knowledge that our personal standard is formed. Religion is more than a moral influence. It is an intellectual force. In it is the secret of nobleness and knowledge, and under its guidance and help we may know the truth as it is revealed in Christ.

SEVA J. ELLIS, Acad. '17.

Society

THE OPENING RECEPTION.

ON the evening of September 18, the opening reception was given in the dining hall. The students were received at the door by two of the lady professors, who furnished each with pencil and paper and instructed the recipients to write their names and exchange papers with others. Thus names as well as faces were learned. After the students had exchanged names and become somewhat acquainted, all entered heartily into the playing of games. Later in the evening, a program was rendered, consisting of readings and music, which was greatly enjoyed by all. After the entertainment of the evening, all knelt in prayer and dispersed with joyous anticipations.

HALLOWE'EN RECEPTION.

ON Hallowe'en the faculty and students met in the University dining hall for a general good time. Unique decorations showed the significance of the occasion. The entertainment began with music by the band; this was followed by a few harmless games. All threw care aside and had a jolly time, especially those who could, without assistance from the hands, bite apples floating in a tub of water, or doughnuts hanging on strings suspended from the ceiling. The refreshments—pumpkin pies, doughnuts and milk—were placed on a table and each helped himself. After another selection by the band and prayer by Professor Warner, the crowd dispersed, all declaring they had had an excellent time.

SENIOR RECEPTION.

THE College Seniors were entertained by Miss Mary Brandon, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. N. B. Herrrell, on the evening of November 19th. After enjoying a social time together, they were ushered into the dining room to partake of the good things awaiting them there.

After doing justice to the well filled plates of ice cream and cake, they returned to the parlor where a short musical program was rendered. It was now growing late and they were reminded that they must soon part and also that, as Seniors,

they must soon be separated. The class president, Mr. Elmer Kauffman, gave an inspiring talk and impressed on the minds of all the fact that the world was expecting something from them and that they should put forth every effort to make good.

After a short season of prayer, they retired to their rooms.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

THANKSGIVING Day was joyfully spent by the faculty and students as well as the residents of Olivet. At eight-thirty a. m. a Thanksgiving service was held in the chapel. In the prayers and testimonies God's presence was manifest and our souls were made thankful for His goodness to us.

Each member of the faculty and student body, boarding at the dormitory, was a guest at one of the homes in the village. The tables were loaded with everything one could wish to eat, and we feasted on turkey and cranberries until we could eat no more.

Our time was occupied in the afternoon with games, readings, music and taking of pictures.

WEENIE TOAST.

THE students residing in Olivet and those living too far distant to go to their homes for the Christmas vacation deserved a special treat, and this they had on Tuesday evening, December 21st. Chaperoned by the cook and the matron, they went to the woods where a fire was built and logs were arranged about the fire for seats. While some were seated around the fire engaged in conversation and playing games, others were busily preparing the "eats." But the latter was of too much interest for some to sit by and not take any part. So all endeavored to assist in hurrying things along.

The sight will never be forgotten. "Weenies," chicken, potatoes, apples and marshmallows dangled over the fire. Of course, the "dainties" were not prepared as would have been expected had they been set on the dining table, but that only added to the flavor, and each pronounced them very excellent. As might be expected, when everything edible was eaten, it was time to go home, and home we went.

The Art of Listening

SOME people always have much to say, but very little time to listen to anyone else. One has well said that in a company each one is eager to tell his own story and impatient of listening to others. Much emphasis is laid on being a good writer, thinker, or speaker. Bacon is often quoted: "Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man," but nothing is said about the man that listens. We need more listeners, and not so many speakers. Listening is an art. It takes power of concentrated thought to be able to follow a speaker through his discourse. The student who can sit and hear a story related, a lecture given, a verb conjugated, or a proposition explained, and not lose the connections, has made a wonderful achievement in his education.

A good listener is an inspiration to the speaker. Some few people, by their attentive interest and sympathetic attitude toward the speaker, have a magnetic faculty of eliciting words right out of the speaker's mouth. It is one of the most exquisite gifts possible.

Psychologists tell us that the attitude of the body will control to a great extent the attitude of the mind. If the student would take this into consideration from day to day as he sits in the class room during the recitation period, perhaps it might help him to solve the problem of understanding and retaining instructions of the teacher. Some of the same advice might be given to the one attending a church or listening to speaking of any kind, whatsoever.

Certainly, real politeness, if nothing else, will cause us to give undivided attention to the speaker; but if we would but feel, as we should, that he is worthy and deserves our attention, which in most cases is true, listening would have a different aspect.

Let us "study to be quiet" and hear what others may have to say.

—M. E. B.

The Autobiography of a Penny

MY earliest recollections are those of the mint life. Though brief, it was sufficiently long to leave with me impressions for a lifetime. I am very ruddy of complexion, not to say red-headed. My vocabulary is quite limited: all I can say is that I am one cent, was born at such and such a time, and that I am a citizen of the United States.

When it comes to popularity at a missionary or church collection, I am the *non plus ultra*. A five dollar bill isn't in it.

Though I may be in the same pocket with many of my big kinsfolk, when the hat comes my way in I go for a ride to visit a disappointed treasurer. But I am not alone: there are others. Alas, we are wearing ourselves out riding in church collection boxes.

Of course, circumstances alter cases. When I am in the pocket of a man who says "Hallelujah," and LIVES it, I then get a rest while my big Brother Dollar goes to help the needy.

I have had many hard times and tight squeezes; especially squeezes! But more, a tough case got hold of me once, gave me a silver-like coat and passed me for a dime. It is such a disgrace to be a hypocrite. Speaking of hypocrites reminds me of another sad case: the human beings were taking an offering to help Olivet University. A fine, big man, worth several millions of myself, came marching by and, would you believe it, thrust his generous hand into his full pocket and hauled me out and placed me carefully on the open Bible. He shouted so loudly as he did this that everybody thought he put in a thousand dollars. But, not so. This fellow was not a real "Nazarene"; he was only a Nazarene-jade, an imitation like myself when the tough case passed me for a dime.

Again I repeat it, it is such a disgrace to be a hypocrite.

O. J. R.

A Student's Letters Home

OLIVET, ILL., September 14, 1915.

MY DEAREST MOTHER — Doubtless you are wondering why I haven't written you yet; but, really, mother dear, everything has been so new and exciting I can scarcely catch my breath. It is all so wonderful to really be in college and, of course, I love it.

I had a nice trip coming down and arrived here Saturday P. M., at two o'clock, just as we had thought. Hardly a student had arrived yet, but the Chicago Central District of the Nazarene Church was having its yearly assembly and there were crowds of ministers with their wives and friends here. They acted as if they had known each other all their lives (and such a social time as they had). I felt so lonely all by myself that I thought I'd sleep all the time until the students came, but that was impossible, as there wasn't a quiet place available. It was noise, noise, noise!

One of the girls, who got here early, was so nice to me. She asked me to go to church with her Sunday P. M. I went because I didn't want to be a regular heathen, and I was too lonesome to go by myself in the A. M. I'm so glad I did. They had the best meeting! Folks acted so queer to be at church. They were all so happy; one boy walked all around in the auditorium with his hands held up above his head; a man pulled a flower from a vase and ran around, holding it over his shoulder like an umbrella; one woman *danced* right in church, honest she did, only she wasn't with a man; and the whole bunch seemed to have the best time. They cried and laughed and shouted and sang and did almost everything imaginable. Even I laughed, mother. But, serious now, what made them do it? Do you know? I'd like to. And it was all so unassumed.

I've written so much about the assembly. I'll just mention school this time. I room with the sweetest girl; her name is Marion Stowe; she takes second year college work, so can help me out when I get stuck. She is a Christian, but isn't at all sour or cross. The old students all love each other so much. I wonder if they will love me next year. Your own girlie,

ELIZABETH.

P. S.—Olivet is in the country, so I suppose we can have all the eggs, chicken, and milk we want.

OLIVET, ILL., October 31, 1915.

DEAR MOTHER—It was so lovely of you to send the eats, and such a

lark as we had. I had six of the girls with whom I associate come in to share the feast. Of course, it is study, study, study, all the time, so there wasn't time left to have them until quarter till ten. We had just started eating when "ding" went the bell. The temptation was too great to resist. We stuffed the keyhole with cotton and covered the crack under the door with our rugs and were eating as big as life, while the matron slept as peacefully as a child, never mistrusting a thing, for we were so quiet. Honest we were, mother, even if we all were girls.

But all good things must come to an end, and our spread was no exception. While we were having such a good time, the President was going home from his office. He saw our light, so he stopped and asked us whence the gaiety. Of course, we were scared to death, and turned out the light immediately. Very unceremoniously did our spread end and the girls all scampered home to bed. And, would you believe it, the next morning in chapel he told the whole school about the light being on after ten. No telling what he would have done if he had known all that was going on.

The Hallowe'en stunt was Saturday P. M. Had a good time, but wished I was home with you folks.

It's most mail time, so, farewell.

ELIZABETH.

OLIVET, ILL., November 20, 1915.

MY OWN DEAR MOTHER — I just can't study, so I'm going to write you and tell you all about things. My throat isn't one bit sore, but when I go to the table, I just can't eat. I want to cry all the time, and I can hardly choke down a bite. I wish I'd never come! They pray, and everything and everybody is so happy, except me. All the girls are nice to me, but they are so different. I can't study much and oh, dear! When I was home I wasn't so wicked, was I? At least, I never felt so wicked and uncomfortable then. I do want to be good and I try hard, but there's no use denying it, I am not happy like the other girls.

I wish you were here so I could tell you all about it. I can't tell my roommate. She is a dear, but she is so peaceful and happy I'm sure she never, never felt like I do tonight. I'm even scared to go to sleep because I might not wake up in the morning. I love you, mother, and want to see you.

BETH.

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Of Olivet

OLIVET, ILL., November 25, 1915.

DEAR MOTHER—Oh, I am so happy! This A.M. they had the loveliest sermon I ever heard, only I felt so uncomfortable all the time the minister was preaching. I felt worse and worse, but he preached so good, and when he got through he said he felt someone there needed help. I thought "That's I." He said if anyone wanted to get rid of all his sins and feelings (and he described just how I felt and, honest, I never told him nor anyone else) he would pray. I knew he meant me. It didn't take me long to make up my mind, so I just got up and went to some long benches they have in front, and how good I feel now. All that old uncomfortable feeling is gone now. I know I'm a Christian. I see now why they laughed and sang and shouted so that first night. I feel it inside. I'm sorry for all the naughty things I did and said when I was home.

Your own happy girlie.

P. S.—I told the President and the matron what a naughty girl I was when my eats came, and they both forgave me so nice.

OLIVET, ILL., January 8, 1916.

MY DARLING MOTHER—My first letter to you since I got back from vacation at grandma's. It really seemed good to get back here, for I do so love the girls. O. U. is a lovely place!

We had the greatest old time last night. Isabelle has a "friend" and he comes to see her every week. While she was "at the parlor," Grace, Lou and I went to her room, and what we didn't do! We turned every picture on the dresser upside down; put her chafing dish in the middle of the floor; piled her dresser drawers in front of the closet door and put a dummy in her bed. We had just finished that much when study hour came, so we scampered off to our rooms, so we wouldn't be naughty. At 9:45 Isabelle came rushing upstairs to accuse us all of being guilty. She thought it was the biggest joke, and we all did have a big laugh over it. "It's fun to have fun."

They have a year book here, and, do you know, the editor asked *me* to write an article on dormitory life, and I don't see what I could ever write about it that would be interesting, but he persuaded me to think it over. Do you suppose I could? I just love English, but—oh, well!

Your loving daughter,
BETH.

OLIVET, ILL., May 12, 1916.

MY DEAR MOTHER—I'm so tired tonight, as I have had a very busy week, but want to write to you, anyway. Our literary society had their annual picnic



"PHILATHEAN PICNIC," 1915

as a jubilee to-day. It was a picnic in itself getting the lunch ready. Between classes Marion and I would make sandwiches and then rush back to school and pour out all that our brains contained. The others did the same in the line of salads, cakes, etc.

At last all was ready, and at 3:40 we started. We went through groves, up steep banks and then down on the other side, until we reached an ideal place for a picnic. We certainly did have a jolly time. The boys built a big bonfire and then we roasted "wenies" and marshmallows. We played all kinds of games, and by six o'clock we were almost starved, but didn't stay that way long—we had the best eats! We started home soon after supper and, as we had no society, I'm writing.

Just think; it will soon be time to go home. I'm eager to see you all; it has been a long time since September. I can't help but tell you I rather dread coming home, though, for I'm so changed. The old crowd will hardly know me and they won't understand; but you and Jesus will, and that's enough. I *will* stand true to Him. Since I was sanctified at grandma's, I do not wear my rings and lavallier. Jane will ask me the first thing if I lost the ring she gave me for Christmas, and do you know, I've never even worn it! I've also made up my mind I'll go to the Nazarene church. Whatever will the girls think? But I don't care.

Good-bye until next time.

ELIZABETH.

Be A Burden Lifter

Somebody's heart with sorrow is broken,
Crushed by the absence of kindness and smiles;
Some loving deed, or word kindly spoken,
Might bind up the wounds and make life worth while.

Some little act, tho' small and unnoticed,
May sunshine and cheer bring back to the heart,
Some little favor may act as a poultice
To heal up the wounds which are torn apart.

Dying is the world for lack of true love:
Longing a kind word for someone to speak;
In gross darkness lying,—no light from above,
Will you lend a hand, some lost one to seek?

O for someone to be thoughtful of others,
Forgetful of self and her own desires,
Willing to sacrifice as would mother,
For the best good of her own precious child.

Many hearts now are aching with sadness,
Anxious for pity and love of a friend;
No one to comfort and bring them gladness,
No one with sympathy o'er them will bend.

Brilliant gems in the bosom lie buried,
Of poor little orphans, waifs, on the street.
Kindness might win them if some one would bear
A message of love, and shoes for their feet.

Down in the ditch a poor drunken father;
At home, little children crying for bread.
Many delight in dragging him farther;—
Could some one help to uplift him instead?

Out on the street is a poor girl outcast:
Once she was virtuous—white as pure snow,—
But now so degraded; friendless at last,—
Would you a kindness upon her bestow?

Does Jesus love her and pity and groan?
Was it for her His sufferings He bore?
Yes, for her, those indescribable moans.
His love will forgive her. Could He do more?

Some mother's dying; no friend to draw near
And place a sweet kiss on her swallowed cheek;
Tho' fever is raging there's none to care;
She's left all alone to suffer and weep.

Does any one love her? Does no one care
If she dies all forgotten and forlorn?
Is no one willing her burdens to share,
And tell her of Jesus who'll guide her home?

Up, let us be doing; and fill with cheer
The souls all about us, cast down and sad.
Let our lives bring sunshine and dry up tears,
And make the whole world about us now glad.

ORA J. TURNER, Col. '18.

Editorial

ANOTHER school year will soon be gone; but it has been one that will be remembered in future years as an eventful one in the history of our lives. We met in the college chapel, September 15th, for the most part strangers. We glanced out of the corners of our eyes at those around us to see what our newcomers were like. Here and there were to be seen those to whom we had become attached by the associations of a previous year, and we wondered if these strangers ever could become such close friends. We didn't wonder long; every one seemed eager to get acquainted with every one else. A warm handshake here, a cheery "Glad to know you," there, a "Lord bless you," and a hearty welcome to one and all, and our hearts began to knit with cords of real friendship and Christian love. And now, at the end of the year, we separate as close friends with whom it seems we have always been acquainted.

The year has been remarkable for many reasons. We have had the largest faculty, the greatest number of students, and more graduates than any previous year. With our blessings we have received afflictions, but our God whom we serve, has delivered us out of them all. As we look back we marvel at His leadings.

And now, farewell, O. U.; we must depart. Some to carry salvation's news across the water, others to labor in the homeland for the Master; but we shall still be joined in heart and hope to meet again.

* * * * *

NATIONS are rising against nations; kingdoms against kingdoms, and the whole world is in a state of turmoil and confusion. One need only look about, and he must be convinced

that prophecy is being fulfilled. The unrestful condition which is gripping nations is also manifested in the smaller circles of society, and everywhere we turn our hearts are saddened because of the awful plight into which this old world has fallen.

About six thousand years ago a great catastrophe came to this world when the peace, happiness, and harmony of our foreparents were suddenly interrupted and an element of discord and confusion came in that robbed man of his most priceless blessing. Order and harmony had been preëminent; but now, confusion and discord prevail. Man is out of harmony with God, nature, his fellow-man, and himself; and not until the Prince of Peace reigns supremely on the throne of man's heart will there be that concord or agreement which brings the happiness that was once in vogue.

It seems that the climax has been reached when even the institutions, which were established for the sole purpose of rectifying this awful condition, are wavering and falling under the grasp of this dreadful monster.

The individual who is at variance with his environment—unless he is in the right—is not only most wretched himself, but exerts a very unpleasant influence upon his associates. One sinner in heaven would destroy that perfect harmoniousness and concord of righteousness and peace which prevail there, and convert heaven into a state of confusion.

Scientists find one element that prevents the possibility of perpetual motion, viz., friction. So likewise society finds one element which retards its progress,—discord.

Our duty is evident: seek to know the Right and adjust ourselves accordingly; be true, be loyal to ourselves, our fellow-man, and God.



LIBRARY, DINING HALL

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Seniors

College
of
Liberal
Arts



The Value of a College Education

THE value of a college education does not lie in the fact that the graduate is the happy possessor of a sheepskin, or a string of degrees; nor does its value lie in the added opportunity for filling advanced positions nor the increase of personal prestige which it may bring. But it does lie in the fact that the college and university have for their aim and ideal, graduates who are "Fitted for a life of useful service." To equip young manhood and womanhood to face the battles of a strenuous life; to train them to cope with the problems confronting them, that they may become masters in the strife, is the worthy task of higher education.

Someone has said, "When a person goes to college, he matriculates, not in one school only, but in three. He goes to school to his books, he goes to school to his professors, and he goes to school to his fellow students." In his books, he listens to the voices of the brightest minds of all the past ages. He studies their faults and failures and learns how and why they succeed. He lives their lives with them, catches their spirit of endeavor, absorbs their ideals and forges for himself a character which without their help would be impossible. As a result, he ponders on the past thoughtfully, gazes on the present in peace, and views the future in confidence.

As he goes to the school of his instructors, he finds that they are not men who simply give information; but he finds large-minded, great-souled men, who make their subjects glow with light and warmth; men who arouse to a worthy purpose and enrich the whole life of their students; men whose hearts are intent upon the development of the personality first and the acquisition of knowledge afterwards; men who themselves are struggling for higher heights of achievement and who carry with them that magnetic

force which attracts to higher things those who associate with them.

Last, and greatest of all, is the school of the fellow-students, whose ambition and determination inspire to greater achievements than can either books or instructors. Who can estimate the value of the mental appetite which results from the friendly contest for knowledge with fellow students? Who can resist the influence of those whose whole personality throbs with the dominating purpose of a holy life? Invaluable is the benefit of their association. "As iron sharpeneth iron, so man sharpeneth the countenance of a friend."

Thus we see that it is the personal touch of the brightest minds of the past, the broad-minded personal enrichment by the professors and the inspiration from the personalities of fellow-students which are the potent factors in the process of educational development in the university. The poet's fancy, "I am a part of all that I have met," is proven an absolute fact.

But the glorious laurels of education are placed upon the brows of those who lay bare their hearts and minds and exert persistent, determined effort. These are they who go forth valiantly into the world of action; who are trained for useful service; who are equipped for life's emergencies, and who are confident of conquering its difficulties. These are they who step forth from the classic halls invigorated by a purpose true; and impelled by a determination firm, and return honor to their Alma Mater.

Long live our own dear Olivet, which not only trains her youths for useful service, but surrounds them with the influences for righteousness and with exemplary holy lives. Arouse yourselves, oh, fellow Christians, and arise to her aid. Lift up her hands till she shall tower above her sisters and men shall adore the unsullied banner of Holiness which floats over her portals.

E. H. KAUFFMAN, Col. '16.

Seniors of College of Liberal Arts



Elmer H. Kauffman, B. S., Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Attended Webb Academy and Ferris Institute; graduated from Union High School, Grand Rapids; entered Olivet University, September, 1913; member of Philathea Literary Society, "Sons of Asaph" Quartette; President of Senior Class; President of Philathea Literary Society for one term; graduate from scientific department; expects to teach.

This whirlwind hails from Michigan, and with him comes many a gust of enthusiasm; with the enthusiasm is a reality. He is not afraid of hard work. We can see Kauffman boosting for O. U. as he persuades the young people through the Middle States, life is not worth living without an education.

*"All that he does, he does with his might;
Things done by him are always done right."*

James Bruce Deisenroth, B. S., Chicago, Illinois.

Graduated from Calumet High School, Chicago, '13; Vice-President and Ambassador of Philathea Literary Society for one term each; member of Aurora Staff, '13-'14, '14-'15, '15-'16.

Chicago is well represented by Deisenroth. He has been with us three years and we will miss him when he is gone. He is one of the best mathematicians O. U. has ever had. He doesn't think he will have need for it, but to be on the safe side he is taking a course in Domestic Science. He expects to teach. He will, no doubt, make a mark in the world.

"To err is human; to forgive, divine."—POPE.

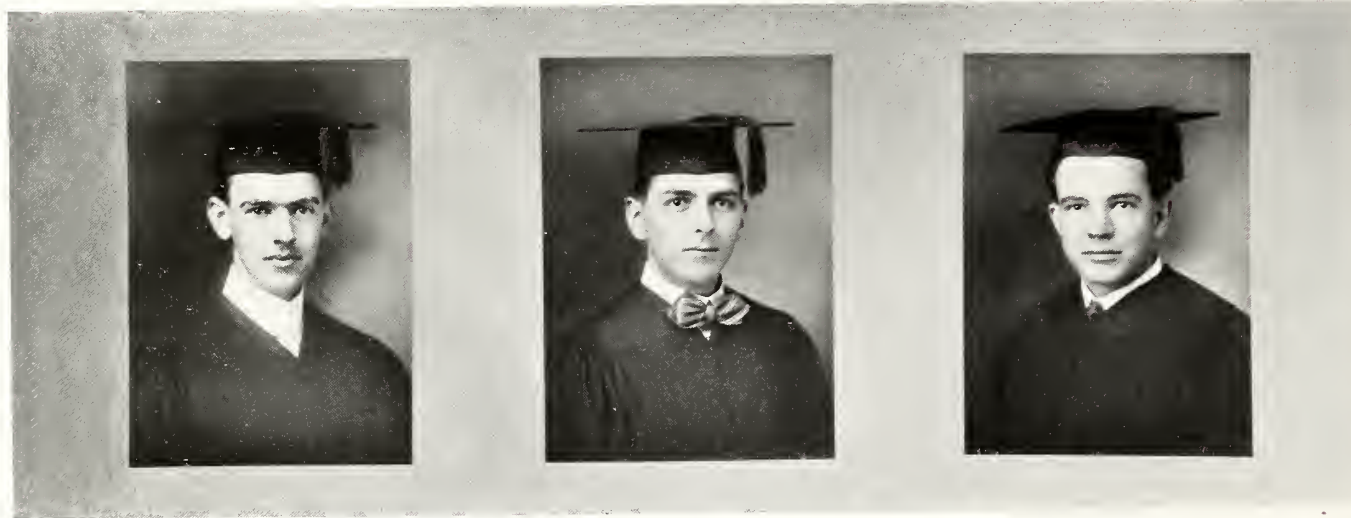
Grace Gertrude McLemore, Ph.B., Salem, Indiana.

Graduated from High School of Salem, Ind., '09; Vice-President and Secretary of Philathea Literary Society one term each; member of Miriam Quartette, '14-'15.

This young lady is one of Olivet's loyal friends, and a lover (?) of history of philosophy. Her unassuming manner and winning smile make her loved wherever she goes. Many times have we all been blessed by her singing in chapel and church services.

"She will sing the savagess out of a bear."

Seniors of College of Liberal Arts



Mack E. Bouton, B. S., Georgetown, Illinois.

Entered Olivet the opening day of school in 1908; graduate of Olivet Academy; member of Philathea Literary Society; Editor-in-chief of Aurora, '15-'16; President and Critic of Philathea, one term each; graduate from Scientific Department; will enter the ministry.

We are all asking ourselves, "What shall we do next year without Mack, our charter member of Olivet University?" Such loyalty as he possesses is rare. Modesty has her hand upon this youth, yet efficiency has her share of him. Success will follow him, especially while he Smiths in the woods.

"Born of love and wisdom and worthy of all honor."

Samuel Ray Burkholder, B. S., McPherson, Kansas.

Attended McPherson College, Bethany College and Conservatory, Lindsborg, Kan.; member Philathea Literary Society; President of Philathea for one term; member of "Sons of Asaph" Quartette; member of the Orchestra; Pianist.

"Among the noted." Here is our musician, and you may be sure we are proud to have had him with us! He was blown in here by a Kansas cyclone some two years ago. He is studious, good-natured, curly-haired, and unmarried. Rather a queer combination, isn't it? His stature is like a palm tree. We predict that he will be a great man some day if he continues to grow.

"He who knows most grieves most for waste of time."

Alvin H. Kauffman, Jr., B. S., Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Attended Webb Academy, Ferris Institute, and Union High School of Grand Rapids; Secretary of Philathea Literary Society, '15; Chairman of Program Committee, '14, '15, '16; member of "Sons of Asaph" Quartette; Leader of Missionary Prayer Band; winning Orator, '15.

Here is a good advertisement for Olivet University! Besides being from Grand Rapids, Alvin has several other things to his credit. He is industrious, wide-awake, and popular. Though he boasts of his accomplishments as a cook, it is quite evident that he has better plans for the future (cooking). He is an active member of various organizations and has a large fund of enthusiasm. He is devoted to the life work to which God has called him — a foreign missionary worker.

"Truest wisdom is a resolute determination."

Seniors of College of Liberal Arts



Olin Whitefield Waltz, A. B., Armstrong, Illinois.

Chaddock Academy, Quincy, Ill.; Illinois Wesleyan University, Bloomington, Ill.; Philathea Literary Society, Vice-President, '16; member of Band and Orchestra.

"Small, but mighty;" is a good cornetist and trombonist. "Brickey" is a type of his own. He will get through, you may depend on it. He is earnest, friendly, thoughtful, and red-headed; but capable. He has enough religion to enjoy it and finds his greatest happiness in the "Ministry of the Word". Don't try to estimate what there is in a quiet fellow.

"Red hair is a virtue."

Eula Wright Jay, A. B., Georgetown, Illinois.

Graduated from Wesleyan Methodist Theological Seminary, Fairmount, Ind., '10; High School, Carthage, Ill., '12; entered Olivet September, '12; member of Philathea Literary Society, Secretary and Critic of same one term each. Contemplates teaching.

A studious, staunch, sensible student. Miss Jay has strong convictions, but her good sense prevents her from imposing them on others. From last years' experience, we are sure success will follow her in her chosen vocation. It is rumored that she declares her determination to be an old maid, but ——— !

"I canvas not the smile of praise nor dread the frown of censure."

Otto Franklin Hinz, Ph.B., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Graduated from West Division High School; attended Albian College and Central Holiness University; entered Olivet University September, '15; member of Philathea Literary Society; Treasurer of Philathea one term; graduate from Philosophic Department. Expects to preach.

This young man, like many others, came to Olivet to get wisdom; ere he had been here long every symptom indicated he was getting "Wise"—now he is wiser. Mr. Hinz does not mingle with us in the dining hall, but we are glad to see his smiling face as he rushes through the halls and across the campus. He is getting helpful experience in the culinary line.

"Searching for truth."

Undergraduates, College of Liberal Arts



WINNIE SCHURMAN SIDNEY MASSIE HUGH BENNER HAROLD PALMER GEORGE LUCHSINGER LURA BOYCE
JOSEPH RUDER FANNIE BOYCE GRACE RITCHIE MRS. ORA TURNER ERNEST E. TURNER

Seniors

College
of
Bible



"Thy Word is a
Lamp unto my feet"

Senior of Divinity School



ADAM R. SHIPLEY, B. S., S. T. B.

ADAM R. SHIPLEY was born in Montgomery County, Maryland, in 1878. He finished work in the Grammar Department of Taylor University, Upland, Indiana, in 1907. He entered the Academic Department of Central Holiness University, University Park, Iowa, in 1907; was in school there until 1910.

After leaving C. H. U. he went as a missionary to India, but after remaining there a year was obliged to return on account of ill health. While recuperating, he spent six months in Idaho in pioneer religious work. After completing his duties there, he went to North Dakota, where he met Miss Alta Wolfe, who became his wife.

He entered Illinois Holiness University in 1913, in the Department of Liberal Arts, and graduated from the same in 1915 with the degree of Bachelor of Science.

During his school life he has taken much theological work and has the honor of being the first to graduate from the advanced theological course of Olivet University, with the degree of Bachelor of Sacred Theology.

Mr. Shipley has worked his way entirely through school, to use his own language, "God making ways where there seemed to be no way," and is, indeed, a man of character and worth.

Seniors, College of Bible



MRS. MYRTA SHARP

E. H. KAUFFMAN

A. H. KAUFFMAN, JR.

BERTHA M. WELCH

MYRTA SHARP, Christian Workers' Course.

"A woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised."

ELMER H. KAUFFMAN, Greek Theological Course.

"His delight is in the law of the Lord."

ALVIN H. KAUFFMAN, JR., Greek Theological Course.

*"Ask of me and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance,
and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possessions."*

BERTHA M. WELCH, Christian Workers' Course.

"Her price is far above rubies."

Undergraduates, College of Bible



Upper Row—Alva Eastman, L. T. Wells, L. V. Ludwig, Henry Peters, Frank Baungartner, Paul Snyder, Fred Sharp.
Second Row—Walter Henschen, Mary Suddith, Richard Kunze, Russell Nutt, Zena Rasmusen, Forest Landgrabe, Chaas A. Brown, Elsie Jenks, Carl Nelson.
Bottom Row—Mamie Hess, Dora Hutchison, Bessie Hess, Bessie Stevenson, Retha Hoffman, Esther Miller, Elma Young, Hazel Budd.

Seniors

Academy



Academy Seniors



PAUL LINCOLN HAGERTY.

*"And one may travel through this world and sow it thick
with friendship."*

BEULAH PEARL LIVINGSTON.

"A companion that is cheerful is worth gold to me."

CHARLES EMERALD MORRIS.

*"All his faults are such that one loves him still the better
for them."*

GRACE PAULINE MELLERT.

"A sweet, attractive kind of grace."

Academy Seniors



EMIN LARoy METZ.

*"A judicious silence is always better than truth spoken
without charity."*

LILIAN MAE MURRAY.

"Silence and sunshine blent."

GLENN REDDICK.

"An investment in knowledge pays the best interest."

LAWRENCE HOWE.

"A moral, sensible, and well-bred man."

History of Academy Class of '16

FOUR long years ago, we entered Olivet University, and found that the Freshman class consisted of but four members, to whom we ascribe the honor of being the charter members of the famous Class of '16.

During the second year our self esteem increased greatly; we had become Sophomores. Soon we were Juniors. At once we began business: class meetings were called, officers were elected, and everything was in a rush. We felt very important. Everybody in school knew that the Juniors had organized. When the storm had subsided, we found the officers to be Paul Hagerty, President; Glenn Reddick, Vice-President; Grace Mellert, Secretary; Emin Metz, Treasurer.

Our first experience in public was the usual Senior reception, given by the Juniors at the home of the University President, Dr. Ellyson. Refreshments were served, games were played, a short program was given, and a very pleasant evening was spent.

Each member, with great anticipation, looked forward to the day when we would become "dignified" Seniors. We gazed upon them with great admiration, as they passed through the halls and about the campus, and we longed for the time when we would step into the ranks and hold as high a place as our precedents.

At last the great event came. We were Seniors. The realization was greater than the anticipation. One must really be a Senior to appreciate its meaning. A meeting was called for the election of the new officers, but scarcely any changes were made from the previous year. Our former President was reelected, as

he was thought to be the most capable of steering the ship through all the storms it might meet.

This year has afforded us many interesting things. From the beginning we have been a small class and have had many problems to solve. But small beginnings often have great endings.

Now we look back over the four years. We see the "Freshies" just in their prime. We say, "Can it be that we were ever so young and green?" We see the "Sophs" in all their gaiety, and again we wonder, "Can it be that we were ever so gay?" Then we watch the proud "Junies," in all their splendor, as they pass in and out of the class rooms, and we ask ourselves, "Did we ever act so proud, when we were Juniors?" But now we pause and wonder what they think of us, and if we have lived up to their standard of a Senior.

It is our earnest desire and prayer that, as a class, we may live lives that will tell for time and eternity; and set an example of an ideal class, to which other will strive to attain. When we see our motto, "Climb, Though the Heights Be Rugged," and also our emblem, "the eagle," waving before us, we are encouraged. Though at times the heights be rugged, we may, as the eagle, soar above the trifling things, each day climbing higher.

During these last four years, we believe we have made real history. Although it may vanish from the minds of many people, it has found a place in each of our secret hearts: as we depart from the walls of Olivet University, may our greatest desire be to make history that will count for God.

—GRACE MELLERT, Acad. '16.

Academy Juniors



Top Row—DeEtte Gilmore, Orville Coate, Wesley Middleton, Ralph Surber, Faye Dennis.
Middle Row—Wilhelmina Livingston, Lena Allen, Opal Coate, Willis Canaday, Albert Obrecht, Seva Ellis, Lebila Howe, Helen Peters.
Lower Row—Paul Tonguett, Naomi Anderson, Jesse Brown, Adele Field, Raymond Carroll, Ellen Lanham, Paul Richards, Lois Nees.

Academy Sophomores



Upper Row—James Willison, Dwight Richards, Von Stevenson, Clover Keen, Francis Canaday, Raymond Knighton, Joseph Shelby.
Lower Row—Denton Floyd, Daisy Hester, Flora Willingham, Hazel Carlson, Helen Nottingham, Lila Schurman, Edna Cole, Homer Gilmore.

Academy Freshmen



Upper Row—Virgil Pool, Albert Wells, Albert Givens, Walter Wright, Cecil Fry, Wm. T. Thompson, Carl McClain.

Middle Row—Marguerite Ryan, George Corson, Emma Canaday, Celestial Rayl, Amanda Mellies.

Lower Row—Ethel Springer, Rollo Benner, Ellen Cole, Allen Smith, Ruth Turner, Howard Williams, Bonnie Marr, Kirby Middleton, Gertrude Pool.

Academy Class of 1915

That class has departed—much sorrow we see;
Their voices make merry no longer O. U.
We now view in weeping their tombstones—Oh me!
If we could cease weeping, our tears would be few.

Twelve months have elapsed since their faces we knew;
Tho' the power of their lives on our noodles doth stamp,
And now they are gone from us ever—Boo-hoo!
To sleep evermore near the gasoline lamp.

Of this precious Class, born September A. D.,
We say—they did well as a cinder path crew,
In leaving a shaft that by daylight we see,
And a gasoline light that by night we might view.

Altho they're gone hence, but still they remind us
That we, by painstaking may make our lives talk;
And then in departing we may leave behind us
Some footprints of learning on the old cinder walk.

But now we must leave with our tears still unchecked;
We trust this will teach us a lesson or two:
That if we a Sun Dial would ever erect,
We'll not only start, but we'll finish it through.

—O. R.

THE CONSUMMATION



IN MEMORIAM

Music ~



Conservatory of Music



VERA ELLJE AVERILL, Aquilla, Texas
GRADUATE IN PIANO

"The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved by the concord of sweet sound—
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils,
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus;
Let no such man be trusted,
Said Lorcizo." —SHAKESPEARE.

MUSIC is a mirror in which the soul of the musician is reflected, the embodiment of the inward feelings. If, as is generally accepted, music is the true expression of the soul, we may rightly expect the highest and noblest productions of this art from those who possess the purest and noblest souls.

Since the mind is the doorway to the soul, in order to become a musician it is necessary to educate the mind musically; but in the pursuit of a musical education the mental and physical are so closely allied that we may acquire the desired results only by developing the two together.

Aside from natural ability and good health, the first and greatest requisite to the development of the musician is a competent teacher, who directs the thought by example, by explanation, and by inspiration.

Hearing is probably the second greatest factor in the musical education. Every student strives to produce the tones which meet his idea of good music. He is satisfied with and judges music according to his own stage of development. Thus, through hearing, the conception of music is broadened.

The field of music has been so widely explored that it is impossible for anyone in his brief lifetime to give the world anything new in the art, except he first get the general principles, and travel the paths already marked out by the masters of this and other days. This may be done by availing one's self of good music literature, which takes in such a broad scope that to acquire a good general knowledge of music is simply a matter of application. The best literature of the world can be obtained right at our own door, and at a price which most anyone can afford.

The old idea that musicians are born, and not made, is a mistaken one. One may become an artist only by years of thorough practice and hard study. The student may have talent for music, he may have the teacher and the best of opportunities and yet lack the key to success—the will to work.

"If you want nuggets of gold, dig for them." PROF. W. D. FOSTER.

Piano Students



Upper—Iona Bentley, Beulah Livingston, Denton Floyd, Emily Freshney, Mary Corson, Virgil Pool, Wilhelmina Livingston, Bonnie Marr, Elsie Jenks, Roger Keister,
Middle—Helen Pritchard, Esto Hickey, Leila Howe, Sidney Massie, Mrs. C. A. Brown, Hugh Benner, Annamay Carlson, Paul Richards, Ethel Springer,
Lower—Jean Keister, Cecil Allen, Bernice Sharp, Lucille Karr, Prof. Ashbaugh, Prof. Gookin, Leah Kline, Charlotte Livingston, Mary Floyd, Ruth Ashbaugh.

Violin and Mandolin Students



Upper Row—Prof. Lulu Norris, Edna Cole, Daisy Hester, Emily Freshney, Howard Williams, Frances Smith, Ellen Cole, Prof. Dana Averill.

Middle Row—Mary Floyd, Richard Williams, Ruth Richards, Park Allen, Ralph Coate, Geneva Skelley, Allene Brown.

Lower Row—Mary Suddith, Bonnavier Kell, Denton Floyd, Albert Givens, Zena Rasmusen, Dwight Richards, Harold Palmer, Naomi Anderson, Hellen Nottingham.

Vocal Students



Upper—Helen Pritchard, Bonnavier Kell, Amanda Mellies, Retha Hoffman, Lucille Karr, Russell Nutt, Annamay Carlson, Beulah Livingston, Elma Young, Hazel Budd, Mamie Hess
Lower—Joseph Rudder, George Luchsinger, Walter Henschen, Samuel Burkholder, Henry Peters, Prof. Foster, Lawrence Fick, Carl Nelson, Paul Snyder.

"Sons of Asaph" Quartette



First Tenor CELESTIAL RAYL
 Second Tenor. E. H. KAUFFMAN
 First Bass A. H. KAUFFMAN, JR.
 Second Bass SAMUEL R. BURKHOLDER

The Place of Singing in Revivals

SINGING is an auxiliary to prayer and to all Christian work. God made us to be moved by singing. Sacred song refreshes, stimulates, and ennobles the mind. It is calculated in a very eminent degree to lift one above mean associations and to inspire helpful emotions.

Singing attracts the young to revival meetings; it rivets the truth on their hearts. During the revival of 1857, the demand for cheap hymn books was enormous. Every one sang with the spirit and the effect was excellent.

Poetry and song are the mental language of strong feeling. The intellect discerns truth most easily under the impulsion of feeling. From the very earliest time religious emotion has taken music for its medium and songs have been the instruments used to awaken devotion.

Luther was a musician as well as a preacher and leader. He felt that singing was a powerful instrumentality for good, which must be rescued from its bondage and given back to the people to strengthen and help them. "Music is the art of the prophets," said he. "It is the only art which, like theology, can calm the agitation of the soul and put the devil to flight."

Mr. Bliss believed that all who led in the service of song should sing with grace in their hearts; that the music should be strictly spiritual, honoring God and exalting Jesus Christ.

There should be but little singing in the earlier stages of a meeting. It is then time for confession and contrition. A bowed, self abased, aching heart cannot sing; neither can one that is in agony for the souls of others. There is a time for everything—for singing and for praying.

The choir should act as leaders of the congregation, not as monopolizers of the singing. The leader also should be thoroughly in sympathy with the preacher, and discard all ideas of mere exhibition of skill.

Above all, let those who sing feel what they utter, and so plainly speak the words as to edify the hearers; as Paul says, singing "with the understanding." Let everything bend to the one object of awakening, edifying, and saving men, and "Do it heartily as unto the Lord."

GRACE MCLEMORE, Col. '16.



Expression

Private Expression



Upper Row—Grace Ritchie, Richard Kunz, Albert Obrecht, Walter Wright, Chas A. Brown, Ruth Buell.
Lower Row—Emin Metz, Helen Peters, Grace McLemore, Lelila Howe, Hazel Carlson, Joseph Shelby.

The School of Oratory

IN ACCORDANCE with the aggressive spirit which demands the very best conditions of student life, instruction in public speaking has been given a place, rightly deserved, in our school and college curriculum. Olivet University offers two courses in Expression, which are based on the methods and teachings of Dr. S. S. Curry. Studio recitals are conducted at intervals and public programs frequently rendered. Besides platform work, opportunity is given for training in discussion, debating and extempore speaking; in fact, an opportunity for the development of natural and conversational qualities.

This department puts forth strong efforts to realize the school motto, "Excelsior". In any art the high educational aim and the value is self-revelation. Real expression affords the best measurement of our true worth. We find where we are weakest and where we are strongest, and this leads the way to a more intelligent concentration and application of our forces toward lifting the standard higher.

In this world today, power is with those who can speak. Colonel Higginson says, "Speech-making is recognized as a condition of American life and government." It is the saying of anything which shows the student's understanding. Nothing can so effectively touch men's sensibilities as those revelations given through the directness and earnestness of the living person. "Writing tests accuracy and correctness; speaking tests the right feeling, the right attitude of being, and the degree of assimilation."—Curry.

Many erroneous and fanciful notions are connected with the art of Public Speaking. This is due to our modern elocution-

ary methods, which contain rules and generalizations on the dramatic order. These lead to the mechanical and artificial, and, of course, are of little practical value to the student when in after years he is called upon to speak. But this is a low conception of so worthy an art, which, in its very nature, is the opposite of anything superficial and unnatural. Listen to what Ruskin has to say: "Elocution is the leading of the human to what is best and making what is best out of them." Our school has as its object the training of the voice and body for free, joyous and harmonious responses in conscious accord with divine order.

The teaching of expression demands, primarily, insight into mental and emotional conditions. Then, how much it means if the instructor be able to instill into the hearts and minds of the students, along with a set of rules and directions, noble and righteous principles and lead them in the way of Truth and Life. If expression brings out the inner life, how essential that this inner life be rightly developed and in harmony with God's laws! If the spoken word is the real word of power, how much is its value increased when it is thrilled and saturated with the Divine Spirit!

It is the purpose of each member of our class to become, through the medium of the Expression Department, efficient public speakers and better equipped for life's work. We earnestly expect the practice we are getting to prepare us better to serve humanity, and, with bright hopes and bigger prospects, we are pressing on toward the goal of success.

GRACE RITCHIE, Exp. '17.

Normal Students



Upper Row—Bruce Deisenroth, Harold Palmer, Frank Baumgartner, Alvin Kauffman, Richard Kunz, Sidney Massie, Mack Bouton, Olin Walz, Von Stevenson.
Middle Row—Mary Suddith, Dora Hutchison, Bessie Hess, Bessie Stevenson, Retha Hoffman, Esther Miller, Elma Young, Hazel Budd, Mamie Hess.
Lower Row—Elmer Kauffman, Seva Ellis, Merle Baird, Prof. H. R. Warner, Leila Howe, Grace Ritchie, Otto Hinz, Earl G. Baird.

Psychology—The Department of Education

BY PROF. H. R. WARNER, A. M.

I CAN think of no more appropriate statement with which to begin this article than the important question propounded by a vice-chancellor of the University of the City of New York: "Should teachers be intrusted with the guidance of minds and hearts and wills, who have never yet reached reflection upon what a soul is?"

Young men with military and naval aspirations are directed to turn their gaze towards West Point and Annapolis. These are the portals through which they must enter upon their career of hardships to glory. They are reminded, moreover, that to good physiques must be superadded long years of patient study and severe discipline, if the goal of their ambitions would be reached. The prospective engineer understands full well that before he shall be entrusted with the running of a train, the construction of a railroad curve, or the building of a bridge—all of which involves human life and destiny—he must master the science upon which these mechanical arts are based. The chemist and physician are required to make a careful, thorough study of botany and chemistry, physiology and anatomy, and undergo experiences of the laboratory and dissecting room before they are admitted to practice. Neither are those who contemplate the profession of law unmindful of the fact that they must traverse Blackstone and Kent on their way to the bar. But the teacher, whose mission it is to command heart and mind forces, to build character, to treat the soul, may be permitted to exercise the "greatest function on earth" without technical preparation! True, it is possible to point out individual cases in all the vocations mentioned, where a measure of success has been attained by pure empiricism or experiment. Still these are the exceptions and not the rule. On the contrary, the lack of technical knowledge has wrought dreadful havoc.

In an "Open Letter to Young Teachers," Professor Gordy once said: "Our mind doctors, so to speak, undertake to treat the mind without having made a study of the mind, the result is eyes that do not see, memories that remember the wrong things and remember them inaccurately, reasoning powers used to support

traditional and party opinions instead of constantly exerted to find out what is true and support it, capacities for the appreciation of nature, literature, and art undeveloped, wills weak and incapable of persistent effort to do disagreeable things! Do you intend to be a live teacher, determined to live by the best light of your own generation, or a fossil contented to make such preparation as was deemed sufficient a hundred years ago? You are living today and what you need is an outfit suited to today and not to a hundred years ago."

Yes, this is true; and more. The preparation of *ten* or *twenty* years ago will not suffice for the present. The last two decades have witnessed marvelous advances along mechanical, scientific and educational lines, and experts tell us that the science of pedagogies must be grounded on psychology if it is to have a rational basis. Of its practical importance something may be inferred from the fact that the Illinois State Examining Board, in granting four-year elementary certificates, four-year high school certificates, four-year supervisory certificates, and three-year county supervisory certificates require as *one* condition that applicants pass a successful examination in educational psychology.

It is the writer's conviction that much of the difficulty that has attended the study of psychology in the past is due to the fact that the learner was confronted with too great a mass of material, and hence became discouraged at the threshold of his undertaking. Clear, logical arrangement and improved methods of presentation have wrought wonders in the study of the classics and higher mathematics; and there is no reason why the student of psychology shall not be provided with like facilities. We most firmly believe that one great need of young teachers is *an intelligent grasp of the essential facts* of psychology; that every one who is competent to teach at all *may* and *ought* to have a clear view of the important mental operations he is employed to direct.

With Colvin and Bagley and other modern writers, we approve the "functional point of view in psychology," and commend all successful attempts to formulate psychological principles in terms of human conduct or behavior.

Domestic Science Department

IN THIS day and age there is a very evident need for well equipped housewives. There is a common opinion that all that is required of a housewife is that she be able to sweep and dust and cook a few things. But this is far from the real standard for the maintenance of a home. A young man does not want to yoke up with some charming one of the fairer sex to find her only a sort of a doll affair. He wants a real woman with some aim and purpose in life besides merely keeping the house clean enough to avoid criticism and setting enough on the table to keep them from starving. The modern young man desires a companion who will enjoy reaching the maximum in the matter of keeping the house in order and preparing meals.

During this last year the Domestic Science Department was added to the advantages of the Olivet University. We feel that it has truly been a step in the onward direction. The study of household art deals with a phase of study which bears directly upon the useful and practical. The enrollment for this, the first, year was surprisingly large, and there is every reason for a good outlook in the future.

There are two branches to the Department of Household Art: the cooking and sewing. The equipment for the latter consists of a sewing machine and other paraphernalia necessary in that line of work. For the cooking department, a pantry full of bright new

utensils was provided. There are three kitchen cabinets and five two-burner gasoline ranges for the preparation and cooking of meals.

Perhaps your mouth will water as you note some of the things which have been prepared by the students this last year. What is more appetizing than a good broiled steak with plenty of brown gravy and biscuits? How well pie, cake, or fruit salads served as dessert set off a meal! Who would not be tempted at the smell of roast chicken, fried cheese balls, or banana fritters, to say nothing of a dish of nice cold ice cream on a hot day? All these will be your portion if you come to Olivet and register for Domestic Science.

One of the most interesting features of our cooking branch is the fact that it has several young men members. At the beginning of the year, five brave young men walked into Dr. Walker's office and solemnly "signed up" for Cooking. They were chaffed by the other less adventurous young men, but they plodded doggedly about their duties and tormented their accusers occasionally with a description of the delicious pie or splendid salad they had just prepared and eaten. It would not greatly surprise me if there were some young men among the number who actually took up the study under the stress of the temptation of the delicacies to be enjoyed thereby.

—J. B. D., Col. '16.

"The shortest route to a man's heart is via his stomach."—ANON

Domestic Science—Cooking Class



Jessie Peed, Jesse Brown, Hazel Canaday, Ralph Surber, Mary Suddith, Lois Waltz, Bruce Deisenroth, Adele Field, Raymond Carroll,
Emily Freshney, Mrs. C. A. Brown, Lelila Howe, Mrs. L. T. Wells, Prof. Skelley, Helen Pritchard, Lucille Karr, Esto Hickey, Lois Wise, Geneva Skelley, Mary Floyd.

Domestic Science—Sewing Class



Mrs. L. T. Wells, Mary Suddith, Lois Wise, Prof. Skelley, Hazel Canaday, Jessie Peed,
Annamay Carlson, Mary Floyd, Mrs. C. A. Brown, Geneva Skelley, Esto Hickey, Lucille Karr

Our Grammar School Department

IT WAS a beautiful afternoon in summer: the gentle breeze wafted a sweet fragrance from the different beautifully colored flowers, which could be seen here and there peeping out of the grass, which was like a velvet rug spread over the ground. In the afternoon, I was sitting in the park enjoying the beauties of nature, now and then chatting with my friends as they passed, and noting the appearance of the different people. With my time thus employed, I had been sitting there for some time when, presently, I noticed two well dressed girls sit down not far from me: as the people were not coming and going as much as they had been for some time previous, I turned my attention to them. They were small girls of about thirteen and fourteen years of age. They were very attractive; one for her mass of golden yellow hair, which fell in ringlets over her shoulder, and the other for her large brown eyes.

They began to talk, and one girl said, "Oh, Marion; how did you like Olivet University?" I was at once interested and began to listen to what they were saying. I soon learned that the dark-complexioned girl's name was Marion, and she was telling the other girl, Louise, about Olivet University.

"Did you like the school?" asked Louise again.

"Yes," replied Marion: "I liked it very much, for we had an excellent teacher."

"In what grade were you?" again asked Louise.

"I was in the eighth grade," replied Marion.

"Go on and tell me all about it."

"Well, each morning at 8:10 we all attended chapel for fifty minutes with the more advanced students. Then we went to our rooms where the rest of the day was spent in much the same way

as it is in any other school, except that we study our Bibles and often sing and pray. Some did not love our teacher as much as they should, because she was determined to have order; and although it was for our good, yet some did not seem to think so. She knew just how to give us our lessons so as to impress them on our minds, and the Grammar Department was greatly strengthened by her. One of the students went to school in a large city after going to Olivet, and was promoted because she had such fine notes in her note books. That is the way we rank with city schools. Mrs. Fick, our teacher, gave such a fine course in grammar that some of the high school students took it.

"At Christmas and Commencement time," continued Marion, "the primary, intermediate, and grammar schools united and gave a Bible program. Many times the people in the audience were blessed and they assert that they come to our programs to get a spiritual refreshing as well as to hear the children recite.

"Sometimes, during prayer—which was of common occurrence with us—a student would get blessed and our school would be changed into a meeting, in which souls would be saved and sanctified. Of course, it interrupted our studies, but we always made them up; and isn't getting souls into the Kingdom better than getting lessons?"

"Yes," replied Louise: "I wish I could go to a school like that."

"Why, maybe you can! It doesn't cost very much; only fourteen dollars for a semester, and it surely is worth that."

"Do you suppose I could? Let's go and ask mama."

And off they scampered as fast as they could run. I sat there and thought much about what I had heard and said to myself, "Yes, this world would be much better off if we had more schools like the Olivet University." —C. L. L., Gr. Sch. '16.

Grammar School

MRS. MARY MAUD FICK, PRINCIPAL



Virginia Smith, Esther Shelby, Carl Nelson, Russell Nutt, Lloyd McMann, Wallace Patterson, Tilden Davis, Tiney Peed, Mrs. De Witt,
Park Allen, Ruth Sitton, Jahlcel Gilmore, Emily Freshney, Mr. Fick, Mrs. Frick, Ray McClain, Edith Smith, Everett Shepard, Charlotte Livingston, Ralph Coate,
Ralph Richards, Mary Floyd, Lawrence Burger, Frances Smith, John Willingham, Arilla Canaday, Raymond Schurman, Bernice Sharp, Richard Williams, Geneva Skelley

Intermediate Grammar School

MISS JESSIE E. PEED



Gladys DeWitt, Beulah Massie, Roger Keister, Edwin Freshney, Herman Neubert, Mary Corson, Earl Romaine, Harold Dennis, John Keller, Ivan DeWitt, Ruth Gilmore, James Floyd, Eva Burger, Rubel Gilmore, Middleton Brookshier, Samuel Herrell, Ruth Richards, Margaret Smith, Julia Morris, Robert Schurman, Everett Keller, Cecil Allen.

Primary Grammar School

MISS MARY NESBITT



Rebecca Murphy, Olive Burger, Allene Brown, Frank Forbes, Sanford Smith, Paul DeWeerd, Zella Smith, Mildred Dennis, Alma Massie,
Naomi Kunze, Norwood Brookshier, Joseph Herrell, Mildred Schurman, Noble Neubert, David Murphy, Vivian Millage, Jean Keister, Raymond Gilmore,
Kenneth Hester, Opal Mellert, Naomi Smith, Naomi Shelby, Eunice DeWeerd, Henry Millage, John Floyd, Marcia Smith, Paul Floyd, Hoyle Neubert, Norman Massie.

Organizations



Philathean Literary Society



Upper Row—E. Kauffman, Nelson, A. Kauffman, Eastman, Nutt, Peters, Suijley, Wells.
Second Row—Jay, Deisenroth, Mrs. Sharp, Snyder, McLemore, Hinz, Buell, Henschen, Schurman.
Third Row—Turner, Pritchard, Ruder, Ritchie, Burkholder, Prof. J. E. Hoover, Mrs. Turner, Waltz, Mrs. Baird.
Lower Row—Benner, Brown, Massie, Sharp, Stevenson, Palmer, Bouton, Baird.

Philathea Literary Society

Officers

EX-PRESIDENTS

E. H. KAUFFMAN
EARL G. BAIRD
S. R. BURKHOLDER

ADAM R. SHIPLEY PRESIDENT
FRED. W. SHARP VICE-PRESIDENT
GRACE Mc LEMORE SECRETARY
HENRY E. PETERS TREASURER
EULA JAY CRITIC
SIDNEY MASSIE AMBASSADOR
PAUL SNYDER SERGEANT-AT-ARMS

Members

CHARLES AUGUSTUS BROWN
PROFESSOR HOOVER
HUGH C. BENNER
A. H. KAUFFMAN
MACK BOUTON
GRACE RITCHIE VON STEVENSON
ALVA EASTMAN OLIN WALTZ
RUSSELL NUTT RUTH BUELL
HAROLD PALMER OTTO HINZ
CARL P. NELSON ORA TURNER
HELEN PRITCHARD MYRTA SHARP
LOUIS T. WELLS JOSEPH RUDER
MERLE BAIRD
E. E. TURNER
WINNIE SCHURMAN
WALTER HENSCHEN
JAMES BRUCE DEISENROTH

Alathian Literary Society



Top Row—Richards, Dennis, Canaday, Freshney, Richards, Turner, Metz.
Second Row—Kline, Carlson, Karr, Hickey, Coate, Nees, Allen, Carlson.
Third Row—Gilmore, Peter, Carroll, Wise, Prof. T. S. Greer, Mellert, Canaday, Lanham, Willingham.
Fourth Row—Obrecht, Coate, Keen, Rayl, Wells.

Alathian Literary Society

Members

Obrecht A. J. Coate Orville Keen C. Rayle C. Wells A. M. Wise L.
rator Cool Kind Royal ill on't

Gilmore D. Peter H. Carroll R. Mellert G. Canaday W.
Genial Peace Candy Mild Courteous

Karr L. Carlson A. Allen L. Hickey E. Coate Opal Metz E.
Knack Cheer Awake Happy Care Opal Might

Lanham E. Canaday F. Freshney E. Carlson H. Kline L.
Liberal Colonial Frolie Choice Keen

Richards D. Turner R. Nees L. Willingham F. Richards P. Dennis F.
Rustic Ricky Nice Well-bred Rare Demure

Olivet Concert Band



HUGH C. BENNER, Conductor
Dent, Hagerty, Mellert, D. Richards, Frye, P. Richards, Gilmore,
R. Benner, Middleton, Coate, L. Benner, Massie, Morris, Floyd, Waltz.

The Olivet University Concert Band

HUGH C. BENNER, CONDUCTOR

S. A. MASSIE, PRES. AND BUS. MGR.

Members

HUGH C. BENNER, SOLO Bb CORNET

R. B. BENNER.....First Alto	OLIN WALTZClarinet
C. A. DENT.....Baritone	HOMER GILMORESecond Bb Cornet
W. MIDDLETONSecond Alto	DENTON FLOYD.....Solo Bb Cornet
PAUL HAGERTYFirst Trombone	PAUL RICHARDS.....Third Bb Cornet
ORVILLE COATEThird Alto	C. E. MORRIS.....First Bb Cornet
ELMER MELLERTSecond Trombone	PAUL TONGUETTSaxophone
LAWRENCE BENNEREb Bass	SIDNEY MASSIEBBb Bass
DWIGHT RICHARDSBass Drum	CECIL FRYESnare Drum

Olivet University Orchestra



Palmer, Anderson, Averill, Burkholder, Schurman, Benner, Waltz, Frater, Skelley,
Richards, Prof. Lulu Norris, R. Benner, Gilmore, H. Benner.

Alumni

OLIVET University Alumni are glad to sound the praises of their dear Alma Mater. Memory recalls chapel hours, class recitations, and literary entertainments, which gave birth to lofty aspirations. Realizing that these hopes have borne some fruit in practical life makes them sweeter.

There are but few things dearer to a college graduate than the ties that bind him to his Alma Mater. The first reference to former associations, college organizations, or devotional season touches a responsive chord.

We would bear tribute to the teachers' work by saying with another, "Who does not owe a debt of gratitude to the teacher? We are accustomed to look with pride upon the noble phalanx of educated men and women who have done so much to elevate and honor our country, our editors, authors, orators, and statesmen—professional men who have gained a world-wide reputation." Yet the questions obtain, "Are not these the work of a teacher?" "Does not the great privilege of holding college affiliations and securing training under noble instructors place upon us a lasting debt of gratitude?"

It has been said that if any organization is to stand in the day of critical judgment, it must answer two counts: "Does it in any way make for the interests of the institution?" "Is membership in it worth anything?" If the variety and extent of the influence for students, friends, and finances of an association could be adequately summed up, the implication of the first question would be refuted. Well, does membership mean anything? The answer to this question is with the individual himself. Aside from the more obvious things which are his along with association membership, there is a nobler possession which comes to him. He is made to feel that he is a part of a great force for good, and responsible for a definite contribution to it.

Fortunate and prosperous is the institution which may rely upon its alumni in the hour of emergency and need for adequate support. We trust that oncoming classes of our University will maintain high standards and as they enter the Alumni Association, realize that each succeeding year must mark some real advance.

We revere the founders of this institution for establishing a worthy type of educational life, and purpose that the Alumni shall steadfastly uphold it.

ZELLA M. WARNER, Col. '14.



Top — "Halt"

"Good-bye"

Beautiful

"Just Fun"

"Dede" and "his"

Middle — Caught '15 and '16 Bus. Mgrs.

Studying

"Thirsty"

All right

Lower — Wait, Professor It's too cold

Ready

Too busy

A happy father

Religious Life

Chapel Talks, "Revivals"—Dr. E. F. Walker

TEXT: "O Lord revive thy work."—Hab. 3:2.

SPECIAL MEETINGS.

There are so many man-made revivals today, and so much thought and speech regarding revivals that it has become a habit to confuse and confound revivals with special series of meetings, protracted meetings, or evangelistic meetings. We believe in special meetings for the promotion of revivals.

There have been few revivals in history unaccompanied by a special series of meetings. They mostly come before the revival, but in some cases revivals have resulted in special meetings.

There must be a distinction between special meetings and revivals. There are many series of meetings unaccompanied by revivals. There are very few revivals of God's work now, compared with special series of meetings. A religious meeting and a revival are of the same quality, but not the same quantity; while quantity is an essential feature of a revival.

None can hold or conduct a revival, nor is it in the province of man to close one. We may conduct what we call a revival, and close a meeting, but we must distinguish between this and a revival of God's work. God only can hold or conduct a revival, but the devil sometimes hinders and closes one. God only can carry it on.

INCREASE IN MEMBERSHIP.

Some confuse revivals with an increase in membership. It will result in additions, for believers will be "added unto the Lord, unto the church, and unto them." And yet it may be that a re-

vival of God's work will not result in addition to the church at once. A real revival today might cause a withdrawal (and it would be a good sign) from church membership. Many worldly people would recognize the church was no place for them and would withdraw. Don't use the words "Back door revivals." The Bible says, "Many went back and walked no more with Him" (Jesus), and yet His work was advancing. The rubbish has to be removed before the foundation can be laid. If we can do nothing but remove rubbish, we are workers in the temple of God.

A small increase might be a good sign. It is not always a lack of prosperity. We cannot measure a revival by statistics of membership. If the church is in a normal condition, a revival will work toward an increase of membership; but if it is in an abnormal condition, there will be a decrease.

RELIGIOUS EXCITEMENT.

A revival is often confused with religious excitement. One is abnormal, if not moved by the truths of the Bible. A genuine revival will bring excitement. People get excited over everything but religion, but there is no work of grace there. There might possibly be a religious excitement, and the people go crazy over it without any revival of God's work. A revival of God's work "will last at least a week."

WHAT IS A REVIVAL OF GOD'S WORK?

What is a revival of God's work? The word, "revive," means

to make alive again; to bring to life; an enlivenment of God's work. A revival of religion is not a revival of God's work. We do not want the name, but the thing. The truth is magnified, and many are being saved.

A revival consists (1) in quickening believers to a higher life; (2) in awakening the church to her divinely appointed mission; (3) in leading sinners to Christ.

Quickenings believers to a higher life means a holy life. Pentecost produces conviction upon the world. A revival begins in the upper room, as with the disciples of Jesus.

Awakening of the church to her divinely appointed mission—that for which she was organized: the saving of souls. The church is so feeble to-day she is not able to bring strong children to God. On an average, only about one in three stand. The mission of the church is to bring men to Christ. A revival is the normal working of sanctified human nature, moved by supernatural forces.

We may lead sinners to church, to religion, to religious duties, and yet not lead them to Christ. No one is joined to Jesus until he is disjoined from that which separates him from Jesus. Everyone not under the dominion of Jesus Christ is under the dominion of the devil. Some have the idea of religion as a sinning religion, in which they can serve both God and the devil. But we cannot serve both, but must be disjoined from our sins. One must settle for the wrongs he has done before he can belong to Jesus. He must first be free from sin.

NEED OF REVIVAL.

There is great need of a revival today, as the art of holy living is receding and holy people are backsliding. The post-millen-

iumists think that we are now living in the millenium, but I do not see how they can possibly think that, nor how they can believe the scriptures which command us to watch for His coming; and if it will yet be a thousand years, that command will lose its force. None is really joined to Jesus unless he has a desire to be free from the least and last remains of sin.

REVIVAL AT PENTECOST.

The day of Pentecost was, in a sense, the birthday of the Christian church. Certain characteristics of that day are common in all revivals from that day to this. In the second chapter of Acts is a record of it, and the following characteristics attend the descent of the Holy Spirit: (1) Continuous, united, believing Prayer. The answer came at the end of the tenth day. As a result of Pentecost, there was continual praying in the Holy Ghost, while before it was prayer for the Holy Ghost. Every revival is the result of prayer. (2) Simple, fearless preaching of Christ. Fearless does not mean furious nor impudent preaching. Some think it means to be sauey and insulting. It means to be plain spoken. Cry aloud and spare not. It takes courage to do that, to be a good soldier of Jesus Christ, but that is fearless preaching.

Pentecost was preceded by a protracted prayer meeting. The apostles of Pentecost preached Christ simply and fearlessly. "And they, continuing daily with one accord in the temple and breaking bread from house to house, did eat their meat with gladness and singleness of heart, praising God and having favor with all the people. And the Lord added to the church daily such as should be saved." This was a blessed consummation, a full realization of a Pentecostal revival. This is not the conclusion, but simply reaching the zenith. —Reported by ELSIE JENKS.

The University Church

IN CLOSE and vital connection with the school and its spiritual interests, is the University Church. This church has a large and growing membership, composed of most of the citizens of the town and some of the students and teachers. On the Sabbath the regular services are held in the University chapel, with the pastor in charge. At these services there is a happy commingling of students, teachers, citizens, and people from the surrounding country. It is the purpose, on the Sabbath, to do away with all lines of distinction between teachers, students, and citizens, which must, of necessity, exist somewhat during the week. It is desired that all who attend these services, whether members or not, shall feel that they have found a church home and are among friends. Students are invited to attend the mid-week prayer meetings, which are times of refreshing and blessing.

The conditions in and about Olivet are very different from those surrounding the ordinary institution of learning. It is expected that every interest shall be made to lend to the interest of the school. This is so, not only of the natural interest, but also of the spiritual. The messages of the pastor, the prayers of the Christians, and the burdens of the people at large are, to a very great extent, for the school. It is the idea of those in charge to make this an aggressive church, so that students who are preparing for the ministry may have a right idea of what a model church should be.

—J. E. H.

Special Meetings

AMONG interesting occasions during the school year were the special revival services, which were conducted in the latter part of November and the first of December. Rev. I. G. Martin being in town November 29th, was asked to preach in the chapel in the evening. This he did with good results. The pastor of the

University church, Rev. W. E. Shepard, because of the interest manifested, continued the meetings.

Rev. R. M. Kell, who, at that time, was conducting a series of meetings in the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene at Danville, had charge of three chapel services, and a number of persons bowed at the altar for prayer.

The meetings continued for several days, characterized by intense interest and conviction on the part of the unsaved. At almost every service a number of souls claimed conversion or sanctification. New students who came to the school without an experience of salvation, found the all satisfying portion. Some who may be the means of bringing many souls to Jesus Christ, received definite calls to foreign fields, while God's people were encouraged to fight the good fight of faith.

—L. T. W.

A Time of Blessing

ATEN days' meeting was held in the University chapel, beginning March 10. The burden of our President's messages in the chapel for weeks had been for a real old-time Holy Ghost revival, using for his text, Hab. 2:3, "O Lord revive thy work;" and those really concerned had been interceding at the Throne of Grace that God might pour out His spirit on the school and community. On Friday morning the Spirit seemed present in a special way, and in the chapel exercises there were manifestations of spiritual showers. Rev. W. G. Schurman, our District Superintendent, was announced to preach at night. Thus began the services which continued to grow in interest. Brother Schurman preached with power and unction each evening and on school days at 3:40 in the afternoon. From the first service there were seekers at the altar. A number claimed to be restored, some newly converted, and not a few claimed sanctification. With this manifestation of the presence of the Spirit came the refreshing of the saints and the quieting influence of God's grace settling down over the student body.

—C. A. B.



"I'm ready, snap"
 "The man we all love"
 First spring flowers

The old dynamo
 In the ravine
 "Happy"

Real happy
 Domestic Science "Cookies"
 By the river

Good-bye
 Ralph and Lelila
 Miss Sawyer "off duty"
 Try it again

Missionary Band

ONE of the leading issues of the church is the evangelization of the foreign field. Probably no other phase of Christian activity is of greater importance; and that the Christian world is awakening to her wonderful possibilities of foreign missions, is evident. The school also has an important part to accomplish. The missionary has need of the best preparation possible, and blessed is that one who has the opportunity of being educated in a school where he may receive stimulation that will be incentive to such noble work.

The Missionary Band of Olivet University is an important factor to the missionary spirit of the school. Under the leadership of an enthusiastic president, it meets each week to consider vital questions of missionary enterprise. In the regular order the meeting is conducted by a member, but frequently inspiring addresses are given by resident ministers, visiting evangelists and others.

None of the services of the school glow with greater spiritual zeal and enthusiasm than do these lively missionary meetings. Broader visions of Christian service are here created; energetic and promising young men and women dedicate their lives to the work of the Master; and lasting impressions are made on all who come within the mighty sweep of its vitalizing influences.

Through its corresponding secretary, and others delegated by him, the society carries on a correspondence with missionaries in various fields. The effect of this is easily foreseen.

In future years, it may be prudently anticipated, noble men and women valiantly waging great missionary enterprises in foreign fields, will look back with gratitude to the Missionary Band of Olivet University, and recall with happy remembrance influences received there, which led them into the work to which they shall have been consecrated.

—W. G. H.

Young Men's Assembly

THE primary purpose of the Young Men's Assembly is the mutual encouragement of the young men to fight the good fight of faith. The meetings are held on Tuesday and Thursday evenings, from five-thirty to six o'clock.

A district superintendent and secretary are elected every four weeks. Pastors are appointed by the district superintendent to visit and pray with the members.

There have been some real refreshing seasons from the Lord in the meetings this year. The time is usually spent in song, prayer, and a short talk by one of the members. Our aim is to glorify God in every service.

—H. P.

Student's Praise Meeting

AMONG the many religious services held in connection with the school, is the Students' Praise Meeting. This is held on Monday evening of each week, beginning at six-thirty and continuing for one hour.

It is, as its name indicates, a time of prayer, praise, and song. After the busy duties of our Mondays, we look forward to this hour, when our souls will be refreshed by the presence of the Lord.

These services have been times of real spiritual strength and encouragement, and often have we seen visible manifestations of His presence. At times they have been turned into evangelistic services, and souls have bowed at the altar and found the Lord as their Savior or Sanctifier.

These meetings are presided over by the President, a member of the faculty, or often by some student appointed by the President.

Unless the Holy Spirit has brought conviction to some heart, and he desires to pray through, the meeting is closed promptly at seven-thirty. Then the students retire to their rooms or homes to prepare their work for the following day, rested in body, refreshed in mind and strengthened in spirit, feeling as did Peter of old: "Master, it was good for us to be there."

—E. J.

The Girls' Assembly

ONE of the most helpful and interesting features of dormitory life is the Girls' Assembly, which meets each Tuesday evening.

It is in these little gatherings, where we feel alone with God, that we can grow in grace and take on strength for the Master. Here all may take part in the prayer and praise service.

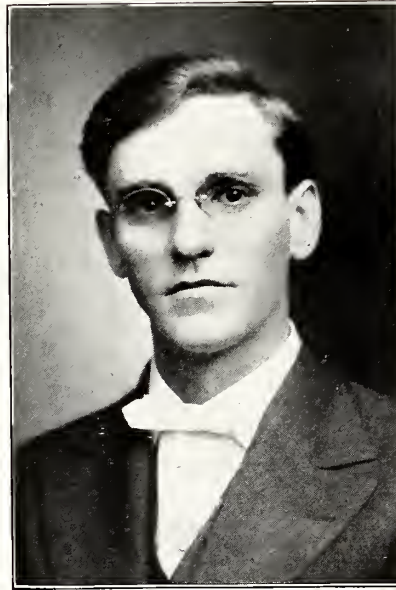
The Assembly opens with a hymn. We then have readings from the Scripture and comments or a discussion. Often we have the privilege of listening to a message from one of the saints of God, of the village. This is a great blessing and always inspires us with fresh courage to push the battle for the Lord. Most of the time is spent in praise and petitions to the Lord.

Each month we elect new officers, a district superintendent, a secretary, critic, and pianist. The district superintendent appoints two pastors for each floor in the dormitory. These are to pray with each girl and to inquire about her spiritual condition.

As these offices are held only for four weeks, it gives most of the members an opportunity to serve in at least one of them; the experience thus gained may prove valuable to her now, and will help in responsible positions, which they may hold when they leave school. It is the purpose of the assembly to make those who participate in it more Christlike and useful, and to teach us to be faithful in whatever duties we have to perform.

"He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much."
—Z. R.

The Columbus Club



REV. R. M. KELL

THE Columbus Club came into our midst at the beginning of the second semester. They are here through the direct efforts and financial aid of Rev. R. M. Kell.

The history of their coming begins with the opening of the ministry of Rev. Kell in the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene of Columbus, Ohio, May, 1915. The story of the wonderful progress which the little church of only twenty members had during the fifteen months of his ministry is shown by its increase in membership to over one hundred and fifty. Eight of this number now make up the Columbus Club. There are a number of others who expect to join them next year, and fit themselves for the service of the Master.

With the Club came Prof. Lulu Norris, who is now instructor of violin in the Conservatory of Music.

Mother Kell is in charge of the girls and under her loving, motherly hand they are cared for and ministered to as only one can, whose heart yearns for their welfare.

We congratulate our Brother Kell in his efforts to raise the needed finances for the support of this noble group of young people and wish him much success. Who can tell the future results of the great good they are receiving in the University? Eternity alone will reveal.
—E. H. K.

Columbus Club

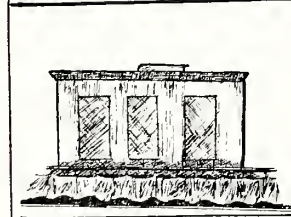


Frof. Lulu Norris, Bonnavier Kell, Esther Miller, Bessie Stevenson, Bessie Hess, Retha Hoffman,
Mother Kell, Dora Hutchison, Hazel Budd, Mammie Hess, Elma Young.

Fun with the Faculty



Dr. Walker:
EXCELSIOR!



The Chapel Desk:
It's a member of the FAC-
ULTY in good and regular
standing.
Authority—Rev. R. M. Kell,
November, 1915.



Professor Stovall:
We must have well bodies.

Professor Ashbaugh:
You can't always tell—now,
it might have been this way —
— —



Professor Hester:
We are here assembled to de-
termine the status of the inci-
sive consensus of elaborated
opinions, expressed or unex-
pressed — — !!



Professor Hoover:
Ouch! Ouch! Ouch! Ouch!



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Managerial

THE management of the 1916 Aurora takes this opportunity of expressing their appreciation and thanks to all who have helped us make this book what it is.

The task of producing a book of its nature in the midst of the duties of school life would be impossible were it not for the hearty coöperation of the students, faculty, and friends.

We are especially indebted to the advertisers for the loyal financial support they have given. That they are true friends and boosters of Olivet is shown by their advertisements which fill our advertising section. We recognize this and urge that all our friends will favor our advertisers with their patronage; and, as they do so, will favor us by mentioning the Aurora to them.

Our constant aim has been to make this "The Excelsior Number" of the Aurora, but many unforeseen difficulties have made the task exceedingly difficult. We recognize that we have failed to reach our complete ideal, but we have labored faithfully, and we trust the result will not be a disappointment to our patrons.

To the Business Manager of the 1917 Aurora:

We are sure that we have made new friends and supporters this year and we trust that they will be the support to you that the friends have been whom the former Business Manager bequeathed to us. With best wishes for the success of all, we remain,

Yours for success,

E. H. KAUFFMAN,

Business Manager, '16.

One Has Returned

"Where are the Nine?"



"Walk-Over"

123 EAST MAIN STREET
DANVILLE, ILL.



Mr. E. H. Kauffman
Olivet, Ills

JAN 15 1916

Dear Sir:-

I am sending enclosed, copy for our advertisement as per your request.

I want to thank you personally for the business you have all ready sent us. It makes us think that at least some advertising

pay

issuing you that I am truly grateful, I am,

Yours very truly

Henry C. W. Lee, Mgr.

ADVERTISEMENT?



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School Calendar

SEPTEMBER

13. Again merry voices are heard about the campus, as students arrive and greet old friends and form new acquaintances.
14. Registration. Hinz signs up for Trig.
15. The Profs. show their liberality by the length of lessons assigned.
18. The first long week is gone and homesickness has begun to wear off.
20. God's blessing is poured out on us at the first band meeting.
25. Reception for the students in the dining hall. New students think they have come to the right place.

OCTOBER

2. The first cooking lesson is given by the Domestic Science Department. Five hungry boys join the class.
5. Miss Frater takes an auto ride.
12. Several General Assembly delegates visit Olivet.
13. Obrecht goes to the parlor.
19. Hearts sink as the students read the exam questions on the board.
22. Quite a commotion in town! Mr. and Mrs. Willingham, a former graduate and teacher, arrive to spend part of their honeymoon in Olivet.

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Olivet University

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Before Deciding Where You Are Going to Attend School

SOME ADVANTAGES ARE

Reasonable Prices

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School Calendar—Continued

OCTOBER—Continued.

30. Hallowe'en is here once more; all meet in the dining hall. The purpose is two-fold: to keep the more lively out of mischief, and put some life into the dead ones.

NOVEMBER

4. Burkholder takes a walk and exercises a young maple tree.
12. The AURORA Staff is elected.
15. Paul Tonguett cleans his room.
19. Miss Brandon entertains the College Seniors and President Walker; good eats.
25. Thanksgiving day brings relaxation to the students; basket ball and big dinner bring excitement.
28. Rev. I. E. Miller, of Michigan, sends a supply of chickens to the dormers.
29. Revival meetings are in session.

DECEMBER

1. Ruth Buell falls out of bed.
6. The new matron inaugurated.
8. Deisenroth invents a new "adjustable chair". Students try it. It works.
11. "Gone, but not forgotten." Inauguration day for open parlor.

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Facing the University campus, we have a number of choice building lots, at exceptionally low prices.

We can fill your needs for a farm. We have one acre, five acre, and larger tracts, of rich Illinois farming land.

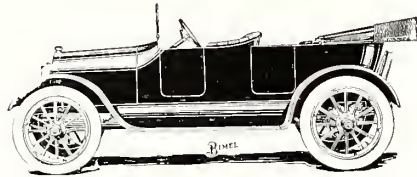
Any of these farms, with proper management, can be made profitable sources of income, while your children enjoy the advantages of the best Holiness University in the country, and you yourself receive the benefit of its spiritual influence.

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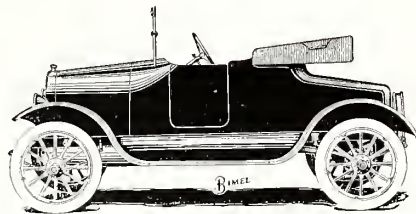
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TOWN**

In which to keep
your Valuables.
Be on the safe side.

**VICTOR SAFE AND
LOCK COMPANY**

O. A. NESBITT, Salesman

OLIVET : : ILLINOIS

School Calendar—Continued

DECEMBER—Continued.

13. AURORA Staff members make stirring speeches in chapel.
14. Grammar School gives a Christmas program.
15. Concert given by the band and orchestra. Social privileges.
16. A new lighting system is installed by Homer Gillmore in the auditorium for the musical and expression program.
18. Off for home. Christmas vacation.
31. No one is left but 1915, and he will soon be gone.

JANUARY

3. Students are arriving on every car—the girls with new dresses and the boys with new neckties.
4. Professor Stovall, the new member of the faculty, greets each member of his classes.
6. The chapel clock exaggerates.
7. An old-time spelling bee.
15. Students have "grip on hands". Classes are dismissed.
18. Hinz comes to Psychology class on time.
21. Alathians give their annual public program. Resolved never to have another.
26. Semester exams arrive on the nine-o'clock car and will spend the week at the University. A welcome guest (?).

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and
TREATMENTS
for
NERVOUS
DISEASES



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We are Headquarters for the Finest Candies and Confections

We are Agents for, Majestic, Rose, Scotch and Marks tailoring establishments. Four of the best tailoring establishments in Chicago, and especially solicit those who desire Good Fitting Clothes.

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WE SOLICIT YOUR TRADE.

PROMPTNESS AND COURTESY TO ALL.

School Calendar—Continued

JANUARY—Continued.

27. Miss Skelley, having been injured by a dart, goes to the south land for her health.
31. Fire! Fire! Volunteers wanted! Heroes rush to the Domestic Science Hall—to turn off the steam.

FEBRUARY

1. Students enlist for another semester. Hail to the Columbus Club!
7. Lois Waltz returns from a visit to Seymour, Indiana.
8. The College Seniors appear in chapel with their caps and gowns.
10. C. A. Brown renders "Excelsior" in chapel.
15. Virgil Poole starts a bank in Olivet. Capital, five cents. Dr. Walker, stockholder.
16. Business office is moved down stairs so as to accommodate students whose money burns their pockets while on their way upstairs; also to remove all danger of any member of the faculty being robbed before leaving the building.
19. Our new Grand Steinway piano arrives from Chicago "Brickie" takes Miss Schurman home from society.
22. We forgot George's birthday.
24. Professor Stovall gives a lecture on Fresh Air.
29. Miss Balsley dodges the photographer. Why?

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PARLOR

WHISK

and

T O Y

Brooms

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LIBERAL TERMS

School Calendar—Continued

MARCH

- 4. Esto Hickey goes into the lumber business.
- 9. Ceiling is moved by the mandolin quartette.
- 10. Evangelistic services begin, Brother Schurman in charge.
- 11. The arrival of a huge dark object on rollers. It's safe. Why? We don't know the combination.
- 12. The Olivet Band, "Sons of Asaph" Quartette, and other students attend the dedication of the Westville Nazarene church.
- 14. Knighton gets a fat business letter from Chicago.
- 18. Ruth Buell falls off her chair in expression class—body culture.
- 23. Expression program—a rare occasion. Staff works until three o'clock on the AURORA.
- 24. AURORA goes to press.
- 24. Academy Juniors entertained—whom?
- 25. Spring Vacation Begins, Oh, Joy!
- 28. Impromptu program. Clodhopper Quartette sings. Other phenomena.
- 29. Trustee meeting begins.
- 30. Banquet in honor of Dr. Haynes. Crowd goes fishing, no luck.
- 31. Mrs. Skelley becomes matron.

Go to

L. W. Hole's Candy Kitchen

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LOWEST PRICES

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We specialize in Men, Women and Children's Fine Shoes and Furnishing Goods.

If you are expecting to build, repair or paint, let us figure with you on your Hardware and Paint bill.

You will always find a full line of Groceries and Mill Feeds at our store at the lowest prices.

Always something nice and fresh in our Cake and Candy Department. If you have a sweet tooth we can satisfy it.

Special attention given to the wants of Students. If we haven't what you want, will take pleasure in getting it for you. Make yourself at home with us. Yours for service,

J. A. WILLINGHAM & SON



Christian Barber Shop

We Aim to Please

Galatians 6:10, As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith.

Wm. T. Thompson

Olivet : : Illinois

Frank Brewer

FURNITURE AND FLOOR COVERINGS

EMBALMER AND FUNERAL DIRECTOR

Ridgefarm : Illinois

Residence Phone 7

Office Phone 16

School Calendar—Continued

APRIL

1. April fool's day. Surber single yet.
4. School work resumed. Mr. Waltz has undergone his annual haircut.
5. "The Big Six" returns at 12:05 a m.
11. Tuesday evening and the parlor vacant. What's the trouble, HIP?
14. Philatheat public program. Session of Congress reproduced.
18. School welcomes Dr. and Mrs. Haynes and granddaughter.
24. Special meetings begin under Dr. C. T. Coombs, of Shadron, Nebraska.
27. Dr. and Mrs. Haynes, little Jean, and the "Sons or Asaph" eat chicken at Miss Brandon's. Um! Um!
27. Aurora proofs arrive. Phew!
28. No exams. Nice, kind, generous faculty.
28. Registration reaches 281.
29. Good-bye, Aurora. Don't be hard on the press.

RIDGEFARM WEEKLY

Republican

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in South Vermilion County*

High-Class JOB PRINTING our Specialty

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☞ Carpets, Rugs, Linoleum, Wall Paper, Win-
dow Shades, Lace Curtains and Mattings.

☞ Trunks and Valises.

CORRECT THINGS AND RIGHT PRICES

RIDGEFARM, ILL.

School Calendar—Continued

MAY

1. Burkholder played his first "Grace" note in the parlor.
1. Imagine Prof. Keister in Miss Jenk's rain coat.
2. Amateur orators perform. Very promising youngsters.
5. University Band gives concert at Ridgefarm.
13. Annual Philatheatan picnic. Lots of fun, good eats, social privileges.
18. College Seniors entertained by College undergraduates.
19. Piano recital and lecture by Mr. Samuel Ray Burkholder.
- 23-26. Special Musical programs by Conservatory pupils.
30. Cram! Cram! Cram! Exams! Exams!

JUNE

2. Camp meeting begins.
4. Baccalaureate Day.
6. Conservatory Day
7. Academy Day.
8. Commencement Day.
11. Camp meeting closes.
12. Good-bye. Home and eats.

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MONROE EWING

JEWELER

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Suitable Gifts for your friend's birthday, Fountain Pens for the school, Christmas Gifts a great variety in season. Repairing a Specialty.

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Prices in All Lines Right.

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H. G. BARKER,
Cashier

First National Bank

Ridgefarm : Illinois

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TELEPHONE 65

PHONE FOR APPOINTMENT ANY TIME

Dr. F. M. Hole

DENTIST

Office over Horanda Drug Store

Office Hours: 8-12 a. m., 1-5 p. m.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED

RIDGEFARM, ILLINOIS

JUNIOR CLASS SONG.

*I want to be a senior and with the seniors stand,
A big broad smile upon my face and a diploma
in my hand.*

Greece had her Demosthenes,
America her Webster, and
Olivet her Joe Shelby.

Why is the dorm. like purgatory?
Because it takes a lot of pleading to
get out.

TONGUETT (to barber)—How long will
it be before I can get a shave?

BARBER—Two years, my son.

What is the best state?

STEVE—The marriage state.

PROFESSOR (in Bible class)—Who was
the fellow that slew the lion and the bear?

FUTURE MOOSER—Theodore Roosevelt.

PROF. FANNING—Name a city that is
used as a type of sin in comparison with
Jerusalem.

STUDENT—Westville.

W. H. ELLIOTT

O. P. CLARK

Georgetown Implement Company

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HARNESS

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Manager.

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You will find our bank efficient in all particulars to handle your banking business.

Our Vaults are Burglar and Fire Proof.

Our Officers are Reliable.

Our Bank has a Good Record.

It is the Bank for All Classes—the Home of Accommodations.

You cannot afford to overlook these points of service

*LET US PROVE OUR MERIT
BY HAVING YOUR ACCOUNT*

First State Bank

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Sharon Coal and Brick Co.

GEORGETOWN, ILLINOIS

Miners, Shippers and Retailers of All Grades of

Good Coal

Correct Weights and Prompt Delivery

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FRANK P. MORRIS, General Manager

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————— of All Kinds Done Here —————

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STAR LAUNDRY

ED. CORNELIUS
Proprietor

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MEN'S, LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S

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UNDERTAKER
GEORGETOWN, ILLINOIS
BOTH PHONES

201-202 BLUEFORD BUILDING

OFFICE HOURS 8-12 and 1-5

Dr. J. H. Myers
DENTIST

TELEPHONE 84

GEORGETOWN : : ILLINOIS

Surber's occupation: Learning How(e)
to cook.

PROF. GREER—Where was the Declara-
tion of Independence signed?

STUDENT—Why,—at the bottom.

PROF. FRATER—Conjugate Amo.

PUPIL—Amo, amas, amat: the rest I
have forgot.

Which is the most ridiculous: Ruder in
his monkey garb, or Elmer Kauffman in
his cap and gown?

*Music hath charms to sooth the savage,
To rend a rock, and bust a cabbage.
If this is hard to understand,
Just listen to our Silver Band.*

PROFESSOR (in Latin)—What tense is
“I love”?

MR. — (looking at girl with knowing
eyes)—Intense.

STUDENT—May I have something to
eat?

MR. ROMAINE—What do you think this
is? Your birthday?

Of Olivet

There's just one place you ought to go when you want any of the

FOLLOWING ARTICLES

*Carpenters', Blacksmithing, Garden and Hay-
ing Tools.*

Washing Machines, Clothes Wringers, etc.

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Flour	Lime	Creosentine
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Service, with Right	White Cedar Posts	
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DANVILLE : : ILLINOIS



"We bid farewell"

A PARADOX.

How can A Field be the world? Ask
J. B. D.

TEACHER (in grammar department)—
What is a skeleton?

STUDENT—It is a man with his insides
out and his outsides off.

"Father, do not chastise me or there
will be bloodshed."

"No, my son, woodshed, not blood-
shed."

FORMER STUDENT (to Mrs. Richards)—
May I have some buttermilk?

MRS. RICHARDS—Yes.

STUDENT—I thank you.

MRS. RICHARDS—Oh, that's all right; we
feed it to the hogs, anyhow.

QUEER STUDENTS.

A Rayl in the bookstore.

A Nutt taking theology.

A Karr studying shorthand.

A Field in the Academy.

The Golden Rule

HEADQUARTERS FOR HIGH-GRADE

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DORMITORY BEANS.

We have sailed with those navy beans, been hung up by those string beans, ate dinner with those butter beans, suffered with those kidney beans, drank water off those soup beans, and been served with those baked beans. Beans! Beans! Beans! Beans!

Seva Ellis expects to control the Palmer House some day.

PROF. HOOVER—How does water get into the watermelon?

STUDENT—It was planted in the spring.

TEACHER—Give us an example of perfect attention.

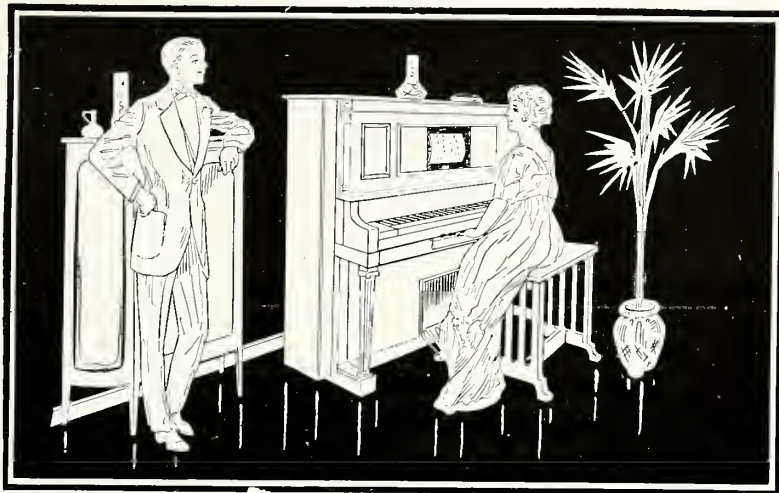
HUGH BENNER—Homer concert.

TEACHER (in lower grades)—What is the wooly worm?

STUDENT—It is an upholstered worm.

PROF. GREER—What did Caesar say when Brutus stabbed him?

BRIGHT STUDENT—Ouch!



PIANOS

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Temple of Music*

Pianos to Rent. Rent Applied on Purchase Later

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Of Olivet

PROF. HOOVER (in botany)—Did you ever see a cowslip?

F. CANADA—Yes; I saw our old cow fall down the other day.

A chameleon was put on a piece of Scotch plaid, and it killed itself trying to make good.

ON WHOM IS THE JOKE?

The Academy Juniors prepared an elaborate banquet for the Academy Seniors. When the guests arrived, behold their new fashion in dress! The Juniors put out their sign: "No Admittance," and hurried out into the dark night to arouse the College Seniors, who, at the late hour, accepted their invitation and went and partook of the bounteous feast prepared for others.

Thompson, the barber, dropped a hot towel on a customer's face.

CUSTOMER—Why did you drop that towel on my face?

THOMPSON—Because it was too hot to hold.

Some fellow always gets "Wise" at the end of the year.

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Every year the dormitory needs

Barrels of canned fruit, flour, and sugar,
Barrels of beans, and vegetables,
Barrels of salt meats and fish,
A carload of potatoes,

Several quarters of beef, and a host of other good things to eat are always acceptable gifts and are worth as much as cash. Write for shipping directions first.

What a gift of \$500.00 will do.

It will equip the boys' or girls' gymnasium.
It will equip the library with the needed reference works.

It will pay two-thirds of a teacher's salary for a year.

It will buy much needed scientific equipment.

What \$200.00 will do.

It will pay all the expenses of a worthy student for a year.

It will buy a large flag pole and flag for the campus.

It will build a new cement walk to the car track.
It will buy a new piano for the Conservatory.

What \$100.00 will do.

It will pay the deficiency of a working student.
It will buy a good refrigerator for the kitchen.

It will decorate the chapel.

It will pay the light bills for two months.

It will buy a stereopticon projector for the Science Department.

The Vermilion County Telephone Co.

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Catlin	Illinois
Danville	Illinois
Fairmount	Illinois
Fithian	Illinois
Georgetown	Illinois
Indianola	Illinois
Oakwood	Illinois
Ridgefarm	Illinois
Westville	Illinois

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President	Secy. & Gen. Mgr.	Auditor	Superintendent

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the Students and others at Olivet for their kind patronage in the past, and I will do my utmost to earn same in the future.

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and Children

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