

# ECHOES



FROM  
THE  
MOUNT

# *ECHOES*

*From*  
*The Mount*

*Volume*  
*Two*

Published by  
The Senior Class  
of June 1917  
Sacred Heart Academy  
Mt. Pleasant, Michigan.



RT. REV. M. J. GALLAGHER, D. D.  
Bishop of the Diocese of Grand Rapids, Michigan



# **Dedication**

TO his Lordship, our Right Reverend Bishop, as an expression of sincere reverence we humbly inscribe these pages.



Peace and contentment reign in the soul of the Alpine Shepherd, and so glad is he that his joy overflows, filling not only his own heart but the whole mountain side with its song.

All day long he patiently watches the "nibbling flocks" and cheerfully sings sweet snatches of old songs until their echo thrills the heart of the noblest mountain and creeps lovingly down to nestle in the lap of the lowest valley.

The weary traveler hears the echoes as they fly from cliff to cliff, and ledge to ledge and a smile of courage lights up his tired eyes.

So do we hope that the "Echoes of the Mount," the echoes of our school days, will linger in our hearts long after our feet have ceased to tread the loved paths to Alma Mater.

May they brighten and sweeten our lives, and bless and gladden with their sweet influence the carefilled years that are before us; and like the echoes of the simple shepherd's song, may they reach the hearts of those who love our Alma Mater, and slipping into their secret recesses keep ever fresh the memory of their early days, the fervor and lofty ideals of their youth. Thus will

"Our echoes roll from soul to soul,  
And grow forever and forever."

For these purposes then do we humbly present to the public, the second edition of the Academy Annual, "The Echoes of the Mount."



Our Late  
RT. REV. BISHOP, HENRY JOSEPH RICHTER, D. D.

#### IN MEMORIAM

All things beautiful fade from the earth in winter, the season of deaths. Flowers die, leaves fall, trees become bare, even the birds seek sunnier climates.

'Twas at such a time, when the year was at its decline and all signs of former glory had long since departed, that the soul of our Rt. Rev. Bishop was called to the home of his eternity. As he lived, so he died—bearing a great love for his God, his people and his work.

When but a boy of sixteen, at which age he came to America, Bishop Richter had that farsightedness, those liberal views, and that faculty of judgment, which combined to make him the man that he was.

Later in his life nothing was too great for him to sacrifice for a religious education for his little ones—no difficulty so great but he could find ways and means to surmount it. His work is far reaching. Generation after generation will feel its influence, and be aided by it. Year after year it will grow until it will have reached untold heights, carrying his name with it—while the soul of our beloved prelate enjoys the fruit of his labor—the Beatific Vision.

—BEATRICE JOHNSON



### THE PARTING OF THE WAYS

We pause upon the threshold,  
Of our dear old S. H. A.,  
And we take one backward look,  
Before the hand of time will close  
This chapter in our life's book.

Oh, those were the days of spirit,  
The spirit of dear old S. H. A.,  
Yes, the spirit of eagerness,  
Enthusiasm ran to o'erbrimming,  
And gave to us sweet success.

Opened—the gates of the future;  
To the Seniors of S. H. A.,  
Closed are the gates of the past—  
And all our praying and longing  
Cannot bring back the die that is cast.

And now we stand on the threshold,  
Of dear old S. H. A.,  
With paths leading left and right,  
We depart, each to his calling,  
Each one his battles to fight.

Classes have come, classes have gone,  
From dear old S. H. A.,  
And classes will come and go;  
We're just one heart of the many,  
Throbbing; we, likewise, must go.  
So farewell lovely memories,  
Of dear old S. H. A.,  
Yes, memories of happy days,  
Life and the day, man's pleading ignore,  
And so has it been always.

Oh, farewell ye fellow classmates. But live on, oh, noble Academy,  
And farewell to our dear S. H. A. Our devoted S. H. A.,  
Yes, farewell classmates, one and all The home of so many a soul,  
For the grasp of the unfailing future Thy mission fulfill as of ever—  
Must o'ertake and o'er power us all. Eternity be thy goal.

—FLORINDA STEELE, '17.





REV. EDWARD BROGGER  
Assistant Pastor

FRANCES RYAN.....President  
LAWRENCE SHANAHAN.....Vice-President  
BERNADETTE MARTHEY.....Treasurer  
BEATRICE JOHNSON.....Secretary

### **Class Flower**

THE ROSE

### **Class Colors**

GREEN AND SILVER

### **Motto**

VIVE UT VIVAS

### **Sentiment**

CHARACTER IS BETTER THAN FAME

---

### **Classical Course**

FRANCES RYAN

BEATRICE JOHNSON

BERNADETTE MARTHEY

CHRISTINE DONOVAN

MARGARET CAREY

WILLIAM CLAFFEY

ALICE O'HORA

EDWARD O'HORA

### **Elective Course**

FLORINDA STEELE

CATHERINE McNAMARA

IRENE GARVIN

ROSE LARKINS

LAWRENCE SHANAHAN

DANIEL GALLAGHER



EDWARD O'HORA

"I dare do all that becomes a man  
Who dares do more is none."



DANIEL GALLAGHER

"There's language in his eyes."



WILLIAM CLAFFEY

"Mirror of all courtesy."



LAWRENCE SHANAHAN

"A Daniel come to judgment"





BEATRICE JOHNSON

"To me more dear, congenial to my heart  
One native charm, than all the gloss of art."



BERNADETTE MARTHEY

"I think I ought to have my own way in  
everything; and what is more I will, too."



CATHERINE McNAMARA

"Come and trip it as you go  
On the light fantastic toe."



CHRISTINE DONOVAN

"Impulsive, earnest, prompt to art,  
And make each generous thought a fact."



**FLORINDA STEELE**

"The joy of youth and health her eyes display  
And ease of heart her very looks convey."



**MARGARET CAREY**

"Beneath a countenance so grave,  
She has all the wit she ought to have."



**IRENE GARVIN**

"Life's a jest and all things show it  
I thought so once, and now I know it."



**FRANCES RYAN**

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low.  
An excellent thing in woman."





ALICE O'HORA

"So modest—half her worth is not known."



ROSE LARKINS

"A foot more light, a step more true,  
Ne'er from the heath-flower dash'd the dew."

---

## EDITORIAL STAFF

Editorial in General.....	Frances Ryan
Assistant Editor.....	Rose Larkins
Business Manager.....	Edward O'Hora
Assistant Manager.....	William Claffey
Social Editor.....	Alice O'Hora
Assistant Editor.....	Catherine McNamara

## JOKE EDITORS

Irene Garvin      Beatrice Johnson      Lawrence Shanahan      Christine Donovan

## ADVERTISING COMMITTEE

Florinda Steele      Margaret Carey      Bernadette Marthey      Daniel Gallagher





# CLASS POEM

## I.

Ye Spring of youth, of budding flowers,  
Our joys again unfold;  
To live them o'er again, we plead,  
To live them as of old.  
Ah! now the dawn of early day  
Has into noon-day paled;  
But that clear light soon fades away,  
And leaves all dark and chill,  
Too soon the shades of night appear  
And we are called at last,  
To bid farewell to one and all,  
Farewell sweet happy past.

## II.

Then full of hope we'll journey on  
To lands and shores unkown,  
Our aim, to bring to fruitful growth  
The seeds of virtues sown;  
The lessons of our glad Spring time,  
Like rains from heaven above,  
Will gently fall and nourish them,  
These plants of holy love.  
Then to its lesson, we'll be true,  
And unto others give  
The motto of our spring of life,  
"To live that we may live."

## III.

Into a garland, sweet, we'll weave  
The mystic rose so fair,  
"E'er let your lingering fragrance stay,  
Thou rose so pure and rare.  
To cheer us on the course we take,  
O'er life's mysterious bay,  
May breezes gently waft to us  
Thine incense on our way,  
Which falling soft in fragrant showers  
From velvet petals light  
Brings thoughts of life's glad springtime  
And sweet remembrance bright;  
Recalling, bring back memories  
Of sacred by-gone days,  
From which dark Gloom shall flee; as clouds  
Before the bright sun's rays."

CLASS MOTTO

---

"You say, my daughter, that on this occasion, your eighteenth birthday, the eve of your graduation, that you want me to talk to you, give you advice, I believe you expressed it, as I would my men when I was leading them against a large and well-disciplined army to fight for the honor of their country."

The old Colonel sighed and patted the curly head. Was this the little tot who had traveled to school twelve years ago? How the years had flown! His walk that had once been firm and strong was now weak and faltering. As the years had softly glided away they had covered the proud head with a mantle soft and white, but there was a sparkle of youth in his eyes that spoke of energy not yet spent.

"Well," continued the old man, "I shall weave in an incident of my own life that changed and made a man of me."

"When, as a young man, I enlisted, I was appointed secretary to a very distinguished general. The general was the type of man that one does not often meet in the common walks of life. He had an indomitable will and a strong personality. Like most young men I found myself admiring him to such an extent that I wished to pattern my life after his. He had many strange ideas regarding religion which I doubted at first, but yet he gradually convinced me of their seeming truth."

"Our friendship was not to last, for during the thickest of a great battle, when the enemy was almost overwhelmed, the general was wounded, fatally wounded. In the few brief moments left to him he tried to right the wrong he had done me by these words; 'Son, I have made a great mistake. Out of my whole life time, which should have been spent in preparing for my eternity, I have left a few minutes, in which, to perform that great work. I have wronged you by robbing you of your faith. From now on, *Vive ut vivas*, Live that you may live.'

'Such an impression did these earnest words make upon me that I have never ceased to recall them and they have led me to a clearer knowledge of the really valuable things of life. Since then, I have tried to live not for mere temporal gain or happiness but that I may live hereafter.'

"My dear, if you will follow that motto '*Vive ut vivas*' you can not stray very far from the right road. Learn to distinguish the true from the false, the substance from the shadow; and do not begin your labor, as my poor friend, when perhaps it is too late but start now to lay up for yourself treasures in Heaven."

The fire in the grate was beginning to die away and the great clock in the hall was sounding the hour after ten; but as the smoke softly stole up the chimney it brought with it the old Colonel's story sending it in smoky volumes to the world, his message, the rule of his life—*Vive ut vivas*—Live that you may live.

—CATHERINE McNAMARA.



## CLASS CALENDAR

Spring, the season of beauty and freshness, bids Mother Nature dis-mantle, lay aside her old worn garb for a new one of gay colors and varied ornament. Therefore the spring of school life, is the most fitting time for green Freshmen to start on their hard road of four long school years. Thus, we, green as the grass in springtime, began to seek for the seeds that we hoped would take root and flourish into living plants, giving leaf and blossom and fruit.

Silently we trudged one by one up the broad stair case, to be admired by the envious Sophs, Juniors and Seniors. We were indeed a lively crowd, nothing much green about us, we thought; but then our season was spring, and we, ambitious to live up to our colors, truly waved the green flag throughout the whole year.

Latin with its conjugations and declensions, algebra with those puzzling signs, and x-y-z's, history and its unpronounceable proper names, seemed like mountains too lofty to be scaled.

An event which we took due pains in presenting to the public and exhibiting our talent, was an Evangeline program. Each and every girl was decked out befitting a stately French Acadian of the long ago, with white cap and kerchief. Needless to say we were tempted to abandon the green flag after this.

In spite of hardships and narrow escapes from banishment, on account of our pranks, our springtime waned and melted into calmer summer.

The seeds which we had so laboriously sown, began to burst forth into bloom. Fortune smiled on us, knowledge nourished us, and hope seemed to favor us, so that we began to grow stronger day by day.

However, we thought ourselves quite complimented with the name Sophomore and much relieved to think that we, at last, had passed beyond the Freshman sphere of intellectual progress.

The first event in this season, which displayed our wonderful dramatic abilities was the play entitled, "Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works." All Nature's freaks and wonders were exhibited, and we, with little or no exertion on our part, acted the roles very easily. Small wonder too, for our class boasted of greater marvels than the Giant, Maud Muller, the Dutch Knitter or the Siamese twins.

Another event, which to our young experience seemed quite the most important of the year was our banquet to the Seniors of 1915. Everything went just as we had planned it should, except by mistake, Irene served the guests with soft water. When she became aware of what she had done, she rushed frantically into the scene of the disaster, to exchange what she had given for what she should have given, but to her infinite relief nearly everyone had consumed the water without so much as a misgiving.

It was now one of the most beautiful seasons of the year—Autumn. The leaves were flushed, the air was sweet and the sky was tinted with

shades, which no artist could ever reproduce. We re-entered school with a determination to store away the harvest of our early planting.

As we chose to be classed with the great chemists, whom we had so often heard about we all entered the laboratory with enthusiasm to perform the experiments which they had performed before us. Great was our elation when we ourselves discovered that the discharging apparatus could be used not only for discharging the Leyden jar, but also for making dimples. Needless to say nearly everyone in the class had dimples for a few days. (To be effective this experiment must be repeated from time to time).

Still preserving the ancient belief that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, we finally decided on a sleigh ride. The scene of action was Bernadett's home—next day—the scene of inaction (except on the teacher's part) our classes.

Proud were we to make a contribution to the Library fund from our small gleanings, earned at our Dutch Lunch.

We had the pleasure of presenting a play entitled, "The Hour Glass," which not only proved most instructive, but quite laughable especially when Irene as "Bridget" interpreted her Irish brogue and added a few extra lines.

About the middle of March we took it upon ourselves to accuse one of the Sophs of stealing a book which was artfully placed in his desk by Rose, who acted as the plaintiff in the lawsuit which was tried by Judge, Catherine McNamara. In spite of the close cross-examination of Attorney Shanahan, the unwavering testimony of the witnesses, and the eloquent appeal of I. Garvin, attorney for the defense, could not be over-ruled and the jury brought in a verdict of "not guilty."

Winter has come and will soon have passed. The winds wail dismally, and the snow falls, but we do not feel cold, for we have our harvest stored safe and sound.

This is the eventful year which imprints a memory upon our minds which even the bond of fortune or fate can never blot out. Our last year in the S. H. A. Little we thought August 25, 1916, when we entered the school so dear to us, that the weeks, even days would speed by so swiftly.

During the course of the year, our good judgment would not allow us to partake of such frivolous amusements as we had enjoyed in the past, but higher duties took their place.

The literary society had to be attended to, and without our prompt attention, we are sure that it would have been an utter failure. The publishing of our annual has been a pleasure not unmingled with pain; a pleasure because we love to think of our past school-day experiences; but a pain for we can see how soon it all must end.

Winter is a dreary time, no one can deny, and in spite of the glorious expectation of graduating honors, we are beginning to feel the chill gloom of the Winter of our School career. Yet the hopes of the future are beckoning us on to make more history, not marked by the startling glouring pages, which the world loves to read, but those filled with unselfish deeds, and quiet conquests made, which will rejoice the hearts of our Reverend Pastor and loving teachers.

—CHRISTINE DONOVAN.

## PROPHECY

It was about a week ago when I sat in my arm chair just as I am sitting now and thinking of the near approach of graduating day, and of the coming years, and all the changes they will bring. that I had a most extraordinary glimpse into the future. Every one says it was a dream, but I cannot bring myself to call it such. Why? Because it was so real.

I sat there, not sleeping at all, when along came a tall, middle aged lady, who convinced me she was Irene Garvin, in spite of her gray hair and grave manner, grown gray. I learned, from unusual activity in the services of Charity, and serious through sympathy with the ills of others. As she left my presence I just caught sight of a bit of blue and white gingham dress beneath her cloak that told the story of her unselfish life.

Musing over this strange circumstance, I did not notice the entrance of another visitor until glancing up a manly countenance met my gaze. I wondered who this apparition might be, but not for long, because in spite of the change which the years had wrought in his appearance I knew Lawrence Shanahan by the smile. I was not greatly surprised when he told me that he was a prosperous farmer, living near Grand Rapids, for he always maintains that you are nearer heaven in God's beautiful country than in the most magnificent city.

Well, just imagine how taken back I was when I looked on my left and saw Alice and Edward O'Hora standing there, neither of them looking a day older than they do now. The Roman collar gave Edward away and I surmised that Alice must be like the holy women of the gospel, "serving the servants of God."

This was such a surprise that I rubbed my eyes, pinched my arm, and made use of various devices to assure myself that I was not being made the victim of sleep, but found that I was wide awake and everything was perfectly quiet except the clock which seemed to have a tremendous tick. Well when I settled back in my chair, crossed my knees for comfort, and thought of Edgar Allan Poe and his visions, I felt a very potent presence near me. I glanced up and straight before me stood the shadowy figure of a wondrously tall woman, from the star that gleamed on her forehead to the last soft fold of her flowing drapery she was majesty personified. She beckoned me to follow her and started towards the door. "Budge not," said Common Sense. "Budge," said Curiosity. Just then I began to say to myself; "I think not. Whoever you are and whatever you have to say, I stay right here and you say it here." Of course I wasn't a bit afraid but I never could come down to be led by others. Seeming to see my determination she changed her mind and handed me a big glass. She directed this toward the West where I saw a charming little mountain village and apparently all Red men working industriously at various modern employments. Going about composedly directing their work was a young woman, Catherine McNamara not the least changed.

The next view from the wonderful glass was a prison, I couldn't make out where, but there among the vicious looking criminals stood a fair, noble looking woman, singing in notes that rivaled the nightingale's song. What a charity! When she turned I caught a glimpse of her face—





Class Prophecy.

Florinda Steele—yes— isn't it a wonder? She gathered up her rich furs and, smiling sweetly at those crime laden creatures, hastened to her carriage. "A woman of power. A concert singer," said my strange visitor and turned my gaze to a class-room. An English class was in progress and a quiet-voiced school ma'am was deeply interested in the interpretation of Lady Macbeth's sleep-walking scene. I had to guess this was Beatrice Johnson for she was changed beyond recognition.

The next scene presented to my view was of a cozy little cottage home, neat and comfortable. I could not see why I should be shown this, for there was no one in sight, but on the sitting room wall hung the graduating picture of Bernadette Marthey, so I drew my own conclusions.

I then got a look into the Juvenile Court of Los Angeles, California, where a lady judge was listening to complaints against youthful delinquents. "Wish this glass could make me hear at such a distance as well as see," I murmured, but my companion only smiled and said—"A wonderful woman. Judge Carey does more good than all the reform schools of the Country." I had to be satisfied with this, for the glass was shifted and strange to say, I looked into a vast music hall in Paris, but saw no one in whom I was interested. "Not there," said my companion. Then to Berlin, London and finally Rome, and seeing always music halls, I was puzzled. I could only reason thus, "It must be some traveler and a musician that we are following." Sure enough in Rome, was a vast audience awaiting the entrance of a celebrated concert pianist. In a moment entered Rose Larkins in her accustomed easy way and I thought "can she be the one this great audience has been awaiting with such evident eagerness?" Judging by the signs of enraptured attention on their faces throughout and the apparent hilarity of applause, it was. I glanced at my guardian thinking "Will wonders never cease?" when she said, "That looks like fame, does it not? Ah, but there is more back of it than fame. Two young brothers are receiving a University education through her work."

The next time I put my eye to the glass I saw Mt. Pleasant, Sacred Heart School just as it stands now but across on our baseball ground was an imposing building called Sacred Heart Academy and College. Some unusual event was in progress I surmised, for visitors were being ushered into the broad hall and before me a large printed sign read:

Shakespearian Reader  
MISS CHRISTINE DONOVAN  
Instructress of Dramatics  
Catholic University

In the hall above, the principal was welcoming the great Reader. Where had I seen that Sister's face before? She wasn't one of our old teachers, I knew that. I was at a loss to know who she was but at last an inspiration enlightened me, it was Frances Ryan.

The glass, that had done such wonderful service, was now directed to the Lansing Evening Press building where night bulletins of the state elections were being flashed out. I was just on time to see the last, which read CLAFFEY—GOVERNOR.

The crowd threw hats in air and waved their arms, and in my excitement I, too, shouted "Hurrah for Claffey!" Then I realized those men were miles away.

Feeling quite embarrassed at my outburst I glanced up—gone was the stately lady, gone the magic glass, and the last faint grey streaks of a fading sunset were dying in the sky.

Long I pondered this marvel, and more I thought of it, the more strongly convinced was I that it was a real revelation of the future. What a glorious future! All living lives of unselfish usefulness, following our motto in such a way as to live triumphantly hereafter. My own future left dark. Not even a hint of it; but it is God's way to leave to the hand of Time the unrolling of the scroll of our own lives.

—DANIEL GALLAGHER.

## INDEPENDENCE

---

When liberty is encroached upon, and right disregarded, it creates a desire in the hearts of the strong; a desire to be free, to be able to act for one's self, and to see the improvements that will come from those actions.

It was this desire which has made our country an independent power. It is the realization of this desire, which has made our people the most contented in the world.

To the Englishman, deliberation is attributed, to the German thrift, to the French and Irish, wit has been ascribed; but to the American alone has been applied the adjective, independent. Our forefathers fought for it, died for it, sacrificed their sons and daughters for it; and gave everything they had to preserve it for us, and for those foreigners seeking for a place more free. Here they are given a chance to expand to their natural size and to measure up to the greatness which they see around them. Here they are given their promised land and—independence.

But this is one of the characteristics of the nation in general. The word has so many different meanings, and can be construed in so many different ways, that a few of its other phases should be considered.

So long as it uplifts, then so long is it to be admired.

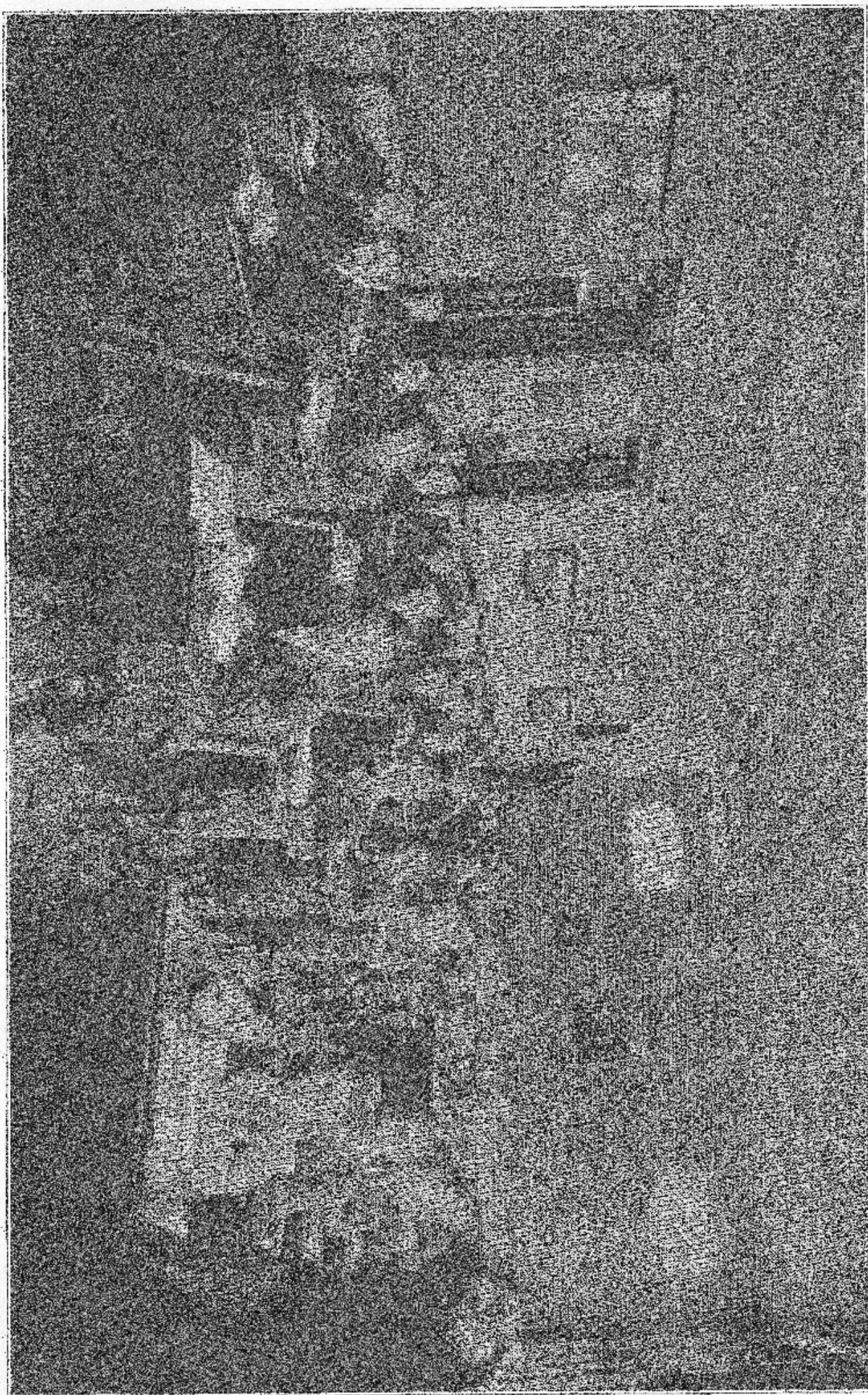
The point can, and has been carried too far. To be too independent to obey a just law, to be too independent to ask or receive advice or to acknowledge one's self wrong, is being too independent, to be independent.

True independence is not an obstinacy in defending errors. It is not a defiance of the things that are, and ought to be. This approaches lawlessness.

Independence is that action which proceeds from knowledge, that conviction which makes one stand alone, unafraid of consequences. If the conviction be proved wrong, then the action for it should cease. To still persist in supporting it, would be going beyond the boundary of Independence, and entering that of Pride—a land where one "hates superiors, scorns inferiors, and owns no equal." Be careful before approaching this place. It is easier to enter than to leave it. Where there is an excess of independence, there is usually an excess of pride. The two are like bordering countries with no very definite dividing line. But even though its edges are obscure, Independence possesses a great and noble heart—and, after all, it is through the heart that the purpose is read.



STUDY HALL



The purpose of Independence is to better mankind, the conditions surrounding him, his morals and the practice to which he puts them; but from the beginning of time there have always been some, more gifted and far-sighted than others, and, as a natural consequence, some, who must depend on others.

"Two things, contradictory as they may seem, must go together, manly dependence, and manly independence;" dependence on those authorized to command us, independence where our country or our religion upholds us.

—BEATRICE JOHNSON, '17.

### TO OUR PASTOR

Doubtless, all have heard of the significant saying of a French general who, when his soldiers declared it impossible to carry out certain orders, on account of almost insurmountable obstacles, emphatically exclaimed: "Impossible! why my brave men 'Impossible' is not French! Forward! March!" Thus this valiant leader of armies conquered by his courage; and thus has our valiant Pastor, leader of Christ's loved ones, triumphed over every hindrance in the way of the education and proper training of his charges. Zeal for the cause of France spurred on the French general and rendered him equal to any task; zeal for souls is the motive force that has impelled our Pastor to leave no means untried for the furtherance of his aims.

Solicitous as the true shepherd for the souls under your care, mere secular training was not enough. You must see the knowledge and love of God increasing; and your untiring efforts for Catholic education were the outcome. In all these years of construction the word, "Impossible," had no place in your vocabulary.

Your labor is not ended until the world is, for it continues in the work of the Sacred Heart Academy and its Alumni. Each student owes a debt of gratitude to you, the world owes you a debt of gratitude for it receives of the fruit of the vine planted by your own hand.

You have always shown that your desire was for a school not a treasury of learning alone; but also a school of Christian culture and character.

We, the oldest class of the Academy, are beginning to realize the solid wisdom of your principles; and are saddened at the thought of severing the old relationship of Pastor and pupil.

You have worked for us, you have sown in our minds a sense of duty and an earnest appreciation of Catholic manhood and womanhood; which we shall endeavor to develop into fulness.

We, the graduates of 1917, hope so to live as never to disappoint your expectations; we hope to be a living proof of the success of your plan.

—FLORINDA STEELE, '17.

### SILVER AND GREEN

It would be difficult to find colors more inspiring; that would fill us with more determination to succeed, and that would raise us to higher



aims than our Green and Silver. They will be before our eyes constantly through life, and will serve as reminders of what they meant to us.

We need only to look around us to see the green in grass and trees, and we need only to reflect a little to realize that, though we shall have advanced into broader fields of learning; still there is a vast expanse that we shall never enter into. Let the knowledge of our ignorance keep us humble even in the face of overwhelming success, which each of us confidently looks forward to gaining. Green is symbolical of perpetual, flourishing growth, thus, though we shall always be but beginners, we shall not be satisfied to stand still; but must be ever striving, for effort is deserving of reward though the goal be never reached.

In deciding to blend the Silver with the Green we were not attracted by the glitter, for we realize how valueless mere outward appearances are. The Silver to us has a deeper meaning. Its purity, its worth and its sterling value have decided us in its favor. It is the standard by which all other metals are judged. It will always remind us never to fall beneath that standard set for us by our dear Alma Mater; never to be anything adverse to purity and truth.

Just as silver has the ring of true metal; we want our lives to have the true ring of character and that, Christian character. As Silver, fire tried, is pure so we expecting to be tried in the furnace of adversity, hope, not only to come forth from our trial, unscathed, but purified and strengthened.

As silver may purchase all worldly comforts we desire our sterling value to win for us treasures beyond all earth has to give.

We know that the best of silver sometimes becomes outwardly tarnished and must be constantly cleansed to be kept bright. Thus, if we would keep our characters sterling, we must constantly shake off the dust which is liable to collect, by recalling the lessons of our youth and sternly living up to the ideals then formed.

—MARGARET CAREY, '17.

### CLASS FLOWER

The roses in the spring time bud anew,  
Soft petals, pink, to open skies unfold,  
Begemmed with liquid drops of heaven's dew,  
Like rarest gems all set in purest gold.

To marv'ling eyes the op'ning bud bursts free,  
A wond'rous flash of beauty's now displayed,  
The sunlight plays about in raptured glee,  
The blushing roses nod from out their shade.

But soon the wind and rain in jealous pride,  
Have loosened all the petals, pink and white,  
And scattered to the brooklet's gentle tide,  
There let them float a fading beauteous sight.

But when the merry stream in joyful play,  
Hath tossed them to the bay at his sweet will,



Along the sunny groves and wooded way,  
The sweetness of their fragrance lingers still.

Our lives, like unto roses budding new,  
Have sheltered by our Alma Mater been;  
Her care for us the sweet refreshing dew  
Free from the winds and rains of dreaded sin.

But soon those buds from out her care must glide,  
Unto the world their petals open free  
Then on the stream of life, though loath, we'll ride,  
Our loving Mother, blest by thoughts of thee.

O may our lives like roses of God's love,  
Cheer those who chance to meet us as we go  
Upon our course to that great sea above,  
Where rains shall never fall, nor chill winds blow.

And may the memory of our voyage here,  
As a sweet lingering fragrance ever last;  
When we, our journey o'er, into the mere,  
Into that vast eternal sea, have passed.  
—BERNADETTE MARTHEY.

### AN ORIGINAL FAIRY TALE

As time passes, many changes take place, not only in men but also in the customs of men.

Today the greater portion of Africa is inhabited by negroes, but in times long ago a race called fairies lived there. They were very small and very beautiful, and lived in fairy huts made of bright flowers. Their queen, the most beautiful of all, was called Niles. She was loved and obeyed with great ardor.

One day while Niles was out for a walk with her attendants, a great and powerful prince of a foreign region spied her and determined that she should be his queen.

Niles, unaware that she was watched, danced about in the sunshine while the humming bird sang her favorite song.

Then the prince stepped forth from the bush in which he was hiding. The fairies were more frightened than anyone could tell. They thought he was one of the evil spirits coming to devour them, and they all ran into their flowery homes except Niles and a few of her faithful companions. The little queen, assuming a proud and dignified attitude, demanded of the prince what his business in fairyland could be.

"I have wandered here by chance," he said, "but if I depart you must come with me."

This was too much for even the brave queen, especially when he commanded his followers to carry her to his ships. Such floods of tears flowed from her eyes as she called in vain upon her lost subjects for help, that the

River Nile was formed. This grief, however, was soon overcome by a great wave of anger which surged through her when she thought of this disloyalty on the part of her subjects, and by her magic power she cast a spell over the fairies.

She made their faces like their sins—black. She darkened their intellects and commanded them to be serfs for the world. She changed their flowery homes into straw huts, and from that day to this, no one has ever seen a fairy, but it is rumored that perhaps Niles, since she has been made so happy by the prince, will relent and cause the descendants of her race to be changed once more into those beautiful creatures, which children love to hear about.

—BEATRICE JOHNSON.

## GRUMBLER

What? You don't know whom I mean? Well, I will try to describe him to you. He is that pessimistic character who is always avoided if possible. He has a northern personality which chills the very atmosphere about him.

As there is a cloud behind every sunbeam; he is the dark spirit behind every joyful gathering. There he is now leaning on that wall and growling because the sky is cloudy; and if the sun were shining he would growl because of the heat.

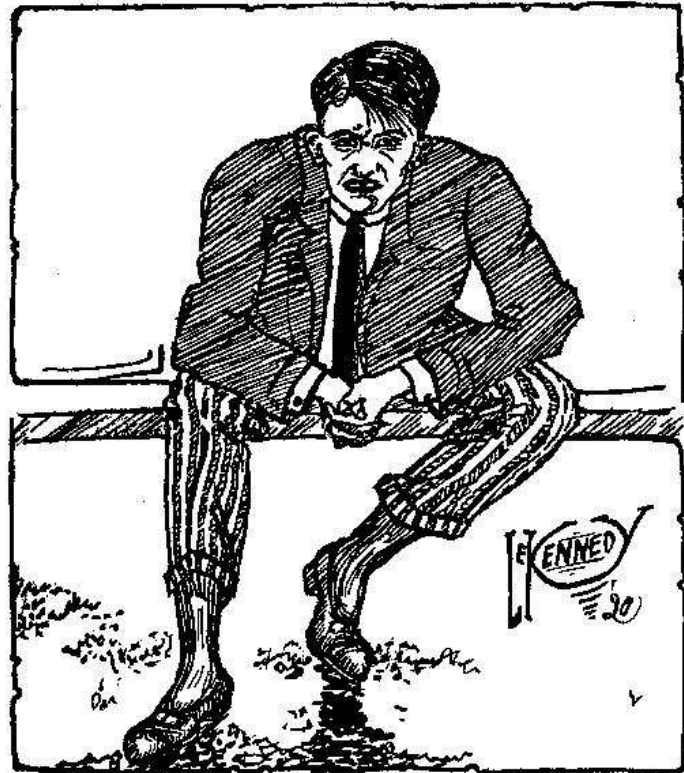
He is very sensitive himself, but he never thinks of the feelings of others, when he uses his sharp tongue.

He is strongly suspicious in every sense of the word. If told of his faults, the friend who undertakes this hazardous task, has a "grudge" against him. If his virtues are praised, then "The man's a flatterer; he has an axe to grind." If not admired he thinks himself misunderstood and greatly abused. If anyone attempts to assist him, the Grumbler thinks he is trying to secure some gain for himself.

I can conceive of no manner of punishment great enough for his crimes, except life with some one more a grumbler than himself.

The world tolerates him because she pities his blindness; but her one appeal is for a true, willing, cheerful spirit.

—LAWRENCE SHANAHAN, '17.



## THE WANDERER

Even in his childhood days his nature had shown itself, wild-roving, carefree; his only trouble being the bonds of youth and school-life that kept him at home. These bonds chafed him more than did the heavy chains the Prisoner of Chillon.

In his studies he was a dreamer; in life, a hater of responsibilities; his greatest delight was to read of the wonders of the Orient, the far East, where Allah reigns supreme. He lacked that aggressiveness and foresight which his companions and friends had used to forge ahead in some business or profession.

At length, weary of the routine of the village where he felt that he was never appreciated, or understood, he left his dear home, with the love of God in his heart, but the call of the wanderlust in his ears, and John Morley became what is now termed a rolling stone, a wanderer upon God's earth. He comes but to depart, he is scoffed at and forgotten, but he never forgets. His trials and troubles are shared with no one but the One who gave him the only roof he could call his own, the sky above him.

He responded to the call of the west where, for a time, his spirit was satisfied with the mountains in their haughty grandeur, the life of the small villages and the beautiful scenery. But after a time he began to grow dissatisfied with quiet and dreamed of the paved white ways of the East with their bright lights and flashing signs. So he again took to the road, that road with a beginning but no end.

Many times at villages on his way he would converse with the simple country folk and they would listen with awe to his carefree philosophy of life. They would shake their heads at his talk and repeat that one sentence, so old, no one knows how old, "A rolling stone gathers no moss;" but he would answer them carelessly saying that moss would never buy them anything.

He grew old; strange lands became familiar, the world seemed small, and like Alexander, he wished for new lands to conquer. He was never contented and at length after deep thought, realizing that after all his years he still stood empty handed, he repeated that sentence, which had been the sad refrain to the melancholy song of his life, "A rolling stone gathers no moss."

—LAWRENCE SHANAHAN.





## THE DRAMA

The drama, even in its crudest state, has always been the representation of the external actions and the inmost feelings of man.

Because of its great value the study of the drama has been accepted extensively. To obtain, however, a clear insight into this work, the development of its various features must be thoroughly known.

The three different situations to be noted in a drama are: the general appearances, the merits of the story portrayed, and the technic displayed by the actors. All three of these are treated in a particular way by the dramatists of each nation and of each age. For this reason the drama presents an infinite range of study.

The earliest dramatic productions are those of ancient Greece.

Through the long centuries we wander back again to the balmy Grecian Isles during the period of their ascension through the toils and hardships of war and rebellion, to final triumph.

It is a gala day we can easily see, and we hasten immediately to the scene of festivity, and to our delight we find that a drama is to be enacted.

At the foot of a large hill on which are erected many tiers of seats, there is a level spot which serves as a stage. There is no scenery whatever, save that of the naturally exquisite landscape, marred only by a rude shack in the background, which was necessitated as a dressing room when variety of character was introduced.

The performance consists of a story of events guided and directed chiefly by the gods, a creation of imagery which excites the interest of the audience.

The facial expression of the actors is not seen because of huge masks worn by them, which give to the wearers stolid countenances, but we pass by this detraction because of the fascination of their easy action.

Much to our disappointment the play ends.

Over the span of years including the overthrow of the Greeks by the Romans we quickly glide.

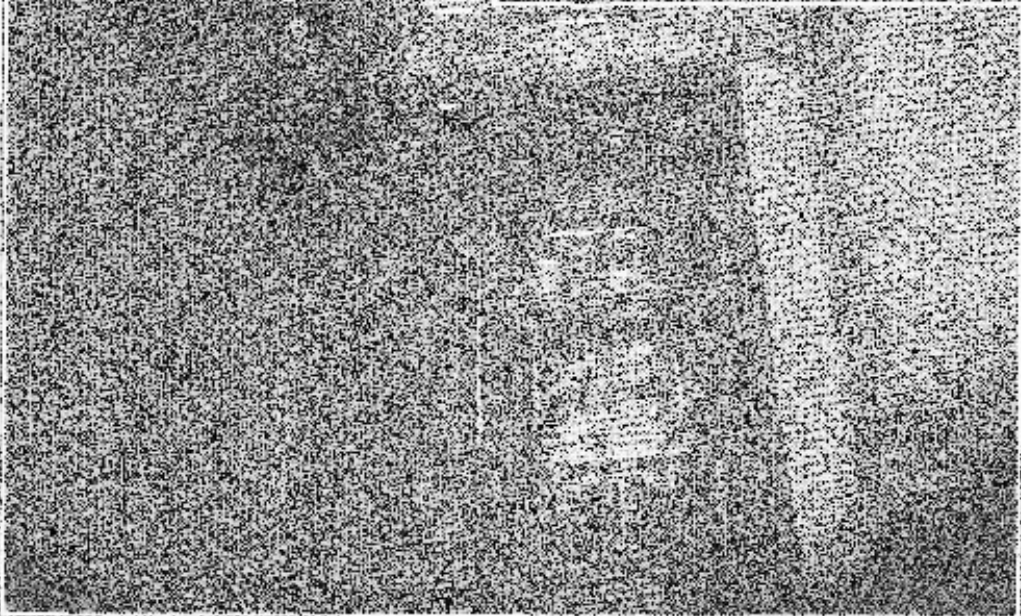
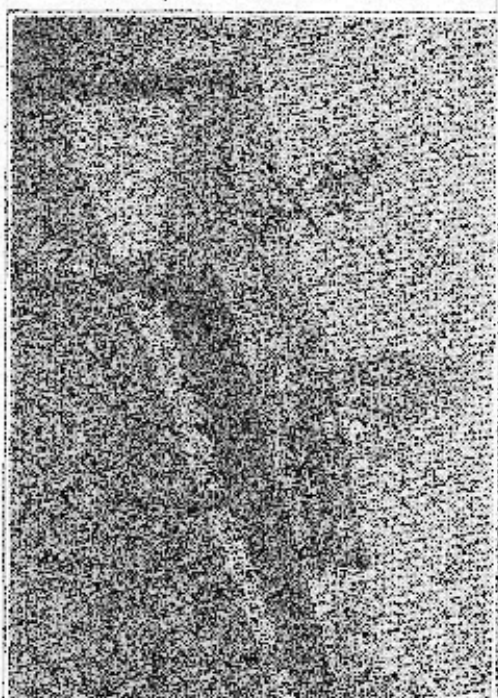
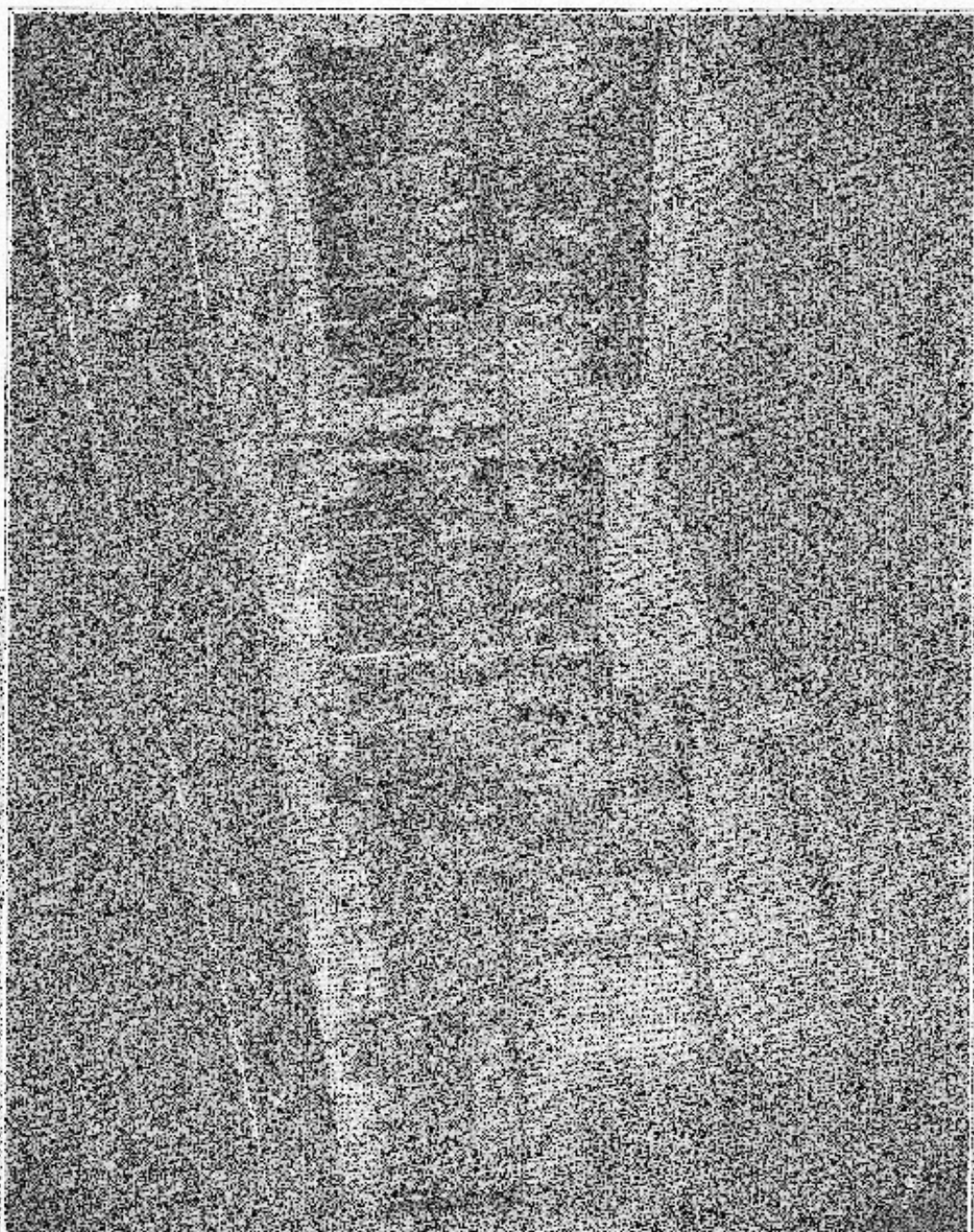
How different is the picture which we now witness! With regard to general appearances civilization has advanced a step, but in relation to the moral note she has fallen to a lower degree, shedding a discordant air about the scene.

As a background to the stage are the lofty architectural works of a master hand, giving a distinctive quality to the Roman theatre. But the audience is not in harmony with its surroundings, for these places are visited by a class far inferior to the cultured Roman.

When the entertainment begins a preface is given to unravel the plot so that it will be able to penetrate the inert mind. Then follows the drama which is similar to the Grecian but for the localisms abounding in it, and the vile references which must be, in order to appeal to the rough uncouth individual.

These actors do not wear masks as their predecessors did, but even this does not make up for the severe and stiff performing of men, naturally insensible to the beautiful.

What a disappointment is this to the eye which only recently has partaken of the products of Grecian splendor!





Now, however, we return to another dramatic realm possessed of purity and refinement, yet still more complete because of the radiant and holy light of Christianity.

This we find in a mediaeval drama; the story of the Passion of our Saviour easily wins our approbation as the infinite merits of the history of His life from His humble birth to His glorious ascension cannot be refuted.

In the various parts of a large cathedral can be seen stations each of which serves as a stage for the presentation of an event in the life of Christ. At every station are placed those characters which are necessary for the action of the event to be illustrated, and seemingly unconscious of the happenings around, they await the time requiring their contribution to the play.

Now are given the joyful moments for Mary and her Divine Son, now the sorrowful, until as a fitting climax to all comes His agonizing death on the cross and afterwards His resurrection, which excite first compassion in grief and then our song of praise for that brilliant victory.

The value of this drama does not lie in the talent of its impersonators, as they are only amateurs, but in this wonderful, impressive masterpiece of literature which they are given to unfold.

And lastly we are borne to "that pale, that white-faced shore," to that country which produced and reared the greatest of all dramatic writers.

One of the peaceful villages of Merrie England we enter and follow the enthusiastic steps of the large throng of people. Magnetized by their overflowing spirits we are drawn into the playhouse of an old tavern.

It is a square building furnished with galleries for the aristocrats, and standing room on the ground for "the vulgar." In the center is a large stage divided into three sections. A narrow strip at the extreme front provides a suitable site for those scenes demanding outdoor functions; behind this is a scantily furnished space to be employed for indoor festivals; and far in the rear is a balcony, utilized when needed for an elevated spot.

In direct contrast to this meager scenery are the elements comprising the entertainment: the gorgeous coronations, the spectacular processions, the vast pageants, and the fierce and keen combats. All the thrilling sensations consequent of real tragedy and comedy we experience in this English composition, for both grim horror, in the shape of mystical characters, and sparkling humor are vividly typified.

There are no actresses in this English drama and all the female roles are assumed by men. The writer of the play partakes in it himself, and because of this the true and original interpretation is given.

And now we have passed through the several critical points in the progress of the drama, and we emerge into our own modern times, the first stepping stone towards success or failure in the future dramatic world.

In conclusion it is our earnest hope that the twentieth century will be such as to develop the drama so well begun, rather than cause its degradation.



## A TRIBUTE TO OUR FATHERS AND MOTHERS

Of all the greetings of friends, who haste to honor our final triumph, your loving wishes we prize most, our dear parents. We feel that you rejoice in our joy, but equally you share the thrill of pain, which runs like a minor strain through all the harmony of our glory.

This lonely twilight of sadness settles down on us, when thinking, "The tender grace of a day that is dead will never come back to us," while you sight the lowering clouds of care threatening our future.

While you have been making sacrifices for us, the greatness of which, partly because of our childish thoughtlessness and partly because of your unselfish efforts to hide them from us, we have been almost entirely unaware of, we have been reaping their fruit.

Your loving prayers and parental guidance and encouragement have lighted us on the way so far and we are certain that the brightness of their rays will illumine the darksome paths of our after life with as clear a gleam.

Our gratitude to you cannot be framed in words; for we "have that within which passeth show." It is not a thing to be lightly spoken of, to be paraded before the common eye, to be cast upon every passing breeze. It is more; it is a blossom too sacred for every gaze, too delicately perfumed to be born upon the breath of speech, whose roots, are too deeply twined in our heart strings, to be reached by mere phrases of the tongue. It is as a light brightening our lives and shedding its soft, pure radiance upon your dear souls.

Since gratitude, like love, is better shown by deeds than words, we shall endeavor to the best of our ability to make such use of the advantages that you have given us, that will prove our sincere appreciation of them.

As long as life shall last the daily prayer of the Class of '17 will be—"May the God, who gave us our noble-hearted parents, enrich them more and more with the gifts of His holy love; and grant us courage and help and strength to so live, as never to grieve their loving hearts."

—ALICE O'HORA, '17.

## PARAPHRASE OF BYRON'S "SOLITUDE"

To be alone in a wilderness on a summer day, enjoying the fragrance of the wild flowers and looking in wonder at some stately oak, hundreds of years old, or, perhaps listening to the music of a mountain stream, this is not solitude. It is conversing with Nature.

To be among thousands in a great city, to hear and see, to roam along with many, but with none who will bless us, or whom we can bless, to be distrusted and with none to trust. This, my friend, is solitude.

—LAWRENCE SHANAHAN, '17

A God hath made us for Himself;  
In turn hath asked but for our love.  
He sends us out to fight for Him;  
And waits for us in heav'n above.  
A cross He gives for each to bear;  
But at the end, Himself He'll give.  
Oh! who would not such bliss to share  
'Neath cross of iron will to live?

# CLASS WILL

That we, the wise, august members of the Senior Class of S. H. A., City of Mt. Pleasant, State of Michigan, being at present in our right minds, and overflowing with exceptional intelligence, do hereby make known our last will and testament which revokes and makes void all former wills and promises made by us.

Firstly: To our beloved faculty we bequeth our appreciation of their untiring efforts to give us the knowledge and wisdom which we all have obtained; also the hope that the coming Senior Class will prove to be, as ours has always been, "A Thing of beauty and a joy forever."

Secondly: To the Juniors, we bequeath the popularity and prominence which we enjoyed, along with the privileges which it is a Senior's right to have. We also leave them Edward O'Hora's wonderful knowledge of Physics, which we hope they will be able to uphold.

Thirdly: To the Sophomores, we do hereby bequeath and will the right to get "in good" with the faculty, which is of the greatest help to any student. You may have the right to exert a kind fatherly protection over the Freshies, and not allow them to mutilate the valuable furniture.

Fourthly: We leave and bequeath to the Freshies, all stubs of pencils, scraps of paper, empty ink bottles, we may leave behind, with the perfect right to use them that they may in some way impart to them some of our great knowledge. We also leave them our good example in the Study hall, Class-room or Church, by which they may become better. We hope that your memory of us will always lead you to do better and will prove to be an inspiration in the years to come. We would advise you not to study too hard in your "freshie" year, for fear your undeveloped minds and youth are not matured enough, and brain fever would be the natural result. Strive to reach the goal of notoriety which we have attained, and keep it. Freshies, may you ever profit by the advice, which years of hard experience have given us, and hold it sacred.

The publishing of the "Echoes From the Mount" is left to all, but to our sorrow, we cannot ask you to improve upon it, for it is perfection itself, now. We would hereby advise you to choose an Editor-in-Chief such as Frances Ryan, who will do all the work for her committees.

All the athletic activities, especially our champion baseball team, we will to you all; but we cannot leave you our heroes, Shanahan, O'Hora, Gallagher and Claffey.

Lastly, oh gentle students, with much sorrow and heartache, we do depart from the dear "Study-hall," where the majority of us have spent so many happy hours in company with our devoted teachers, and in after years, with happy recollections we will dwell upon the pleasant social hours spent there.

We do hereby nominate as executors of our last will and testament:

CATHERINE McNAMARA,

EDWARD O'HORA.

Sworn to before me, this fifteenth day of May, nineteen hundred and seventeen.

PROFESSOR KNOW IT ALL,

Notary Public:

WILLIAM CLAFFEY.

## GRADUATES' FAREWELL

On attaining the termination of our High School life, we find ourselves confronted with the sad task of bidding adieu to our beloved Academy and all its associations.

As the fleecy clouds of a summer's day wander over the unfathomed blue, seeking some final place of rest; we have trodden the various paths of learning aiming to attain to our ideal of a true education. This aim, however, has not been accomplished, but the mist of total ignorance has slowly been raised from our minds, admitting the sunshine of knowledge in so far as to teach us the impossibility of a perfect education; and that in the future we must ever traverse unknown regions of learning; but with the instructions of our Alma Mater as our guides.

These valuable lessons, the memory of pleasant days, and the friendly assistance rendered us by our instructors deepen the pain of parting, and regret mingles with our satisfaction at "something attempted, something done."

To you, our Reverend Pastor, we offer our sincere thanks for your fatherly interest in our affairs and your unselfish efforts in advancing our welfare.

In future days when we are besieged by trouble and temptations, we shall attempt in our meager way to show our appreciation of your endeavors, by applying those principles which you have carefully instilled in us.

To the Sisters, who have, throughout the year patiently forgiven our breaches of conduct, and turned the trend of those senseless notions, always formulating in our minds, we wish to express our gratitude.

The early training of youth, if deeply infused, always affects the life sooner or later, and because of this the Class of 1917 cannot fail to derive profit from your solicitous teaching.

Dear Classmates, I, as your president, wish to say farewell to each and every one of you.

Although in years to come we may roam far away, let us always cherish the memory of our Alma Mater and also of the members of our class, who have, during these past years, been bound together in such close comradeship.



Words by  
Irene Gurvin

# Class Song.

Music by  
Rose Watkins



## CLASS SONG

I.

The hopes of the future, we hail,  
And under its banner, we shall sail—  
Sail to realms far and wide,  
To conquer then claim our prize,  
Farewells, we all sing to you, dear old  
S. H. A.

II.

To our colors Green and Silver, we sing,  
Whatever the future may bring,  
To these we'll be true  
And to memories of you,  
Farewells, we all sing to you, dear old  
S. H. A.

# CHORUS:

Farewell, we sing to thee, dear old Academy,  
 Memories, so pleasing enthroned in our hearts shall be,  
 Memories of days, golden hours,  
 Fairer than sweet, sweet flowers,  
 Farewells, we sing to thee, dear old Academy.

## TRUE GREATNESS

When an inventor designs a piece of work he has two ends in view generally, one to further his own personal interests, and the other to give to the invention itself some definite and worthy purpose.

When he presents it to the public its real worth is not fully understood. The incredulous world asks, "What purpose does it serve? Is that purpose a worthy one and what is its efficiency in carrying it out?" It is not even given a trial until he has first explained the object of his invention and its characteristics which predict success. Its value then depends upon the nobility of its aim and the merits which the machine portrays in fulfilling its destined end.

The only perfect inventor is the Inventor of souls.

We are created and brought into this world for a two-fold purpose namely, to give glory to our Creator and to win for ourselves a happy eternity. We are endowed with intellect to distinguish right from wrong, success from failure and with faculties that enable us to choose and to fulfill our aims during life.

Our true greatness is measured not by wealth, popularity, friends, or worldly fame; but by the consummation of our purpose, and that may be done in any walk of life if we but have the good will.

Whether a life is hidden in humble obscure surroundings or is resplendent in the gorgeous trappings of wealth, matters not, for to surmount all difficulties and to attain as near as possible the perfection of its purpose constitutes its true greatness.

—EDWARD O'HORA, '17.

## WHEN ALL ELSE FAILS

When all else fails to stop our fall—  
 The whisper soft, the pleading call,  
 The warning hand, the kindly arm  
 Outstretched to pull us back from harm—  
 When all these gentle means are spurned,  
 And from His warnings we have turned,  
 Oh, then, upon our safety bent,  
 God leads us back through chastisement.

—SELECTED.

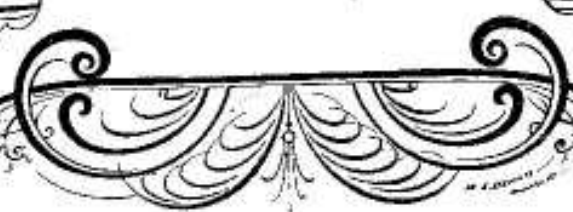


# MUSIC

Music is that elevated science which affects the passions by sound. There are few who have not felt its charms and acknowledged its expressions to be intelligible to the heart. It is a language of delightful sensations, far more eloquent than words; it breathes to the ear the clearest intimations, it touches and gently agitates the agreeable and sublime passions; it wraps us in melancholy, and elevates us in joy; it dissolves and inflames, it melts us in tenderness and incites us to war. This science is truly congenial to the nature of man; for by its powerful charms the most discordant passions may be harmonized and brought in to perfect unison, but it never sounds with such seraphic harmony as when employed in singing hymns of gratitude

TO THE

## Creator of the Universe.





## MUSICAL PROGRAM

"Soldiers' March from Faust" (Orchestra).....C. H. Gounod  
 "Summer Night, O Lovely Night".....G. Offenbach

## Music Class

Waltz .....Streabbog  
 H. Adams, C. Gray, R. Neff, H. Kenney, G. Theisen, J. Bolger

"Elfin Pranks".....Lerman  
 Pianos: B. Gaugier, A. Carey, C. Kelley, J. Rush, J. McNamara, P. Johnson  
 Violins: T. Kelley, A. O'Brien, B. Breidenstein, C. English

"Forget Me Not".....Rowe  
 1st Piano: M. Smithers      2nd Piano: M. L. Kane

"Tripping Through the Heather".....E. Holst  
 I. Simonds, J. Somerville, I. Hoffman, B. Riggs

"Message of the Lily".....E. H. Bailey  
 Lucille Parkhill

"Cuban Dance".....Hoffman  
 R. Larkin

"In the Ball-Room".....Schytte  
 1st Piano: E. Conway      2nd Piano: J. Burch

"Cabaletta".....Lack  
 J. Sweeney, M. Walsh, R. Purtill, F. McNamara

Class Reception.....  
 L. Parkhill, M. Kenney, F. McNamara, E. Dondero

"Erl King".....Liszt  
 Thos. Manley      Piano: R. Larkin

"Polonaise".....Deceveei  
 B. Duffy, M. Kaiser, T. Smithers, E. Dondero

"March Hongroise".....Kowolski  
 M. Kaiser, I. Garvin, M. Keenan, M. Quinlan

Song.....T. Manley, Wm. Foley, R. Sweeney

## Orchestra

Pianos.....C. McNamara, T. Smithers, M. McNamara, M. Johnson  
 1st Violins.....B. Johnson, G. Burns, T. Kelley, W. Claffey  
 2nd Violins.....V. Larkin, E. Quinlan, A. Manley  
 3rd Violins.....R. Le Strange, T. Sweeney, A. O'Brien  
 Cello.....R. Larkin  
 Cornet.....W. Philips  
 Drums.....J. Sweeney



Orchestra S. H. A.

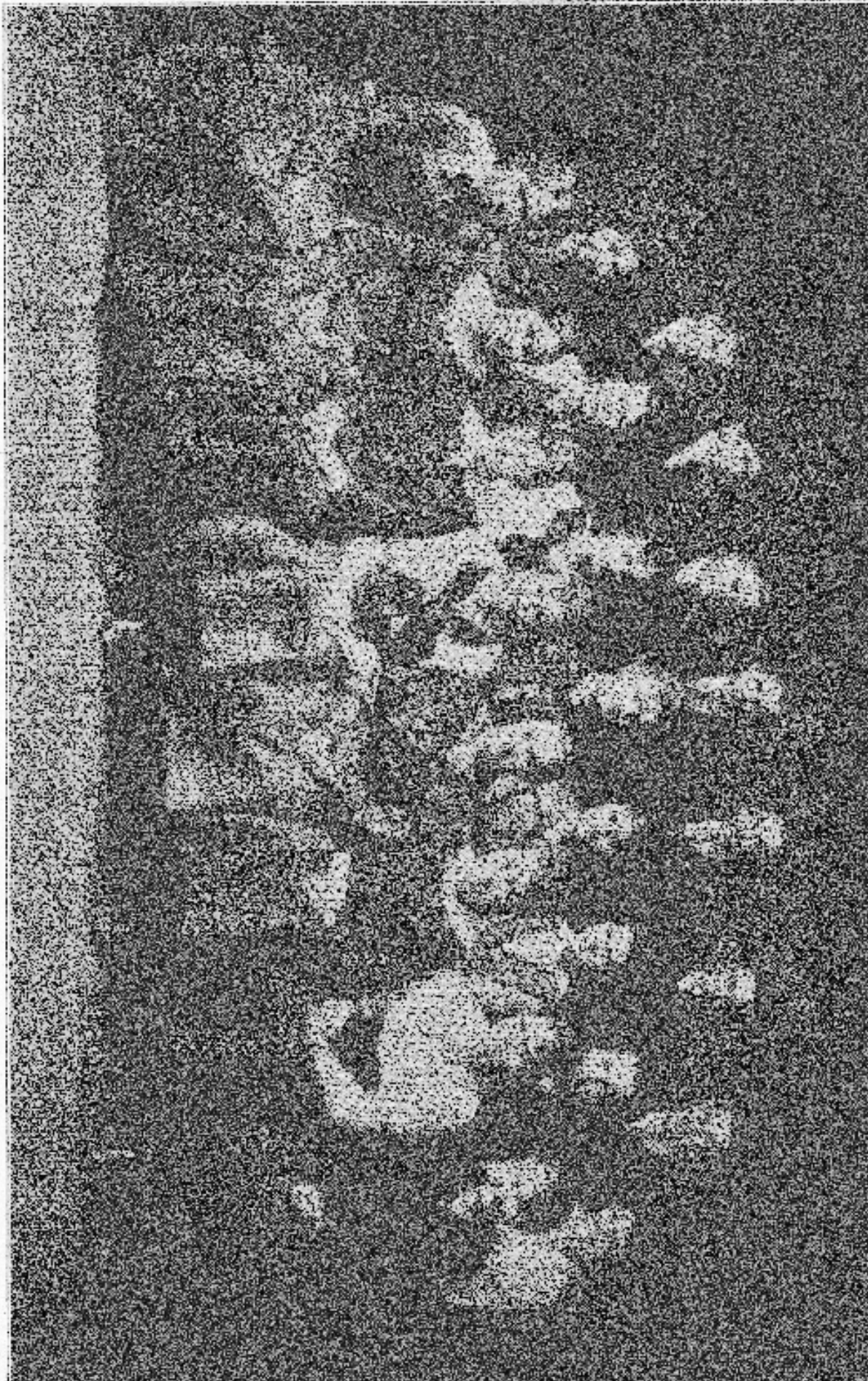
# SONG RECITAL

"Teach Me to Pray".....	J. M. Jewitt
Thomas Manley	
"I Wonder If Ever the Rose".....	D. D. Slater
Charles Sumnet	
"Little One a Crying".....	P. Speaker
Daniel Gallagher	
"My Task".....	E. L. Ashford
James O'Brien	
"Down in a Dungeon Cell".....	W. C. Kreusch
Lawrence Shanahan	
"Ah! I Have Sighed to Rest Me".....	Verdi
Ivo Carey	
"Somewhere a Voice Is Calling".....	A. T. Tate
Lawrence Dondero	
"O Heart of Mine".....	T. B. Galloway
Clarence Keenan	
"The Call of the Maytime".....	M. H. Brake
William Claffey	
"When My Ships Come Sailing Home".....	Francis Dorel
Joseph Sweeney	





JUNIOR CLASS



## JUNIORS, '18

### OFFICERS

Clarence Keenan.....President  
 Aletha Taylor.....Vice-President  
 Margaret Keenan.....Secretary  
 Fredrick McDonald.....Treasurer

Class Colors:  
 Blue and Gold

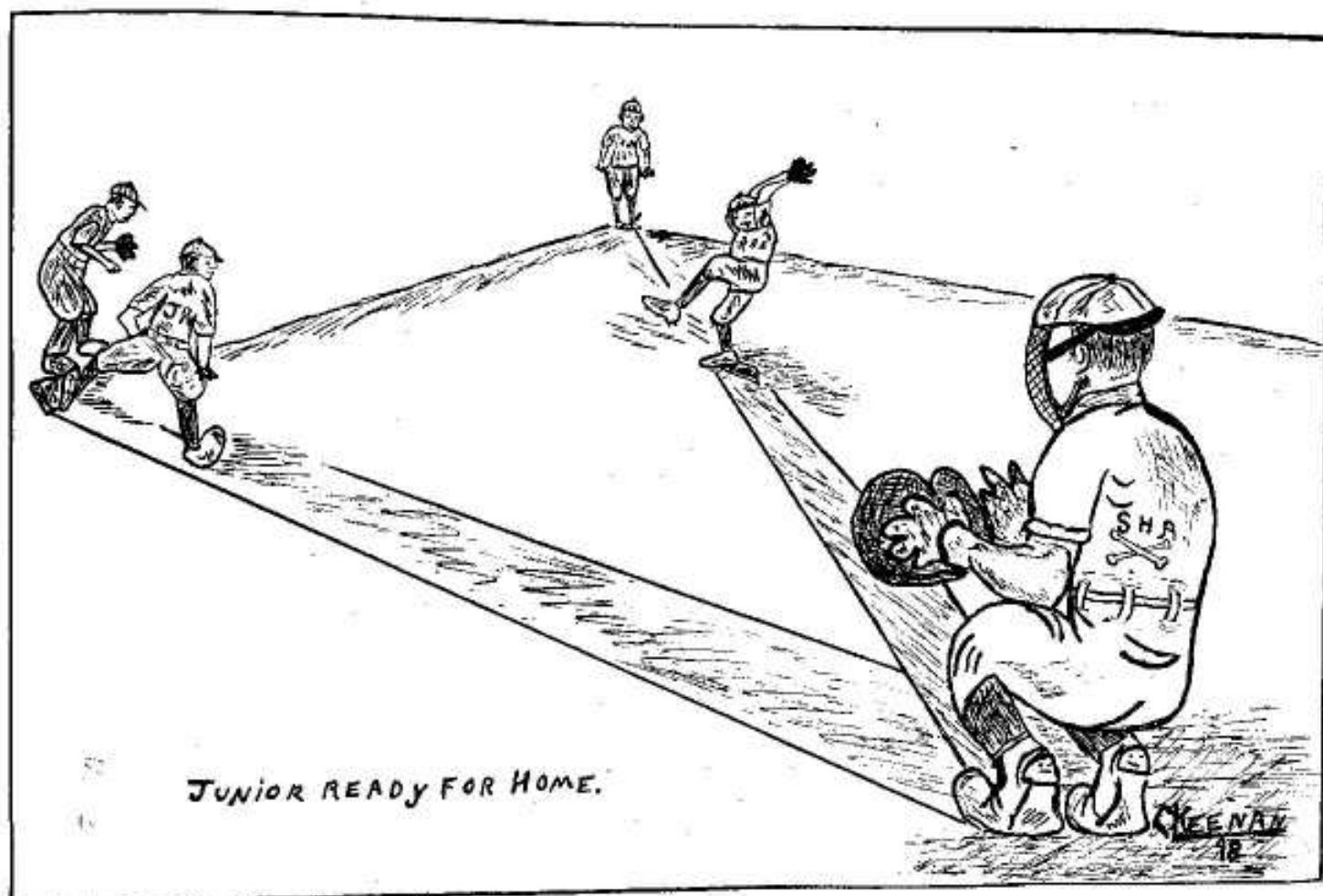
Class Flower:  
 Sweet Pea

### THE MEMBERS

Eugene Fitzgerald  
 Helen McDonald  
 Cecil O'Hara  
 Veronica Murray  
 James O'Brien  
 Margaret McKinnon  
 Clarence Keenan  
 Marie Quinlan

Hellen Barrett  
 Isabel McRae  
 Margaret Keenan  
 James Kennedy  
 John Tuohy  
 Helen Larkins  
 Josephine Schnitzler  
 Beatrice Dillon

Joseph McDonald  
 Aletha Taylor  
 Fredrick McDonald  
 Bernadette Kennedy  
 Josephine Kohler  
 Beulah Manausa  
 Helen Gravenstein



## SPIRITUALITY AND SENSE

The Idylls of the King are a suitable example of Spirituality and Sense. The poem is an allegory of the soul of man warring with the senses, and passing on its way through life to death, and through death to resurrection. The great rulers of the kingdom of human nature, and the immortal spirit of man, are shadowed forth in mystic personages. The general desires and tendencies of man, temptations which beset him, the wise and unwise views of the goal of life, the love which saves and the love which ruins, are symbolized before us.

Prince Gareth, Arthur's true and noble knight, represents spirituality. At home he evinced his nobility of soul, because when sick at heart through longing to

"Swoop down upon all things base and dash them dead,  
A knight of Arthur working out his will  
To cleanse the world,"

he awaited his mother's consent.

Thus, having gained the long desired permission, together with a most severe trial of self-sacrifice, he in all obedience, carried out the condition imposed upon him by his mother, that he "Serve a twelvemonth and a day" as a scullion-knave, unknown and stripped of his rank.

But when the Queen,

"Repentant of the word she made him swear,  
And saddening in her childless castle, sent,  
Between the in-crescent and de-crescent moon,  
Arms for her son, and loosed him from his vow,"

he asked that he might still be unknown to the world and called, not knight, but knave, until by his noble deeds he had proved himself worthy of his name.

What a contrast is this noble youth to the proud maiden, Lynette who led him on his first quest to the Castle Perilous to combat for her sister. Her every act was prompted by the weak and worldly senses. During all that long ride, he heeded not her piercing taunts, but bravely concealing his emotions, buried deep in his heart the bitter words which sprang from her lips. Turning his youthful face toward the brilliant light of his Ideal, Gareth conquered his enemies, the worldly senses, and at last overcame the unlawful knight, Death, who proved to be a mere boy and quickly submitted under Gareth's powerful arm.

King Arthur, with his stainless purity and mystic grandeur, also represents the higher nature of man, with its aspirations toward that which is good and holy, while Guinevere, the queen, following the general designs of the world, continually works against him. Arthur aimed high, far above the world's low ambitions, but when his court of knights were living "sweet lives of purest chastity" and his kingdom shone as a bright star before the world; Guinevere by her sin cast upon it a deep shadow, which was never to be raised. Little did she think of the many pure and innocent souls that were being woven into that transparent, lacey web of sin, until the first fruits ripened into the quarrel of Geraint and Enid. This dark shadow deepened until even Lancelot, the greatest of the realm was drawn into sin, and through him the death of the sweet and innocent Elaine was caused.



Arthur, although at each step crushed down by some sin of his once true followers, struggled on in life's uncertain path. He alone remained cold and pure as snow, and although his mission failed on earth, he must have been greatly rewarded in heaven, while Guinevere, through sin and shame, fled to seek seclusion in the convent of God's chosen ones. Thus by prayer and penance she hoped that when life's journey had ended, she might be worthy to look once more into the clear, truthful eyes of the spotless Arthur.

What a beautiful lesson we should derive from Arthur's "triumph of failure." Why should we, who have been so honored with the image of our Creator, turn from Him in our days of youth for the vanities of the world, for like Guinevere, when death draws near, with suppliant knee we will humbly beg for grace to repent. How much better would it be, with heavenly aid, to boldly face the evils and temptation of each day, and then to us, as to Gareth the dread knight, Death, will appear but a blooming boy. Let us not view things under a false light and pass our judgment accordingly, for God will judge from behind the veil where motives reveal themselves like lightning on the background of a dark sky.

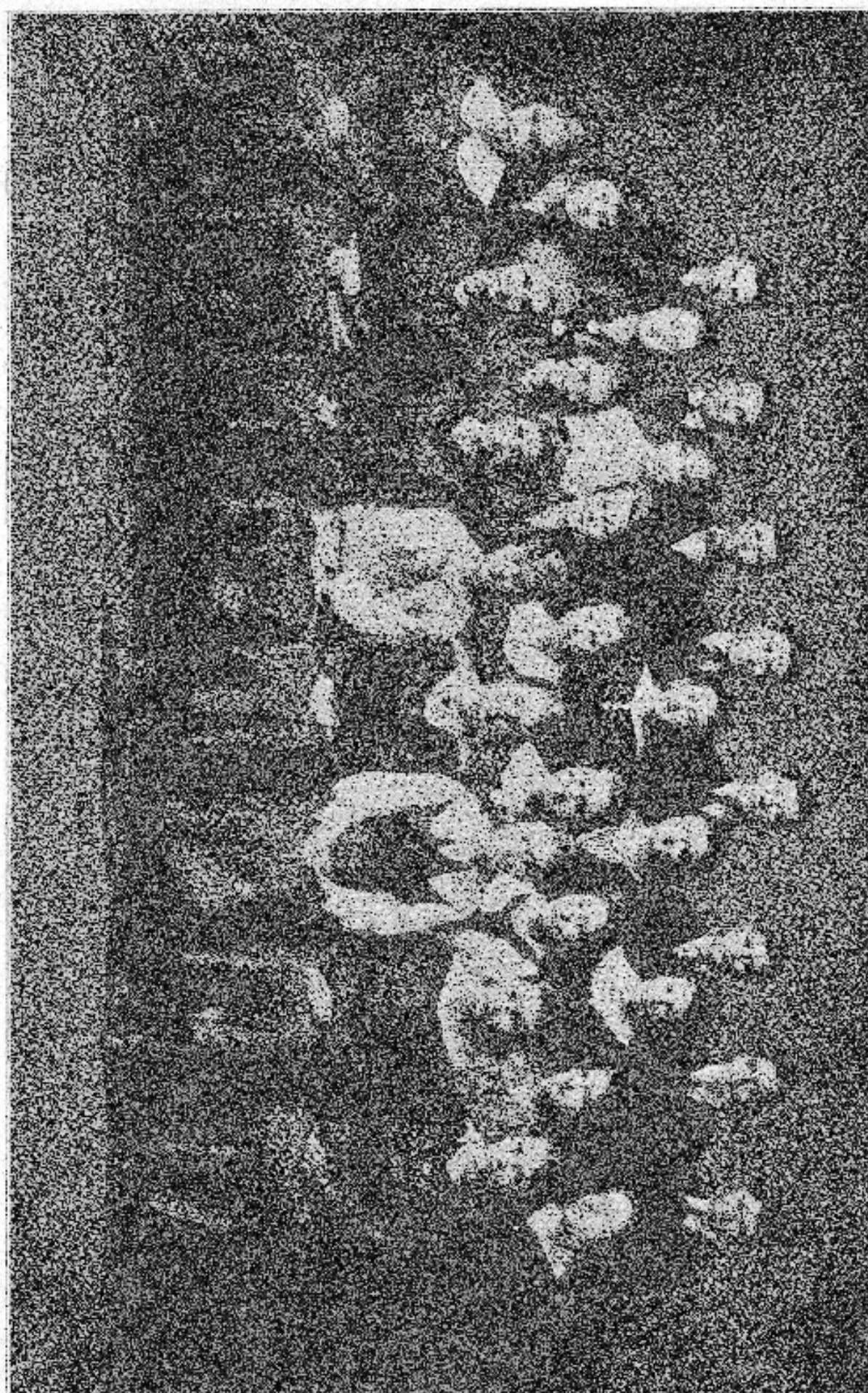
—CECIL O'HORA, '18.

#### A VISION

By the shore of life's broad future,  
On the threshold of a new life,  
Stand the Seniors watching, waiting;  
As before them, they stand gazing  
Far ahead towards their long journey,  
From the brow of every Senior  
Gone is every trace of sorrow.  
With a smile of joy and triumph  
Eagerly they wait the morrow.  
Slowly o'er the shimmering landscape  
Falls the evening's dusk and coolness,  
And they glance and glance about them—  
Mem'ries linger of their gladness.  
"We are going" say the Seniors,  
"Through a lonely world we know not—  
Hark! a voice doth bid us hurry."  
Then they rise up, each one ready,  
One more eager than the other.  
Then Alma Mater speaking kindly  
Gently warns the waiting Seniors;  
"Though my children, I must send you  
On a long and distant journey,  
Though to others' care I leave you,  
Loving thoughts will ever linger  
Of my loved departed children,  
Do your duty; ne'er be careless."  
From their places now rise the Juniors,  
Anxious, too, as are the Seniors;  
Saying kindly, "We shall miss you,  
Miss your friendship, miss your warnings,  
Miss your hearty words of greeting,"  
Sighing say, "Farewell, O Seniors."

—HELEN GRAVENSTEIN.

SOPHOMORE CLASS





## SOPHOMORES, '19

### OFFICERS

William Foley.....	President
Raymond Sweeney.....	Vice-President
Marie Kenney.....	Secretary
Thomas Manley.....	Treasurer

### Class Flower:

Lily of the Valley

### Class Colors:

Green and White

### THE CLASS

Mary Paisley  
Ivo Carey  
Mary Tuohy  
Mary Kaiser  
Loretta Dillon  
Viola McCormick  
Bernadette O'Brien  
Raymond Sweeney  
Thomas Manley  
Elizabeth McDonald

Geraldine Quinlan  
Christopher Torpey  
Charles Casey  
Agnes Gallagher  
Clarence Gorman  
Christopher Torpey  
Annabel Fitzgerald  
Gladys Gimmey  
Carrie Simmer  
Marie Morrison  
Marie Kenney

Jeanette McKinnon  
Helena Claffey  
Irene Haley  
Bernice Duffy  
Lawrence Dondero  
Teresa Smithers  
Thomas Sweeney  
Margaret Paisley  
Regina Claffey  
William Foley





Kind hearts are gardens:  
Kind thoughts are roots:  
Kind words are flowers:  
Kind deeds are Fruits.

## KINDNESS

"Kind words are the music of the world."—Faber.

Kindness! The very word itself seems to sink into our souls with a soft gentle feeling, that soothes and drives away all troubles.

First of all we ask, "What is kindness?" Father Faber answered this question in the definition: "Kindness is the turf of the spiritual world where the sheep of Christ feed quietly beneath the Shepherd's eye." Kindness is a treating of others as we would be treated." Kindness is the root from which true politeness springs. Kindness is a sweet nectar overflowing from the heart of man upon his fellow man.

We then ask, "What is its influence or value?" How many recall a bruised finger or some slight wound that to childhood's inexperience seemed unendurable until Mother, in all kindness, kissed the ache away? How many of us remember how our childish hearts were rent and torn over a broken doll or a lost penny?

In the first few moments of our childish sorrow we saw no room for help. The whole world seemed to us as a place filled with darkness and despair. Then, out of all the gloom, appeared to our tearfilled eyes the rainbow, in the form of a cheery promise or a kind word. The storm was broken, our hearts were glad once more.

Not only in childhood, but in later years, do we feel the gentle force of kindness. It does not command, it is true, but it leads; and so sweetly that we hardly realize that it is a force. It has a power over the hearts of men which is well nigh irresistible. It draws more souls to God, than any other means except prayer. It is more powerful than eloquence or argument.

Its effect upon the brute creation is not less marked. One with very little experience in handling animals knows that the angry tones of the human voice repel, while the tones suggestive of kindness can command, lure, or attract.

The fruits of kindness are two-fold, not only enriching those who receive, but also the hearts of those who give. It helps us to fulfill our Divine Mission and aids in storing up heavenly riches.

If kindness has all these effects; if it is the comfort of sorrow, the securer of God's help, the saver of souls, is it not worth our while to cultivate this virtue? Is the reward promised to the kind of heart sufficient inducement to the practice of kindness? Surely there could be none better calculated to encourage us, than the promise of our Lord to regard as done to Himself, whatever is done for His children.

—VIOLA McCORMICK, '19.

School days, school days,  
Never any free days,  
Our worries began with the first of each year,  
'Mid test days and fret days  
Which put us to fear,  
But now all our worries are put to flight,  
For pleasure we find in doing what's right,  
For our calendar shows how short is our stay,  
In your halls, dear old S. H. A.

—ROSE L., '17.

## AN UNKNOWN HERO

It was during the long and disastrous Civil War that many a hero became known to this world of labor and strife, but among them are many whose trials and sufferings, God alone can show His appreciation of, by giving them a place in His heavenly kingdom, but which will far surpass any earthly praise we can give in their honor.

One of special mention was a brave lad of about eighteen who was his mother's only support. Her other two sons were gone, she knew not where, so it was a deep grief that wounded that loving heart as she stood in the doorway waving, perhaps, her last farewell.

It was hard for them to part but the ambitious boy longed to fight for his country, and, in this ambition he was upheld by the knowledge that his country needed him, so he marched away from mother, friends, home and all that was dear to him, to join the careworn troops and to journey henceforth on dusty roads and through the most solitary by-ways. These were not the only hardships; hunger, thirst, occasional skirmishes and the usual misfortunes of war, each had their stay in the camp—each, in turn, passed by this boy, as if they, too, would shower down upon him a motherly care, like that from which he had so recently parted.

His regiment, meanwhile, was approaching its object every day—and finally that day came when they had reached it. There could be no hesitating now. All must put forth their most noble efforts. The lines drew up near Missionary Ridge, where a brilliant victory was won; but the one to whom the victory was due, this boy, has never been given his share in it.

On the night of the meeting, when man had for a time ceased to fight against his brother, the general had asked for a volunteer to go into the opposite lines to spy out the position of the guns and the hiding places of the enemy. It was a dangerous undertaking and one from which there was small hope of return; but Bobbie Randal, burning with a great love for his country, bravely stepped forth, and, because of his youthful face, the general, thinking he would be mistaken for a water boy, permitted him to go.

He obtained the information and was just crossing back to his own lines when a flash of fire burst through the air and he felt vaguely conscious of a deadening pain.

The only thought that filled his mind was his task. He must get back to the Northern lines. Laboriously he dragged himself over the remaining distance and imparted what he had learned. The general immediately prepared for the next day's battle—the battle which made him famous. The lad was carried to his tent and his wants cared for but it was a time of war, and others were wounded, so soon he was left alone. No hand touched his burning brow, no water passed through his parched lips—he was dying. The roar of the cannon seemed far away and he was fast sinking into unconsciousness. Then a restless look came into his listless eyes. He grasped a pencil and paper in his hand and summing up all his remaining strength he wrote a few words. This seemed to satisfy him and he fell back when he had finished as though he had fallen asleep.



Back home in a little cottage, secluded from the eyes of passers by, sits his mother, old and gray, pining her lonesome heart away. Now and then she takes a slip of paper from her bosom and reads the hardly visible words. What is on that paper no one knows for the mother keeps this memento carefully secluded from curious eyes.

—MARY KAISER, '19.

### MY FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF HIGH SCHOOL

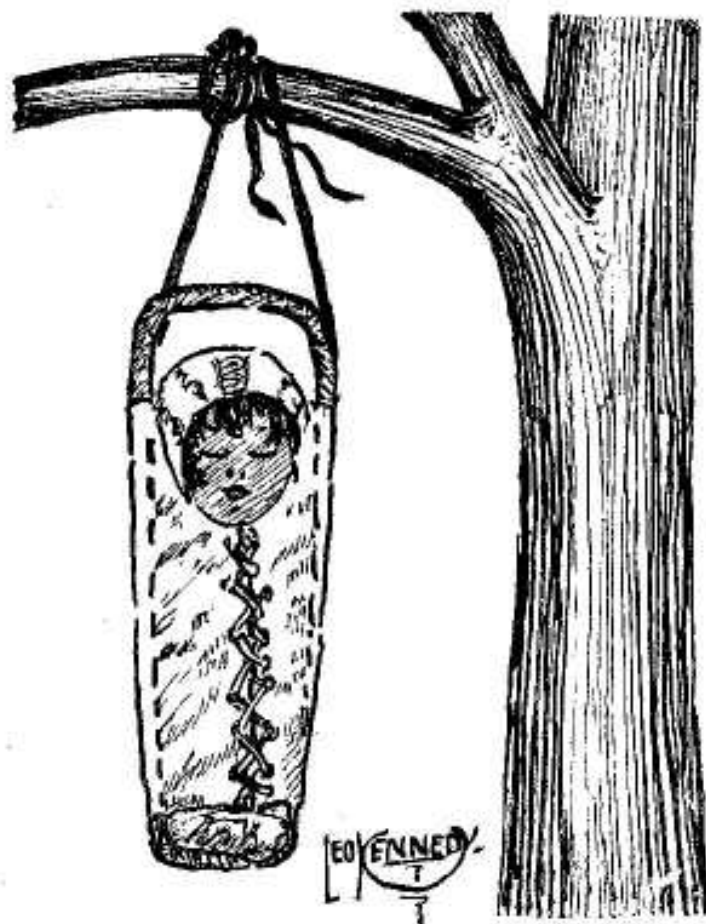
They say "First impressions are lasting" but I am glad to say that I haven't found it to be a fact in one instance at least, and that is, in the case of my first impression of High School life. I entered in September, a little late, and I felt very awkward that first morning, 'specially as I saw that all the other Freshmen seemed quite at ease.

Well, we had just got nicely settled in our places in the big study hall when, "Bang" goes a gong somewhere. They didn't have gongs in District No. 6, so I was quite uneasy. I had heard the fire alarm in town several times and came to the conclusion that this gong meant fire. I was all the more sure when everyone began to get up and march out. They seemed to be going along so slowly, that I pushed the boy next to me and said "Why don't you hurry up?" "If you're in a hurry you can go ahead," said he with anything but a smile on his face.

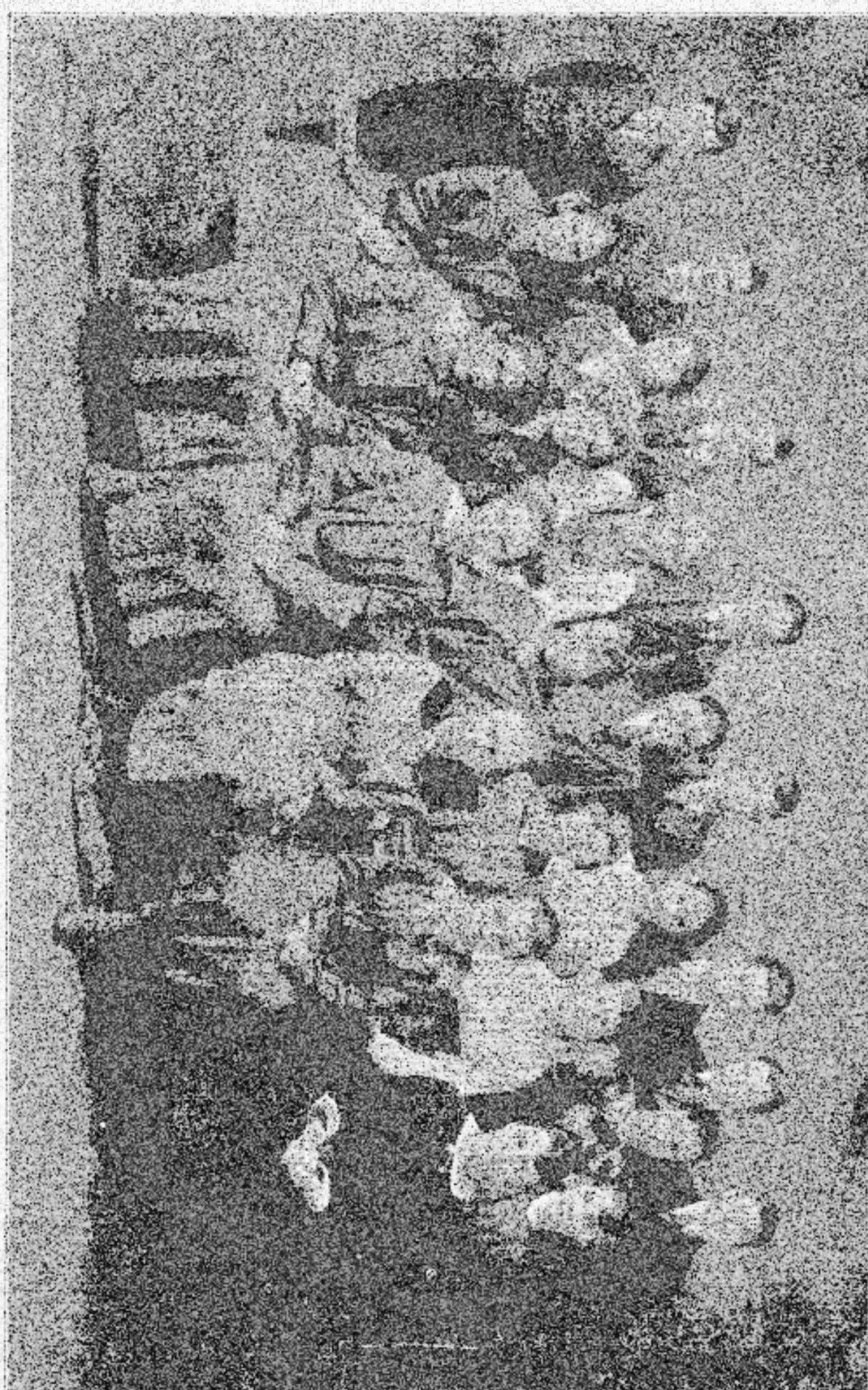
Well they made their way into another room and I followed, not knowing what else to do. Soon I forgot all about the fire for they began a lesson in the A, B, C's only they talked of x, y, z all the time. Now, that was the biggest puzzle to me for I knew all that in the "chart class." Well, I learned later what it meant and it isn't such a joke either.

Pretty soon another gong rang and I just thought it wasn't a fire bell at all. Well what did they do but go into another room where they were exercising their tongues saying, "a—ae—ae—am—a;" then "rosa—rosae—rosam—rosa." Of all things, this was the worst and I made up my mind that I had got into the wrong place; but after a week or two, you'd be surprised how everything cleared up before me and the next thing I want to do is to get on the Baseball list, and into the Orchestra.

—CHARLES SUMNER, '20.



FRESHMAN CLASS



## THE FRESHMEN, '20

### OFFICERS

Allen Manley.....President  
 Eloise Dondero.....Vice-President  
 Frances McNamara.....Secretary  
 Joseph Sweeney.....Treasurer

### Class Flower:

Lily of the Valley

### Class Colors:

Blue and White

### THE CLASS

Leo Kennedy  
 John McDonald  
 Beatrice Mueller  
 Eloise Dondero  
 Mae Campbell  
 Charles Sumner  
 Mae Gallagher  
 Ivan Taylor

Eileen Rush  
 Bernice Gravenstein  
 Vivian Larkins  
 Frances McNamara  
 Rose Gallagher  
 Thomas Doyle  
 Viola O'Brien  
 Joseph Sweeney

Mary Courter  
 Ruth Purtell  
 Elizabeth Theisen  
 Elmer Calhoun  
 Marie Welsh  
 Helen Carroll  
 Helen Johnson  
 Allen Manley

## TO THE SENIORS

You are leaving our school with the best wishes of all;  
 Your minds filled with knowledge to answer life's call.  
 If the Freshman should tell you in a spirit of fun  
 We're under the impression your learning's just begun.

For this bold assertion you'll think us quite rude,  
 And scorn us poor Freshies and have it a feud;  
 We'll beg an apology if three years from hence  
 You'll return and tell us there is no offense.

The threshold of life is a wonderful place,  
 Its horizon so alluring to those ent'ring the race;  
 For honor and wealth and ambition, too  
 Are not always for many, but just for a few.

Bear in mind as you mingle with the great throng,  
 To your religion, be true or all will be wrong;  
 And if honor and wealth should stray your way,  
 Give some of the glory to our dear S. H. A.

—VIVIAN LARKINS.



## SEVENTH CENTENARY OF THE DOMINICAN ORDER

The seven hundredth anniversary of the approval of the Dominican Order by Pope Honorius III. in 1216 is celebrated this year throughout the world.

Seven hundred years ago the Holy See put the seal of approval on the project of the Spanish priest, Dominic de Guzman, namely, a world-wide order for the preaching of the Word of God.

The founder of the Friars Preachers, Dominic de Guzman, was born April 5th, 1170, the year that witnessed the martyrdom of St. Thomas a Becket. His birthplace was the village of Caleruega, Old Castile, Spain, a country rich in saints. His noble parents, Felix de Guzman and Jane d'Aza deeply conscious of their parental responsibility, reared their children for God's service.

At a tender age, Dominic was confided to the care of a priestly uncle. Later he was sent to pursue his theological studies at the University of Palencia. Daily he advanced in wisdom, the scriptures being his favorite study.

After completing his studies, he "forsook home, country and father's house" to follow his vocation. His labor among the Albigenses was very wearisome, but his thirst for souls caused him to persevere in his painful labor. This work centered about Prouille in the Province of Languedoc, France. The heart of the zealous apostle yearned over these poor souls, straying from the fold in great numbers day by day. Here he saw the dwellings of men who were dear to the Sacred Heart of his Master, and he seemed to be unable to draw them back to the loving embrace of that Heart; until at last Mary, our Mother, came to his assistance, and gave, with her own hands, the Rosary.

Since women and girls seemed more easily led by the false doctrines, St. Dominic conceived the idea of establishing a community into which he would gather women whom he had converted. The end for which he planned this community was, to protect his converts against a repetition of their mistakes, and that they, by their prayers, might assist him in his apostolate. He thereupon made plans for the erection of a home, the first Convent for the Dominican Sisters, and the cradle of the Rosary. Later the Order of Friars Preachers was founded.

In Dominic's order no learning that could work into the good of souls was to be dispized. By study and religious observance the Saint formed his preachers, they were to be sent forth on their Gospel errand, only when they were thoroughly equipped.

Looking back through the vista of seven centuries one beholds a vast army of white liveried monks and nuns who, arising from every rank of society, have called Dominic "Blessed Father." Their lives were lived in accordance with his ideal, their sole purpose was that of their founder—to preach and teach the truths of faith.

Never will the life of St. Dominic fail to shine before men.

—BERNICE GRAVENSTEIN, '20.

## ACADEMY NOTES



### OFFICERS OF LITERARY

Lawrence Shanahan.....	President
Joseph McDonald.....	Vice-President
Clarence Keenan.....	Secretary
Catherine McNamara.....	Treasurer

### PROGRAM

October thirteenth we commemorated the death of the illustrious President of the University of Michigan, President Angell.

Mr. Francis McNamara, attorney at law, gave an interesting history of his acquaintance with President Angell.

Mr. McNamara dwelt in particular upon the great personal influence of the President upon individual college men, as well as upon whole educational systems of Michigan and neighboring states.

Especially interesting was Mr. McNamara's personal definition of the true aim of education.

The National Hymn and the University "Yellow and Blue," were sung by the High School Chorus.

### OUR FIRST LITERARY PROGRAM

The first meeting of the Literary Society was held in November, and consisted of a miscellaneous program by members of the high school.

The most important number was an interesting and instructive discussion of the relative merits of Prose and Poetry by the Juniors and the Sophomores. The Sophomore class, represented by Charles Casey and

Viola McCormick, defended Prose, while the Junior Class, represented by James O'Brien and Beatrice Dillon, favored Poetry. After the well-chosen arguments were given, the Judges, namely: Christine Donovan, Catherine McNamara and Edward O'Hora, rendered a decision in favor of Prose.

The humorous selection, "Mark Twain's Encounter with an Interviewer," was ably produced with Daniel Gallagher as Mark Twain, and Lawrence Shanahan as the Interviewer.

The latter also distinguished himself in the reading of an article on "What Books We Should Read." In this paper the classes of the sensational novel, were scored roundly, and a very delicate hint given that our reading matter should be above us, something that will keep us striving to get up to its level.

These and several recitations, interspersed with musical numbers, won the deserved applause of the audience.

The meeting closed, much to the dismay and terror of the Freshmen, with the announcement of a closed meeting at which they must meet their fates in initiation into the society.

### FEAST DAY EXERCISES

On December 21 we celebrated again the feast of our beloved pastor. A very interesting program was given in his honor, which proved to be a complete success.

### PROGRAM

Opening Chorus—Greetings.....High School Chorus  
Address.....Edward O'Hora  
Barcarolle—Violin, Beatrice Johnson; Cello, Rose Larkins; Piano, Irene Garvin

Echoes from Bethlehem.

A Christmas Miracle Play, by Father Finn.

#### Characters:

Benoni.....Thomas Manley  
Ariel.....Raymond Sweeney  
Manahan.....William Claffey  
Aristos.....Ivo Carey  
Faustinus.....Charles Casey

Flowers' Feast Day Message.

((Little girls represented as flowers.))

Christmas Song.....Chorus of Little Ones

Piano: Irene Garvin

Piano Solo.....Rose Larkins

Orchestra Number.....



## HIAWATHA PROGRAM

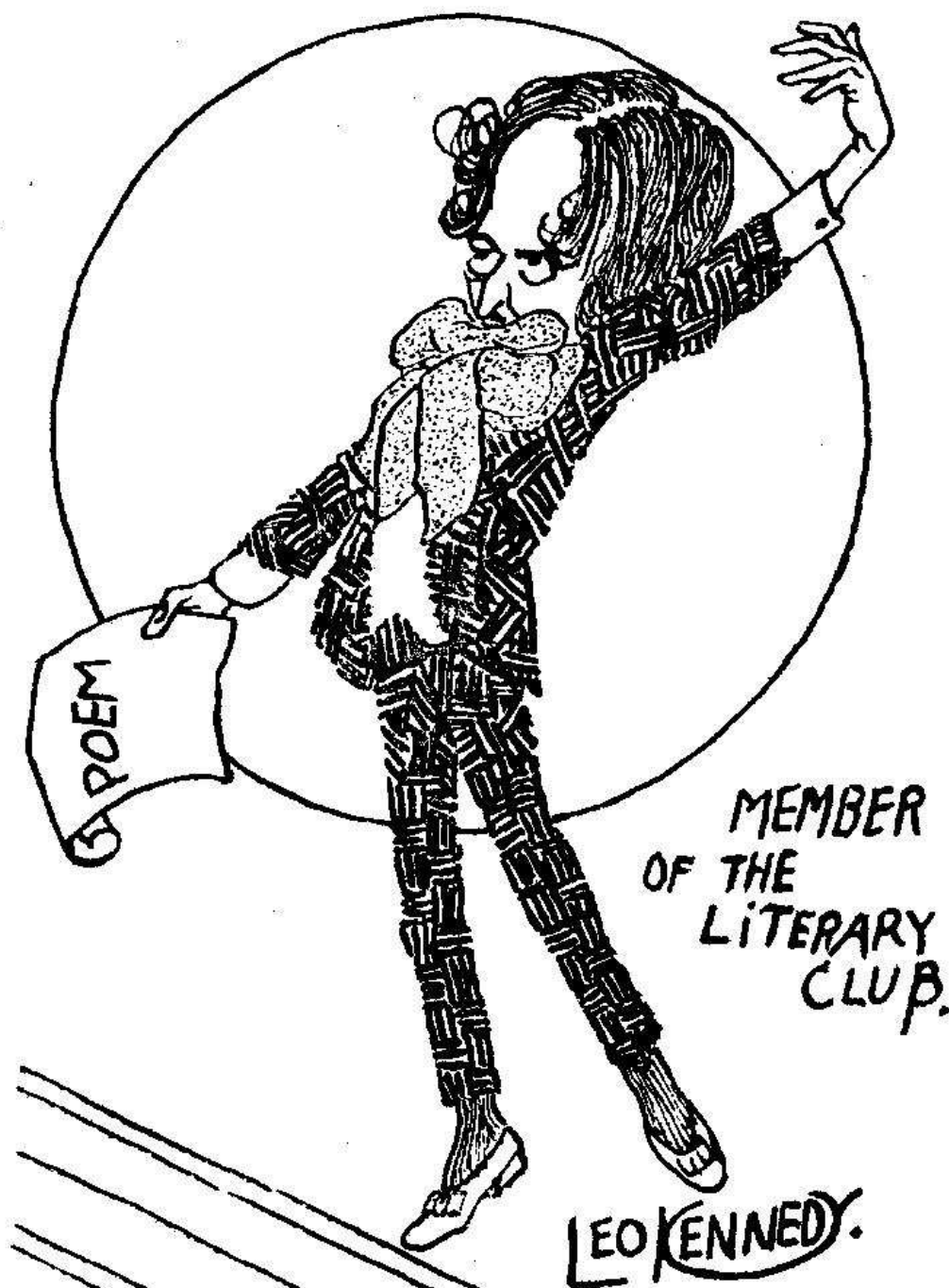
The Freshman Class completed their study of Hiawatha by a program given in the Academy Study Hall. The officers of the Literary Society, after calling the meeting to order, placed the whole afternoon's proceedings in the hands of the Freshman Class officers.

After a short sketch of Longfellow's life, given by Bernice Gravenstein, short talks, illustrated by the colored slides, gave the audience the story of the poem in brief. Especially pleasing were the recitations, Hiawatha's Childhood, by Beatrice Mueller; Hiawatha's Sailing, by Frances McNamara; The Famine, by Mae Campbell; and The Passing of Hiawatha, by Eloise Dondero.

In connection with the Literary work on Hiawatha, those members of the class who are also members of the music class, made a study of Indian Music, and gave the Society the benefit of their labor by introducing several selections into their program.



Irish Airs.....	Academy Orchestra
Life of St. Patrick.....	Margaret McKinnon
Reading—Emmet's Last Speech.....	Thomas Manley
Piano Solo—Medley of Irish Airs.....	Marie Quinlan
Erin's Flag.....	Helena Claffey
Paper—Ireland, Isle of Saints and Scholars.....	Cecil O'Hora
Quartette—The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls—	Lawrence Shan-
ahan, William Claffey, Clarence Keenan, Thomas Manley	
Recitation—Ha, Ha, Hannigan.....	Raymond Sweeney
Catholic Church in Ireland.....	Alice O'Hora
Instrumental Solo.....	Margaret Keenan
Quartette—Ireland Must be Heaven.....	
Recitation—Kerry.....	James O'Brien
Daniel O'Connell's—Irish Disturbance Bill.....	Catherine McNamara
American Airs.....	Orchestra



## SHAKESPEARE PROGRAM

Following a selection by the orchestra, an interesting talk on Shakespeare's life and works was given by Christine Donovan.

## Scene III. Act I.—Merchant of Venice

Shylock.....Leo Kennedy  
Bassanio.....Allen Manley  
Antonio.....Vivian Larkins

## Scene I. Act I.—Julius Caesar

Flavius.....William Foley  
Marullus.....Charles Casey  
First Commoner.....Christie Torpey  
Second Commoner.....Ivo Carey  
Hamlet's Soliloquy—"To be, or not to be".....Bernadette Kennedy  
Portia's Plea for Mercy.....Beatrice Mueller

## Scene IV. Act II.—Julius Caesar

Portia.....Mary Kaiser  
Lucius.....Christie Torpey  
Sooth sayers.....Clarence Gorman  
Sleep-walking Scene—Macbeth  
Lady Macbeth.....Irene Garvin  
Gentle woman.....Frances Ryan  
Doctor.....Edward O'Hora







# Alumni- Notes



## OFFICERS

Miss Loretta McDonald, '96.....	President
Miss Helen Dittman, '96.....	Vice-President
Miss Nellie Welsh, '07.....	Secretary
Harold Donahue, '13.....	Treasurer

## ALUMNI

1893.—Louise Garvin (Farrel) Owosso, Mich.; Lillian Flood (McMahon) Toledo; Catherine Fraser, Mt. Pleasant; Mary McCue, Mt. Pleasant; \*Nettie McRae (Blondheim).

1896.—Rose Garvin (Pendergast) Owosso; Catherine O'Boyle (Sister of St. Dominic) Grand Rapids; Fanny Sweeney (Huber) Mishawaka, Ind.; Margaret Munro, Teacher, Grand Rapids; Clara Maloney, Toledo, Ohio; Loretta McDonald, Mt. Pleasant; Helen Dittmann, Mt. Pleasant.

1897.—Nellie Garvin (Carey) Muskegon, Mich.; Bessie Garvin, Mt. Pleasant; Nellie McCue, Teacher, Detroit; May Kane (Ryan) Merrill; \*Agnes Donovan (Rutherford) Margaret Battle, Teacher, Allegan.

1898.—Nellie Kane, (Gee) Plainwell; Mary Rush, Mt. Pleasant.

1899.—May Davis (Sheehan) New York City; Mary McRae (Bossinger) Auburn, Wash.; Catherine Shanahan (Garvin) Owosso; Mary Sullivan (Tobin) Frankfort, Ind.; Elizabeth Sullivan (Bell) Pittsburgh, Pa.; Elizabeth McCue, Teacher, Minneapolis; Elizabeth McKinnon, Teacher, Minneapolis.

1900.—Frank McCann, Merchant, Sturgis; Madge Davis, Mt. Pleasant; Mary Shanahan, Mt. Pleasant; Mabel Sullivan (Frost) Detroit, Mich.; Catherine Powell, Teacher, Seattle, Wash.; Lena Gallagher (Somerville) Mt. Pleasant; Nellie Wilmot (Scully).

1901.—\*Eva Sweeney; Helen Davis (Sister of St. Dominic) Grand Rapids; Catherine McGuire (Gannon) Mt. Pleasant; Mary McGuire, Teacher, Akron, O.; Nellie Quin (Carey) Toledo; Theresa Lynch (Hagen) Mt. Pleasant; Bessie McCann (Conley) Mt. Pleasant.

1902.—Rev. Wm. McCann, Saginaw, Mich.; Mabel Garvin, Teacher, Saulte Ste. Marie; May Garvin, Teacher, Detroit; Cloris Sweeney (Kane) Mt. Pleasant; Nellie Kenney (Sister of St. Dominic) Grand Rapids; Margaret Logan (Hackett) Mt. Pleasant.

1903.—\*Harry Kane; Alex Murphy, Milwaukee, Wis.; Viola O'Hara (Murphy) Milwaukee, Wis.; Anna Kinney, Detroit, Mich.; \*Margaret Duffy.

1904.—\*Andrew Donovan, Mt. Pleasant; A. J. McCarthy, Druggist, Mt. Pleasant; Nellie Ballister, Teacher, Mt. Pleasant; Agnes Shanahan, Teacher, Lansing; Mary Kenney (Donoghue) Mt. Pleasant.

1905.—Louise McCarthy (McMahon) Petoskey; Agnes Battle; Sara Smithers (Sister of St. Dominic) Grand Rapids; Mary Breidenstein, Teacher, Muskegon, Mich.; Elizabeth Duffy, Teacher, Akron, O.

1906.—Sabina Kane, Coleman; Agnes O'Hara (Lynch) New York City; Margaret McCarthy, Teacher, Saulte Ste. Marie; Agnes Welsh, Mt. Pleasant; Beatrice Dondero, Teacher, Minneapolis.

1907.—Zita Carey, Teacher, Mt. Pleasant; Eva Carey (Webb) Cadillac; Nellie Welsh, Teacher, Mt. Pleasant; Mary Sullivan, (Sister of St. Dominic) Grand Rapids; Margaret O'Hara, Teacher, Lansing; Jennie Murray (Finnigan) Detroit; Lenore Summers (Quinn) Huntington, W. Va.

1908.—\*Rev. Jas. Kane; Mary E. Sweeney, Teacher, Lansing; Mary E. Fraser

(Sister of St. Dominic) Grand Rapids; Marie Flood (La Goe) Marion; Theresa Murphy, Nurse, Mercy Hospital, Chicago, Ill.; Sibbie Sullivan, Teacher, Midland; Anna Sullivan, Teacher, Flint; Rose Walsh, Teacher, Flint; Brigetta Murray, Teacher, Saginaw, Mich.; Angela McCarthy, Mt. Pleasant; Hazel Carey (Baker) Boyne City; Eleanor Sheridan, Marquette.

1909.—Thomas McNamara, Saginaw, Mich.; John Rush, Toledo; Marie Kane, Teacher, Saginaw; May McDonald, Teacher, Akron, O.; Rose Kenney, Teacher, Petoskey; Mary Walsh, Teacher, Detroit, Mich.; Alice Fitzgerald, Teacher, Detroit; Ethel Garvin, Nurse, Big Rapids.

1910.—Joseph Kane, Detroit; \*John Sidley; Roy Dondero, Student at U. of M.; Frank Young, Detroit; Ethel McDonald, Teacher, Mt. Pleasant; Retha Doris (Sister of St. Dominic) Grand Rapids; Margaret O'Brien, Teacher, Wenatchee, Wash.; Vera Welsh, Teacher, Detroit, Mich.; Bernedette Garvin, Detroit, Mich.; Rose Donovan (Campbell) Midland, Mich.; Mae O'Hara, Teacher, Cadillac, Mich.; Rose Sweeney, Teacher, Ionia; Ethel McRae, Teacher, Detroit; Agatha Kaiser (Sister of St. Dominic) Grand Rapids.

1911.—Liguori Carey, Student Detroit University; Leo McDonald, Teacher, Mt. Pleasant; Aloysius McCann, Mt. Pleasant; Hayden Gallagher, Detroit, Mich.; Ellen McNamara (Giles) Detroit; Josephine McNamara, Teacher, Mt. Pleasant; Sara Garvin (Barnes) Gardena, Cal.; Ursula McDonald, Student at U. of M.; Loretta Battle, Teacher, Newberry; Susie Manion (Fraser) Traverse City; Rosella Murray, Teacher, St. Johns; Agatha O'Hara, Teacher, Lyons, Mich.; May Young, Teacher, Bay City; Blanche McCormick, Sherman City; Anna Mitchell, Teacher, Mt. Pleasant; Tilla Kaiser, Teacher, Minneapolis; Hary Houlihan, Baltimore, Md.

1912.—Wm. Fraser, Mt. Pleasant, Leon McRae, Mt. Pleasant; Vincent McRae, France; Frank Sullivan, Ann Arbor; Clara O'Brien, Teacher, Boyne City; Pauline Peck, Detroit; Margaret Snitzler, Teacher, Frankfort; Marie Leahy, Detroit, Margaret Garvin, Mt. Pleasant; Agnes Mitchell, Rosebush; Beatrice Mahoney, Teacher, Saginaw; Mary Campbell, Teacher, Mt. Pleasant; Carrie Corcoran, Teacher, Mt. Pleasant; Ruth Ferrigan, Teacher, Paynesville, Mich.; Mary Murphy, Nurse, Grand Rapids; Elizabeth Murphy (De Wale) Grayling.

1913.—Leo Casey, Postoffice, Mt. Pleasant; Harold Donahue, Postoffice, Mt. Pleasant; Mary Donahue (Sister of St. Dominic) Grand Rapids; Eleanor Marthv, Nurse S. Mary's Hospital, Saginaw; Blaind Sweeney, Student of U. of M.; Ruth McDonald, Teacher, Mayville; Anna McCarthy (Sister of St. Dominic) Grand Rapids; Mabel Sumner, Teacher, Lake, Mich.; Mamie Carey (Gaudard) Mt. Pleasant; Katherine Sheehan (Bollmann) Mt. Pleasant; Rose Engler, Teacher, Mt. Pleasant.

1914.—Hoyt Taylor, Student, Kirkville, Iowa; John Battle, Mt. Pleasant; Cletus Murray, Mt. Pleasant; Florence Carey, Stenographer, Alma; Mabel McCormick, Teacher, Mt. Pleasant; Rosella O'Brien, Teacher, Cashmere, Wash.; Grace Evans, Mt. Pleasant; Rhea Gorman, Teacher, Mt. Pleasant; Lenore Murray, Teacher, St. Louis, Mich.; Lena Kohler, Teacher, Mass City, Mich.; Loyola Gallagher, Teacher, Mass City, Mich.; Maritta Ryan, Teacher, Bancroft.

1915.—Chas. McDonald, Lansing; Frank Quinlan, Postoffice, Mt. Pleasant; Thomas O'Hara, Student at Normal, Mt. Pleasant; Joseph McIsaac, Mt. Pleasant; Colin McRae, Detroit; Marie O'Brien, Teacher, Baldwin; Loretta McDonald, Teacher, Mt. Pleasant; Anna O'Hara, Mt. Pleasant; Rose Mitchell, Student Central State Normal; Agatha Manausa, Teacher, Boyne City; Margaret Powell, Student Central State Normal; Margaret Brust (Sister of St. Dominic) Grand Rapids; Evelyne O'Brien, Teacher, Blanchard, Mich.

1916.—Kathleen Sweeney, Student Central State Normal; Marie Colhoun, Student Central State Normal; Bernadette Barrett, Student Central State Normal; Eloise Johnson, Student Central State Normal; Lucile Johnson, Student Central State Normal; Helen Kane, Student Central State Normal; Catherine Ryan, Student Central State Normal; Irene Casey, Student Central State Normal; Mayme Coughlin, Teacher, Mt. Pleasant; Leo Carey, Student, Ferris Institute; Edward Fitz Gerald, Mt. Pleasant.



### IN MEMORIAM

Each day, as it steals away, takes with it some soul that has "shuffled off this mortal soil."

Sometimes, it is someone in a far off land; sometimes, someone so dear to us that we can hardly endure the pain of separation, yet we cannot help feeling that it only brings heaven closer to us. Such was the case when one of the most beloved members of our Alumni died—Father James Kane.

After he had spent twelve years in our dear Academy and later had made long preparation that he might perform the duties of the Holy Priesthood, he was but allowed to say his first Holy Mass and then, since he was too choice a flower to bloom longer in earth's gardens, God called him to Himself.

As we turn back the pages of our history, we feel a thrill of pride, and his death, we do not shed tears of sorrow, we feel a thrill of pride, and thankfulness that we, the Alumni and members of the Sacred Heart Academy, had so beautiful a flower to offer to Our Divine Lord to glorify His Kingdom.

—CATHERINE McNAMARA.





BASEBALL TEAM OF S. H. A.

## MEMBERS OF THE BASEBALL TEAM

Coach.....Rev. E. Brogger  
Captain.....Lawrence Shanahan  
Wm. Claffey    D. Gallagher    J. McDonald    J. Tuohy    J. Kennedy  
          E. Fitzgerald    L. Dondero    C. Casey    W. Foley  
                  I. Carey            R. Sweeney

### BASEBALL

Baseball is sure a splendid game,  
The best of all, perhaps;  
To some it means a way to fame,  
Pictured with mighty bats.

To play the game in proper style  
Just nine good men it needs;  
And they are waiting all the while  
To show their marvelous deeds.

But this leaves out the great Umpire,  
Sure he's the first of all  
In stirring up the players' ire,  
Deciding a close call.

We take our places in the field,  
And wait with anxious hand,  
To see that none dare try to steal  
The score from where we stand.

But it requires not only men  
Of bodily strength and will;  
A touch of intellect helps out  
And holds the dead ones still.

It needs a pump within the shade,  
To keep our spirits up,  
It needs a pump beside the shade,  
It needs an old "tin cup."

—DANIEL GALLAGHER, '17.

Bravo! Pledge, Bravo!

I, the undersigned, hereby affirm that in the future I will abstain from  
all kinds of smoking tobacco beginning December 4, 1916.

THOMAS MANLEY.

Dated Dec. 5, 1916, Mt. Pleasant, Mich.

If in the future I break this pledge I will give to Charles Casey the  
sum of One Dollar (\$1.00) and the said Charles Casey may collect the said  
money the day after I break the Pledge.

THOMAS MANLEY.

Witnesses:

Raymond Sweeney,  
William Foley,  
Joseph McDonald.



# POINTED PARAGRAPHS

Senior: (at initiation of Freshmen) "What are the three commonest words used by Freshmen?"

Elmer: "I don't know."

Senior: "Correct, sit down."

Sophomore: "Do you know what Freshmen remind me of?"

Junior: "No, what?"

Sophomore: "Nothing."

Teacher: "Irene, why do you always contradict?"

Irene: "I never do."

Teacher: "Give an example of personification."

Jas. O'B.: "The horse kicked with great violence."

"What takes place when water freezes?"

F. McD.: "The price of it goes up."

"L. D. would be a good dancer except for two things—his feet."

"Why is L. S. like Gibraltar?"

"Because he is a mighty bluff."

D. G.: (After the K. of C. initiation.) All the great men are dying; I'm worried. I don't feel well myself."

"There is one talent Bernadette has not buried. What? Talent for talk."

W. C.—Telegraphs to Jas. O'B.: "Washout on line, can't come." W. C. Jas. reply: "Never mind. Come anyway. Borrow a suit." J. O'B.

In Physics: "It's easier to locate the freezing than the boiling point."

A voice: "It's always easier to get a zero than a hundred."

F. McD.: "What is the difference between Civil Government and the Constitution?"

J. T.: "Well, I don't know, but I do know that it takes a good constitution to study Civil Government this year."

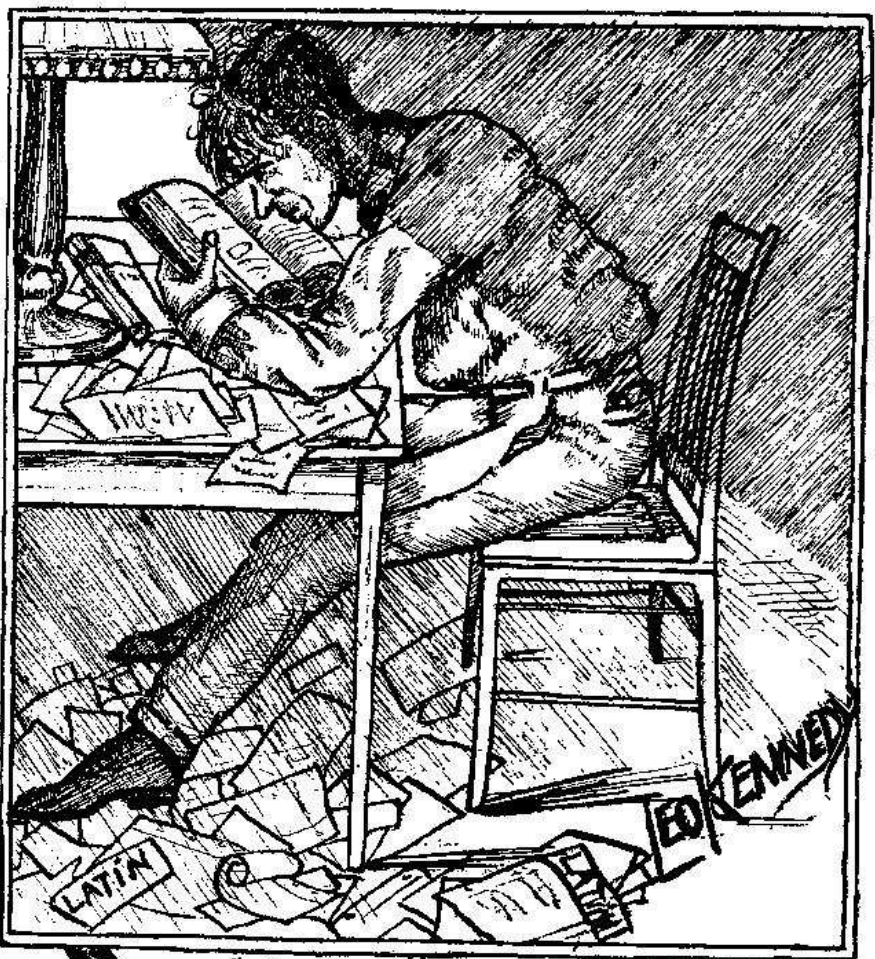
Joe McD.: "Why do you soak the works of a watch in gasoline?"

Dan.: "I'm not quite sure, but I think perhaps to kill the ticks."

"Why are so many of the S. H. A. students like locomotives?"

"Because they have their own little chem! chew!"





Eliz. G.: "Is that a picture of St. Cecelia?"

Eloise D.: "Yes."

E. G.: "My, but it doesn't look like her."

Teacher: "Tell us the prerequisites for a good composition."

Thos. D.: "Paper and Pencil."

A Freshman: "Don't run against that Post!"

D. G.: "I'm not an ordinary post, I'm a lamp-post."

Freshman: "Always thought there was something light in the top of your head."

Senior: "This cold makes my voice sound so deep. I like to have my tones in the top of my head."

Freshman: "I should think you would want something up there."

Teacher: "What was the custome of the Greeks after a battle?"

Mae G.: "They always held a funeral oration over th e dead and wounded."

Timid Freshman: "What time is it, please?"

Senior: "Don't ask for time, Sonny, pay cash."

Freshman: (scared) "Owe."

Teacher: "What was the Sherman Act?"

Jas. K.: "Marching through Georgia."

Class Puzzle: "What does Taylor see in that hand cirror?"

S. H. A. students must not, like Chinese soldiers, expect to win victories by turning somersets in the air.

Ed. O'H.: "What are you going to do when you get to Klondike, L.?"

Law: "Take up land."

Ed.: "Much?"

Law: "A shovelful at a time."

C. D.: "Going to have turkey for Thanksgiving dinner, Irene?"

I.: "I hope so. Think I'm going to be invited to Catherine's."

From Chemistry Papers:

"When sulphur is heated to about 140 degrees it becomes vicious."

"If you pass a magnet over iron filings they will rise."

"He's fading away to a ton. Who? Eugene."

"What's the matter with F. McN.? Did she leave her measure for a new tongue?"

"H. G. will surely make a soldier girl for Uncle Sam. Why? She is not afraid of powder."

"Sometimes seen but never heard. But most times heard and never seen. Who? H. B."

Say, Catherine, let me take your Self-Reliance?—B. J.

Pupil: "Sister, did you see my piece of sheet music?"

Sister: "What is the name of the piece?"

Pupil: "Cap Rise." (Caprice).

Senior: "Macbeth said, he had strange things in his head."

W. C.: "I heard C. S. had an operation on his head."

Thos. M.: "Yes, but there's nothing in it, really."

"Judging from the number of books the Sophs. take home every night, they evidently believe in preparedness."

Junior: "Ashes to Ashes,  
Dust to Dust!  
If Latin doesn't kill us,  
Geometry must!"

F. McD.: (to a friend who stepped on his toe) "That's right, if you cannot stand on your own feet, stand on mine."

Senior: "Anyone wishing to see real acrobat and gymnastics should attend the Juniors' elocution class at 10:10 A. M. Wednesday."

"A Junior was asked who Tecumseh was. He accused the poor Indian of being a Frenchman! !"

Junior: "We may be gay, we may be bold  
And many pranks on us be told,  
But to our school you know we're true  
And to our colors, gold and blue."

Teacher: "Wm. Foley, give me a synonym for farmer."

Wm. F.: "Hayseed."

(Heard in History of Music Class): "Hauptmann was a fine violinist on the violin."— I. G.

Six year old music pupil taking a lesson hears cello practice in the next room. "What's that, a cow bawling?"

### PLEASE TELL ME

Do ships have eyes when they go to sea?  
Are there springs in the ocean's bed?  
Does the Jolly Tar flow from the tree?  
Does a river lose its head?  
Are fishes crazy when they go in Seine?  
Can an old hen sing her lay?  
Can you bring relief to a window pane?  
Or mend the break of day.  
What sort of a vegetable is a policeman's beat?  
Is a newspaper white when read?  
Is a baker broke when making dough?  
Is an undertaker's business dead?



"She who goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing; Methinks the one from whom she borrows sorrows most. What do you think about it, Irene?"

Teacher: "What did Caesar do in Gaul?"

Sophomore: "I don't know, I was not there that day."

Caterer (to Ivo, who applies for a job): "Are you a good waiter and a dish washer?"

Ivo C.: "Do I look like twins?"

In Physics class: "When does a body rise?"

Pupil: "When the gong rings."

Beatrice (reading in Musical History Class): "Acoustics says"—  
(Teacher interrupts): "What does Acoustics mean, Irene?"

"It's the name of a great composer! ! ! ?"

Geometry is on the list  
Of studies we do like;  
With circles, squares and polygons  
We are in our delight.  
Although the theorems many times  
Are given with mistakes,  
We always stay nights after school,  
And many an hour it takes.  
Oh, many nights we ponder o'er  
This old and thumb-worn book,  
To learn most every theorem,  
We search in every nook.  
'Tis needless to relate these facts,  
Of all the things we learn,  
But all that you acquire in time,  
You certainly do earn.

—HELEN GRAVENSTEIN, '18.

Sweet Physics! 'tis of thee  
O, I'll remember thee  
To my dying day.  
From night till morn I strove,  
Beside the old coal stove  
Till thou, my senses drove  
Entirely a—way.



ENGLISH ROOM  
A MESSAGE TO THE ALUMNI

I.

Go, little Book, your loving message take  
To Alma Mater's children wandering far;  
Let them know they are hers; she loves them still.  
Speak to their loyal hearts,  
Have them stand in her banner's shade  
Her soldiers, brave and true.

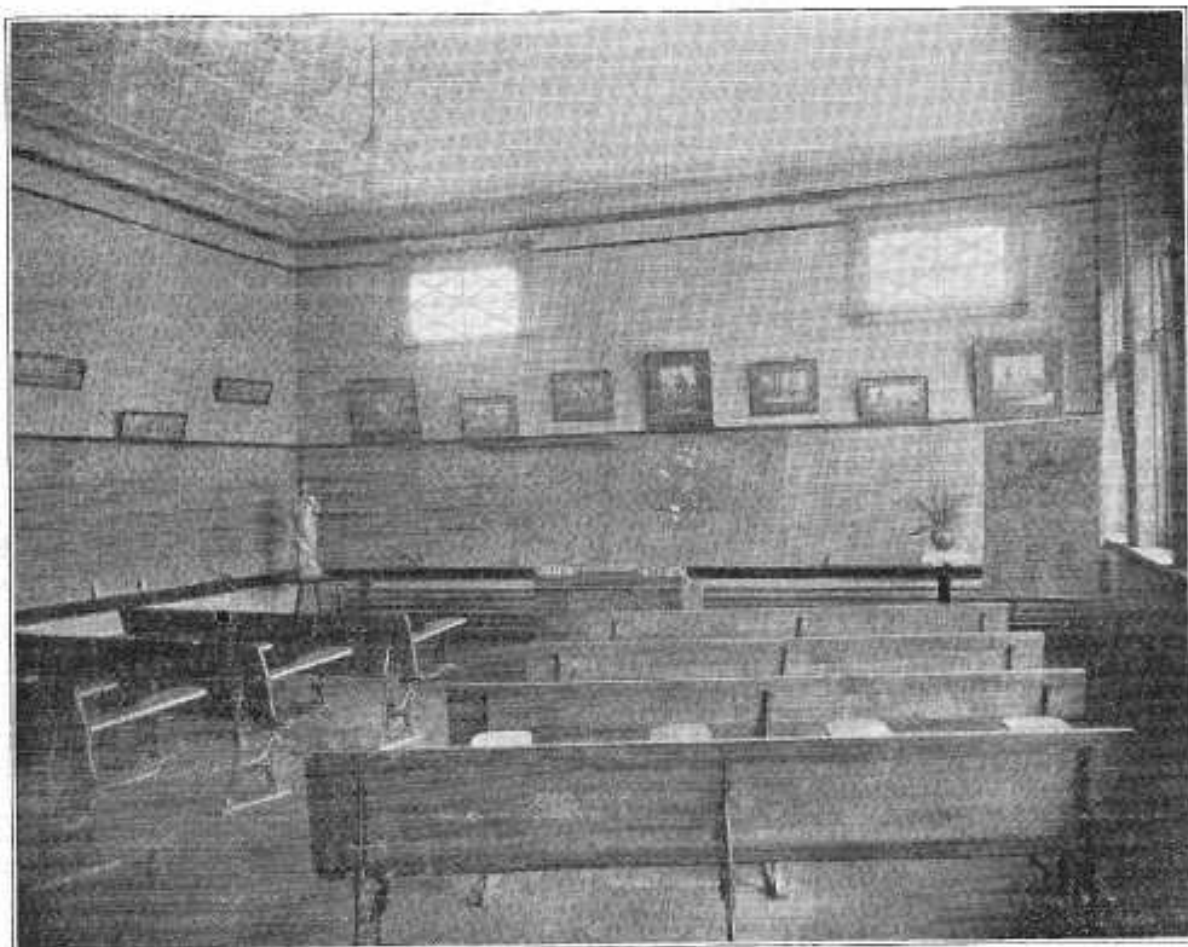
II.

Seek, little Book, to 'rouse sweet memories  
Of school days passed, and happy moments spent.  
With golden youth, they're gone beyond recall;  
These Memories from the past,  
May bring unbidden tears and smiles  
As rushing in, they come.

III.

Go, little Book, e'en though to distant climes  
On this wide earth, and find them everyone.  
Proud will they be to see their names inscribed  
Upon your pages bright,  
To know that they're remembered still  
In Alma Mater's halls.—Godspeed.

—KATHLEEN SWEENEY, '16.



HISTORY ROOM

## THE PICTURE SHOP

THE PHOTOGRAPHS FROM WHICH THE CUTS IN THIS BOOK ARE PRINTED, WERE MADE AT "THE PICTURE SHOP." DON'T FORGET THIS WHEN YOU WANT A GOOD PHOTOGRAPH OF YOURSELF.

HARRY  
BELLINGAR

COMPLIMENTS OF

**L. F. W. C.**

to the

**Seniors**

of the

**Sacred Heart Academy**

1917