

The Educational
Messenger



December 1916

The Good Cheer Prosperity Store Is Aglow with Useful Gifts for Men, Women and Children



This great rapid growing store is prepared to render service, in useful gifts for the whole family. The kind that will bring hearty Thank You's from the whole family. The very thing they would buy for themselves—ready here under one roof—at the place where everybody likes to trade.

There's Good Cheer in Finding

and Giving! That About Expresses the Sentiments of the Many Who
FOUND---

THE FIND

A Sale of High Grade
New Pinch Back SUITS
and Pinch Back Overcoats
Now in Progress at the Store
Ahead

Note the Saving--Then do Yourself a Good Turn by Seeing the Coats

Not a Garment in the Lot worth less than \$20 and up to \$25

All are new models; sizes to fit every man, Swagger, loose back Coats, some lined thruout, others with satin lined sleeves and shoulders. Men can judge something of their value when we say this is one of the luxuries of the wide awake buying, and makes us feel good at times to give our patrons the benefit.

\$14.75

Let us render you endorsed mens service that bears prestige plus the experience of salesmen who know mens tastes and desires. What's more, quick service, made possible by the Christmas Bazaar where practical suggestions of "little gifts" prevail in big numbers, to save you the tiring "shopping tour of the town."

We mention a few items as an index of what we can do for you.

Suits, Bathrobes, Mufflers, Caps, Pajamas, Overcoats, Neckwear, Suspenders, Dress Vests, Sweaters, Shirts, Raincoats, Auto coats, Handkerchiefs, Hosiery, Gloves, Housecoats, Umbrellas, Night Robes, Underwear, Etc. House Slippers, Furs, Gowns, Silk Hose, Waists, Neglige, Kimonas

"THE STORE AHEAD"

MAYER BROS. CO.

ELI SHIRE, Pres.

LINCOLN,

NEBRASKA

JOTTINGS

Union's present enrollment is 349, one more than last year's total enrollment.

Recent arrivals are:

NEBRASKA: Grace H. Deming, Agatha Kroeker, George Saunders.

IOWA: Courtland Doss, Ruth Johnston, Dena Nelson.

KANSAS: Estel C. Plowman.

SOUTH DAKOTA: Sam C. Litwinenco.

How about the prospects for "Union's Four Hundred?"

A very interesting program was given at the College View Seventh-day Adventist Church on the night before Thanksgiving. A prominent feature was the gifts of food for the needy poor.

Miss Fara Whitlow was called home recently by the death of her other brother. The sincerest sympathy of Union's sons and daughters goes out to Miss Whitlow and her parents in their bereavement.

The power house chimney was taken down recently and a new one, to be one hundred feet high, is being erected.

Mr. J. J. Strahle A. B. '16, who has been field secretary of the South Dakota Conference the past six months, is now back in College View. Mr. Strahle has accepted a call to take charge of the publishing work in the Philippine Islands. He is taking work at the University in economics. He will sail in June.

Romain and Lloyd Dixon spent their Thanksgiving with home folks.

Miss Elizabeth Swanson has left school, going to her home in Nebraska City.

Marie Nelson spent her vacation at her home in Norfolk, Nebr.

Miss Du Bois, educational secretary of the Kansas Conference, visited in College View recently.

Dr. B. L. Jacobs A. B. '13, paid Union a short visit recently on his way to southern California where he is to enter private practice.

Get Under the Mistletoe

Help to raise that \$100,000 for foreign missions. Here is a good way to help the good work. Order some first class mistletoe from the Nashville (Tenn.) Young People's Society. Why not club together and order five pounds at fifty cents per pound, post paid?

Paul N. Pearce.

2119-24th Ave. N. Nashville, Tenn.

TO YOU

And All Your Friends
And All Their Friends

WE WISH

A MERRY CHRISTMAS
AND A
HAPPY NEW YEAR

ARMSTRONG'S

Good Clothes Merchants

The Educational Messenger

VOL. XII

COLLEGE VIEW, NEBRASKA, DECEMBER, 1916

NO. 11

The Season's Greetings

LILLIAN LICKEY--POGUE

This is the season we cherish,
The whispering winds in the woodland,
The death of the flowers in the valley,
Now tell us that winter is reigning:
By the strong blast the aged tree is shaken;
The bough is bent low at his bidding,
Yet by his rough hand there is given
New strength for the conflict tomorrow.

Now is the Spirit of Christmas,
The bringing of gifts to the needy,
Which telleth the love of the Master
To those who are sad and discouraged.
Forgotten are burdens and trials
When friends are united in gladness,
And loved ones that long have been parted
Return to the old home rejoicing.

We talk of the day when as children
We coasted the long hill at noon-tide;
Or hunted the wild fowl at twilight,
By its print in the light snow directed;
Or dream of the days when as comrades
We sat in the old school together,
And left our names carved in bold letters,
To tell of our skill and our patience.

And then to our dear Alma Mater
We turn with hearts upward lifted,
And breathe a prayer for the loved ones
Who have gone out to lands so far distant.

We are thankful for pleasures and sorrows,
 For hearts that sympathize with us,
 For mutual hopes and ambitions,
 For the brotherhood God has created.

Ring, ye bells of the season,
 Ring to hearts far away;
 Bring to them strength and courage
 And gladness for each new day.

Bear on our choicest greetings
 Of hope, and love, and cheer,
 For this is the Christmas Spirit,
 The gladdest of all the year.

Union in Prospect

(When this was written the writer had yet to see Union for the first time.—Ed.)

You ask me what my opinions, my day dreams of Union, the ideal College, are. To me Union has always been symbolical of a harbor. If you look up the word harbor in the dictionary you will find the explanation---a refuge. Surely, isn't this what Union is---a refuge to young people who are drifting on the sea of uncertainty, lured on one side by the gay life and music, the mad whirl of modern amusement and entertainment, and yet their hearts are always pleading for them to turn to the Lord and serve Him with whole souls and bodies? Yes, indeed, when Union places her comforting, enfolding arms around these young people, they have drifted into a safe place of refuge. She will protect them from the world without, and will lead them in His foot-steps and teach them His ways.

But the word harbor has still another meaning; it sends forth great ships. Again, isn't this what Union is doing? Isn't she sending great ships in the shape of Christian young men and women to all parts of the earth? Yes, from Union's graduates a great many people are receiving the Word and turning to follow the Light. Perhaps there are some wrecks from Old Union's harbor, but it will ever be so in this life, yet from close reading of her history---and I dearly love to do so---I find the great majority are still sailing upright in the Truth and ever securing men, precious cargo. Finally, Union's output of students are the beacon lights that guide and attract us to the harbor, us who have never known her care.

So I hope that I may soon drop anchor in that harbor of my dreams and some day leave it, a perfect ship, to sail in the service of my King.

Ruth Johnston.

With the Editors That Were

(Fortunate indeed when, bidden to the symposium, of all the editors-in-chief, who have held sway at sundry times since in 1909 the Messenger became a truly student paper, not one failed to respond.—Ed.)

When the Messenger became a student publication in the spring of 1909, the first Board started out with very feeble, uncertain steps. And no doubt those formerly responsible for the sheet had many an anxious moment watching us during the toddling age. But, not more anxious were our own moments when, inexperience to the left of us, ignorance to the right of us, meagre funds in front of us, we met to find ways and means of carrying out the work of the Messenger as it had been intended we should. Looking back, I wonder how those first issues ever passed muster! I believe it was not the force of the often-advised "I will" in the minds of any of us, but the driving power of "I must" that helped most to organize the work, grind out the articles, collect the news items, manage the advertising, make up the "dummy" and get things in final shape for the President's O. K. We feared not so much failure as failing to do what those who gave us the responsibility had outlined to us as our duties, trusting Providence for results while we went ahead and did the best we could with our work.

Long live the Messenger, and greetings and best wishes to those who have been or are now connected with her.

Eva Lynn Seaward-Fleeson.

Sterling, Kans.

The Messenger! Editorials! Copy! Dummy! What a world of memories do these words awaken in the minds and hearts of the "have-been editors." Though the work was not all play as every editor knows, I recall no college experience with greater pleasure than my association on the Messenger staff, with the feeling that for a time the paper belonged to me and I was a part of it. To my mind no bigger opportunity can come into the life of the student outside of his college curriculum than to serve his term on the editorial staff of the college paper.

Perhaps no one ever knew, except ourselves, with what grave fears and forebodings our board solemnly wrapped the mantles of that first retiring student board about us, and lay down to wakeful sleep, trying to devise ways and means of maintaining the high standard of our efficient predecessors; however, perhaps no one, except ourselves, failed to notice that immediately our shoulders seemed to rise higher and broader as if to amply support and discharge the great responsibility, and for a time our brains swelled to harbor the lofty thoughts of inspiration, and our eyes deigned to be cast down upon the ordinary affairs of the college routine, lest we be ensnared by the commoner duties of school life, even perhaps of preparing our lessons.

In the minds of each member of each board there are memories that cling about "the office," so for the reflection of my fellow-members, it must be said that our attention was first intently centered upon the little room at the head of the third floor stairs, and with thanks due to the boys, the sandpaper and scrub brushes, we were not ashamed of the new equipment of our office, the new sign on the door, the roll top desk (a kind loan), the new chairs, table and curtains "with green dots to match."

Then to the work. Here is where we learned new ideas of terms and new definitions of words, such as these which every editor knows but is loath to admit. Copy! That masterpiece of literature which survives the slash and stroke of the editor's pen when the press is calling for - - copy. Editorials! The product from the editor's pen with the capacity to expand or contract as the occasion of abundance or scarcity of real copy demands. Dummy! My first dummy is among the most cherished volumes of my infant library, a model of exactitude in every dimension, representing the sacrifice of two classes and chapel, besides two and one-half hours of strenuous mental effort. No member of the 1910-11 board can ever forget our commencement annual, first of its kind, with its "deckle-edges" and the financial grief it cost us, even if we finally did rise above it.

And now as year after year we read the Messenger we feel that it, like all big things, did not allow a small beginning to hinder its growth. We are proud of our College paper and the tone of the articles that tell us that the prime object of the Messenger has not been lost, but that it still joins the past, present and future students of Old Union with one accord. May each year add to its growth and prosperity, comes with deepest sincerity from the staff of 1910-11.

College View, Nebr.

Lulu B. Hiatt.

Every college-spirited student felt a thrill one morning in chapel seven years ago when President Lewis announced that henceforth the Educational Messenger should be conducted by the student body. Whether a member of the staff, or an occasional contributor, or a mere moral supporter, we all felt that the enterprise was our own. The enthusiastic effort to make the paper a success that this sense of responsibility called forth was a great benefit to us. The satisfaction of having had a part in publishing a paper that aims to represent what is brightest and best in student life is indeed gratifying. Here in Japan there is no journal more welcome than our own college paper. Banzai! (Japanese hurrah!) for the Messenger!

Japan.

Alfonso N. Anderson.

It is with pleasure that my thoughts turn to a few years ago, when the Messenger and its monthly appearance meant so much to me. I think of my enthusiasm in securing the "copy", arranging it in the best form, and most of all in

the final appearance of the college paper. The Messenger was a reality to me then, and it is a messenger of cheer to me now. To read this little paper means to live all over again the dear old college days---the days of happiness. The Messenger is surely a "live wire" in Union College.

Varner J. Johns.

Oswego, Kans.

Soliloquy

(With appropriate apologies to Shakespeare.)

To write, or not to write: that is the question:

Whether 'tis nobler, as a "has been", to offer

The flings and errors of outrageous scribbling,

Or to take arms against the mere suggestion

And by refusing end't? To think; to write,

You say, and by an article to end

The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks

That Editor is heir to; 'tis a consummation

Devoutly to be wished. I'll do it.

To put my thoughts in words; ay, there's the rub;

This brain of mine hunts not the trail of pen craft

So sure as it hath used to do, in days made weighty

By much exercise. But "here goes", albeit

'Tis more matter with less art.

When we have shuffled off Old Union's soil

For some just cause, there still remain

The memories of college life, with Messenger

In bold relief. (Relief that it is over.)

Editor? Yea, honor 'tis, but mostly

Toil and worry; experience with interest

Accumulating fast.

For who would bear the plaints of the subscriber;

The pangs of delayed copy, with the printer

Calling loudly in your ear?

Poor dismal scribe, regarding the meager column

Of the unproductive month, heaves a sigh,

And passes inky fingers o'er a haggard brow

Made thus by days of wearied toil and unrewarded effort.

Forsooth, when sorrows come, they come

Not single spies, but in battalions.

All this to bear in patience.--who but an Editor
 Expanding with the honor due his name?
 Honor! Say not 'tis compensation insufficient.
 (Aspirants to the chair-ship, take this *cum grano salis*).
 And the Room, the dear old Office,
 Quiet place of rendezvous.
 Ah, Messenger, what crimes have been "committeed" in thy name!
 And on the wall there hung the cold inscription,
 "Please be quiet. Study hour." Suit the action to the word?
 Nay,--'tis not so recorded of the Board.
 'Twas a motto far more honored
 In the breach than the observance.
 From this Think Shop came the products
 Of the brains that sought for fame.
 'Twas an atmosphere forensic. It is still?
 There are other memories crowding in,
 But conscience doth make cowards of us all.
 I'll hold my peace, recalling that
 They are as sick that surfeit with too much
 As they that starve with nothing.
 Dear Old Messenger! Still, on thy pages
 Be all Old Union's acts recorded.
 Denver, Colo. Stella M. Parker.

I have thought of Union College very often in the months that have passed since I left her doors after spending four years in study there as I suppose all have who ever came to know her and love her as I did. I think of the students I knew there and of the work they are doing now in this and foreign lands, and the thought of them and their success makes me "sit up and take notice," to use the slang expression, and enter more heartily into the work and try to do something that will not make them or my College ashamed of me, now that I have not the pleasure of personal association with them.

I think, anyway, that our greatest inspirations may come from our friends and associates who are really doing things, and the most pleasant remembrances of College days are of the people with whom we associated there. It wasn't what we got from books alone that counted for everything, but it was the personal contact with teachers and students and others at school that broadened our outlook and gave us higher ideals.

At this home-coming season of the year, when our thoughts most naturally

wander to the home of our parents, they just as naturally wander to that second home where many of our most pleasant days were spent, and we wish that we could "take the wings of the morning" and fly away to spend a few days there among old scenes and old friends. But since we cannot do that, we will content ourselves with remembering the good times and pleasant associations we had there, and live them over in our imagination, and at the same time try to do our part of the work Union College prepares us to do.

Alice Beard.

Nashville, Tenn.

To the Editor's Desk

O lifeless thing, to you I often went
 When meditating on some theme,---to vent
 A writ of scattered tho'ts. Before you now
 I pause to hear, while mem'ries still soft breeze
 Blows o'er the green clad vale of yesterday
 And whispers with a hundred unseen tongues
 Of goodly pearls found and joy bells rung.

I sought a place to pour my fancies forth,
 To ease the strong impulse that took me thus,
 And roamed about from stately hall to hall
 To find a place where muse could freedom find.
 At last I reach the room in which you stand
 And forth the words come crowding to my mind
 And pen glides nimbly in my artless hand.

You held the secret of your friends who wrote,
 Shared editorial honors, woes and joys
 And most, the pleasures that like fairies gay
 Come laughing, tumbling to a child at play.
 So meagre all small trials that purposely
 Like north winds chill the heart of every scribe.
 He reaps a satisfaction that slyly
 Bemeans the "whips and scorns" from every side.

But you! old faithful, lifeless, wooden thing,
 I find that if I'd come to you again
 I'd write the tho'ts that come with little ease
 If I don't sit beside you, resting there.
 And when in future days I long to write
 Perhaps you then in fancy will be near
 To understand and bring mixed tho'ts to light.

Helen Orr-Olson.

College View, Nebr.

The Stranger Within

VALAH C. DILLEN

She was just a little country girl, young in the service, with black eyes and hair and cheeks with the bloom of health in them. When the Christmas festivities approached, the wistful look that had been in the girl's eyes all the two months she had been away from home, deepened, and when the children babbled unceasingly about their tree, she listened in silence. The first day of Christmas week dawned in a rush of snow, and Katie stood often at the window watching the large white flakes dancing and whirling, as they softly wrapped the earth in a mantle of white. In spite of her efforts not to, she sighed often, and large salty tears would gather perilously near the edge of her eyes. In the front of the room, she could hear the merry shouts of the children, and the tramping of feet as they raced up and down the stairs. Then a lump would well up in Katie's throat, and she would lean her head upon the pan of potatoes she was peeling.

All week the bustle and hurry continued, but only the sounds reached Katie,--- she stayed in the kitchen and cooked. Then Christmas morning dawned crisp and clear, but some way, the sight of its loveliness only sent the pang of loneliness deeper into the girl's heart. She didn't want to be blue, but it was all so different from the good times at home; here nothing seemed to matter except that the meals be on time and properly cooked and served.

When she was through serving breakfast, Mrs. Wright handed her a package, and Mr. Wright placed an envelope in her hands. Katie's heart beat fast as she hurried back to the kitchen and tore open the envelope. It contained a dollar bill. Then she seized the package with eager fingers and drew out a little white apron cut along lines of utility. Katie was grateful.

While the family was at church, she washed the breakfast dishes, and prepared the things for dinner. There was to be a lot of company, but the thought didn't bring the usual sparkle of excitement. Her steps were slower than usual as she set the table in its cut glass and silver. The dinner was a grand success,--- Katie's dinners always were---and the guests complimented Mrs. Wright on her excellent little cook. In the afternoon the family with their guests all went away, and Katie was left alone to slowly clear away the remains of the feast. She really didn't seem to belong anywhere this Christmas day; no one seemed to notice her except as a hired automaton.

* * * * *

At eleven that night, Mrs. Wright went past Katie's little room at the end of the hall. The door stood slightly ajar, but her knock was not answered. She

pushed the door open, and went to the figure by the table. The girl had fallen asleep from sheer weariness; one arm hung limp over the side of the chair, and the other pillowed her head on the table. In front of her, propped up against a book, stood a small branch that had fallen from the Christmas tree down stairs,---Donnie had brought it to her. About its meagre foliage was twined a red ribbon that had tied the children's presents, and to it was tied a gnawed ball of pop-corn. One candle still burned faintly at the top. Resting on the table below, lay a white apron folded neatly, and on it was a dollar bill. They were Katie's real Christmas.

A queer feeling came over Mrs. Wright as she looked at the sad little figure, and a lump came into her throat. "And to think," she said to herself slowly, "I wished her a Merry Christmas."

Honolulu, T. H., Nov. 25, 1916.

Dear Messenger:

I arrived here on the seventh of this month and at present I am teaching our school until we have the real teacher from the States. Just as soon as the teacher comes I am going to start something among our own people. The natural beauty of the islands make me think of a paradise on earth. Many beautiful trees, ferns and flowers here decorate the city beautifully. I confess that I have never seen any city like it, and the artificial structures are as impressive and beautiful as the cities in the States.

I wonder how Old Union is getting along without me this year. I am feeling well and console myself under the present circumstances and I must confess that I have missed a good deal because I left Union this year. I know only a few persons here and somehow they couldn't make me feel at home yet, and I really don't know who is to blame for it, but I hope I will get right into business soon, so I won't have time to feel any loneliness.

Dear Messenger, give all my friends my best wishes and kind regards. Union College occupies in my heart the warmest place next to my home. I must say that the people of Old Union are the best people I ever came across. I don't know why that is so, but it is the fact that people I come in contact with here are not like the ones I have been used to associating with at the College. Don't misunderstand me to have said I don't like this city. I like the city very well. Just think, I am going to buy a straw hat the first of December, so you can imagine what kind of weather we have here. These islands are paradise for there is no winter at all, so I certainly feel very sorry for you people because you are struggling for keeping yourself warm. I must close for this time. Truly yours,

Leo K. Chang.

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By PROFESSOR H. CAMDEN LACEY, of the Bible Department of Union College

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ERRATA FOR NOVEMBER ISSUE

Book of Hosea: Under A-6:-III: 1-3 should read III: 1-5.
Under B-3:- VI: 6-10 should read VI: 6-X.

“Because They Are Mine Own”

LORA M. LOOMIS

Union, where are thy children tonight?---the children of a few years back, whose faces, as they gathered about thee at Christmas time, shone with the light of enthusiasm over preparation for service?---They labor across the meadows, beyond the fields of home. Their laughter and cheery voices come back, sometimes faintly, sometimes clearly, according with what strength the works of Providence waft the breeze of hope.

It seems as if now I can hear the merry voices of Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Bates as they labor cheerily together in the fields of China. Not only do we hear their voices, but, blended with them, the voices of the Nagels, O. A. Hall, and Mrs. Carscallen. Often in their conversation is heard the word "Union." Recently words were heard in India---it was Irvin and Lillie Blue, talking quietly together as they studied the Urdu language, up in the cool mountains. Irvin remarked, "I like India better all the time." After a short pause of study, Lillie spoke. "This language study is interesting, and it is more than worth the effort it takes, to be able to talk to these people, and to understand them. The first Urdu prayer I heard, I thought that alone was worth coming all the way to India to be able to understand." Then, as it grew too dark to study, they talked on, of their seven Indian boys who would receive the first standard of attainment certificates sent to India; then of Union. Just as they arose to go in from off the porch, Mrs. Blue said, in a voice tinged with sorrow, but void of discouragement (for they never have the "blues"), "We are, as yet, the only Union graduates in India." Yes, perhaps the only Union graduates, but not the only Union students, for we all know that working with them in India are Walter Meade, Olena Boose, Louise Sholz, Mr. and Mrs. Grundset, and Mr. and Mrs. Bernhard Peterson. Across the waters in far away Persia, ever toils the Osters,---zealous as the native himself in the efforts for a crown filled with Persian jewels. Listen!--from sunny Japan a song floats into the air---the voice sounds familiar. The words run

"O---wha ta foo li am
Owh ata fo ol iam."

No wonder Alfonso Anderson sings them so fluently, and with such ease,---he practiced that little Japanese song during our scarlet fever quarantine, when his view of Foreign Missions was yet a vision to be realized. Now we would look a little nearer home,---over into South America. They are there all right---Mr. and Mrs. H. U. Stevens. Oh, I knew they would be busy! Sometimes they stop for just a moment, and look wistfully this way, then work on with renewed energy.

Quite recently, two went out from thy protecting care---they were Leo Chang

and Ed. Jacobsen, the former to the Hawaiians and the latter to Porto Rico. "Jakey" always wanted to be a minister. Now, as he walks like a monarch toward the little meeting hut, with his wife on one arm and his Bible and song book under the other, he says meditatively, "My efforts are not in vain." Under a large shade tree, with music and flowers all about him, sits Leo K., watching the little Hawaiian girls and boys at play; he tries now and then to put into practice a little of the dialect he has just learned. After an unsuccessful attempt at pronunciation, he smiles to himself, and as he again opens his book to study, his mind goes back to the English VII class, and the words of a sonnet are recalled:

"I wandered among unknown men,
In lands beyond the sea,---
Nor, England, did I know till then
What love I have to thee."

Mexico? Yes,--I thought you had heard Ernest Johnson and wife--they make things go. This Mexican strife is of far less interest to them than the Satanic power working to gain the souls which they feel they must win for Christ.

These voices all seem to blend as one, this Christmas night, and as they rise up from many unmentioned people and many unmentioned lands, they float together into one soft strain---

"If ever I loved Thee,
My Jesus, 'tis now."

Over one hundred delegates from Nebraska colleges met and received a great inspiration from the annual State Student Volunteer Conference which convened Nov. 10-12 at Cotner University. P. A. Reichel, national secretary of the Student Volunteers of New York presided throughout the entire session. Each speaker emphasized "now" as the opportune time for the best of American civilization and American Christianity to reach the heathen lands in their impressionable stage of change now in progress. The speakers of the convention, besides Mr. Reichel, were Dr. Hurd of the Indianapolis College of Missions; Bert Wilson, secretary of the "Men and Millions" movement; Ruth Paxton, Y. W. C. A. secretary of China; Bertha Lacoeh, Latin America; H. S. Vincent, of Siam; Dr. Nichols, of Syria; Dr. A. W. Halsey, Presbyterian Mission Board and W. H. Tinker, of New York.

V. P. Lovell and Leo Fate were chosen as Union's team to campaign the Nebraska colleges in the interest of the Nebraska student volunteer conference held at the Cotner University, Nov. 10--12. The Colleges at York, Grand Island and Central City were visited.

The Educational Messenger

A paper edited by the students of Union College in the interests of higher education.

Published monthly by the Central Union Conference, College View, Nebraska

To Subscribers: Terms, 75 cents a year (12 numbers) for the United States and Canada, and one dollar to foreign countries. Paper stopped unless renewal is received within three weeks after close of subscription. The coming of the paper is evidence your money has reached us safely. Address changed on request. Make remittances to Educational Messenger, College View, Nebr.

Advertising Rates: Advertising rates furnished on application.

Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice at College View, Nebraska, April 6, 1911, under act of Congress, of March 3, 1879.

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Crowell-Oxley

On the evening of Nov. 9, Mr. David K. Oxley and Miss Edith E. Crowell, both of College View, were united in marriage at the home of the bride. The next Monday Mr. and Mrs. Oxley left for a two weeks' visit with relatives. They are now at home in College View. Not a student has ever attended Union but will recall the cheery smile of the kind-faced pressman to whom little folks go to buy "penny pads," and older ones to have their stationery needs satisfied. "D. K." as they call him in the print shop is one of Union's valuable assets which make for good cheer, and we are glad that he isn't planning on leaving us. The Messenger wishes Mr. and Mrs. Oxley the greatest of happiness.

Hickman-Lamb

On Nov. 6, Mr. Bryan G. Lamb of Williams, Neb., and Miss Alfreda L. Hickman of College View were married at Seward, Neb. Both are former students of Union College. They plan to reside near Williams, Neb. For several months previous to the November election Mr. Lamb was connected with the prohibition movement in Nebraska in the capacity of chairman of the Flying Squadron Committee, in which he proved a very able worker. The Messenger extends congratulations.

NEWS NOTES

The girls of South Hall were entertained by the "Knights of the Castle," on the evening of November 25. As they reached the head of the last flight of stairs they were given pencils and paper, and told to guess the occupants of the different rooms from the cartoons on the doors. Merriment ran high, as the attempts were made to decipher the cards, though no one was troubled as to whom the "Cream of Wheat" sign signified. After this a very amusing program was given in the "Bachelors' Hall," which closed with "Good Night Ladies." As the girls came to the aforementioned stairs on their way down, from the same booth they were given souvenirs of the evening with the invitation to "Call again."

November 30 brought with it Thanksgiving, a day to which we had looked forward with a spirit of gladness and thanks. We longed for the privilege of eliminating our studies from our minds. The dining hall was nicely arranged and decorated for the occasion. We must pause here and thank our good matron, Mrs. Van Gorder for the excellent dinner which was prepared for our enjoyment. Dinner, served on the American plan, made things seem more home-like. The hour was spent in eating, chatting and listening to the grafonola which Mrs. Ketring allowed us to play. In the evening a most enjoyable gathering was held in the dining room, thanks to the cooperation of faculty and students. The memory of the day brings with it nothing but pleasure.

W. D.

Miss Valah Dillen spent Thanksgiving with friends at Fairmont.

The lecture given by E. H. Lougher in the chapel Saturday night, Nov. 11, was indeed an interesting one on conditions in the far east. Mr. Lougher's subject was "A Thousand Million Men."

Prof. Howell, acting Educational Secretary of the North American Division Conference, spent several days in College View assisting in the Educational Convention, held here for the Central Union. He gave two very interesting addresses to the students in the chapel.

Miss Gladys Morey was called to her home at Crawford, Nebr., by the illness of her mother, who had a stroke of paralysis. The death of Mrs. Morey, Nov. 8, prevented her daughter's returning to school. We regret that Miss Morey cannot be back.

Mr. A. C. Madsen '16, who has charge of the educational work in the Missouri Conference spent two weeks in the View, visiting his many friends and attending the Educational Convention held here Nov. 23.

Harvey-Enslow's complain that very few students have taken advantage of their free ad offer. *Don't fail to read their ad.*

Miss Rose Kaiser, from Kansas City, who has been taking treatment at the Sanitarium expects to return to her work in a couple of weeks.

Miss Elizabeth Coleman is nursing in Lincoln. She visited friends in the View a few hours recently.

Saturday night, Nov. 4, Miss Maybelle Miller entertained some of her classmates at her home.

A number of College folks spent a very pleasant evening, Nov. 4, at the Burnett home. Delicious refreshments were served, which are always appreciated by home students.

Miss Hava Paustian recently enjoyed a visit from her mother, of Hamilton, Mo.

Miss Essie Dale who has been visiting in College View the past few weeks returned to Kansas City where she is nursing. Miss Dale was in Union '13--'14.

Lester Knowlton enjoyed a visit from his father, mother and brother.

Mr. C. A. Maxwell has returned from Harvey, N. Dak., where he had been looking after the lighting and heating plant.

The boys of the College certainly appreciate the "mending bee" which the Dorcas Ladies hold each week.

Nebraska has gone dry to the joy of all. Probably the people of College View were a great factor in solving this hard problem. Who knows? Well, at least the church members and College students got busy before election and put out 7000 copies of an illustrated lecture on temperance.

On Friday, Nov. 3, at the Nebraska Sanitarium, Miss Edith Mervin underwent an operation for appendicitis. On Nov. 5, Miss Gladys Lesan, a stenographer at the Sanitarium, and Miss Grace Mauk, a nurse in training, underwent similar operations. We are glad to report to their many friends that at this time they are all up and doing nicely.

Those students of the three homes who stayed at home Saturday night, Nov. 4, were entertained in South Hall parlor. Mrs. H. A. Morrison and Mrs. L. C. Damsgard had charge. A number of educational games were played, a clothes pin race held, and a straw vote was taken as to who should be our next president. The evening closed by singing the good old patriotic songs, and lastly, "Good Night Ladies."

Miss Dena Nelson, who recently entered school, was obliged to return to her home in Exira, Iowa, because of the illness of her sister.

Several crowds enjoyed the privilege of exploring the "caves" during vacation, while some entered into the pleasure it always gives to take an outing at "Tuttle's Grove."

On the evening of Nov. 29, Prof. and Mrs. Taylor entertained several of the students at their home.

The students appreciate the favor the teachers granted---that of having the "exams" before vacation.

Sidelines

Prof. --- (trying to extract the word "knight" from a history student): "Now, Miss ---, what do we call a person who is chivalrous, does all he can to please the ladies?"

Miss --- "A gentleman."

Prof. --- (speaking of the intended church reforms of Pope Adrian VII): "Did Adrian give up?"

Mr. --- "Yes, he did! He gave up the ghost."

The members of a certain English class were given five minutes in which to write some definitions. Among the papers handed in was the following:

"A lady is an unmarried woman who is ideal in every respect."

Professor of Latin (to a student who has mumbled through a line): "What was that? I didn't get your translation."

Student, dejectedly: "Neither did I."

Prof. --- (giving an assignment): "Take questions one, two, three and four, omitting five. Is that clear?"

Mr. H: "Shall we take five?"

Not long ago a student, called upon to give examples of exclamatory sentences, cried out, "Get the doctor, quick! The house is on fire!"

It seems that my wits are a batch of misfits,
 I'm in an unfortunate plight.
 The teachers explain till they fag my poor brain
 But I never get anything right.
 Or if I may chance by some queer circumstance
 To work a thing out good and straight,
 The teacher will say, "This was due yesterday.
 Your work would be good---but it's late."

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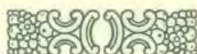
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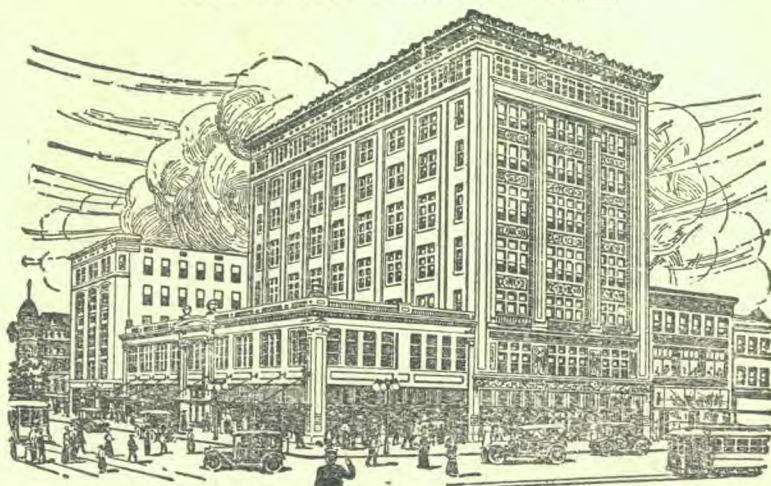
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