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## Editorial



According to the Constitution of the MESSENGER Association the election of Board of Managers takes place one week before the close of the winter term. The date this year will be February 20, so the next regular issue of the MESSENGER will appear under the management of the new staff.

In laying down our duties, the retiring board wishes to express its appreciation to those who have shown an interest in the work we have been trying to forward. We are sure that if you all could but realize how glad we are to receive even a fresh news item that you would continue—to extend your loyalty—to old Union that much.

We have made mistakes uncountable and yet we do not feel that this year's work has been in vain, we have learned lessons innumerable. For the incoming board we would ask your hearty support and co-operation. Speaking from experience, they will need your help for the next three months more than at any other time. I believe that we all should take a deeper interest in our College paper and seek to make it what it ought to be—our MESSENGER, proclaiming what our College stands for, what we are doing, and what we are striving to do.

We all know that the road over which the MESSENGER has traveled in coming down to us as we have it now has not been the smoothest. It has struggled hard for existence but I believe that the paper can be made to pay. This has

been practically demonstrated since last September.

Give the new staff your support financially by a new subscription now and then, contribute to its pages a few times a year at least, and there should be no reason why the MESSENGER will not enjoy a most prosperous year.



About one hundred and fifty new books have been added to the library this year. These well-chosen books will go well toward filling the shelves vacated by the removal of the books belonging to the foreign departments.

While our library is not a large one,—numbering about three thousand two hundred volumes—it is well selected and is a very readable one, and these additions from time to time show that it is slowly but steadily growing. We are all so very busy but by taking only a few minutes each day from these busy hours, as a recreation, we might become acquainted with many good books that we scarcely know our library contains. Horace Mann has said, "Resolve to do a little reading each day, if it is only a single sentence. If you gain fifteen minutes a day, it will make itself felt at the end of a year."



"Let us awaken to the divine privilege of sharing the heartaches of our friends; of the meaning of good fellowship; of courage and pride that can endure adversity with dignity, and without fear."

Anon.

## Chapel Column

### The Eighth Sense—Responsibility— Its Development

PRESIDENT GRIGGS

Physiologists speak of seven senses—namely, sight, smell, hearing, tasting, feeling, the weight and temperature senses. I want this morning to speak of the eighth sense, more important than any other sense.

Everyone of our senses; our sight, hearing, feeling, tasting, are capable of high development. Humboldt says that the Peruvian Indians could smell a man when he was a mile away, and not only that, but could tell whether he were Indian or white. I do not know whether that speaks well for the man or not. But at any rate Humboldt gives it as an illustration of the development of the sense of smell of the Indians. He also says they could smell smoke thirty miles away. Perhaps they burn Illinois coal way down in South America. A tea-taster is able to impart a great deal of information with reference to the tea which he is tasting, as to its growth, in what portion of the country it grew, the mode by which it was cured, and other items of information regarding it solely from the keen sense of taste which he has acquired. The skilled musician is able to distinguish sounds that are utterly unheard by the untrained ear. A seaman can look much farther across the water than can a landsman. So there is no sense that we have but is capable of very much development.

Now this illustrates our emotions. It is possible for us to learn to love things that we have been hating, and to hate things that we have been loving. It is possible for us to have a highly educated sense of duty or of responsibility.

This development comes very largely from repetition, and is very closely associated with habit. Habits are acquired partly through repetition. If we put our

mind upon the subject which we are building into a habit, we can acquire the habit much more quickly. But, after all, constant repetition enters much into the work of habit building and of the development of any one sense. Paderewski is said to have played a simple little air that he made very popular thirty-five thousand times before ever he once offered it to the public, and it was that constant repetition of that selection that made possible his perfection, that gave to him that delicate touch and gave to him the soul and the spirit of what he was playing.

So it is with the development of the sense of responsibility. It comes to us by bearing responsibility and discharging it well. It is a feeling, an emotion of "I ought." We must appreciate good emotions. None of you can look at these flowers here in this vase and address your attention closely to them for a moment without experiencing certain waves of emotion, or feeling. You can not describe them. You can not define them, but you are conscious of them. This experience is true of most emotions. They are indescribable, indefinable, but they are a part of our experience, and they enter into our consciousness. So with this sense of responsibility. You can not tell what this feeling "I ought" is, you can not define it, you know that it is present with you. There is a little couplet of Wordsworth's, I believe, that well illustrates our inability to define our emotions. A little girl is made to say of Dr. Bell:

"I do not love thee, Doctor Bell.  
The reason why I cannot tell;  
But this I know and know right well,  
I do not love thee, Doctor Bell."

We, however, must not forget the fact that our emotions are under, or should be under, the control of our intellect. The individual whose emotions are without control, who is not guiding them by the intellect, is he who is dangerous to himself and to those with whom he has to do. The sense, the feeling of responsibility, comes, then, from an oft-repeated act, in which the

"I ought" is involved. It comes, then, as the result of reason, of an action of the intellect—we are conscious of the fact that there are certain duties that are necessary for us to perform if we would reach the highest state of our existence, or if we would attain any desired end. This involves the principle of constancy.

There is an old saying, "Consistency, thou art a jewel," which I think we may very properly paraphrase into "Constancy, thou art a jewel." It is one thing to begin a work. It is another thing to complete it. It does not require very much ability to obtain a situation, but it requires very much ability to maintain that situation and to so discharge the duties involved in it that we rise through it and upon it to higher responsibilities and duties and situations. It is one thing to get a job, another to keep it. One thing to begin a work, another thing to complete that work. One thing to mark out for ourselves a line of action, another thing to traverse that line of action. Aye verily, constancy, thou art seven jewels.

Whenever we enter upon any work if we would gain this feeling of responsibility for it, we must throw our whole soul into it, and accomplish it in the best way possible. A young preacher once asked one of his auditors if he thought the audience—his congregation—appreciated what he was saying; and the auditor said he really believed they did, for he noticed many of them nodding. The young preacher had failed to get at the heart of his subject in a way to appeal to his audience. Some one once came to Beecher and asked him what rule he had for keeping an audience awake. "Why," he said, "when I first began to preach I asked the janitor if he saw any of the audience asleep, to march straight up to the pulpit and wake the preacher up." We are very much inclined to attribute our short comings to some one else. We feel that because we are not reaching the standard, there is some one else that is at fault. When

we do that we are laying the responsibility upon another when it should be upon our own shoulders. We are perfectly willing to attribute a nodding audience to the janitor. We say he has not ventilated the room properly, or he has overheated it, or failed in some way to do his part. A speaker himself ought to be so wide awake, so interested in his subject, that he keeps his audience awake whether the room is hot or cold, or whether they have had any sleep or not. That is a pretty difficult thing to do sometimes, but it is a thing that can be done.

Now I am using this as an illustration of what seems to me found in every work if we would have this sense of responsibility developed within us. If we would have this spirit of constancy with us, then we must do to the very best of our ability the duty that is ours just now; and as we repeat a work we should seek to make it so much the better every time.

Worthiness, or worthlessness,—those two words come from the same root word, but one is as far from the other as the east from the west. Worthiness means all that is desirable. Worthlessness means all that is abhorrent, and yet whether we have worthiness or worthlessness depends upon whether this sense of "I ought," this feeling of responsibility is developed within us.

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"One sound always comes to the ear that is open; it is the steady drum-beat of duty. No music in it, perhaps, — only a dry rub-a-dub. Ah, but that steady beat marks the time for the whole orchestra of earth and heaven! It says to you: 'Do your work, — do the duty nearest you!' Keep step to that drum-beat, and the dullest march is taking you home." *George S. Merriam.*

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"It is only through labor, painful effort, by grim energy and resolute courage, that we move on to better things,"

*Theodore Roosevelt.*

# General

## To The Messenger Family

PROF. C. C. LEWIS

I have not forgotten the MESSENGER Family, including the teachers and students of "old Union," and I have all along intended to respond to the kind invitation of the editor to tell you something of our experience in California; but like all the rest of the boys and girls "I didn't have time." Now, however, I am going to chat with you a little while; and I will begin right here and now, without going back to the time I left Union College. Perhaps, however, I will work back to that point if I have good luck.

"Here" is over at our ranch; for I must tell you we have a little home all to ourselves about a mile from the College across the fields and through the woods but nearly two miles around the road. This little ranch consists of twelve acres, nine of which are cleared and the rest covered with pine, oak, and manzanita trees. The house was originally a square, white cottage, twenty by twenty-four feet; but we have build a veranda around three sides of it eight feet wide and eighty-four feet long. It is boarded up two and one half feet, and the space between that and the cornice is filled with burlap tacked on from the inside. As summer comes on we shall tack wire netting on the outside, and roll up or take away the burlap. This veranda space gives room for dining room, kitchen, and sleeping apartments for three beds, besides the front veranda. And you would be suprised to see how comfortable we are, even during the last six days of constant rain. Of the four rooms of the general house we use one for a library, one for a bed room; and

the remaining two, connected by a double door, constitute our living room.

What times we have had getting settled in our new home. As usual I got out of the moving; for my "official duties", called me away to visit schools during the week of the holiday vacation, thus leaving the burden of moving to fall upon the "folks". I felt mean all the time I was gone; but they insisted that I should go, partially because I was to visit Fernando, where I would see Irma. The moving occured principally on December 28. For nearly two weeks before that time the carpenters had been busy and we had been expecting rain that would hinder the work. It was in the midst of the rainy season and the rain was past due, hence we feared it would make it very inconvenient for us to move; but for twentynine days during December and up to the eighth of January we had constant sunshine. This gave us opportunity to complete our building, to erect a wood shed and fill it with dry wood, and to move and get everything under shelter before the rains came. How thankful we feel now since it has been raining constantly for six days, and how cozy we are evenings as we gather around the large table for study.

I must try to describe our location. Our house faces the county road and looks toward the east, so that we catch the morning sun an hour earlier than we did over at the College, where we were located upon the western side of the hill. Back of us rises a rounded hill, now green with six acres of oats and barley, which we have sown to furnish hay for our stock, consisting of a horse, a cow, six chickens and the Collie dog, Bingo South of us upon a gentle slope is a pine grove; north of us is an open space except for a few shade trees; next comes our barn in the edge of a small grove of pines, oaks, and manzanitas. Beyond this and to the north are about four acres,

of which one is sown to wheat, and the rest is plowed waiting for corn and garden vegetables next spring. Our house nestles at the foot of the hill with the grove and grain field for a background.

We can sometimes hear the wind sighing in the tall pine trees; but we seldom feel it down where we live. In fact, there has been no wind worth mentioning until yesterday, when it accompanied the rain quite vigorously. We are planning to set out our cleared land to walnut trees, and apple and other fruit trees, as soon as possible. Do you not think this is really going back to nature? How it reminds us of our early days when we both lived upon the farm. We may not enjoy it long, however, not knowing when or where we may be called; but we are ready to obey His call and to go where ever He would have us go. While it is God's will for us to remain here, however, we feel it is also His will that we should find a haven of rest in this quiet nook of nature.

Starting from our house I should like to take you with us on our walk to the College every morning. I begin the walk at seven-thirty to reach my first class at eight o'clock, Agnes follows about one-half hour later, and Harold still later, to reach their first classes. On Thursday morning I start at five-thirty in order to reach the Faculty meeting, which is held at six o'clock. Returning, Harold goes home at the close of the school session at one o'clock, while Agnes and I, having brought our lunch, work at the College until four-thirty. During this time I look after the poultry department and dictate to Maude Luey such letters as may be needed to keep in touch with the educational work throughout the Pacific Union Conference, of which conference I am Educational Secretary. Meanwhile Agnes studies, practices music, or attends to her duties as librarian.

And now it is time to go home. Since

in thought we are all over at the College, I will change our plan and have you accompany us from the College to our home, especially since Agnes and I will be together and your company with us will form a crowd. So I hope you will enjoy the walk. It is raining hard and we shall have to prepare for wet weather. Our books must be well protected in our satchels; on must go our rain-coats and rubbers; and with our umbrellas over our heads away we go, down past the saw-mill, into the beautiful valley of one hundred acres of level land belonging to the College. We are near the north end of this valley, and a short walk brings us to its head, where is located the largest spring on the school estate. Here we cross a small stream over a great pine log, which looks as if it might have lain there for centuries. Now we must climb a steep hill, the only hard part of our journey. Half way up we stop to regain our breath. We have learned a good lesson, however, taught us by a mountaineer who has spent twenty years in this country. "To climb mountains," he says, "you must breathe deep and keep your mouth shut." I am sure if we can learn these two lessons it will not be in vain that we came to California. Right here, as we stop to rest, let us engage in a little elocutionary practice. Agnes and I sometimes do, and you shall join us in the pleasure; for indeed it is a pleasure. Here we can shout with all our might, using William Tell's apostrophe to his native mountains:—

"Ye crags and peaks, I am with you once again. I hold to you the hands you first beheld, to show they still are free. Methinks I hear a spirit in your echoes, answer me and welcome me to your arms once more. Oh! mountain peaks, how strong ye are! How high lift your heads into the sky! How proud ye are! How mighty and how free!"

Another sharp climb and we are at the top. Coming out, to our surprise we are in full view of a handsome stone house, the home of Mr. Aiken, the editor of the *Sunset Magazine*, whose death in San Francisco, by the way, we read of in the *Woman's National Daily* last evening. Mr. Aiken has rarely visited his ranch lately, and it is now rented to Brother O'Neil, from the state of Washington. He has located here to send his children to the College. From this point our route is over a well graded wagon road for half a mile to the county road, through the forest nearby all the way. As we open the gate into the county road, we are opposite the gate leading up to our well and past a wooded knoll for a building site near the north side of our ranch. We turn southward, passing along the county road and beside a stone wall in front of our field for twenty or thirty rods, until as we turn a corner of the woods our little white "Bide-a-wee-Cottage" bursts into view. Here we shall invite you to come in and spend a pleasant evening with us, for I am sure you will be tired after this long walk.

Perhaps the next time we shall get away from ourselves and tell you more about the people, the country, the climate and the schools of this beautiful land.



### Minnehaha Falls

A. C. CHRISTENSEN

Minnehaha—Laughing Water—Falls, which were immortalized by the poet Longfellow, are unrivalled for picturesque beauty. Perhaps no other cascade has ever been so celebrated in song and story, and none claims a surer charm for the visitor. The falls are maintained in their primeval beauty in the heart of the largest and most beautiful park in Minneapolis, of one hundred and twenty-four acres of hill and dale. The whole region about the falls has been made accessible by rustic paths and bridges.

A foot-bridge spans the rippling, murmuring creek just before its water goes toppling over the ledge of limestone which forms the cataract. The water is unusually clear, so clear that the bottom of the creek can be seen even in the deepest places. Large boulders lie in the stream, and pebbles and shells are strewn along its edges. As soon as the water has passed these rocks, it plunges over the edge of the precipice to the channel sixty feet below, and then bounds on with terrific force over the rocks that obstruct its way. There are wavelets and ripples, each one struggling, seemingly, to overtake the other and to win in the mad race down the crooked course of the stream. Below these pretty falls, which "laugh and leap into the valley," the creek flows through a deep glen for half a mile to the Mississippi River.

From the bridge a winding path leads to the head of a stairway of stone, which extends downward to the rustic bridge in front of the falls. From here a splendid view is obtained of the sparkling cataract. The noise, though not deafening, is impressive and has something sublime about it. There is a constant sameness,—a steady roar. But the scene is even more impressive than the noise. The water, as it begins to fall, has its natural color, but as it nears the bottom it is transformed into a white foam, which, upon striking the bottom, sends up a continuous cloud of mist in which the rays of the sun harmoniously mingle, forming a miniature rainbow with all its colors complete. It is truly a beautiful sight.

The more one beholds such scenes, the more deeply one must be impressed with the wonders and symmetry of nature. The thoughtful observer will look beyond the concrete thing itself; he will look to the Power that rules all nature, and even the universe.





# Missions



## What Seventh-day Adventists Are Doing for Moslems\*

This title is rather misleading, because we are doing so little for Moslems. It might better read, "What we are not doing for Moslems," or, "What we should do."

The mission fields of the world are roughly classified as the occupied and unoccupied. With but two or three exceptions, the unoccupied fields are Moslem Africa, and western and central Asia. As regards our work, we classify countries as entered and unentered, and again we find the Moslem countries left out. When Christ said, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," did He say, "but western Asia and northern Africa I have left for Mohammed?"

It is twenty years since Brother Baharian accepted Present Truth in Turkey and ever since he has been faithful in labors, difficulties and imprisonments. But I believe that most of his work has been for Armenians and adherents of the Greek Catholic church. However some work has been done, for we have read in the recent Missions number of the *Review* of one of our colporteurs being arrested by the Turks for distributing the tract, "Who is Jesus?"

In Syria and Palestine our workers have reached the Moslems. In response to a call from Elder Holser, in 1898, Eld. J. S. Krum with several German nurses located in Jaffa, the ancient Joppa of Peter's time. In the *Reviews* of 1898 is recorded the story of the conversion of a Moslem sheik, Shakker by name. He preached the Truth so boldly in the vicinity of Jaffa that he was im-

prisoned by the Moslem authorities. He suffered great indignities and privations. Even the governor of Jaffa, who visited him in prison, cursed and abused him when he had failed to shake his allegiance to Christ and the Sabbath. About the end of this experience of Shakker I have found no record in the *Review*, but the result of his preaching was a company of nearly a dozen who kept the Sabbath, and many others who attended services at Elder Krum's home. At the present time German nurses are conducting medical work in Jaffa, Haifa, and Jerusalem.

In Egypt, while other work has been done, as far as I can find any record our Moslem work has been confined to the circulation of Arabic literature.

We are on the borders of Persia. That country with a population of nine millions, has only eighty-five missionaries, all told, which is as the proportion of one to one hundred-five thousand.

Two young men from Walla Walla College are knocking at the gates of Persia. One of them, Henry Dirksen, visited Union College two years ago on his way to the Washington Seminary before sailing. He and his colleague, Frank Osler, are engaged in language study on the borders of Persia now, but next month they expect to make a tour into the country seeking an opportunity to locate and begin work.

There are some striking reasons why Seventh-day Adventists especially should carry the Gospel to Moslems. A missionary in India may have a large audience when a Brahman, approaching, will say, "Why do you listen to that cow-eater?" and the audience will vanish. Similarly, the Moslems hate the "hog-

\*Paper read before Foreign Mission Band, Feb. 4, 1911

eat-ers." So we with the light of health reform are peculiarly called to labor for Mohammedans. Then think of the urgency of our message. "Into all the world," the Gospel must go before Christ comes, and that means the Moslem as well as the heathen world.

Islam, in the beginning, took much of its strength from the weakness of Christianity. Elder AcMoody, of Syria, has said, as reported in the *General Conference Bulletin*, "Islam is based on the principle, first, that Abraham and his seed through Isaac failed of doing the work which God desired them to do; and second, that Jesus Christ was a true prophet and that he came into the world and condemned the Jews in his very life, and that Christians, under Christ, undertook a restoration which in itself was an excellent thing, but it failed. In 622 A. D. at the time when Mohammedanism was rising, the papacy had already been set up, and Mohammed understood very well the apostasy of the Christian church; and it is in that apostasy that he based strong reasons for instituting a purer religion. Manifestly, Christianity meets with great difficulties in coming to that religion in Turkey, as in other fields, we as Seventh-day Adventists possess the only faith that can reach forth and save souls from the Mohammedan faith. The other branches of Protestantism have, it is true, a few converts; but we are the only people who have, in reality, anything that will command the respect of an intelligent Moslem."

Then the unspeakable needs of the Moslem people should appeal to us. Dr. Zwemer in an address at the Rochester Convention, on "The Unoccupied Fields of Western Asia" made these striking statements: "Persia has in its far north one entire province, Khorassan, without a single missionary, black as midnight. In Khorassan it is practically still

B. C." "There is not a single missionary residence on the coast of Persia, nor a Christian school nor a Bible shop." "We have better maps of the north Pole and of the moon than we have of those unoccupied parts of Arabia. You can draw across southeastern Arabia a triangle, and Dr. Keltie, of the Royal Geographical Society, tells us that this triangle with a base 700 miles long and 500 miles towards the apex is absolutely unsurveyed. No European has ever crossed it, and the gold medal of the Royal Geographical Society awaits the man who will map the triangle. If for no other reason than as a mere matter of Christian adventure, and finding the farthest north of uncharted humanity, there is a challenge to any man." "Christ said, 'All power is given to me in heaven and on earth; go ye therefore and teach all nations.' But there is no witness for Christ in those great regions of Chinese Turkestan, Russian Turkestan, Thibet, or Afghanistan, places that are only names to us here, but are populous regions there. There are people there. There are hearts that are weary. There are men and women there. There are children there that have never heard of the children's Friend."

But the great reason why Moslems should have the Gospel now is that we are expecting the soon-coming of Christ. To quote Dr. Zwemer again. "We ought to go to the unoccupied fields because we are retarding Christ's return if we don't go to them. It is easy enough to believe in the second coming when we don't deal with it practically. But it is a practical question when we pray for the coming of Christ, because you and I believe that He told us that the Gospel of the Kingdom must be first preached in all the world as a witness. And as long as Afghanistan, to speak of no other country, is without a witness for Jesus Christ, Christ cannot come."

When we face this contrast between what we as a people are doing for Moslems and what we should do, may we be drawn to pray with our hearts and lives this prayer for Moslems, "O God to whom the Moslem world bows in homage five times daily, have mercy upon its people and reveal to them thy Christ." M. M.



### Student Volunteer Convention at University Place

On February 3, 4, 5, was held at Wesleyan University a state convention of Student Volunteers. Mr. Kendel, state secretary of the Y. M. C. A., presided over the conference at which delegates from many schools in the state were present. Philip Swartz, a travelling secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement was present, speaking at several of the meetings. At the closing meeting, Sunday night, President Griggs delivered an address on the topic, "Doing God's Will." It was a powerful plea for more consecrated, Spirit-controlled lives full of the love of God. Some fifty or more of our students were present, while several had been in attendance at the earlier meetings of the conference.



### The Foreign Mission Band

The regular monthly meeting of the Foreign Mission Band was held Sabbath afternoon, February 4, in the chapel. The program was provided by the group which is studying the Moslem countries. It consisted of four papers:—A Short History of Missions to Moslems, by Edith Peterson; Biographical Sketch of Ion Keith-Falconer, a missionary to Arabia, by Edith Johnson; The Present Aspect of Islam, by Alfonso Anderson; What Seventh-day Adventists Are Doing for Moslems, by Mary Moore.

The work of the Foreign Mission Band is carried on this year by groups

studying special countries. Any one interested in a study of social and political conditions in foreign lands may join these groups, and visitors are welcome. They meet every Sabbath afternoon at two-thirty as follows; South American group at the home of Dr. Worster; Moslem World, room forty in the college; Mexico, room forty-eight; the Southern Band, room thirty-four. Mrs. Rowell and her mother, Mrs. Peebles, will speak to the Mexican Band at its next meeting, February 11.



R. A. Long from Keene, Texas, has enrolled for work in the College.

Carl Thompson has returned with his mother from a trip to San Pedro, Mexico.

George Wilkensen, '08-'09, is attending high school at Modesto, Cal., this year.

Misses Lily and Leona Kunkel of Harvey, N. Dak., spent several days visiting with Anna Neilson while on their way to Clinton, Mo.

A large number of the students who are planning on canvassing during the coming summer are organizing bands for the study of their several books.

Myrtle Andrews, Ruth Teesdale and Nellie Wells spent Sabbath and Sunday, January 28 and 29 at Crab Orchard, Nebr., visiting Mrs. Bert Hall, *nee* Matie Anderson.

Mr. and Mrs. John Shively passed through College View on their way to Grand Island, Nebr., where they will visit Mrs. Shively's parents. Mrs. Shively was formerly Nellie Davis.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Emery, announce the arrival of a little daughter, Elsa Evelyn, January 24, 1911. Both parents are former students, Mrs. Emery being remembered as Effie Northrup.

## Alumni

### In The Land of Tomorrow

JOSEPHINE SCHEE

I have been gone from the home land almost three months, and there has been so much to be seen and done that I have not taken time for the letter I promised to write to you.

We have had an unusually pleasant and interesting time in Mexico especially as we have found a home with Elder and Mrs. Caviness, and as they have been in the country for so many years they have been able to direct us in seeing the places of most interest to us.

My first impression of Mexican life and manners has been replaced by one somewhat more favorable as I have grown used to it for which I am very glad, for at first the lower class of people seemed so dirty and degraded I could scarcely believe that they belonged to the human race.

I think that a visit to the city market soon after my arrival was accountable for making my feelings on the subject even stronger. I can't do it justice in description; it must be seen, heard, felt, and even smelled to be understood. I can easily see that it would be an easy place in which to be a vegetarian.

But to talk of more pleasant things, we are living in a city of a half million inhabitants with many thousands more in the suburban towns which are fast growing to be a part of the city itself.

The past month has been an eventful one for us in Mexico. No sooner had my sister and I returned from our trip to the tropics, than the first great event took place. On December 2 came the inauguration of President Diaz. Many feared a demonstration at that time from the insurgents in the city, but nothing

happened to interrupt the ceremonies which began with the parade of the President and his cabinet, followed by the army in fancy dress uniform, from the palace through part of the city to the house of deputies where he took his oath of office. In the evening, the palace, the great cathedral, and principal buildings of the city were ablaze with thousands of electric lights. Perhaps the prettiest decorative feature was the large flag that appeared to be floating from the dome of the cathedral, and which was made from electric lights arranged in bars of the three national colors, red, white, and green.

The next great event took place on December 12, when my sister and I and a number of friends here wended our way at 6 a. m. to the cathedral of Guadalupe along with the pilgrims who were going thither to do homage to the patron saint of Mexico. This is one of the most important days for every good Mexican Catholic, so even though we reached the place at an early hour we found that a large crowd had preceded us. Many had spent the night sleeping on the ground near by, and all through the morning the roads leading to the shrine were crowded with people. Some time ago some of the people went to the holy place on their hands and knees, but the government has prohibited this act of penance now.

We have quite a school here, and as several have been to Union we often keep ourselves from getting lonesome by singing "Old Union." Another year we hope to have more Union College people in Mexico and perhaps a training school where workers may be directly and specially trained for the work in Mexico,

*"To grow, to glow, to go"—'09.*



Too low they build who build beneath the stars.—*Young.*



# Who is Who



## Cotner-Union

"In friendship's name old Union sends  
Kind greetings to its Cotner friends.  
Inviting them with hearts sincere,  
To honor us with their presence here.  
Hoping that friendship may progress  
In a Cotner-Union congress."

These were the words of invitation extended to a committee of some twenty of the students of Cotner University, Saturday evening, February, 4. Last fall at the opening of school some students from Union and a similar number from Cotner who were meeting new students became acquainted at the depots during the several days that brought them together, and the desire of becoming better acquainted with each other culminated in this social evening.

Our Cotner friends arrived on the six o'clock car and we proceeded to show them through East and South Halls. Many of the students were kind enough to leave their rooms open and the visitors gained an idea of our dormitory life. Giving them a further idea of how we live, at the ringing of the supper bell, we assembled at a long table in the west end of the dining room where a tastily arranged lunch was served.

The College building was thrown open and after supper our guests were taken through every department, not excepting Castle street on the fifth floor.

We then assembled in the chapel where a very interesting program was given; piano duet, Misses Goude, Simpson; address of welcome, President Griggs; Cotner's response, Mr. Moomaw; overture, orchestra; reading, Mr. Turner; trombone solo, Mr. Andrews; Indian club swiving, Miss Henry; reading, Mr. Wirth; violin solo, Mr. Engle.

We were very glad for this opportunity of meeting the students of one of our neighboring sister institutions and it was a pleasure to entertain them and acquaint them with old Union and her students.



"To-day determines to-morrow."

Announcement comes to us of the marriage of Leona Belle Norris to E. Harley Wallace, January 25, 1911, at Ladoga, Iowa. Mr. Wallace was a student here '05-'07.

Claude Anderson and Inez Biers were married February 4, 1911, at Lincoln, Nebr. Mr. Anderson has been attending school for the past few months, and the wedding comes as a surprise. Mr. and Mrs. Anderson will make their home at Durham, Okla.

This evening another MESSENGER came, seeming to me to be unusually newsy. The mention in it of various familiar names, and a half hour spent in looking over my book of Union College kodak pictures, have really made me quite lonesome for the place tonight. How I should like to see it, and the people thereof, and to sit in chapel once more, or at an interesting table in South Hall, or in some "committee meeting." However, I have not a great deal of time to spare for lonesomeness. I am out of school this winter for the first time since I started as a kindergartner, years ago, and am finding that a course in practical domestic science, at home with my father and mother, is quite as occupying—and yes, enjoyable, as a course in translation or note-book work could be.—An old friend of Union and of the MESSENGER,  
Eva Lynn Seaward.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Carpenter have returned to their home at Mannville, Alberta, after a short visit with S. A. Twing and family.

Roy Bowles, '07-'08, is now in the employ of the Iowa Tract Society. He is also leader of the Missionary Volunteer society in his home town of Nevada, Iowa.

Miss Nettie Hardiman, who has been teaching the ninth grade in the Normal department, has found it necessary on account of ill health to give up her work and she has returned to her home at Oswego, Kans. Mrs. Irvin Blue has taken the place made vacant by Miss Hardiman's resignation.

P. A. Field, class of '10, who has been engaged in evangelistic work in South Omaha for some time, is visiting friends in College View this week. Mr. Field was preceptor in College Hall last year.

Dr. Bates, of Sioux City, Ia., was in College View, January 29, visiting his son Floyd, who has been ill for some time. Mr. Bates went home with his father, but he hopes to return to school.

Married, January 31, 1911, at the home of the bride's uncle, Eld. G. B. Starr, in Chicago, Ill., Dr. Orville Rockwell and Nellie May Sisley. Dr. and Mrs. Rockwell will make their home at the Nebraska Sanitarium.

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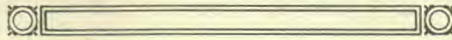
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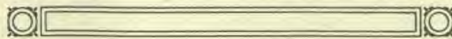
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