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SALE of WOMEN'S SILK HOSE

1296 pairs of Onyx silk hose in black, white, navy, gray, purple, and cordovan.

Priced at one fourth to one-third less than usual, because these stockings are "mill ends" This does not mean "seconds", and there are no imperfections which will impair wearing qualities

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The "CHRISTMAS STORE" --is ready

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Men's Wear
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Jewelry
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Lincoln, Nebraska

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Complete Showing of Xmas Slippers

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MEN, WOMEN & CHILDREN

At Saving Prices

Shop Early While Selections Are Complete

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*LET THIS be a GIFT HE
CAN WEAR*



If you are choosing a gift for a man, come to this store where you will be surrounded with the things he would choose for himself.

We Know
What Men
Want

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NEBRASKA'S LARGEST EXCLUSIVE MEN'S AND BOYS' STORE

EDITORIAL

Christmas this season should be a very happy one, the happiest in fact for many years. One of the things mentioned most at Thanksgiving time for which we were thankful was having the boys back with us, while a year ago they were in the mud of the trenches, or in a base hospital.

Ask them what sort of a Christmas they had last year, and many of them will tell you that it was the greatest Christmas they had ever had.

There is a secret. Why was a Christmas under such unfavorable circumstances a "great Christmas?" Do the circumstances make any difference? There in the gray days of the "let-down" after the armistice, everyone realized that it depended on the individual to make that Christmas merry, and the conscious working together of thousands of individuals as one, the open-handed, open-hearted spending of every ounce of strength and ability for a cause that was worth it,—this was the secret.

There are plenty of just such causes this Christmas season. Because of the serious conditions around us, many are suffering more than any of us realize. Find the cause best adapted to you, and let everyone join in and work together to brighten the life of some soul in the gray day of despondency and gloom.

"Let this weary armistice of half hopes, half belief be forever ended, and into the heart of each one of us come at last his own hard-fought-for, but finally won, peace!"
A. C.

* * * *

The MESSENGER is a little late this month. Owing to the coal shortage the presses were not able to run for several days. But we feel safe in saying that the MESSENGER is not the only paper that, during the past few months, has come off the press several days late. We hope to have the January number out on time.

HUNDREDS of STUDENTS

Start Christmas Buying at Our

Economy Sale*NOW IN PROGRESS***The New Dry Goods Department**

Offers many sharp reductions that will make it worth coming many miles.

Buy Your Christmas Gifts Now at a Big Saving

Dress Goods, Silks, Hosery, Gloves, Novelties, Handkerchiefs, Coatings, Ribbons, Collars, Notions, Drug Sundries, Outings, Muslins, Blankets, Linens, Bags, Veilings, Gingham, Trimmings.



Many broken lines of Shoes for Men, Women and children and being sacrifice to make room for the big Transformation and Remodeling.

TRAVELING BAGS

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DRESSES**

at sharp price concessions

Mayer Bros. Co.

Eli Shire, President

The Educational Messenger

VOL. XV

COLLEGE VIEW, NEBRASKA, NOVEMBER, 1919

NO. 10

A Yuletide Transformation

R. C. SMITH



R. BIGGS was as grouchy as a hungry bear, and so sour and mean that the atmosphere around his person was as thick and offensive as burning sulphur. Suddenly he exploded: "I'm tired of this superficial, hypocritical, sickening nonsense called Christmas cheer. I spend thousands of dollars on my friends and they spend thousands on me. It does me no good. They are not benefited by it—its all nonsense and foolishness, and—"

The soliloquy was interrupted by the announcement of a visitor. The attendant handed a card to the surly magnate, which bore the name of a charity worker.

"I can't be bothered," he snapped testily, "tell him anything to get rid of him."

When the attendant left, Biggs slouched back in his plush chair, glanced at the luxurious tapestry and other expensive furnishings of his magnificent office, and again resumed his murmurs and complaints.

Mr. Biggs was an example of one who was rich enough to be thoroly unhappy, conventional enough to be affected, and prominent enough in exclusive circles to be enslaved by society. He had grown corpulent, and useless in every respect except for making money. When the Yuletide season made most people happy, this man was crabbed and morose because he had never understood the spirit of Christmas.

After enduring himself and his own thots as long as he could, at three o'clock he suddenly arose, slammed his silk hat on his sleek fat head, snatched his gloves, cane and overcoat, and hustled out of the place. In a few seconds he was amid the hurrying, whirling current of people who flitted hither and thither

(Continued on page 24)

A Deacon and a Teacher

JOHN KILDEE



HE deacon's face was full and red; his eyes were small and black and piercing. His figure was noticeable for a comfortable rotundity that marked him as a man well kept and prosperous. The teacher's face was thin. There was a wistful line at the corners of the mouth, and a certain hollowness under the eyes that hinted at unceasing labor with too little rest or recreation. But in her eyes there was a wealth of kindness and affection that far overshadowed every other feature, and made one stop and look the second time for the sheer joy of seeing such nobility of soul shining thru a human face. Her figure, tho somewhat thin, was neat. It may have been that the dresses she wore had served more than their allotted time, but they were always tidy and clean.

When the deacon walked down the street the dogs ducked their tails and disappeared. The children hid behind the hedge fences or scampered out of sight. The older people were respectful, for the deacon was a man of influence among them. But when the teacher walked down the street the dogs barked for joy and came wagging their tails to get the pat that they always received. The children, God bless them, ran to the teacher vieing with each other in telling her the latest news—baby had a new tooth, or Sammy had fallen off the porch and bumped his head—and the teacher heard and loved and answered them all for she was an influence among them.

On Sabbath, the deacon helped take the collection in the church, and he did it with the utmost dignity and gravity, and as he reached the front of the church he reached his capable hand into his pocket, and himself placed upon the plate a large half-dollar in such a manner that the sight and sound was very noticeable in all the room for the deacon felt that he must be a good example to the believers. The teacher slipped onto the plate as it passed her, a small envelope which the treasurer said always contained a dollar for missions.

The deacon carefully refrained from any activity that would bring joy or cheer. He did not believe in the fitness of observing the Christmas holiday, for it was his opinion that it is a wicked and

(Continued on page 34)

PRIZE ESSAYS

Better Speech Week Contest

Three prizes were offered by the English Club during Better Speech Week, for essays upon subjects in harmony with the spirit of the week. One prize was offered in the College, one in the academy, and one in the normal training school.

The Glory of Words

ANDRAL W. CLARK

(Prize Essay from the Academic Department.)



HE mind in its search after knowledge has discovered many glorious things, which in themselves are still more glorious. Astronomy has mapped the heavens and has discovered suns, and systems of worlds, which reveal the real glory of God. The telescope, not being satisfied with revealing the glory of the heavens to the observer, calls to its aid the microscope which brings the glory of the botanical world to view.

We have read of the splendor of kings, and of the glory of nations; the schoolboy in his study of history, delights himself in reading of Babylon, the glory of the Chaldees' excellency; and of "Rome which sat as a queen upon her seven hills, and from her throne of glory, ruled the world." But a new glory has burst upon our vision; and a new idea has dawned upon the intellect. We have discovered the glory of words, a glory that equals that of a meridian sun, that eclipses the splendor of kings. The glory of a nation dies when that nation passes from the arena of progress. But words of inspiration spoken by great men shall live thru all times, tho the nation ceases to exist.

Words have aroused men from their lethargy, inspired them, filled them with courage, put swords, and bayonets in their hands, and led them on to victory. Demosthenes, the orator of Athens, spoke. His words fell like coals of fire upon the ears of his fellow men, startled them from their homes, and opened their eyes

to the plans of Philip of Macedon. They were bestirred, and rallied to the standard of Hellas. Many a day they guarded the acropolis of Athens. By the glory of words was it done.

Hannibal, the leader of the Carthaginians, saw Rome holding the nations with a Herculean grasp. He spoke to his men. They resolved to fight for the cause of Carthage. His words led them to follow him across the snowy Alps, and he marched his army down thru the Appian Way which led to the heart of Rome.

Words of inspiration caused many a poor Christian to march without fear to a martyr's stake. It was planned that the Apostle Paul should be killed in secret, lest in his public execution he should make a speech which would end in the conversion of souls, and so perpetuate the religion of Christ.

Listen to Luther as he fearlessly addresses the Diet of Worms. Each word seems to be filled with seraphic power. He delivered to them his heaven-sent message, and the Roman church was shaken to the very center of its religious fibre. His words inspired the broken ranks of Christian soldiers, put new energy into their column, and gave them strength for the Reformation. All was done by the glory of words.

It was words of inspiration that sent Carey to India, Moffat to Africa, Morrison to China, and Livingstone to endure the hardships of the African jungles.

Cromwell opened his mouth in servile shout against Charles I. His Ironsides caught the tenor of his words, rallied to his aid, fought for his safety, and shut up Parliament.

Lord Nelson, at Cape Trafalgar, gave his last orders to his fleet, "England expects every man to do his duty." Down the battle line and thru the hearts of his men the words vibrated. The result was, the English won, and made their country mistress of the seas.

During the early history of the American people, when the infant nation struggled beneath the feet of oppression, God sent them Patrick Henry, whose immortal words seemed to put life into the stones, the trees, the pulpit, and the press. But not satisfied in animating the inanimate, he turned upon his fellow citizens with relentlessness of spirit, and words of fiery eloquence pleaded his country's cause.

As a result the nation arose in arms against Britain. His words inspired the youth in the vigor of life, gave strength to the aged, called farmers from their ploughs, the lawyer from his office, and fathers from their homes, to the defense of their country. They fought, and gained their independence. By the glory of words was it done.

In 1861, when the country was wrapped in the darkness of civil war, Lincoln arose from the backwoods, unnoticed by the majority. Nevertheless he gave the orders to the men of his charge. His words accompanied Grant thru the South, marched Sherman to the ocean, were with the shattered lines at Shenandoah valley, assisted in storming the forts of the Confederacy, and liberated humanity.

The poets take language and paint the inferior things of life with Edenic beauty. The orator uses it in defending his country. Language has done for humanity that which the sword has utterly failed to accomplish. The words of Christ guided the Christian church thru the perilous storms of the Dark Ages. His words were a star, guiding the lonely pilgrims across the trackless sea of time. The glory of his words have lighted up the distant past, and is sending its rays into the unknown future. The words of the Redeemer shall outlive the duration of time. When the heavens shall pass away, and the earth beneath shall melt, thru the omnific power of His words we may look for new heavens and a new earth. By the glory of words shall it be done.

The Enemies of Good Speech

EDDIE REES, Age 12

(Prize essay from the Model School)



IT WAS a bright afternoon in October when the grammar class decided to take a walk. We were having quite a merry time together when we all glanced up and that we saw a form coming towards us. We thought we recognized him, but were not quite sure. We continued looking. Oh, yes, we know now who he is. It's Mr. Ignorance. We have often heard of his language, but never have had the opportunity of talking with him. We all thought he had a suitable name, and he also proved his name in the first words he spoke. "I ain't

got time to stop." He hurried on by and we started on too.

We had gone three blocks farther and were coming near a large white house when one of the girls asked who lived there.

"Oh, don't you know?" "Mr. Slang."

We did not stop there because Mr. Slang came running out and said, "Beat it down the pike, you kids."

"I'm glad I'm not one of his sons," said John.

"You are not the only one," we all replied.

We thot we had gone far enough, so we turned and began walking towards home. Here, to our surprise, was Mr. Big Words. He seemed very delighted to see us, and said, "Not to welcome you would be incompatible with my comprehensibility."

We went on and arrived home at sunset. We all thot we had a profitable journey.

How to Learn to Speak Bad English

GLENN HILTS

(Prize Essay from the College Department)



FOR the benefit of those who desire to learn to speak bad English I will offer a few suggestions. This is an art not difficult to cultivate, and with a little practice even the most precise and refined speaker will be able to see results that will be surprising.

First of all, adopt careless habits in all that you do; in your dress, the use of your time, and your work.

Having taken this general suggestion, begin next with your writing and spelling. Learn to write so that you cannot read your own writing, and you will have no difficulty in making it so unintelligible that the most ingenious detective can not figure out your meaning. It is needless to say that careless spelling goes hand in hand with poor English. If you are able to spell only one word out of every one hundred correctly, the chances are that you will be able to violate the rules of grammar in about the same proportion.

Shun a grammar as you would a rattlesnake. It is a dangerous book for people in your position and of your age. It is

intended for the use of innocent school children. Likewise do not become contaminated with Shakespeare or any of his kind.

Cultivate the acquaintance of such magazines as "Puck," "Breezy Stories," and the like; or better still, read only the newspapers—and these only after a careful selection. Those connected with or published by the Hearst Syndicate probably are the best. Modern fiction of the lighter grades is also to be recommended.

Use as much slang as possible, and associate with those who are adept in its use. Select a few jokes with slang in them and use them over and over again on your acquaintances and friends until they have become so common that you have absorbed the style of the language and have bored your victims to the utmost.

Take particular note of such expressions as "good night," "you poor fish," "you've got my goat," and the like. Always use the wrong form of the verb, as "I *seen* him," "I have *drank* six glasses of water." "Has the dinner bell *rang*?" Always split your infinitives.

For the sake of humor you might form your sentences thus: "While out tying his horse last night Mr. Jones was kicked just south of the corn crib." "While Mr. Everson and Miss Doty were returning from church last night, an ugly dog bit Mr. Everson on the public square." You can easily contrive others, in fact, they will contrive themselves if you pay no attention to your arrangement.

Use no punctuation. In addition to helping you in your purpose you will save considerable time. Never overwork, especially when preparing an assignment for your English teacher.

If you are a Sabbath school secretary, begin your report thus: "After singing number 617, Mr. Blank led in prayer." This is especially useful if Mr. Blank is not a singer.

Should you feel a certain abhorrence for slang you may, if you wish, adopt the affected style. Using this method you will accomplish practically the same end; but it will give you better standing socially. You will be able to find good examples of this style in some of the newspapers and magazines mentioned before. The secret of this style is this: Do not be content to state facts simply; use fine and bombastic writing. Never dis-

grace your nose with a simple, undignified term; call it your "olfactory organ." Don't say "the barber"; rather say, "ton-sorial artist." Don't say "Mr. Jones died"; say "his spirit quitted its earthly habitation and winged its way to the realms of bliss."

Adjectives must have particular attention. Use about eighty-five adjectives of the superlative degree to about every fifty regular words. Only the most amatuerish person would say "very," or "good." "Tired to death," or "tickled to death," or whatever it might be, would express the idea more forcefully. And don't forget the word "awful"; it is perhaps the most effective word you can use.

Using this method in describing the wreck of a ship you would say, "The devouring elements lapped the quivering spars, the mast, the sea-shouldering keel of the doomed Luscitaine in one coruscating catastrophe. The sea deeps were incarnadined to an alarming extent by the flames, and to escape from such many plunged headlong into their watery bier."

Always have the minister "perform" at a wedding, have the pianist "preside at the instrument," and the singer "render a beautiful selection."

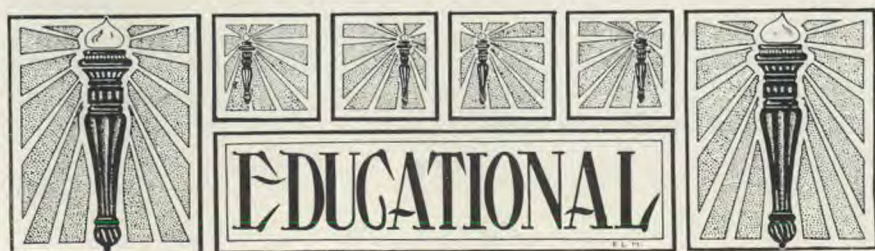
Adopt a few trite expressions, such as the following, and use them on every possible occasion: "By leaps and bounds," "last but not least," "the student body," "down the stream of time," "those with whom we come in contact."

So arrange your courses as to get as little English as possible, and remember that fours and threes in your other subjects are to your advantage.

Avoid writing and speaking as much as possible where you are likely to be tempted to use good English; and with a little practice and not much care, you will become an adept in the bad use of the English tongue.

You may be one of those poor benighted souls (take notice of that expression "poor benighted souls") who desire to speak good English. If so, do the opposite to these instructions and you will succeed equally as well in your desire.





The Value of Training

VIRGINIA M. REES

It has been said that we may regret almost any step in life, but that there is not a college graduate in the world today who went to college with a serious and honest purpose, who will not say it was time, money, and labor well spent. Those who do not look ahead have no conception of what the future may be, while those who really think use the present as material for the future.

It has been figured out that the college man has a 300 per cent advantage over the non-educated man in business lines. One in every 1,500 persons in the United States is a college graduate. Out of this small per cent, 55 per cent of our presidents, 62 per cent of our secretaries of state, and 36 per cent of our members of Congress are chosen. At the present time $87\frac{1}{3}$ per cent of the men in charge of our government are college trained men.

Statistics show that but one person in 150,000 without an education is able to be a notable factor in the process of the state; of this number, four with a common school education attain to prominence; with a high school training, 87; while 800 with a college training become distinguished in some line of enterprise.

One out of every forty college graduates reaches fame, while one in every 10,000 of the educated gains distinction. The average earnings of a student after taking his B. A. amounts to \$1,187 a year, or a little less than \$25 a week. The non-college man gets an average of \$518 a year, or less than \$10 a week. (These figures are based on statistics taken before the present unprecedented condition of things in the commercial world. These

figures would be larger today, but their relative value would remain about the same.)

The college student learns to think for himself during his years of tutelage, and it is this acquirement that becomes a key that unlocks the door to success.

* * * *

Obituary

Bad English was the son of Carelessness and Forgetfulness. He was a good, faithful son, and adopted most of his parents' characteristics. He was an ardent worker and added many talents to those which were given him at his birth. His later life was spent in visiting all the educational institutions of the country, where he was readily received by many of the students. His last stop was made at Union College where he suddenly took sick. After a painful week he passed away Friday afternoon, November 21, 1919, just outside the door of Union College. He leaves to mourn his parents, Carelessness, and Forgetfulness, his brother Indifference, and many friends.

ALVA RAGSDALE.

* * * *

Better Speech Week at Union

ALVA RAGSDALE

The week beginning November 17 was set apart to the students as "Better Speech Week," during which time they were to correct their English and become more accustomed to the use of the English language. This is a nation-wide movement and was observed in nearly all institutions of learning thruout the country.

The event was forcibly made known to the students as they entered the halls on Monday morning. Posters were hung up in all the halls illustrating the purpose of the week. At the chapel hour, tags were passed out to the students. The tags bore the inscription "Correct my English," and this gave one permission, if a mistake was made, to correct the other's speech. One of the professors said, after viewing the posters and receiving his tag, that he was afraid to open his mouth for fear of getting his foot into it. Mr. Baker spoke to us on "The Importance of Good English."



A Gateway—Electrical

ONLY a forty-foot gateway bounded by two brick pilasters and ornamental lamps, but unlike any other gateway in the entire world.

For back of it is the General Electric Company's main office building, accommodating 2300 employees. And just next door is its laboratory with the best equipment for testing, standardizing and research at the command of capable engineers. Then down the street—a mile long—are other buildings where everything electrical, from the smallest lamp socket to the huge turbines for electrically propelled battleships, is made by the 20,000 electrical

workers who daily stream through.

What a story this gate would tell, if it could, of the leaders of the electrical industry and business, of ambassadors from other institutions and from foreign lands.

The story would be the history of electric lighting, electric transportation, electric industrials and electricity in the home.

This gateway, as well as the research, engineering, manufacturing and commercial resources back of it, is open to all who are working for the betterment of the electrical industry.

Illustrated bulletin, Y-863, describing the company's several plants, will be mailed upon request. Address General Electric Company, Desk 43, Schenectady, New York

General Electric
 General Office
 Schenectady, N.Y. **Company** Sales Offices in
 all large cities. 95-100 E

A quartet sang an appropriate song in honor of our mother tongue.

On Tuesday morning, Professor D. D. Rees, educational secretary of the Central Union Conference, addressed the students on "The Beginning of the English Language." On Friday morning twenty-five boys and an equal number of girls were chosen to represent each side of the chapel in a pronunciation contest. Mr. France carried off the honors, standing alone until he had put down six or seven girls, and held the contest to a tie with Miss Easton.

On Saturday evening the prizes were awarded in the poster and essay contests. In the essay contest Glenn Hilts carried off the honor in the College; Mr. Clark in the Academy; and Eddie Rees in the Training School. In the poster contest Miss Mills won first place in the Advanced Art; Sylvia Simon in the general; and Ruth Schmidt in the Training School.

Following the awarding of the prizes, Dr. Frederick A. Stuff, professor of English language and literature at the Nebraska University, lectured to the students on "O. Henry," America's most popular short story writer.

Professor Stuff's Lecture

The last event of "Better English Week" at Union College was the lecture given November 22 by Prof. F. A. Stuff, of the University of Nebraska. He spoke to an appreciative audience on America's most popular short story writer.

Sidney Porter, better known by his pen name, O. Henry, was sent to the federal prison in Columbus, Ohio, in 1898. Then came his awakening, and out of a tragic life he saw the glory of truth.

In 1905 his faithful friend, "Billie" succeeded, after much effort, in selling one of his short stories for \$100. Not long after, *Harper's Magazine*, which seeks only the best, offered \$1,000 for one of O. Henry's stories. His death, which occurred June 5, 1911, was announced in all the papers in the world. In a remarkably short time he had given to the world two hundred short stories published in eleven volumes. He had created and successfully differentiated seven hundred characters. One of these stories, "The Last Leaf" is the most remarkable story in American literature. "After Twenty Years" is the most artistic of his stories.

O. Henry was impressed by the unrealized literature of life, and life is one endless chain of such literature—how this one takes overwhelming sorrow, how that man does not fully measure up to the expectation of his friends. It was his habit to gather such incidents from life, and in relating them there is a remarkable blending of pathos and humor.

The secret of O. Henry's first success was his clever use of slang. He wrote in the language of the street, and since his work is put up in this perishable form, it cannot live. Slang is a destructive moth in literature. The wheat will be buried beneath the chaff. But for what he has done, and done well, O. Henry deserves a passing notice. Let us hope that out of his crude unfinished work the best may be saved.

* * * *

Pre-Medical Activities

ORAN CUTLER

The Pre-Medical Society has elected the following officers for the year 1919-20: President, Claude Barron; vice-president, Mamie Guthrie; secretary-treasurer, Glenn Curtis. These officers, together with two other members of the society, George Gibbs and Oran Cutler, constitute the executive council of the society. The term of office is nine weeks. The society meets Tuesday mornings at 6:45, when topics of special interest to the members of the society are considered, every member being required to take an active part in the presentation of these subjects. A series of talks by outside speakers is also to be given.

* * * * *

Brooks Fletcher's Lecture

Thomas Brooks Fletcher, editor of the Marion, Ohio, *Tribune*, and dramatic lecturer of national fame, gave his lecture "Tragedies of the Unprepared" to five hundred people in the College chapel on the evening of November 1. No one could understand the effect of this wonderful lecture without having heard it.

"There are four great acts in the drama of personal experience," said Mr. Fletcher. "The first is being born. Over this part a person has very little control. The second is when you decide

(Continued on page 36)

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The Home of Good Clothes



Experiences in Sumatra

The students of Union College recently enjoyed a visit from Elder and Mrs. John S. Yates, missionaries from Sumatra who recently returned to the United States on a furlough, after spending six years on the island.

To show just how wild Sumatra is, Elder Yates related several incidents. Once while taking a shampoo in his bath room, he saw an alligator rushing toward him. He escaped by jumping upon a table and screaming for help. The country is full of monkeys, elephants, tigers, tapers, rhinoceros, and many other wild animals. At another time a two-year-old heifer was left tied during the night. In the morning she was missing, and when found only one foot protruded from the mouth of a monstrous snake. When at another time he was returning from the interior to the mission in a canoe, taking back with him a Chinese and a Battak boy to school, he met with another thrilling experience. A part of the contract with the boatman was that he should let them walk around, instead of going down over the rapids. After they had gone some distance the current became very swift, so Elder Yates asked if they were nearing the danger point. The boatman replied, "No, sit down and hold tight." The next they knew they were drenched, and their boat was bouncing like a maid of the mist at Niagra. They had dropped seventeen feet. The boys, altho brown and yellow by nature, were nearly white with fear, and Elder Yates was considerably frightened. When the boatman was reproved, he cleared himself by saying he was the only one in the whole country skillful enough to take them over.

When Elder and Mrs. Yates went to Sumatra six years ago, they had to begin work thru an interpreter. But at the end of five

months Elder Yates was holding Bible readings independent of the interpreter. At present there is a force of twenty workers with two schools and three churches. The Sumatranese respond readily to the Gospel. There were more Sumatranese baptized last year than any other people in the Malaysian Conference except Borneo. The grandfather of one convert was the man who murdered Pastor Munsen, of Boston, the first American missionary to that Island. In the congregation at Padang are Babas, Chinese, Malays, and Battaks. The Battaks were recently cannibalistic, and in the island are the Neass people who still offer human sacrifices.

Since Elder and Mrs. Yates have recovered their health, they are anxious to return, and are sailing December 1 for Java, which is in the same Union. We wish them Godspeed, and shall watch eagerly for their reports.

MAMIE GUTHRIE.

* * * *

Progress in the Sabbath School

The membership of the Union College Sabbath school at present is two hundred and fifty. This includes some village students, altho the majority are dormitory students of which there are about two hundred. There has been an interesting rivalry between the Castle, East Hall, and South Hall students, and thus far the Castle boys have the highest percentage of attendance.

In all we have eighteen classes; fourteen of these have faculty members as teachers, the four remaining having student teachers. Professor Andreasen has charge of the teachers' meeting. Mr. Phillips' class has been the banner class the largest number of times this period. The donations and attendance of this class have averaged the highest. Professor Benson's class ranks second.

Our total donations for the nine weeks was \$318.96, the average donation per Sabbath was \$31.89. While we do not count our success in figures, still the liberal response in attendance and donations speaks for itself and reveals an interest that is genuine.

FLORENCE RIECHEL.

* * * *

The man who stands above his fellows must expect to be the target for the envious arrows of their inferiority.—*Jordan*.

Shyenne River Academy

Peter Evanenko, President

Elsena M. Christensen, Editor

Myrtle McLellan, Faculty Advisor

Leona Seibold, Secretary and Treasurer

Royal Stewart, Circulation Mgr.



S. R. A. MESSENGER BOARD

From left to right: Peter Evanenko, President; Myrtle McLellan, Faculty Advisor; Leona Seibold, Treasurer; Elsen Christensen, Editor; Royal Stewart, Circulation Mgr.

The New S. R. A. Messenger Board

We are glad that we can once more send greetings to the other members of the MESSENGER family, and introduce to you our new S. R. A. MESSENGER board.

Mr. Evanenko is the president of our board, and a representative of our Russian students. Like Peter the Great, Mr. Evanenko is a "man of miracles," a man whose genius and energy and sturdy qualities have elicited the admiration and confidence of his associates.

The editor, Miss Christensen, a descendant of Scandinavia, brings to us the good cheer and fair beauty of that northern clime. As assistant teacher in English Miss Christensen is well fitted for the responsibilities of editorship.

Miss Seibold, our treasurer, possesses all the good qualities of a German, having a sweet temper and rare talents, with all the undesirable qualities eliminated. She, no doubt, will be another St. Boniface in carrying the gospel to all the world.

Mr. Stewart, a genuine Yankee, who saw service overseas with North Dakota's "Million Dollar Band," is our circulating manager. We know by the way he has taken hold of the circulating of the MESSENGER, he has not forgotten how they did things "over there."

To many of the MESSENGER friends, our faculty advisor, Miss McLellan, needs no introduction. We are glad to have her again on the board as the balancing power of the "nations."

Altho we represent several nationalities, as seen by the members of our board, we are still all one great family, and our hearts beat in unison and brotherly love for the progress of the message, our school, and the MESSENGER.

ELSIE OLSON.

* * * *

The Home Study Habit

That is the habit to form if you can not go to school. And the Fireside Correspondence School was organized to help you form this habit. The President of the General Conference says, "I believe this school is conferring an unspeakable benefit upon our people."

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Confections

(*Continued from page 5*)

on the last shopping day before Christmas. Bigg's puffy face might have belonged to a lost soul on judgment day, it was so solemn. He not only *seemed* to be out of place, but he *was* out of place—a superfluous atom that had been lost from the world. He noted the shabby little ragamuffins selling papers. He had a million dollars for every eager finger that they stretched forth for pennies, and yet they were happy as the birds of May.

The contrast caused the miserable man to be more downcast than before. He trudged on steadily, a picture of dejection. Instinctively, his steps were directed toward his mansion. He had never walked home before and could assign no reason for doing so now.

At the end of an hour, puffing and panting like a two-cylinder gas engine, he came in sight of his home. By chance he saw his son in a crowd of boys. Biggs called his boy. The boy recognized his father. The crowd scattered like paper in the wind.

Biggs went to the side of his son and said, "Donald, why did those boys run from me? I'm not bad enough to hurt the little rascals."

"Well you see they—a—well they—" He winced and hesitated.

"Speak up son, tell me all about it."

"Well, you see—well—they're scared. Everybody says you hate poor folks so, and those fellows are poor."

"Why don't you play with boys of your own class?"

"Aw, these are real boys, dad."

The conversation drifted along in this channel till they reached home. After supper Mr. Biggs took the runabout and

"*The CHRISTMAS STORE*"

*--is ready. Now is a good time
to make Xmas selections.
Stocks are bigger than ever.*

A. Herpo
THE DA

went to town. When he returned in the evening laden with packages, the household was asleep. Biggs retired immediately. Early the next morning Biggs took the car, spinning across the city. During the two hours that he spent in the slums, he lavished gifts and money on all he met. The numerous thanks and humble gratitude of the honest-hearted people was a new thing to him and he imbibed its refreshing nectar with great joy. When his expedition was nearly over he found two little orphans and took them home with him.

Donald saw his father alight from the car with the two half-starved, ragged boys. His wonder grew as the trio advanced. The father opened the door and ushered in his guests.

"Here's some company for dinner, son; tell the cook to prepare for two extra."

The boy observed the sparkling eyes of his father, set like twin blue-white diamonds in the changed and now radiant face of the man, and said softly as he turned to obey his father's request, "My dad's had an accident or something as sure as my name is Donald Hubert Biggs."

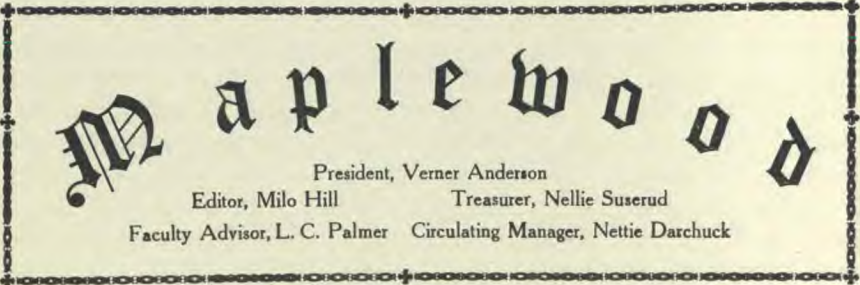
Cummings-Tracewell

On Wednesday evening, October 29, while Miss Oletha Lane played Mendelssohn's beautiful wedding march, Miss Zoe Cummings marched to the pretty home altar at the Mission Home in Omaha, to unite her interests with those of Mr. L. W. Tracewell. After the nuptial knot was tied, the happy couple, together with a few friends, enjoyed a dainty lunch prepared by Mrs. F. G. Lane. The following day they left for Fairfax, Minn., where Mrs. Tracewell's family were having a reunion.

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Maplewood

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Editor, Milo Hill

Treasurer, Nellie Suserud

Faculty Advisor, L. C. Palmer

Circulating Manager, Nettie Darchuck

Maplewood's Gift

ESTHER M. OLSON

Every year there comes a time when we think of giving—giving for the happiness of others. At this time do we ever stop to think what Christ gave to the world? Thru His gift we can enjoy eternal life if we but will. Could He have offered more than His life? That is the greatest gift anyone can give to any cause.

Maplewood has given such a gift to the world. Just as Christ gave His life in teaching, preaching, and healing the sick, so some among the Maplewood family are giving their lives in the same way both at home and in foreign lands.

If, in a panoramic view, we follow the diverging pathways of those who have left the halls and classrooms of Maplewood since its founding, we see the glowing, zealous faces of a number in far away lands. In Manchuria we see Ole Grundset and his wife bearing their great responsibilities for that populous region with so few workers. In China there is quite a branch of Maplewood. Mr. and Mrs. Emil Iverson are auditor and nurse; Ida Grimsted, since married, is one of the group; Mr. Roy Cossentine, with his wife, has recently joined them; and Mr. Ben Le Duc and wife are under appointment for that field. Our former Bible teacher and his wife, Elder and Mrs. S. E. Jackson, have charge of the Philippine field; and in Africa Oscar Dorland is working.

Many places of service and responsibility in the home lands, we find filled by Maplewood's gift of her children.

If we could look into the future and see the many more earnest souls who will give their lives to the Master's cause we would thank God for His "wonderful works among the children of men." Let us as students of Maplewood give our lives to Christ for service,—

service for humanity—service which is the measure of greatness. The greatest in the kingdom of heaven is he who serves. The Lord is interested in us, for if He sees the sparrows when they fall, how much more is He interested in our welfare. William Cullen Bryant, in the "Ode to a Waterfowl," expresses the thought very beautifully:

"He who, from zone to zone,
Guides thru the boundless sky thy certain flight
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright."

Christ gave His life to us, the greatest gift ever given. Can we offer less than our lives to Him?

Editorial

Speaking of maladies, we had smallpox recently, but more than that to us are the two other intruders on our peaceful life. As it happens one of these is chronic, so to speak, and the other acute. The symptoms of the one are marked nausea about the time of rising; and it has a tendency to disturb one mentally just at the moment when most inconvenient. Toward evening, however, one usually feels a little better, and enjoys life pretty well, even though rather tired and sleepy. This is known as "bell-ringing," for one hears bells ringing in his dreams all the time. The other is acute in the extreme, attacking one as the winter months come, and lasting well toward spring. The remedy is plenty of ice, whereupon one loses himself, in the delirium of intoxicating frivolity or desponding dejection. Nearly all succumb to this disease, and by spring are usually the worse for it—in their studies. That's skating.

M. H.

The Twenty of Twenty

Of late, as years come and go, there is a growing desire in our academies to make the number of graduates each year correspond with the last two figures of the year. Here at Maplewood Academy the senior slogan is "The twenty of 'twenty." It seemed just on the verge of fulfillment when one of the number, Miss Murrel Russell, had to go home on account of her health, and we certainly hope that she may be back to finish the year and make

complete the "twenty." The other nineteen are Bulah Miller, Esther Olson, Lillian Enney, Vivian Iverson, Mary Ingold, Myrtle Nelson, Detha Kelsey, Myrtle Cummings, Ovina Eggum, Nettie Darchuck, Verner Anderson, Nels Christensen, Milo Hill, Lawrence Christensen, Albin Dagoberg, Donald Nelson, Wilbert Larson, Mark Roderick, Selmer Skadsheim. Let us wish the class a prosperous and mutually helpful year together.

News Notes

This year the old Minnesota standby, Jack Frost, paid Maplewood an early visit, and we skated nearly two weeks before Thanksgiving.

Thanksgiving day saw everyone save our Bible teacher, Elder Leland, and Mrs. Leland, out of quarantine, and the ban was removed from them but a day or two later. Ask some of those who were shut in for three weeks with smallpox, and who during the time were apparently trying to imitate Job, whether the morning of Thanksgiving brought cause for thankfulness. Dinner was preceded by a vocal duet by the Misses Sansam, entitled "Praise the Lord for His Glories." After a meal such as only our matron, Mrs. Peck, and her helpers can prepare, we were entertained by an appropriate reading, "The Night Before Thanksgiving," by Miss Beulah Miller. The afternoon was spent skating on Half-Moon Lake. It

was a tired company that gathered in the dining room for a seven o'clock supper, but no one could say that their Thanksgiving had been anything but a success.

Our Harvest Ingathering campaign this year was held on Tuesday, November 25. It had been planned for an earlier date, but a shortage of papers prevented its being carried out at that time. Elder C.-V. Anderson organized the students for the campaign which covered most of the towns within a radius of twenty miles of the Academy. The results of the day's effort were about \$150.

The Academy Sabbath school, under the leadership of Mark Roderick and Jessie Christenson, have set the goal at \$200 for the quarter. Our students have responded loyally, and we expect that the thirteenth Sabbath offering will send our endeavor "over the top."

The Christmas Gift Store

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:: Mrs. Anna E. Shepherd ::

Our hearts were indeed made sad to learn of the death of Mrs. Anna E. Shepherd, *nee* Stewart, who for fifteen years was preceptress in Union College. Mrs. Shepherd was born near Paris, Kentucky, December 6, 1846, and died October 30, 1919, lacking, at the time of her death, one month and six days of being seventy-three years of age.

It was in the fall of 1891 that Union College opened its doors, and Mrs. Shepherd the position of music teacher and was accepted; the next year she was given the work of preceptress, in which capacity she served for ten consecutive years. In 1902 she resigned her position there in order to accept a call to Mount Vernon Academy, where she served as preceptress for five years.

In 1907 she resigned from Mount Vernon to accompany her son to the Shyenenne River Academy, at Harvey, North Dakota. Mrs. Shepherd served as preceptress in this school for two years when she became very poorly in health and was compelled to lay down her work. Examinations by physicians in North Dakota and Pittsburg, Pennsylvania,



showed that she was in the last stages of Bright's disease. At this time she requested that the elders of the church be called for prayer, and in harmony with the instruction in James 5, she was healed, and no trace of the disease ever returned.

With the return of health, Mrs. Shepherd was again called to Union College where she served five more years as preceptress. After one more year of work, as preceptress in the nurses' home of the Nebraska Sanitarium, she retired from service and made her home the remainder of her life with her daughter, Mrs. N. S. Ashton.

Mrs. Shepherd was indeed a true mother, a wise counsellor, and a faithful friend to all the girls who came under her care.

An Armistice Program

Those who attended the Armistice program given by the returned soldiers Saturday evening, November 8, were given a clearer idea of the soldier's experience, and a more vivid picture of camp life.

At the bugle call for assembly, twenty-two boys in uniform rushed thru the door onto the chapel platform, rubbing their eyes, finishing their morning toilet, and singing "O How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning." Their song was suddenly brought to an end and all stood at attention when the top sergeant appeared with note-book and pencil in hand, and with a sharp command called the roll.

During the course of the program a picture of each of the boys who were in service was thrown upon the screen, and a brief summary of their rank and record given. Second Lieutenant P. A. Frederickson spent one year and one month in service overseas. He participated in the St. Mihiel drive and in the Meuse-Argonne months in service overseas, five months of this time with the army of occupation. He was in the trenches when he was recommended battle, where he was recommended for commission because of meritorious service. Sergeant Walter Jensen spent one year and six for a war cross for a single handed capture of seventeen men and two officers. Corporal Charles Lowry was engaged in assembling trucks during the eleven months he was "over there." Out of the ten months Private William Christensen was in service, six months were spent overseas.

After acquaintance had been made with all the ex-soldiers, Professor Morrison addressed the audience upon the greatness of America and the principles of freedom and liberty for which she stands. Short talks were also given by Wardmaster William Jensen, Corporal Charles Lowry, and Sergeant Walter Jensen. Several musical numbers gave variety to the program.

Concert by the Stekelberg Quartet


Here in Union College there are three distinct classes of people in regard to music: those who think they enjoy music, those who know they enjoy it to a certain extent, and those who really live in it. The latter class surely had a feast the evening of November

15, when the Steckelberg String Quartet of Lincoln gave a recital that was well worth every one's hearing. The concert from a musical and artistic standpoint has been conceded by all who know, a pronounced success. It was a real treat and delight to all music lovers to hear the remarkable and exquisite shadings and phrasings that were brought out during the different numbers.

Marie Jones-Anderson, head of the piano department of Union College, assisted in the last number. Prof. Carl Engel, teacher of violin, played the second violin. The other three members of the quartet were Carl Steckelberg, W. T. Quick, and Miriam Little.

The program was divided into two parts. In the first division were two numbers, a Haydn quartet, and a Jadassohn quintet. The second division of the program consisted of a "Serenade," by Haydn; "Music of the Spheres," by Rubinstein; and "The Mill," by Raff. After hearing "The Mill" one listener said he felt like dusting the flour from his coat.

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Elder Guy Dail Visits Union

Had it been announced that a man who had been for eighteen years in Europe and Asia, had visited every country in the former continent except Portugal and Montenegro, and in addition to this had been a resident of Germany and Switzerland during the World War, was to speak in chapel, every student and teacher would have been there with "ears set wide." Or if it had been known that the secretary of the European Division Conference would address the student body; or again, that one of the original seventy-three, the first graduate of Union College to receive the bachelor of arts degree would give some of his reminiscences and bring to the students some of the lessons he had learned in the larger school of experience, not even the most persistent "cutter" of chapel would have thought of remaining away. The privilege of hearing, not one of these characters, but all of them in the person of one man, came on the morning of November 7, when Elder Guy Dail, '95, spoke in chapel.

The elder especially called attention to the conditions of famine, war and pestilence in Europe. These terrible plagues are driving some men farther away from God. Others are learning from them that "man does not live by bread alone." He also emphasized the fact that in many places where the Seventh-day Adventist brethren of the Central Powers can no longer work, Americans, because of their part in the World War, are held in high esteem. This places the burden of missionary activity, in such places, upon workers from America.

When asked what message he wished to send to the readers of the MESSENGER he said: "The opportunities offered by Union College to obtain a Christian education should be still more zealously improved by Seventh-day Adventist young people.

"It is my prayer that every young person who should be enjoying the privileges of Christian education offered by Union College will be persuaded to enter school and remain until they have finished their course. Because of the mental training which should be obtained by every Seventh-day Adventist worker, great stress must be laid upon their finishing a course.

"The material advancement made by Union College is very gratifying, but the purpose of training Christian men and women and especially workers in the cause of God, held in view by its

founders, should be reiterated. I wish for my Alma Mater continued prosperity; and that it may still be a mighty training center from which there shall continue to go out a body of vigorous young men and women to minister the bread of life to the needy world."

P. W. V.

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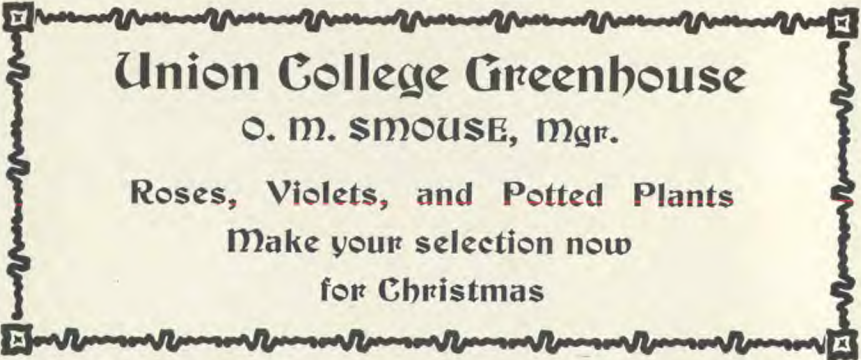
(Continued from page 6)

unprofitable custom to recognize the day in any manner. He expounded upon the foolishness and frivolity and wickedness and sin of observing the old heathen feast of the return of the sun. And, in fact, on a certain Christmas day he is said to have driven an especially hard bargain with one of the poor widows of the community who trusted him because he was the deacon, thereby making a good gain for himself; and if the widow suffered later that was none of his business.

The teacher, while she admitted the heathen origin of the festival, believed it proper to bring cheer and good will into the lives of the children instead of making them sad because they cannot have the Christmas pleasure they see others having. She was accustomed on Christmas day to gather all the children of the neighborhood into the little school house, where with the help of a number of sympathetic and interested parents, a tree of fragrant cedar, decorated with strings of popcorn, was arranged; and after the singing, the recitations, and the story telling, the presents were distributed by two of the smallest children with the aid of a big boy dressed like Santa Claus. There was always a remembrance for everyone, and no one was slighted or forgotten. Even the deacon's heart would surely have warmed could he have heard the shouts of joy and laughter as one surprise after another was discovered in those packages.

Years have passed, and the deacon is dead and forgotten by all but a few. The teacher still lives and still teaches, but now it is in a great college where her helpful words and life are still an inspiration to those with whom she comes in contact.

"Whoso readeth, let him understand."



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(Continued from page 17)

what you want to do. The third is when you select or are selected. The fourth act is death, which has to come; but we can postpone it many years by living as we should."

"The second act in life, that of selecting what you want to do, is of the greatest importance. Every man ought to be a student of psychology in order to learn what he is best fitted to do, and he should then make a blueprint of his life.

"The world will stand aside and let the man pass who has a program, a plan for his life, and who sustains the attitude of a conqueror." Mr. Fletcher very graphically illustrated this statement by a sketch of the life of Brooker T. Washington, the wonderful colored American Demosthenes, showing how from most unpromising parentage and surroundings he became one of the greatest men of his time and accomplished wonderful things for his race by working his plan of life and getting God on his side.

"We are not trained to pay attention to the little things. The first stenographer I find who can spell, I'll either marry her or embalm her. Too many people go thru school and the school goes thru them and nothing stops. They come out in the end with a sheepskin and a sheep's head, but the world insists that we learn somewhere, sometime."

The audience listened spell-bound as, in order to drive home the tragedy of being unprepared, he told the story of a mechanic who went up on a high steeple to make some repairs on the face of the great clock. The only way of reaching it was by letting himself down with a rope from a hole above. He selected a rope which he found was barely long enough and rather than go down to get another he decided to use it. After he had made the needed repairs he started to walk out on the great hour hand to the rope, but someone turned on the power and before he could reach the rope the great hand had dropped two feet and let him down out of reach of the rope. He was finally crushed by the great minute hand as it came down to pass the hour hand. We should pay attention and provide ourselves with an intellectual and spiritual rope long enough to more than reach.

C. A. RANDOLPH.

And truth is this to me, and thought to thee—*Tennyson*.

PHONE 48-W

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ALUMNI

Unionites at the Northern Union Conference

* * * *

A number of Unionites were privileged to meet once more at the Northern Union Conference session held at Minneapolis November 24 to December 4. Among those who were connected with the school in former days now taking a prominent part in the proclamation of the message were: Prof. W. W. Prescott, Prof. M. E. Kern and Elder R. D. Quinn, of the General Conference; Prof. L. A. Hoopes, head of the Bible department of Oak Park Academy; Prof. H. J. Sheldon, principal of Plainview Academy; Prof. L. R. Anderson, principal of Maplewood Academy; Elder A. R. Ogden, president of the Iowa Conference, and Elder A. G. Youngberg, home missionary and Missionary Volunteer secretary of the South Dakota Conference.

Those who have attended Union in recent years and are already found in positions of responsibility were Miss Edna Kilcher, educational secretary of the Iowa Conference; H. O. McCumber, field missionary secretary of the South Dakota Conference; and J. J. Mair, Missionary Volunteer secretary of the Iowa Conference.

Other Unionites present were V. G. Hawley, Warren Cummings, Mrs. Hazel Ross-LeDuc, of Minnesota; Elder and Mrs. T. L. Oswald, Elder Emil Oswald, Elder George Tucker, Lee R. Marsh, C. A. Scriven, and Miss Hazel Berg, of South Dakota; B. A. and Carrie Scherr, Esther M. John, and Isaac Counsell. of Iowa.

A. P. FURGASON, M. D.

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Johnna Robert, of Norfolk, Nebr., spent November 8 and 9 with Erma Largenburg.

During the week of November 13 the school was saddened by the deaths of the fathers of both Rex Jacobsen and Smalley Maxson.

Minnie Sheriff was called home because of the illness of her brother.

Anyone fond of hearing amateur orators should attend forum on Wednesday afternoons and listen to the grand productions.

Prof. T. D. Rowe and wife, of Battleford, Sask., Canada, stopped in College View, November 13 and 14, enroute to India where they will have charge of the Mussoorie school.

The Oratorical Association held their first meeting of the year on November 5 for the purpose of electing officers. The elected are: president, Faye Mills; vice-president, Effie Fredrickson; secretary, Hava Paustain; sergeant-at-arms, Charles Lowry.

John S. Yates and wife, formerly missionaries to Sumatra, visited Mrs. Yates' sister, Dove Watkins, November 15 and 16. They are now on their way to Java.

Anyone leaving the "College cart" on the walk after night had best not mention the fact to the folks who fall over it.

Imo Preston has returned to her home because of ill health.

Who were all the "little" girls that brought their dolls to South Hall parlor to a party Sunday morning from 8 to 10 o'clock? From all reports the South Hall Glee Club met.

Roger Williams has returned to take up school work.

Walter Eden, '17, visited with us for a few days.

Ray Hoatson visited o'd students November 21 and 22. He expects to return to school later in the year.

Elder B. L. Anderson, a brother of Prof. J. N. Anderson, and a missionary to China, spoke at the chapel hour November 21.

John Middaugh spent November 8 and 9 visiting his sisters, Lois and Ruth, at South Hall.

Ruth Everett is holding a position as head stenographer in a large real estate concern in Washington, D. C.

A goodly number of students and teachers attended the concert given by Madam Schuman-Heink in Lincoln November 3.

Some folks take on a more serious aspect of life (at Union) after receiving their period grades.

Dr. Stoddard, of Lincoln, has been giving nerve treatment to some of the South Hall ladies.

Kathleen Evon, weighing eight pounds, arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. V. P. Lovell on November 22.

GUY W. OFFIL

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COLLEGE VIEW, NEBR.

Professor Morrison entertained the South Hall girls December 2, in honor of his fortieth birthday.

Josie Kaiser is doing Bible work in Omaha this winter. She spent a few days the first part of December visiting at the College and sanitarium.

Rosie Nelson has arrived to take up her school.

Edith Dick spent a few days of the period entertaining the measles.

Elder W. F. Martin of Glendale, Calif., conducted some very helpful meetings here during the week of prayer and aided us much in our spiritual progress. Elder Martin is Field Secretary of the Religious Liberty Association for the states west of the Mississippi and Western Canada.

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BEST SERVICE AT


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F. A. Lorenz, '17, is leaving the Missouri Conference to become assistant field agent in the Lake Union Conference.

Andrew and Lewis Jacobsen, accompanied by Viola Sorenson, visited old students here Sunday, November 2.

L. E. Grand Pré, field agent of the Iowa Conference, has been called to take up work in Haiti.

Elder Guy Dail, '95, who is secretary of the European division of the General Conference, spoke during the chapel hour, November 6.

Lloyd Eckert stopped in College View on his way to attend the educational convention held at Omaha.

H. T. Hermann and wife, of Beldon, Nebr., visited here November 2.

Ethel Post, from Chicago, visited Mrs. Marie Anderson during the fore part of November.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Oxley, *nee* Clara Twing spent Thanksgiving in College View visiting Mr. Oxley's father, D. K. Oxley.

Miss Emily Johnson entertained the English Club Thanksgiving night at the home of Professor Andreasen. Fun is putting it mildly.

On Thanksgiving, the home students enjoyed a five-course dinner. The dinner was intermingled with songs and readings and followed by a number of lively toasts. It was an occasion long to be remembered by all who were present.

Lorena Snyder spent the Thanksgiving vacation with Ethel Threlkeld in the village.

Announcements have been received of the marriage of Ada Maxwell to Arthur W. Dresselhaus, of Salina, Kansas. They will make their home at Lincoln, Kansas.

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For Good Things to Eat

November 23, Mr. and Mrs. James Barcus entertained in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Bresee. A jolly time was reported; many good wishes accompanied them as they left for Watertown, S. D., where Mr. Bresee will engage in evangelistic work.

The MESSENGER Board spent Saturday night, November 15, at the home of Edna Ragsdale. Everyone made candy and ate candy and, very likely, dreamed candy that night. Anyhow, Professor Premer learned how to play "ship-a-boat."

Alice Lovell spent Thanksgiving visiting friends in College View.

A farewell surprise was given in honor of Anna Smith, November 19. We all regret her leaving.

The Nebraska Conference held a session here November 29 to December 2 for the purpose of considering the sale of the Nebraska Sanitarium to the College.

Leonard Carol made his first appearance at the home of L. E. Westermeyer on Thanksgiving morning. He seems to be quite a welcome guest, so has decided to stay.

Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Kite spent Thanksgiving at the College with their daughter Monita.

We regret that Mike Stern has decided not to return to Union this year. We can hardly blame him tho, for joining that vast throng of married men, and the MESSENGER family sends congratulations and good wishes.

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There are at present nine boys living at North Hall, with John Deapon as preceptor.

Ray Wheeland and Harvey Bowen have left school. They plan to join us again the second semester.

The following were elected as Sabbath school officers for the second term: George Ross, superintendent; Florence Jackman and Walter Jenson, assistants; Evelyn Calkins, secretary and treasurer; Paul Van Tilborg, assistant; Arthur Wearner, chorister; Vesta Dunbar, pianist.

News has reached us from Chicago of the marriage of Martin F. Moore to Edna M. Price. They plan to make their home at Riverside, Calif.

Mrs. Zoe Cummings visited at the College the latter part of the month.

Sunday, November 23, East Hall boys defeated Castle with a final score of 5 to 1.

Charles and James Larson have returned to school. We are glad to know that their mother is much improved.

Lottie Ross, Bessie Johnson, and Edith Hoffman have been forced to give up their school work on account of poor health.

The East Hall boys spent a very enjoyable evening at the home of Professor Morrison, November 21. The Castle boys spent a like enjoyable evening Tuesday, November 25.

William Eckerle and Claud Cochran came up from Omaha to spend Thanksgiving.

The source of the greatest enjoyment here at Union is finding someone who is not "the busiest person around."

Union underwent the annual scrutinizing Wednesday, November 19, when the photographer came to get the likeness of the "500."

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LINCOLN

East of Postoffice

Professor Plumb is enjoying a visit from his brother Clarence.

Mr. Raymond Bresee and wife recently visited Mr. Bresee's brother, Floyd, who is here attending school.

The delegates who will represent Union at the International Student Volunteer Movement Convention at Des Moines, Iowa, are Rochelle Philmon, Edna Ragsdale, Marion Heywood, Charles Baker, Fay Mills, and Prof. J. N. Anderson.

Harland Davis is a new student who recently joined us.

Word recently reached us from South Africa of the death of Mrs. Clarence Wheeler, *nee* Elizabeth Walde. Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler have spent four years in the mission field since graduating here in 1915. We extend our sincere sympathies to Mr. Wheeler in his bereavement.

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COLLEGE VIEW, NEBR.

Miss Hazel E. Nelson of College View, was united in marriage to Chas. F. Church of Idaho Springs, Colo., Thursday evening, November 27, Elder J. N. Anderson officiating. Mrs. Church was a member of the class of '15 and they are both graduate nurses of the Boulder, Colorado, Sanitarium. They plan to make their home at Idaho Springs, Colo.

Paul N. Gibbs, '19, attended the convention of the Nebraska Conference recently held here.

Rochelle Philmon and Glenn Curtis were very pleasantly entertained during the Thanksgiving vacation at the country home of G. A. Williams, of Fairmont, Nebr. Mr. Williams is chief of the department of markets and marketing in this state.

Thanksgiving night, the students in the homes enjoyed a very interesting program. Two attractive numbers

were a chalk talk by Capitola and Faye Mills and "Getting Up Fifteen Minutes Before School Time," by three outside boys.

The coal shortage furnishes quite a diversion in our school program, and it has been rather unique to hold our recitations in the various parlors at South Hall and the Sanitarium.

M. E. Ellis returned November 30 from an extended business trip thru the Northern states.

Violet and Blanche Brown are leaving the sanitarium for their home in Minnesota.

A very entertaining program was given at Shelton Academy on the evening of December 2, by Prof. C. C. Engel, violinist; Katherine Sierke-Hanhardt, vocalist, and Maria Kraus, pianist.

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