

# THE EDUCATIONAL MESSENGER

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## The Educational Messenger

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We notice with pleasure that Prof. B. G. Wilkin-son of the Washington Foreign Missionary Seminary, formerly teacher of Union College and to whom Union College granted the Degree of Master of Arts, receives this year the Degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the George Washington University of Wash-ington, D. C.

We learn from a letter from Chancellor E. Ben-jamin Andrews that the next meeting of the Nebraska Teacher's Association will be held November 4, 5, 6, 1908. Heretofore, at least for some years, the State Association has been held during the holiday week, but at the last meeting it was unanimously voted not to hold the meetings hereafter during the Christmas holidays. It is believed that the change of the date will greatly enlarge the attendance, and by swelling the revenues will make it possible to render the enter-tainment and instruction offered the teacher more valu-able, thus promoting good school work throughout the state.

### Meeting of the Union College Alumni Asso- ciation

DELLA POTTER

May 25, 1908, nearly one hundred members of the Union College Alumni Association, assembled at 6:15 P. M., in South Hall parlor. As a reminder of former days, thirty problems met our view, in the form of pictures tacked here and there. With card and pencil in hand, all enthusiastically took up the task, the answers being names of flowers, geographical names, and titles of books and periodicals. The importance of the work seemed to be realized, for "he who will

not work shall not eat." Later a simple luncheon was served, and we proceeded with the following program:—

Piano solo	C. N. Roberts
Welcome to Class of 1908	D. K. Nicola
Response	Lora Clement
Male Quartette	
Messrs. Schmidt, Eden, Hodges, Farnsworth.	

A few items of business were next considered. Prof. E. C. Kellogg spoke in regard to the Endowment Fund. A new committee was appointed to take charge of the fund for the ensuing year; the members are D. K. Nicola, the in-coming president, Prof. H. A. Morrison, Prof. E. C. Kellogg, Miss Lena Hunt.

The nominating committee submitted the following report which was unanimously accepted:

President	Elsie B. Andrews
Vice-president	E. M. Stansbury
Secretary-Treasurer	H. U. Stevens
Asst. Secretary-Treasurer	Amanda Nelson
Historical Secretary	J. I. Beardsley

The business meeting having adjourned, Mr. O. J. Graf told us of the far away Alumni.

Miss Matilda Erickson read a paper on "The Inher-itage of Our Alma Mater and our Joint Heirship with Toil."

A duet was given by Misses Pierce and Graf, and Prof. M. E. Kern asked God's blessing to rest upon us as we separate for another year. The president's address, the response, the report of the historical sec-retary, the paper on service, and the report of the committee in charge of the endowment fund, are given in whole or in part in this number of the MESSENGER.

Among those present from a distance were Dr. S. E. Barnhart of Battle Creek, Michigan, R. A. Swart-wout, Omaha, Nebraska, and Miss Lillie Holaday, Lincoln, Nebraska. Professor Lewis, who was called away from town, sent us a letter, expressing his re-gret at not being able to attend our reunion.

### President's Welcome to the Class of 1908

To those members who were present at our last meet-ing, I wish to say I thank you for the honor which I con-sider that you conferred upon me when you called me the President of the Union College Alumni Associa-tion. I have enjoyed immensely the regular duties of of the office,—viz., sustaining the dignity of this office and resting, but this first diversion from my contin-

uous rest, gives me the greatest pleasure of the term, for we hope to add to our membership to-night, the largest class, the strongest class, that has graduated from Union College since George Washington commenced, in New York, March 4, 1789, to be president of some four million of people.

Class of 1908, we are glad that you are here, and although my word of welcome may fail in formality, it will not lack sincerity.

If I were a poet, I'd sing you a song  
Of a river that's quietly flowing along,  
'Twixt the hills, o'er the plain,  
Through the woods, out again,  
Still steadily onward, so gallant and strong.

And into the river, and swelling it wide,  
Are entering streamlets upon either side;  
And each streamlet brings  
From its fountains and springs  
The freshness to sweeten the whole of the tide.

The river, The U. C. Alumni, I'd name,  
The streamlets, the classes which add to the same  
A freshness and sweetness  
And sort of completeness  
More welcome than fees and far better than fame.

Oh, were I a poet, to sing with my might  
A song of glad welcome, would be my delight.  
But being no poet,  
And since you all know it,  
I'll sing you no song of a river to night.

If I were an artist, I'd join the cartoonists, and I'd draw you a picture to represent this association which is now at your service. The picture would be of a balloon and its equipment. The balloon proper would represent the elevating influence of the Alma Mater as she bears aloft her cargo of intellectual aeronauts till they drift buoyantly away among the clouds, and across it I would write the words, "Union College." "Alumni Association" would appear on the parachute, which will bring the aeronauts gently back to earth. But aside from any jingle or charcoal, the Alumni Association is the only connection which many of you will soon have with the old college that you have loved so well. My experience will probably be the experience of many of you, so I may be pardoned for referring to it. As long as any of my good old teachers remained, whose charity was such a material factor in making up my grades, I felt that I still owned a part of the college. But, to-night, of all the teachers, whose signatures I now consider most valuable feature of my "Be it Known" not a soul is within half a thousand miles of this place. The members of the College Board also left their autographs on the same bit of paper, and as I look them over to-night, I do not find the name of a man who has met with the Union College Board for years. So now I am thankful for my membership which I am pleased to call my ticket for an occasional trip back into the old college days.

We like your colors, Class of 1908. When the all-wise Father made this beautiful earth for the dwelling place of his children, the color, as well as all else, was very good. And it was green. And all the

world is fond of cream. And there is a happy thought in the color scheme of your class. This bow of green and cream, by the suggestion of the first and the last of your sojourn here, becomes a fitting memento of the whole college course. 'Tis the same old story of the metamorphosis of the college boys and girls, who

When they come so verdant seem,  
But, when leaving, are the cream.

I lay claim to these colors for the whole association, —at least to the green.

We like your beautiful rose. I don't know a thing about flowers, that is, how they are grown nor the names of them. But I do know that there is a pleasantness about your rose which seems to be contagious. And if your influence is like that of the flower, you will be a blessing, not only to this association, but all who meet you will gather sweetness from your lives.

All the world needs men and women who have in their hearts the spirit of your motto. There seems to be an abundance of good food for thought in that motto. We had sandwiches of it Thursday night, Sabbath we sat down to a good square meal of it, and I think I have found still a little more. I hope that the manner in which I shall serve it may not detract in the least from all the good thoughts you have already received.

"To Hasten His Appearing!" Glorious thought!  
To bring again to earth the Prince of Peace;  
That men may see again the One who bought,  
By His own life, from death, their sure release!

Could we a myriad learned tongues engage,  
And gold, the weight of mountains, use at will;  
And had we all the faith of every age,  
And influence and power, tact and skill;  
How gladly would we all these gifts employ  
To usher in that grand and glorious day;  
When Love shall reign and all be peace and joy,  
And selfishness and sin have passed away!

But we have not the wisdom of the wise,  
Nor gold, nor faith, nor strength, but for today.  
Shall we then fold our hands and close our eyes,  
Since we may not some mighty deed display?

When his disciples, John the Baptist sent  
The Christ to see, and then to bring him word;  
Note what they saw and mark you what it meant,  
For their report was sanctioned by the Lord.  
"The blind may see," they said, "the lame can walk;  
Cleansed are the lepers, and the deaf do hear;  
The dead are brought to life! the dumb may talk;  
The poor and common have a word of cheer."

\* Ah, that was Jesus! Listen. Hear Him say:  
"How can you love the unseen Father when  
You show, by word and action, day by day,  
You do not truly love your fellow men?  
By this the world shall know that you are mine,  
Because, by action kind and pleasant word,  
You show your love for others. 'Tis the sign  
Of y devotion to your risen Lord."  
"Hasten His Appearing" then may be  
For to hasten to fulfill His word;  
That those who meet us now, today, may see  
The character of our beloved Lord.

One little cup of water, for His sake;  
One little word of cheer that we can say,  
Or just a pleasant smile, will always make  
Some soul a little happier for the day.

The millionaire can only leave his gold;  
The loftiest fame is like the fading flower;  
And greatest nations perish; and behold!  
The earth itself is in its closing hour!

But he who, every day, shall seek to bless  
His fellow men with acts and words of love,  
His present life will make a grand success,  
And show to mortals, Jesus from above.

Class of 1908, the Union College Alumni Association bids you a hearty welcome.

### Response

LORA CLEMENT

The class of 1908 wishes to express gratitude and appreciation for this kind welcome to membership in an assembly where hearts and minds are bound together by a common cause.

We meet and mingle with you to-night painfully conscious of our unworthiness to associate with the distinguished members of this Alumni band. No doubt you have noticed some terrible blunders resulting from our inexperience, but we have put on our very best company manners for the occasion and while we may be green, we humbly beg you to remember that we are still growing.

We love our Alma Mater. Around each hall and class room cluster pleasant memories of happy days forever gone, but far dearer are the teachers, who by patient helpfulness have made it possible for us to complete our work.

The last few days have been eventful ones in our class history, and to-night our fleet is weighing anchor. In a few more hours the clustering sails will be scattered. We will leave this sheltered harbor and join you in the life voyage upon times restless sea. While we look forward with pleasant anticipation, anxious fears sometimes crowd out the brighter visions, for the way is unknown to us, and across the threshold of the present lies the uncertain future. But our hearts are filled with gratitude when we remember that our Alumni friends have braved the storms before, and that we shall not have to make the journey all alone.

As we sail out upon life's widening ocean where the compass of duty points the way; as we serve in the cold northland, in temperate zone or under tropic sun "To Hasten His Appearing," we shall take with us most pleasant memories of the kind welcome of this evening hour.

### Report of the Historical Secretary

Fourteen years ago the unorganized Alumni of Union College consisted of two lone members. To-night, after the graduation of fourteen classes, including the one of 1908, our membership stands at 266. The class of '04 led the way in organizing the association. As an organization, we are, therefore, four years old. This, in brief is the story of our existence.

But the whole is made up of its parts, and in this case the parts are making the history. Hear ye them.

In response to the urgent call of:— 1. Where are

you? 2. What are you doing? 3. Remarks,—members of every class but one responded, and from all we can learn directly and indirectly, laurels of success and achievement rest upon the brows of our fellows. Almost every letter rings with enthusiasm for the great truths and principles for which their Alma Mater stands.

Prof. Herbert Owen, of the class of '94, is at Ignacio, Colo., planning before long to go to his chosen field in Central America.

Of the five members who graduated in '95, two replied to our inquisitive questions. Elder M. W. Lewis tells us that he is in the ministry at Sandyville, Iowa, where he accepted the third angel's message in 1873. Guy Dail of the same class writes: "I just got the letter from the Alumni dated May 1, 1908, this very moment, read it, and decided if I got any word in at all I'd better be right at business and write immediately.

"Mrs. Anna Jeffers Dail, our four-year-old Harold, and little Clarence Wilding, aged ten or eleven months, still reside in Hamburg, where we find plenty to keep us busy—the mother in the home, as the children have been ill with measles, and teething rash—and I in my enjoyable work as secretary for European field.

"Think not, Alma Mater, that I have forgotten thee. Never in this life will the tender memories of thy maternal watch-care and blessing fade away. And thy sons and thy daughters, how many of them there are now—indeed not so numerous as if thou wert hundreds of years old—but a small army of young men and women, who are going out into all the world to help preach the glad tidings of a soon coming Saviour. May God bless thee, and thy sons and daughters who are seeking in their respective callings to uphold the light of the Holy Scriptures and to shed everywhere the glorious rays of the Sun of Righteousness.

"Mrs. Dail and I extend to each one personally our hearty greetings."

Dr. C. F. Dail, of the class of '96, writes encouragingly from Eureka, California, where he is superintendent of the Dail Sanitarium.

The class of '97 responds four strong. J. C. Anderson, during the past year has been in charge of the schools of Norcatour, Kansas, graduated a class of twenty-three from the eighth grade this spring. He may enter the harvest field this summer.

Elder Henry Block writes from Alberta, Canada, where, speaking of the growth of our work, he says: "I saw the baby born, dressed, and grown to manhood,—I saw the work started in this mission field, saw it grow into a conference, and then into the Western Canadian Union Conference."

John Isaac, after two years as a teacher at Walla Walla College, will next year take charge of a full German Department in that school.

A. R. Ogden is vice-president of the Kansas Conference, with headquarters at Wichita.

L. D. Harris, of '98, reports good courage from his farm at Simpson, Minn., where he is now located.

Mrs. Etta Allee Black, another member of the same class, writes as follows: "We are living on our homestead five and one-half miles from Hagerman, New Mexico. The climate of Mexico is fine and we are enjoying many other blessings from the kind Heavenly Father. I hope each member of the Association as the years go by can really say, 'I have found a friend in Jesus.' I close with a prayer for you all and best wishes for a profitable meeting.

From another part of the sunny South an Alumni writes of roses in profusion, strawberries, cream and sugar. We must join her in her regretted inability to serve us at this time. Such is the word from Mrs. Oppy Kendall, who is working with her husband at the Madison School, Tennessee.

Three reports of courage and good cheer come from the class of '99. One from Mrs. Hattie Randall Walker, corresponding secretary of the North Dakota Conference, another from Elder M. J. Fritz, engaged in the German ministry in the Manitoba Conference, and the third, Mrs. Maude Morrison Wilkinson, to many of us, speaks "a various language" in "dark sentences."

"Where am I? Takoma Park, Washington, D. C. "What am I doing? I am busy all the time—sterilizing our baby's milk, the bottles, his rubber toys, etc. You know it has been said that 'The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world', so I suppose I've been ruling the world this winter, at least I have done enough rocking. I find I have my hands full in every sense of the word, for our seven months old son weighs twenty-five pounds."

"Remarks: Let me announce the arrival of son's first tooth, May 18, 1908.

"And in closing, may God bless every member of this Association and the work of our Alma Mater which is dear to us all."

From the class of 1900 come kind expressions of fond remembrance from Miss Maude Weller, who after graduating from the nurses' course at the Des Moines Sanitarium, is now teaching at the Elk Point Academy; Miss Alice Teeple, at Waukon, Iowa, with her grandparents; Dr. L. E. Elliot at Hawleyville, Iowa; and John Shively, who still persists in extolling the virtues of man's original occupation.

The class of 1901, which alone equalled in numbers our most recent adoption, reports as a quartette of women. Miss Faye Eagle is the Sabbath-school and corresponding secretary of the Oklahoma Conference. Miss Potts writes from Broken Bow: "I am at home having a good time generally." Mrs. Barbee Lundquist lives near Topeka, Kansas, and Mrs. Carpenter Hommel and her husband are in

charge of the Sanitarium at Edmonton, Alberta.

E. M. Stansbury, better known as Gene, but soon to be known as Dr. Stansbury, was the first to break the news for the class of '02. He and his classmate, C. D. Nelson, also of '02, are completing the third year of their medical course in the State University School of Medicine at Omaha, Nebr. Mrs. Lillian Preston Larson is assistant secretary in the Iowa Conference office at Des Moines. Miss Nettie Hardiman is enjoying her work as principal of the church school in Kansas City, Kansas, and has recently been elected educational secretary of the Missouri Conference.

Mr. J. L. Stansbury, now an employee of the Pacific Press Publishing Company, writes as follows: "The greatest benefit that I received at Union College was the religious influence that surrounded me and the impressions it made upon me. It was at Union College that I decided to yield my heart to God. Whatever worldly success I shall ever win cannot compare with that blessed relationship which the Christian sustains to our Heavenly Father." From Max Hill of the class of '05, I learn that Mr. Stansbury is leader of the Missionary Volunteer Society of the Mountain View church.

The year '03 was an off year for numbers, there being only eleven in the class. But quality to some extent made up for other deficiencies. Miss Wavie Tubbs writes from Maplewood Academy, Minn., where she is teaching English. Miss Ida Brown is at her home in Pacific Junction, Iowa, having recently returned from her work in the church school at Council Bluffs. Miss Hattie Brown, has recently completed her work in the Blair, Nebr., church school, while the president of the class has this evening demonstrated her ability in a line of work more essential to the survival of the race than is school work.

And now we come to the class of '04. Here words failed me, and I consulted the president of the class, who complained of the same feelings, but after a short consultation, we decided that since we could not do the subject justice anyway, and lest some should think the report a violation of good form, we decided that it would be best to write as briefly as possible.

Mr. O. E. Johansen and Mr. O. J. Nerlund are in the Scandinavian ministry in Minnesota. Miss Anna Patzkowsky with a small company of Union College ex-students is engaged in the German Bible work in St. Louis, Mo. Mr. H. C. Pitton is preaching in Michigan, but plans to go south soon. Mr. Wm. E. Nelson is still in charge of the Mathematical and Physical Science department at Walla Walla College. He does not admit it, in his letter to the Association, but there is abundant evidence to show that he is guilty of having during the past year taken unto himself a wife, who is also a member of this association.

1905 is so recent and the class of that year was with us but such a short time ago, that it will hardly

be necessary to tell you that C. L. Benson is stirring things generally in the Northern Union Conference, and Miss Cora M. Carr is at Loma Linda, Calif., and Miss Nora Hiatt is teaching English in Keene Academy, Texas.

For the same reason the class of '06 needs but brief mention. Mr. Rosenwold is a Scandinavian minister of the Iowa Conference, and Mr. J. H. Schmidt is engaged in the same line of work in the South Dakota Conference.

In like manner, permit me to speak a few words concerning the class of last year. Mr. W. A. Yarnell writes from Los Angeles, on his way from Fresno, where he has been teaching school, to his home in LaMirada, Calif. Mr. Adolph Johnson is engaged in Swedish ministry at Tacoma, Washington. Harvey, N. D. is the headquarters of J. F. Simon, young people's and educational secretary of that conference. Miss Ada Madison has charge of a music class of over forty at Wisner, Nebr. Mr. Henry Willers taught a German church school at Bowdle last winter, and Miss Irma Lewis is completing her first year's work as teacher of music and sewing at Elk Point Academy in the southeast corner of South Dakota, as near College View as she can get.

Thus ends a brief narration of our youngest class but one. The class of 1908, the last swarm to leave the old hive, is one of the two largest classes to graduate from Union College. Of their history as Alumni little has been written. Perhaps their greatest achievements are still in the future. But be this as it may, no doubt they have joined us to act the part of loyal sons and daughters of their Alma Mater. May we not look upon them as recruits for the battle which, though we may not discern it, is growing more intense from day to day?

Another year is before us, and

"We know not where His islands lift  
Their fronded palms in air,  
We only know we cannot drift,  
Beyond his love and care."

### Endowment Fund

E. C. KELLOGG

At the annual meeting of the Union College Alumni Association a year ago an endowment fund for the College was started. One hundred forty dollars, and seventy-one cents were raised in cash or pledged. On the tenth of July one hundred ten dollars, the amount received at that date, was put out at six per cent interest. Thus next month there will be six dollars and sixty cents to be used as the committee in charge may decide for some improvement in the College. At present other pledges have been paid and new payments made so there are fifty dollars and seventy-one cents to be put out at interest. There is also an outstanding pledge of five dollars, thus making the entire fund one hundred sixty-five dollars and sev-

enty-one cents. The fund, though small, is increasing.

A boy at play carelessly cast a tiny violet seed upon the hillside. A few years later he returned to find the whole slope a beautiful bank of violets. Thus the friends of the endowment fund trust it may speedily rise to the hundred thousand dollar mark. Every one interested in Union College and its work has an excellent opportunity to help in this way not temporarily but permanently, as the fund is ever at work. Those who have helped in the fund thus far are: W. W. Hobbs, H. A. Morrison, D. K. Nicola, Mrs. Alice Nicola, E. C. Kellogg, M. E. Kern, A. H. Larson, C. L. Benson, Frank Ogden, J. F. Nelson, B. G. Wilkinson, C. C. Lewis, H. A. Owen, Pearl Jones, Wm. Yarnell, R. C. Reimche, H. U. Stevens, J. H. Anderson, Gladys Shufelt, Edith Shively, Aural Jordan, Winnie Hunt, and Vera Wallace Nethery.

### Service

MATILDA ERICKSON

The twilight hours of another school year are upon us. Once again we have gathered under the roof of our Alma Mater, to greet familiar faces; to welcome into the circle the new members of the Alumni family. And somehow while words slink away, unable to bait their hooks to catch the deeper emotions, loving thoughts fill the soul with melody that hearts alone can hear.

But steer out of the stream of the Present  
Sail back on memory's tide;  
Till in the student harbor  
Our boats at anchor ride.  
Say not that e'er we rowed in,  
You had steered out over the sea;  
Let no billows of time to-night  
Hide friendly faces from me.  
We've seen these same old sights,  
(How memory loves them all)  
We've heard the same bell ringing  
We've walked the self-same hall;  
We remember the homesick feeling,  
That claimed us at least the first day;  
And that big lump that arose in our throats  
When they told us we'd sure like to stay,—  
And how we went to the cold bare room  
And there all alone—save a tear—  
Our thoughts went miles and miles away  
To a place that was never so dear.

But time cures many ills. New friends crept into the lonely circle of one. New hopes leaped up in our bosoms, and soon an ideal dimly seen beckoned us onward through the mists of intervening years. Then came the struggle to reach the goal. Struggle?—Yes;—sometimes, as the weeks lapsed into months, and months grew into years, there were days when ambition's thermometer registered 210, and days when it dropped below 32. There were days when prospect's horizon would be azure blue, and again clouds black as Higgins ink would over it. There were days when no ideal could be seen before us and no Ebenezer behind. Those were stormy days, but somehow when the clouds broke away a rainbow of promise spanned the retreating darkness. But as we

trudged along in the path through the fields of time, suddenly we halted. Before us was an archway; above it the words,—Union College Alumni Association—Admission, a sheepskin one and a half by two.

Commencement is over; the picnic repast digested; the first flush of graduation is passed; broadcloth has given way to cotton jeans, and kitchen aprons have replaced the dainty furbelows. Again the document is enrolled. Is it possible? Yes, even so—our beloved Alma Mater has made us heirs of her vast wealth, joint heirs of the great inheritance of toil, of service for the betterment of mankind.

Friends, the vast inheritance to which we have thus fallen heir does not lie wholly within the bounds of Utopia. Sometimes the clouds of disappointment hang low; streams of sorrow wind their way through some of the beautiful vales; shrubs of difficulty here and there cast their thorny branches across the foot-paths; at times the hot winds of prejudice sear the waving grain; and then as we work in this new field, we do not always rub elbows with friends. And yet blessed are the joint heirs in the inheritance of toil.

"Two great nations struggled for the mastery in this country. One sent soldiers to seize and fortify commanding points. The other sent farmers, mechanics, and students, who cleared forests, tilled fields, laid out roads, built homes, and planted schools. By and by the plowshare met with the sword; the home with the fortress; the worker with the fighter. The sword, the fortress, and the fighter vanished away, while the plowshare, the home, and the worker inherited the land."

The chairs upon which you sit, the spoon with which you ate, the light that plays upon friendly faces to-night, were all purchased with the life-blood of our forefathers. So blessed be the inheritors of toil, who become the possessors of true worth and bequeath to others the fruits of loving service. Blessed? Yes; for only those who either by the good fortune of inheritance or by the homestead plan secure possessions in the world's great reservations of toil, can ac-

quire true wealth on earth. In this vast inheritance of toil, it matters not so much where our possessions lie, as how we care for them.

There is perhaps nothing in Phillip Sidney's life that has been a better means of reviving the dormant sympathies in the bosoms of men, than the cup of cold water with which he moistened the lips of a dying comrade. Florence Nightingale has written books, but it was her loving service in the Crimean War that stimulates men to help others. "The smallest roadside pool has its water from heaven and its gleam from the sun, and can hold the stars in its bosom as well as the great ocean." Even so the humblest worker may have the divine presence and his service may drop seeds into hearts where they shall yield eternal fruits.

"No service in itself is small  
Nor great though earth it fill,  
But that is small which seeks its own  
And great which seeks God's will."

May we press forward with the grace of continuance. With the strength gained through college days while struggling to realize our ideal, may we henceforth with untiring efforts seek to idealize the real that comes for us to do. Then upon the fields of our inheritance shall grow the fruit of service for others, and then from the hillsides of life we shall gather the harvests of noble manhood and true womanhood.

To-night, as we look over college days, back over the great democratic past where all strife for supremacy has ceased, there is nothing that towers so high on the plains of loving memory as the friends with whom we have mingled. To-night at this meeting of those who must part, gratitude throws a halo around the past and hope casts a ray of light into the future. Truly in the words of Sabin, "As the buds of Spring burst in the rich foliage of summer, so pleasant memories of the past yield good wishes for the future."

But e'er we break the circle to sail o'er life's widening sea,  
There to struggle for the haven and a help to others be,  
Let us while our boats here cluster, warmly clasp each  
comrade's hand.  
We'll strengthen each other for service in this or another  
land;  
And ere we weigh anchors to sail where duty shall say,  
We'll thank God for our Alma Mater, and the friends about  
us to-day!

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COLLEGE BASEMENT

## College View Items

S. Clement and family have moved to Madison, Tenn.

John Brown and family have gone to Iowa on a short visit.

The church school recently held a picnic at Antelope Park.

W. F. Surber of Missouri is visiting his family in the village.

Nick Carter has returned from Texas where he has been for a few months past.

J. G. McConaughey and Mrs. McConaughey of Aurora, Nebr., are visiting Mrs. A. R. Ocker.

G. G. Straight has sold out his interests in the village to Hanford Pierce, and has moved to Hastings, Nebr.

Miss Stella Ferguson of Des Moines, Iowa, has been visiting friends in the village for several days.

While J. Graham and family were away at church service, some one broke into the kitchen window and stole eight dollars in money.

Eld. Andrew Nelson, president of the Oklahoma Conference, preached in the church at the regular Saturday morning services, May 30th.

Elder and Mrs. S. M. Butler left Sunday evening for Mount Vernon, Ohio, where Elder Butler takes the presidency of the Mount Vernon College.

Peter Hayes and family are leaving for Oklahoma, where they plan to stay through the summer and then return to College View at the opening of the College.

Thursday evening about thirty of the young people of the village gave Oscar McNay a surprise at his home. This was a farewell gathering for Oscar, who is leaving for Colorado.

At a recent meeting of the church officers Mrs. Carrie Allen was elected chairman of the deaconesses to fill the vacancy made by resignation of Mrs. S. M. Butler, who goes to Mount Vernon soon.

O. E. Jones and wife, of the village, have gone to the home of their son-in-law, O. A. Hall, at North Loup, Nebr. During the summer Mr. Jones and Mr. Hall will engage in missionary work together, after which Mr. Jones will move to Hastings, Nebraska.

Prof. C. R. Wiseman has arrived from Kirkland, Iowa, where he has been teaching the past year, and will spend his vacation in the village. He returns to the same position as principal next year, with improved facilities and the teaching force increased to five.

Each is building his world from within: thought is the builder: for thoughts are forces,—subtle, vital, irresistible, omnipotent,—and according as used do they bring power or impotence, peace or pain, success or failure.—*Trine*

Calvin Bungor has returned from a visit to his home in Iowa.

Irvin Reed writes that his address for the summer is Sedgwick, Colo.

Miss Marion Crawford has gone to Maywood, Nebr., where she will join a tent company.

Miss Kate D. Sanborn has gone to St. Louis, Mo. to visit at her home during the vacation.

Leonard Rucker speaks in terms of "grit" and success after the opening of the book campaign in Wisconsin.

The large seven volume Bible Dictionary, presented to the College library by the graduating class, has arrived.

Union College is investing about one hundred and fifty dollars in new maps, and the first shipment has arrived.

From *The Northern Union Reaper* we learn that Prof. J. B. Clymer, of Mount Vernon College, Mount Vernon, Ohio, has been called to take the principalship of the Elk Point Academy.

G. C. Jenks and Otto Owen are wading through mud in Missouri and also doing some business on the side. One of them reports sales to the amount of twenty-five dollars in about as many hours.

Miss Bertha Fuller of Boulder, Colo. has been visiting at the Sanitarium as she was passing through on her way to engage in missionary work in India. C. W. Symonds accompanies her as far as Chicago.

Miss Lena Hunt has gone to spend her summer vacation at her home in Battle Creek, Mich. From which place, she will return later to Stuart, Iowa, where she has accepted a position in the Academy for the coming year.

Miss Mertie Wheeler and Miss Mettie Cornell have returned from a visit to Hastings, and since then Miss Wheeler has gone to Crawford, Nebraska to act temporarily as secretary of the Wyoming Conference.

Eld. and Mrs. J. S. Hart, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wallace, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Nethery, attended a wedding in Lincoln the evening of June 1, at which Miss Merle Scott, a former student of Union College, was united in marriage to Ross Reeder of South Dakota. Eld. J. S. Hart performed the ceremony.

J. L. Stansbury, of Mountain View, California, in renewing his subscription to the MESSENGER, says: "The weekly visits of the MESSENGER are very much appreciated. While each passing year leaves fewer of those with whom I am personally acquainted in the College family, yet after reading an issue of the MESSENGER, I can imagine that I am back in the College halls again."

A pleasant, quiet little wedding took place last Wednesday, May 27, at the home of Sister Lars Neilson, of the Swan Lake church, when Agnes Levi-son and Adolph Christensen were united in the bonds of holy matrimony. Brother Christensen is one of our conference laborers and has just returned to this state from Union College, which he attended last year. They expect to connect with a tent effort after camp meeting.—*Northern Union Reaper*.

A reception was given Sunday evening, May 31, in South Hall parlor in honor of Eld. and Mrs. S. M. Butler who leave for Mount Vernon, Ohio, where Elder Butler takes the presidency of the Mount Vernon College. An interesting program was rendered. The first number was a piano solo by Miss Winnifred Collins. This was followed by a recitation by F. F. Byington. Eld. Mahlon Serns rendered a vocal solo. He gave another one later in the program. The next number was a recitation by Miss May Cole. This was followed by violin music by Miss Sanborn, Lloyd E. Biggs, and Miss Marion Crawford. Miss Roberta Andrews then gave a select reading. This was followed by a brief address by Eld. C. R. Kite, who expressed the good will of those in attendance and presented a rug as a token of their respect to Elder and Mrs. Butler. Eld. and Mrs. Butler each responded in an appropriate speech.

The closing number was an interesting dialogue entitled "Reminiscences of College Days" the principal actors in which were Miss Agnes Lewis and Glenn George. Elder and Mrs. Butler stood at the door and greeted each one of the large company of departing guests.

The following arrangements have been made by the members of the graduating class for future work: J. I. Beardsley will have charge of the educational and young people's work in South Dakota; Emily Johnson, after a vacation at home, will teach in Iowa; Edith Rigby will teach in Campion Academy, near Loveland, Colo.; Lora Clement will do secretary work at the General Conference office in Washington, D. C.; Florence Aul, after a vacation in College View will engage in teaching; Inez Hoiland will attend the summer school in College View; Leonard Rucker will canvass in Wisconsin; Winnifred Collins and Marion Crawford will study in College View; Christian Eden will be at his home in Talmage, Nebr.; Cush Sparks will work in the depository at Kansas City, Mo., and then take charge of the tract society work for the Nebraska Conference at Hastings; Edith Shively goes to her home at Woodburn, Iowa; Arvid Bjurstrom will work in the International Publishing Association; James Johnson will engage in tent work in Omaha; Martin Anderson goes to Woonsocket, S. Dak., to engage in tent work; Augusta Schneider will canvass in southern Nebraska; Eugene Rowell will work at the International Publishing Association, College View; A. E. Smith will engage in canvassing; Lillie M. George will engage in Bible work in St. Louis, Mo.; Esther Burgquist will engage in medical missionary work in Kansas; Dr. H. M. Bonniwell will remain in College View for a time while he makes definite arrangements for the future; Isaac C. Schmidt will canvass in North Dakota; Emma Christensen will attend the summer school at the College; Anna Shield will work for the International Publishing Association; Lora G. Smith will teach music at Republican City, Nebr.; Hannah Reinhardt will canvass in Kansas; Zelma Small will attend summer school in College View; Herman F. Neumann will engage in tent work in Iowa; Otto John will study for a time in College View.

"Life is what we are alive to."

## THE EDUCATIONAL MESSENGER

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Entered at the post office in College View, Neb., as second class matter under act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

### News and Notes.

J. I. Beardsley has gone to South Dakota, where he takes up the work as Educational and Young People's Secretary of the Seventh-day Adventist Conference. He will be in attendance at the camp meeting at Woonsocket.

The Danish-Norwegian students who are canvassing during the summer are located in the following places: Martha Andersen and Oline Evensen, Jackson County, Minnesota; Bennie Grundset, David Gulbrandsen, and Carl Olsen, Renville County, Minnesota; Agatha Johnson, Alfrida Mortensen, and Ida Johnson South Dakota; Peter Langhoff and Louis Hanson, near Omaha, Nebraska; Trygve Nelson, O. J. Olsen, Lawrence Peterson, Henry Winn, Wisconsin; Nels Olsen and V. E. Toppenberg, Iowa; Emil Nelson and V. Pallesen, North Dakota; Martinus Ruskjer, Minnesota.

An interesting wedding and one of general interest took place at the church Sunday evening, June 7. The contracting parties were Miss Winnifred M. Peebles, a member of the Faculty of Union College, and Eugene C. Rowell, an employee of the International Publishing Association. Both have lived in the village for several years and have a large circle of friends. A reception was given in their honor in South Hall parlor at 5:30 o'clock in the afternoon, at which their immediate friends were in attendance. Mrs. C. C. Lewis, Misses Irma Lewis and May Cole received the guests. After a short social season, during which refreshments were served, a brief program was rendered. Otto John made an interesting speech. Ernest Johnson played a mandolin solo, accompanied by Miss Irma Lewis. A select reading was given by Miss Agnes Lewis. Miss May Cole read an original poem, and a vocal solo was rendered by Miss Marion Crawford. At the church H. U. Stevens, Otto M. John, Glenn George, and Ernest Johnson acted as ushers. The church was simply and tastefully decorated with ferns and cut flowers. The auditorium was well filled. Mrs. E. M. Peebles, mother of the bride, and her son, Howard Peebles, sat in front at the left. Prof. C. C. Lewis, who performed the ceremony, Eugene C. Rowell, the groom, and J. I. Beardsley, the groomsmen, took position in front at the right side. Miss Winnifred Collins played a piano solo. This was followed by a vocal solo rendered by Miss Marion Crawford, accompanied by Miss Winnifred Collins. Miss Irma Lewis played the

march, during which Miss Winnifred Peebles, accompanied by her maid, Miss Alma J. Graf, entered at the left side and marched slowly toward the front. The groom's party arose and the two parties met at the altar. The groom was dressed in conventional black and the bride in a plain white dress; she carried a bouquet of white roses. Professor Lewis after speaking briefly and impressively upon the origin and the import of matrimony, united them as husband and wife. The congregation then arose and Professor Lewis offered prayer, after which he introduced the couple to the friends in attendance, who went forward and extended congratulations. After this Miss Irma Lewis played a march, during which the bridal party and friends in attendance took their departure from the church. Among the presents was a suit case given by the graduating class of Union College of 1908, also a cut glass water set presented by the students of the bride's classes. After a short trip they will return and make their home in College View.

### Estimate of Expenses

We, the board of trustees of the village of College View, do hereby make and publish the following as our estimate of expenses for the year 1908.

Streets and Alleys.....	\$500.00
Sidewalks, St. Crossings	
and bridges.....	1,500.00
Police protection.....	900.00
General.....	850.00

Total.....\$3,750.00  
Total revenue of College View,  
Neb., for the past year....\$3,245.70

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