

The Educational Messenger

Commencement Number

Month of June

Nineteen Sixteen



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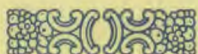
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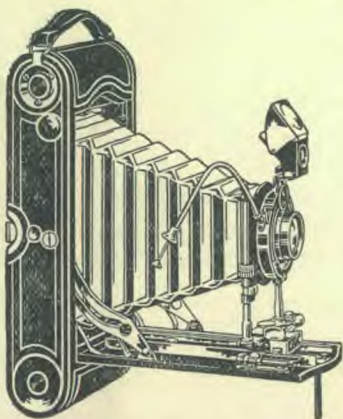


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**T**O OUR English teacher, Mrs. Winifred P. Rowell, whose experience, through years of conscientious service, has furnished counsel to many, whose ideals have been unconsciously impressed upon her students' minds and whose life stands as an inspiration to all who know her, this Commencement Number of the Messenger is lovingly dedicated.        ::                ::                ::                ::

Colors: Maize and Blue

Motto: "To Multiply Peace"

Flower: Tea Rose





# The Educational Messenger

VOL. XII

COLLEGE VIEW, NEBRASKA, JUNE, 1916

NO. 5

## :: College of Liberal Arts ::



Arthur Henry Evans

President Class of '16.  
Messenger, Business Manager '12;  
President '14.  
Leader Junior Boys' League '13.  
Business Manager College Lecture  
Course '13-'14.

Superintendent Intermediate Department  
Sabbath School '15  
Superintendent Junior Department  
Sabbath School '15-'16.  
Chairman Program Committee.



### Merton Niels Helligso

Vice-President Class of '16.  
 Leader Bible Seminar '13-'14.  
 Member Glee Club '12-'13, '15-'16.  
 Manager College View Book Store  
 '15-'16.  
 Clerk and Treasurer S. D. A. Church  
 of College View '15-'16.  
 Chairman Inter-Class Committee.

### Hattie Belle Abbott

Secretary Class of '16.  
 Missionary Editor Educational Mes-  
 senger '15.  
 Teacher Sabbath School.  
 Leader Prayer Band.  
 Leader Young Ladies' Personal Work  
 Band.  
 Librarian College View Public Library.

### Paul Nelson Pearce

Treasurer Class of '16.  
 President Debating Club First Seme-  
 ster '15-'16.  
 Member Union College Quartette  
 '13-'16.  
 Member Glee Club '13-'16.  
 Chairman Flower-Pennant-Color and  
 Member Entertainment Committees.

### Ira Roger Abbott

Assistant in Science Union College  
 '15-'16.  
 Graduate Advanced Normal Course,  
 Lodi Normal Institute '10.  
 Science Teacher Lodi '10-'14.  
 Principal Grammar School '14-'15.  
 Teacher Sabbath School.





### Fannie Adelia Adams

Secretary Foreign Mission Band.  
 Leader Moslem Mission Band.  
 Leader Prayer Band.  
 Teacher Sabbath School.  
 Member Program and Announcement  
 Committees.

### Mihran Nicholas Ask

Member Y. P. M. V. S.  
 Member Debating Club '15-'16.  
 Member Foreign Mission Band.  
 Member Motto-Pin Committee.

### Leo Kee Chang

Member Seminar '14-'16.  
 Member Foreign Mission Band.  
 Member Intercollegiate Association  
 Student Volunteers.  
 Member Gift Committee.

### Harry Cooper

Leader Y. P. M. V. Society '14-'15.  
 Messenger Board, News Editor '14;  
 Missionary Editor '15.  
 Leader Prayer Band.  
 Foreign Mission Volunteer.  
 President Junior Class '14-'15.  
 Member Union College Quartette  
 '13-'16.



### Marion Hope Comstock

Secretary Debating Club Second Semester '15-'16.

Graduate Department of Expression.  
Member Program and Flower-Pennant-Color Committees.

### Henry Nichol Friesen

Superintendent German Sabbath School '15-'16.

Member Debating Club '15-'16.  
Member Gift Committee.

### Luelba Eva Kern

At Union '06-'11.

Member Personal Work Band.

At Washington Seminary '11-'13.

Bible Work '13-'15.

At Union '15-'16.

### Albert Charles Madsen

Treasurer Messenger Board '12-'13.

Assistant Superintendent College Sabbath School, First Semester '15-'16.

Leader Prayer Band.

Teacher Sabbath School.

Chairman Entertainment Committee.





**Jacob Garabed Mandalian**

Leader Moslem Band '12.  
 Leader Y. P. M. V. S. Summer '13;  
 Assistant Leader '15-'16.  
 Assistant Superintendent College Sab-  
 bath School '14.  
 Superintendent Sanitarium Sabbath  
 School.  
 Leader Bible Seminar '15-'16.  
 Assistant Leader Foreign Mission  
 Band '15-'16.

**Walter Jay McComb**

Leader Prayer Band.  
 Teacher Sabbath School.  
 Member Glee Club '13-'16.  
 Member Gift and Announcement  
 Committees.

**Helen Anna Orr**

Messenger, Educational Editor '14;  
 Editor-in-Chief '15.  
 Leader Foreign Mission Study Group.  
 Leader Prayer Band.  
 Leader Young Women's Personal  
 Work Band.  
 Vice President Debating Club '13-'14.  
 Secretary Foreign Mission Volunteers.

**John Jacob Strahle**

Business Manager Messenger '13-'15.  
 President Colporteur Band.  
 Vice President Intercollegiate Prohi-  
 bition Association '14-'15.  
 President Debating Club, Second  
 Semester '15-'16.  
 Leader Prayer Band.  
 Vice President Student Volunteers.

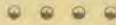


# ....Class Night....

Graduating Classes, 1915-1916

Seventh-day Adventist Church

Thursday Evening, May Eighteenth, at Eight O'clock



## Program

- MARCH ..... Orchestra  
 INVOCATION..... I. R. Abbott  
 PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS..... A. H. Evans  
 PIANO DUET..... Fantasia in C Minor  
                     Nellie Curtis, Sue Gilliland  
 ORATION..... "To Multiply Peace"  
                     J. G. Mandalian  
 READING..... The Quest of the Yellow Pearl  
                     Marion Comstock  
 MALE QUARTETTE ..... "The Reaping"  
                     J. J. Strahle, H. Cooper, M. N. Helligso, P. N. Pearce  
 PRESENTATION OF GIFT..... M. N. Helligso  
 CLASS POEM ..... Helen Orr  
 FAREWELL ..... Harry Cooper  
 CLASS SONG: "Union, Farewell to Thee," words by P. N. Pearce  
                     (Sung by the graduates of all classes)  
 BENEDICTION ..... Prof. J. N. Anderson

# President's Address

A. H. EVANS



IND FRIENDS: We, the graduates of 1916, meet you tonight with our final greeting and our farewell. Greeting the more warm because, in this hour when College seems most grand and dear to us, we see included in our audience many of the gray and silent men who founded this institution, and those also whose duty it has been to foster the greatness of our beloved Union.

With the ending of this school year, our College will have completed the first quarter of a century of her existence. Founded in obscurity with but a few humble homes, the center of a modest village; overshadowed by nearby institutions more pretentious in size and possessed of greater resources; supported by a distrustful and scattered constituency—she has nevertheless grown steadily from the hour of her birth, raising each year the standard of her intellectual requirements, equipping herself with steady regularity, with library facilities and laboratory apparatus, the tools of the student, until today, she sits surrounded by a happy and prosperous community, the most beautiful suburb of this great educational center, supported by a loyal and enthusiastic constituency, reaching from Canada to the Rio Grande and stretching from the Mississippi to the Rockies. And from this vast and rich territory there comes to her doors each year the flower of the young manhood and womanhood of this denomination, bringing with them the glory and honor of the Christian homes they have left, to place themselves like passive clay in the hands of the great God "who moulded men" content to be held to the wheel of life and shaped after the design of the "Master Potter."

And tonight, we do not forget, nor would we have you forget, that it is not solely because of our own efforts and abilities that we are able to come before you as those who have been declared ready for the fixing process in the furnace of life; but we would remember that our presence here is the outward manifestation of the vicarious sacrifice of love offered by our fathers and mothers, that we might not be denied those benefits of college education which some of them in their youth were unable to obtain. That we, therefore, might come to college these parents rose up early to begin the daily task and sat up late that it might be finished, wearing the fingers thin, denying the eye beauty, denying the taste and imagination their food, denying the appetite its pleasures; and, while they have suffered and waned, we in college have grown strong and—it is to be hoped—wise. If the time spent here has affected us



as it ought, we should be keenly appreciative of the sacrifice made by these, our parents, overwrought with a service of love.

Each of these years you have been hearing the departing message from groups of young men and women similar to these classes who are before you now. For four years, and sometimes longer, they have been enjoying the fruits of the foresight and fatherly labors of the founders of our College, and the learning and ability of our respected instructors. Yet, somehow, I feel that these who are coming forth as the products of her efforts at this time, are peculiarly well fitted to stand as living examples of the fulfillment of the very purposes for which Union College was founded. It is written in the book of Isaiah, "Behold, these shall come from far; and lo, these from the north and from the west; and these from the land of Sinim." Among the members of this class are representatives from Denmark, Armenia, Turkey, and Korea. We have gathered here from the north and the south, and from the far places of the earth. Union has stood to us as God's crucible—the great melting pot where the ideals and conceptions which we brought with us have been melted and reformed.

We came with our pride, and the cherished prejudices that are always found in the individual not yet fused with his fellows; we came with our dreams and the willingness to sacrifice that those dreams might be realized; we came from environments that differed as widely as the poles; we came with unformed thought and either without purposes or with purposes purely selfish in their scope.

All of these—the pride, the prejudice, the dreams, the sacrifices, things noble and things sordid, the purposeful and the purposeless, were thrown into the melting pot of college life, where the roaring fires of God consumed away all these artificial differences. The class room, the table, the prayer service, the chapel, and the love of Christ have brought us together until "like kindred drops we've mingled into one." Coming in as an aggregation, we go out as a unit.

This fusing of many minds into a single purpose, to multiply the peace of God, is a process no man here can ever forget. Nor can any one over estimate the worth of such an experience as a preparation for the duties of life.

As we pause tonight upon the dividing ground between two eras in our lives, one thought is uppermost in our minds, dispelling the sadness that comes with the thought of parting, and suffusing with a golden glow the morning sky of the future—our life work lies before us. A life of the highest endeavor can alone repay the debt we owe to our College. If it be true that every one who has made the acquisition of a judicious and sympathizing friend has



doubled his mental resources, we are henceforth an invincible company. The tendency of our times in every department of life is toward a liberalism as rash as it is unprecedented. The emotional element of belief has been driven out by the subjecting of faith to an intellectual standard, so that conviction has become rare and enthusiasm reprobate.

Our cause needs a new enthusiasm. To whom, but to us, young men from her shrine of learning, with pent up life seeking to manifest itself in outward action, shall she look? She calls upon us to wake the deep slumber of careless opinions; to kindle burning aspirations; to set noble examples; to shame false ideals of life; and to make the aims of society more earnest.

The talents we possess are for the service of all, the truth we hold is truth for all. As men in the ranks of humanity, we are under a law of duty that allows us no stopping place short of the best use of the capabilities and the opportunities God has given us. We must not only harness our powers to some task, but guide them and impel them. We must attain to that vigor of purpose which makes much out of little, breathes power into weakness, disarms difficulties and even turns them into friendly allies. We must have the true faith continually growing, always looking up to something better, catching glimpses of a distant future perfection that will give wings to the soul.

Therefore we determine to keep our standard of knowledge high, to attempt great things, to expect great things and in the providence of God, we hope to accomplish great things for Him.

Let us now consider together for a few minutes the position which our school as a denominational school occupies in the opinion of those who are pleased to assert that a college such as ours is must necessarily be inferior to the State University in preparing men and women to give to the world the maximum amount of usefulness from the talents they possess.

As members of this college graduating class, who have conscientiously chosen to receive our instruction from this institution, or from others like it, for four years, we believe it is altogether fitting and proper that, so far as in us lies, we should make clear at this time our reasons for preferring a school upholding certain religious principles rather than some more famous institution of learning. We believe this for two reasons: first, because leaving as we now are for the last time this College which we have learned to love and respect, we wish to inspire by our parting words an added loyalty and devotion in those who are to continue here as students; and secondly, to encourage all our young people everywhere to entrust themselves with confidence to Union College, and to justify by word and deed the cause of Christian education.

I think I can present before you the generally accepted idea of the purpose

which a great university should seek to accomplish no more clearly than by repeating a question which was put to a supporter of Union College by a faculty member of the University of Nebraska only a few days ago. The question was this: "Why do you not have instructors in your school who are masters of their subjects, regardless of whether they belong to your church or not?" In the state of mind of this questioner is embodied the spirit of all instruction given in the public schools today. The whole ultimate function of the State University may be expressed in three words: Preparation for Citizenship. It makes every business of life subordinate to the obligation of good citizenship. That this is an improvement over the old idea which held that the purpose of the school was to make scholars, and that with all things outside the realm of mental activities it had nothing to do, we will gladly admit. We must further grant that the State schools have many points with which it is impossible for our own schools successfully to compete. They have buildings larger and finer than any we may hope to construct. These buildings are equipped with a more elaborate variety of scientific apparatus than our schools will probably ever possess. Their teachers are obliged to do only half as much teaching as do ours, and for it they receive from six to ten times as much salary. Their financial ability to enrich themselves with all the results of modern inventions and to attract to their faculties men of world-wide renown is assured by the never failing tax to which we cheerfully contribute, or by an endowment often of many millions of dollars, which we rejoice in their possessing. We wish we had one also.

Yet with all these granted points of superiority, we maintain most enthusiastically that our Alma Mater is worthy to instruct every one of you who aspire to be of service in the world. For we have found that a college is not brick and stone, but men; is not facts, but the vitality of living ideals. We are not sure that a multiplicity of equipment is conducive to the quickest grasping of scientific principles, for the history of scientific achievement assures us that the greatest discoveries have been made by men who, grasping first the principles of the problems they sought to solve, were obliged to work them out with very simple and what we would call crude apparatus. Galileo, with a telescope only nine inches long, revolutionized the conception of the universe, and made astronomical observations whose accuracy has remained unchallenged and which have been the basis for much of the subsequent study of the stars. The ancient Greeks, with a few rough measuring rods, ran a base line from Alexandria down across the desert and upon this they computed the circumference of the world. The more difficult the problem and the principles to be understood, the greater the need for simple, uncomplicated



apparatus that will encourage independent and original thinking. Neither does the payment of a large salary insure the employment of the finest intellects, for the whole history of education abounds with examples of men who have spent their lives in devotion to ideals regardless of the salary they were able to command. We are convinced that you will search in vain if you attempt to find teachers who will give you more of their time and strength than will these teachers whom we have learned, through long association, to regard as our truest friends.

We believe, too, that, while preparation for citizenship is a grand thing, it is a grander thing to be a Christian. Our lives span so narrowly the mighty eternities of the past and the future, and our enjoyment of the future is so dependent upon the activities of the present, that we are forced to the conclusion that a college like ours, which opens to us the wisdom of all past ages and teaches us so to use the present that we may pass on to the future unafraid, is doing a greater work than is any school which prepares for merely present citizenship.

The preparation period for the graduates of 1916 is almost ended. We stand even now in the presence of a day of reckoning—graduation—commencement. We must now count up the gains and losses of our college life. Each heart is a veritable court of judgment—though the world be not admitted to the spectacle. If we have received much, we shall be expected to give much. We regret most keenly now that many duties have been ill-performed, and that great opportunities have gone unheeded. We have come to realize that a mighty power for good or evil can be exerted by this student body throughout the length and breadth of the land, and we fear that too often our lives must have seemed but empty husks to those who, looking upon us, have thought to see reflected the highest ideals of our College. But as "a great river is not judged by the foam on its surface," we ask you not to complete your estimation of us by the weaknesses you have observed, but to believe that we have received more than the foam upon the surface would indicate of the mighty current of spiritual strength that flows from our College into the world.

For four years now our little fleet has been riding in harbor; tonight the anchors are weighed, and slowly we drop together down the tide. A few hours more and these clustering sails will be scattered and fading specks, each in its own horizon, straining or drifting toward its goal.

Let us each one determine that, if in the providence of God, another quarter of a century is allowed to pass over our beloved College, and we are permitted to come back as we hope to come from time to time, we may come with a feeling that we have not failed to speak and to act in accordance with the lessons learned here from the God of our fathers.



# Oration: "To Multiply Peace"

J. G. MANDALIAN



**W**HEN, in the beginning, God created the heavens and the earth, the universe was one of beauty and love. Then there was no sin. The morning stars, the luminous sun, the sky-kissed mountain, and the dew-besprinkled flower were all at peace in God's world's of infinite space, until the day when the haughty cherub said in his heart, "I will ascend into heaven; I will exalt my throne above the stars of God; I will sit also upon the mount of the congregation in the side of the north; I will ascend above the heights of the clouds; I will be like the Most High." This daring ambition was the blow which struck at the very foundations of God's throne; it was the death knell to the plan of a universe untouched by sin. With one stroke beauty had been changed into ugliness, the lovely cherub into a hellish fiend, and the peaceful universe into a theatre of war.

Today, after six thousand years of strife, the world is witnessing the most ghastly struggle of the ages. The earth is being rocked to and fro by the hurling of seething masses of humanity one against another. Nation has risen against nation. The sword is reeking with blood, and with each thrust of the bayonet each nation with grim determination thunders—"Revenge, war to the bitter end!"

In this day of commotion and strife, of bloodshed and butchery, of horror and death, comes the Class of 1916, not to stir a flaming world, not to shout, "Preparedness!" "Revenge!" "War!" not to proclaim that might is right, not to add to the world's ocean of woe, but to **MULTIPLY PEACE.**

The world today is longing for peace. The individual, the family, the church, the nation, the race—they all want it. This is the age of progress. Space is traveled with the speed of the flying locomotive; the mysterious force of electricity is harnessed for economy of time and energy; with each new-built dreadnaught the calibre of guns and the number of speed knots is increased; the recesses of the deep are searched by the diving submarine; the regions of the air are scanned by the swift-winged air ship. Money must be hoarded, not by the thousand, but by the million. It is a swift age. The spirit is of mad rush. It is in the man, in the home, in the school, in the church; it is everywhere. The theatre supplements the pulpit, the moving picture, the home. There is no time for reflection; yet, with all of its inventions, its pleasures and its revelries, the world today is not satisfied.

Consider for a moment the condition of the individual. Dr. Henry Van Dyke, the noted American author, an optimist, sincerely believing the world is getting better, acknowledges the remarkable fact that, while the ideals of modern society are high, still, the present age is marked with the depravity of the individual. The forces of jealousy, love of gain and of pleasure are robbing the human heart of its inward quietness.

Perhaps the society of today is contented. If any one entertains this opinion, I point him to the evils which characterize modern society. Can any one be blind to its divisions, its cliques, its feuds? Can any one ignore the jealousies, the intrigues, which are consuming its very heart? Are its devotees finding in their parties and dances the satisfaction they are longing for? Look at the depths to which they are bending for their amusement. Look at their cat parties, their dog parties! God pity the generation! God pity the society, that stoops to such degradation, enough to make the lowest heathen blush with shame.

But, one might argue, surely the church is free from such turmoil. Let us consider. The fruit of the spirit is love, joy, peace. What do we find in the church today? Chess playing, billiards and cards, dancing and theatre-going. If the church be satisfied, why then this craving for the world? Mr. Moody in denouncing these evils once said: "Your fairs and your bazaars won't do; and your voting, your casting of ballots for the most popular man or woman just helps along his vanity. It grieves the Spirit, it offends God. Look at the church lotteries going on in New York! Before God, I would rather preach in any barn or miserable hovel on earth than within the walls of a church paid for in such a way."

Do you ask me if the nations need peace? Then look at the countless millions spent for instruments of destruction; look at this ocean of woe in Europe and Asia, see the ghastly gashes opened on human bodies; hear the shrieks of the hacked wretch, hating to part with life; fathom the rivers of human blood. Number the millions of fatherless homes, weeping widows, childless parents; see the helpless mother driven from the home; watch the smoking embers where once happy homes flourished. See this misery; put it in the balance and weigh it if you can. The world today is longing for something better. The world is crying for peace.

And what is the response to this cry? Whence comes the relief to this anguish? Who can quench this writhing thirst for rest? The Epicurean says, "Let us eat and drink for tomorrow we die." But the wanton reveller takes his life in despair and dies a death of wretched disappointment. The Stoic says, "Be a man, and endure," but with his heroic philosophy the Stoic gives the poor struggler no hope, no rest to soothe. The cynic Diogenes says,



"Be content with what you have and you shall have peace." With his squalid tub and a drinking cup his is a living protest against the luxury of the world. But with all his ideal gospel, Diogenes touches no human heart. The materialist says, "All things are controlled by matter; there is a law of matter that determines even our lives. We are what we are because matter decreed so, and we cannot be otherwise." But how much comfort will it bring to the bleeding heart of the mother by the bedside of her darling babe, her hand upon its chilly brow, to tell her, "Weep not, woman, we are all subjects to a superior law. There is a law of matter which decreed your child should die, and nothing can help it." The skeptic says, "I am sure of nothing. I cannot believe even what I see." The Atheist says, "The universe is a chance, life is a game, there is no God, no heaven, no future." Christ says: "Peace—peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you. Not as the world giveth, give I unto you." When in the stillness of midnight, He was born in Bethlehem's manger, the song of the angelic chorus was, "Glory to God in the highest, and upon earth, peace and good will to men." And when He grew up to manhood, and walked among men bearing their sorrows, still His burden was, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Do you ask if He can really do it. Then look at the pages of history and see the millions to whose souls He has spoken peace. Go back nineteen hundred years and start with this gospel of peace as it enters on its mission. Follow it as it marches down the centuries and what do you see? Hard hearts, cruel with crime that no human power could impress, are broken into contrition and love. Weak women, timid and trembling, are fortified by it to endure the scourge, the rack, the stake, the cross. Hark, do you hear the rustle of yon concourse? It is the coliseum in the world's metropolis. Upon an exalted throne is seated blackest Nero, the bloody monster. Close to him are seated in gorgeous array, the queen, the holy virgins, the consuls, praetors and the whole retinue of the imperial family closely watched by the praetorian guard. In the center of the arena is a little company of trembling men and women, their hands clasped, their eyes fixed toward heaven. Presently a cage door is opened, three fierce Numidian lions mad with hunger rush upon their helpless victims, while the pagan monster and the frantic rabble shout in mad excitement over the bloody spectacle. But the little company is calm. Their hearts are untroubled. There is a sweet serenity around them, a halo of peace about their faces. They pray, and praying they pass away. Who gave them that peace? Christ!

Christ offers the same peace today. To the sinsick soul, whose flesh is con-



sumed by the canker of vice, whose very bones are fraught with sin, Christ speaks peace. To the disappointed, who has drunk of the bitter cup of life, Christ speaks peace. To the heathen born in ignorance and wrapped in superstition, scarred and scourged by penances to his mute gods, Christ speaks peace. And to the weary pilgrim, the soldier of the cross, whose feet are bleeding but who still marches, who falls but rises again, who at times almost feels like giving up the struggle, Christ speaks peace. It is the peace that Christ gives, the peace that passeth all understanding.

O sweet peace, thou balm of hurt minds,  
 Thou healer of our bleeding wounds.  
 Without thee our life is an arid waste,  
 Untraveled, unloved, unlived.  
 With thee comes beauty, love and rest;  
 By thy healing touch we are blest.

The Class of 1916 goes forth with the purpose of disseminating peace. Its mission is to multiply; subtracting from the world's peace, that would be cruel; dividing its peace, the world cannot afford it; adding to its peace, that is too slow; we must multiply. The demand is infinite, so must be the supply. Then whether we be at the pulpit, or at the teacher's desk, in darkest China, or the island of the sea, our sole aim shall be to multiply peace. To bend our heart to the great heart of humanity and beat in tune with it, to alleviate its pain, to lighten its burden, even in the little things of life, that is multiplying peace, that is Christ.

" 'Tis a little thing,  
 To give a cup of water, yet its draught  
 Of cool refreshment, drenching the feverish lip,  
 May give a shock of pleasure to the frame  
 More exquisite than when nectarian juice  
 Renews the life of joy in happiest hours.  
 It is a little thing to speak a phrase  
 Of common comfort, which by daily use  
 Has almost lost its sense, yet on the ear  
 Of him who thought to die unrenowned 'twill fall  
 Like choicest music, till the glazing eyes  
 With gentle tears, relax the knotted hand  
 To know the bands of fellowship again;  
 And shed on the departing soul a sense  
 (More precious than the benison of friends

About the honored deathbed of the rich)  
 To him who else were lonely, that another  
 Of the great family is near and feels."

Dear Classmates, God help us to be true to our motto, let us go forth to multiply peace; to multiply souls for the Kingdom of Heaven, and thus hasten the day when this long reign of sin and strife shall end forever, and the reign of universal peace be ushered in. Then the Master shall say unto us, "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world, for ye were multipliers of my peace."

And I saw a new heaven and a new earth, for the former things were passed away, and once more, I heard the murmur of the brook, the warble of the nightingale. I saw the lion and the lamb lying together. Once more I saw the beautiful hills, the dew-kissed rose, the star-sprinkled sky, the angels, and God's redeemed safe in Eternal Peace.

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## Presentation of Class Gift

MERTON N. HELIGSO



AS THE Classes of 1916 come before you this evening it is with a greater realization than ever before of the debt which we owe to our Alma Mater, and to those who have labored incessantly that we might enjoy the privileges of this hour. We are forcibly impressed on this occasion by the words of Holy Writ, "Freely ye have received, freely give."

To us, our parents have freely given encouragement and aid that we might better fit ourselves for future usefulness. They have striven and sacrificed for our good, and as the result of their giving—so free and so loving—we have the privilege tonight of giving ourselves to the furtherance of the ideals which they have held before us.

And as we have mingled together in pleasant association these years, within the walls of Union College, our ideals and aspirations have been lifted higher and still higher. Within her walls we have been taught to look upon the great world, not with a selfish ulterior motive, but with an unselfish magnanimous spirit that bids us as her children to go forth spreading the light of life to the sin cursed earth.

Disraeli, the great English statesman of the nineteenth century, said that



"The secret of success in life is for a man to be ready for his opportunity when it comes." Four long years we as a class have been struggling to gain that preparation of heart and mind which would give us the key to success that, when opportunities come to us day by day, we may be able to grasp them and to use them for the betterment of humanity. To this end, during the years of our training, we have given of our best endeavors and of our time; but for this effort we have been more than amply repaid.

Appreciating as we do these many privileges and the unselfish service rendered on our behalf, the members of the College Class feel constrained to express their gratitude by something more than feeble words. First of all, we give ourselves in our youth, with all the hopes and aspirations of life before us; in our strength, with the determination to stand for truth and right which has been woven into the very fiber of our lives, to the extent, we trust, that in the hour of trial we may be able to stand. We give ourselves to the advancement of the Message of Truth, to serve wherever He may lead, and to hasten the day of His glorious Kingdom on earth.

But before we go from the sheltering care of our school we desire to leave as an earnest of our good will toward her something that will be of benefit in future years. For some time we have felt that a system ought to be devised whereby the names and records of Union's many sons and daughters might be preserved. But as we looked over the facilities at the disposal of the Registrar, we found that they were altogether inadequate. So we have installed a system of filing cases in the Faculty room of the College where, in future years, the students whom we leave behind may find their records—good or bad as they may be—and where even our humble names may perchance be inscribed as loyal alumni. On this occasion, in behalf of the College Class of 1916, it is indeed a pleasure for me to present with our compliments the filing cabinet. We trust that the records contained therein may grow better from year to year.

The Class of 1916 earnestly hope that as they go from Old Union the Great Recorder who watches over us all may have the privilege of keeping their records white and fair, and that when finally all men's records are made up, each member of the class before you tonight may find his record such that it will entitle him to that grand class reunion from which there shall be no separation.



## Class Poem

HELEN A. ORR

**A** PATH leads out from our dear garden's close.  
 We see the gleams of life's untrodden ways  
 And unscaled heights. Dear mother of us all,  
 We see thee even now with pointing hand  
 Give us a fond adieu and bid us go.

But as we leave the shelter of thy wall  
 We hold within our hearts each kindly word,  
 Each bond of sympathy, by which we know  
 Thy spirit goes with us in all our ways.  
 For pleasant friendships that within our lives  
 Have taken and shall keep a life-long sway  
 We hold thee dear. A cherished place  
 We give to thee and make it thine forever.

With book and song we whiled away those hours  
 That are a living tongue to tell of thee.  
 But, dearer still than these, we hold thy hands,  
 That took the leaden yokes the world had laid  
 Upon our necks, and made them into dreams;  
 And lifted from the ground our eyes to God.

Farewell! We hear a voice that calls away,  
 An echo of that voice that thrilled the world  
 With Calvary's message, and still sounds  
 Across the sands of fast receding time:  
 Go forth! For I am with you. Go ye forth!  
 Go! Multiply God's peace in all the earth.  
 That voice we must obey whate'er the cost.  
 And so to all thy pleasant ways, farewell!





# Farewell

HARRY COOPER



IN THE Word of God it is written of Abraham, when he separated from Lot, "And he went out, not knowing whither he went." As the voice of God called to Abraham in the ages long ago, so tonight this same God is calling to this Class, and we too, are going out, not knowing whither we go.

It is a thought which contains much pathos, for we feel that if we are obedient to God the future holds much of hardships, of privations, of wanderings, and wearisome toil. We are leaving the well watered plains of Jordan for the barren country of the hills. While we are sad tonight as we leave, yet there is no note of regret in our departure, for we are ready to go; it is the voice of God that is calling, the hand of God that leads, and the end of the journey of life is ours! The end is that same city which Abraham saw, "the city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." Only the short interval between is unknown! Nothing is uncertain! And our faith can easily bridge the distance between this night and the eternal city—especially at a time when evidences in the world point to the near consummation of all our hopes.

But even though we assure ourselves of the presence of God and his blessings in the future, we cannot calm the emotions of our hearts at this parting hour, for we are about to leave forever the school that has been so good to us, that holds such a tender place in our hearts, and as we linger for a few moments on the threshold of Farewell, allow us to recall the happy years spent here, and give to our Alma Mater the loving tribute she so well deserves. Perhaps in the hurry of our school days we have neglected this, as children sometimes forget to tell their mother that they love her.

The years spent here have been important ones in our lives. The motive which prompted us to come here was a desire, perhaps indefinite, to be of service to the world, and to this end we gave ourselves to Old Union to be trained by her. The measure of our gratitude tonight to our Alma Mater is the measure of our preparation for service! How well this work has been done only the future can tell, but this much we do know—that as we leave this school we leave with an intense desire to be such men and women in the world, so to live and labor among men, that in the Kingdom of God, in the realms of eternal bliss, there will be some because we were in the world.

The cause of God today needs men and women of preparation, preparation of mind and body and spirit. The gospel is to be carried into the whole world in one generation, and those who have this great work to do must be able to think clearly, wisely, and in big thoughts. Their minds must be able to comprehend the world, and to organize its laborers efficiently. Not only must there be efficient organization, but there must be scholarship to defend the unpopular truths of the Bible. We have evidences to believe that every truth for which we stand will be subjected to the severest criticism.

We believe that the training received in the class rooms of Union College is such that by its demands therein for accuracy in mathematics, for carefulness in history, for correctness in English, for the exact definitions of science, for Biblical thoroughness—by all these demands woven into the daily life of the student, it gives correct habits of thinking to the sincere young man or woman.

Furthermore we believe that the intellectual training is so tempered with a spiritual atmosphere, that students are constrained to consecrate their talents to an unselfish service, rather than to devote them to their own selfish ambitions.

Perhaps that for which we should be most grateful is the spiritual strength imparted by Union College. We may at times while here have become careless to the constant presence of spiritual feasts and lessons, but when we leave this place and find ourselves in the midst of less favorable circumstances, when we are forced to depend entirely upon our individual connection with God, then we believe will be reaped the results of the care taken by our school concerning our spiritual welfare. While it is true that men of scholarship and intellect are needed in God's work today, yet the great task before this generation can only be accomplished by men and women of prayer. In our future work, when we are called to wrestle with the darkness of this world, when our human powers have reached their limits, how comforting will be the balm of prayer, and how complete the victory because we have here learned to pray!

Then, too, we have been in the midst of a social life during these years, the influence of which will never pass from our lives. We will never again enjoy so many happy associations and friendships as here, but the experiences we have had of living in the lives of others will help us to live in the lives of those whom we would reach with the gospel of Christ. We have been made to realize that only as we mingle with our fellow men and partake of their common joys and sorrows can we be of service to them.

In the course of these years we have made many true friendships, and these friendships constitute one of the supreme gifts of our Alma Mater to us. We have here spent the most hopeful, happy years of our lives, and the friendships of these years will never be equalled by other friendships. For years we have



studied together and recited together, worked together and played together; we have sung together and laughed together, prayed together and been sorrowful together. We have lived in one another's hearts and tonight the separation from these friends gives us the greatest sorrow of our farewell. But we tonight are but playing our little part in the great moving drama of life. Scores of men and women have gone from this school out into the world before us. We are leaving tonight, and you, my fellow students, will soon follow us—all to be lost awhile in the highways and byways of the great world. But the cheering thought in it all is that there is a common separation endured for the sake of a happy reunion later.

We might enumerate at great length the reasons for our gratitude to Old Union, but we only trust that, as the men and women who have gone from here in years past, have been good men and women in the world, we, too, may be such. Old Union is able to take young lives within her doors, to remake them, and send them out again as useful men and women. We hope this transformation has been accomplished in our lives, and the only way we can pay our indebtedness to our school is to promise her that we will always be true to her principles, and that we will make our service whole hearted. This is our farewell pledge.

It is a task beyond words to make known the sentiments of our hearts tonight as we realize the ties we are severing just now. Very few in this great audience can appreciate how we feel. It seems to us as if we have been learning to play on sweet toned harps during these years, that now we have become skilled in touching the strings to bring forth melodious music. We have learned one another's faults, and peculiarities which make discords, and we have come to that place where our school lives are most happy. And now, tonight, it becomes my unhappy lot to break—one by one the heartstrings of our harps, to silence their music forever, and lay them aside until the Master shall restore them to us above.

We bid farewell to this great church, the home of our devotions for so many years. We have gathered here from Sabbath to Sabbath, have listened to the preaching of God's Word, and have here felt the presence of the Holy Spirit. We shall remember those who have spoken to us, those who have sung to us, and those who have prayed for us. Every part of this building is sacred to us, and we shall often long to sit again in our favorite seats, and worship again with you. In parting may we say, by way of appreciation and encouragement to the church and her pastor, that this church has a great influence on the lives of the students of this school, for we unconsciously look to this church as an ideal church. Those of you who are only lay members, and think that

perhaps you can do little to help the students, can do much by maintaining an atmosphere of devotion and reverence and friendliness. We deeply appreciate the hearty welcome that has always been extended to us, and the great inspiration this church has been to us.

We bid farewell to Union College. Our stay here has made her seem like home to us. Her familiar sights and sounds we shall no longer see and hear, and we shall no longer be a part of her many activities, for tonight we say farewell to those halls and class rooms, the library, the chapel and our seats there, the dormitories and our rooms, and all the familiar spots of the campus. But as we say farewell tonight there is one thing with which we do not part. Union College is a spirit. Her buildings do not make Union College. The Spirit of Union College we take with us.

We would remember tonight to say farewell to the undergraduates, the student body of Union College. As we look at you and think of you we see many whom we count as our intimate friends, in whom we have great confidence and hope. Upon you depends the future of this school, and thus in large measure the work of God in the world. We pray that there will ever be an increasing spirit of devotion and loyalty to one thing—the finishing of the work of God in this our day.

To the Juniors our farewell partakes of the sentiments of parting brothers and sisters. You hold a place of peculiar concern to us, for you will now fill our places. You have made the last year of our school life pleasant, and we shall never forget you, neither as a class nor as individuals. We will remember you each one. Upon you now falls the responsibility of leadership in the school. You will mold the spirit and life of the student body for the year to come, and may this realization solemnize your lives.

Members of the Faculty, as we turn to say farewell to you, our words come from the deepest recesses of our hearts. We honor you, we love you. We cannot speak with words our thoughts and sentiments toward you. You have taught us, and we are your servants forever. We realize that you have sacrificed ease and comforts, health and even life itself for the sake of teaching us, that we might realize our own hopes and ambitions. But as to Jesus, it was said that He should see the travail of His soul and be satisfied, we hope that in the years to come you, too, will be satisfied. It gives us saddened hearts as we leave you, your care, your counsels, and your instruction forever. But may we ask that you will always remember us. In the years to come, if we can but know that you are still interested in our success and welfare, it will greatly help us to carry the burdens of life.

To the other Senior Classes, the Professionals and the Academics, we extend



a farewell weighted with the sincerest wishes for your futures. May every one of your many talents, whether of music, of speaking, of business, or teaching, or perhaps of further study—may every one of your talents and lives be placed unreservedly at the command of our one great Master.

Fellow-classmates, farewell. Our school days are ended. The hands of time are pointing to the hour of separation. The past holds much of happiness and some of sorrow. But let us look now to the future. Let us take up promptly and courageously the work that God has for each one of us to do. Let us pledge also faithfulness to one another. Let us always be interested in each other, where we are in the world, and what we are doing. As long as the world stands or as long as life lasts, let us be true friends to one another. The great day of God will soon come and we shall be united again. On this Thursday night, our last class day on earth, let us pledge to meet an unbroken class on the first Thursday of the earth made new, and gather there in the lovely class room set aside for us by Him who has gone to prepare a place for us. Until then—Farewell.

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## Borderland

**H**ERE is a mystic borderland that lies  
 Just past the limits of our work-day world,  
 And it is peopled with the people we met  
 And loved, a year, a month, a week, or day,  
 And parted from with aching hearts, yet knew  
 That through the distance we must loose the hold  
 Of hand with hand, and only clasp the thread  
 Of memory. But still so close we feel this land,  
 So sure are we that those same hearts are true,  
 That when in waking dreams there comes a call  
 That sees the thread of memory aglow:  
 We know that just by stretching out the hand  
 In written word of love, or book or flower,  
 The waiting hand will clasp our own once more,  
 Across the silence, in the same old way.



# UNION! FAREWELL TO THEE

Words by Paul N. Pearce

Melody in Alto

1. When beams of gold-en sun-light fade And all the world grows still, Our  
 2. We leave thee; but tho sor-row come To end each hap-py day, No  
 3. From nat-ions ma-ny we have come To ma-ny lands we go. To

Al - ma Ma-ter proud-ly stands Up-on old Col-lege Hill.  
 fut - ure years shall ev - er steal Those gems of life a - way  
 spread the light of love and joy And seeds of blessing sow.

When twi-ght deepens o'er the land And dai-ly tasks are done, The  
 The flee-ing hours may bring their change And all the world may frown Thy  
 Our Col-lege home - Farewell to thee We go with voice or pen To

bles-sings that have come from thee, We count them one by one.  
 Chris-tian love, still burn-ing bright, Shall help us with the crown  
 mul-ti-ply God's pe-ace on earth And bring good will to men.



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*1916*



UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



## Professional Class Roll

### Top Row (Left to right)

Harold Earl Rosenbach---Commerce, Shorthand  
 Mary Rosannah Welch---Education, Advanced Normal  
 Edward Henry Eden---Conservatory, Violin  
 Nellie Martha Curtis---Conservatory, Piano  
 Carl Marion Christy---Commerce, Business  
 Sue Dale Gilliland---Conservatory, Piano  
 William Van Albee---Commerce, Business  
 Hazel Emily Bossert---Commerce, Shorthand  
 Emery Allison Morris---Commerce, Business

### Middle Row

Charles Arthur Williams---Commerce, Business  
 Samuel C. Litwinenco---Commerce, Business

### Bottom Row

Maude Pangburn---Conservatory, Piano  
 Birdie Lin Riter---Normal Music  
 Hazel Wightman---Normal Music  
 Darlene Marie Van Kirk---Conservatory, Voice  
 Lillian Odell Lickey---Expression  
 Ivalee Murriel Harvey---Expression  
 Hilda Mae Holsten---Education, Advanced Normal  
 Helen Blanch Stepanek---Commerce, Shorthand  
 Maybelle Elizabeth Miller-- Expression

### Class Officers

President: Carl Christy      Vice President: Nellie Curtis  
 Secretary: Sue Gilliland      Treasurer: Lillian Lickey

Colors: Maroon and Maize.

Flower: American Beauty Rose.

Motto: "Whoso Findeth Knowledge, Findeth Life."

# GRADUATE RECITALS

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## Gwendoline Lacey--Conservatory, Piano

One of the most interesting College musical events of the year was the pianoforte recital given by Miss Gwendoline Lacey to a large and appreciative audience on the evening of March 18. The decorations, consisting of roses over a background of lattice work, formed an attractive setting for the occasion. Selections from six composers were representative of a diversity of styles and periods of composition. Miss Lacey played every number with finish, poetical insight and excellent technique. Her splendid musicianship and refinement of touch were especially evident in the Mozart Sonata and the Moment Musical by Schubert. The program closed with the popular Mendelssohn Concerto in G minor which was played with such style and vivacity that Miss Lacey was asked to repeat the last two movements a month later with orchestral accompaniment. The unusual talent and seriousness of purpose which has characterized Miss Lacey's work thus far presages a successful career as a musician.

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## Sue Dale Gilliland and Nellie M. Curtis-- Conservatory, Piano

An interesting program was rendered on the evening of April first by Misses Sue Dale Gilliland and Nellie M. Curtis, graduates from the pianoforte department. The numerous and beautiful floral gifts gave evidence of the popularity of the young ladies, and their many friends had occasion to feel proud of the musicianship and ability they displayed. The program opened and closed with effective ensemble numbers. The Bach bourree was played in the firm, vigorous manner its proper interpretation demands, and in the Indian Idyl by McDowell, Miss Curtis showed a nice appreciation of tone values and delicacy of touch. The Schumann group played by Miss Gilliland was especially appreciated. These three small gems of composition were rendered with a musical touch and a real insight into the spirit that the composer meant to portray. The playing of both young ladies was characterized by adequate technical equipment and showed the possession of musical talent above the average.



## Edward H. Eden-Conservatory, Violin

On Wednesday evening April 5, Mr. Edward H. Eden gave his violin graduation recital. Mr. Eden had the honor of being the first graduate from the string department of the Union College School of Music. He opened his program with the Handel Sonata in A Major (well performed). His double stops in the Schubert Serenade were clean and artistically played. A more polished and musician-like performance of the De Beriot VII Concerto would be difficult to imagine. Possessed of considerable technique, a tone that is solid and round, and excellent bowing and fingering, Mr. Eden is able to give a performance that is indeed pleasurable to the ear.

C. C. E.

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## Maude Pangburn-Conservatory, Piano

On the evening of April twenty-ninth, the last pianoforte graduation recital of the year was given by Miss Maude Pangburn. The stage was decorated with a beautiful garden of flowers, the gifts of her many friends, and on the piano lay large cream roses with their sweet message of love from her Canadian home. Rubinstein's Concerto in D minor, written for two pianos, was the first number. Mrs. Andrews played the orchestral parts on the second piano. Miss Pangburn displayed splendid technique in this difficult number, as in all the pieces on her program. She returned amid much applause to play Sonata No. 2 by Beethoven—best known as Moonlight Sonata. She entered into the spirit of the first movement of this beautiful composition, and when the Presto agitato was finished one was made to feel that its story would never all be told. The compositions by Chopin seemed especially to be her delight. She played Polonaise No. 1 and the interpretation of the "Deep Sea Prelude" as it is often called was good. The two waltzes, one in G flat, the other in E minor, were given the true waltz spirit. Ballade in A flat, which she played in a masterful style, was a fitting final number. Miss Pangburn has a rarely accurate ear for tone, being able to distinguish the key and the modulations of a piece at first hearing. Her recital gave her friends much pleasure and promises well for her future as a musician.

B. L. R.



## Lillian O. Lickey--Expression

The first graduate oratory recital was given on the evening of March 11 in the College chapel by Lillian Lickey. Those who know Miss Lickey's ability and her taste for poetry and have read her own short poems in the Messenger from time to time were not disappointed in her interpretation as she entertained them by giving as her program, "An Evening with Henry Van Dyke." Dr. Van Dyke ranks among America's best present day writers, and his love of nature, of God and the beautiful in all life is very strikingly portrayed in the following poems which were read: "The Toiling of Felix," "A Handful of Clay," "America for Me," "God of the Open Air."

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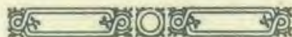
## Ivalee M. Harvey--Expression

Saturday evening, April 22, was the occasion of Miss Ivalee Harvey's recital for graduation from the department of expression. Amid decorations designedly simple, yet making a touching appeal, as did the reading itself, she rendered, "The Birds' Christmas Carol." This beautiful and touching story of an unselfish child's influence in the home was so well rendered by Miss Harvey that all of the characters introduced came to be real friends of the audience. She read with her usual sympathetic and artistic interpretation which always delights her hearers.

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## Maybelle E. Miller--Expression

The last recital was given by Miss Maybelle Miller, on the evening of May 6, when she read the story of "Pollyanna." Pollyanna of the "Glad Game" has taught many to play this delightful game with her, which is to find something in everything to be glad about. This bit of homely philosophy is able to bring about great changes for good in the lives of individuals, as the story reveals. Beneath an arched rainbow and surrounded by beautiful flowers, Miss Miller read in her simple, charming manner which immediately brought her in touch with her audience, and she held their attention easily through the entire program, even though it was a long one.





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## Academic Class Roll

### Top Row (Left to Right)

Ruth Bernice Garner  
 Preston Chinnock Byington  
 Pearl Louella Kirkle  
 Valentine Lincoln Chapman  
 Helen Amerilla Williams  
 Frank Donald Wells  
 Gertrude Louise Valentiner  
 Samuel Edward Dawson  
 Olive Henrietta Hillman

### Second Row

Galen Wood Presnell  
 Ella Blanche Garner  
 Noah Zadour Baharian  
 Alma Mahala Saxton  
 Everett Donald Kirk  
 Frances Willard Davis  
 Rhudy Lester Wineland  
 Anna Belle Kraus

### Third Row

Peter Antonius Fredericksen, *Sergeant-at-Arms*  
 Grace Margaret Meyers, *Treasurer*  
 Leopold Fate, *President*  
 Amy Gertrude Wiseman, *Secretary*  
 John Gayer Terry, *Vice President*

### Fourth Row

Lyman Sterling Middaugh  
 Olive Darline Hays  
 Paul Thomas Gibbs  
 Mamie Eileen Peebles  
 Jacob Jay Jutzy  
 Hephzibah Mae Beaman  
 Cecil Dyo Adams  
 Alice Grace Bute  
 Harold Thomas Hermann

Colors: Old Rose and Olive Green. Flower: Tea Rose.

Motto: "Climb Though the Rocks Be Rugged"

## U C--A---'16



THE ACADEMIC CLASS OF '16 claims the honor of being, numerically, the biggest and best class of the three which have just graduated. Should the question of quality, as well as quantity, be brought to issue there could be little doubt as to the decision, especially if one were to consult parties best qualified to inform—the Academics. But some may hold their minds in a state of suspended judgment on this point, consequently, "to prove this, let facts be submitted":

The Academics were organized as early as the other senior classes.

They enthusiastically planned a class "annual."

They were the only class to have a banquet all their own.

Furthermore, they were the only class to plan and carry out a class picnic, which was done despite the rain and other drawbacks.

In the individual members of the Class of Academic Seniors, thirty-one strong, lie possibilities which we feel sure the future will unveil to their credit. Already approximately half a dozen are planning definitely to take medical courses. Of the rest, practically all expect, after further preparation, to engage in educational, ministerial, or missionary work, with minds and hearts single to promulgating the message of the Third Angel.

We know their enthusiasm is unbounded, and as they attempt great things we feel certain the results will be proportionate. Let us wish success unbounded to our youngest graduating class, the boys and girls in gray.





# Class Night Decoration and March

SYDNEY BACCHUS



NO DOUBT the minds and hearts of many loyal students of Old Union are turned toward her doors tonight, May 18, 1916.

It is a few minutes before eight, and a large crowd are gathered in the Seventh-day Adventist church. Every nook and corner is occupied with patrons, students, and friends of Union College. As I enter the door, a most beautiful sight meets my eyes. The railing around the platform is artistically draped with the College colors, red and black. In the center is the word "Union," carefully made of red carnations on a background of white. To the right and to the left are two other platforms, also draped with red and black. At each corner is a large maize globe containing an electric light. Before each platform a mahogany pedestal bears a bouquet of the variety of roses selected by each class to be their flower, the flowers of the College graduates in the center, those of the Professionals to the right and those of the Academics to the left. Other flowering plants are arranged about the room to add to the beauty of the scene.

Just at eight o'clock the orchestra stationed in the north vestry, begins to play. The motto, made of electric bulbs, shaded with blue, on a background of green foliage flashes out, showing the words, "To Multiply Peace." A hush seems to fall upon all assembled. The large body of graduates, sixty-nine in all, capped and gowned for the first time in Union's history, pass slowly to their places. The eighteen College graduates, in black, ushered by Mr. L. C. Palmer, president of the Junior class, march up the center aisle two by two. At the same time the Professionals, in blue, are filing up the right aisle and the Academics, in gray, the left aisle, to their places on the right and left respectively. All being in their places, the Junior president returns to the door and leads the Junior class to their seats in the front of the church.

The quiet uniformity and simplicity of the effect was very pleasing. Many have said it was the most beautiful sight they ever witnessed.

Old Union can well be proud of the graduating classes, and we who have not finished a college course are determined to return and help swell the four hundred for next year.



## Baccalaureate

Sabbath, May 20, 1916, 11 o'clock A. M.

\* \* \*

### Program

|                                    |  |
|------------------------------------|--|
| MARCH.....                         | Orchestra  |
| INVOCATION.....                    | Prof. H. A. Morrison   |
| SOLO.....                          | "O, love that will not let me go." Harker<br>Prof. O. S. Beltz |
| SERMON.....                        | Elder I. H. Evans  |
| SONG: "Faith of Our Fathers."..... | Congregation   |
| BENEDICTION.....                   | Prof. H. C. Lacey  |



## Commencement

Sunday, May, 21, 1916, 8 o'clock P. M.

### Program

|   |   |
|---|---|
| MARCH.....  | Orchestra   |
| INVOCATION.....   | Elder I. H. Evans   |
| VIOLIN SOLO.....  | Prof. C. C. Engel<br>"Viennese Popular Songs." Fritz Kreisler |
| GRADUATING ADDRESS.....                                 | Prof. Frederick Griggs  |
| CONFERRING OF DEGREES AND<br>PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS } | Prof. H. A. Morrison  |
| MALE QUARTET.....                                       | Messrs. Ellis, Eden, Smith, Andrews                           |
| BENEDICTION.....  | Prof. C. L. Benson  |



# The Religion of the Bible the Basis of True Optimism

Synopsis of Baccalaureate Sermon given by ELDER I. H. EVANS



YE HATH not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things God has prepared for them that love Him." The scripture is suggestive of the future hope of the Christian. All the beauty of this world that eyes have seen is surpassed by that of the home God has prepared for His people. All that ears have heard in music and oratory is not to be compared with the melodies of heaven. The grandeur and sublimity of God's reward to His faithful people is beyond any ideals the human mind can have. Certainly this prospect is a sound basis for true optimism.

The Christian religion is the only basis of optimism. The whole word of God is optimistic. There is nothing in the entire Bible to give one a pessimistic view. The Old Testament is filled with promises, not only material, but of the world to come. In the New Testament, the sayings of Christ, the writings of the Apostles, and especially the book of Revelation, picture a grand and glorious victory for the people of God.

The word of God is assuring. Great minds can rely on its promises. God so loved the world that He gave His own Son that everyone might be saved. Christ has paid the price and removed our condemnation. If we confess our sins, He will forgive us our sins, and clothe us in righteousness. These promises are wonderful, and if man only lays hold of them there is no reason why he should not be an optimist.

The Christian religion is capable of standing the strain of life. Incidents prove that when the religion of Christ is received into the heart it gives the receiver power to live a victorious Christian life even if he is surrounded by sin and temptation. Paul found that it never failed him. It stood by him to the end, and gave him an assurance of a crown of righteousness which was laid up for him. Job was cast down that the reliability of God's word might be tested. Daniel, surrounded by sin, remained true to the faith of his fathers, and as a result he was the mightiest man of the east for a long series of years. What has been tested and tried as the Christian religion has, one cannot afford to miss.

The Christian religion stands the stress of death, and promises resurrection

from the dead and a life to come. In the heathen countries every person fears death, but not so with the Christian. Knowing that he has kept the faith, he can lay down his life with perfect assurance that he will be resurrected and rewarded with eternal life.

The Christian religion satisfies every human desire. It takes away the restless anxiety and replaces it with a peaceful assurance that all is well. The religion of Christ is given to satisfy the human heart. It is possible, through faith, to take the promises of God and to glory in the future reward while still in this life. Abraham looked for a city whose builder and maker was God. Moses refused to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season, in order that he might enjoy eternal life. He realized that the sacrifice was but for a moment, the reward for eternity.

Nothing should be allowed to entice one away from living a Christian life. It is better to have no worldly gain than to compromise one's faith. Every opportunity for worldly fame should be permitted to pass unheeded in order to enter more fully into the service of God. Every young person should take the word of God as a defense against the obstacles of life, and earnestly strive to win others to Christ.

Earl Beaty.

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## The Responsibility of an Education

Synopsis of Commencement Address by PROF. FREDERICK GRIGGS



VERY one is responsible for what he has, but this is not the limit of his responsibility. We are responsible for the improvement of every opportunity. Not what we have, but what we might have had is the limit of our responsibility. Ambition is the fuel which moves the responsible man over the mountains of difficulty which ever lie in his road. He may use this power of ambition for weal or for woe, but if unused diminishes and fades away. Heretofore these classes have been assigned lessons; teachers have instructed them. Now they will have to set their own tasks and perform them with only their own ambition as stimulus. It has been the college's aim to educate and inspire students to think out a course of action and pursue it to the goal. True Unionites will be satisfied to set for themselves only hard tasks.

Every man is responsible for duties respecting his fellow-man, and of all duties toward others the soul debt is the most far reaching. Who is more re-



sponsible for the payment of this debt than these young people who have prepared for it? To whomsoever much is given of him much is required. The educated man is a leader. He is what the world today needs most, for the acme of leadership is service to others. The elements of the mind and heart are what make great men. The Christian's example was great because he was what he taught; he believed unto death, he was "servant of all." It is the unselfish spirit that develops leadership. A well directed education will also give the students the other requisites, accuracy, perseverance and honesty. These bring the keenest joys in the life of service.

True education makes a man honest with himself and toward God. The man is made rich by a heart of gold, a wealth of truth. His life is transformed to help others, for he has learned to be of service. He has learned how to learn. He is a student and is in duty bound to improve and develop every latent resource given him. He values time, realizing that it is the stuff of which life is made. The educated man is an enthusiast. The world has a right to expect that the college graduate will continue studying in order that he may give to the world the highest and truest aspirations of a life of continued education and untiring research and the practical application of his education to the conditions about him as they develop.

The inspiring thought to all should be "Ye are the light of the world." The world is writhing under the oppression of evil. Consternation, in place of hope, prevails. Cool heads, pure hearts, strong minds, are needed to meet these conditions. Responsibilities are doubled and quadrupled.

"We are living, we are dwelling  
In a grand and awful time,  
In an age on ages telling,  
To be living is sublime."

Never have men had such opportunities, never such responsibilities, "Freely ye have received, freely give."

Alice Hermann



# Literary

## Majory's Test

MARION COMSTOCK



IT WAS late afternoon in January—snow lay thick and white on the campus of Newtonville Seminary, and a few drifting flakes were still falling in the deepening twilight. The campus was deserted. The school buildings stood black and silent among the snow drifts. As the darkness became more pronounced, lights shone out from the Dormitory windows, making the laden boughs of the trees sparkle and glisten where the light struck them.

As the clock in Metcalf Hall struck six, a tall slim girl came up the path. She wore a big coat and cap and furs. She walked rapidly, holding her muff to her face to shield it from the sharp wind. She ran up the steps of the Dormitory and hurried to the second corridor of the east wing. Pausing before room twenty-nine she smiled as she heard the chatter and laughter inside. She threw open the door and burst in upon a bunch of girls. They all sprang forward to welcome her. Three girls slid from the bed and two unfolded themselves from the window seat. Two others ran from a corner table where they were bending over a chafing dish. The first one to reach her grasped her packages and pulled her into a chair, saying, "Ah, Majory, we're so glad you've come. You've been gone perfect ages. It must be very cold, your nose is as red as a beet. Do come and have some hot chocolate. It's all ready." The other girls gathered around her, talking and laughing, for to have Majory absent a whole afternoon must mean that she would have some interesting news to tell them. The first speaker served the chocolate and saw that every one was made comfortable. She was a small plump little girl with big gray eyes. Her name was Jane Appleton, but here the girls called her "Puss," because, they said, "you always makes us feel comfortable enough to purr, and then you curl up in your own little corner and keep as still as a pussy-cat."

As Jane flew about dispensing cheer and hot chocolate, Majory took off her



wraps. Each girl settled herself cosily with her cup and saucer. Madge Winters was back in her nest among the sofa cushions and between bites of a wafer, she exclaimed, "Now, Majory, tell us everything that has happened. Begin at the beginning and don't leave out one thing. I'm wild to know what happened at the Record meeting. I know the Holiday Record will be wonderful, and I'm so anxious to know who was chosen to write the Big Story. I do hope it wasn't that Miss Jones. She can fill volumes with the Spencerian pen of hers but she don't write a single story that has a bit of real life and interest in it. Besides she's so queer I hate to see her have the honor. I suppose it's mean to feel that way, but I can't help it."

Ethel Plumer set down her cup suddenly, "I, either. I wouldn't say it outside, you know, but I do think they ought to choose one of our set. We're most all Seniors and quite a 'brainy bunch,' if I do say it myself."

This bit of egotism was greeted with a laugh for Ethel was known to value her own intellectual powers very highly. Bessie Calwell yawned and said she hoped they wouldn't choose her, for she was rushed with so many studies, and besides she couldn't write anyway. Even her diary was not a success.

Jane took a pillow and sat down at Majory's feet. She was the last to express herself. She clasped her knees in her hands and her gray eyes grew wide with earnestness and excitement, as she startled them with, "Girls, I wish Majory could write the story. She could do it so well and we'd all be so proud of her. Majory dear, do hurry and tell us all about it."

Majory leaned forward and looked into the group of eager faces around her. Then she laughed as she brushed the crumbs from her lap. "Well, gurlies, I've had such a busy afternoon. One thing after another. We had so much business to go over at the Record Meeting. Mr. Sears, the Editor, is such a severe old critic, but I like him in spite of it. He complimented me very highly on my work on the paper, and—be prepared for the shock of your young lives—he actually asked me, Majory Stanton, to write the Big Story!"

A chorus of squeals followed the announcement and the girls all flung themselves on to Majory and hugged and congratulated her. When she could make herself heard, Majory cried, "Listen, you lunatics, that isn't all. Jack Thorp has asked to take me to the Ice Festival. I'm so glad, for I knew you all were going and it will be such fun."

The girls planned and anticipated the great skating party until the study bell rang.

When they all had gone and Jane and Majory were alone, Jane put her arm around Majory and whispered, "Oh, Majory, I'm so proud of you." Then as the two girls stood together before the mirror, she said impulsively,

"No one could help loving you, you're so pretty and talented."

Majory flushed slightly as she took Jane's little round face in her two hands. "Oh, Puss, you're such a little flatterer. If I were half as pretty as you are sweet and unselfish I'd be on exhibition as the world beauty!"

On the evening of the Ice Festival there was a subdued buzz of excitement in Metcalf Hall, just before the evening dinner hour. From room twenty-nine the voices seemed earnest and even anxious. Majory was talking to her assembled "crowd" as she dressed.

"Girls, I'm nearly frantic. You know I haven't written that story yet. I put it off until yesterday, and then Miss Palmer had an extra session of the Art Class. I want to go so much tonight, but Mr. Sears says the story must be in tomorrow. How does my hair look in the back? Well, I guess he'll have to wait a day for the story, for I can't afford to miss the party tonight. It's the last skate we'll have this winter."

The Ice Festival was a pretty sight. A big bonfire crackled on the shore. The lights, the music, the frosty air and rosy cheeks and clinking of steel on the ice as the skaters swung around the lake, all made a fascinating picture to the many spectators. Majory was in demand everywhere. Her eyes sparkled and her cheeks flushed to a deeper pink than even the January frost gave them as she realized that she was the most popular girl on the ice. The story was entirely forgotten.

In Metcalf Hall, one room was lighted. Over a mahogany writing desk a girl was bending, and her fingers guided a pen steadily over the paper. Now and then she glanced at the clock, then wrote more rapidly. Page after page was filled with her neat handwriting and laid aside—not until she heard the voices of the returning skaters did she finish her last page. Then she slipped into bed and turned off the light. When Majory returned she found Jane sound asleep, and, tired herself from her vigorous exercise, she, too, soon was dreaming.

She awakened early the next morning with a start! What was it that she must do? Oh, yes, the Story must be written. Sore and lame in every muscle, she slipped quietly out of bed so as not to disturb her sleeping roommate. After a hasty toilet she seated herself at her desk and tried to begin—but thoughts would not come. Her head ached and she began several times without success. Then her eyes fell on some neatly written pages in Jane's pigeon-hole. She picked them up and read them through with increasing surprise and bewilderment. Surely this was Jane's writing. She had written a story!

"Jane!"



Jane, sleepy and tousled, sat up.

"Jane, where did this story come from?"

"Oh, Majory, I wrote that last evening. You see I knew you'd be so tired this morning. I'm not a good skater anyway, and didn't care much about going. I hated so to see you lose the honor, when it was such a big chance. I wrote it, Margy; and please accept it, poor as it is, and come and take another nap. You look quite tired out."

Majory joined Jane in the middle of the big bed, and squeezed her heartily, "You dear little thing! Whoever heard of a girl staying home from a party to write a story for her roommate? You shouldn't have done it, Puss. It is so like you to be always doing something for someone else. But this is the climax. I can't tell you how I appreciate it, dear, and it lifts a great burden from my heart and conscience. I'll take it over to the Editor this morning."

The February number of the Record was to be published on the fifteenth. It went to press on the afternoon of the sixth.

That evening Majory lay awake long after Jane had fallen asleep. Her thoughts were busy with the day's activities, and then she remembered that this was the day her story had gone to be printed. Her story? The story Jane had written for her. How good Jane was! How unselfish and thoughtful she was, and how much she did for others; how little she thought of herself. Majory looked at Jane's little sleeping face and something in her own heart stirred and troubled her. How did her life look to others? It seemed so selfish and empty tonight. Why had she never thought of this before. A great desire welled up in her heart to be more useful. To be of service, that was what she wanted. What could she do? She couldn't write a story for some one. There was no occasion. Jane had written the story for her! As she thought of it she grew restless and worried. Should she have taken Jane's story? It was not hers by right, and yet Jane had given it to her. Again the doubt came. Suddenly she sat up in bed, with a sob in her throat. She had stolen Jane's Story and also Jane's honor! She had accepted what was not her own and sent it to the public as her own. And it was too late! Why had she been so blind and selfish as not to have thought of it before? In her anguish of mind she was out of bed walking about the room. Somewhere down the corridor a telephone bell tinkled. An idea came to her. Slipping down the hall to the telephone she hastily called up the Editor's home. Central said, "No answer." But she begged her to call again. At last she heard the Editor's voice. "Mr. Sears, has the story gone to press?"

"Yes, Miss Compton. I sent the manuscript this morning." Majory gasped.

"Oh, Mr. Sears, couldn't a little change be made? There has been an

awful mistake. The story should be signed by Jane Appleton instead of myself. It is her story and not mine."

"I think I can make the change, Miss Compton. Goodnight." Majory hung up the receiver and leaned limply against the wall. She hurried back to her room with the feeling of having narrowly escaped an awful accident. But there was peace in her heart and she soon fell asleep.

On February fifteen Majory was entertaining her friends in her room, when Jane burst in waving the new edition of the Record.

"It's come girls. But there's a mistake, Majory. My name is signed instead of yours. What a stupid blunder! Can't something be done? How could it ever have happened?"

Majory drew the excited little Jane down beside her on the sofa. "It's all right, Jane. I signed your name to the Story. You see one night I began to think about it and all of a sudden it came to me what a wicked thing I had done, stealing your work. Yes, I did (to Jane who remonstrated vehemently). I guess I've never thought of anything seriously, girls. I want you all to forgive me for my selfishness and I'm going henceforth to make my life worth while. It's queer it took a thing like that to wake me up. But I really have had an awakening. It's accomplished a little good already, besides, for we've discovered what a talented little authoress our modest Jane is."

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## The College Chorus

During the past school year keen interest has been manifested by the student body in the growth and development of the Choral Society. This organization under the direct control of the School of Music, has for its object the study of the masterpieces in choral literature. The enthusiasm of the sixty singers did not slacken, and as a result the Chorus could give two concerts this year, which has never before been accomplished in Old Union.

The second concert was given Saturday night, May 13. The cantata was "The Ten Virgins," by Gaul, and the whole program gave proof of the marked improvement in the general ensemble since the first concert of February last. An orchestra of ten professional players gave excellent support with accompaniment.

Two oratorios of larger scope than works given this year, have already been selected for next season. Definite announcement will be made later. The student pursuing a regular college curriculum can find in this organization a training in music at no expense that will be of invaluable benefit as he enters the field of work.



# Our Alma Mater

## What She has Meant to Me

HATTIE BELLE ABBOTT



DESIRE to attend "Old Union" was created in my heart by the talks of a Union College student several years before it was my privilege to have that desire realized. It was during the year 1910—the spring term—that I entered the doors of our beloved Alma Mater and enrolled as one of her students. The years that I have spent in Union have been the happiest years of my life.

What has Union done for me in the six years I have spent here? Everything. First of all, Old Union has "shaken out some of the kinks." My plans have been revolutionized—those of a narrow and selfish nature have been broadened and changed and the one aim of my life now is to do God's bidding and to be a blessing and a help to others. My vision of life has been broadened—for Union College has given me a clearer view of the world and of God's hand in it, a broader conception of its needs, and a burning desire to help supply those needs. It has given me a wider sympathy for humanity, a deeper appreciation and a keener enjoyment of the handiwork of God.

Old Union has encouraged ambition in me and placed before me ideals higher and truer than any worldly school ever held before its students. It has helped me to see something of what God's purpose for me is, and given me power to help in fulfilling that purpose.

Union has given me loving associations. Many of the dearest friendships of my life have been formed here among the teachers and students. This friendship is much different than that of worldly friends, for Christians' love seems to bind them closer and makes them more interested in the welfare and happiness of each other. These friendships have been a help and an inspiration to me in my work. I have learned to love Old Union and I go forth from her doors with a determination to scatter that which I have received from her, and to encourage others to join her ranks and receive the training which prepares men and women to live noble and useful lives in this world, and then to enjoy the blessings of the earth made new.



# Union, My Alma Mater

A. C. MADSEN



HAD I been asked four years ago what Union had done for me, my answer could only have been Union, through its loyal children, has created in me a desire to be there. Now, after spending four years within its doors—eternity alone can reveal what my Alma Mater has done for me.

She has broadened my view of life and caused me to realize the work there is to be done for a sin stained world. She has added greater responsibilities along with the greater possibilities in a life of service for God and man.

As I review the past four years of life in my Alma Mater I am thankful for the example of Christian service and high ideals its instructors have built up before me. I think of the association and companionship with young men and women filled with ambition and enthusiasm to be of service to their fellowmen. Such associations cannot but be a help to every student who comes within the doors of Old Union.

Union College has meant much to me spiritually as well as intellectually. The inspiring chapel talks by our president each morning, the testimonies of teachers and students each Friday evening, the foreign mission bands, and daily prayer bands—all have strengthened my hold on Christ and given me a realization of what I owe to my fellowmen. I have been inspired to give my best service to God and his work.

As I go from one class room to another a feeling of sadness comes over me when I realize that hereafter I can no more have the help of the willing teachers, but must face the perplexing questions alone. Along with the feeling of sadness comes a feeling of confidence and trust that the instruction received has been such as will help in deciding the questions of life.

As I leave I do so with a determination to be true to the character of my Alma Mater and point other young people to her open doors.





# Junior-Senior Picnic

HARRY COOPER



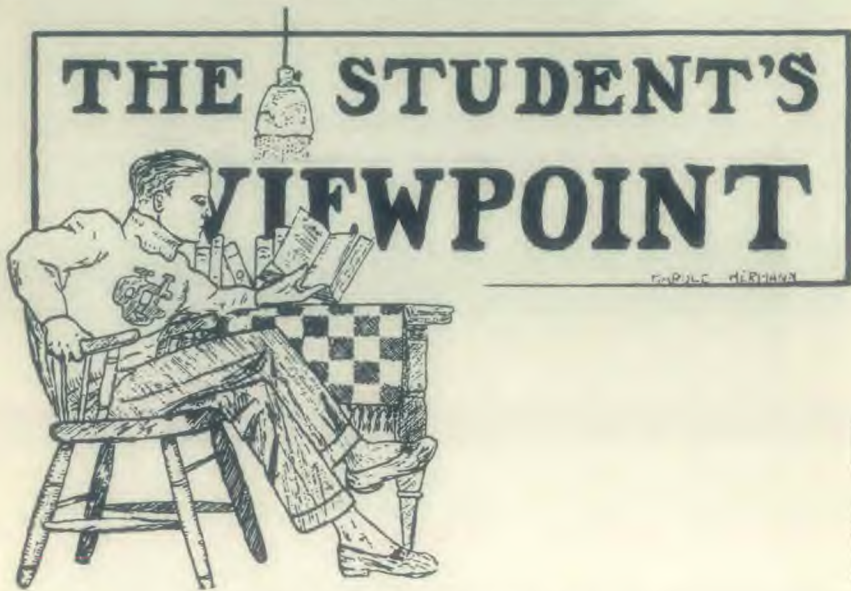
NOT UNTIL the Juniors had loaded the Seniors on the hay racks and were driving with them along the familiar road toward Salt Creek, did any of the Seniors know where they were to spend their last picnic at Old Union. The Juniors had kept this secret just a little better than they had that of the annual sleigh ride so kindly given to the Seniors some months previously. The Seniors of '16 will long remember their Juniors because of these two pleasant occasions. (Remember, Juniors, that this is the last chance a Senior will get to mention the sleigh ride).

But the picnic was a real one. On a beautiful Sunday morning four hay racks were loaded with a happy crowd of Juniors, Seniors, chaperons, kodaks, and "eats." Mr. Arthur Smith halted the wagons on the campus, south of East Hall and took pictures of the departure, which were good. Then the drivers wheeled their wagons and headed westward for the old time picnic ground, Riverside Park. The ride was an ideal one, as the morning was perfect, the fields and trees were green, the flowers were beautiful, and of course the crowd could not be equaled.

When the grounds were reached not much time was lost in getting into the swings, the creek (splash!), or the other usual pastimes of a picnic. Of course the Juniors provided all sorts of entertainment, but we believe that Mr. Knowlton thought up about the most original and clever scheme. A rope dangled from a branch overhanging the creek; Mr. Knowlton, clad in immaculate white trousers with trimmings to match, swung gracefully out over the water, holding to the rope with one hand only, and then dropped ker plunk into the waiting depths of Salt Creek. A large and appreciative audience roundly cheered the performance, but Mr. Knowlton declined to respond with an encore.

Now, everyone knows what a U. C. crowd does to a picnic dinner. The writer lost track of the number of sandwiches and dishes of ice cream, and he knows of others who were of the same absence of mind. After dinner we had a ball game between the Seniors and Juniors. John Terry pitched for the Seniors, and Romain Dixon officiated for the Juniors. The game was close, but the Seniors won, five to three. Then there were races of all kinds and athletic contests. An especially exciting race was a kimono race by boys hampered by kimonos. It was a tie between a Junior and Senior. Well, we all had a good time, so with many thanks to our royal good Juniors, we will close.





## Farewell Reception

LAURA LOOMIS

On Saturday evening May 20, a farewell reception was given in the College chapel. On entering the chapel, our attention was first attracted to the "shadows of good things," placed on the walls around the room. On close investigation and technical analysis, they were discovered to be merely faculty profiles.

The College quartet sang "Doan Yo' Cry, Ma Honey." Though excellently given, the audience demanded quantity as well as quality, and twice encored so enthusiastically that the quartet was obliged to sing "Don't You Hear Dem Bells," and "Old Black Joe," to quiet them. This will perhaps be the last time the boys as a College quartet will honor Old Union with their melodies. Miss Miller gave an inspiring little talk on "Dandelions and Dandies," drawing comparisons and dwelling on the merits of both, so that one could side with either and yet strike a very sympathetic chord around U. C. Mr. Harold von Hermann's artistic ability was dwelt on, and about eight of his best works shown to us by Mr. McCully, the lecturer himself being one of the prominent characters in one of the pictures dealing with College scenes. We, who know Union at all, know her rock pile. Mr. Palmer gave us a talk on her educational side, considering also the greater rock pile, Union



herself. The talk on "Standards and Stumps," given by Prof. Robinson, left the impression that when we leave College as "finished," it depends on us the kind of "stumps" we leave behind. In the closing speech, "The Point on the Steeple," President Morrison inspired us to higher aims and stronger determination. Miss Gilliland gave the closing number, a beautiful vocal solo, "For You Alone." After a good program of this kind, even the home ties are not strong enough to break the Union ties, and we invariably resolve—"again next year."

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## The School Picnic

C. A. HAYSMER

Tuesday, May 16, will be long remembered with pleasant recollections by the students of Old Union. On arriving at the State Farm where the picnic was to be held, we were entertained by an interesting lecture on stock judging. While we waited for the dinner call, several exciting races were held. The dinner bell sent forth its welcome summons and we hurried to obey its call. Dinner was served on a long table under the trees. We all gathered around the table and were soon enjoying a bountiful feast. After dinner athletics was the chief pastime. Really good contests were held in jumping and shot-putting. Later a boys' ball game was played. But the most interesting event of the day was the girls' ball game which provided great entertainment. We returned home feeling that we had had a very enjoyable time.

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## Notice

Owing to the considerable amount of matter which is usually printed in the June issue of the Messenger, the editorial staff thought best not to run any Bible Outlines this month. They will be continued in the July number.

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## Extra Copies of Commencement Messenger

An extra supply of this issue of the Messenger has been printed, and, while they last, we shall be glad to mail them to any address at twenty-five cents per copy. We also have about four hundred each of the full-page cuts of the Professional and Academic Classes which we can furnish to those desiring them for their "memory books" at two cents each.

# The Educational Messenger

A paper edited by the students of Union College in the interests of higher education.  
Published monthly by the Central Union Conference, College View, Nebraska

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## Editorials

By the word "progress" we mean a moving forward or an advancement. No one can make progress who is content to do things in some old-fashioned way. If a person uses the same kind of tools to do his work that his grandfather used—that is not progress. If a person thinks in the same terms that his father did—that is not progress. If a man applies the same method in dealing with economic or social problems that was applicable a quarter of a century ago—that is not progress. Progress means advancement. If a man has a new vision and thinks in new terms—that is progress. If the student of literature hits upon a new phrase that expresses a new truth, or an old truth in a new way—that is progress. If the scientist in delving into the workings of natural laws discovers a new law operating in the laboratories of nature—that is progress. But progress is even more. It means that new ideas must become universally known and universally applied. A new idea or thought hidden away in somebody's mind and not developed or applied does not make for advancement. Progress is the law of life and of growth. As soon as one ceases to live or grow progress stops. A certain bank in one of our northern cities was closed out a short time ago, not because it had become insolvent, for it had not, but because it was not doing sufficient business to warrant its existence. Successful living depends upon doing more today than we



did yesterday, and planning to do even more tomorrow. It means the accomplishment of some purpose, the carrying out of some high aim, the growth toward a higher and better state. That is progress. R. R. W.

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## The Summer Board

None of the present Messenger Board expect to be in College View this summer. Consequently the work of preparing the next three issues devolves upon an entirely new, though not untried, Summer Board. Miss Olive Boutelle, who was formerly an active member of the Messenger Board, and who has assisted during previous summers, will act as editor-in-chief, besides looking after the news; Miss Ida Thompson is to be missionary editor; Mr. Bryan G. Lamb has charge of the business management and will also serve in the capacity of educational editor; Miss Hattie Abbott will act as secretary; and Mr. Harold Hermann collects and handles the funds. We expect great things of this able Board, and feel sure we shall not be disappointed. L. C. P.

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When this commencement issue of the Messenger will have been scanned by its readers, and then filed away with its predecessors or otherwise disposed of, the Class of '16, in so far as connection with college activities is concerned, will be as one of the sweet memories of the past. But before such transpires, we wish the Senior Classes to feel that this number, devoted as it is, to a slight record of events which filled their closing school days, is their own, that with it goes the sincerest good wishes of Faculty and student body. The Messenger Board desire to thank all who have contributed in any way toward making this number possible, the Senior Classes for furnishing the cuts, Mr. Albert E. Strode, for designing the cover and other decorations, and those who have assisted in various details.



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