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Apparel For Men, Women & Children

# The Educational Messenger

VOL. XX

APRIL, 1924

NUMBER 4

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*"Pride In  
Appearance"*

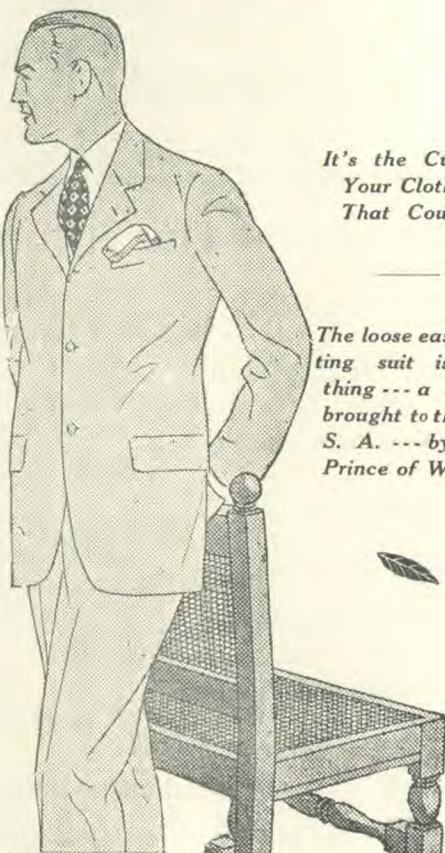
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# The Educational Messenger

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VOL. XX

COLLEGE VIEW, NEBRASKA, APRIL, 1924

NO. 4

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## To a Dandelion

BARBARA CHASE

Oh! Thou dear wee bit of sunshine  
Hiding here among the leafmold;  
Blooming gayly all thy lifetime—  
Sheltered safe as in a sheepfold.

Rudely have we torn thy covers;  
Raked them off, and left thee dying.  
Warmth 'round thee no longer hovers;  
Northwinds o'er thy plight are sighing.

Bright and glorious as the noon sun!  
Back we'll lay thy covers, gently.  
Cheer thee up, thou lovely gay one,  
They will guard thy golden beauty.



## Springtime

OLGA LORENZ

"OH, HELEN, don't you want to go with us?" Janet called enthusiastically as she opened the door of the small room which Helen had made her home ever since, with streaming eyes and downcast spirits, she had sat on the little black trunk, her only companion on her first journey away from home and friends.

"Where?" came the drowsy response, for Helen had spent the precious hours of this glorious Sabbath morning in her room, making up for lost sleep.

"Oh, our Sunshine Band is going to visit a sick old lady who is very poor. We always have such splendid experiences that we have decided to invite at least one person outside of the band to go with us each Sabbath, and we chose you first of all. Do come!" Janet was pleading so earnestly that she did not notice how the expression on Helen's face changed when she saw a tear trickle down Janet's flushed cheek and disappear in the folds of her dainty blouse. Could any one be so interested in her?

"I have so much school work during the week, I like to rest on Sabbath;— and besides I'd have to pray if I went, and I can't pray." Helen had heard enough about the band to know that they always brought their missionary visits to an end with a prayer by each member.

"You wouldn't have to pray unless you wanted to, Helen. You could help us so much with your singing. Won't you go?" Janet had felt a burden for Helen ever since she had been told that Helen had come to school against her own will. Her parents were devout Christians; and although Helen had received the best training in her childhood, she became associated, in her high school days, with the more frivolous type of young persons. Before either she or her parents were aware of it, her mind was drawn dangerously away from the sacred, graver things of life, and like her companions, she was drifting with the world down the tide of fashion and frivolity. In sending her to college, her parents had hoped to arouse those finer qualities which had long laid dormant; and, most of all, had hoped that she would return a Christian.

In the quietness of thought Janet had often reflected: I am a Christian; I have a mission wherever I go. The parents of this girl



are praying daily that someone will influence their daughter to turn her steps into the path of truth. If Helen goes back to her parents and companions unchanged, I have failed to perform the task the Lord has entrusted to me. I must not betray this trust by neglecting to feed her soul with the nourishment she knows it craves, if she would but admit it."

The morning sun in its tranquility had unfolded the buds; each blade of grass, each living thing was radiant with the glow of the sunlight. The birds twittered joyously to the tiny flowers below. The gentleness of heaven still brooded over all the handiwork of nature.

It was spring on earth, it was spring in the hearts of the happy girls who, that glorious Sabbath afternoon, tripped joyously toward a tiny neglected shack—one of many in a dingy section of the village—where an old woman lived with her wayward, gambling son. The once painted cottage showed every sign of neglect and ruin. All beauty had forsaken it save one lone vine which clung to its side affectionately, vainly endeavoring to comfort it in its hopeless dejection.

The light rap at the door was answered by a flushed-faced, blurred eyed man, his hair touseled and his clothes tattered and worn.

"C—come in," he stammered as he slowly opened the door in astonishment. No visitor had crossed the threshold of the little cottage for months, and then—eight bright looking girls coming all at once.

The girls accepted the invitation smilingly, and as they entered, each in turn greeted the man's mother, who was ill, lying in a tattered, soiled bed in one corner of the room. The excited man stumbled to the kitchen to secure boxes for the girls to sit upon, since the only piece of furniture the room contained, besides the bed, was a wrecked stove.

"We have heard of your illness, Mrs. Hopkins, and thought, perhaps, if you felt able to listen, we would sing a few songs for you. Since you cannot enjoy the beautiful springtime out of doors, we thought we might bring a little of it in to you." It was Gladys, the leader of the band, who spoke.

"Oh I reckon I know who you all are now. You come from that there religious college up on the hill, dontcha'? I heered about 'cha goin' out t' sing t' sick folks but I never 'lowed you all 'd come t' see the likes o' me," Tears came to her eyes, her thin, pale lips

quivered, she hesitated a moment, and then—"Do any o' you pray?"

"Yes, we all pray, Mrs. Hopkins."

"Oh, I'm so glad! I've been a wishin' for someone to come and pray with me. I ain't able to git out o' bed an' my son makes fun o' me an' calls prayin' nonsense. Oh, I'm so glad! If you'll pray—first maybe I'll feel able—to help—you sing." With these words tears filled the poor old lady's eyes and she began to sob bitterly. Janet stroked her thin grey hair with one hand while the old lady clung to the other as if the girl were a spirit which might flit from her any minute.

The girls all kneeled reverently, and, one by one, pled with their heavenly Father in behalf of this heart-broken mother and her wayward son.

At the beginning of the prayer, a smile of indifference played on the face of the man as he sat carelessly slouched at the foot of the bed. He did not even bow his head.

At last it was Helen's turn to pray. Could she? She never had prayed aloud before any one and it had been a long time since she had prayed at all. Her heart was full, she wanted to—but could she? "Dear Lord," she began, and before she realized it these words slipped from her lips and filled the sacred hush of the room. "We know that Thou art willing to forgive and receive the worst sinner into Thine arms. We are Thy children; we have wandered away from Thee but today we come to Thee in all of our sinfulness and ask that Thou wilt wash and make us spotless."

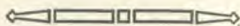
As she breathed heavenward the closing words of her prayer, a sob was heard at the bed. The man had slipped down onto his knees, had buried his face in his hands and was sobbing passionately.

"Oh, God forgive me," came the plea from the quivering lips of the crushed young man.

"Lord I thank Thee." It was his mother's voice.

A moments pause then the weeping company arose. Weeping—not for sorrow—but for joy.

Springtime had blossomed on the earth, and within two souls was the springtime of God's love.



The only amaranthine flower on earth is virtue. — *Cowper.*



## The Coming of Spring

Oh—

Sweet Spring trips again in her soft green robes,  
O'er the hills and the vales of the town;  
Eager shrubs reach and clasp  
As she glides past their grasp,  
And in glee snatch out bits of her gown.

Oh—

A glance from her eyes dyes the deeps of the glen  
And a carpet of purple unfolds,  
But the top of the hill  
Where the sun glows at will  
'Neath her tread turns to purples and golds.

Oh—

A song fills her throat, and the sun showers gold,  
And the hills waft a warm scented shroud;  
But the song, when 'tis done,  
Dims the smile of the sun,  
And he buries his face in a cloud.

Oh—

The cloud gathers tears from the grief of the sun  
And the wind tries to moan, but ne'er long  
For She smiles at their grief,  
Which but greens more the leaf,  
And again ope's her mouth in a song.

Oh—

Again beams the sun, and no more sobs the wind,  
And the top of the hill brighter glows,  
And o'er head there peep thro'  
Deepening patches of blue  
As the trill of the song sweeter grows.





EDMUND HALLEY  
1656-1742

Son of a London soap-boiler who became Astronomer-Royal. At the age of 20 headed an expedition to chart the stars of the Southern hemisphere. Financed and handled the printing of Newton's immortal *Principia*.



As spectacular as a comet has been the world's electrical development. By continuous scientific research the General Electric Company has accelerated this development and has become a leader in the industry.

## The comet came back

The great comet that was seen by William of Normandy returned to our skies in 1910 on its eleventh visit since the Conquest. Astronomers knew when it would appear, and the exact spot in the sky where it would first be visible.

Edmund Halley's mathematical calculation of the great orbit of this 76-year visitor—his scientific proof that comets are part of our solar system—was a brilliant application of the then unpublished *Principia* of his friend Sir Isaac Newton.

The laws of motion that Newton and Halley proved to govern the movements of a comet are used by scientists in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company to determine the orbit of electrons in vacuum tubes.

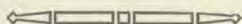
# GENERAL ELECTRIC

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Oh—

To trip with sweet Spring, and to list to her song,  
And to grieve when 'tis stilled on the ear,  
And to know soon will blend  
Sweeter songs without end  
Is to wish Spring were here all the year.

C. MILLS.



## The Middle Move

MERLE INNIS

AS YOU pick up a magazine what is the first thought that comes to your mind? The general and perhaps the most essential question is, What will most interest, inform, or entertain me? You take the paper, browse through the table of contents, and finally find a title which interests you, and you turn and read it. While reading do you think of the author—picture him at his desk, books open on all sides, pen in hand, writing the words you are reading? Do you pause to ponder over the statements,—to weigh them and judge if the writer said just what he meant to say, and if so, how does it compare with the study and observations which you have made?

These are perhaps the most important questions which come to one's mind, for there is another place to pause—a move to wonder at—it is the mechanical construction of the magazine. Are you one of the great majority of magazine readers who know little or nothing of the evolution of a publication? It is the intent of this article to give an idea of the amount of work expended in the production of a single number of the MESSENGER.

Each Sunday evening is devoted to attending to the necessary business, and discussing the general betterment of the paper. Perhaps after the staff meeting there is time to arrange the next number as to material. If so, the editors have a meeting and plan the general theme of the issue under plan. Then the special editors may plan their own departments as they deem best for the general theme. The general editors continue their work—choosing items and themes for articles which are soon to be assigned to chosen individuals.



While sitting quietly in the library, I see a student close by, paper on all sides of the table, and still writing. Can he be writing a long theme? Could it be that he is preparing his Journalism lesson? As I look closer, familiar words meet my eyes, it is the title—(and I say to myself), If he hasn't used the very title suggested!

It would not be at all surprising if at the same time one could be going through the dormitories, to find here or there some student studiously pondering over his note-book, with his pen in his hand, waiting for an inspiration or for improving the article already written. Each month fifteen or twenty such persons may be espied—were one at the right place at the right time.

One by one these manuscripts must be read and edited. Sometimes it takes a few moments; and sometimes, hours. With the "copy" all in and edited, it is then ready to be taken to the printing office.

It being the case that our printers have no type-setting machine, all type is set by the old hand method. This method is as follows: the type-setter holds a tray-like apparatus called a "stick" in his left hand and picks separately each letter and space which is placed in order in his stick. By this method he can set as many as 1000 ems (squares the size of the type body) in one hour, and sometimes more. Think of having to pick little lead forms out of little boxes for hours at a time. It eventually would take many hours for one person to compose the entire material. When the "stick" is filled, the type is transferred to a long tray called a "galley," which, when filled, is inked by a roller, and a proof taken on a long strip of paper. This process is carried on until the whole of the "copy" is set and the type is in the galleys.

The proofs which have been *taken* are then *carried* to the office, where they are read by copy—especially to see that no elipses have been made and to correct other errors, such as inverted letters, wrong letters, wrong types, and many other small errors that so often occur in the composing. After correcting the type to the proof, new proofs are taken, which are given to the editors.

If there are but few errors in the proof this time, they are read by two or three editors, to be positive that all errors are corrected. After careful reading the newly marked proofs are taken to the printing office and the new corrections are made, and new proofs



taken. These proofs are used to make up the "dummy," which is merely an old MESSENGER with the new proofs pasted in the places where the various articles are wished to be placed as to page, in the new issue. It is a model for the compositor to follow in arranging the pages for the next issue.

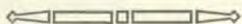
The advertising managers must have their copy for advertisements in before the "dummy" is made up, for the "ads" must be arranged as well as the reading matter. It is by the means of advertising that our paper is a success, for it bears the financial burden, which, to a great extent, is the measure of its success. That is why it is so important that when trading with our advertisers, it is a good plan to mention the MESSENGER. The business managers must call on each advertiser, and solicit his "ad" for each issue. With all these advertisements set up and proofs taken and in the "dummy" the type is all set.

The type is then arranged in pages,—taking an article from this galley, and another from that one, as indicated by the "dummy." These pages are tied so that they may be easily transferred from the galley without falling to pieces and thus forming "pi," as the printers call it. Again proofs are taken, and again the editors proof-read the whole paper, after which it is read over by some member of the Publications Committee. When this is all done, the paper is ready to go to press—to be printed.

In the printing of the paper, as well as its composition, experience is a promoting factor, and only by practice can a pressman turn out good work. The press, being large enough to efficiently print only eight pages at a run, must make several runs before all the pages are printed. Each sixteen pages forms a signature—a separate sheet with sixteen pages printed on it, eight on a side—which is folded three times to make page form sheets. When all the signatures are folded they are assembled so that the pages number consecutively throughout the magazine. With the cover printed, folded, and the signatures inserted, the magazines are ready to be stitched—that is, to be stapled through the back, in order that the leaves may be held together. This process takes but a few minutes, for it is possible to stitch several hundred an hour on a stitching machine. After they are stitched the papers are trimmed, and mailed to the subscribers, who read it through in but a short time.

It may seem to some readers that a great deal of effort and long hours of work are taken to produce a single issue of the MESSENGER; and yet, when we consider that there are several hundred published at a time, it averages but a short time to a single paper.

But all this does take a great many hours of effort on the part of the staff. Naturally the question comes, Is it a paying proposition? Think of the practical editorial experience received by each member participating in the planning and output of issue after issue. Perhaps a more interesting item of remuneration is the acquaintance with students—not the forming of friendships, but the acquainting with the nature, ideas, and ideals of the various students, which they express in their writing. One feels that he gets better acquainted with the various students—their admirable traits, as well as their failings. It might seem that the remuneration is small in comparison to the effort put in, and yet there is a satisfaction that comes over one in the form of experience and education.



## You May Count That Day

IF YOU sit down at set of sun  
And count the acts that you have done,  
And, counting, find  
One self-denying deed, one word,  
One glance most kind,  
That fell like sunshine where it went—  
Then you may count that day well spent.

But if, through all the livelong day,  
You've cheered no heart, by yea or nay—  
If through it all  
You've nothing done that you can trace  
That brought the sunshine to one face—  
No act most small  
That helped some soul and nothing cost—  
Then count that day as worse than lost.

—George Eliot.



# A Fairy to Her Mother

DALE FATE

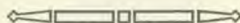
MOTHER, I've been frolicing  
With the happy, happy spring,  
Listening to the robin's note  
And the mead-lark's merry throat.

Spring is gay,  
But winter's horrid—  
Winter's gray,  
But spring is florid.

I forget the winter's rudeness,  
In the gentle spring is goodness.  
Soon the May time will be here,  
And I can wear my gossamer,  
Bodice of Johnny-Jump-Up petals,  
'Broidered all in fairy metals.  
Mother, 'twas so good of you  
To let me have a May debut.  
Dewdrop-jewels father got me,  
"Just the thing for fairy girls."  
In the sunlight they be diamonds,  
And by moonbeam they be pearls.  
How we'll sport in pansy-hall,  
While the fire flies brighten all,  
And the crickets saw away  
In their little orchestra!  
Mother, the spring world is so fair,  
I could wander everywhere.  
Today Jack Oriel came by,  
On a big brocaded butterfly.  
'Twas the newest out, he said,  
And soon o'er hill and dale we sped;  
The pleasant air was fresh and chilly,  
But, mother, Jack did act—so silly.  
Now I haste away, to lightly  
Help the peach-buds open rightly;  
And I'll take my paints and brushes,



For the new blooms must have blushes.  
 'Tis so jolly frolicing  
 With the happy, happy spring,  
 Listing to the robin's note,  
 And the mead-lark's happy throat.



Silence is the element in which  
 great things fashion themselves  
 together; that at length they may  
 emerge, full-formed and majestic,  
 into the daylight of Life, which  
 they are thenceforth to rule.

*Carlyle.*



## *Comfort and Ease*

*in these New Spring Models in  
 Young Men Suits*

*We Feature Two Pant Suits at*

**\$35.00**

# **ELLINGER'S INC.**

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*Lincoln, Nebr.*

## CHILDHOOD REMINISCENCES

### The Mix-up

ONE DAY, when I was about twelve years old, I saw on the music stand in the living room, two letters, addressed but unsealed. I knew, because of the place where I found them, the addresses, and the handwriting, that my sister Edna had written them. Edna was five years older than I. She thought *herself* very much grown up, and *me* very much a little girl yet, much to my disgust. I saw that one letter was addressed to Miss Lillis Smith and one to Mr. Emra Wright. Lillis was a girl friend. Emra was a cousin of our father's, whom we had never seen. Father had sent a photograph of some of us children to Emra's mother, and Emra had begun to write to Edna. I thought it was very bad taste on his part.

When I saw the letters, I suggested to my brother Arthur, who happened to be in the room, that we exchange those letters and seal them. Arthur was three years older than I, but he, too, had been snubbed by our older sister. He was eager to carry out my suggestion. We decided to read the letters first, and by the time we had read them, I was weakening. But he over-ruled my fears, and we promised each other we wouldn't tell.

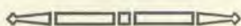
When Edna found her letters, I heard her say, "Why, I thought I left those letters unsealed!" I kept still, and the letters were mailed.

The next day when I came home from school, Edna was crying. Arthur had told. He thought it was too good a joke to keep. Edna scolded, cried, stormed, threatened, and demanded that mother punish us. She wondered what "Cousin Erma" would think of her. She refused to speak to me for a week. By that time she had heard from both of them. Both thought it a joke that Edna had mixed their letters. Emra said he had been called many names, but no one had ever called him "Dear Lillis" before.



Although Edna "nursed her wrath to keep it warm," for several weeks, and vowed vengeance for about six months, she was really kind-hearted and had a sence of humor. I was never punished.

WINNIE WALTERS-TURNER.



## The Young Aspirant

WHEN I was about six years of age I attended a circus, and was very much delighted with the trapeze performers. I at once became an aspirant.

That evening after supper I decided to begin my practice on a wire clothes line in the back yard. First I would learn to hang by my knees. All went well during the first part of the act. I was hanging by my legs hooked over the wire, but was holding on with my hands. Dare I let go? But the act would not be complete if I did not. Visions of a crowded amphitheatre, in which thousands were breathlessly watching my daring act, flitted before me. I must not disappoint them. I would not. Pulling aside all thoughts of fear, and ignoring the pain of the wire on my legs, I released my hold and swung boldly down, with my arms hanging earthwards. My visionary audience went wild with their cheers! Oh, the exultant, soul-inspiring sensation of that supreme moment!

But the pain of the wire on my legs became more intense. The vision of fame, glory, and the cheering audience began to fade and with a start I was brought back to grim reality. I was hanging by my knees from a wire clothes line; my head two feet from the ground, which was covered with rocks; and the pain in my legs, by this time, almost unbearable. I must get hold of the wire with my hands! I could not drop, for the ugly rocks were below me. I made a desperate effort to reach the wire; but in vain. Every moment increased the bitter pain in my legs. Oh, the agony of that awful moment! My legs were being cut in two by the wire, and sure death awaited me on the jagged rocks, which now appeared, to my distorted imagination, for below. I closed my eyes, and, with a cry, dropped.

I still carry a scar, which is a continual reminder that the glory and fame of the world fades when brought face to face with the grim realities of life.

E. L. PINGENO.



## Typical Punishment

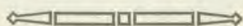
VERY distinctly I remember perhaps the most humiliating experience of my early youth. I was thirteen or fourteen years old at the time, and very averse to boys. In my class there was a girl, a blonde with beautiful curly hair, who had just reached the first stage in life when boys are fascinating. Her chief delight was in keeping her piquant nose nicely powdered; for this purpose she kept a small cardboard box full of powder and a small mirror. (The modern vanity cases were not in evidence at that time.)

One day after recess, as we were taking our places in the school-room (Leah sat just behind me), she was beautifying her nose as usual. I was so disgusted that I reached back and very rudely knocked the box out of her hand. The box, instead of falling on the floor as it should have done, threw all the powder into her face, filling her eyes, her nose, and her mouth. She blinked, coughed, and sputtered — and finally began to cry. I was horrified at what I had done, for I knew the teacher would punish me if she found out, so I tried to soothe Leah, doing my best to remove the powder from her dress but to no avail — she wept on. At this very inopportune time the teacher came in and took in the situation at a glance. She looked very severely at me, and as I stood there trying to calm my fears, Leah told her the whole story. At its conclusion the teacher looked at me very unforgivingly, and then said, "You may take your books to the seat in front of my desk. Perhaps you can behave there." I was heart-broken, for that was the disgrace of disgraces. Yes, I could easily behave there, for there was no one sitting in the center row at all, and practically all of the front seats in the room were empty. This was the worst punishment she could have given me.

But worse yet! the seat I was moved to was an old\* scarred, dirty yellow one, while the one I had left was a beautiful shiny red one, and was right by a large window where I could look out over the fields toward the towering mountains in the west.

In my new seat the only objects visible were the teacher's desk and the four blackboards. I kept that seat only a month, but strangely enough it seemed years and years.

E. M.



"Sweet childish days, that were as long as twenty days are now."

# Vegetables and Vitamines

WINNIE WALTERS-TURNER

AGAIN has come the time of year to plant garden, the time when we are eagerly looking forward to having green stuff to eat again. Our grandfathers were more eager than we are for the appearance of the first spring "greens." They thought they needed a "spring tonic to clear the blood." We know now that it was the lack of vitamines in their winter diet, and the abundance of vitamines in vegetables, which made them so anxious for spring.

Vitamines are mysterious food elements, absolutely essential to health and to life itself. As yet scientists do not know much about them. It has been demonstrated that an animal fed pure protein, pure carbohydrates, pure fats, and pure minerals, the elements formerly considered the chief factors in a complete diet, will cease to grow, gradually lose weight, and finally die. The presence of vitamines was proved by experimentation in 1911. Absence of vitamines causes beriberi and scurvy.

Vitamines are divided into three groups,—fat soluble A, water soluble B, and water soluble C.

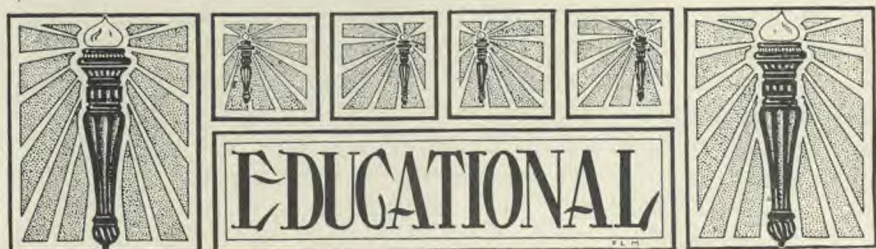
Fat soluble A promotes growth and development. If young rats are given food which lacks this element they cease growing. If it is supplied to them, they immediately begin to grow again. Its absence causes sore eyes, from which many children in Europe have suffered since the war. This element is derived from milk, egg yolks, and very largely from the green leaves of vegetables, such as cabbage, lettuce, and spinach, and from carrots, parsnips, green beans, and green peas.

It is the absence of water soluble B which causes beriberi. It is found in the outer coating of grains, and in potatoes, onions, rutabaga, turnips, cauliflower, lentils, peas, and beans. It is also found in such fruits as oranges, lemons, grape fruit, and tomatoes.

When water soluble C is absent from the diet, people become irritable. In extreme cases, scurvy results. This element also is found in green foods and fruits, especially in tomatoes, lemons, and oranges.

The discovery of vitamines was said by Herbert Hoover to be "The most important discovery of modern times." They cannot be obtained by taking medicine, for man cannot put them into medicine. They can be obtained only in the foods in which the Creator placed them. There is every reason to believe that all vegetables contain vitamines in one form or another, and that everything grown in the garden which can be brought to the table fresh or wholesomely preserved will contribute to health, and to a well-being denied him who depends on "store foods" for his diet.





## Tempting Spring

LUCY MADDEN-HAUSE

SIBYL awoke to find the early rays of the sun already lighting her room. She jumped out of bed, and ran to the window. "Clear blue sky, calling birds, green grass, — Oh, it's another *perfect* Sunday, Annah," she said disappointedly. "On a day like this, who wants to write a two thousand word thesis about a king who has been dead these two hundred years? Imagine even attempting it! Yet you heard me promise last night that in spite of everything I was going to do it today. Why couldn't it have been pouring rain, or anything to keep me indoors?"

"Well, it's hard luck," said Annah. "I'm glad I wrote my thesis last week. Now it's over with. But let's hurry or we'll miss breakfast."

Ten minutes later the two girls ran lightly down the front steps of the dormitory. A caressing breeze, laden with fragrance of bursting buds and waxy, new-born leaves, together with the joyous songs of hundreds of birds, greeted them.

"Look at the dandelions! They must have sprung up during the night," cried Sibyl. "Oh Annie! I wish I didn't have to study today! You know what I'd rather do, don't you? Take our lunch, and spend the day at Tuttle's grove. Wouldn't you like it? But I can't—so that's that!"

"Well, cheer up," said Annah. "If you have all your work caught up next Sunday, perhaps we can go then. It's too early for violets this week, anyway."

"That's right," said Sibyl. "But I do hope it doesn't rain then."

"Pessimist," Annah, laughed as the two entered the dining room.

Breakfast over, the girls were returning to their dormitory, when Kenneth Dodd caught up with them.

"Say girls, how about a game of tennis?" he asked. "It's a peach of a morning for it."

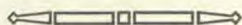
Sibyl shook her head. "I know it is," she said, "but I simply must study today. Have you written your thesis yet?"

Kenneth's face fell. "No I haven't," he said.

"I have an idea," said Annah. "If you both work hard on your theses until four-thirty this afternoon, allowing one hour for dinner, I'll wager you will have them finished. Then you would have an hour for tennis before supper."

"That's a good idea," Annah," said Sibyl. "I know if I played now I would be so tired I couldn't work until afternoon. Then I'd think it was too late to start. I'm going to follow the suggestion. What do you say, Kenneth?"

"Same here," he grinned. "I needed someone to put me to work. Well—see you at four-thirty!"



## Take Him at His Best

WHEN YOUR brother man you measure,  
Take him at his best;  
Something in him you can treasure,  
Overlook the rest.  
Though of his some trait or fetter  
May not suit you to the letter,  
Trust him—it will make him better;  
Take him at his best.

Praise will make him worth the praising,  
Take him at his best.  
Keep the fire of purpose blazing,  
Even at his breast.  
Do not frown or scold upon him;  
In the strength of faith enfold him,  
To his highest yearning mold him;  
Take him at his best.

—Nixon Waterman.





## From England to India

LILLIE GEORGE-BLUE

ON THE morning of the fourteenth of December we took the eight-thirty train from Watford to London, a half hour's trip. At ten-thirty the special boat-train left the Euston station for Birkenhead, which is at the mouth of the Mersey River across from Liverpool. In five hours we were at our destination, and by four o'clock we were on board our boat, the "Massilia" of the Anchor Line, which was to take us directly to Bombay. It is a small boat of 5,156 tons, but because of the large amount of cargo it carries, it is very steady. There are forty passengers, including six little girls, of whom Margaret is one. The boats have to wait for the rising of the tide before sailing, so we did not leave the harbor until four o'clock the next morning. The same night we left, there was a boat that struck a rock in the river and was broken in two, but the passengers and crew were all saved.

Holyhead, on the Northwest coast of Wales, and Land's End, the extreme Southwest point of England, were places of interest, as we passed quite close to them. The light-houses in such places always stand as sentinels on duty. The first two days out from Birkenhead were very rough, and tested our ability as sailors. There really is not a very much worse feeling than sea-sickness, but there is a saying that "People never die of home-sickness or sea-sickness," no matter how near they may feel to death's door. Contrary to all expectations the voyage across the Bay of Biscay was very smooth, and every one began to feel as though life was worth living.

We were all happy when our boat stopped at Gibraltar for three hours. We went ashore in the company's launch, and felt the thrill of once more walking on terra firma. The Spanish shops and houses

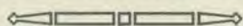
were interesting. Gibraltar is a British-owned port, built on the side of a mammoth rock, rising to a height of 1,396 feet, and its length from north to south is nearly three miles. The water supply for the town is obtained by a cement water slide built on the side of the rock, that runs the rainfall into reservoirs. Over five thousand vessels enter the harbor every year.

We were seven and one-half days crossing the Mediterranean Sea. The first few days were very rough, and there was a strong west wind. For three days we were in sight of the African coast; we passed Algiers and Tunis, and were just north of the Gulf of Tunis when the French airship, "Dixmude" went down into the sea with fifty on board. We spent the three holidays, Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New Year, on the boat, and Christmas came while we were in the Mediterranean. But there was plenty of Christmas spirit; the dining salon and music room were decorated with holly and green stuff, purchased by the boat authorities at Gibraltar,—no mistletoe was in evidence. In the afternoon everyone joined in the games, races, and sports on deck. The children had races, too, and each one received a box of chocolates; Margaret has been wishing since that they would have races every day.

Our boat stopped at Port Said several hours one night to take on cargo, and at Suez all of one night to take on four hundred tons of sugar for India. Travelling through this part of the world is very interesting, for it brings the Bible very close home. So often we thought of the apostle Paul and his shipwreck; how much easier it is to travel with the up-to-date ships and conveniences of to-day. In the Suez Canal our boat was held up for five hours, and was tied up to the bank, because the second boat ahead of ours had run ashore into the sand, and had to be dredged out. There is room in the canal for only two boats to pass, so when one gets diagonally across the Canal, all others have to wait until the one is straight again. After the twelve boats from the South had passed us, we were on our way again. On one side we saw the Arabian desert, and on the other, Egypt. We saw occasional Arabs with their camels and tents. On the Egyptian side there is a railroad and a fresh-water canal with a row of trees at the side. The trip through the Canal takes thirteen hours on the average. After passing through the Gulf of Suez, we came into the Red Sea, where the Children of Israel had such an interesting experience. We saw Mt. Sinai in the distance, towering above the other mountains around.



Since we have been in the Arabian Sea, there has been nothing of special interest except water, and an occasional school of porpoises and flying fish. Porpoises look very graceful, skimming along through the water. Every one has been busy packing, for day after tomorrow, the tenth of January, we shall land in Bombay. We shall be glad to be settled again, and at our work helping to carry the message to the millions of India. We hope that the students and Alumni of Union College will keep India's need ever before them, and that many more golden cords will be extended to India.



## Real Missionary Letters

The problems of the missionary are many, and not the least among them is the problem of providing their numerous schools with working materials. In a land where even the instructors may have had only an elementary training, one might expect a confused and inefficient school system; but that is not the case. The teachers, despite conditions which would seem impossible to an American teacher, faithfully carry out, not only their school duties, but the preaching services also; and send in regular reports of the work done to the foreign missionary under whose supervision they work. Some of the reports are written in the native language, but many are written in very good readable English.

A few are as follows:

For the reason of a great hungry which was in the land, I has (only) 85 students in my school. There is 8 classes. Myself 4, my monitor 4. I have 3 viilages round my school, I have a village meeting every Tue. at one of these villages at 4 P. M. And a meeting in church at every Wed. at 4. On Friday a meeting in church at 5 P. M. On Sabbath morning a meeting at 7 A. M. I have 4 classes in Sabbath School or 6 classes and some of these classes are taken by the eldest boys in School, and the morning meeting is in which I am teaching these boys the Sabbath School lesson at 12 the church serves, and then dismiss and go in all these villages to preach to all people. And Bible class at 4 P. M. Closing Sabbath at 5 P. M.

And these is what I am teaching in my School, reading, nyanja language, arithmetic, method, hygiene, and singing.

WILFRED GOOD,

MALIMBA SCHOOL,

## Report of Kandieb Out School, Chirono.

Down to Chirono where I am teaching, is a difficult county. The heat and the hungry is very worse, especially hunger. Therefore the children doesn't come easily and is hard to bring them in. The first thing that I do is to go to my garden at 6-11 A. M. and between 11 and 12 is to bath, eating, using my black board and organize the lesson Bible. Then I make ready to go in the village for boys, while the assistant teacher is beating drum, sometimes the children are running away for the teacher. Therefore sometimes we have such at to commence with as only 70 or 80 from 1 P. M. to 4:30 and these are the classes including pupils [The letter is here interspersed with native words] I got two black-boards, 10 books teachers copy others for report in C. C. U., 16 slates. After school I does go in the villiage to preach but twice a week. Notice for Sabbath:

We have Friday evening mtg. Reading the lesson and memory verse for S. School and praising God. At 6 A.M. we have a mtg. Then going in the villages gathering people. These does been done twice or once a wk. so that they may learn to come by their desire. The S. S. Commce. 10 A. M. to 12. Between S. School and Service the people doesn't admitted to go out lest they can't come in again. And Bible classat 3 P. M. witd 18 in book. And closing Sabbath 5 P. M. beside that, we have a mtg. M. V. Societe.

(He means that when he comes from working in his garden from 6 to 11 A. M. he washes up and eats from 11 to 12, then he puts on his black-board work. "Hungry" is a shortage of food. When food is short, the people simply "sit" and it is hard to get them to come to school. U. C.)

---

Ghogo School, care of H. E. Waters, Esq.,  
Adamantia Farm, Samabula Sidin.

To Paster W. I. Flaiz, Buluwoyo.

Dear Sir:

Yours of 8th of October received. We are still here at Ghogo, but still same trouble came up. Our work are going little hard because of the farms but by help of God I hope that we shall go on. We still have some new fruit are coming up but of our school work is doing well, they lerning well Those thing that we need to have is the English Charts. We have about 69 students in school, that is 36 boys, 33 girls. The members of the Sabbath

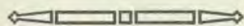


School is 169. Every Sabbath meeting come up to 175, on Friday evening meeting is 70. I have 63 in Baptism class. I am doing well in drill them every day, the Drill is our first thing to take, most of them are doing well in Drilling. After drill come singing. They are also doing well in singing. After singing we teach them to repeat the ten command with they heads in Bible, then come other classes. We are now planing to make our school as most of them are very anxious to make it. The London Mission Society was the place where I get my school. Rev. S. Mayo was my teacher.

I am yours in School work,

Ben Neube.

These letters are printed almost without a change. Could you teach a school of eighty students with only ten books? Perhaps this will give a taste of what *real missionary service* means.



## My Master

INTO the woods my Master went,  
Clean forspent, forspent.  
Into the woods my Master came,  
Forspent with love and shame.  
But the olives, they were not blind to him;  
The little gray leaves were kind to him;  
The thorn tree had a mind to him,  
When into the woods he came.

Out of the woods my Master went,  
And he was well content.  
Out of the woods my Master came,  
Content with death and shame.  
When death and shame would woo him last,  
From under the trees they drew him last;  
'Twas on a tree they drew him—last,  
When out of the woods he came.

—*Sidney Lanier.*



# ALUMNI

The purpose of this department is to acquaint the readers of the Messenger with former Union College students who have become prominent in their chosen field of endeavor, or have realized their desire to become burden bearers in the movement dedicated to giving the Advent Message to the world.

To THE student who attended Union College in the early days the name of Louis Finster is well known. His ambition was to become a minister. In harmony with this desire he devoted himself untiringly to those subjects and activities that would give the best preparation for his chosen work.

In his time much emphasis was placed upon the importance of a special but speedy preparation for the work of God. To meet the demand thus created the Biblical course was offered and proved to be popular for ten or twelve years. This was the course he chose, and which he completed in 1897.

He took a live interest in all lines of church work. A number of the boys and girls of thirty years ago attending the intermediate department of the church Sabbath school remember him as their teacher. It is of interest to note that Mrs. J. S. Hart then, as now, presided over that department. Mr. Finster took a warm personal interest in each member of his class and thus won his pupils to himself and the school.

He is also remembered as belonging to the band of young men who, on Sabbath afternoon, would round up the boys of College View and hold a meeting for them on the campus or in one of the rooms of the college building. Beside Louis Finster this band was composed of such young men as Charley Hodges, John Musselman, Will Hobbs, Dee Nicola and others. The inspiration of those meetings kindled a fire in the hearts of some of the boys gathered in from the village that will warm their souls as long as they live.

After leaving Union College Elder Finster canvassed for a time with excellent success. He then entered the ministry and developed rapidly as a speaker. He later accepted a call to Australia when he labored for a number of years. When the General



Conference decided to begin work in the Philippine Islands he was invited by the Foreign Mission Board to take charge of the enterprise. He labored in the islands for many years. He saw the work grow until more than three thousand believers had been baptised, a school established, and a publishing house founded. Since 1922 Elder Finster has been acting as superintendent of the Malaysian Union Mission, with headquarters at Singfiapore.

Mrs. Finster was also a former student of Union College. She was known to her student friends as Ella Blodgett.



## The Difference

Drop an unkind word, or careless—just a flash and it is gone,  
But a half a hundred ripples go a-circling on and on;  
They keep spreading, spreading, spreading from the center as they go,  
And there is no way to stop them, once you've started them to flow.

Drop an unkind word, or careless—in a minute you forget,  
But it started waves to flowing and the ripples circle yet;  
And perhaps in some sad heart a mighty wave of tears you've stirred,  
And disturbed a life that's happy, when you dropped that unkind word.

Drop a word of cheer and kindness—just a flash and it is gone,  
But a half a hundred ripples go circling on and on,  
Bearing hope and joy and comfort of each splashing, dashing wave,  
Till you can't receive the volume of the one kind word you gave.

Drop a word of cheer and kindness—in a minute you forget,  
But the gladness that it started swells and circles even yet;  
And you've rolled a wave of comfort, whose sweet music can be heard  
Over miles and miles of water, just by dropping a kind word.

—*The Gideon.*

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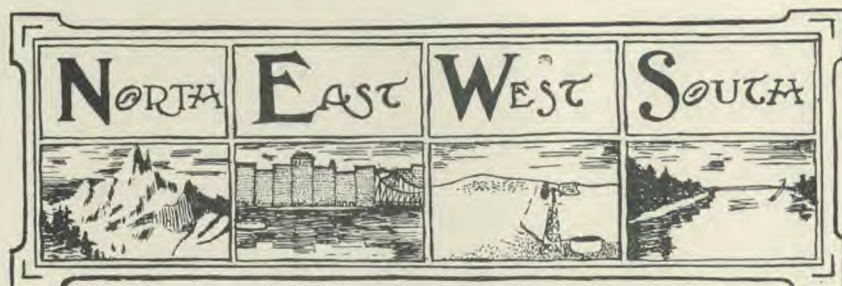
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March 1-8

Monday in chapel Professor McComb occupied the hour with accounts of the many interesting political changes taking place in Europe.

Professors John and George returned March 5 from the Workers' Convention at Pueblo.

Elder J. L. Shaw, General Conference treasurer, gave an inspiring talk on missions at the Monday chapel hour. Professor M. E. Olsen of the Fireside Correspondence School occu-

pled a part of the time explaining the credits, and the revision of the courses now ready for distribution. This school has the largest enrollment of any in the denomination.

A large number of students and teachers went to Lincoln Thursday evening to hear the famous violinist, Mr. Fritz Kriesler.

The Friday night service was conducted by Elder Shaw, who also gave an appeal for the preparation of helpers in God's work.

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on the place of the young people in the gospel work. He also recounted many interesting experiences at the mission band meeting on Friday evening.

Elder C. K. Meyer's talk met with an unusually good welcome at the Missionary Volunteer meeting on Sabbath afternoon.

Saturday night was "open house" at South Hall. The many visitors en-

joyed the cordial welcome extended by the boys.

Elder Spicer spoke at the eleven o'clock service on the opening and advance of our work in Europe.

Former Union students who brought basketball teams to the state tournament are Adam Rupert, Raymond France, Elwood Pugh, Towey Johnson, Oscar Yaeger, Rollin Falk, and Reuben Roy.

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A number of young men have been engaged by local conference presidents to assist in tent meetings for the coming summer.

Saturday night, March 8, Professor Engel and his orchestra gave an Indian music program in the college chapel. The players were in Indian costume. Numbers especially enjoyed by the audience were "Indian Snake Dance," by the orchestra; a violin solo

by Professor Engel, "The Waters of the Minnetonka"; "Desert Suite," by the orchestra; "From the Land of the Sky-Blue Waters," sung by Miss Kiehnhoff; and the closing number, "Scalp Dance," by the orchestra.

During chapel period on March 12, the MESSENGER board put on their spring drive. All students were again given opportunity to subscribe for the school paper.

## Wouldn't Dad

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*He thinks it even if  
he does not say it.*

*Why not surprise  
HIM?*

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## College View Drug Store

March 9-17

Prof. W. E. Howell, who heads the educational department of the denomination, one of the highest authorities on education in the denomination, spoke to the students during the chapel hour on willingness to serve in any capacity.

A large number attended the last board meeting. From the General Conference at Washington, D. C.: President W. A. Spicer, Treasurer J. L. Shaw, Educational Secretary W. E. Howell, and Associate Secretary C. K. Meyers. The North American Division was represented by O. O. Montgomery. From the Northern Union, Charles Thompson and H. J. Sheldon. From the Southwestern Union, M. B. Van Kirk, A. W. Peterson, and C. E. Smith. Many state conference presidents were

also in attendance: Iowa, H. H. Hicks; North Dakota, H. Meyers; Minnesota, I. O. Ortner; Oklahoma, W. H. Clark; Colorado, M. L. Rice; Kansas, A. M. Hollister; Missouri, H. C. Hartwell; Wyoming, J. W. Turner; and Nebraska, S. G. Haughey. The Central Union Conference was represented by Elder S. E. Wright, D. D. Rees, and R. T. Emery. Faculty members were: Professor O. M. John, G. C. George, and H. F. Saxton.

The wood-work shop received a new planing machine Thursday.

The professional class of 1924 organized with Royal Tucker, president; Miss June Fitch, vice president; Miss Gladys Reichel, secretary; and E. C. Innis, treasurer.

Miss Bernice Walsh was happily surprised by an entertainment in honor of her and St. Patrick's birthdays.

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The evening was spent in playing games.

The college Seniors made their formal appearance in chapel Friday morning. The students cheered as they marched in with their colors of delf blue and gold. The drive for the Annual was put on and received hearty support.

The seventh and eighth grades of the Union College Training School, accompanied by their teacher, Mrs. J. C. Turner, and the principal, Prof. B. B. Davis, went for a hike to Antelope park Sunday morning.

Mr. Frank Wallace, treasurer of the senior class, was ill for a few days from a badly infected arm which was injured while playing basketball.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond France, of Whitman, Nebr., visited friends in College View while attending the Teachers' Convention at Lincoln.

March 17-31 .

Miss Geneva Lickey visited her brother, Claude, for a few days while on her way from Missouri to Colorado, where she will assist in a tent effort.

St. Patrick celebrated his birthday by one of the biggest snows this winter.

Elder Julius Boettcher, of the Clinton Seminary, visited Union for a few days. While here he gave some inspiring talks at the mission bands, Friday night prayer service, and church service.

The Mission Volunteer meeting for March 15 was given to the Non-Christian Religions class of the college. Miss Walsh, Miss Madden, Mr. Lickey, and Mr. Snipes gave instructive as well as interesting talks on "Animism." Mr. Rhoads conducted a quiz at the close on the talks given.

Elder Blosser, with his company of

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colporteurs, arrived March 26 to hold an institute at the college. Mr. Shidler, of Iowa; Mr. Baker, of Kansas; Mr. Grande Pre, of Minnesota; and union field secretary, Elder Campbell; and Mr. Stanton, of Wyoming, aided him in the instruction. A large group of old and new colporteurs from Union will enter the field this summer.

The boys entertained the girls at an informal program, Saturday night,

March 22. Music and talks were followed by a lively game of guessing. The boys then showed their skill of cookery by serving delicious refreshments.

Miss Naomi Medill enjoyed a short visit from her mother, who lives at Jaroso, Colorado.

Elder Blosser gave a good Bible Study at the eleven o'clock service, March 22, on "Progress in the Sale

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## :: The Educational Messenger ::

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of Literature." He finished the study in chapel, Monday morning.

Elder Campbell spoke in chapel Wednesday morning of some of the wonderful experiences of a colporteur and urged the students to enter the colporteur work.

Prof. Roy Baker, of Kansas, occupied the chapel time on Friday, continuing the talks on colporteur work.

The colporteur institute has been

holding meetings from 4:00 to 5:45 each day. The prospective colporteurs study the books they expect to take out during the summer.

The South Hall boys were invited to attend a program given in costume by the Kappa Pheta at their weekly meeting. The influence of women was represented by Pocahontas, Queen Esther, Martha Washington, Joan of Arc, Florence Nightengale, and Lady Macbeth.

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New Fords

Drive it yourself

Prices Reasonable

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JAY G. GOTFREDSON

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*It's only a few steps from South Hall to*

# Dunlap's Barber Shop

**Clean Sweet Sanitary No Loafers**

**QUICK EFFICIENT SERVICE**

**A refined shop**

**for refined people**



Miss Medill sang to close, "Little Mother of Mine."

The Young People's program for Sabbath, March 22, was given by the Normal department. Mr. Wall spoke on loyalty, Miss Sesserud spoke on Bible characters, and a number of recitations were given by church school children.

Many students have visited the revival held by Gypsy Simon Smith at the St. Paul's church in Lincoln.

Mr. Bonbo, a native of the Philippines, spoke at the Island Mission Band Friday night.

The Young People's program on Sabbath, March 29, was given by the visiting field secretaries.

Work on the *Golden Cords* for 1924 is progressing nicely.

The last basketball game of the season was played Saturday night. The

**Do you have the baseball fever?**

**Get your baseballs, bats, and  
gloves, also tennis balls at**

**HARVEY ENSLOW & CO.**



TRY  
CARRELL'S SAMPLE SHOE STORE  
FOR BARGAINS

1034 O St.

UP STAIRS

The Home of Good Shoes

Northern Union players proved themselves to be the year's champions by winning with a score of 13 to 0.

Although it was cloudy and no stars were visible, Saturday night, the 29th, Prof. H. K. Schilling's astronomy class rendered a program of music, readings, and talks. Six members debated the question, "Resolved: The planet Mars is habitable." The decision of the judges gave the victory to the af-

firmative team, who were Miss Wade, Mr. Albee, and Mr. Degering. The team for the negative was: Mrs. Alpert, Mr. Wall, and Mr. Wade.

The professional class appeared in chapel Monday morning. The girls in blue blouses and white skirts and the boys in blue coats and white trousers.

Dr. T. T. Martin delivered a lecture on "Evolution or Christ" in the church the evening of March 12.

Say it with Flowers  
Chapin Bros., Florists

West of College View

College Tailors  
and  
Cleaners

*We call for and deliver.*

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*No work done after sundown Friday evening*

# Sanitary Barber Shop

**"Not Best Because Biggest But Biggest Because Best"**

Three Chairs Quick Service

**J. E. MORRISON**

**SHINE**

**BATH**

**LAUNDRY**

## Summer Positions for Students

Students to work in the interest of religious education in the home and distribute religious literature. Definite guarantee of a liberal amount with opportunity of earning several times as much.

Last summer several students earned over \$1000 during vacation.

No capital nor experience necessary. Also opportunity to travel and appoint representatives.

*Write for full particulars, and organize plans at once.*

## UNIVERSAL BIBLE HOUSE

COLLEGE DEPT

1010 Arch St.

Philadelphia

Donald Nelson, Premedic graduate of '23, visited friends at Union for several days.

A large number of students and teachers attended a lecture given by W. J. Bryan at the Lincoln Auditorium.

The academic class organized, March 23, choosing for officers: President, Miss Edda Rees; vice president, Avolo Owen; secretary, Gertrude Stevens; and treasurer, Elma Fish.

Mr. Everett Wilmott, '23, and Miss Josie Kiser, '22, were united in marriage March 18 at the home of Mrs. Potter, in College View.

The "outside" seniors were entertained by the dormitory seniors at dinner in South Hall.

Miss Florence Jacobsen was happily surprised at a birthday party given in her honor at the home of the Hardys on March 29.

**HARDWARE,  
PAINTS—  
The  
Hornung**



**ELECTRICAL  
SUPPLIES  
Hardware  
Company**

1025 L ST.

The Cash Store

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## HAVE YOU SEEN BUDD'S NEW SHOE STORE?

Budd has moved up a block, and is now at 1131 O St., between Ed Young's and the Dime Stores,— the prettiest little store you ever saw.

Talk about shoe values— here's where you get them. Beautiful new Spring stock all in now, latest colors, latest patterns, and all at reasonable prices. BUDD stands back of every shoe. We carry only the best in quality and fit, and guarantee satisfaction. We also have a large stock of Victor hosiery, shades to match every shoe in the stock.

**\$5.00      \$6.00      \$7.00      \$8.00**

**WHY PAY MORE?**

**BUDD'S**  
1131 O St.

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More Union College students have secured Contracts through this  
REAL "Service" Agency than through all other agencies combined, since  
January 1, 1922.

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Manager was interested in "founding" Union College. He was a Patron of UNION for eighteen (18) years, having three daughters graduating from this College. He is yet much interested in UNION and its students; and is one of its most loyal supports.

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THIS is the time to "get busy." for next September.

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