



Peace Number

Peace has returned to the ways of men—
And with the peace the world goes on again,
Spinning its golden threads of life's dream,
Tho now and then
The gleam
Is somewhat dulled with thin gray threads of pain
That Death has spun into the golden skein.

Yes, peace is here, but we shall not forget
The price we paid; neither shall we regret
What we have laid upon the lap of Life,
But, quiet and unafraid,
Stand ready still to push the bloody strife
Before we'll see Humanity betrayed.

So always we'll remember
This eleventh of November
This morning when the sun
Washes a world tremulous with gladness,
That wars are done
And all war's awful sadness,
That Truth has won—
As Truth must always win—
And hell and hate lie throttled in their madness!

The four-years' night is ended!
A rosy morn is flooding all the earth,
As mankind rises to a nobler birth
With past ways mended,
And all the future glorious and splendid.
Yes, Peace and the rising sun and night withdrawn—
Oh, make us worthy, Lord, to face
The Dawn!

PASQUALE TALARICO GIVES RECITAL AT TAYLOR

The greatest piano recital ever given in Taylor University was that presented by Mr. Pasquale Talarico, October 27. Being one of the first numbers of the Artist Recital course, it was looked forward to with great eagerness by the musical constituency of the student body.

Essaying a program varied both as to schools and moods, Talarico lent himself easily to his gigantic task. Of his first group we are particularly charmed with the freshness of the "Waldstein Sonata." It is one of Mr. Talarico's particular habits to make the classical school modern with interest, even to the liberty of the tempo; this he did most effectively, and we must confess, not to the sacrifice of a real Beethovenish interpretation. His "Brahm's Valses" were dancing with strong rhythm, and with moods totally different from each other. The Chopin which followed, was extremely poetic, and possessed a delicacy and refinement lent only by the subtle fingers of a great tone poet.

Debussy certainly says something in his compositions; something more than any of the ultra-modern composers, and it was with Spanish eyes that we viewed the picture painted by Mr. Talarico in the "Day in Granada." Full of ethereal mysticism and subtle "Cubist," transformations, we not only heard this picture, we saw it. The same may be said of "Rain in the Garden," which literally poured or feebly sprinkled under the artists touch.

These who were not schooled music lovers, together with all others present, were thrilled with the grandeur of the 10th Rhapsody of Liszt. Mr. Talarico evidenced a strong bravura, a wonderfully regulated dynamic control, and an uncanny mastery of all the principal difficulties of the piano, as he dashed through this, one of the most effective compositions that Liszt ever wrote.

With a velvety touch as the result of a well relaxed playing arm, with the adequate technic and limitless versatility in his conceptions we feel safe in saying that Mr. Talarico's New York recital in February will give him an undisputed place among the world's great pianists.

At the conclusion of this wonderful recital, a reception was given the artist in Professor Westlake's studio to which all piano students (together with their friends) were invited. Taylor feels very fortunate indeed in securing such a celebrated artist to give this number

OUR MISSIONARIES.

Taylor has always been a great missionary school. Its students have gone to every country on earth to proclaim the Gospel to people in darkness. As stated in the last Echo, fifty-one have gone out in the last twelve years to the people where Christ is unknown.

Last week we enjoyed the visit of Miss Ethel Housholder, one of our missionaries from West China. In her Sunday afternoon talk she mentioned a plan whereby we might become more acquainted with these fifty-one missionaries and thus pray more intelligently for them.

Under the direction of Prof. Draper this plan was carried out. A large map of the two hemispheres was put up in the chapel and with Taylor University as a starting point, ribbons of the Taylor colors, purple and old gold, were stretched to the different mission stations. As the roll call of missionaries was read by Prof. Draper various students responded, telling the year the missionary left, where they were stationed and what work they are doing.

Many of the students and professors took a missionary on their prayer list as "their" missionary.

Three of our missionaries have finished their earthly task and have gone to behold Him, whom they so willingly served here.

As we look at the map with the ribbon stretching to almost every mission field, a prayer of praise ascends from our hearts to God for the honor He has bestowed upon Taylor. Somehow since that Chapel morning the mission field seems nearer for the ribbon has spanned the gap between us.

You, who are in the foreign lands, remember as you read the Echo, sent you this year by the student and faculty that we are praying for you and soon hope to join your ranks as workers for the Master.

AMERICANIZATION DAY.

The State Board of Education proclaimed October 24th as Americanization Day in all Public Schools, of Indiana in honor of Theodore Roosevelt's birthday. Every school and college in the state held programs on this day, the purpose of which were to inspire the present generation to emulate ideals of Americanism which characterized Roosevelt.

Taylor observed the spirit of this day during the Chapel hour. Prof. Wray delivered an address on Theodore Roosevelt, bringing to us many interesting sketches full of encourage-

ment and inspiration to all. But above all, Roosevelt's name will always be synonymous with Americanism.

The spirit was carried on through the day and manifested in Philo program of the evening. Here Mr. Roberts gave his oration "Valiant for Truth," which was a Eulogy on the life of Roosevelt. Thus Taylor thoroughly celebrated Americanization Day and revived those splendid ideals of Americanism in every student.

ECHO SCORES AGAIN.

That the ECHO Staff is alive and doing things was again evidenced in the chapel service of Friday, October 31. As a result of their efforts in that morning's service, every Taylor missionary who is now in the field and whose address can be obtained, will receive THE ECHO during the current year as a gift of appreciation from the students and faculty of the school. It is to be hoped that a precedent has thus been established which will be followed throughout the years, for this is a small enough token for the blessing they have left upon Taylor.

It was all accomplished in a remarkably short space of time. Following the announcement by the Editor that, for the balance of the school year, a twenty page paper would be printed, a spirited appeal was made by the Associate Editor in behalf of our missionaries. Forty pledges of \$1.25 each were asked for and almost spontaneously hands went up among the faculty, post-graduates, College and Academy students until the goal was reached and passed, there being 46 before the rush was over.

Following this splendid response the further assistance of each student was asked in increasing the subscription list by pledging himself to make a personal appeal for subscribers in his letters to friends who are interested in Taylor University. The response to this request was almost unanimous and the Subscription Manager was kept busy distributing cards for the purpose. The present financial need was presented by the Business Manager urging payment of subscriptions as soon as possible and good results have already been obtained from this appeal.

The ECHO staff is deeply grateful for the whole-hearted spirit of co-operation which has greeted every forward step in the attempt to make the ECHO a great school paper, truly worthy of the name "Taylor." Keep up this spirit and you are assured of the best paper Taylor ever had if hard and loyal service on the part of the Staff can make it so.

HALLOWE'EN AT TAYLOR.

Very rarely has holiday spirit in Taylor had such a fine expression as last Friday evening, Hallowe'en, with the student body spasmodically filling the air, and the hilarity of the season permeating the atmosphere; with the student body opasmodically festive, Taylor's celebration of the event was happily consistent. Even the Dean enjoyed it. The dynamic influence of merry-making was simply irresistible. A twelfth century ascetic if he had been present, would have succumbed.

Thanks to the faculty, that the occasion was made possible. In response to their invitation, at eight o'clock Friday evening mysterious forms were seen entering the gymnasium, and before long the "gym" floor was a seething vanity fair. Vain clowns, strutting about in self-admiration, bowed and scraped, witches with brooms and tubs were taking passengers for a journey among the clouds, gypsy fortune tellers were there, plying their trade, and beautiful Indian maidens, (described by our tall friend as sweet enough to kiss). There were pickaninnies galore fresh from the cotton fields, as well as "culud gentlemen" and dark-skin gals. Uncle Abe (Wesley Pugh) and aunt Eliza (Mrs. Fortenbacher), with their empromptu and numerous progeny of a dusky color, entertained the crowd in true negro style by singing some of the typical plantation melodies—that is the words to these melodies. The Indian maidens were not the only cha'ming lasses for a black boy from the south was smitten beyond recovery by the beautiful ebony neck and "pritty" bright eyes of Dinah (Walter) Rose, and a gallant looking soldier, wearing overseas equipment was hopelessly ensnared by the graceful Miss (John) Gardener.

Mr. Isaac Reubenstine (Floyd Seelig), from New York City was present. From his gracious and selfsatisfied appearance, "Ikey" was enjoying tremendous prosperity in his "pishness" on Fifth ave., consisting of a pawn yard. He says that he is sure that he makes a loss on every suit that he sells, but that the reason why he makes so much is that he sells so many of them—Evidently.

After each had had ample opportunity to indulge his self conceit the party unmasked and took a good laugh. According to previous instruction, every one was equipped with needle and thread and scissors. Miss Walton announced a doll-making contest with a prize for the best doll made from the simple materials of clothes patches

and clothes pins. After much deliberation the judges designated Mrs. B. W. Ayres as the winner.

The rest of the evening was spent enjoying the refreshments of red apples, delicious cocoa, and dainty sandwiches, served by Mrs. Fortenbacher. Though the havoc wrought on this ample supply of eats was prodigious, no other damage was reported about the campus.

"SAM THE METHODIST."

Mr. S. E. Polovina will tell the story of his life at the Chapel hour on Thursday morning, November 20, in Shreiner Auditorium, Taylor University. Arrangements have been made for extension of time, as Mr. Polovina's message will hold the rapt attention of his auditors an hour and a half or two hours.

The speaker was born in Austria, grew up there under poverty and autocracy, escaped to Serbia, and later made his way to America, where he worked in the coal fields of Illinois. Even before he learned the English language, he learned the language of the Spirit in saving power. From that time, about ten years ago, he has been securing an education, has read the Bible over thirty times and has a message on Christianity and Americanism that is unsurpassed. He lectures and preaches before conferences, Camp meetings and city churches, holding the attention of audiences numbering thousands. During the war he went from camp to camp in the employ of the United States government, giving the boys his vital message.

You will miss a great opportunity if you do not attend. The public in general is invited. A free-will offering will be taken for the speaker.

How naughty it was of the Gym lights to go out when so many of us had our "Spark Plugs" all fixed to go and see the Commercial Department defeated at basketball by the Echo Staff team. But regardless of the naughtyness it nevertheless was true.

Mrs. Falder sprung her first surprise of the year on those that eat at the dining hall, Hallowe'en when we were greeted with a ghost, lanterns, yellow menu, and an orchestra. Judging from last year we can expect that more such treats are on the way.

Mr. Whybrew, father of Beverly and Dougan Whybrew has come to Upland, as pastor of the Friend's Church. Oct. 26 was his first Sunday here.

PEACE.

Through an aching blur of blood and tears

And o'er the thousand crosses there appears

A shadow, as a tender shaft of noon-light.

Christ, illuminated in the night.

He murmurs as the throbbing of the tide;

The echo pulses where the dead abide

And ever does it sigh and never cease
"They gave this sacrifice to give you Peace."

From the reddened pit, from shirking war

Where men have prayed that ne'er did pray before,

Arises, as a dove, from bitter losses
Sacred Peace, and still above the crosses

Lingers He, that turns the warring night,

Of shadows into peaceful morning light.

And watching, yearning, loving, yet denied,

He guards that sacred Peace for which they died.

BEULAH YOUNG.

PARTONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

Through the efficiency and hard work of our advertising manager and others of the staff who have assisted him, a goodly number of our old advertisers have given us their contracts for the ensuing year. It must be said that a number of them have done so reluctantly, however, feeling that advertising in the Echo was not a remunerative proposition. Being inclined to honesty we could not predict for them large financial returns from their advertising; but we did predict, and we believe honestly, that the student subscribers of the paper would read their announcements and do their shopping accordingly.

Consult your school paper before doing your shopping, whether it be in Upland, Marion, Gas City, Jonesboro or Hartford City; and when you buy, remember that you owe it to your paper to mention the fact that you are from Taylor University. Let our advertisers know that we are behind them and a great deal of embarrassment will be saved for future Echo staffs of which you yourself may be a member.

PAY YOUR SUBSCRIPTION



On Thursday, Oct. 30, Messrs. Bedford and Thompson of the Wesleyan Methodist Church attended our chapel service.

Mr. Roger Grogg, of Auburn, Ind., spent the week-end on the Taylor Campus—or I mean in Swallow Robin parlor visiting Miss Lenore Franz.

The Commercial department of the school is now under the direction of Miss Gruble, of Akron, Ohio. Welcome, Miss Gruble, and again we say, "Welcome!"

Mr. Eby spent Hallowe'en and the week-end at his home in Detroit, Mich. We can not say if there was any special attraction or not.

Mr. D. L. Speicher, of Urbana, Indiana, a trustee of the college, was a visitor here last Friday.

Mr. M. H. Stephens and Miss Corey Stephens, of Indianapolis, spent Sunday at their home here.

Rev. Arthur Zepp was home a few days last week. He left Friday for Bippus, Indiana for a two weeks meeting.

Mr. Charles Jeffers has purchased a new Ford car.

Mrs. Mary Shilling and sons, Charles and John, spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Thornburg, at Arcana.

Miss Beulah Young spent the week-end at her home in Anderson, Ind.

Boy, if you are not attending the noonday meetings under the trees in front of Sickler you are missing something which will help you and keep you steady in your Christian experience. The inspiration of the fellows is great and what is more it is contagious. Come, come for your own good as well as for the other fellow's sake, won't you?

George Fenstermacher spent Sunday with his brother, Rev. Russell Fenstermacher at New Corydon, Ind. He was accompanied home by his brother and his brother's wife, who visited at Taylor on Monday.

Dr. and Mrs. A. Verne Westlake and Misses Nelle Smith, Elizabeth Chain and Helen Hall attended the Sweetzer memorial concert at the First Presbyterian church, Marion Wednesday evening, October 29.

Rev. Guy W. Holmes, of Mendon, Illinois, and Mr. and Mrs. McClellan, of Fredericktown, Pa., are guests of Mrs. Mary Holmes. Mr. and Mrs. McClellan have sold their home in Pennsylvania and intend to locate at Taylor.

Mr. Charles Youst has withdrawn from T. U. He returned to his home in Baltimore, Md.

Mr. Percy Boat sang at the revival service held in the First M. E. Church, of Marion last Monday evening. Percy gladly accepts any invitation to sing just so long as it is followed by an invitation to a chicken dinner.

Paul Dunlap was in Fairmount one day last week. For some reason he didn't walk this time. Rector, also had company on that day.

Miss Atkinson was visited by her parents Sunday, Nov. 2. Miss May

Miss Mary Michael, a former Taylor student, visited her sisters here at school over the week-end.

Miss Struble spent a few days with relatives in Muncie, Ind., since our last issue.

Merle Raymond of Flint, Michigan, is visiting relatives and friends on the campus and vicinity.

Miss Walton was unable to meet her classes last Tuesday because of illness.

Mr. Winter's spent the week-end at his home in Greenville, Ohio. They say that he returned with some real butter. We can't vouch for the truth of this rash statement for we did not see it.

On the 30th and 31st of October, Mr. Hahn preached in Jonesboro.

Wesley Pugh, and Percy Boat attended Rev. Nixon's church in Matthews Sunday evening, Nov. 2.

Miss Inez Cope was in Hartford, on the third of Nov.

WHY I CAME TO TAYLOR UNIVERSITY

Among other things which were interrupted by Kaiser Bill, and, although not to be compared with the great issues involved in the world struggle, yet seeming of very great importance to me, was my education. I had been in college just two thirds of my freshman year when I felt the response in my heart to the heart pangs of humanity and joined myself to Uncle Sam's army. Naturally I was very anxious to continue my education as soon as my military service came to an end; and even before I had received any assurance that I should receive my discharge in time to attend college this fall, I was investigating the merits of different schools with the intention of continuing my work if at all possible.

As I began to make known my purpose and as my friends became aware of it, I had a great deal of advise offered me. All of it was given in good faith I am sure, but had my friends only known it, some of them were advising me to take the step that would have ruined my life for God's service. Many schools were recommended to me in some of which I could have had scholarships and which were considered among the highest in our land from a scholastic standpoint. Ah! but I sought more than that; I felt that I would rather work for my education if need be, in a school of lower rating where my faith in God's Word and in the saving merits of Christ's blood would not be shaken.

I knew Taylor; I had been here in my freshman year and knew the religious standards which she maintained then; I had seen her products, men of God who were able to bring things to pass in His name. Here I had seen

revivals of real old-time power and had seen the whole student body brought to Christ. I wanted to be in that kind of an atmosphere for I would be a soul-winner above all things; fame and degrees from the highest institutions of learning are as nothing in comparison with that.

Not only did I need the spiritual atmosphere that I might win others for Christ but, after spending seventeen months in military service, surrounded by sin and filth that are positively unspeakable, I felt that for my own soul's good I should return to Taylor. No man or woman can deal that long with sin without feeling the influence of it. thousands of other boys who had the same experience will support that statement. I have often killed snakes by hitting them with stones or sticks, and although I had not touched them with my hands, somehow I felt dirty just from being near them and would no more think of eating without washing my hands than I would think of entering the dining-hall here with filthy hands. In the same way, when we are thrown in constant contact with sin, although our hearts are pure before God, yet there is a feeling of dirtiness, if the word is permissible, and we feel like going to the Fountain for a little wash in Jesus' blood before entering upon His work.

Yet I feel that I was not altogether selfish in my decision to return to Taylor for one of the greatest reasons for that decision was: that I believed it my duty to stand with Taylor University, believing her to be called of God as a proving-ground for a full Gospel ministry. I very much deplored the fact that Taylor could not stand on the same scholastic level with the best schools in our country. But, because she could not on account of the failure of God's people to support her, should I do as so many of our holiness young men have done: seek out some other school and let Taylor struggle on as best she could? No! I would not. I would return to her halls and give her my best, taking her best in return and trust my reputation to God.

But, after all, while these things were all factors in my decision, there was just one thing which absolutely

decided the issue: I felt that God wanted me here. If I did not believe that in the bottom of my soul to-day, I should not be here. Much prayer and waiting on the Lord revealed to me the fact that He had work for me to do here and that to be in the center of His directive will as it is my wish always to be, I must return to this stronghold of holiness and faith.

A. Wesley Pugh, Oct. 2, 1919.

Try This.

"Beg pardon, ma'am," said the butler, "but your son has just eloped with the cook."

"Yes, I put him up to it," replied Mrs. Upson, "She's the best cook we ever had, and I didn't want to lose her."—Indianapolis Star.

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Rev. A. H. Ekblad has received an appointment in the North Dakota Conference. His residence is at Dawson.

Rev. Harley Zeller, is supplying a charge in the North Dakota Conference at Makoti and Raub.

John Morgan, a former college graduate of Taylor is one of the leading professors in the University of Minnesota this year.

Miss Nelle Davis is back in Indianapolis, after spending some time on the front line trenches as a nurse. She was one of the very first, if not the first nurse to enter the fighting zones.

Mrs. Giles and her daughter Miriam visited Taylor a few days ago. Word was recently received that she had reached Nyack N. Y., where Miriam will be in school and Mrs. Giles will have charge of a dining hall.

Dr. Raymond Illick and wife formerly Miss Lois Allen are located at Guanajuato, Mexico, where Dr. Illick has charge of a hospital.

J. B. Vickery, a former graduate of Taylor is working in Detroit. He is contemplating entering Moody Bible Institute in the spring.

Orrel Allen is teaching at Brookville, Ohio.

Mrs. Chester Harper is living at Oakland City.

Ethel Knisely a former music student of Taylor has moved from Newell West, Va. to Chester West, Va., where she is teaching.

Guy Holmes, of Menton, Ill., arrived on the Campus Wednesday. His many friends were glad to welcome him back to his Alma Mater.

Rev. Walter Thompson a college graduate, of Taylor was chosen president of Wesleyan Conference, of Indiana session. He paid Taylor a visit a few days ago and many of his friends were glad to see him again.

Rev. Ray Knight is attending North Western University, at Chicago.

Miss Margaret Henderson is preparing for teaching kindergarden work, at Pittsburgh.

Miss Pansy Hunter is teaching in the high school at Carmel, Indiana.

Rev. Gaylord Saunders is preaching Pineville, Kentucky. Rev. Clarence Fisk is preaching in the same conference.

Many of the old students were glad to see Miss Martha McCutcheon on the Campus for a few days. She is expecting to sail for China soon. The students and Alumni of Taylor take this opportunity of wishing her great success in her new field of labor and a hearty God-speed as she starts her journey.

Miss Pearl Peters is at home with her parents at Richmond, Ohio.

Kathrine Albright is attending Peabody Institute, taking voice culture.

William Young has taken up the teaching profession and has a large class at both Toronto and Empire, Ohio.

Hazel Runyon is teaching music at Slaineville, Ohio. She had contemplated entering college but owing to the after effects of the "flu" her health would not permit.

Miss Clarice Phillips is at her home in Steubenville. She is teaching at Pittsburg.

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DAILY CHRONICLE.

Thursday, Oct. 23.—Miss Hazlett, traveling secretary of the Student Volunteers speaks in Chapel. Chapel seats are first assigned today.

Friday, October 24.—Prof. Wray gives a splendid address on Theodore Roosevelt. Philo program at 7:30. Basket-ball game between College Sophomores and Academy. Sohps win with a score of 20-16.

Saturday, Oct. 25.—Mrs. Fortenbacher and Miss Walton, chaperon a picnic breakfast early in the morning. Nearly every one plays tennis at some time before the day is over. Debating clubs meet at 6:30.

Sunday, Oct. 26.—Miss Householder, returned from five years' work in China, speaks to us in Chapel.

Monday, Oct. 27.—That unlucky combination of rain and "Monday" prevails. A most extraordinary recital is given at 8 p. m., by the distinguished pianist Pasquale Tallarico.

Tuesday, Oct. 28.—Students vote upon the delegates to be sent to the Des Moines Conference, and choose those suggested by the committee—Miss Eskes, Mr. Billheimer and Mrs. Skow.

Wednesday, Oct. 29.—The student Volunteer Band held a very interesting Chapel service for the purpose of getting us better "acquainted" with the Taylor students at work in foreign fields. A report of the work and present location of each individual missionary is given.

Thursday, Oct. 30.—Continuation of yesterday's program in Chapel. Dr. Bedford, president of Wesleyan College, Marion, and Rev. Thompson, former Taylor student, visit the Chapel service.

Friday, Oct. 31.—Forty-six subscriptions are contributed by students in Chapel to send the Echo to all Taylor missionaries. The faculty's Hallowe'en party is a great success. Mr. Gardner wins an enviable place in T. U. history.

Saturday, Nov. 1.—Very small crowd attend breakfast. The three debating clubs are held in the evening at 6:30. The new Commercial teacher arrives. Sunday, Nov. 2.—Dr. Vayhinger leads Chapel. Pleasant day and lots of "snaps" taken.

Monday, Nov. 3.—As usual the day seems to be spent merely in getting ready for the week's work.

Tuesday, Nov. 4.—Thalo and Philo girls' Basket Ball teams start practicing as separate teams.

Wednesday, Nov. 5.—Eurekans enjoy unexpectedly nice picnic weather, in Horner's woods. Places in the Dining Hall are re-assigned.

Thursday, Nov. 6.—Martha McCutcheon arrives for a visit. Girls hold a reception in the parlors after prayer meeting.

Miss Miles, in American History—"Miss Twining, what can you tell us about the southern plantation, their social privileges, and all,"

Miss Reynolds, on the way home from Eureka picnic—"It is strange, but my left hand is awfully cold."

Mr. Prust—"O, never mind, that's just because you were sitting by Mr. Winters."

Miss Carl (interrupting a conversation in French class)—"M. Rose, parlez vous Francais?"

Jack (obligingly)—"Oui. Do you want me to read the next sentence?"

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HINTS FOR THE LOVELORN.

In his aimless wonderings about, the Editor recently found the following poems which we place in the Echo for two reasons. First, because the poems themselves express very cleverly some splendid philosophy and portray a rare bit of common sense thinking. Also because the second poem, which is such a clever come back to Mr. Castle's poem, was written by Prof. Walton.

THE OLD FASHIONED GIRL

Oh, where are the girls of the old-fashioned kind,

The girls that can cook and can sew?

What's become of the girls who are modest and coy,

The kind that our dads used to know?

Believe me, they's scarcer than teeth from a hen.

(Not hardly, you know, but almost).

For the girls of today hit the bright cabaret,

And they eat neither gravy nor roast.

Oh, no—but they order the sparkling champagne,

And then they go out for the dance. For they're modern in every known sense of the word,

Are Mamie and Gladys and Nance.

There's Nellie—the one with the sob in her eye—

She's out with the movies, you know.

And she joy-rides at times in a flivver machine

With a "ham" who is not very slow.

And Mildred and Myrtle and dimpled Clarice

Are learning to dance classic style; They twist and they squirm and they wiggle and glide

Like a snake on the banks of the Nile.

Now all this is proper—it's "clawss," so they say.

And "it's allbeing done now, you know;"

But I hunger at times for the old-fashioned girl,

The kind that can cook and can sew.

—David Castle

THE OLD FASHIONED MAN

We have read, Mr. Castle, your mournful appeal

For the girl who can cook and can sew;

But what of the man, the old-fashioned kind,

Who lived in the dear long ago?

In our grandmother's day, at least so I've heard,

The man, too, was willing to work; He'd help rock the baby and bring in the wood,

And the homeliest tasks never shirk.

But now—While you're talking of Mamie and Nance

Just pause by the way if you can And look for a moment at Freddie and Jack,

The average modern young man.

He strolls down the street in his debonair way,

In the role of society's pet; And wherever he goes he's polluting the air

With the fumes of a vile cigarette.

He loaf's on the corner with more of his kind

And rails at the woman who votes; Can you blame her for wanting to help run the state,

While he flagrantly sows his wild oats?

He gambles in stocks, and calls it finance,

And he stakes fifty thousand or so; If he meets with success he's a "born financier;"

Not just a plain gambler, oh, no!

When given his choice of a dozen nice girls,

He proves the old rule, "love is blind,"

By choosing the butterfly type every time,

Instead of the home-loving kind.

And then when he finds that his dear little wife

Has never learned how to make bread,

He feels he's been cheated—nor places the blame

Where it should be—upon his own head.

The old fashioned girl? She is with us today

As she was many decades ago.

But she's not to be found in the dance-hall, my friend.

Nor yet in the cabaret's glow.

You will find her at home, in the office, or school,

And doing her duty always.

You have missed her, perhaps, as she doesn't "show off,"

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good pictures

for T. U. Students.

Some have tried

other Studios

but—

They all

come back.

But stays at her post day by day.

She is modest and sweet, she knows
how to "keep house,"

And let the chap win her who can;

For while willing to wed, she is will-
ing to wait

For the right sort of old-fashioned
man.

L. R. W.

THE WAY.

I know the way. His voice has called,
"Follow Me, I go before."

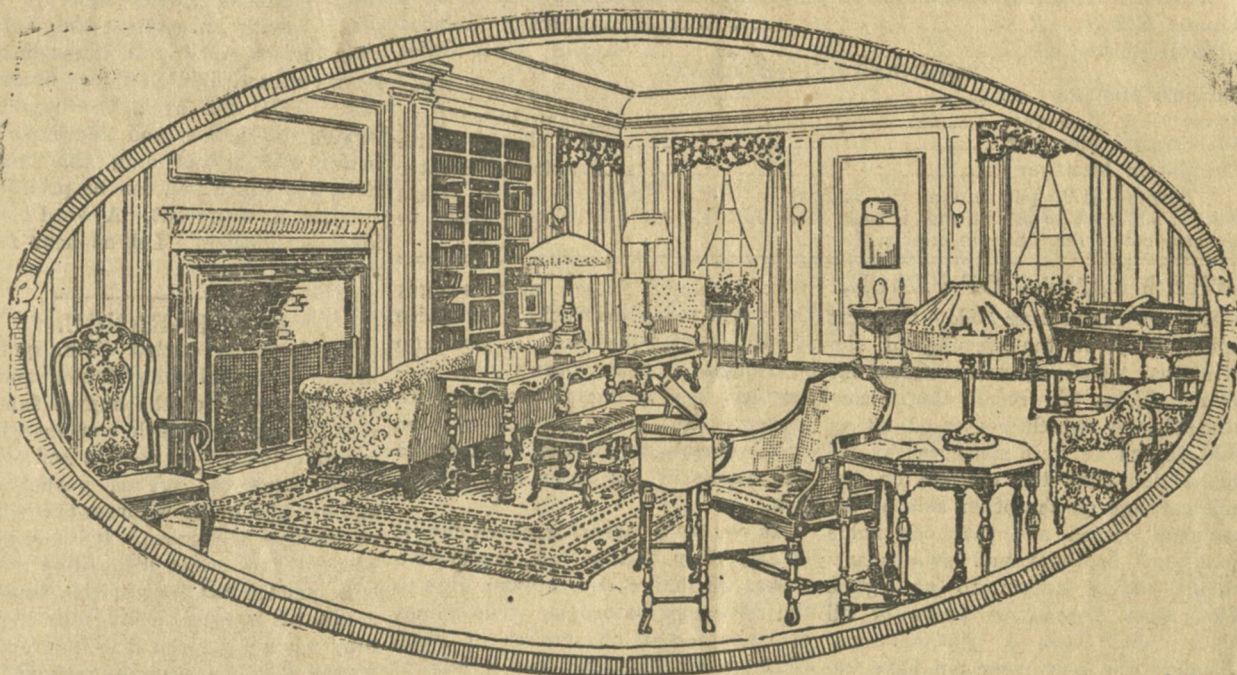
I know the way, 'tis with my Lord
He leads me through the open door.

I know the way, 'tis just the step
That Christ Himself illumines for me;
'Tis just His outstretched arm ahead,
His heart of love to which I flee.

I know the way, I look to Him;
Darkness cannot hide the road,
For just the pressure of His hand
Can keep me from the highway
broad.

I know the way, His love has planned
Just where my willing feet should
go,

I know the way for, praise the Lord,
He guides His children here below.



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And today, richer by these many years of experience, Kelley's pledges anew its devotion to the Better Homes idea and rests its claims for your consideration and patronage on its ability to serve you better.

We invite you to put us to the test.

KELLEY'S

Marion, Indiana.

Circulation this issue 700.

TAYLOR UNIVERSITY ECHO

Published on the second and fourth Tuesdays of each month, by the Taylor University Echo Company, Students of Taylor University, Upland, Indiana, from October to June, both months inclusive.

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THE MEANING OF PEACE.

We are celebrating today the first anniversary of the signing of the armistice which virtually ended the World War. We recall the uncontrollable joy which possessed us on that day as we were staggered by the realization that the terrible conflict and carnage on the other side of the sea had ceased and that our noble sons and brothers and sweethearts should safely return to us again. This most momentous peace of all history has been a glorious one! Through the past year we have revealed in the realities of peace and prosperity tho constrained to watch with feverish anxiety the proceedings of that council at Paris which was creating and obliterating nations and shaping the future political organization of the entire human race.

As we have swiftly completed the annual cycle since November eleventh last, we can look upon the present world conditions with a retrospection which has cleared our visions and sobered our minds. Those who see plainly and think deeply are fearful that there is yet a vast work to be done. Selfishness is rampant in the world today! A monstrous selfishness which has thrown China and Japan into conflict, has spread Bolshevism and chaos across the entire continent of Europe and has paralyzed the industries of our own nation to such an extent that the supply of necessities will soon be exhausted, causing endless suffering throughout the nation. It seems almost as if the whole social system is in a condition of decay and instability.

The world was confronted with a

dark precipice fifteen months ago; the world today overlooks a precipice of still greater disaster. A year ago we rejoiced in a new-born peace. Today we face a gigantic problem to preserve that peace. Thinking men and women everywhere realize the seriousness of the impending disruption.

As we are celebrating peace day, it is extremely fitting—yea, imperative—that we shall consecrate our lives to the new task before us. The forces of right and of the church of Jesus Christ must organize into a mighty factor which shall interpret the true meaning of peace and brotherhood to the world. It seems that men have lost sight of the Christ and his simple message of peace. Until these are restored to the world's thinking as a basic, living, reality we can have no genuine or lasting peace. This is the task which confronts the Christian Church today. Shall we not, as true Christians, dedicate our lives on this peace day to the task of establishing true peace within the hearts of men!

AN ANNOUNCEMENT.

A twenty page Echo was decided upon by the Staff at their last meeting. Do you appreciate the strenuous efforts the staff is making this year to give you the very biggest and best paper which Taylor University can produce? Do you realize the great increase in work and expense which this will necessitate? Are you loyal enough to your school and your Alma Mater to help us make the paper a huge success? Then there are three things you can do. First, pay your own subscription AT ONCE. Second,

give us or send us news items, alumni notes or contributions of any kind which will be of interest to Echo readers and will be representative of Taylor. Third, (of especial and immediate importance) send us AT ONCE a list of addresses of friends, alumni, prospective students, or folks interested in Taylor who might be prospective subscribers. We are making a drive at this time to increase our subscription list. We solicit your help. You must realize that to send forty pages of Taylor news to you every month throughout the school year for one dollar will necessitate a large subscription list or financial ruin. YOU can avoid the latter by sending us names and addresses or, better still by sending this year's Echo (of which you can be proud) to a friend as a present. A word to the loyal is sufficient. Let us hear from you soon.

FORBEARANCE.

Forebearance is that divine quality which is occasionally found among rare specimens of the human family. It is that unaccountable element which causes a man to be patient and sweet when some outrage is perpetrated against him or he becomes the victim of criminal negligence. It is the presence of this sweet disposition which will quicken his imagination and increase his insight, causing him to forbear when his Echo does not arrive. There may be several reasons for this. First of all, second class mails have been known to mis-carry. Again, we may have an incorrect address for you. Further, it is entirely consistent with human nature that the circulation manager may have made an error. In any case, kindly state your grievance promptly and modestly, and we will make hasty reparation to the best of our ability. We have promised a well organized circulation department for this year and we mean to make that promise good. Feel free at any time to contribute to our general wastebasket for trouble and complaints and we in turn will feel obligated to give you the best Echo paper and the best Echo service you have ever known.

Officer (as company is temporarily about to vacate trench which has been reported mined)—“You two will remain here and if there is an explosion you will blow a whistle. You understand?”

Private Spuds—“Yes sir. Will we blow it going up or coming down, sir?”

ACADEMY AGAIN BEATEN BY SOPHOMORES.

Basket ball is booming at Taylor this fall as never before in her history, and indications point to a most successful year for both the girl's and boy's teams. Yes! the girls are wishing for a chance to show their mettle this season for the first time on record. Quite a number of eager girls reported to "try out" for one of the society teams. Keep up the good work girls!

An enthusiastic audience attended the game of Oct. 24, when the Academy and the Sophomres lined up for a 30 minute session of grueing. Both teams won hearty applause from the crowd. The interest was intense throughout the game, time and time again the crowd were brought to their feet, for when the final whistle blew the score stood 15 to 15.

The game commenced with a rush the ball was passed back and forth with snap all during the game. Ebee, haun, and Slagg, of the Academy surpassed their opponents in this respect, while the latter put up a stone-wall defense for his team. Hann put the pill through the loop with the most dexterity. White, Pugh and French were largely responsible for the victory of their team. Although the Academy warriors kept the Sophomores worried throughout the contest, they were compelled to yeild to superior weight during the five extra minutes of play necessary to decide the tie. The result being 20 to 16.

Lineup and summary.

Sopnmores 20	Academy 16
French ----- Forward	Hann
White ----- Forward	Totten
rugh ----- Center	Alexander
Skow ----- Guard	Ebee
Norvelle ----- Guard	Slagg

Summary: Seelig replaced Totten and Webster replaced Skow for the second half. Referee, "Dell" Stiles. Time of halves— 15 min. Attendance 150.

A CALL TO ME

A Father's hand to hold to mine,
 A call to me,
 Those whisperings of things divine,
 Why faithless be?
 An understanding smile that holds,
 Through sun and shade,
 A shining love that warms, enfolds,
 And cannot fade.
 A pow'r that will not let me roam,
 But breaks the trail,
 A gentle strain that draws me home,
 How can I fail?
 —Beulah Young.

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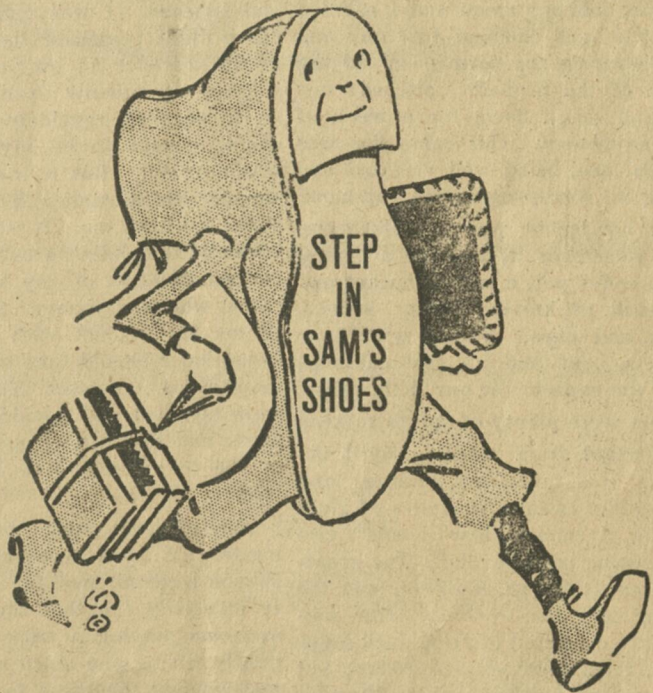
MARION, IND.

Phone 58

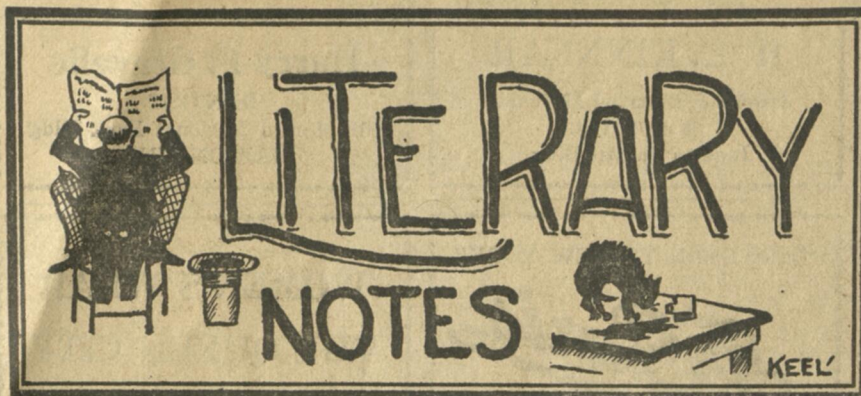
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A WEEK'S CAMPING ON THE DELAWARE

The majestic Delaware, as it picks its way between the hills of Pennsylvania and New Jersey, bearing on its crest great ocean liners, sturdy harbor craft, easy-going pleasure vessels, and countless row-boats and canoes, paints one of nature's most beautiful pictures. Along its shores are many desirable camping sites where, during the summer season, thousands from the near-by cities spend profitable and delightful vacations.

It was to one of these spots, midway between the cities of Philadelphia and Trenton, that my chum and I paddled our little bark one fine July day and after securing the permission of the owner of the property, pitched our tent and settled down for a week of solid enjoyment. Our camp-site was an ideal one, being well elevated and having all conveniences near at hand.

Our equipment was not elaborate. As I remember it, we had a frying pan, a coffee pot, a canvas bucket and two each of knives, forks, spoons, plates and cups. These, with our blankets, tent and a few eatables, taxed the capacity of our little canoe.

There were plenty of sports to keep us occupied from morning until evening. With excellent bathing and fishing, and twenty-five miles of river inviting a canoe, how could two sport-loving boys be idle? The greatest pleasure for us, however, was the cooking and dish-washing. Our regular fare consisted of fried duck eggs, bacon, fried potatoes and coffee; but after we had finished cooking them, it would have been difficult for an inexperienced person to detect any difference between eggs, bacon and potatoes as they all looked alike and tasted like charcoal. When we had finished our meal we would proceed to the river bank to wash the dishes; having seated ourselves at the water's edge we scoured the dishes with the sand until we thought them clean,

rinsed them in the river and laid them in the sun to dry. Of course, being of an economical turn of mind, we saved lard by not washing the frying pan at all.

One day our minds were somewhat disturbed by the report that several canoes had been stolen from the river the night before. That night, therefore, before turning in, we pulled our canoe up on the bank and chained it securely to a small tree. In the middle of the night, while I was sleeping fitfully and dreaming of my soft feather bed at home, I felt something hit my ribs and heard my chum say, "Sh-h! Listen!" I sat up quietly and listened. I was chilled by the damp night breath of the river. Way in the distance an owl seemed to be singing my funeral dirge. The river, as it beat so regularly upon the shore, seemed to be saying that all was not well. But it was not these sounds which made the goose-flesh stand out upon me. It was the rattle, rattle of the chain on our canoe. We had no firearms of any kind, but my chum, who was younger than I, handed me the hatchet with the instructions that I should take good aim. It seemed for a moment that my nerves were steadied and I suddenly became brave and fearless. I opened the flap of the tent resolved to deal a death blow to the thief.

But, alas, no such bravery was needed. I soon discovered that I should have no use for the hatchet. It was only the tide that had risen and was playing a trick upon us by gently lifting the stern of our canoe and causing the chain to rattle. With a deep sign of relief, but with sleep gone from our eyes, we again lay down to await the coming day.

Toward the end of the week, having heard that the owner of the property on which we were camping was inclined to charge rather heavily, contrary to agreement, and believing in economy, as I stated before, we arose very early in the morning, pull-

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Marion.

ed stakes, hurriedly placed our outfit in the canoe, and were gone. We arrived home late in the afternoon very proud of a beautiful coat of tan and hoping we should never see the owner of that property again.

—A. Wesley Pugh.

TAYLOR'S PRESSING NEED.

At the present time it is repeatedly said Taylor must have money. She needs funds to pay her long-standing debt. She needs money to better equip her buildings and build a library and laboratory. It is not to be denied that funds are needed and are needed badly. However, to my mind there must be some other need or these funds would come in. Something seems to be blocking the channel through which God's blessings are poured.

We are told in God's Word to "ask and it shall be given unto thee." Now this command is not to ask for spiritual blessings only but also for temporal needs. What father is there who does not delight in having his children recognize him as being able to supply their needs and come and ask for such things as they need. So our heavenly Father wants us as his children to come to Him and simply ask. By asking we are oftentimes reminded that the things which we want are not the things which are necessary. Yes, we sometimes do not realize that a certain thing is harmful until we try to ask God for it.

However, asking without faith is in vain. Asking God for something and then not expecting that He will give it is calling God a liar. To such petitions God turns a deaf ear. Faith is that which causes our prayers to get through to God.

Now, here at school we hear often of this asking in faith. To my mind we have been asking and asking in faith. Prayers are almost constantly ascending to the throne of our Father, prayers by people who know what it means to have their petitions granted. And this brings us to say again that perhaps there is another need. Perhaps God wishes to teach us another lesson. Let me suggest what it might be.

We are told again and again in the Book of books the Book which tells us what to do when we are in need of something, to "Wait on the Lord." Our God is a God of infinite wisdom and I can thank him that he does not work according to a finite schedule of time. Are we waiting on the Lord here at Taylor? Or are we asking the Lord to send so much money in

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such a length of time? "But," you may say, "have we not been asking for a long time already?" Perhaps it has been a long time to us, but to our Heavenly Father it has been but a moment and in His time, which will be the right time, he shall answer if we continue to ask, keep our faith, and wait on Him. The "Earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof" and He is not a poor banker. So let us not become impatient, but wait, for we are told that, "It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord."

MY FIRST S. P. IN T. U.

It was not altogether an easy matter to persuade myself the first time to venture into the social realm. I had often admired some fellow who had the privilege of accompanying some fair damsel to church, but it seemed that I could not muster enough courage to venture into the girls' dormitory. And if I should get that far, I was quite sure that my power of speech would fail me when I heard that maiden come tripping merrily down the stairs.

But at length I determined to do my best and if I failed, I would never try again. So when I had prepared what I intended to say and planned just how I should conduct myself, I entered the "Bird House" and rang "her" bell. She came in a minute and stood before me, but I couldn't think of a word I wanted to say. All I could remember was "Down town to church?" But she seemed to understand me perfectly, at least she nodded her consent. My heart bound back into place and I turned and walked down the steps of the dorm, whistling "When you and I were Young, Maggie."

VACATION ON THE T. U. CAMPUS.

Vacation on the campus began with the vacating of the students. By the Monday following the close of school T. U. was as vacant a place as any old "dry as dust" might wish for. Here, with your favorite hobby (if you were so lucky as to possess one) you might shut yourself up for weeks at a time and no one would miss you. Or if you preferred slumber you might sleep the sleep of Rip Van Winkle, unmolested. But, if you were one of those mortals who was unlucky enough to be human, you would have a very strenuous time trying to fill twelve of your otherwise valuable weeks with a vacation.

For the first week or so before the novelty wore off, you might enjoy it, and fill your time by answering all of your long overdue correspondence, reading all of the magazines in the house, and playing tennis with the few who remained. However, it is never long before the vacation spirit seizes the campus, and the inhabitants begin to take short trips; soon, nearly every one has gone. Then time hangs heavily upon your hands and you begin to sympathize with poor Robinson Crusoe. Indeed, a desert island would be an improvement over T. U., in that here you have already explored every nook and cranny of your island.

Having exhausted every other means of entertainment you turn in despair to reading, and scour the campus for fiction, probably succeeding in unearthing only two novels not previously read, both of which you could devour in a day and a half. Upon making another foraging expedition, you might discover a complete set of Dickens which belongs to a neighbor. The next few weeks are

spent in wading through Pickwick Papers and absorbing Barnaby Rudge, Nicholas Nickleby, Bleak House and Dombey and Son. By this time your appetite for Dickens is satisfied and you look in vain for something else, finally settling down to the reading of Ivanhoe for the fifth time.

The only thing left, seemingly, is the school catalogue, which you read from start to finish, including the "Rules and Regulations" and the list of students in the back. You notice that school begins September 24th, so you will likely begin to count the days, each of which seems an age: "Twenty-four hours in a day, sixty minutes in an hour, sixty seconds—oh, what's the use?" It will seem an eternity.

About this time, according to the authors, you should begin to rave and tear your hair; indeed you should do so if kind fate did not give you a trip to a neighboring city. Of course, while you are away, some little excitement would have to come to T. U., namely, a wedding or two and the return of some old students.

The remaining weeks after your return you manage to put in somehow. The exact means by which you kill time, neither you, nor anyone else, can ever tell. By the morning of registration day finds you firmly resolved never to spend another vacation on the campus.

—Jane Campbell.

Mr. Webster (translating French, "Que ju suis bete! How stupid I am!") "What a beast I am!"

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POET'S CORNER

THE HEART OF A GIRL.

(By Lulu R. Walton)

The heart of a girl is an opening rose,
With petals of tenderest hue,
Unfolding to peep at the smiling sun
And the friendly heavens of blue.

The heart of a girl is an unread book,
With pages white and fair,
Unsullied as yet by the gaze of the
crowd,
Untouched by the hand of care.

The heart of a girl is an unknown
depth
Of a boundless, silent sea.
We can only guess at the strength and
power,
Lying ready to be set free.

The heart of a girl is the woman-heart
And the mother-heart in one;
O'erflowing with love and tenderness,
Its mission just begun.

The heart of a girl is a wonderful
thing,
But its beauty few may know;
For 'tis hidden away from the common
view
By an outer husk of show.

The heart of a girl—great Father
above,
Keep it pure as the morning light;
With smiles for the gay, and tears
for the sad,
And courage to stand for the right.

For the joy and cheer of this world
of ours
With its dizzying clamor and whirl,
Are found, by those who know where
to seek,

In the wonderful heart of a girl.
(To Henrietta and Kathryn Voorheis)

MEMORIES.

Above the gold and crimson trees,
the moon
Seems with its beaming rays, a
barque of pearl.
Upon a tossing sea of soft, grey
clouds
Which battle with the winds that
round them whirl.

It lights the weather-beaten tower
and shines
Over the rustling trees with beams
so bright.
The dining hall, the dorms, the heat-
ing plant

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Seem but gaunt spectres in the cold
moon light.

The moon grows dim, the night is
nearly o'er,

The morning comes with life itself
to share.

The short lull of the night is but a
pause

Between the busy days of toil and
care.

Dear Taylor, may we ever see you
thus,

As into Memory's halls we make our
way.

May Memory always bring you as
you stood,

In the calm hush of night, before
the day.

W. E. W.

SUNSET.

The Sun was slowly sinking in the
west,

It cast its golden gleam o'er vale
and hill,

The Robin and the Bluebird sweet
did trill,

All nature dreamily was lulled to
rest.

The murmuring zephyrs softly whis-
pered dreams

To trees and grass and flowers, tall
and fair,

Whose lovely fragrance filled the
balmy air;

And lullabies were sung by distant
streams.

O Sunset, could I ever dream of thee—
Thy golden rays so pure, so calm,

serene,

Unclouded is thy waning golden sheen,
Sweet rest thou scatterest over vale
and lea.

Oh could I ever hear the singing bird,
The murmuring brook and breeze—

and

Thus—God's word.

EIGHT—T. U.

SMILES.

There are smiles of deep-seated kind-
ness,

There are smiles disgusting and
vain

There are smiles that seem born in
heaven

And freshen like drops of the rain.

Smiles, gay, trivial, meaningless,

Sneering ones seeming to scoff

But the one great smile, the smile
worth while,

Is the smile that won't come off.

DARE.

Dare to do right,
Shun every wrong,
For it is might
To stand alone.

Dare to be first,
In a cause that is true,
Others have failed
But why should you?

Hoist up your banner,
Stand firm on your word,
Fight with such valor
As men never heard.

Then when you've finished
And the battle is won,
Then men shall say,
(For your fame has begun),

There is a man
Who dared to do right,
He made a brave stand
Till the end of the fight.

—G. W. Alexander.

THE BELLS OF YOUTH.

The bells of youth peal out to me,
Of sacred opportunity,
Saying, "Go forth with the strength
of man,

For by your God's good grace you
can.

For life complex is not a dream,
As judging by some it may seem;
For life's short summer, like the flow-
er,

Is but, it seems, a transient hour.
E'en while in life we are in death,
It behooves each to do his best,
And on this footstool in probation,

Let us as men each find his station.
For right or wrong we must decide.
Choose right, and God will be your
Guide.

We live in deeds, and not in years,
While we traverse this vane of
tears;

We live in thot, and not in breath,
And feeling then fulfills the rest."

—Glenn Nelson.

Atlantic City—"Oh, well, you know
we easterners are in a position to
know the facts of the situation. The
Middle Westerners are fine people,
but—"

Pugh—"My home is in Camden, N.
J. I suppose it might be a little far-
ther east."

Brownie, at Vicksburg, looking at
the top of a tall obelisk, was made the
victim of an optical illusion due to the
moving clouds. "Look out, John," he
shouted, "this thing is falling over on
us."

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ORGANIZATIONS

ACADEMY SENIORS.

We are submitting this as the first of a series of articles to let it be known that there is a Senior Academy class this year.

At a meeting early in the school year the following officers were elected:

President—Lewis Daughenbaugh.
Vice-President—J. M. Jenkins.
Secretary—Etta Hall.
Treasurer—Beverly Weybrew.
Reporter—Harold Slagg.
Social Chairman—Esther Heasley.
Athletic Manager—Earl Hahn.

At the same meeting the class colors, white and gold, were chosen.

We are sixteen in number, gathered from almost every corner of the Western Hemisphere. But though our homes may be scattered, we are bound together by common purpose and principle.

At present, plans are being made by the Social Chairman for a weiner roast or a social event of some other nature. Even at this early date, students from other classes have made application for invitations. You will hear of other activities later so take notice.

NEW ACTIVITIES IN ENGLISH II.

Second year Academy English, under Lois Cope, held a Methodist Quarterly Conference Oct. 1st, 1919. The meeting was called to order by our District Superintendent, Eugene Halterman, followed by prayer by the chaplain. Then the regular business of the meeting was taken up. Interesting reports were given by the pastors, the local preacher, the Sunday school superintendent, and others. A very vivid talk on our mission fields and her needs and activities was given by our returned missionary, Miss Freesmeyer. The district superintendent closed the conference with a few well-chosen remarks and delivered the meeting into the hands of the instructor. The class was then permitted to criticize the work.

And the end is not yet. Personal interpretations of Biblical stories are to be memorized and given before the assembly. First honors will be awarded by a committee of three judges from the faculty. With these new activities and others to follow, it promises to be a great year, well spent for English II.

Walter E. Whitmore, Reporter.

CURRY EXPRESSION CLUB.

The Expression Department met November 3, to reorganize the Curry Expression Club. The following officers were elected:

President—Mr. Floyd Seelig.
Vice-President—Miss Emma J. Tresler.
Secretary—Miss Laura E. Neff.
Treasurer—Mr. Paul Billheimer.
Reporter—Miss Alice Smith.

The Club decided to open the membership to any persons interested in the department, who may become associate members by paying regular dues. It offers a great opportunity to those preparing for public work; it also affords a good social time.

Plans are being made for monthly recitals, the proceeds from which will be used for the Expression Department Library. The first program will be given soon and we hope to make it a real success.

PHILO SOCIETY.

The Philo Literary Society met in Schriener Auditorium, Friday evening October 25th, and rendered a very pleasing program. Special interest was added by the readings given by Prof. Glazier, who was formerly a member of our society. Mr. Hutsin-piller, also gave an interesting reading. The piano solo by Miss Campbell, the vocal solo by Mr. Seelig, and the cornet solo by Mr. Webster, accompanied by Mr. Wigg, were splendidly given, all showing their marked talent and ability. Mr. Roberts favored us again with his oration, "Valiant for Truth," (a eulogy on Theodore Roosevelt) which was in keeping with the day, Americanization Day. The Philo Standard by the Editor, Mr. Fensternacher, was unusually well written being full of wit and humor and was much appreciated by all.

THALO SOCIETY.

Friday evening September 26 the Thalonian Literary society met and rendered its first program of the year to a very attentive audience.

Mr. Norvelle in his "feeble remarks" or address gave a royal welcome to new students, returned soldiers, and old members. He very ably described the benefits of belonging to a literary society.

The instrumental solos by Misses Teed and Shaw were deeply expressive and well rendered. The vocal solos by Miss Topp and Mr. Boat showed exceptional talent.

Miss Tresler read the Thalonian Review and Mrs. Gilbertson read Kipling's "If" and the "Dead Pussy Cat."

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On the following Friday evening, October 3rd the Thalonian Literary society gave its second program..

Miss Annette Westlake gave two instrumental solos with ease and composure seldom exhibited by an older person. Mr. Diaz, added a new feature to the program, with his Guitar solos, giving a Hawaiian selection as an encore.

The vocal solos by Mrs. Moulton and Mr. Diaz were enjoyed by all.

Two poems from Riley were ably given by Miss Eskes. Mr. Rose gave a very interesting talk on his experiences as Y. M. C. A. secretary in Chicago. Miss Young's "Mother Goose Sermon" convulsed the audience with laughter. Her modulations of tone and changes of pitch were almost perfect.

HOLINESS LEAGUE.

Those who missed the Holiness meeting Friday evening, Oct. 31st, deprived themselves of a message much needed by the saints of God in these perilous days.

Mr. Phillips brought an inspiring message. He set forth the idea that the average motive in seeking the experience of holiness is wrong, we should seek to be holy because God is holy; "Be ye holy for I am holy," He felt that in seeking we fail to have our experience attached to a divine personality. This failure simply throws us upon our own ability, thus making us an easy, unestablished prey for the enemy.

Remember that the Holiness League is a place where Jesus meets us. Let us derive our benefits from these services.

H. E. K.

SOANGETAHA DEBATING CLUB.

The opportunity for debating has been given not only to the men of Taylor but also to the girls, who have availed themselves of this privilege and have re-organized the Soangetaha Debating Club. Shortly after its formation, the club was divided equally between the Blue and the Gold sides, each of which worked for new members. Since the Blue side won by a great majority, they will be entertained by the opposite side. Already the club has sixty-five members, nor are the doors barred to others who desire membership in this interesting and most helpful club. Every Saturday evening at six-thirty there is something going on that will interest every girl on the campus. The censors are planning live topics for debate.

At the first business meeting the following officers were elected:

President—Pauline Teed.

Treasurer—Emma Tresler.

Secretary—Lana Michael.

Assistant Secretary—Olive Dunn.

Censor—Laura Neff.

Assistant Censor—Joyce Spaulding.

Chaplin—Ethel Hodson.

Sergeant-at-Arms—Waive Horde.

Reporter—Miriam Teed.

PRAYER BAND.

Prayer Band was led Tuesday evening October 13 by the president Miss Tresler. She presented our plan of having practically all of the hour spent in definite prayer. Prayer lists were introduced in order to keep the requests before us until victory is claimed.

After some soul stirring songs, and some of His promises brought to our minds, we spent the remainder of the hour before Him. Not only have we felt the spirt of intercession but also of prevailing victory. The Lord has given a world wide vision of needs so it has not been confined to us alone but has reached out to our Taylorites in the homeland and across the seas, some of whom we knew had immediate need but many others for whom we claimed, Phil. 4-19. Many requests have come, and as Jesus teaches us, we are having a real Band of Prayer and Victory, with all praise to Him.

VOLUNTEER BAND.

Much interest is manifested in the work of the Student Volunteer Band this year. On Monday evening, Oct. 20th, Miss Householder, of China, gave an interesting talk about her work and travels.

Two chapel services last week were used to locate on the big missionary map all the Taylor missionaries. Miss Draper had charge of this work. In response to the roll call of missionaries various students told where the workers were located, and anything which could be ascertained about their work. At the same time, their mission field was connected on the map with Taylor, by purple and gold ribbons.

On Monday evening, Nov. 3rd, after devotions led by Miss Eskes, we enjoyed a brief description of the representation of work on the foreign field as seen at the Centenary Celebration, by Miss Neff. A solo was rendered by Miss Topp.

Meetings are being held every day from 12 m. to 12:15 to pray for our missionaries.

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JOKES

First Student—"How does it happen Bonner walks sideways?"

Second Student—"Why, he doesn't."

First Student—"He surely does; for he has miles (Miles) at his side."

Mr. Billheimer (a student clergy) about to enter a 'bus, noticing a gentleman seated in the corner who had evidently taken too much—"Do you allow drunkards in this 'bus?"

Conductor—"Well, not as a rule, but slip in quietly."

Pugh (single)—"How do you meet the high cost of living?"

Jeffers (married)—"You are not supposed to meet it. It overtakes you."

"What are you going to do with that service flag now, since your son is back from the war?"

"Oh, I think we'll just leave it up as usual. He's married now."

Dr. Vayhinger in Chapel—"We must not talk so much when coming into Chapel, so that the exercises may start more promptly. Let us now sing No. —, 'Blow Ye the Trumpets, Blow!'"

Mr. Brodt—"Professor, are the whiskers on a rabbit's nose called antennae?"

Prof. Peavy—"Next you'll be calling my mustache antennae."

Miss Eceberger (in sewing class)—"Mrs. Fortenbacher, I simply cannot sew straight."

Mrs. Fortenbacher—"Well, follow a thread."

Miss Eceberger—"There isn't a single thread coming my way."

Departing Visitor—"I've stayed too long. I guess you'll never ask me to come again."

Laura Neff—"Indeed I will. You never come."

If you want the windows of heaven unlocked and the blessings poured out, remember that you have the key in your pocket. Mal. 3:10.

Wanted to Know.

He—"My father weighed only four pounds at his birth."

She—"Good gracious! Did he live?"
—Boston Transcript.

Notes on the High Cost of Living.

A man in Boston recently paid the mortgage off his estate with a tenderloin steak, a bottle of milk, and a pair of shoes.

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