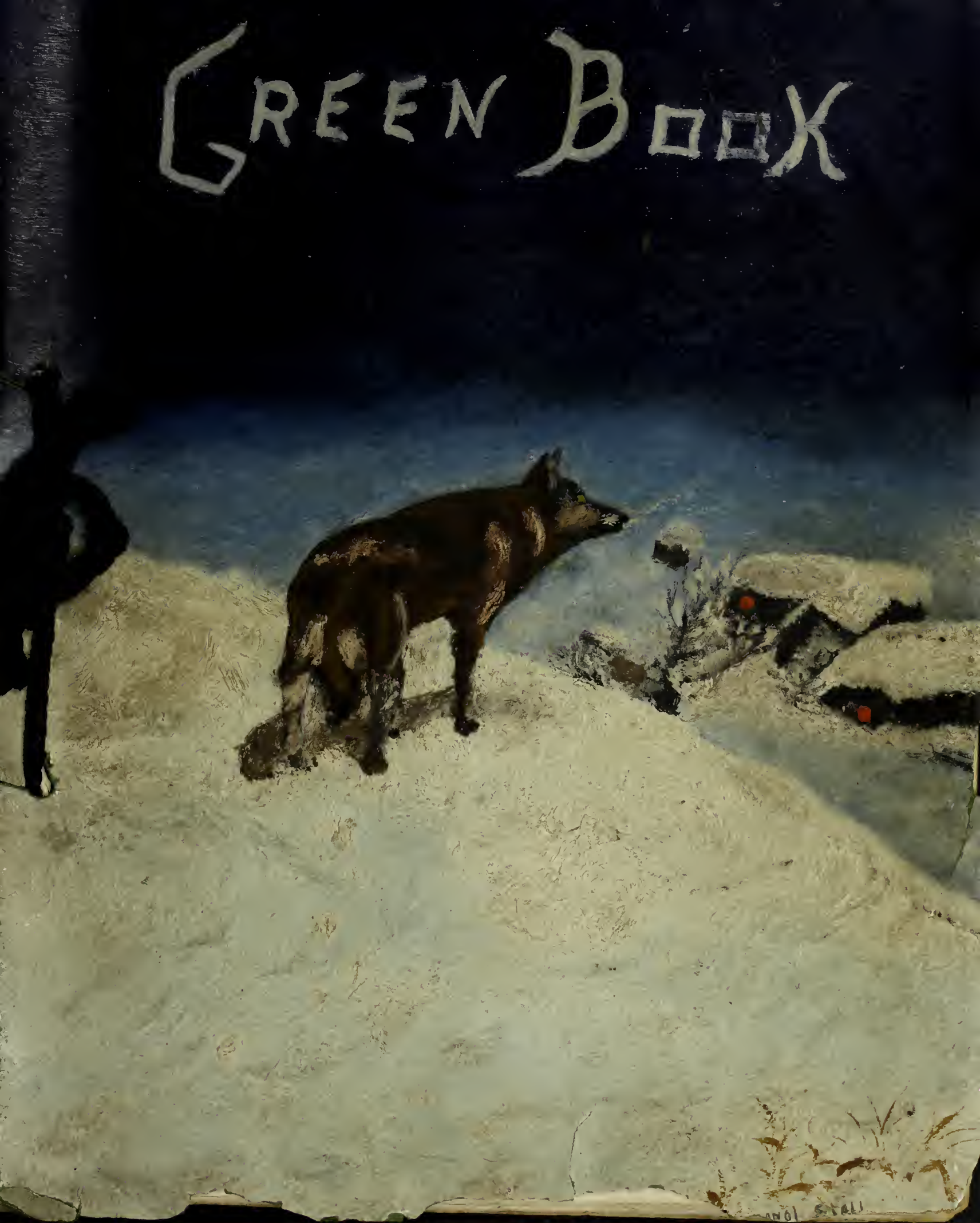
GREEN BOOK



1926

FOREWORD

The Green Book has always had peculiar success in the life of our college. Frequenters of the library have always been pleased to see its pages, read its essays, and enjoy its humor. Thus, it is our aim to present the handiwork of our class in a form pleasing and profitable to all readers.

When our worthy predecessors tremble for fear that previous numbers of this book are being eclipsed,

When the Rhetoric Class swells with pride every time its thoughts turn to its latest creation,

And when you, student reader, spend interesting, enjoyable moments reading its contents,

We will have reached our goal.

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EDITORIAL

Test time is proving time. It is also the revealing time. You learn, as well as your instructor, just how much you know. To some it is a time of regrets, while to others it is a time of satisfaction. You are held responsible not merely for what you have learned, but also for what you might have learned. The only man who is not afraid of examination is the one who has learned every day's lessons.

There are many kinds of tests. Those that come at the end of the semester show the result of your work in the past eighteen weeks. They reveal your attitude towards your studies. Always, tests are comparisons with the standard. In the academy we learn theories, in college we prove them, and in life we apply them. In the academy our knowledge is tested, in college our proof is tested, but in life the real test comes when they are put into practice.

Life is always testing our characters by our attitude to things. Some things are worth sacrificing for; others are not worth worrying over. A correct sense of values will not let some worthy calling be superseded by mere pastimes, nor will it let petty trivials spoil a day's cheer. Success and failure are tests. The attitude we take toward both, proves what we are. Trouble is often the test of nobility. Tests are the stuff souls are made of.

THAT WEEKLY THEME

One of the most painful thoughts of the entire week is, perhaps, that Friday theme. It seems to me that if the professor would wait until the Wednesday class hour to assign it, it would not be nearly so depressing. But no, she announces it a week before, expecting, no doubt, that we shall have more time to prepare it. Think of it! One whole week to ponder, and plan, and scheme is before us. One whole week to wonder how, out of somewhere in the "ethereal realms," as Mr. Hagerman would say, we are going to get that theme.

This Friday the professor assigns us a familiar essay. I think it is well named, for before one can write an essay, one becomes familiar with almost everything one can see or imagine.

This week, however, we determine that it shall not bother us. We spend a care-free Friday night, and Saturday we make up our back work in Bible and History, which we slighted Thursday to write a theme. We begin Monday much the same; but hardly are we in class before someone will inquire about our Friday assignment. Someone is always taking the joy out of life. After five minutes of painful soliloquy, we dismiss the essay from our minds, almost with a shudder, and determine to have at least three more days of unbroken pleasure.

It is easier said than done, however, for Mr. Hibbert asks us, on our way to enjoy a pleasant supper, if we have written our theme yet. When we reply no, he advances the information that his is completed. As we turn the thought of the theme over in our mind, the macaroni does not seem cooked sufficiently, the coffee is bitter, and the cake burned.

We spend two more days of grace only to discover the second period Thursday morning that we haven't started the essay. We go through the regular routine of the morning listlessly, and vainly endeavor to enter into the spirit of the chapel service. Then after Greek class we settle down, determined to at least get it started.

It is said a Ford will take you there and bring you back. The writing of themes is much like a Ford. We go on any number of long journeys, but somehow we always come back - to earth. We turn everything over in our mind - nails, toothpicks, neckties, on combing your hair, on human nature in chickens - but the fields have all been covered and we seemingly find no nuggets.

Supper time comes, and evening study hours follow. Finally about nine o'clock we chance upon a subject. In a little while we have an outline, and by eleven our essay is complete. Easy, you say? Try it for a week and then, upon coming to class joyfully with your completed theme, experience the thrill of having another assigned to you. Then you will not ask us if writing themes is easy.

E. M.

BLIZZARDS

After a long autumn of brown earth, dull gray skies, and black trees with their bare lifeless branches stretching skyward, we all welcome the first snow-fall which covers the barrenness of earth in a blanket of downy white purity.

But to me, the most glorious aspect of winter is a rousing blizzard. We awaken in the morning in a room so cold that we hardly dare stretch forth a hand to turn down the covers. The chill atmosphere of the room and the clatter and bang of the wind in the shutters awaken us to a real alertness. What can call to that inner something in our spirits more forcefully than the challenge of nature to come out and battle with the elements?

We hasten through the process of dressing as fast as benumbed fingers will allow, and, after a warm breakfast, we "bundle up" warmly and are ready to set forth. The first onslaught of the sharp wind is enough to make us cringe, but, after getting out into the swirl of the snow, the fury of the storm somehow gets into our very blood, and we race with the wind heedless of the heavy snow drifting and dragging at our feet. All of the physical love of battle is brought to the front, and we feel that if all obstacles could be met in such a manner we would be overcomers.

However, despite the inner willingness, the flesh is weak, and we come back ruddy-cheeked, happy, but exhausted. Never can an open fire, a comfortable chair, and a book hold such charm for us. We can sit by the cozy fire, content to listen to the raging storm outside with that feeling of satisfaction which comes from having exerted our greatest effort in some enterprise.

H. L. M.

QUENCHERS OF SPIRITS

About two o'clock one morning as I was taking a stroll, I noticed walking up the street a preserver of liberty. This most worthy gentleman was the picture of health. He had a full face, very full. His eyes were red and swollen, his cheeks ruddy, his nose large and red. Indeed, thought I, he must have some whiskey or bracing tonic in his anatomy. I hastened my steps to overtake my much persecuted friend and to accompany him home.

However, the honor was not to be mine, for a villain clad in a plain dark suit and wearing a disgraceful badge on his vest, seized the man's arm. Argue and threaten as I would, my effort availed nothing. Reaching into his hip pocket, the imposter produced a little cannon and with this held me back. As the traitor and his victim continued down the street, I fell behind and followed at a distance. My poor fellow man, who strange to say, was slightly bewildered and unsteady on his feet, led the way to his place of abode. Here down in a dark alley in a dilapidated almost unfurnished house he was wont to sleep and eat. With him lived five other poverty-stricken creatures.

Fate had been unkind to these men. Their parents and teachers had been unkind to them in their youth and they had left home while yet in their teens. Throughout life their intentions and acts had been misunderstood; their employers had said they were lazy and when they tried to prove their industry by relieving a bank of its burden, the city officials, heartless wretches, had seized them, abused them, and put them in prison. Because of their love for the beautiful, these unloved men had escaped from the prison and had sought refuge in this hovel. Now they were industriously manufacturing liquors and other beverages such as moonshine and "hooch". These drinks they sold to the neighbors and to people from all parts of the city. Other liquors and beers were brought from large ships which were compelled by the laws of prejudiced people to anchor three miles from the shore. Reflecting on the abuse which these liberty-loving patriots had received made my blood boil.

On the impulse of the moment I started on a run to the deserted wharf where the sustenance of so many afflicted and hunted men was usually unloaded. I was determined to thwart the machine which put so many poor men out of work. Machine? Yes! A multitude of unscrupulous, selfish spies are organized in every town and state. They have rendezvous in every part of the country and even maintain armed motor boats and destroyers on the sea. Reaching the water, I saw a motor launch riding the swells at the end of the wharf. With the determination to put it out of commission, I leaped into the

Quenchers of Spirits (continued)

boat, only to be seized and deposited back on the landing. Soon a "put-put-put" was heard in the distance and in a short time a launch loaded down with cases glided to the wharf. A scuffle followed. It was of no use to grind my teeth, for those prohibition agents, as the traitors were called, soon had possession of cases, men and that much more of the common man's liberty. Later that night a raid was made on the house in the dark alley and four more liberty-loving men were ensnared in the clutches of an unjust law.

I appeal to the descendants of the men who gave up all to obtain freedom. Shall this organization live longer? It is backed up by nearly all of the bigoted, self-righteous citizens in the country. It is sanctioned by law. But we must combine and overthrow it. We must have liberty to enjoy the spirit and the spirits of our fathers. We may have a small beginning, but, in years to come, we shall be guarding the seacoast and the streets. The hunted, then, will be the men who are trying to smuggle water into our country.

J. E. R.

HEN-PECKED

They came and sat down beside me in South Station. She was about forty-five while he must have been sixty. She immediately took out of her hand-bag a cross-word puzzle and began to work on it. He said nothing except to ask what time they would leave. Finally, she nodded to him and he picked up the suit-case. And, as they started away, somehow I pitied him.

E. J. M.

THE STORM

There are nights in June which are wonderful: nights which cast a spell over you that you can not break, nights when all nature seems to sing and over all a kindly moon sends its beams. But there are nights in June which are fearful: nights when you are filled with dread, not unmixed with venerence, nights when all nature is angry. These are the nights when you sit in your cottage window and watch.

You watch as the clouds gather, with now and then a flash of lightning and a rumble of thunder. You see the rain as it falls; you hear the wind as it rises, and the waves as they become more and more enraged and lash themselves against the rocks.

The rain is coming harder now; you can hear it as it pounds on your cottage roof. The wind is rising; you can hear it as it whistles through the trees. The thunder is roaring, the lightning is flashing. Great spouts of water are sent bounding into the air. Over yonder a tree goes crashing to the ground.

You sit spellbound by this wonderful, this awful mood of nature. You tremble, not with fear, but with a mingled awe and joy. Awe, because you have never seen the storm in all its power before; joy, because you know that should you, like the tree, feel the touch of those merciless flashes, you would fall asleep only to awake in your Redeemer's arms.

In this glorious thought you forget, for a moment, the storm. Then suddenly a vivid flash lights up the raging sea and not far distant you see a small shape. It is a motor launch with people in it! You jump to your feet, you clasp your hands together; but you are helpless. Who are they? Will they make the landing? Are they any of your loved ones? Oh, why doesn't it lightning again so you can see! Maybe its Dad, but oh, no, he must have made shelter before the storm. Perhaps it is brother Dick, but he, - there a great blaze has lighted up all. You look and you clasp your hands; the boat can't make it! See that mountainous wave. Its going to tip the launch. It has, it has, it has! What will you do? What can you do? You rush to the door. You call wildly, but it is of no use. All you can hear is the answer to your questions coming back to you through the falling rains and whistling winds; you can do nothing.

The night has passed. You thought it never would end, but it did. With fear and dread in your heart you go to the window, and you look. All the world is bathed in glorious sunlight. Not a cloud is in the sky, not a ripple on the water. In the fields a

The Storm (continued)

thousand diamonds are glistening in the sun. On yonder distant island all is still and peaceful. Nowhere is there a stir. Out in the channel a great fishing schooner rides calmly at anchor, an anchor which has held during the storm. Over all there is a stillness, a stillness which you can feel, the stillness which comes after the tempest. Everything is beautiful, with that kind of beauty seen only after the ravages of a storm.

But you look toward the beach, and oh, the sights which greet your eyes there! A thousand splinters are scattered about the hulk of a motor launch. On the rocks nearby, three human bodies are lying, bodies of ladies. A feeling of thankfulness rises in your heart followed quickly by one of sadness. You thank God for sparing your loved ones, - but whose are they?

I.M.D.

THE SEA AND THE MOUNTAINS

If your senses have been numbed by monotonous toil, go to the water; but if you are tired of activity and the tumult of the world, flee to the mountains. The sea, to the sluggish and inactive person, will be as a tonic, stirring his blood and rousing him to action. To watch its restless course and unharnessed ambition will create desire for fresh adventures and new experiences. He will long to get out of his rut and onto the highway of life. The mountains, on the other hand, are restful and yet inspiring. They are the first to foretell the approach of the rising sun and the last to bear the news of its setting. They are gigantic, majestic, awful, unapproachable, yet they are quiet amid the storms of earth and cool amid its scorching heat.

R. E.

AN INTRUDER

"I always have believed in progress and I always shall, but I have little use for anyone who intrudes on the rights of others. I still desire to shake hands with the man who made the first two horse wagon. It is a great step in civilization. A two horse wagon has enabled me and my neighbors to haul our corn to the nearby town in much less time.

"As soon as I heard about them I bought one. Some folks said I was foolish to spend so much money, but as I always consider a thing from every viewpoint before I make up my mind I was not discouraged in the least. You see I looked at it this way. If I hitch two horses to one wagon I could dismiss my hired man. I could haul more corn in this large wagon than I could in two one horse wagons. It would take less shed room for one wagon than for two. Then besides this, it would be easier work for my horses. After reasoning with my neighbors and proving to them the profit there was in owning one of these latest inventions my neighbors were convinced, and soon they were the owners of one. This sixty mile trip to dispose of our corn and purchase our immediate articles seems to have been reduced in mileage. Besides the advantage the wagon was to me, a feeling of pride hovered low. I was proud, not merely because I owned a two horse wagon, but because I was keeping pace with the spirit of progress.

"Not long after this some well dressed men came into our community. They said they were going to put a railroad through our part of the country. They asked to buy a strip of my land. They also said they would put a station eight miles from my home. I did not want to sell a part of my farm and I told them so. After they saw I was not to be persuaded, they said they would compel me to sell. I cannot see why an honest man on his own farm is to be subject to the will of some well dressed city man. Unwillingly I sold the land.

"As I said before, I believe in progress, and I also believe in standing up for a man's rights. When I came in from work one noon, I saw a whole gang of men working on that strip of my land which was wrested from me. They wanted me to board them, but I refused, I cannot patronize anything that resembles lawlessness. After weeks of work they completed, what they called, a track. It was a queer looking thing to me. Where it started and where it ended I do not know. I did hear some of the men say, but I would not be so stupid as to believe such an absurd thing. They built a fence on each side of the track as though they feared I would move a rail. I felt like telling them that they, not I, were the intruders.

An Intruder (continued)

"I can scarcely bear to look in the direction of that track. It has marred the scenery of one of the most beautiful sections of the neighborhood. Everybody always said that pasture across the road from my house was the most picturesque place in the whole vicinity.

"One day when I was grubbing in some new ground I was nearly frightened into spasms. I heard the loudest, the shrillest, the most terrifying noise I had ever heard in all my life. Knowing that no man or beast in this section of the country could make such a noise, I readily decided Gabriel was sounding his trumpet. I was surprised and disappointed too, for I did not think he would try to frighten us so. Looking up I scanned the Heavens, but saw nothing except the natural conditions. Then I remembered that railroad track. I looked as far as I could see in one direction, then looked in the opposite one. There, coming at an awful speed, was an engine. Motionless, I watched it. It seemed to pass beyond my vision in a moment. For some time I stood there as one dazed. If it should ever get off the track that fence would never stop it! I wondered if it would return.

"In the afternoon some of my neighbors gathered, and we discussed the events of the morning. One said he had heard they were just trying out the track. Another had heard the engine would pull a lot of cars, and another yet that it would go faster than it did this morning. While we were talking we were all alarmed. Trembling we stepped back. There was a repetition of the scream of the morning. Presently the engine passed before us and disappeared.

"One night a few weeks later while sleeping peaceably, I was so startled that I jumped to my feet. What could it be? What a rolling rumbling, a ringing of bells! Rushing to the window I peered into the darkness. There in the direction of that track was a faint light moving at a rapid rate. Soon it was gone. I was so terrified that I could not go to sleep for an hour or so. I wondered just what the cars were like. I also wondered if the train would thunder by every night.

"The following week proved it was a schedule train. In addition, a freight train was soon put on which passed every afternoon. According to the promise the trains stopped at the station eight miles away. Soon my neighbors hauled their corn there and loaded it on the cars. This I would not do. As I said before I would not patronize anyone or anything that was detrimental to humanity. I still think I was ill treated by being compelled to sell a strip of my farm, - right out of that pretty pasture too. I cannot help feeling angry

An Intruder (continued)

every time a train passes, for my horses get frightened so. It has made them so nervous I can hardly drive them. Some of my neighbors talk and act so queer lately too. They seem to think these trains are a wonderful help to them. I do not see how they can be influenced so easily.

"One day I was at the station when the passenger train stopped. Just for curiosity's sake I looked it over. There were a number of well dressed people in it, sitting comfortably on velvet seats, seats nicer than there are in any home in my community. Where they were going I could not imagine. Several men in uniform were paid for riding, I suppose. While looking at the engine I saw the fireman shovel coal into the firebox. I asked him if that quantity would last until he got to the next station. When he told me how much coal he used I felt like classifying him as a robber. Just think of the coal he burns to give people a good time; then think of the poor people who nearly freeze in the winter.

"Two weeks later a man rushed to my house for help. A frightened team had attempted to cross the track in the face of the oncoming train. One man was killed and another seriously injured. My conviction that this railroad is an intruder on the peace of our community was strengthened. No such accident as this had ever happened before in this vicinity.

"The last time I took a load of corn to town I heard the rumor that Worthless Jim, a home boy, had attempted to rob the train. At the trial he was proven guilty and was sent to jail. In weighing this matter I said to myself, this is another result of that unasked-for railroad. If they had never laid that track through my field, Jim would be at home today with his mother.

"Jim is not the only one who is away. Few of our young people seem contented to stay at home and work as we older ones do. This railroad has taken most of them to the city. Some of them go to school and some work. It makes life lonesome for us at home.

"When I enumerate the disagreeable things that have happened in my community since this railroad was built, I am thoroughly convinced that I was happier before I ever saw an engine pull a train of cars. I always have believed in progress, and I always shall, but I have no sympathy for an intruder."

E.M.H.

TO COLLEGE GIRLS

We, the girls of 1926 student body, shall probably never fully realize how very much we have for which to be grateful. Years and years ago, when Eastern Nazarene College was known as the Pentecostal Collegiate Institute, and its building and campus were in Rhode Island instead of here in Wollaston, the girls of the Nazarene Church did not find it easy to get to the College or to remain after arriving. Why? For various reasons!

In the first place, a college education was not considered so nearly indispensable,especially for girls, as it is today. If a girl was a dilligent Christian, and grew up honoring her father and mother in all things, she was supposed to have learned enough at home after the high school education to fit her for life. In the second place, the college was not so fully equipped then as it is now. The buildings, both dormitories and classrooms, were in poor condition.

The redeeming feature about it all is that as the need for college trained women has come on, the college has expanded and grown to meet the need, until today Eastern Nazarene College offers to the young women of the land one of the greatest opportunities which have ever been known.

The faculty is God given; anything that God gives to his people is always the very best. The professors have a keen personal interest in the students; there is a fellowship between them that is hard to explain, yet is wonderful. The students are the cream of the church, the way in which they make themselves one with the college and with one another is inspiring and beautiful to see. The atmosphere is pregnant with the spirit of holiness, of loyalty, of courage, and of truth. Could there be a better place for a young girl to spend her four college years? I think not.

But there are many things which we, as young college women, should not overlook. To be true Christians, Christ like to the very core of our beings, we must be courteous, thoughtful of others, neat about our appearance, careful of our language, respectful to God and to His house. It is not being prudish or silly to open a door and to allow one older than ourselves to enter first. It is not being proud to use shoe blackening, or a nail file. It is not being old-maidish to close a door carefully instead of banging it. Our English language is far too beautiful to be marred by our slang; and God's house, His Word, the prayers of His Saints should be respected. Just because we are so unwise as not to take Jesus for our Friend, we should not take the liberty to write notes in church, to whisper during scripture reading, or to sit with unbowed head and unclosed

eyes during prayer.

Let us not forget to put God first. He has given us a Pattern in Jesus! Let us so live that we may weave of our lives a seamless robe.

R.B.W.

MY HEART'S DESIRE

Let me see again the dearest ones on earth to me; let me look straight into their eyes and have the clear consciousness that they are not disappointed in me. Let me hear her sweet voice ascend to the throne in thanksgiving and supplication. Let me breathe the atmosphere of home and look out over the rolling hills. Let me walk once more on the winding path that holds so many memories. Let me listen to the chirping crickets and the singing katydids, and let me watch the flitting fireflies on a summer night. Let me see the jagged lightning cut the threatening sky and watch the oncoming rain creep up the hollow, falling with a sudden thud on the roof. Let me pluck the American beauties that those roughened hands have coaxed to full bloom, and let me gather the ripened fruit which I have watched from blossom-time. Let me say "Goodnight, Mum! Goodnight, Papa!" and go to sleep in perfect peace and trust.

Then shall I have my heart's desire - and yet, will it satisfy longer than that moment? Can I keep that happiness? Nay. Rather I shall have my heart's desire when I have bidden farewell to the things which lie closest to my heart and have said "Goodbye" to those who are dearest to me. Let me carry the tidings of great joy to those who have been allotted to me, and bring them in as precious jewels for His crown, and I shall be satisfied.

E. W.

DAVID'S AFTER CHRISTMAS

Mr. Prescott leaned back in his swivel chair, thrust his thumbs into his vest pocket and sighed. "Well, son, this is the third time this week you have come to me for money. For whom are all these presents you are buying, and who is giving them, you or I?"

The lad shrugged his shoulders. He was a bright looking boy of nineteen, - a freshman in college and a general favorite among his classmates.

"Sorry, Dad. I never thought of it like that before. I suppose if I want to give presents I ought to give them myself instead of asking you to give them."

"Business has been very slack with me this year and Mother and I have had to sit tight to keep you in college. We didn't want you to know about it; so we probably have gone a little too far the other way to keep you in college and free from embarrassment. Christmas is not going to be very extravagent at our house; so that is the reason we have consented to let you visit your chum in New York. We want you to have a good time while you are in college, but I wish you would buy less expensive presents. I would not have mentioned this to you if you had not asked for more money, but I simply must refuse."

"David walked away saddened at heart. Mr. Prescott thxought the boy angry at being refused, but could not call him back and submit to his wishes as he had always done before. He sat and pondered. The telephone rang, but he did not hear it. Already his bank account had been drawn beyond the safety mark; insurance would expire January first; the mortgage was already past due; and the bill for the second semester tuition would be following the latter part of January. The real estate business was at its lowest ebb. He must keep his son in college if he did not do anything else.

Christmas came and David went. He had shaken off his sadness and packed his grips, whistling the while. He was going to have a good time as the guest of one of the wealthiest boys at college. There would be a few theatre parties, skating, dancing, and wine, - everything the modern college boy likes. He was going to New York.

During the journey Jack talked only of his mother and brothers. Not a word was mentioned of parties or dances.

David was impatient to get into the swim, but there was no swim. Although the home was located in a wealthy section of the city and furnished in the best of taste there was no attempt to display

David's After Christmas (continued)

luxury and the family were sincere in their manners. Jack greeted his sisters with true brotherly affection. If David had had any idea of flirtation it was soon abandoned since the girls, though young and beautiful, were not the type to flirt with. They helped their mother plan the Christmas dinner and aided her in the household duties, while Jack fired the furnace in his father's absence and shovelled the snow from the walks. David wondered how long it had been since he himself had helped about the house.

On Christmas day the family dined together and in the afternoon took a motor trip around the city. Not a word of ill temper or discomfort was uttered, each was only mindful of the others. In the evening a few of the young people gathered for a good time. Jack's friends were jolly and lively. The girls entered into the spirit of the games with full-hearted energy. Needless to say, David did not enjoy himself because he was disappointed. He had imagined wild, hilarious, all night parties such as he had heard New York was noted for. Jack's mother and father were young people for the evening. But before the guests departed the father gathered them around the fire and read from Matthew: "Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea in the days of Herod the King, behold there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem....and when they had opened their treasures they presented unto Him gifts, gold, frankincense and myrrh." Then they all knelt and prayed, each one in turn, except David, who looked on with a pretended indifference. Yet in his heart he was deeply moved. He realized now that there was a deeper joy than the pleasures of time.

That night he did not sleep. He was haunted by the words of his father. He had forgotten them for the time, but now he was obliged to think. He realized the many times his mother had made over her last year's clothes in order that he might dress as well as the other fellows. His father had worn his suit threadbare and had reblocked his hat again. Before he had taken it all as a matter of course, but now he realized it was their gift to him. Yet in their gift they had deprived him of the best in life -- unselfishness. He knew nothing about self-sacrifice; he had learned only to accept. He must now learn the secret of helpfulness. By morning David was a changed boy.

At the breakfast table he announced that he was going home on the earliest train. "I feel mean about having left Dad and Mother all alone", he told them.

That evening he arrived home with a happier heart and a newly kindled ambition to give his mother and father a truly happy new year.

R. E.

A BLACK PANEGYRIS

One day when "heaven tried the earth to see if it were in tune" I answered the call of spring and walked to the country. I wandered down thriving roads, past fields that were just awakening, and sending up two or three green protests against the earth's somber garb. As I was walking through an unfamiliar country I looked at everything with curious eyes. Enjoyment was my only purpose and I did not care if every traveler on the road passed me. Many did leave me behind, so many, in fact, that I wondered where they were all going. Homes were far apart, and I surmised that these were visitors, though none seemed strange or in doubt as to his destination.

Around the next bend in the road my curiosity was satisfied. The travelers were going to meeting. As I knew that strangers were always welcome in church services at home, I decided to attend. I felt like a foreigner because I could not understand a word that was spoken. The members appeared very happy together. After a few minutes of confused jabber (for such it sounded to my English ears) they became silent and I realized that meeting had begun.

In some churches several ministers sit in front and face the congregation, but in this, only one sat at the head. Obviously he was the leader though he took no active part in the service. After a quiet period different members spoke, or as I would call it, testified. The long silences between some of the testimonies reminded me of a Quaker meeting. I did not determine any sermon, but the one who spoke longer than the rest, gave, I suppose, a sermonette. It was a novel experience to be a foreigner, and I had to both see and hear with my eyes.

There were no hymn books in this meeting. The music of the songs delighted me, but the words were indistinguishable. Although I could not understand them, somehow, I knew from their attitude of the singers that they were praising the same Lord that I worshiped. My heart was lifted, also, to praise. But I missed the customary prayer, and although I watched closely I did not see anyone close his eyes.

Just as in our meetings, those sitting near the back had no praise to offer. In church at home I would call them backsliders, but I wondered what appellation was given them here. They were better-mannered than the occupants of most back pews, for although they didn't testify , they sat quietly. Two of the ladies in the back attracted and interested me very much. They were the color spots of the assembly. One was dressed in blue with light and black trimmings, and had a large feather in her hat to match her dress. She glanced around continually and I thought I detected scorn in her proud look as she

A Black Panegyris (continued)

stared quite rudely at the members in their plain clothing. The other lady that had attracted me wore a red vestee in her brown dress. These two were in sharp contrast to the plainly garbed members. I wondered whether they were visitors or new members who had not yet conformed their dress. The rest of the congregation were dressed alike in garments of the same dark color and fashion , although some were made of different materials, I think, because from where I sat some appeared to have a shiny surface and some a dull finish. I thought of the Salvation Army (~~at home~~) who always wear a common style of dress. No doubt these had like convictions. After looking at the rest I thought the two ladies in gay colors were dressed in a rather worldly fashion. But just then I glanced down at my own blue dress, and I laughed.

My attention was turned to the front again by another, as I would say, hymn. I truly believe these queer individuals were joyful. They sang heartily - their way of closing the service with a song was similar to that of most of the churches in the city. The meeting adjourned and the blackbirds flew away, and the wind whistled through the seats of their meetinghouse swaying the tall pine tree.

D. M. T.

THE TIE THAT BINDS

In Northfield Seminary every student is required to do eight hours of work each week. She usually works one hour each day and two on Monday, which is her free day. This work lessens the expense of the student in that the school has to hire comparatively little outside help. A graduate has usually gone through the experience of washing dishes and tins, peeling vegetables, preparing and serving any of the three daily meals, caring for corridors and bathrooms, reception rooms, and faculty rooms, keeping the preparatory students' study hall, and substituting for a teacher in case of her absence, in some of the lower classes.

As in any school, the new students are apt to get the brunt of things; so it is in Northfield. The matrons, knowing very little of a new girl's practical ability, must not run too great a chance, such as making an entirely new student responsible for the breakfasts and dinners of thirty or more girls. For this reason nearly every girl begins her career at Northfield by washing tins or preparing vegetables. To the old girls it is a great satisfaction to see some one else in the same misery through which they passed the preceding year.

I dare say that more lasting friendships are made over the vegetable tubs and dish sinks than in any other department of the school. In the class rooms the girls must concentrate upon their lessons, in their own rooms they may try to be more or less pretentious, but in domestic work they are automatically placed upon the same basis. Each one has her part to do, no matter how distasteful it may seem at first, and the way in which she measures up to what is expected of her in this phase of her school life reveals her true character as nothing else will. For example: I had known a certain girl in my dormitory for some time, rather distantly, and believed her to be a prig. I think I had remarked that I should like to see her peeling onions. You can imagine my surprise and chagrin when the schedule was pasted to find that I had been placed with her to do vegetables, and also to find that our first duty was the task of peeling onions for fifty. There was a certain feeling of restraint on the part of both of us at first. We went bravely about our task, exchanging a few commonplace remarks at various intervals. Before very long we became bitterly aware of the fact that we were peeling onions; still this did not break the ice until each of us happened to steal a glance at the other at the same instant. The revelation of that glance made self-control utterly impossible. With red noses, and with tears streaming from our eyes, we stood laughing at each other. That was the beginning of a lasting friendship. Had it not been for those onions,

The Tie That Binds (continued)

I doubt if the qualities which afterward attracted me would ever have been brought to my attention. And in such a way numerous cases could be mentioned. The peculiar thing about it is that when the alumnae return they first go to their old room, and then rush to the kitchen to tell the girls how they used to do certain work in a certain part of that room under various circumstances.

It can easily be seen that intellectuality and practicability are required to carry out the entire work of a dormitory. But let me state that it takes spirituality for some of the more "poetic" girls who aren't practical enough to work up to a better position, to go on prosaically washing glasses and silver, or sweeping dining room floors.

H. L. M.

LECTURES AND LECTURERS

As almost everyone who speaks in Chapel says, we have a wonderful opportunity - and especially is this true of our school. We are told that we don't appreciate or rather that we don't realize our opportunities. Well they are all wrong. This is how they should put it. "When I was in college I did as little work as possible, and I made and was satisfied with a passing mark." Perhaps you don't see what I mean by such a statement; its just this : I once read an article in which an irate office worker was having a"set to" with an office boy for some minor mistake. He went on to tell how he behaved and what he did when he was his age. The youngster politely waited until the lecturer had finished and then rather philosophically said, "Yes sir, and when George Washington was your age he was President." The man was sick.

Lecturers may temporarily arouse one but he who does the most good is the one who lectures by his own example, he who does not chide and reprove us for some natural course we have followed. This is the advantage we have here over other institutions, we have living lectures and we receive living impressions. Yes, we have other lectures too but they have a different tone.

Biologists tell us that man is the highest in the animal scale, having the advantage over other animals of free moral agency and choice. I question the weight that we allow to rest upon this idea of man's choice. We all react on the spur of the moment in spite of ourselves. It is true that we inhibit a great many of our impulses, however these take place in the mind whether uttered or not. So we react unconsciously to everything - sort of an absorption idea - and so it is that we absorb the living sermons, the living doctrines, and we are bettered by them. Whereas the inconsistent lecturer (the tone and approach of the speaker tells the story) creates an unconscious reaction and we drift along in the same path that the speaker had taken years before.

And then one day we are ~~all~~ called upon to give a Chapel talk. Still following the speaker path and natural trend we tell the student body in elegant language how the coming generation is depending upon them to carry forward the torch of liberty, to uphold the faith of our fathers --

L.M.

ITS WILD WHERE THE HOPIS DANCE

The Hopis are Indians. They live in North Dakota, and every year they give their famous snake dance. Being curious to see this affair, I wended my way with some tourists to the place of habitation of this tribe. Then on the day of the great occasion we went early to the large field so as to get good seats. Promptly at ten the dance began. In the center had been placed a long box which contained every kind of snake imaginable. They were writhing, wriggling, coiling and uncoiling, and now and then an unusually large one would rear its head out of the box. It was terrible. I dreamed of that box for months after.

Then came the Indians, painted in most hideous fashion. With yells that sent shivers down my back, they rushed to the box, each took a snake, and then began the dance. Those Indians twisted the snakes into every imaginable shape. They tied them around their necks and around their bodies; they tied them together and then held them as they untied themselves; they threw them into the air, then caught them as they came writhing to the ground. Meanwhile they were jumping and dancing and yelling. And those crazy people around me cheered.

I was sitting in the second row of spectators and there was no way I could get out so I sat there. Every time a snake went into the air, it seemed as if it would land upon me. Then everything began to grow dim, then black. The next thing I knew I was in a nice white bed in the hotel, but there seemed to be snakes crawling over my bed. For two weeks I lay there, and always the things would be crawling. I screamed for my nurse to take me out before they could touch me, but she would only rub my head.

Then the fever left, I no longer saw snakes, and soon I was on my way home. But you can be assured that, although the Hopis may give their dance every year from now until time ends, I shall never try to see it again.

A. M. L.

ALONE

It is the night before Christmas. The setting sun is casting over the snow and over the cold, fierce looking water a reddish glow.

You stand on the bleak cliff in front of your lonely cabin and watch and shiver. Slowly the sun goes down behind the horizon and beyond the sea; and the reddish light turns to the dull grey of twilight. Off on the sea the ice cakes are floating. Even they are in bunches and are together; but you, you must be alone.

You are alone on this cliff by your cabin, and slowly the grey of twilight is trailing off into the dark night,-the night before Christmas. You listen to the wind howling through the tops of the trees. You see the thousand stars come out in the sky, and again you think how the stars are together but you must be alone.

You shiver; you feel so ill; you feel as if you never will see Christmas morning.

It is dark; the stars are all out; and the night before Christmas is here. How cruel fate has been to you. You wonder how you have ever lived through your life. You look back. You remember the day of your twelfth birthday, when God --but no, there can't be a God; your mother just died.

You think how you struggled through life until you were twenty-one; then fortune smiled upon you. You had a little business of your own, and were fast getting some money. And then came Mary. Ah, you feel sure there is not a God, or He never would have let Mary go. How sweet she was! That terrible night of the wedding, the night before Christmas - oh, you can see it all now - the telephone call, the wild taxi ride across the city! then the hour before the wedding, when you stood and watched Mary die.

That is fifty years ago. You are old and weak now. You have made some friends, but they have all been traitors - all but Bob. Dear Bob, the little cripple, the one to whom you gave what money you had, before you ran away to spend your life on this cliff.

It is the night before Christmas again. How you would like to go back - but no, you are too tired. You feel dizzy! The snow is coming up to meet you. The stars are moving a little; they are getting slightly dim. Now they are black. You feel as if you are going to die. The snow is a little cold but that does not matter. Everything is black, so black. You are dying, you know it, and its--the --night--before---Christ---.

I.M.D.

GLEANINGS FROM THE MONTH'S READING

What Colleges Are For
by
Henry A. Perkins

This article gives one a rest from the materialism, efficiency and specialization that is constantly poured into the ears of the public and many times of the public school students. Higher education primarily is not to train the student to understand life, to enable him to earn a living, to develop his character. These things are necessary by-products of the college course, but life will teach the graduate the essentials of living by hard experience. Mr. Perkins says that higher education rises above the rule-of-thumb tests of utility, the Sunday supplement's Uplift column and the salesman's patter about "Service". It is an education that develops a love of truth for its own sake, of sport that is truly recreation and frankly play, of beauty that has no commercial value, of unrealizable dreams, of divine dissatisfactions.

The antidote for the nervous action, the fads and fashions, and the mad rush of the people of our nation is higher education in the altruistic sense.

- Educational Review -

Youth and the Dollar

The result of a questionnaire sent out by the International Young Men's Christian Association to over 50,000 boys revealed that the predominant purpose in their minds was the necessity of earning a living. Preaching, teaching, medicine, and missionary work seem to have little appeal to them, while business, law and engineering are the most popular professions.

- Editorial Lynn Item -

Gleanings from the Month's Reading (continued)

The Test of the Theme is at the Tea Party
by
Helen Rand

This essay should be appreciated by both teachers and pupils, for it is exceedingly worthwhile to the theme writer. The kernel of the essay is this - A subject that will make an interesting conversation in social life will also produce a good theme.

How's Your Soil
by
Ellis Parker Butler

Plants poison the soil in which they are growing and unless the soil is constantly supplied with the proper cures for such a poison the plants will die. People are exactly the same. If they stay in the same environment, do the same things, and do not keep clean, they will be poisoned both mentally and physically.

"We may have the best sort of soil to start with - money, fine home, good surroundings and all else - but unless something is done to the soil each year or so it is going to turn sour or wash to sodden clay or lose its nutriment. We want to hoe in new friends, strangers, books we have not read before, interesting amusements, pleasant by-occupations, news of the world, fresh interests."

"How's Your Soil" is easily read because of the humor in it which is characteristic of the author.

A CONVERSATION

"Say, Professor Gardner, can we get that work in during Christmas vacation?" queried Tom Brown.

"I know just about how much will be done then", answered the professor.

"Yeh, it'll be a week of Sundays," said Tom voluntarily committing himself.

"Oh, no, you mean it will be a week of Friday nights", was the quick reply.

L. M.

SPORTS

We all like to play. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. Never would we disparage work, but we would enjoy sports, outdoor sports. Have you had much experience skiing; starting at the top of a long, steep hill, gaining momentum every second, crouching as the wind whistles by, striking the jump, sailing through the air, landing with a pat and coming to a stop with your cheeks red, your eyes sparkling and your heart thumping? Have you ever been swimming? There is no better fun on a hot summer day than to spring from a diving board, kick your heels in the air, swish into the cool, refreshing water and, coming up, to breast the waves and to let yourself be rocked in the cradle of the deep. Did you ever go out into the woods with a shot-gun under your arm and a cartridge belt around your waist? Football, baseball, hockey, tennis, polo, hiking, hunting, swimming, skiing, snowshoeing, rowing, fishing, archery, basketball, volleyball, golf, skating, sliding, sleighriding, track games, surf board riding, sailing, trapping, racing, tobogganing are some of the clean, healthful, profitable, pleasurable, thrilling games of life.

J. R.

The boy who hasn't always the cleanest of hands and whose face resembles a cross between a jam jar and a mud pie with freckles thrown in; the boy whose eyes dance with mischief, and whose hair wasn't combed; the lad who grins instead of smiles, and who doesn't always say "isn't"; the chap who throws spit-balls and kicks the other fellow slyly in the shins and promptly assumes innocense, yet who invariably owns up when questioned ~~or~~, rather than let the blame fall on another, that boy has my bet he will make a man some day.

R. W.

GUILTY! ARE YOU?

Its about ten thirty and time to be in bed. Yes, but I don't want to sleep. Let's do something to start some excitement! Righto! Four or five trunks are piled against ---'s door, a paper bag filled with water is placed where a slight movement of the door will douse the unfortunate victim. Securing a pail of H2O we climb to the roof of the Mansion and gleefully wait. More gleefully we baptize the first passerby and then dash out of harm's reach. That is not enough to satisfy the craving, however, and we seize some poor sleeper, escort him to a white, clean, water-filled receptacle and lay him down in peace, but not to sleep. By this time we are excited and wake the dreamers by laughs and unasked-for serenades. A friendly combat with fists, wet rags, bear hugs and horse-play, and then -- "Here comes the dean!" Every rascal is either snoring or staring intently at a neglected book.

J. E. R.

THE COMMON WORD

"Hello! Hello!" That was all I could hear or say. Everywhere I chanced to look I could see someone carrying a suit-case and wearing a smile that reached from one ear to the other.

"Hello, Helen! Did you have a good time during vacation? My, I'm surely glad to see you. It seems like an age since we last met."

"Well, if there isn't Sheik Erickson. Hello, Old Man! I don't believe I've seen you since last year. Say, how did you enjoy those pleasant walks with your Dad? Ah! I've a superstitious mind."

"Look who's here. Hello, Lou! How's everybody in Ohio? There surely must have been some attraction here that caused you to leave God's country and come back to this wintry place."

C. G.

GOOD-BYE LIZZIE

Old Lizzie had been a faithful car. She was always in the best of health because she slept in the open air. No matter how cold or rainy the weather was she would start just as quick and many times quicker than a 1927 Packard. She seemed to know her driver. Now and then she would backfire to break up the monotony of driving or else to scare the occupants whom she was carrying. Occasionally, on slippery pavements, and when free from traffic, she would slide around as gracefully as you would wish for.

December 31, 1926, was her last day to appear on the streets driven by her own power.

C. E. D.

MUSINGS

As a child I loved to read fairy tales. I would sit for hours so enrapt in the plot of "Jack and the Bean Stalk" that not even the usually tempting odor of cookies in the baking had the power to pull me from the story. I believed those fairy tales. I lived the part of Beauty in "Beauty and the Beast". It was real to me. All of my thoughts were on the fairy tale level. Now that I am grown those thoughts seem foolish to me. I think about wiser, more important things. But what does God think about my thoughts? It is written, "For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my thoughts higher than your thoughts". Don't you think that some of our thoughts are as fairy tales to God?

R. B. W.

THE SIMPLICITY OF CHRIST

The birth of Christ was not announced by bells. There was no great celebration. Instead, the simple shepherds came to seek Him, called by a voice they had never heard before. Hills bathed in glorious starlight, humble shepherds, and the faint tinkling of bells was the scene of the Christmas morning. Then the manger, humble and lowly, the place where lived the cattle.

Jesus was not welcomed, but He brought welcome to the world. He was attacked, persecuted, and put to death, but He brought a message of peace and good cheer and forgiveness. His enemies ridiculed Him because of His simplicity, but this simplicity became the fountain of Christianity. It is the solution of all earth's problems. For "except ye become as little children ye shall in no case enter in."

A. E. F.

O SLEEP

Were you ever sleepy? So sleepy that your eyelids felt weighted; that your head was too heavy to be supported any longer by your neck? So sleepy that your eyes hurt just to look at a word? Maybe your hand was asleep from writing or holding a book? So weary that the persistent pain of fatigue sharply divided your shoulders; that your neck was cramped from the "study stoop"? Maybe you had been dozing and it was taking all of your will power to sit upright? Teachers' displeasure and the humiliation of not having your lessons seemed trivial matters compared with your crying need of sleep. You switched off the light for just a few moments to rest a bit, and----

D. M. T.

HURRYGRAPHS

A Riddle

When you have it you don't know it. When you need it you can't get it. When it comes you snatch at it and wear it out before you realize that you've had it. How peculiar is sleep!

Ruth Isabel Ede

We boys <u>might</u> consider letting the girls win the contest if they will furnish us with lemonade when we are digging for rock bottom.

John Eckel Riley

Instead of <u>Hooverize</u>, the cry is now <u>Kohlerize</u>.

Louis Franklin Michelson

Don't worry if you should stumble. Remember, a worm is almost the only thing that can't fall down.

Mary Edwinna Wilson

A fortunate and exceptional student is one who can escape nurse, doctor, and 'finals'.

Adelaide Elizabeth Freer

Bo-Pip

Parva Bo-Pip pecora sua amisit,
Et non scit ubi ea invenire;
Reliquite ea sola, et domum venient,
Vibranta fines suos post ea,

Mary Edwinna Wilson

Now is the time for every good man to come to the aid of his subject.

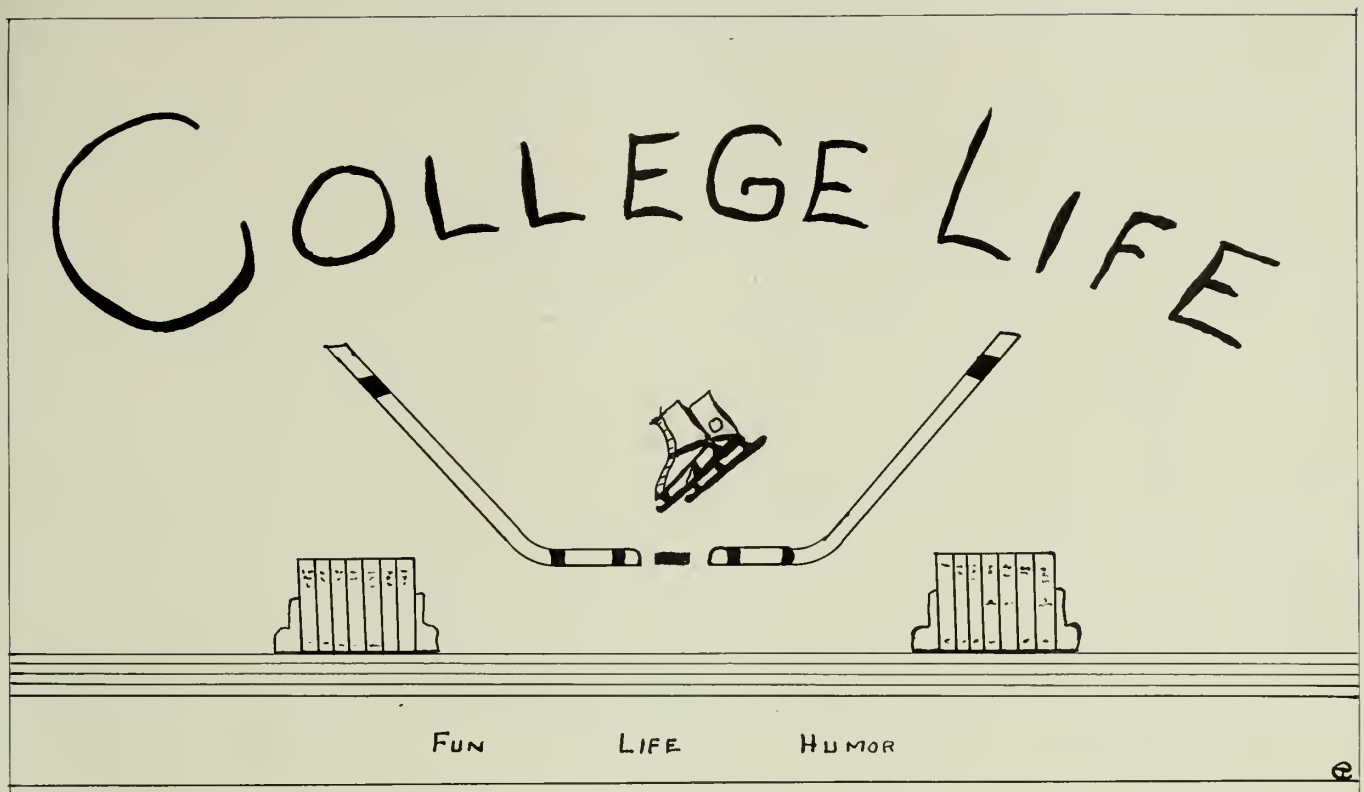
Ruth Isabel Ede

Loyal is the man who Kohlerizes and saves his pennies for the new gym.

Dorcas Mine Tarr

The League games are getting exciting. Come on, Freshmen! We'll not let our colors run!

John Eckel Riley



Scotchiness

Joshua Wagner to Al Smith who was trying vainly to stoop over and pick up his glove, "A little lumbago, eh?"
Smith: "No, I bought these suspenders in Scotland and they won't give."

Man's life: School tablets--aspirin tablets--stone tablets.

Distance lends enchantment -- so keep your distance.

Mr. Haas: "My hair parts exactly in the middle".
Ed. Deware: "Yes, on the dead center".

In Greek 1 class
Prof. Goozee: "Please inflict that verb, Mr. Martin."

Mr. Chase to Mr. Hoover: "Who is the handsomest man at E.N.C?"
"And why am I?"

Michelson: "What can be done with the by-products of gasoline?"
Nickerson: "They are usually taken to the hospital."

EXAMS

The meanest Prof. is the one who borrowed a knife from a student to sharpen his pencil, and then marked him down a zero with it,

E. C. "It seems that he is very dumb."
E. F. "Yes! He's in my class".

Carmen: "What's the idea, John? Wearing your socks wrong side out?"
Larrabee: "There's a hole on the other side."

Mr. Anderson: "How's business, Mr. Ames?"
Mr. Ames: "Fine!"
Mr. Anderson: "How's your future?"
Mr. Ames: "Albright!"

McAllen attempts to seize the basketball by putting both arms around Erickson, and holding his hands.
Prof. Gardner: "Say, do you think you are in the parlor?"

Hoover: "Say, Chet, did you eat any onion tonight?"
Chet: "Sure , why not?"
Hoover: "Well, don't breathe it to any one."

Beany: "I feel like beating you up!"
Lanky: "Don't give in to your feelings."

"WE HAVE WITH US TO-NIGHT?!"

Mayo: "Say, Rogers, how's Mrs. Rogers and all the little 'silver-ware'?"

The absent minded professor slammed his wife and kissed the door.

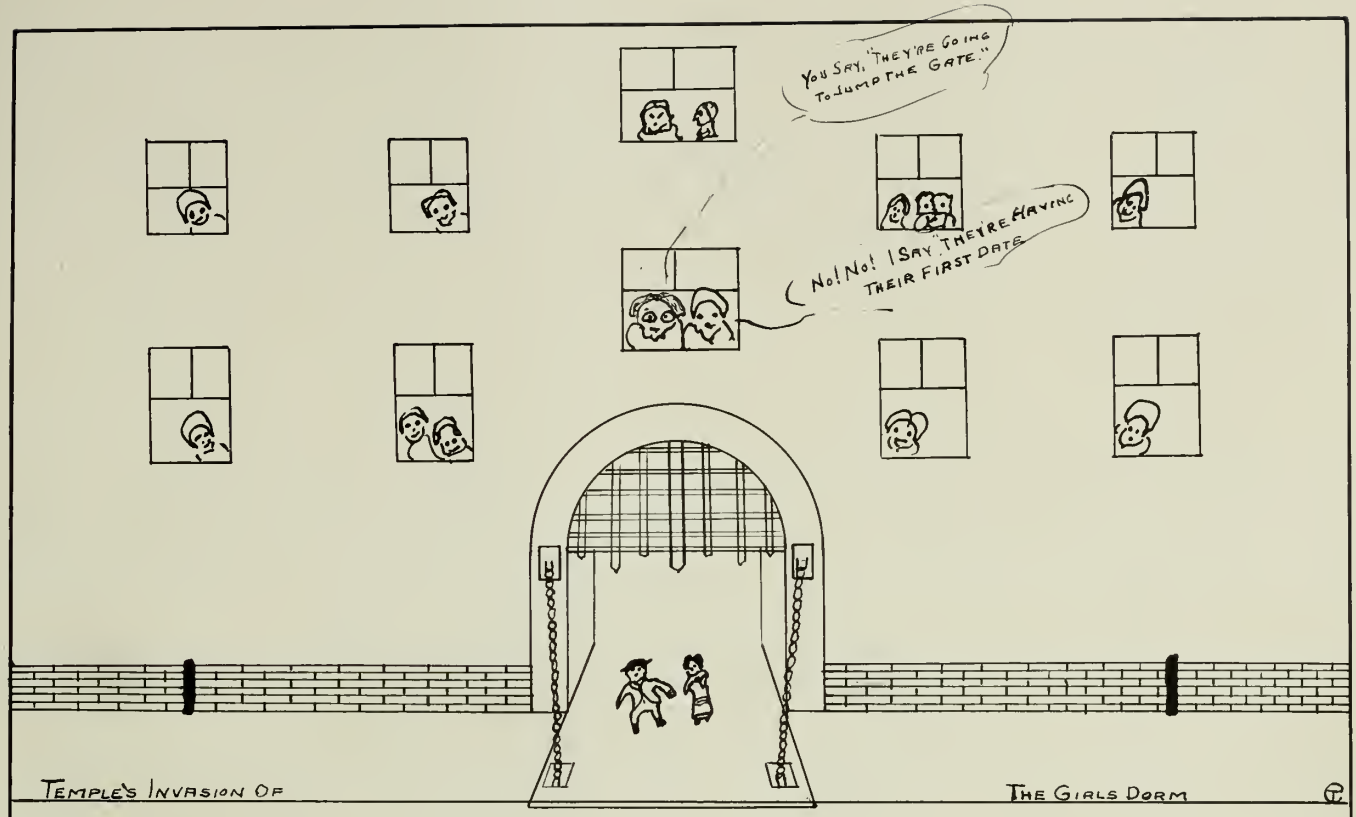
There was a young lady so fat,
She broke down the chair where she sat.
This wasn't so bad,
But the part really sad,
She went through the floor after that.

Hoover--serving soup
"Mr. Smith, will you have a little bit of everything?"

Mayo--as a new limousine hearse went past --
"Say, Hilyard, is that a hearse?"
Hilyard: "Yeh!!"
Mayo: "Boy! but everybody is just dying to ride in it."

The reason why the Middle Ages were so dark is that there were so many (K) nights.

Prof. Esselstyn: "In reviewing for this exam do not bother about remembering men and dates--if you do, you'll get mixed up."



The absent minded professor poured molasses down his neck and scratched his pancake.

At Fine Arts Election

Pres. Anderson: "Do you want the secretary and tressurer to go together?"
A. Perkins: "Yes--on Friday evenings."

"Why is the Lyceum a good place for a fisherman to attend?"
"Because it is there that he can get 'de bait'."

Mayo: "Why was the Roman Coliseum like an old potato-bin?"
Fuller: "I don't know, why?"
Mayo: "Because at one time it contained 45,000 'specked 'taters."

Gerald: "Mac's lost his knife again!"
Bud: "How's that?"
Gerald: "He can't find mine!"

Talent

"Tom Brown plays his ukelele with his 'Foote'."

JENKINS - ESSELSTYN

THE

Y.M.A.A.

INVITES YOU TO ALL BASKET BALL

GAMES AS ANNOUNCED

LEAGUE STANDING

	W	L	P.C.
JUNIORS & SENIORS	2	0	1.000
SOPHOMORES	1	1	.500
FRESHMEN	1	1	.500
ACADEMY	0	2	0.000

THE LEAGUE SCHEDULE WILL BE

REPEATED IF TIME PERMITS

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LIKE THE GRANITE TRUST CO WE DESIRE TO BE FRIENDLY BUT CANNOT VIOLATE SOUND BANKING PRINCIPLES IN THE REALIZATION OF THIS DESIRE.

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IT PAYS BECAUSE OF
THE SHORT WAVE LENGTH

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ASK MR. SAYWARD

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HAVE YOU TRIED IT?

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$8.00 VALUE FOR $2.50

HOLDS 4 TIMES AMOUNT ANY OTHER PEN

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HIGHLY RECOMMENDED FOR SORES, BURNS, CUTS

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Paint Anything From Chin Up.
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We Will Enamel Your Teeth,
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Stain Your Clothes,
And Size' You Up, Too.

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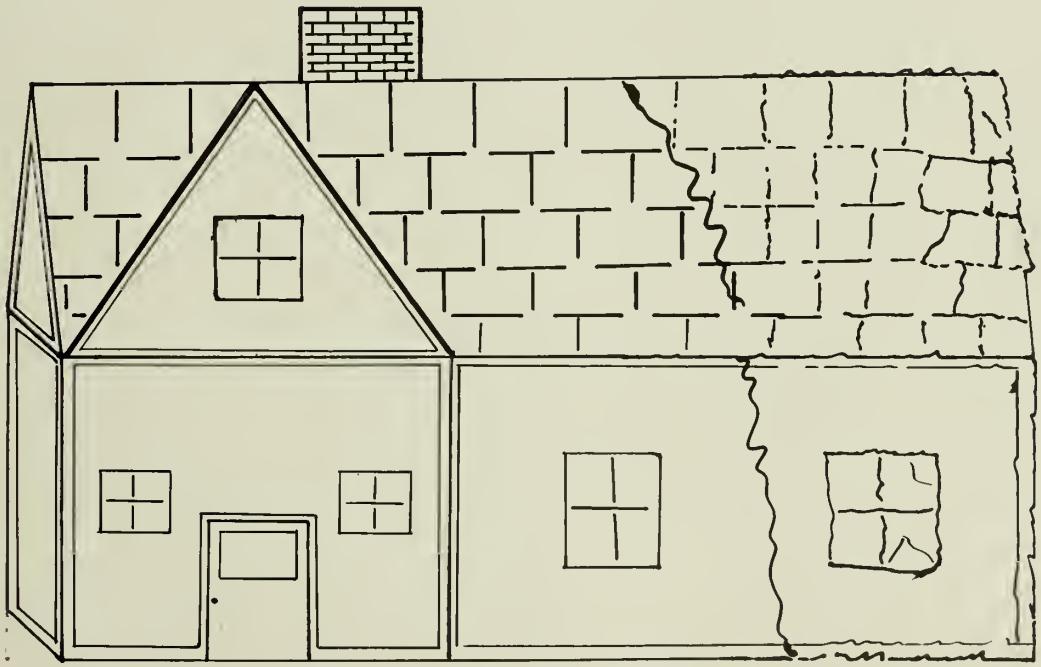

OMEGA ALPHA

SAY, "I SAW IT IN THE GREEN BOOK."


FINIS

This Green Book was found in the files of John Riley and dates back to his freshman year. He was editor. DWR
1926