


# Green Book







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GREEN BOOK STAFF

1926

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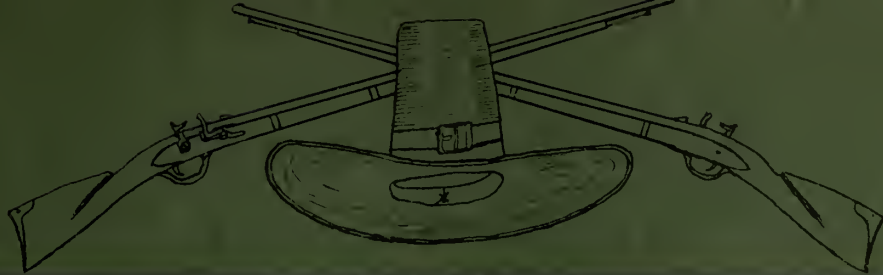
## FOREWORD

Solomon said: Of making many books there is no end. Here is another book. Not another but rather an old friend in a new cover. The Green Book is published twice a semester by the members of the College Rhetoric class. This is the fourth year of its publication.

We are not writing this volume to add to printed matter but to add to the enjoyment of interested readers. We hope this Green Book will make a place for itself and introduce to the Student Body the youngest member of E.N.C. publications, the step-daughter of The Advance and The Nautilus.







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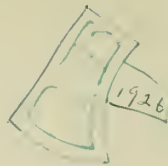
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### EDITORIAL

Have you normal eyes? We have. Where then do you go. We usually go where we are looking.

Freshmen! New Students! Old students! Are our ideals what they should be? We believe that nearly all of us have high and holy ideals. However, with ideals it is not so easy to go where we are looking; it is a real task to live up to the standards we have set for ourselves. We must in all our activities strive to exemplify the perfect men we have enthroned in our minds. Mistakes are hums but we must be careful when we try to justify our acts by our ideals and good intentions. If anything has been done that seems near the line between right and wrong, we must not judge it by our intentions. We must justify or condemn all our acts by the light of the Truth - Christ and His Word. When the test comes, or when we are in a careless, thoughtless state of mind, let us do what we will wish we had done afterward. Of course we shall make mistakes but let us rectify them, profit by them, and then - go where we are looking.





## JUST A WEE GIRL

I do remember when I had the scarlet fever. Sister says I don't. I was only two years old. I had to stay in a room all by myself. I was afraid of a mouse, too. That's why I remember. I don't think I was very sick. Mother says I wasn't. I couldn't play with brother. He went to Grandpa's then.

I don't know everything I did when I was three. I know Daddy called me his little girl. One day he told me all I had was his. Then I told him all he had was mine. He said I was wrong. I couldn't understand. He still let me stand in his big chair and comb his hair.

I used to ride with Mother and Daddy. Daddy let me drive. Old Maude was a white horse. She wouldn't run away. Daddy said he had her before Mother lived with him. Mother lived with my Grandpa then.

My Grandpa was good. She didn't play with me, but she gave me cookies. I would coax Aunt Ella to play the piano. She always said she was busy. Then Grandpa would say, "Go play for the child". Aunt Ella liked to play. She sang too. She said she would teach me when I got big. I want to play like her.


On Sunday I went to Sunday school. I liked to go to Sunday school. My teacher gave me a pretty card. I didn't like to stay for church. I got tired. Mother would let me go to sleep on her lap.

I had a playhouse in the orchard. I built it under a big apple tree. Brother played with me. We made mud pies and mud cakes. The birds lived in our tree. They sang for us. I didn't know what they sang. It was pretty though. When winter came we didn't play under the tree. The birds left too. They flew away off. Maybe they went to find a new playhouse.

After the birds left, the ground got all white. Mother said it was snow. The snow was very cold. It was pretty though. Mother put my coat and mittens on me and let me play in it a little while. Brother and I made a snow man. He wasn't a real man, you know. I named him Ben. Ben wore Daddy's old hat. Daddy said he was a good man. One day we went to town. When we came home Ben was gone. I said some







bad boy had run away with him. Daddy said the sun had melted him. I said the sun was bad, but Daddy said it wasn't. Daddy knows. He knows everything.

After a while Christmas came. That's when you get a lot of nice things. We all got dressed up. We got in a sleigh. A sleigh is something you ride in that hasn't any wheels. Mother covered us up with a blanket. When we got to Grandma's we had a good time. All of my cousins were there. We played games. We shot firecrackers too. They made a terrible noise! We had turkey and cake for dinner. We had lots of other things too. The tables were all fixed up with holly and shiny things. It looked pretty. But after dinner was when we had the best time. We went into the parlor. That's where the Christmas tree was. The tree had ever so many things on it. It nearly made my head swim looking at the bright things all over the tree. Then we all got quiet. Grandpa prayed. Aunt Ella played the piano. Then we said our speeches. I said,

"Bows on my shoulders,  
Slippers on my feet,  
Papa's little darling,  
Don't you think I'm sweet?"

Then I ran to Daddy. He set me on his knee. After a while we got our speeches all said. It took a long, long time. Uncle John got up. He's a tall man. He took the things off the tree. He gave me a big doll. It was the prettiest doll there ever was! It would go to sleep, and its hair had curls. I got a book too. Mother said I had other things. She kept them for me. My mother is good. She let me hold my doll.

After a while we went home. Everybody had pretty things. Do pretty things make people happy? Neighbor Barton is always sad. Doesn't she have pretty things? Mother said her boy ran away. Where did he go? Did he go to get Neighbor Barton pretty things? She will be happy then.

One day a circus came to town. Daddy took us to see the animals. The ponies were all dressed up. A monkey rode on a pony's back. He didn't fall off. He was so ugly. I don't want a monkey. Brother wanted to ride a pony. The dogs were pretty. They did funny things. One stood on his head. I want a dog. My doggie died. We buried him in the ground near my playhouse. I put flowers on his grave. Then they died. Will I ever die? How do people feel when they die?

One day Mother called me from play. She wanted me to wipe dishes. I said I was too little. Mother said I could







learn. I wiped the dishes. I dropped a glass, and it rolled and rolled. It didn't break. Mother was glad but I was sad. I wanted it for my playhouse. Mother said I must learn to help her, for sister was going to get married. I don't know what that is, but whatever sister does is all right.

The other day Mother told me I could go to school. I wanted to take my doll. Mother said I couldn't. She said I was a big girl now. I guess I have grown up, so my story ends.

- E. Marie Hyneman -





## MY PEOPLE

My people are Indians who reacted to me, not because I have loved them, helped them, kept with them, and prayed for them, I feel as if they were Indians. About seven miles from my home there is a settlement of Narragansett Indians. Since they will not associate with colored people, and white people will not associate with them, they have intermarried and have kept very much to themselves. Some are true to type with straight black hair, high cheek-bones, and features that are easily recognized as Indian. When they smile one cannot help liking them, their white teeth are revealed, and the severe lines of their faces are softened.

Two years ago when a mission work was opened among them the people were almost heathen. Some of them had never seen a Bible, many of them only knew that there was a God. Their homes were dirty, unkempt, and void of the bare necessities. The women helped in the gardens and neglected their persons, and their houses. In winter the large families of children suffered cruelly. The men drank, fought, and were out of work most of the time. In spite of several policemen this neighborhood was disreputable and disorderly.

I have not painted the picture too black. Ignorance, want, and woe stalked through every home. Into this dark place an evangelist carried the light of the world. Two or three were saved and opened their homes for more meetings. A preacher and several workers started helping them regularly. I began my first social welfare work here. An old lady, another lady and I visited the homes of the poor folk. If we found any sick we cheered them, got food, and arranged for medical aid. In one home the mother had worked too hard all her life and now was breaking down. Six little children were trying to care for themselves and to help her, too. There was need of real missionary work here. We taught cleanliness, sanitation, and civilization. In many homes we carried clothing. The little ones had no more clothes in winter than in summer and those they had neither warmed nor covered them. We comforted many who were in trouble, and wept with those who were in sorrow, helping as a mother, or father, or elder sister, or friend.

After we had gained the confidence of the people we were always wanted and welcomed. They could not understand why we loved them or wanted to help them. In every home that we visited we spoke of Jesus and prayed before we left. We

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invited them to attend the services that were held in one of the homes, and to please us they would come. One by one, as they heard the truth, they would wonderingly kneel and pray for salvation. They still wonder that Jesus loved even them. Within a week there would be a noticeable change in their home, their dress, their speech, and their manner. Jesus not only saved them but he also refined them. The men began to reconstruct their lives. They no longer drank, or caroused at night. With the money they saved they improved their homes, supported their wives, and made their children comfortable. After they gained the respect of people in that vicinity they could easily find steady work. The men bought respectable suits, the women wore neat dresses, and the children had clean faces and hands. The people had opened their hearts and the Lord had performed a miracle there.

As soon as one was saved he would commence making restitution. Many had stolen, and as they remembered, they would pay back and ask forgiveness. One man, named Millerkin, had stolen forty dollars and some vegetables from his employer, a farmer. If he confessed he faced losing his job, and asking his wife and four babies suffer. One day he went to the man he had wronged and told him of the change in his heart, his theft, and his repentance. He told him that he could not repay the forty dollars at once, but he would give him a part each month. His employer forgave him, refused the money, and raised his salary three dollars a week. He recognized a man he could trust thereafter. I wish you could have heard that man testify the next Sunday morning. He encouraged many of the more timid ones. Within a year the policemen were withdrawn from their social patrol over that neighborhood and the foundations of a church were laid.

There was more work than ever for the social workers to do now. We continued not only to instruct the mothers, to furnish food and clothing, and to teach the children, but also to give them Bibles, to accompany them when they want to make something right, and to give them spiritual encouragement. They trusted in us, they depended on us, they believed in us with all their hearts. After a day of visiting I would go home saddened by the sorrow I had seen and filled with a longing to be of more help. Then I would kneel to thank the Lord for what had been accomplished and with my sorrow would mingle the joy of service and the joy of seeing "my people" born into the Kingdom. The promise was true: They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.

- D.M.T.-







## SECOND-HAND BOOKS


I scarcely know of a more interesting place than a second-hand book store. I visited such a shop a short time ago, and enjoyed myself thoroughly while there. The shop in question is a small one, situated on a busy boulevard in Boston. Once inside, however, the noise and bustle of the street is easily forgotten. The books are piled on shelves clear to the ceiling. In the middle of the store are more shelves with still more books. An elderly and very studious-looking gentleman presides over this domain in an impressive manner. He is very accommodating, however, and, upon request, will climb a very weak-looking ladder to the very top shelf in search of desirable books. Enough of the shop and its keeper.

Books possess character. The second-hand variety reflect also the character and tastes of their former owner. One can find any sort of book, from the newest and most impossible novel, to the most noble and authentic work of history. On this day I desired a geology text. The shop-keeper very obligingly climbed to the topmost shelf and passed me an armful of books on that subject. I found several very good texts in varying stages of preservation. The best was bound in limp leather, and looked as though it had rarely, if ever, been opened. I decided that this book had probably belonged to some one of the type who buy books merely because they look nice, adding to the general effect of their library shelves. There are many such book-owners, but soon tiring of the effect, they dispose of the books, buying others that happen to suit their latest fancy.

Another book, while fairly well kept, showed real use. The pages showed signs of much turning; the binding also showed the effects of frequent handling. Here was a book of some real student, who had bought the book for what it contained, though why he had disposed of it I could not guess.

The book I finally chose showed still another type of owner. The covers were somewhat worn and scuffed, but the inside was clean and whole. I think every one is familiar with the sort of person who always carries a book of some sort, but seldom reads one. The reason for this is, to me, a mystery. Possibly, while not studious by nature, he wishes to appear so. Yet, undoubtedly, every second-hand book tells a story other than that printed on its pages.





As for me, I like a book that has been used nearly as well as I do a new one. However, I like one that does not show much wear, and is not badly marked. Opinions differ widely on this point. My sister prefers a book that is badly worn, because, to her, it shows that the book has been read and appreciated by some one before. Her husband likes to read books that contain underscored passages, reference markings, and notes written in by the reader, because it shows that some one has been interested enough in the subject to mark it thus. Others prefer unmarked books, that they may mark them to suit their own personal tastes.

After all it is merely a matter for individual choice. Every book-lover has his own idea of what a second-hand book should be. I believe it would be very interesting to collect the reminiscences of various types of people on this subject.

- John F. Leirhoe -



Dear Bob,

This letter is a bit different from any I have ever sent you. I now write from that high pinnacle of learning, the College freshmen class. Registration Day is far enough away that the new students have lost our newness and feel at home. But the gleam of the untried and the excitement will not wear off this whole year. Of all the adjectives, "monstrous" never can be applied to college life, at least to the freshman. We are looking at everything from a new viewpoint and observers are interested to see how we "turn out" or "come to." The new students are conspicuous figures in school. You would be amused to know how already I look down on the academy.

Some of my dreams are coming true. The studies, the dormitory life, the students, and the fun, make every day busy and busy. The two most interesting places to live are at home and in a dormitory. You have missed a part of your education by never trying one, though I do not think a boy's dormitory could be as interesting as a girl's. Thank you again for the many gifts that have come by your hand like ever so pretty. When you come I shall really show you my "monstrous" reactions.

I am a country girl, almost. Wollaston does not have enough sidewalks to be a city and enough stone walls to be a country. It is beautiful while the leaves are turning. But every time I take a walk I wonder if it is not a little prettier at home in the Park. Now do not fool that I am homesick, for I have withstood that temptation very well. But Fall is right after the strain of studies is over there is nothing to avoid being homesick, and it is then that somebody here misses you. One guess will tell you who it is.

Yours,

E. K. C.  
Wollaston, Massachusetts  
October the twenty-second





## THE COLLEGE GIRL AT HOME

Perhaps no one has to submit to criticising glances and remarks like a girl just home from college. To be under such scrutiny is somewhat disconcerting, yet she must remain serene and unconscious of all her critics. She is respected by all, for it is the general feeling that she has learned during the year away at school things that not every one knows. Some imagine that she will be egotistical because she has had so many advantages, but when they find that she has come home a little more settled for her life work, happier, more thoughtful of others, and a little better in every way, they grasp her hand eagerly, expressing some of the heart-felt gladness that she has come home once again.

Then how does she act at home? Is she selfish, careless, thoughtless, and haughty? No, not at all. She has learned to appreciate her home, and now she finds it easy to ask Mother's and Dad's advice, and to be a little more concerned about being a true daughter to them. There is pleasure in performing the tasks of the housekeeper; there is a certain pride in keeping the home spotless and cozy. She has a bright "good morning" for Dad, and a sunny smile for Mother. She is the joy of their lives; it is a delight to work for her, and to sacrifice for her out of pure love.


When she visits her sister, she is not cross with the children; they love her and she returns their love. She takes the reins of the house in her own hands, and sends her sister for a much needed rest. She may have become slightly out of practice, but she soon fits into the routine and is a capable manager.

Of course, this is the ideal college girl. She is the one who, when opportunities for improvement were presented, availed herself of them. But there is the opposite type of college girl. She comes home complaining, whining, dissatisfied, selfish, indolent, and nervous - nervous because she had no control of her will, and therefore could not care properly for her mental and physical being.

She is not the joy of her father's and mother's hearts but rather a burden, inasmuch as they are so concerned about her conduct and future welfare. She does not lighten mother's burdens with a willing hand, nor cheer her tired father with a kind look of love and appreciation.







She is repulsive to the community. They are not glad when she returns, but accept it as they would a very commonplace occurrence. There is a barrier between them, an impenetrable wall of misunderstanding. Perhaps it is this attitude that causes her to feel so unnecessary when it is time to take a college girl's place in the activities around her. She cannot give a connected talk on some matter of interest, for she has but a smattering knowledge of her work in the college. As an all-round girl, she could not meet the conditions. She lived in her own little sphere regardless of all others.

Here we have the ideal college girl and her opposite. Both had equal opportunities to make good, but one conquered while the other was defeated. Some may go to college for a good time, and fail, but as for me, I want to strive to be the ideal college girl.

- Edwinna E. Wilson -





## WASTING TIME

What do these two words mean to you? Do they pierce you with the sword of consciousness which directs to profitable doing? Here they stand before us as they have stood many times in our life. If our lives are wholly consecrated to God, He can do all we ask of Him. Time is in our power to use as a precious gift from our Almighty Father. Have we ever realized the priceless-ness of time. We have learned, through experience, to value time when we must act quickly. But time value means more than quick action. Each moment of time means life or death, prosperity or destruction, gain or loss. Each one of us unconsciously or sometimes knowingly disobeys laws of time. Few realize the fact, however.


How can we say we have wasted time. How can time be thrown away when it can neither be seen nor be heard? By wasting we mean failing to use for the good of yourself or of others. Useless conversation, unprofitable reading, association with ungodly young people and careless work are added into your character and illustrate what I mean by 'wasting time'.

We might consider time as something which could well be called a gift, precious and wonderful. If we misuse that gift, we not only show disrespect to the one who gave it but also sin against time. How precious time ought to seem to us. We almost hold the balance of the world; we do hold the balance of our life. How important it is that we should use time profitably, forming the best character and opening channels to new rivers of thought. Life will become beautiful, full of timely deeds, worth living and enjoying.

During our first days here in college, we shall form good and bad habits. These decide our future and help to strengthen our will power. It may be that less time spent in idle conversation with our school chums would cause us to rejoice over an A theme paper in place of a B-. We must have high educational ideals and attain to them. We must reach the point in our lives where we will sacrifice all for God and His ideals. The hours invested in this manner will be valued in the future.

Can we, for a moment, place ourselves in mother's, father's or even sister's place, whose life is not always so pleasant as ours. Their life could well be seasoned with pleasant hours spent for the happiness of others. We could help lighten their





burden by a word written on paper, placed in a stamped envelope and sent home.

What new light will the end of a year reveal in which we have learned the true value of time by observing the commands of ideals and of God's Word? Life will be new, full of happiness. We can then do as the sundial motto says it does--"Count only sunny hours"--because we have become acquainted with God's eternal gift, time.

- Ruth M. Lane -







## MICKEY

B-r-r-z-z-i-n-g-g! It was the alarm clock. Drowsily Mickey reached for the intruder of his dreams, and pushed down the little lever. The clock resumed its normal "tick-tick", and Mickey resumed his regular breathing. Some few moments later he awoke with a start and, jumping from his bed, grinned a good morning at the shining ball on the eastern horizon. Dressing hurriedly he descended the stairs to the small, smelly kitchen where he went through the usual routine of burning himself some bacon, reheating some rather unreheatable-looking rolls and some left-over-from-the-night before coffee. Draining the last few drops from his cup, and munching a huge mouthful of roll and bacon, he took from the chair-back his paper-strap and ran down the outside steps to the shed where he kept his bike only to find his newest tire flat!


He must walk this morning. However nothing, not even a flat tire, could dampen Mickey's spirits this morning. This was the morning-after-the-night-before; and the most w-o-n-d-e-r-f-u-l thing had happened the night before.

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Mick Deloney was eleven years old, a little tall for his age, but not too much filled out. His lanky appendages concealed more cat-like agility than one would naturally suppose. A thick, towseled mass of lightest hair tumbled over his forehead and shaded his steel-gray eyes which could flash that gray-green we sometimes see in angry waters. The freckles, which were not the least of his worries, did not hide the firm boy chin. His shoes were more often kicked out at the toes than not, and his patched trousers did everything but fit. Nevertheless, he was the ringleader of the boys with whom he chummed, and many of them were well-combed and well clad. This set of boys, popularly known as "Mickey's Gang", had taken for their club house the top floor, or loft, of an old red barn in a vacant lot next to the fire-house overlooking Funsten Row, which took in the lumberyard and railroad tracks.

Mickey peddled papers to help feed his baby brother and sisters, and he felt the responsibility very keenly. It didn't matter whether it was raining or shining; Mickey was always there. Even on cold wintry mornings when the snow was deep, the paper might be wet around the edges,





but Mickey never failed to bring it.

He was usually in a hurry, down one driveway, and across the lawn to the next front door. But there was one house on his route which he approached slowly, and from which he walked reluctantly. It was a stucco bungalow on a side hill, and the sight of a pair of friendly brown eyes peering from beneath shaggy brows and a wagging stumpy tail was part of the reason why Mickey favored this house.

At home Mickey had no one to whom he could talk, no one who understood. His sisters teased and irritated him, his mother nagged him, and when he thought of his father his lips were drawn in a tight line, and his fists clinched. The deserter! He longed for companionship such as other children had--of course, he had the boys, but he couldn't tell "The Gang" "Things". If he only had a dog--one with friendly brown eyes and a wagging, stumpy tail. And if only--but he never did dare to even hope that Margaret would recognize him. She was Brownie's owner. He had always worshipped her from afar.

There broke out in the country an epidemic of robies. Of course, the usual laws were levied on all dogs. The dogcatchers chose the bottom floor of the old barn overlooking Funston Row for the place to keep dogs. Needless to say, "The Gang" met rather infrequently during this time. But Mickey kept his eye on things, and one night as he was walking by to look the place over, he saw, standing on her tip-toes and peering in the window of the barn, the owner of the shaggy-haired creature from the stucco house on the hill! Mickey's heart stood still! She turned just as he reached her and sobbed out, "They have put Brownie in there". She indicated with a shaking forefinger the barn.

Mickey looked in the dirty window. Sure enough, the brown-eyed Airdale was there. Mickey assured his little friend that he would get Brownie for her. And, with the help of "The Gang", he did. Margaret was so overjoyed that when Brownie refused to leave Mickey to return to the house on the hill, she announced, "Well, Brownie can stay, but I'm coming every day to see him."

It was too much for Mickey. He could only smile weakly as he took Brownie home. It didn't matter after all if they did live in the stucco house on the hill.

That was the night before; and nothing mattered this morning, not even a flat tire.

- Ruth B. White -



## A WESTERNER IN THE EAST

To one born and bred west of the Mississippi river, the Eastern customs are bound to be of more or less interest, but the reaction to them depends largely upon the individual. Age, temperament, and general outlook on life vary the case. I shall speak from the point of view of a rather young school girl who came from a typical mid-western town to a girl's boarding school in the East.

The trip was of such interest that it alone would have held my interest for weeks, but to have added to that the new wardrobe, preparation for a western boarding school, and the realization of my hopes, was really too much excitement for me to contain all at once. It was a wonder that worse things did not occur than those few incidents which I failed to control.


In the middle west we hail a stranger as one upon our own level and treat him as such until he proves himself unworthy. This I found was not true of the Easterners. They are faultless in their consideration and thoughtfulness, but there is a certain aloofness and reserve that a westerner would either fail to understand, or by which he would be frozen.

I learned, such to my dismay, that we answer those older by their names, never by using 'm' or 'sir', that we do not shake hands whenever we are introduced, that those older and more sophisticated that we do not care to have their inferiors speak or act intimately or familiarly toward them. In fact, by the end of the term I had heard so much and had time to apply so little comparatively, that I was fairly frightened to meet a member of the faculty for fear she or he would find some new offense that I had unwittingly committed.

The middle west is a vast farming district. There are a great many small centers where farmers bring their produce and do their trading, but because manufacturing is not carried on to any great extent the cities are few and far between. However, when in the cities of the middle west--note I do not say the far west which is infested with eastern tourists--one will never see women smoking in public. I do not say that the East is any more immoral than the West. I only say that if women do smoke out there it is done in the cheaper restaurants. Any hotel or restaurant that would keep its reputation for the best prohibits women smoking.







The scenery of the East over-ruled me at first. The hills were so high, and entirely different from anything I had ever seen that I marvelled at them at first; then I began to long for a distant view, but everywhere there were hills, hills, hills, till I sometimes felt that I should scream.

All this might lead one to believe that I am dissatisfied in the East. Strictly this is not true. On my first trip home I shall never forget the feeling that passed over me when I awoke and looked out of the window of the moving train to find that I could see far miles without a hill to obstruct the view. But when I arrived at my destination, I was surprised to find how it annoyed me to hear the broad pronunciation and use of colloquialism. I believe the Iowans use more provincial English than any people I have known. At first it seemed that even their frankness was insincere. I had not yet accustomed myself to the Eastern modes of living, yet I was influenced by them enough to make me feel out of place in my native woods. For a while I was sorely disappointed by life, but as I grew to look for the character of individuals I found that whether we are Easterners or Westerners, at heart we are brothers. The differences are not those of principles. While I am still a Westerner at heart, I find it better to be a bit reserved than to rush in where one may not be wanted. To know a bit of both sides of the question adds to one's general education, and I am fully as content to be a Westerner in the East as to be an Easterner in the West.

- Helen Louise White -



## ALL THE WORLD SEEMED TO SING

One morning, in the springtime of the year, I went out into the fields near my home. The sun was just beginning to shed its warm rays over the earth. The grass was a bright green, for it had just awakened from its long winter sleep and was expressing its joy by its healthy growth again.

All about me birds sang their sweetest songs of praise to their Creator. Woodpeckers were making the woods ring with their drumming on dead trees for their breakfast. Butterflies were flitting here and there over the flowers which had sprung up from the earth where they had been imprisoned by the snow and frost. Even the fish were awake and were jumping for bugs and flies on the surface of the water. They splashed and made little ripples on the lake. Wild life of every kind was alive all around me. Everywhere I looked, I saw nature expressing her thankfulness to God her maker. Everything pictured the reality of a Divine Creator and Ruler of the universe and the reality of the resurrection.

Then all at once I heard some one sing: "All the world seemed to sing of a Savior and King", and I thought how true it was, truer than I had ever realized before. Everything sang of the love of God. I marveled that any one could deny the existence of God when all nature sang so clearly of him.

While thinking thus to myself I heard one lady say to another: "I hate to see such fine weather because I know it means that bad weather is coming". She couldn't understand the joy of nature because she was always thinking about what might come in the future. She did not have the wonderful, carefree peace that "bosseth all unrighteousness".

Across the street I heard a man come out-of-doors and begin to swear because the sun had not dried the ice. All the work and he could not work in the garden when the plants were wet. How ungrateful man is! He who is superior to all animals and plants seems to appreciate his position less than do the lowest forms of life.

But if we are to appreciate God's love for us, if we are to see God in nature and in the world around us every day, we must have a heart that is not hard. We must have a heart that is not so busy with its own cares that it cannot see the love of God in the world around it. We must have a heart that is not so busy with its own cares that it cannot see the love of God in the world around it. We must have a heart that is not so busy with its own cares that it cannot see the love of God in the world around it.





appreciate God's love for us.

I left the beautiful scene with a burden on my heart  
for those who cannot see that all the world longs for a  
Savior and King.

- Kenneth E. Temple -





## THE SHAM BATTLE

For months we had been anticipating that thrilling sight, a battle precisely like the many battles on No Man's Land. Everything was to be there but lead and death, and those two could be supplied by a little use of the imagination.

On the tenth day of November two years ago, we motored from our home in Maine to Haverhill, Massachusetts, where, for three days, some of the struggles of the World War were to be reenacted.

On the morning of November eleven, all of the soldiers, marines and aviators paraded through the main streets of the city. The crowds pressed on all sides. The mounted police forced them back with their horses' steaming flanks. The soldiers wearing a grimmer, more serious look than usual, passed by with the steady tread that eats up the miles. The ugly-looking tanks, large and small, rumbled by. The speedy motorcycles, straddled by messengers, sputtered by. The marines with their jaunty uniforms and businesslike rifles marched by. The spirit of war and hostility filled the air. It was not the ordinary feeling of sportmanship nor was it the circus parade thrill. The atmosphere was charged with a warlike ardor.

In the afternoon the skilled horsemen from Fort Ethan Allen gave an exhibition drill. That sight will never be forgotten. The horses were all jet black and the uniforms of the men were blue and their gloves spotless white. There were about two hundred horsemen. They performed a number of amazing feats without even a horse's mane, it seemed, out of place. Suddenly coming together into squad formation, they charged at full tilt with sabres drawn toward the crowd. On they came; the crowd shrank back with fear; suddenly without the least effort they came to a halt within a few feet of the people and swung off the field amid deafening applause.

That evening large searchlights swept back and forth across the sky. Large bombing planes roared overhead seeking to dodge the piercing rays that penetrated the darkness. The anti-aircraft guns boomed, rifles cracked and, at frequent intervals, flares lighted the whole landscape like the noon-day sun. Once in a while a great searchlight spotted one of the menacing planes and, as we watched the night marauder, we had to use very little imagination to believe that in that steel flier were Germans with deadly bombs. That night our sleep was haunted by the boom of cannon and the faces of Huns.







The forenoon of the following day was taken up by patriotic exercises and speeches. In the afternoon the cry was, "Over the top"! The people flocked to a huge field which was surrounded by the crowds on one side, the Merrimac River on another, and a rocky hill on the third side. There was to be a charge over the top and across No Man's Land. Scattered over the side of the hill behind rocks and in trenches were a large number of men and machine guns. Near the river, hidden behind trees, along the grass and in other trenches was the opposing side with its rapid-fire guns hidden behind trees.

The terrible roar of big guns was the opening of the battle. For about ten minutes the roar was deafening; then it gradually quieted down and the sputtering of machine guns and the cracking of rifles were heard. Then khaki-clad figures on the hill leaped to their feet, dashed ahead a few paces and flung themselves down again. Gradually the long line of skirmish worked down till it reached the road. Five minutes of fierce fighting followed. Then one daring soldier dashed across the open road and fell into the field. Soon, by twos and threes, like a long wave curling along the beach, the whole line was across the road. Suddenly a new sound was heard and, looking up, we saw three huge steel tanks coming over the brow of the hill. Smashing everything in their way they came down the hill, through a fence, over the road and past the skirmish line. Ever towards the enemy they went with their guns booming. They ripped up the barbed-wire entanglements, overran several machine-gun nests and drove through the enemies' line. Close behind them came the Yanks, now running, now falling; but ever toward the enemy. Finally with one desperate, concentrated dash they were over the bank and onto the foe and after desperate hand to hand fighting, they seized the machine guns, turned them on their owners and completely routed every imaginary Hun.

Following this battle came another little skirmish and a football game. Football was too tame after fighting. Suffering and death excluded, war is a wonderful game.

- John E. Riley -



## THINKINGS

### BOOKS

Books are men's hearts, minds and imaginations bound up in black figures on white paper. By reading books we can live other men's lives, feel their feelings and think their thoughts. Enter a vast library and look about. There are large books and small books, good and bad, expensive and cheap books, commonplace and rare, serious and frivolous books, religious and irreligious, true and false books. These are the lives of men. Our lives are books.

- J.E.R.-

### A NEW DAY

The veil of darkness is gradually thrown aside. Black shadows of the night begin to lose their weird spell. The coverings of gloom seem to fall from earth's shoulders. Like a rising curtain, the mist of jet moves silently away. A new day knocks eagerly for admittance. The key turns and lo, what appears? A trust of valuable hours is given each one in the universe for his very own. A day of opportunity, of blessing, and of joy may be holding an outstretched hand to the one who is prepared. On the other hand, a day of regret and of suffering may extend a call to the one who heedlessly wastes moments. An opportunity does not wait long at a door. It must travel on to find a welcome in some heart that is true. This new day grants one a chance for all things new.

- A.E.F.-

### A LITTLE SMILE

I have always been glad that children liked me. The other day I caught a baby's wandering glance as he was exploring his little world. Maybe it was imagination, but I thought I detected a gleam of interest as his eyes found my face. He cuddled his chin down in his little, fat neck and looked at me unblinkingly for a moment. And then a corner of his funny, little, button-hole mouth quirked up. I felt examined, judged, and approved. That little smile made me happier a whole day.

- D.M.T. -





## DUSK

When dusk comes the birds fly to their nests, the butterflies pose among the flowers, the puppies run to their box with stumbling steps, the children nestle in their mother's arms, and all the world rests, for it is weary.

- H.M.S.-

## A NAIL

It was only a nail, but how much it affected one hundred and fifty young people at their Saturday noon meal as they took each bite with care in search of the missing article! One nail had lost itself in the frothy mass of potatoes when it fell from the washer where it held the handle on. The nail is a useful article and very necessary, but how much discomfort may be caused when it is out of place. Solomon says, "To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under heaven". If we find our proper place and stay there we will keep out of the potatoes.

- R.I.E.-

## PILLOWS

Pillows are necessary to life, my life anyway. When I was a child, I spent some part of my summers with my grandmother who lived on the very tip end of Long Island. We traveled just about all day to get there and so about the first thing mother did after supper was to put us to bed. If we had any reasons for not wanting to go, they disappeared with the first glimpse of the bed. Why? Well, because Grandma's pillows were big and smooth and cool and white - and we were tired. My girl friend throws her pillow disgustfully onto the nearest chair and uses her elbow instead. I can't speak for her, but I know that my elbow isn't stuffed with feathers, nor is it big and smooth and cool and white.

- R.B.W.-

## PINES

The tall, wind-washed pine is a beautiful tree. Its long, palm-like branches offer rest to all, rest from the stifled, crowded city, rest from the dusty, heavy air of the town. It offers freedom. Its odor is a balm to every weary heart. In the pine's top branches I hear the rustle of the waving needles and I feel the braces of pure, woody air. From the pine I see the far-reaching carpet of soft, green forests. In the distant valley is a winding, silver river with its sometimes rocky, sometimes mossy banks. I love the pines. A live in the tall pines of Maine is the life for me.

- J.E.R. -







## STUDY POSES

The various poses of students studying are interesting. By the way some walk into the room you can tell how they are going to work. Some sit down easily and lean back or settle themselves comfortably in a nest of vintage where they can observe all that goes on. Any one can see they have plenty of time and lessons that are not difficult. Others sit on the tip of their chairs and brace their elbows into the table, with a questing frown on their faces. Their whole attitude is one of determination. One tightly clutches his hair with one hand, while with the other he writes furiously, as though trying to hold his thoughts until he can record them. Some are lost in their studies, oblivious to all about them. They sit relaxed and give no sign of effort or pain. These fortunate students have learned the elusive art of concentration.

A few students gaze unseeingly at the ceiling or at the floor or the wall trying to draw inspiration from their flat spots. I, myself, have thoroughly inspected the wall paper, the pictures, the rain or reflection in the crystal chandelier, and the statuary; I have even examined the andirons that lean so lightly against each other in the cold fire place. But students in the past must have exhausted them all, for I never could thank them for any help.


- D.M.F.-

## WHISPERINGS

Monday morning I was all flustered because, in the afternoon, I was going to work for a lady whom I had never seen. Something continually whispered, "She will be hard to suit. Say! you will break the dishes, and I'll vouch you can never wash the clothes to satisfy her. This lady will have a sharp nose, stern countenance, and keen eyes. She will see every speck of dust on the furniture". I was so keyed up that I had a headache as I walked toward the house. I rang the bell and waited.

- C.B.-





HURRYGRAPHS

Because he is wrien and knows it, because he is willing to learn and shows it, because he is bound to succeed and does it, a Freshman is superior to a Sophomore.

Ruth BeVier White

In our hearts we are white;  
In our class we are green;  
With our money we are red.

Dorcas Edith Rendrag

The fresh new dorm won many freshmen for E. N. C.

Alelaide Elizabeth Peiser

Speaking of cold-water baths, we give them free, without request, on Halloween.

Kenneth Elworth Temple

Many are saying that Prohibition is a big joke. It is a joke on those who cannot get "it".

Alton Gilford Perkins

Catapillarism is a terrible disease. It gives one the crawls.

Charles Edward Deware


Why was not I born good-looking instead of rich?! - the universal cry of E. N. C. students after receiving their first missive from Purdy's.

Dorcas Mine Farr

By order of the administration, we must have no music during study hours. That probably accounts for some of the strange noises we hear during these hours.

John Fred Larabee





There is one thing that warring Religionists agree upon;  
that is, that we should have harmony.

Alton Gilford Perkins

How we appreciated the cessation of hostilities November  
11, 1918! At least so long as we thought there was a  
possibility of cessation of classes November 11, 1926!

Dorcas Mine Tarr

These new chairs are a great improvement on Window-ledges.

John Eckel Riley

Every one loves a race whether horses, men, ostriches,  
or money.

Ruth Isabel Ede

The Irish are the most industrious people in the world.  
On the back of every invention is marked "Pat".

Charles Edward Deware

Lost, strayed, or stolen, - Mr. McAllen's breath while  
rising to make an announcement.

Dorcan Mine Tarr



# College Life



## Mental Impossibility?

V. Dickey: Let's think hard!

Perkins: Why not do something you can do too?

## The Way He Took It.

K. Temple: What are you thinking about?

L. Michelson: Thanks for the compliment.

## As Bad as That?

Erickson: His ears remind me of a pair of front fenders.

V. Hoover: They are rather large, aren't they?

Erickson: And they're on the two sides of a vacuum tank!

## No Longer a Secret!

C. French: I don't believe one should wear a wedding ring.

Miss Stahl: Wearing a wedding ring is a sacred privilege,  
and I'll wear one if I wish to do so.

## Unintentional.

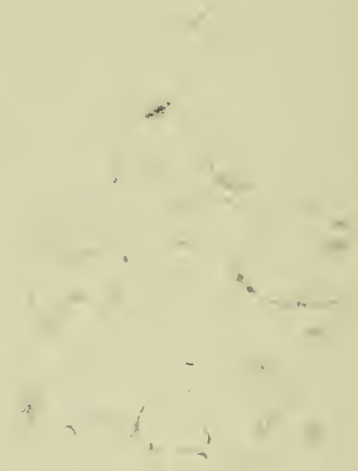
Prof: Angell in History Class: Is Miss Wilson ill?

J. Wagner: She was at breakfast this morning.

## Don't Miss Understand!

Have you ever seen a curtain roll, a corner stand, a tree bark, a hat box, a lip stick, a neck tie, a graveyard vault, money talk, a board fence, a vine climb, or a lesson hard?







Rastus: Sah yu'all got ah large mouth.  
 Sastus: Fool Nigger, That sho' aint  
 No keyhole in your face.

Introducing Rastus and his Twin, Sastus. Their  
 own mother found it hard to tell them apart. They belong  
 to The Pullman Porters Union and will appear on  
 this page in every issue. They are the Twenty-  
 second cousins of The Gold Dust Twins.

#### Confused States.

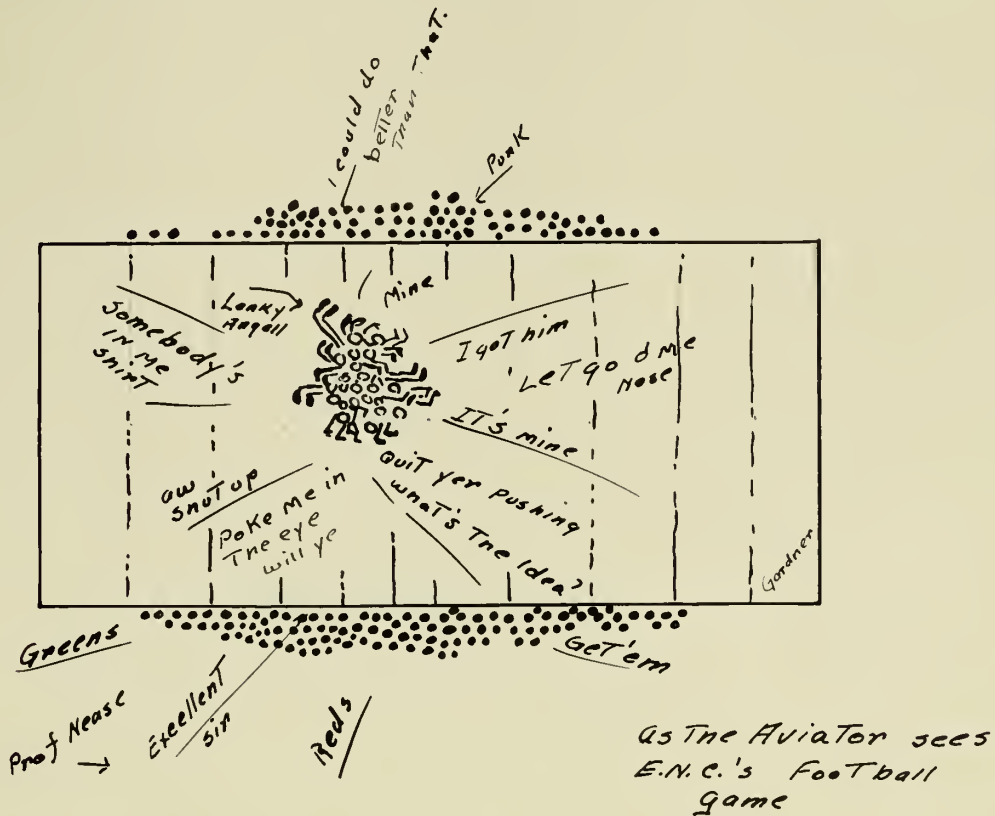
H. Sloan: Where are you from?  
 J. Riley: Providence.  
 Sloan: Oh! Are you?  
 Riley: No, R.I.

#### Fluency.

H.: Where is "our" ink?  
 Mayo: What do you mean by "our" ink?  
 H.: Well, it isn't "minute" ink, is it?  
 Mayo: No, it's "weak" ink!

Miss Spangenberg: What is the matter with the following  
 sentence: Two thousand years stretches from Homer to





Shakespeare?

Mr. Hibbert: It is rather lengthy.

Every one in plane geometry was watching a squirrel outside the window. After trying several times to gain the attention of the class, Prof. Gardner remarked: Well, I guess the squirrel has all the nuts this time.

We Hope He Doesn't Swallow It.

Prof. Esselstyn (in European History class) What is the name of that council? I had it on the tip of my tongue.

Mr. Carman: The Diet of Worms.

Wafted from the dining hall.

'Tis each man to his liking,  
 But oh! The place for me  
 Is a mashed potato mountain  
 Beside a gravy sea!

Station I.C.U.

Mary: I wonder how Mrs. Gould can hear us laughing up here on the third floor, when she is asleep?

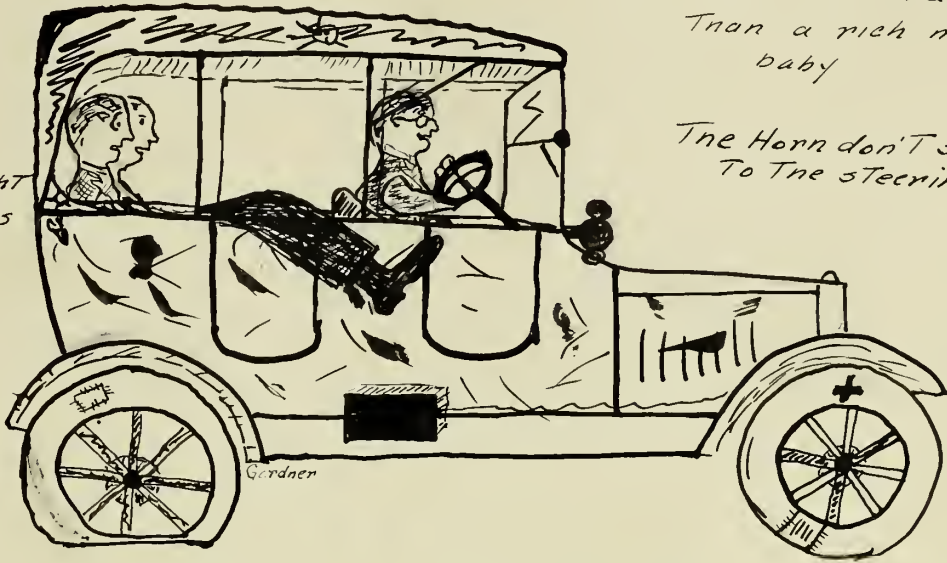
Betty! She must sleep with her earphones on!



You made me what  
I am Today ---- Now look at me

IT has more rattles  
Than a rich man's  
baby

Honest Weight  
No Springs



The Horn don't speak  
To The steering gear

Would Henry Ford  
recognize this?

The Deware Limited  
Leaves

Odourless Onions.

Oh that some Burbank of the West  
Would Patent, make, and sell,  
An onion with an onion taste  
And with a violet smell.

Girls talking; "All the good men are married".  
Mertha Tracy: "Oh, no, they're not!"

When Beulah Long couldn't get in the phone booth, she said,  
"Well, there's no use talking".

The Whole Truth.

To have ones sweetheart far away  
It makes existing dark and drear  
But worse it is, alackaday,  
To have her distant when she's near.

Prof. Gardner in prayer meeting: Our time is about up.  
C. French: Amen!

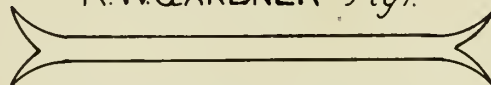




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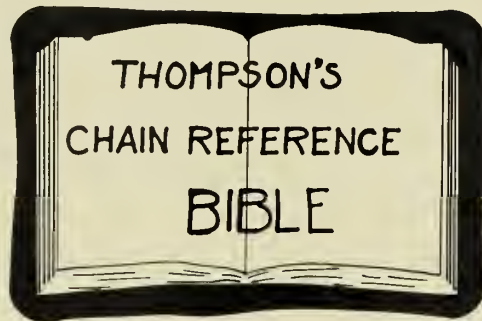
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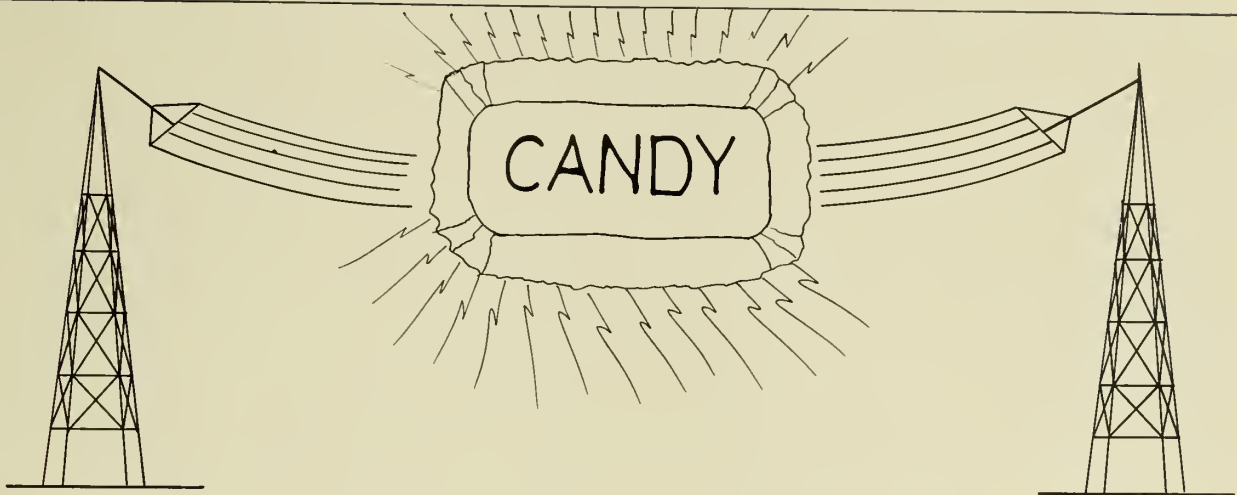
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OR  
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CRACKERS - CHEWING GUM*

*YOU SUPPLY THE MOUTH WE'LL DO THE REST*

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*POSTAGE STAMPS  
TICKETS TO BOSTON*

*see you at John's*



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YOUR HAIR MUST LOOK NEAT

MCKEE

SPECIALIST IN

HAIROLOGY AND SHAMPOOLOGY

TONSOIL PARLOR



before



after

GUARANTEED TO MAKE HAIR GRO ON A BARBER POLE

BOBBY! HOW DO YOU LIKE THE WAY I DO'S MAH HAIR!

IT HIDES THO YEARS



NO! NO! EARS

ladies only please.



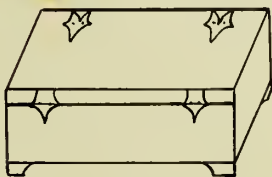
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CHRISTMAS CARDS

STAMPED CARDS

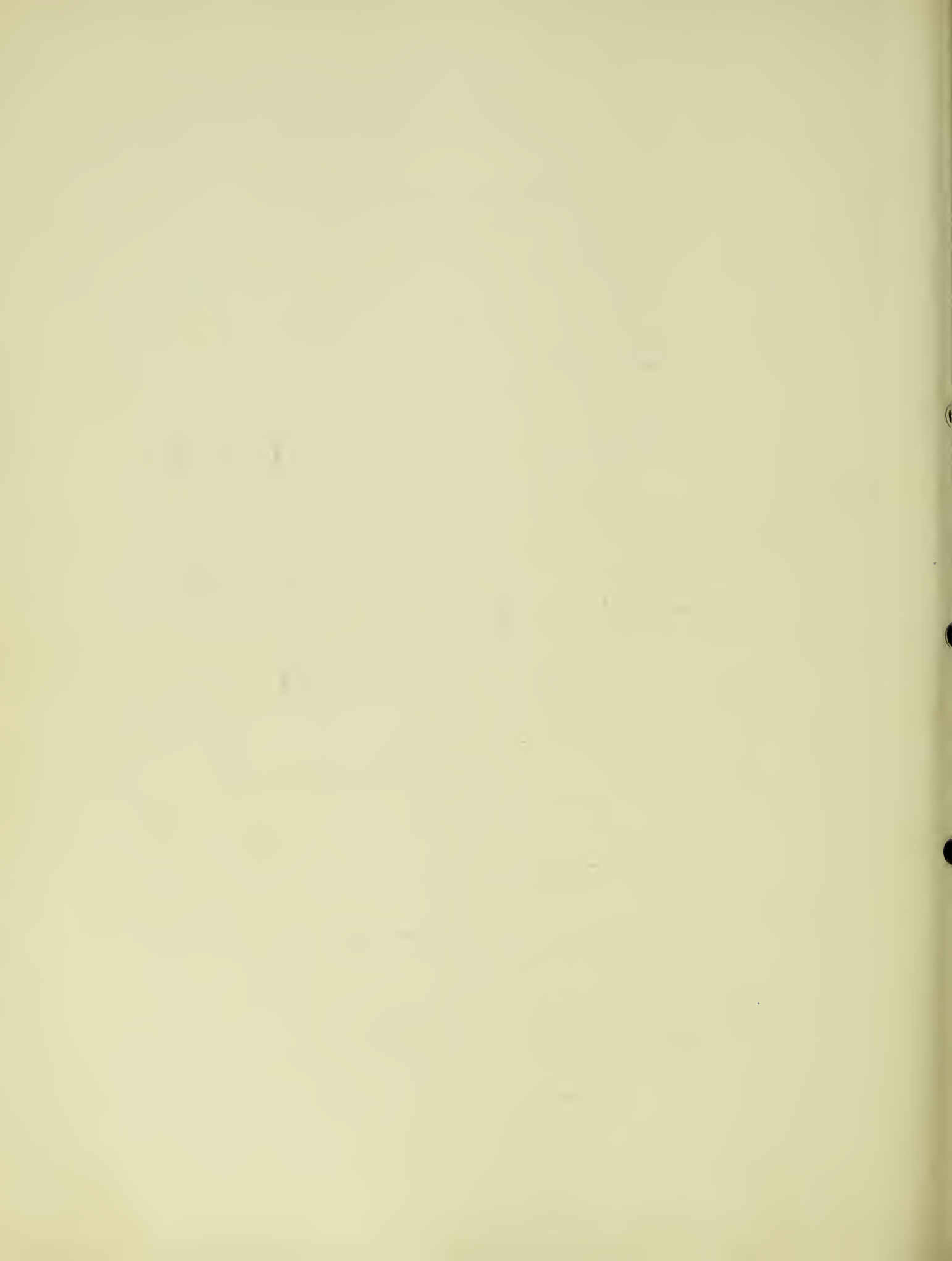
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PREPARE YOUR HOPE CHEST

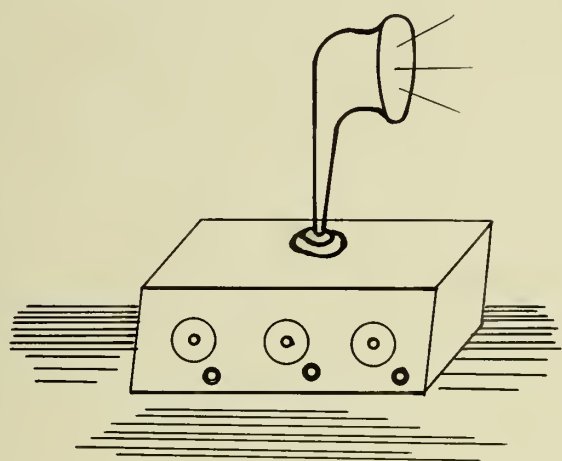


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