

GREEN

BOOK

1928



BRF



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2013

<http://archive.org/details/greenbook192854unse>

THE GREEN BOOK

MAY 1928.

VOL.V NO.4

F O R E W O R D

Having been encouraged by the kind and helpfully critical attitude with which our other three Green Books this year have been received, we now present this final product of our year's work in College Rhetoric.



DEDICATION

--

To one who, by her gentle, but firm leadership; her severe, but kind criticism; her stirring, but rational enthusiasm, has guided us through the complexities of College Rhetoric and has made possible this publication -- to our worthy instructor and true friend

Alice Spangenberg

we dedicate this, the fourth number of the fifth volume of the

GREEN BOOK

T H E S T A F F

Editor-in-chief	ELISABETH EARLE
Literary Editor	MARION PEAVEY
Art Editor	BUELL FULLER
Assistant	DONALD DAVIS
College Life	NAOMI KUNZE
Assistant	ANDREW YOUNG
Business Manager	CHARLES TROYARD
Assistant	WARREN LAHUE
Typist	ESTHER MOSHER
Assistant	CHARLES PETERSON



TABLE OF CONTENTS

Editorial

Rattle Snake Spring Elisabeth Earle

The Life of Queen Victoria Esther Mosher

Should the President Be
Caricatured? Clarence Shene

An Exciting Week Donald Davis

Myself Clarence Shene

The Morning After the
Night Before Marion Peavey

Hermonites Julia Vaughn

The Effects of Responsibility
on Character John Hughey

Something I Disbelieve and Do Marion Peavey

Up-to-date Housekeeping Naomi Kunze

In Defense of Singing in the
Cardboard Palace Warren Lahue

Artistic Fishing Buell Fuller

Gleanings

Jokes

Ads

EDITORIAL

Even if E. N. C. is located in Massachusetts, her students are not all New Englanders. There are students, too, from Illinois, from Indiana, from Pennsylvania, and from Ohio; and even from England, Scotland, and Greece. Again, Eastern Nazarene College is not composed entirely of Nazarenes. There are the Reformed Baptists, the Friends, the Free Methodists, the Methodist Episcopalians, the Congregationalists, and others. Our life work will not be the same. Some will be preachers, some missionaries, some evangelistic singers, some business men, some teachers, and some housewives. Our courses differ. We are not all in College; but our Academy and Theological Departments are outstanding factors in the school. Even in the College Department some of us are striving for the A. B. Degree, others, for the B. S.

The question arises after thinking of these variations in our college life: "How can there be a strong school spirit at E. N. C.?"

One might answer this by pointing out several distinguishing characteristics of our student body. It does not consist of young folk who have been sent by millionaire fathers; but of those who come with a serious purpose, and, in most cases, who work their way through. This creates a democratic spirit and an atmosphere that is not conducive to self-centeredness. But an influence even greater is the spirit of the Christian religion which makes us all brothers and which draws our various factors together into a unified whole whose one purpose is to make E. N. C. a bigger, better, and more glorious center for the Eastern Educational Zone.

LITERARY



God chastens those He loves. Why should we be discouraged in the process if He isn't?

Langley

--

An honest truth seeker never knocks down one who doesn't agree with him.

You are to be judged at the Judgment Day by the character that produced the talk that you talked. Would you want to be judged by the way you talk at E. N. C.?

If you want to know your character, listen to yourself. You can know you are two-faced if you have two talks.

Too many men are selling out for cheap success. Jesus had to seem to fail.

E. E. Angell

--

We ought to hide away until we can smile and properly represent Christ.

Pridgen

--

QUESTIONS TO CONSIDER

How old are you?

Dr. Laury

How much are you worth?

S. Young

Where are you?

Pres. Nease

--

RATTLE SNAKE SPRING

The approach to the Spring is a fitting introduction. The one who wishes to see the beautiful spot must leave the winding country road and the haunts of men. He may climb a huge rock or walk around its base, but the climb is the price that must be paid for a glorious view of two rivers and the surrounding country for many miles. The water tower of Providence is dimly discernable in the west, the church spires of Fall River are clearly seen in the south, the smoke stacks of Taunton in the north, and, by stretching the imagination, the Blue Hills seem to appear in the far north.

Almost regretfully the seeker for Rattle Snake Spring turns from the wonderful panorama before him and descends the west slope of the monstrous rock. He follows a good wagon path across two fields, and into the woods.

After traversing that for a quarter of a mile through deep woods of cedar, oak, chestnut, maple, and birch, he begins to look for a less distinct footpath branching off to the right. On this path he must proceed at a slower gait, because the way is blocked in many places by overhanging branches and fallen trees. Finally he climbs over a wall and enters a section of woods that is heavily carpeted with oak leaves and pine needles, but there is practically no path. If he knows the general direction of the Spring he will come to a junction of two walls, climb over, and go down a little hill.

Before him is a conglomerate heap of rocks, but, as he follows the path down around it, he suddenly exclaims,

"Gushing from the rock before me
Lo, a spring of joy I see."

Of course the first thing he does is to slake his thirst after his long tramp. On the nearby bushes he finds a cup hanging which he fills with the cool, sparkling water. It is so cool, so satisfying, that he begins to think he has never had a real drink of water before. Then the words run through his mind,

"All my life long I had panted
For a draught from some cool spring."

After drinking to his utter satisfaction he begins to examine his surroundings more closely. The rock out of which the clear water issues towers high above his head forming a sheer cliff. It is so steep and so regular that it would be almost impossible to climb up the face of it. Yet there are several cracks and shelves covered with moss or dainty little ferns. The water flows out from the rock in a beautiful little stream that is bordered by the greenest grass that was ever seen. Rare and wonderful wild flowers grow close by.

This beautiful secluded spot back in the woods is a place where restfulness and quiet reign supreme.

E. E.





THE LIFE OF QUEEN VICTORIA

We may never realize to the fullest extent the influence of Queen Victoria's life upon her age; nevertheless we know that multitudes loved this noble queen and lived happily during her reign. She responded to the trust and love that was placed in her, and likewise her subjects responded to the simple faith that she always placed in them. After an attempt had been made to assassinate her, she proved that she still had confidence in the masses by taking a carriage ride through the city without special protection. Indeed the age was effected by this sincere, loyal and honored ruler who ascended the throne the year that she was eighteen.

The business of "Queen-making" is not a light task. The Dutchess of Kent devoted her life to the education of her daughter, the Princess Victoria, and she taught her, among other things, the cardinal virtues: frugality, exactitude in business, faithfulness to all engagements, punctuality, and the economy of time. The Princess spent her youthful days in a routine of work (mostly study), healthful exercise and play. The praise for preparing the young Princess for her queenly office certainly belongs to her faithful mother whose one concern was that of her daughter's welfare.

We might classify the achievements of Queen Victoria as inspirational. Truly her becoming example in relationship to domestic, political and social affairs must have inspired many people to live wiser and happier lives. Her wisdom in domestic affairs is shown by the way she reared her nine children. A charming house -- the Swiss cottage -- and its grounds were given to the children not wholly as a play-house and play-ground but partly as means of instruction. Here the Princesses learned how to prepare meals and to perform all the other duties of house-keepers; and the young Princes learned how to do different kinds of manual labor. The Queen's attitude towards her husband was that of love and worship. Indeed -- their home life is an example of domestic tranquillity, and is a proof that happiness can reign in a home -- even in one where formality and coldness are supposed to exist.

She was a very cordial hostess and enjoyed the social life which kings and queens are accustomed to in their interchange of visits.

Then, as to her judgment in state affairs, it was invaluable as she understood the various problems that confronted her Kingdom perfectly.

Her strength of character is revealed by her conduct at the death of her beloved husband, Prince Albert. She retained perfect possession of herself to the last and after his eyes had closed in death, she thanked the physicians, saying that she knew all had been done that human skill and devotion could accomplish. She walked from the death-chamber, erect, -- still the "Queen".

To say that she had a strong personality is not doing her justice. To take the responsibility as Queen of England when still a girl, but with confidence in herself and with a steady nerve, to retain the respect and love of a kingdom so great that the sun always shines on its people, to mould nine lives into lovely manhood and womanhood -- yes, it took a person with will power, sincerety, and all the graces that are bestowed upon a human being. We might say that one of these graces was 'human-sympathy'. At the death of our President Garfield she manifested this compassionate spirit by sending messages daily to the United States. These were so beautifully worded that they showed that she was the embodiment of graciousness and loveliness.

E. H.



SHOULD THE PRESIDENT BE CARICATURED?

Should the President be caricatured? Before answering this question we might ask: should any person be cartooned? The usual object of the cartoon is to provoke public ridicule. Oftentimes this is a most effective method of bringing a policy before the public mind, but to make a person the object of public ridicule seems to be carrying the thing too far. The cartoon has its rightful and useful place, but its place is in dealing with parties, institutions, administrations, and such like, in which some fictitious figure is used and no personal element involved.

There are two objections to the use of the personal cartoon. In the first place it is unkindness. No person likes to appear before the public press with his features distorted and any abnormality exaggerated. Even if he may have made a mistake or even done wrong, it is uncharitable on the part of others to place him in such an embarrassing light as the cartoon usually does.

In the second place, we notice that the cartoon is essentially a tool of an enemy or an opposing party interest. It is used to create and augment public sentiment, and many times genders animosity. A personal cartoon is little more than airing personal grudges. Even opponents ought to treat one another as gentlemen.

It seems rather out of the question to cartoon the President. As the first gentleman of the land, he is entitled to respect. Freedom of the press should not rob the President of his dignity. If the administration must be cartooned, the figure of Uncle Sam can well serve the purpose and thus avoid any embarrassment or personal injury to the President.

C. S.



AN EXCITING WEEK

Golden opportunities!?!?--opportunities which present themselves but every fourth year, -- opportunities which are characteristic of that renowned "Leap Year" so earnestly looked forward to by the fair sex. Indeed such glorious chances were not to be overlooked by the co-eds of E. N. C. At the very announcement of a Leap Year Party, each heart was filled with anticipation. The most timid gave evidence of a spark of aspiration for an enjoyable evening under the sole supervision of the girls.

It was the Monday preceding St. Patrick's day that an envelope, containing a small card, was handed to each of us. It was an invitation requesting our presence at a Leap Year Party to be given by the Academy Senior Class, on the eve of St. Patrick's Day. It was nothing unusual as it is a custom for the seniors of each year to give a social, but quite sensational when one observed that each invitation stated that every boy must pledge himself to permit a girl to bring him.

In the course of the following days, one could see all sorts of happenings which were typical of Leap Year. In the dormitories the affair became the general subject of discussion.

"Who is going to take you Friday Night?"

"Pretty good! Bill's girl is taking another fellow."

"My! I wish that girl with the pretty eyes would ask me."

The boys were given an idea as to how it feels to be bound by the social laws of the girls -- to be bound to such an extent that it is not proper to reveal your affections for some coveted friend.

By Thursday evening all the boys had been spoken for, and were wondering just what the outcome would be.

Friday morning several of the young men were surprised to find that they had been the recipients of a box of choice candy having the signature "Anxious Brown Eyes" written upon it. A sudden emergence into love one might believe, especially when these very same fellows were the receivers of a bouquet of roses

in the afternoon.

That evening the Cardboard Palace was transformed from a dwelling place for the college boys into a typical reception hall. Everyone heeded any suggestions which might add to his appearance.

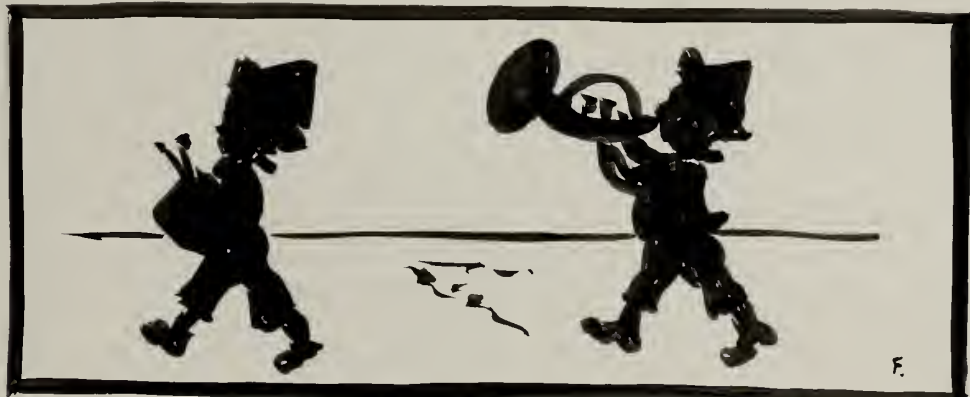
The girls, dressed in a manner which might appeal to any young man having a taste for beauty, made their way to the Boy's dormitory. Each one stepped upon the portico which consisted of a soap box, summoned the "Butler" by the ringing of a cow bell suspended over the door, presented her card to him and made her request. In a few moments each girl was making her way to the Gymnasium with her prize of the evening.

D. D.

--

He was a cunning little urchin, and he was blissfully happy in his play. Shoes, once brown, now scuffed and worn, were the only coverings for his feet. Blue overalls, spattered with a combination of mud and jam, served to keep his suit from getting dirty. One mitten was on his little hand, while the other floated gently down the mill-stream. His daddy's handkerchief was pinned onto his overalls, and a jaunty sailor cap, set well back on his head, completed the attire of the little lad.

M. P.





MYSELVES

"Know thyself" is the teaching of an old philosopher, and indeed we find it well to do so if possible. But just what is myself? Just how and to what extent is it possible to know myself? Now this is no small problem, for the field of speculation is wide. Upon reflection, I think Aristotle might better have said: "Know thyself". Doubtless he included this idea in his proposition, for whatever the mood or circumstance, it is nothing more than a variation of the same self. The Latin noun has five cases, and the verb appears in a multitude of moods and tenses, as transitive, intransitive, active and passive. Yet always it is the same noun and the same verb. Now herein I find a close analogy, since continually I am subjected to moods, circumstances, and attitudes which correspond to the varied moods, tenses, and cases of the parts of speech.

As I write, I feel as if I were in the imperative mood. Do I write because I love it? Nay, woe is me if I write not. Then there is that feeling many of us have when we are repeatedly called upon to lend a quarter, fifty cents, or a dollar: rather an ablative of means, I should call it. But when reverses come, when everything seems to go wrong, and we look about for someone or something to blame, that is a plain accusative case. After a week of studies and social restrictions, on Friday there comes an inclination to drift into the dative case. Some are of the opinion that this is an indicative mood, but after long experience, I find a decided subjunctive element involved. With the coming of final examinations, I find myself sinking hopelessly into the imperfect tense.

These examples show a few of the difficulties involved in knowing one's self. But isn't there one outstanding self which is the true index? Yes, as truly as there is the root of the noun and verb, but the prefixes and suffixes are so influential in determining the meaning and usage of the word that sometimes we scarcely recognize it. So it is with ourselves. Our mood may be so strong that for the time the true, unchanging self is lost to view.

C. S.





THE MORNING AFTER THE NIGHT BEFORE

"Br-r-r-r-r," stuttered the alarm clock at four o'clock on a memorable Thursday morning.

A tousled head emerged from under the covers and Ruthie mumbled, "Somebody turn off that alarm and be quick about it." Only the heavy regular breathing of Betty answered her; so, crawling out on the icy floor, she bumped around trying to find the dream-disturber. "Where did those kids put that old thing? Ouch, my head! I can't find the light, and I'll just let the thing run down." With this, she crawled back into bed, comfortably rested her feet on Betty, and found herself again on the floor, propelled by vigorous thrusts of Betty's protesting feet.

"Hey, whatcha think I am, a hot water bottle? Go to Liggett's for them. Let's get up; we've had an hour's sleep," and Betty crawled outside for the space of ten brief seconds.

"Say," she chattered, "I move we get Naomi and Marion to build a fire and then we'll get up."

"Second the motion," was Ruth's rejoinder, and two pairs of healthy lungs were put into immediate use.

"Hey, Marion, Naomi, it's time to get up."

"Uh-huh," and silence reigned for ten minutes.

Then again a call was sent into the next room -- "If you kids don't hurry, they'll be down here."

This evoked a little more response.

"Oh, Prof. Cantrell promised to call us before they left so we could plan. I just got to sleep, and the Freshmen at school aren't up yet, I bet. Shut up, can't you, and let us sleep a few minutes?"

Betty and Ruth sprang into prompt action. "Marion, if you don't get up now, we'll appoint ourselves as a committee of two to assist you. Now take your choice."

No response!

With a leap and a bound, the two assailants invaded the next room, grabbed an offender from the bed and out into the cold cruel darkness.

"Hey," said Naomi shivering, "you've got the wrong one. Go after Marion."

Snap! The light went on and a shout arose.

"The crazy kids slept between blankets! Did you ever see such babies!" And with one grab all the bedclothes landed on the floor.

"Hey, you kids ought to be spanked and I'd like to be the one to do it," was Marion's comment as she and Naomi felt the raw east wind which penetrated the room.

"Well, they're up," triumphed the victors. "Now we can settle down to business", -- and they fled to their own room. But a suspicious silence made them wonder, and, peering into the next room again, they saw their prey again dead to the world.

This time they did not leave the job unfinished. Again standing, bedclothes under their arms, gloating over their victory, Betty and Ruth made another triumphant exit.

"Shall we get up or shan't we?" queried Omi, when just then the telephone rang. Down the stairs they scrambled, grabbed the disturbing offender, explained to Prof. Cantrell that breakfast was well under way, and returned again upstairs to prepare for the invading hordes soon to come.

Yes, this was the morning of the Freshman Hike.

M. P.

HERMONITES

One night shortly after the opening of school at Northfield Seminary, a senior made the following announcement at the dinner table: "To-morrow morning we are to have 'Hermonites' for breakfast." I glanced around the dining-room and could see wise looks upon the faces of former students as well as determined expressions upon their lips which seemed to say, "Yes, we know just what she means, but we do not intend to divulge any secrets." We questioned them at length but could get no satisfaction. Our offers of help were spurned and we were ordered not to appear beyond the hall door until it was opened by the breakfast girls.

After dinner, we went to the parlor to discuss the affair more thoroughly. You see, the Hermonites were the students of our boy's school just across the river and those days when the two schools were united were red letter ones, never to be forgotten. Thus as a result of the parlor meeting, we were told by the head teacher to appear the next morning in becoming attire, and in joyous spirits so that we might fittingly entertain our guests.

Tired and perplexed I retired early, but was unable to go to sleep, for all sorts of questions occupied my mind. Ought I not, as matron of the dormitory, help to prepare the breakfast? What were they going to have and who had prepared the menu? Hitherto this had been one of my many tasks. Where would they find enough chairs and tables? What were they to do after breakfast? I finally went to sleep, only to dream that they had come and gone and no one had called me. I awoke, realized it was late, jumped out of bed, and hastened to dress. When ready, I joined the excited, perplexed, giggling girls in the hall. To the best of our ability we formed in line just outside the dining-room door. It opened and we entered, going at once to our accustomed places. We were still wondering about our guests as they were not there, neither were there any extra chairs or tables.

In response to the look of bewilderment upon our faces, the head senior informed us that the "Hermonites" were there and would soon come in by way of the kitchen. The bell tinkled, the doors opened and with the greatest solemnity and dignity our eight house seniors marched in, bearing aloft in their hands huge platters upon which were the "Hermonites," nothing more nor less than fried dough-boys. With difficulty the seniors maintained their dignity

while their old school-mates clapped their hands and laughed; and we, poor, fooled folk, hung our heads in great embarrassment because of our gullibility.

J. V.

--

THE PLEASURE OF LOAFING

Do you remember, years and years ago, when you had nothing to do but loaf, and all the time in the world to do it? Personally, I would not have to tax my memory very strenuously to see a little, dirty faced, barefoot boy lying under the scanty shade of a willow tree, just watching the clouds go by.

I remember a particular occasion when I had so much time to loaf that I got another boy to walk about four miles to help me do it. We could not have chosen a better day for our task. The clouds floated lazily in the sky; the leaves on the trees were as motionless as the cows that had stationed themselves in the muddy water of the meadow ditch; the farmer boy, asleep under the roadside tree, snored out best wishes for our success; the atmosphere itself encouraged us in our undertaking.

In the course of time we reached the place where we were going to loaf -- a barren place with little signs of present life, that is, except the river. There was a tree -- the old peach tree, we called it -- but that had been dead for many years.

We roamed around the beach for about an hour, looking for berries that were not to be found. The rest of the day we spent as planned -- sometimes in the water, sometimes stretching ourselves upon the sand. With the exception of the time when our peace was disturbed by two pleasure seekers who had floated with the tide, we spent the day in perfect exile.

The hours disappeared into the past, the sun began to dip into the water, and we knew our task had been completed and our attempt to loaf had been a grand success.

D. P.

THE EFFECTS OF RESPONSIBILITY ON CHARACTER

Let us first of all consider what the definitions of responsibility and character are. Responsibility is the state of being responsible, answerable or accountable; character, the distinguishing traits of anything and particularly the moral and mental qualities of an individual human being, the sum of which qualities distinguishes him as a personality.

First of all, responsibility tends to establish a man's relation to others in a way that he will realize his duty to all mankind. He realizes that the job he is holding down is not merely a job but rather is a trust given him by the public, a trust he must fulfill. His position is what he is answerable for. He is accountable for the way in which he discharges his duty to the people depending upon him. If he is the right kind of man, he readily sees the importance of his work, and that humanity, in some sense, is depending upon him.

Let us take an example in the train-despatcher. This man here at his desk would never be so precise in his duties, so systematic, so painstaking, were he not aware that, every day, every minute, over his division somewhere were passing expresses, locals, freights, bearing human life, and property and representing large sums of money. The despatcher realizes that the man in the cab of the locomotive depends upon him, that the man in the general manager's position depends upon him, that the people in the coaches depend on him, that shippers depend on him. With these in mind he cannot be anything but true to his duties, accurate and steady.

A man such as the one just mentioned is immune to the "swelled head." He cannot become so. He is powerless unless he has the aid of others. His wisdom, accurateness and steadiness amount to nothing. He is dependent upon others who realize their responsibility and who carry out their orders explicitly. He is tied unless he has someone to aid him; work is impossible without the aid of others.

The man who feels the responsibility of anything upon him does not complain about his job. He realizes that his place is found and that he must not refuse to take up his work. He has caught a glimpse of other's dependence upon him and his duty by

them. This pledge he keeps by being contented in his work. He asks nothing more than he already has as long as he fulfills his duty. He judges everything by good common sense, thus regulating his thoughts and actions.

Responsibility tends to bring out the desire to do more for civilization. If the person has caught sight of the degree in which the public relies on him, his question will always be, "What can this job get from me?" rather than "What can I get from this job." He is continually striving to aid those who rely upon him, those that are being helped by him, those that depend on him for safety, fire protection, etc.

A man, after realizing the great need of the public and the responsibility of his position cannot lock responsibility in his office, but takes it with him and ponders it at all possible times. A man once having caught the call of his work is not his own; he is the servant of those under him and he is content to be such. He is anxious to stretch himself up to the requirements of his office, not to dwarf the requirements to fit him.

The truly responsible man has his aim set higher than men's approval, higher than men's money; his aim is to be able at the end of each day to look at those dependent upon him and truthfully say that all has been done that day for them that he can. His aim is to be able to face himself with the same statement. When this is the end, everything else will amount to nothing. If he is a really good man, he will live so that at the close of each day he can call God his father in the true sense of the word because he, the man, is still the brother of Christ.

Responsibility then brings out these traits in character; dependability, vision, steadiness, sacrifice and a desire to do his best and to play square.

J. F. H.

SOETHING I DISBELIEVE AND DO

I certainly do not believe it is proper to write letters in class; but I do it. Why? There are various reasons. But first let me tell why I disbelieve in that practice.

I do not believe it is the proper thing to do because of the effect upon myself. Naturally, my time is divided and I am paying 99 44/100 % of it to my letter; the rest is given to my class work. Then, it has a bad effect upon my neighbors. Prof. Gardner informed us that emotions, aroused but not released, are very injurious. Therefore, if my neighbors, curious to the nth. degree, cannot read what I'm writing, the result cannot be anything but harmful. Then, my professor must be affected. Surely it cannot be inspiring to try to teach while I am deliberately trying to catch up with my correspondence. Lastly, the person to whom I am writing suffers. The letter is generally written in installments, and with much haste, and the result very often is proof of these facts.

Then, why do I write letters in class? One reason is that I have little other time in which to perform this duty. Another reason I write is to keep myself awake and occupied. If I were not thus busy, I would probably be doing something equally irrelevant. Then, my neighbors appreciate my occupation. My industry removes all danger of my talking more than three-quarters of the time, and they rejoice in a much-needed rest. My English professor is benefited by my zeal to my correspondent: especially will she be when it comes to my themes. Constant practice in writing, punctuation, spelling etc. will cause me to progress in my Rhetoric. My other professors will also be thankful that I am keeping my mouth shut for a few brief seconds. As for my correspondent, she or he will receive a bit of college education at no expense. I will undoubtedly introduce unwittingly into my work of art some of the ideas of my teachers -- a few long words, a Bible passage, the name of a historian, an algebraic equation, a foreign proverb, or a scientific term.

Comparing the two sides of this question, I believe it is better in this case to do that in which I disbelieve.

M. P.

UP-TO-DATE HOUSEKEEPING

When you enter a modern twentieth-century home you must be very careful not to inspect things too closely.

Such a thing as a dust-pan is far out of style and is recorded in various volumes of ancient history. Why be bothered when the modern invention is so much handier? Just turn up one corner of the rug and push the dirt under. When spring cleaning time comes, the hired woman will find and remove it -- maybe.

Be very careful when you're dusting not to dust the mop-boards. It isn't fashionable. Also take precautions to leave a little dust under the lamp cord on the table, to show that you are an experienced housekeeper.

If there are any stray papers or bits of refuse lying on the floor, put them behind the nearest wall picture. What's all the space back of them for, if it isn't to be used thus?

Don't ruin your reputation by making use of the dust-mop more than once a week at the most. If perchance you should do anything so extraordinary and discover that your neighbor is on the way over, hastily put away your dust-mop and slip into a near-by rocker with an open book in your hand. This is to remove all possible chance for your friends to talk about your peculiarities in housekeeping.

Make sure to have an abundant supply of dishes in order that dish-washing may not be a common thing. Wait until they are all dirty, and then take a day off for dish-washing. This process is one of the most important fundamentals in modern housekeeping.

As long as you can discern a moving object by looking through your windows -- refrain from washing them.

Leave the curtains up until they become saturated with lint and have a musty odor. This is something which requires time and long waiting, and is therefore a point in your favor.

If you have fully mastered all these points, you have learned the fundamentals of up-to-date housekeeping.

N. K.

IN DEFENSE OF SINGING IN THE CARDBOARD PALACE

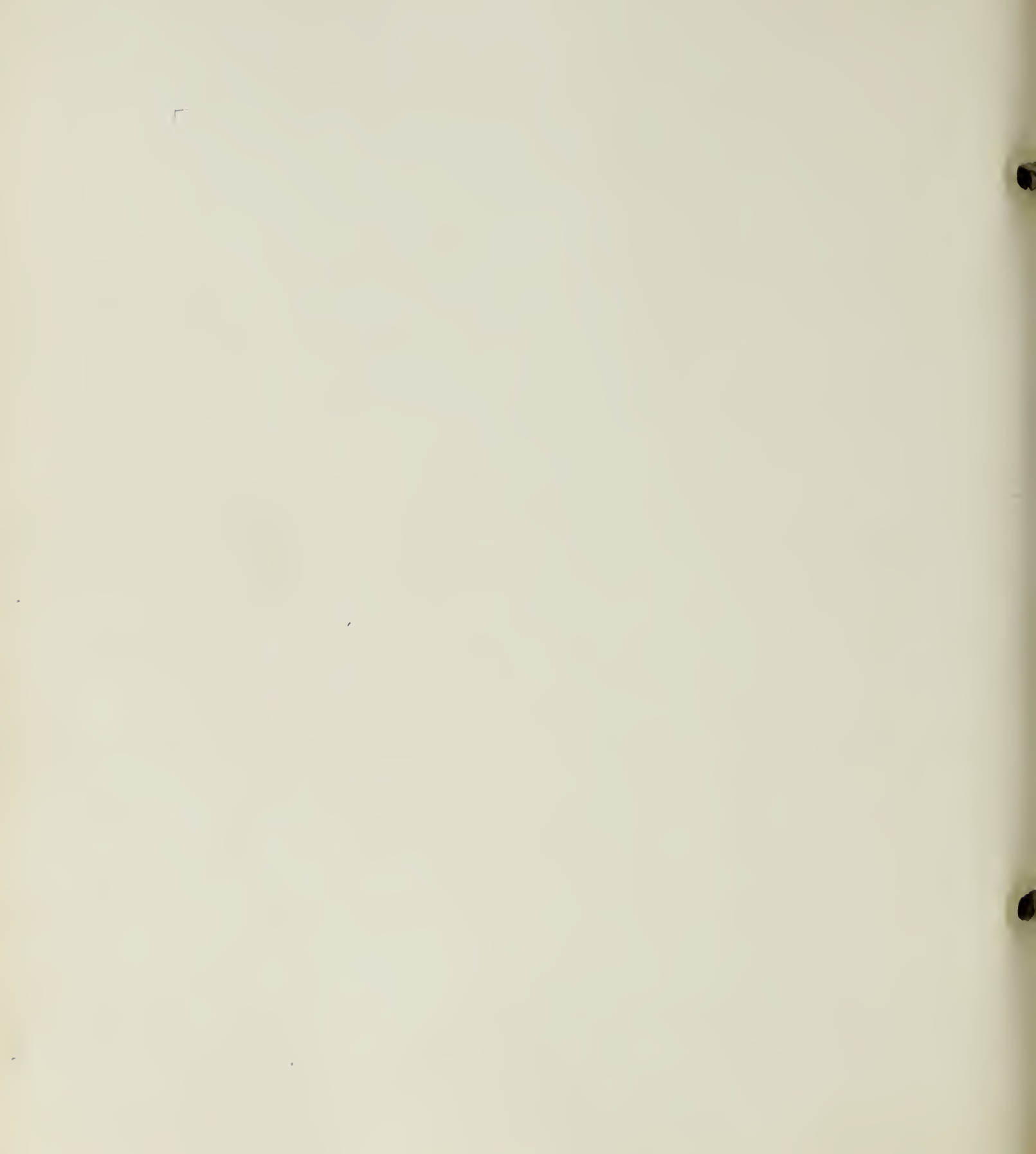
Bang! Crash! An old shoe, a slipper, a brush, a tennis ball, anything available sings through the air and lands, with a resounding thwack, on the wall or perhaps on the person at whom it was thrown. The unmelodious sounds and shrill noises end abruptly, and peace reigns for awhile. But soon some souls are filled to capacity. One of them announces it to the world at large, and the dormitory in particular, by rendering a time-worn melody with the variations. Again a barrage follows, "and so on far into the night", as the comic strip says.

But why not? Singing, as the dictionary states, is "uttering melodious sounds, or making a shrill or humming noise; celebrating in verse or poetry; crying out." Now all this is permissible, if not necessary, when a group of young men are housed together. Singing is an outlet for emotions. It is a means to wake up in the morning. It allows one to relax and to enjoy oneself. It is the result of the sense of rhythm in a person's soul being responded to. Music is a means of placing one's soul in direct connection with the esthetic realm. Singing is a sure method to drive away troubles.

Now the residents of the Cardboard Palace surely need a means for the outlet of their emotions. They must wake up in the morning. Their relaxation and self-enjoyment cannot be eliminated. The call of rhythm they must answer. Their souls need to be in contact with the esthetic realm some of the time. Their troubles cannot be allowed to linger forever.

Therefore such a thing as a war whoop, followed by a few preludes, and then a rendering of a symphony, (forty pieces) and a grand finale is in order; for emotions must be responded to even though the building is a dormitory. A revielle at 5:45, which resembles the evening chorus in the meadow, is very necessary. One must wake up to prepare the lessons that one could not get the night before, because of one's neighbor's endeavors to keep awake. A ten o'clock rendition of "Cooper's Last Battle", including the groans of the wounded, is very conducive to the relaxation of the soloist.

A few yodels by the fellow next door help immensely in his self-enjoyment, although you do have a test next period; the whirling of a double time march accompanied by frequent interludes helps



one to read fifty pages of history and not retain a single sentence. The soul-stirring and plaintive reproducing of "Maggie" or "Darling Nellie Gray" helps to place the reproducer in the realm of the esthetic and his neighbor in the mad-house. The shooing away of trouble by "Get Away Old Man, Get Away" or "Pack Up Your Troubles" has relieved many an inhabitant of his afflictions and the rest of the house of their spare shoes and other heavy articles.

So we maintain that singing in the Cardboard Palace is permissible, and we defend it, because it needs some protection.

W. L.

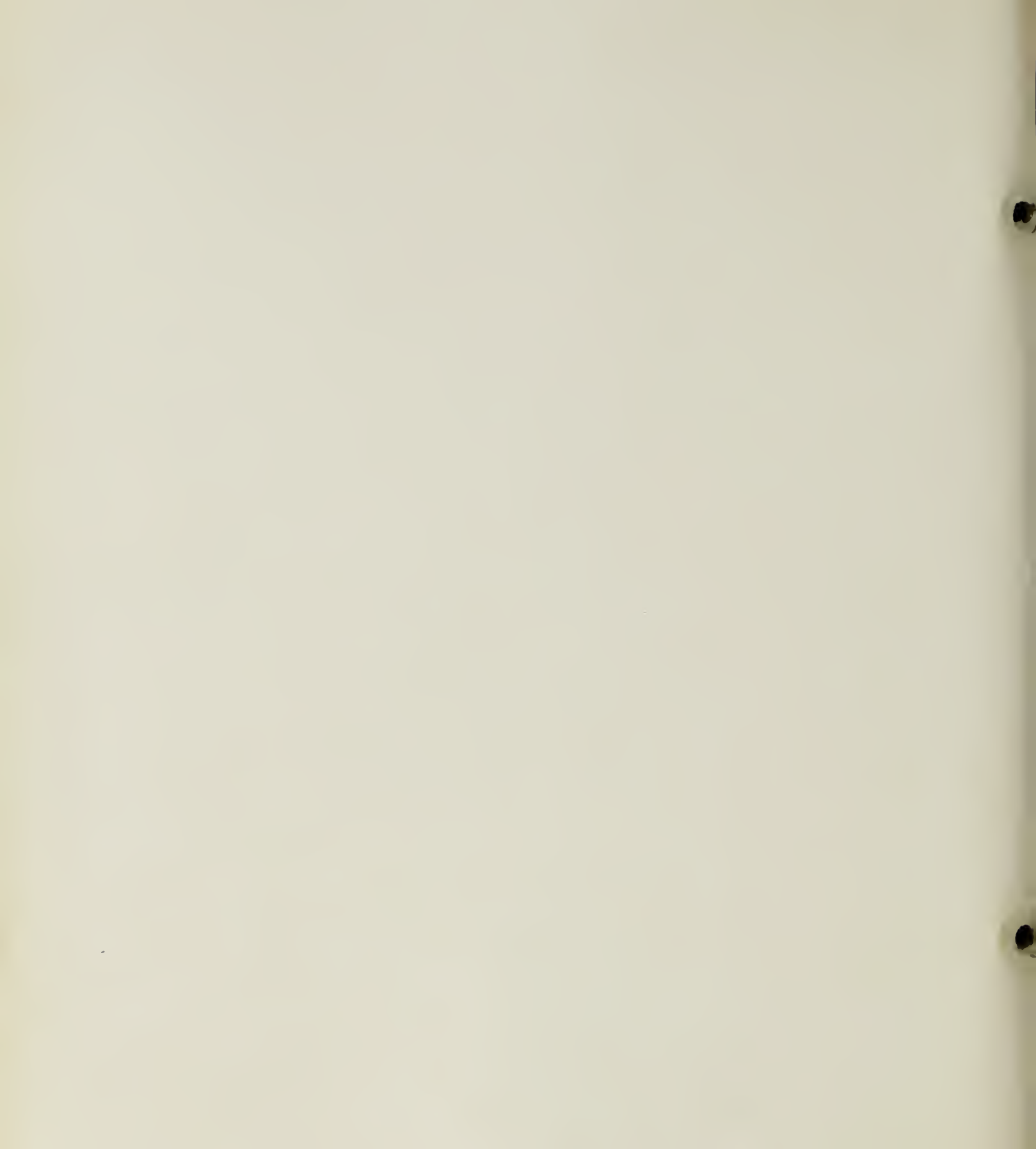
--

The boys observe the feminine side of the house; the girls, the masculine. Between the two is the placid, neutral isle. The march music starts and everyone changes from passive to active. The lines become plural instead of singular, -- and you become objective when you see your partner, exclamatory when he burps up against you -- and he, interrogative, when he notices your agitation.

You remain silent until he becomes imperative. Then, to your relief, you reach the subtraction point (exit) and dash off to be an additional member of a hastening group headed for the dining hall -- only to become nourished so that another day may be lived, another chapel may be attended, and another partner be accompanied to the chapel door.

E. M.





AN AUTOMOBILE

It's not much to look at, but I wish I had been with her on some of her jaunts. Yes, she's been all the way from here to East Liverpool, Ohio, three times. She's been at Niagara Falls, in Canada, and over the Mohawk Trail. She's been in Buffalo, Syracuse, and Pittsburgh, to say nothing of Boston. She's been in snow storms, blizzards, and sunshine. Even if she does look sort of melancholy and bare-footed, jacked up there, she has surely roamed the roads.

W. H.

--

By their voices you may tell them. If the voice is broad and husky and seemingly careless and abrupt, that's my room mate. If it is deep but tender, that's Mr. Ward. If it is fast and raspy, that's Mr. Darling. If it is soft and mild with an occasional laugh, that's Mr. Hillyard. If it is loud and properly vocalized, that's Mr. Troyard. If it is hesitating but earnest, that's Mr. Davis. If it is very fast and convincing, that's Mr. Sloan. If it is all joke, that's Mr. Deware. If it is everything but what it should be -- that's my voice. Put them all together and you have the chorus of the second floor of the Cardboard Palace.

C. P.

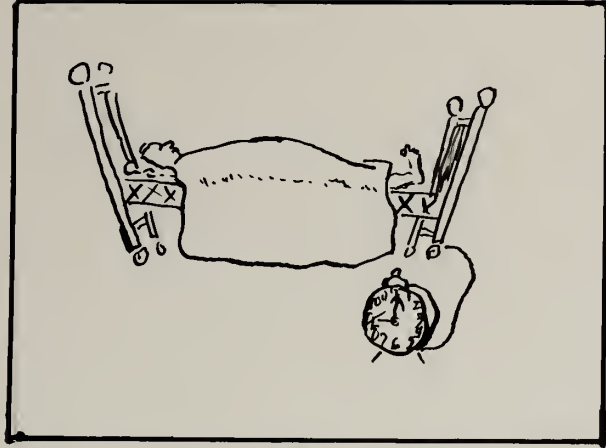
--

There is no oculist for a conceited man's "I"-strain.

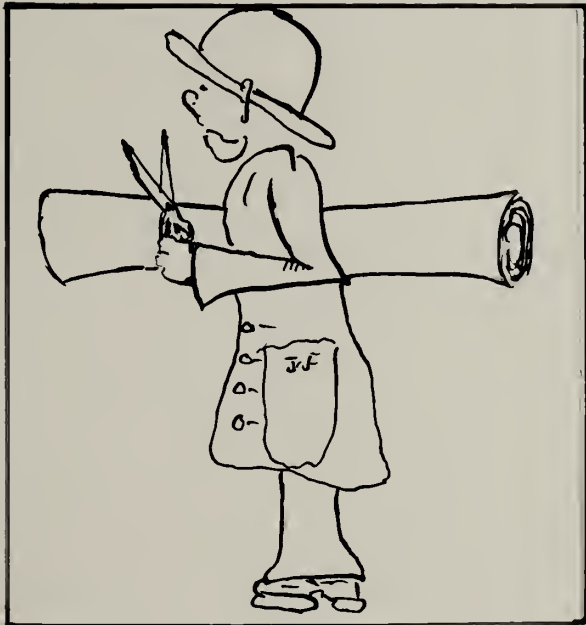


ARTISTIC FISHING

There are advantages and disadvantages in having an alarm clock. Generally mine refuses to go off on important occasions. That is why I overslept that fine summer morning. I had planned to go fishing, but I guess I ate too much fish for supper the night before. Anyway, it was well on into the morning when I awoke, to find my twin brother up and breakfast ready. I cannot say that my brother is a good cook, but when one is on a fishing trip one eats what is placed on the table.



My brother and I have a way of joshing each other about our hobbies; mine is fishing and his is painting. My brother is one of the outstanding artists of the age and spends all his spare time making cartoons of me fishing. This morning, since it was too late to do any good fishing, he bet me that he could catch more



fish with his paint brush than I could with my best bait. This sounded extremely foolish; so I took him up to see how he would do it. I gave him an hour's start so that it would be a fairer contest. We agreed that the loser would clean the fish in the evening.

Having an hour before I started my campaign, I decided to watch my brother catch fish with his paint brush. He went into his studio and came out with a large-sized piece of canvas. He rolled it up, picked up his paints and brushes, and



started out toward the best spot for fishing on the lake. It was agreed that he should have first choice of places and that I should keep fifty yards away from him. We were not to move once we had started fishing, but would stay in the same spot until the contest was over. He chose a spot on the beach which was very smooth and almost the same level as the water. He unrolled his canvas, took a pair of shears, and cut the edge of the canvas so that it fitted perfectly with the water's edge. Then opening his paint box, he began to mix his paints until he had obtained the color of water. He then put a coat of this paint over the entire canvas and when it was completed it was impossible for me to say where the canvas began and where the water ended. This done, he took a smaller brush and painted two little minnows on the canvas. So cleverly were they executed that one would have sworn that they were swimming about in water.

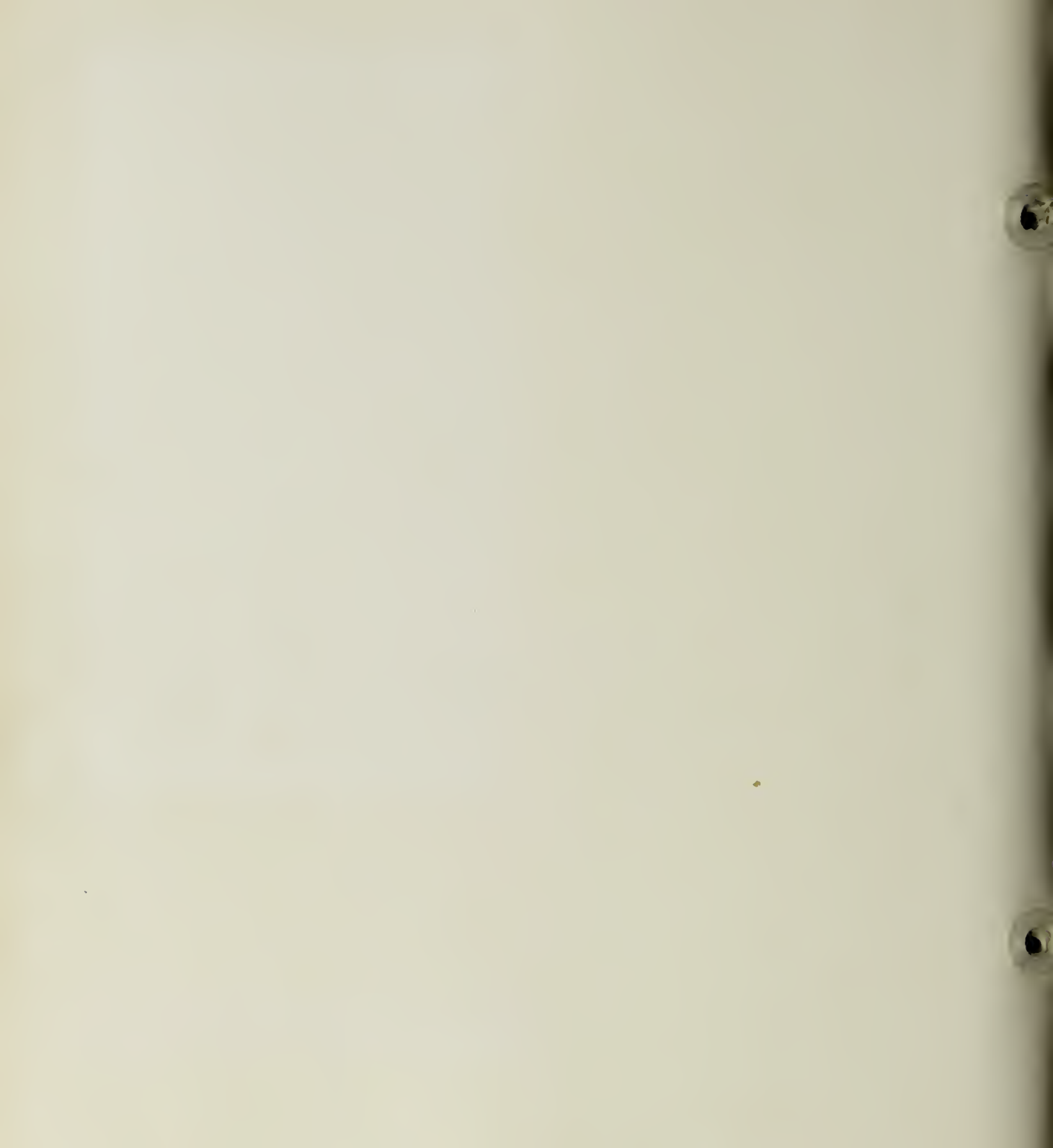
This had taken him the hour I had allowed as a handicap; so I went back to camp and pushed off in the boat to a spot near him that was almost as well stocked as the place he had chosen. I could see him sitting on the beach with his sketch block





on his knees and it did not take much imagination to think that he was making his daily cartoon of me in the role of fisherman. I had fairly good luck considering the sun and time of day, so that by the end of the contest I had ten large pike and one bass on my string. I rowed over to the spot where my brother still sat, and one glance at the sketch block showed me that I was right. He had drawn me, as he usually does, playing a lyre and dropping goldfish feed over the side of a gondola. I looked for his fish and there in the water was a string of twenty large bass, each with a spot of oil paint on its nose. The minnows were still on the canvas, and as I looked at them a large bass swooped in from the shallow water. It was so completely fooled by the painted water that it swam onto the canvas and was left high and dry. My brother stooped down, picked up the canvas, and loaded his fish into the boat. -- That night I cleaned fish.







GLEANNINGS



The world is always ready to honor originality in whatever field it may be displayed.

Anonymous

--

Fear always springs from ignorance.

Character is higher than intellect.

The office of the scholar is to cheer, to raise, and to guide men by showing them facts amidst appearances.

Colleges and books only copy the language which the field and the work-yard made.

Man is priest, and scholar, and statesman, and producer, and soldier.

Emerson

--

Pride, ill nature, and want of sense, are the three great sources of ill manners.

Jonathan Swift

--

The Peak is high, and the stars are high,
And the thought of a man is higher.

Tennyson

--

A happy man or woman is a better thing to find than a five-pound note. He or she is a radiating focus of goodwill; and their entrance into a room is as though another candle had been lighted. We need not care whether they could prove the forty-seventh proposition; they do a better thing than that, they practically demonstrate the great theorem of the Live-ability of Life.

Stevenson

--

The desire of power in excess caused angels to fall; the desire of knowledge in excess caused man to fall: but in charity there is no excess; neither can angel or man come in danger by it.

Francis Bacon

We cannot know each other until we dare to be silent together.

The little jokes of a friendship are treasured through the years, and give it a vocabulary of its own.

Anonymous

--

An intelligent person, looking out of his eyes and hearkening in his ears, with a smile on his face all the time will get more true education than many another in a life of heroic vigils.

Stevenson

--

Not to appear concerned about a desired good is the only method to possess it; full happiness is given, in other words, to the very man who will never sue for it.

Louise I. Guiney

--

There is a time in every man's education when he arrives at the conviction that envy is ignorance; that imitation is suicide; that though the wide universe is full of good, no kernel of nourishing corn can come to him but through his toil bestowed on that plot of ground which is given to him to till.

Emerson

--

Education is the instruction of the intellect in the laws of nature, under which name I include not merely things and their forces, but men and their ways; and the fashioning of the affections and of the will into an earnest and loving desire to move in harmony with those laws.

Huxley

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free;
The holy time is quiet as a nun
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity.

Wordsworth

--

Prayer of a Soldier in France

Lord, Thou didst suffer more for me
Than all the hosts of land and sea.

So let me render back again
This millionth of Thy gift. Amen.

Anonymous

--

It's such a little thing to weep,
So short a thing to sigh;
And yet by trades the size of these
We men and women die.

Anonymous

--

Bright visions! I mixed with the world, and ye faded,
No longer your pure rural worshipper now;
In the haunts your continual presence pervaded,
Ye shrink from the signet of care on my brow.

Bryant

--

To her fair works did Nature link
The human soul that through me ran;
And much it grieved my heart to think
What Man has made of Man.

Wordsworth

In the case of the average healthy small boy cleanliness is not next to godliness. It is next to impossible.

Literary Digest

--

Books are good enough in their own way, but they are a mighty bloodless substitute for life.

Stevenson

--

Don't kick if your bills keep you awake at night. Think of all the sleep that your creditors are losing.

Anonymous

--

There is the silence of a spiritual crisis,
Through which your soul, exquisitely tortured,
Comes with visions not to be uttered
Into a realm of higher life.

Edgar Lee Masters

--

Is learning your ambition?
There is no royal road;
Alike the peer and peasant
Must climb to her abode:
Who feels the thirst of knowledge,
In Helicon may slake it,
If he has still the Roman will
'To find a way, or make it!

G. Saxe

--

We reject not what it is impossible to prove, or even what it is impossible to disprove, but what it is impossible to imagine.

O. W. Firkins

JOKES



WHERE DO STUDENTS GET THEIR NICKNAMES?

The other evening, while all alone, I felt a little bit as the small boy did when he said,

"I wonder how I wonder what makes the sun go 'round,
I wonder what makes little squirrels eat acorns off the ground.
And then I sit and wonder what makes the bluebird sing,
Oh! I wonder, yes I wonder, lots and lots o' things."

And one of the things I was wondering about was where the various students of E. N. C. got their respective nicknames.

First, I thought of 'Susan' Harding. Everyone will agree that this name suits her exactly as she is so sweet, prim and dainty. But on the other hand, I wonder just why they call that large, broad-shouldered fellow that plays the trombone so violently, 'Mutt' Gardener.

And will someone please relieve my mind as to why they call Marie Sloan, 'Ginger'. Why that suggests something fiery red and hot!

And why was John Draper given the name of 'Lazarus'? Is it because he is always so wide awake? And then I thought of 'Sheiky' Erickson. Why, oh why should they call such a self-conscious, timid, shy young man 'Sheiky'?

Think with me of Wesley Angell, one of our most dignified college seniors. Haven't you always wondered, too, why he should have to adopt 'Lanky' for a name?

I wondered if there were any other colleges that have two people by the same name, when one is a boy and the other, a girl. E. N. C. has two 'Tom' Browns. (You cannot think of one without a 'Foote' with him, nor the other without a 'Cooky' with her).

And these aren't all of them either. There is 'Dizzie' Stearns. But he can't be dizzy -- he dishes all the food for the dining hall.

'Uncle Josh' (Wagner) isn't working for the Victor Phonograph Company any longer, but he is now the proprietor of the E. N. C.



candy store. And I have been wondering why the 'Smith Brothers' aren't making cough drops any longer. But I suppose there is more money and shorter hours in the carpenter business.

But even if I do wonder where they got their nicknames I am very proud of E. N. C., for what other college can boast of such students as 'Andy Gump', 'Solomon' (Alexander), 'Smatter Pop' (Byron), 'Punch and Judy', 'Bringing Up Father' (Randall) and 'Al Smith?'

B. P.





Y.W.A.A. Entertains

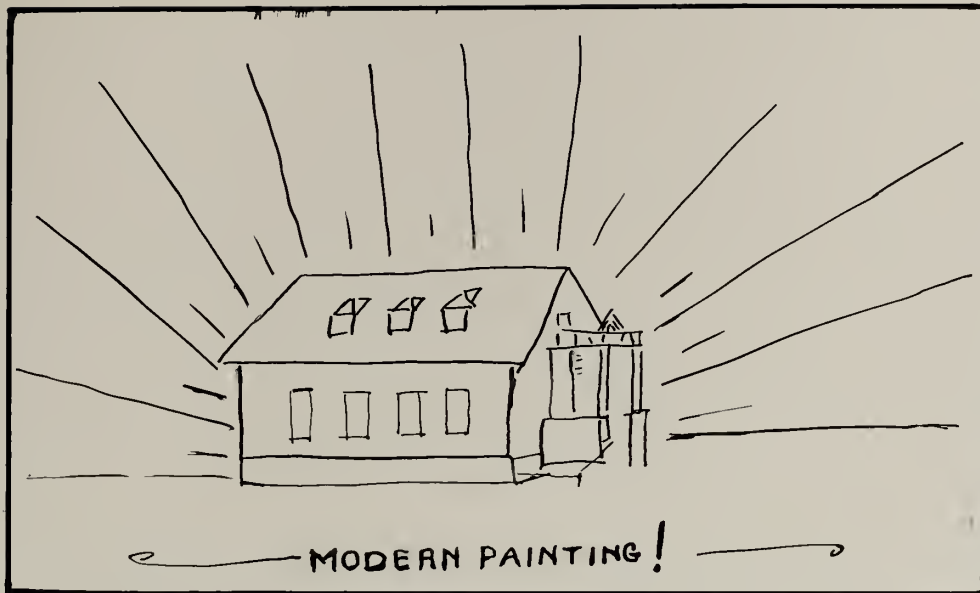






Review of Reviews





Prof. Spangenberg: (innocently)--"Darling, what are you going to do with the extra shortcake?"

E. Darling: "What did you say, Sweetheart?"

--

Prof. Wilson: (ending a lecture on talking about folk)
"How do you feel after you go in a person's room and talk about another person?"

Beulah Long: "A whole lot better."

--

S. Young: "When did swimming become a sport in Scotland?"

Jim: "Hurry it along."

Sam: "When they erected toll bridges."

--

H. Sloan: "I just thought of a good joke."

A. Lunn: (bored)--"Aw, get your mind off yourself."

--

Prof. Grose: "What form of 'love' is 'amavit'?"

Miss Strickland: "Perfect."

--

Eric: "Charlie, what do you expect to be when you get out of college?"

Charlie: "An old man."

--

Prof. Wilson: (in the Missions class)--"We will now take up the islands of the sea."

Eddie Deware: "May I have Rhode Island?"

--

Prof. Cantrell: "Why were the dark ages so called?"

Honky Gardner: "Because there were so many knights."

--

Prof. Spangenberg: "Can someone illustrate induction and deduction for me?"

Andy Young: "Well, it's this way. Induction is going to bed, and deduction is getting up."

--

Mr. Shene goes to the President's office to ask for one hour's credit in social science for weekly use of the parlor.

--

Prof. Span: "Did you ever hear of William Beebe?"

Charlie: "Beebe! I got hit by one of them once."

--

Prof. Spangenberg: (speaking of Biography Reports) -- "Aren't you interested in any certain person?"

A. Young: (very emphatically) -- "No! I'm not."

--

W. Lahue: "What this world is dying for is a little bit of love."

Prof. Grose: "You certainly are doing your share to save it."

--

Prof. Cantrell: "I will not take the roll today. Those who are absent kindly give me your names at the end of the period."

--

Anybody: "Distance doesn't lend enchantment when you're out of gas."

--

-UNBELIEVABLE-

The Freshmen in the College Rhetoric Class were all up at 4:30 one morning -- but alas for Prof. Spangenberg -- it was for an outing instead of for class.

--

Mr. Haas: "There will be a short but brief meeting of the band."

--

Prof. Gardner: "Are there any more questions on the subject of electricity?"

C. Lindeman: (sleepily) "Uh, how long is a short circuit, Prof.?"

Prof. Spangenberg: "What type of people read newspaper editorials?"

C. Troyard: "College Freshmen."

--

Prof. Wilson: "Where is Solomon's temple?"

R. Clougher: "On the side of his head, of course."

--

S. Hilyard: "Has the 4:16 left yet?"

Station Agent: "Yes, it left an hour ago."

S. Hilyard: "Has the 5:26 left yet?"

Station Agent: "No, that doesn't leave for ten minutes."

S. Hilyard: "Are there any expresses due?"

Station Agent: (exasperated) "Nothing!"

S. Hilyard: "Thank you. I just wanted to know if it was safe to cross the tracks."

--

He: (discussing prospects of the E. N. C. basket ball team with his sweetheart) -- "In two weeks that player will be our best man."

She: "Oh! how sudden!"

--

E. Mosher: (In College Rhetoric Class)--"Husband means a man who belongs to a woman."

--

Frosh: "I wish this rain would keep up."

Soph: "Why? Got a date?"

Frosh: "No, if it keeps up, it won't come down."

--

-Things We Wonder At-

"I'm sorry," said Prof. Spangenberg. "If I had known you were unprepared, I would not have called on you."

--

Student on Registration Day: "It's a long line that has no ending."

--

-Ask Me Another-

Q: "What's the difference between a brand new dime and an old worn-out quarter?"

A: "Fifteen cents."

--

Q: "Why is twelve o'clock burglar's hour?"

A: "Because the clock has its hands up."

--

Q: "Why is an auto a lazy thing?"

A. "Because the wheels are always tired."

--

Q: "Which of the students stand highest?"

A: "Blair Ward."

--

Advertisers

1891

— THE —

COLLEGE BARBER-SHOP

WISHES

TO TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY TO
THANK ALL ITS CUSTOMERS FOR
THEIR KIND PATRONAGE

PLANS

ARE BEING COMPLETED FOR
A BIGGER, BETTER, "MORE EFFICIENT
PLACE OF BUSINESS NEXT YEAR

Ward Albright, Prop.

SMITH BROTHERS

CONTRACTORS

BUILDING[^] REPAIRING

DOROTHY RHONE

--- TYPIST ---

COMPETENT[^] EFFICIENT WORK

DONE AT

REASONABLE RATES



TO

MY

CLIENTELE

I SINCERELY APPRECIATE YOUR
PATRONAGE THROUGHOUT THIS PAST
SCHOOL YEAR.

REMEMBER ME AS STILL YOURS
TO SERVE,

SWEETLY,

- Joshua G. Wagner -

1870

1870

1870

1870

1870

1870

1870

1870

