

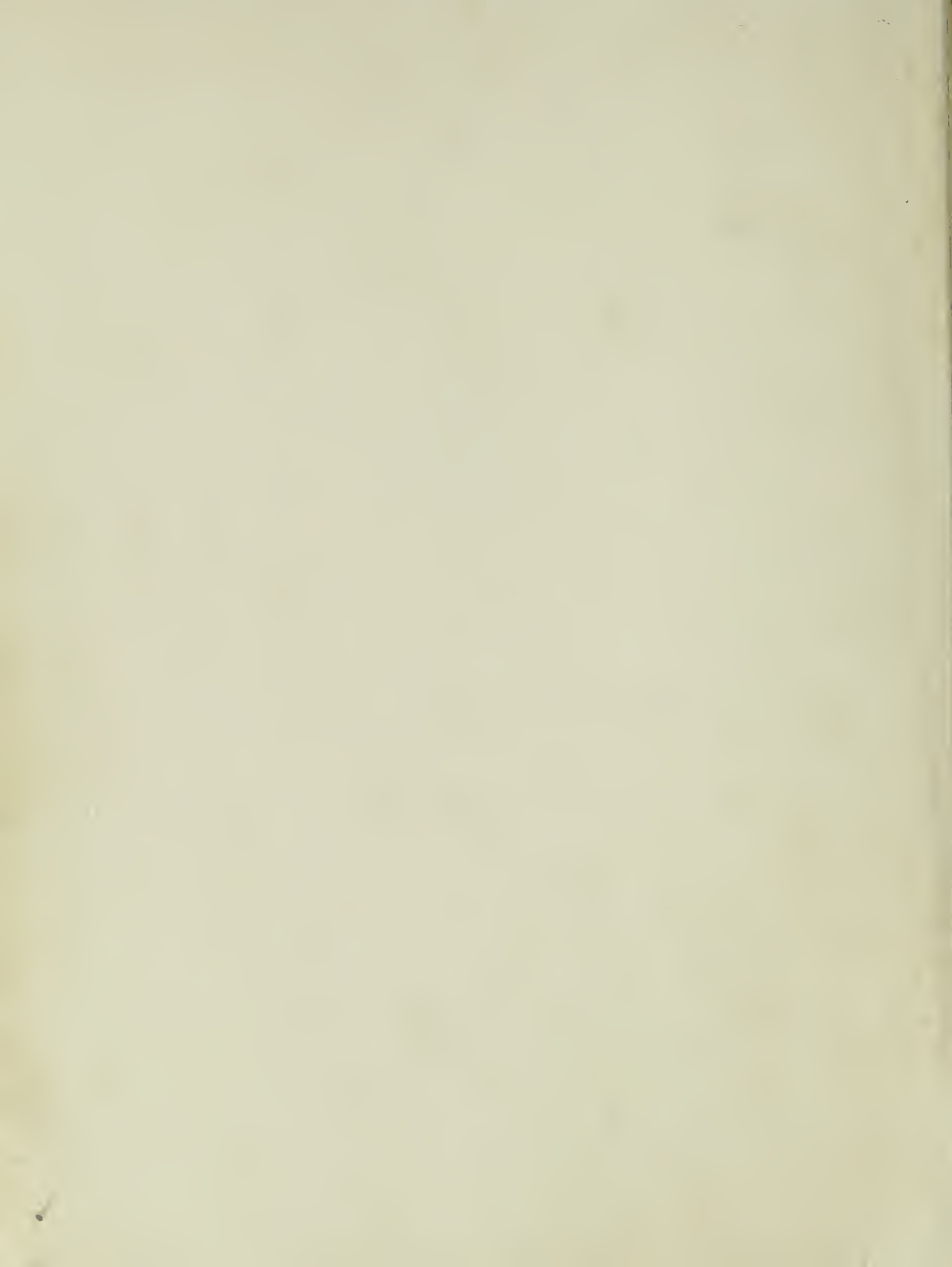
GREEN BOOK



Volume IV







Prize!

Prize!

Prize!

ARE YOU HUNGRY?

BE FIRST TO SOLVE THIS PUZZLE AND WIN AN

Oh! Henry!

SEMDENUGIRLSEWINGNEWCOMHUGUTSNAPENDADEGUF

The above puzzle contains the names of four popular confections. The first person who solves this and submits the names, written out and properly arranged, to Irwin French wins the Oh! Henry!

FRENCHY'S

"Little Corner Store"

A complete assortment of delicious confections

CATERING TO LATE RISERS a specialty

Full line of student supplies



THE GREEN BOOK

Published twice a semester by the
Freshman College Rhetoric Class.

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Vol. IV

STAFF

Editor -----Wesley Angell
Associate Editor -----Arline Leavitt
Humor -----Edith Angell

Business Manager -----Armond Rush



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F O R E W O R D

If, as you seek respite from books and classwork in reading the Green Book, you meet and think with us in mutual relationship, we shall feel that we have accomplished a worthwhile deed. We trust that the contents of the Green Book will afford as much benefit and pleasure to you as the publishing of the same has to us.

We regretted that we were unable to issue the third volume of the Green Book at its appointed time (April 1st.), due to the Evangelistic Campaign held in Wollaston during March, and to the manifold and more pressing duties.

We believe that the delay in its publication has added to the excellence of this volume.

- Editors



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Mental Vagrancy

"You can lead a horse to water
But you can't make him drink;
You can show a Freshman books,
But you can't make him think."

Somewhere I have picked up this bit of homely philosophy and I have never been able to forget it.

The actions of the mind are peculiar and at times exceedingly annoying. One may spend all his young life carefully nurturing and bringing up his tender mind in the way it should go, but when it has been brought up to college estate away it seems to go. It is not the least bit particular where it goes either. One sets before it a colossal volume on Geology containing many mighty thoughts and more mighty words. The vagrant mind, however, is not content with this delectable brain food but needs must wander off to the newspaper rack, to-morrow's plans, nothing at all, or imaginary scenes of future greatness. If you try to confine it to European History, it travels to the theme you must write for College Rhetoric. If College Rhetoric is the study of supreme importance, away goes the vagrant to your desire for a drink, or to the antics of a squirrel outside the window. It tells you that you need exercise and that you could study better if you played ball awhile. "Any place but the textbook", is its motto. It is like the dog that passes by the nice, juicy roast at home to go rummaging in the neighbor's back yard for old bones.

Everyone is ambitious to dig out the treasures of knowledge but digging requires concentration and concentration is impossible unless the will can control the brain. Unfortunately it was not seen fit that the mind should deal with a hundred and one subjects at the same time and form a clear idea of each one. One must seek by careful, painstaking effort so to strengthen his mind and bring it under his control that he can readily direct his thoughts to any subject he wishes. When one can stop the tendency of the mind to play the tramp he has progressed a long way in gaining his education.

Newton, Descartes, and Bacon attribute their success to their ability to concentrate. Helvetius said, "Genius is nothing but a continued attention". So Freshmen there is some hope for us after all.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime."



Whitewash

The fence across the street looked perfectly sound, bright, and new in its fresh coat of kalsomine, but it deceived only the stranger. Those who had lived in that vicinity knew that underneath the whitewash along with many boards of strong fibre were a few that were weak and rotten.

At the beginning of the school year everyone was coated by a friendly glamour. The newness and strangeness gave the impression of moral strength, ability, and soundness. We were unable to judge the true worth of one another. We needed to live awhile in each other's neighborhood.

Now the whitewash is almost entirely worn off. If one has been hiding behind bluff, the professors see his true value. If one has studied well, they perceive that also. The weak character is discovered under its coating of boldness. Under shyness and awkward manners is often found a person of grit, determination and sterling worth.

The whitewash is wearing off at E.N.C. We hope that every board proves strong.

- Editor -

Managerial

Co-operation adds pleasure to work. The splendid support given to the Green Book by its advertisers, and by the members of the College Rhetoric Class has made the Business Manager's task a pleasant one. Also we are much indebted to Miss Cutter and Miss MacIntosh for their careful and timely work as typists for the Green Book.



A Chat with a College Senior

"Congratulations, Mr. Senior. Doubtless you have feelings of exultation akin to those of a runner who has broken the tape in the preliminary tryouts for the Marathon race, and who is thus qualified to compete in the 'long run'."

My graduating schoolmate clasped firmly my outstretched hand. His smile disclosed satisfaction at the accomplishment of a difficult task. In his bearing there was not the slightest intimation of the self-consciousness of a great deed done. His reply, however, verified my presumption.

"Yes, for eight years I have been looking forward with pleasure to the time when I should be prepared to step from college, and strive for my diploma in the University of Life."

"I suppose," I continued, "there were times during your school career when you became discouraged; times when you were apparently defeated, and you felt that the odds were overwhelmingly against you."

He nodded, and I went on.

"And it is quite likely that you saw young people who were earning good salaries, and who seemed to be enjoying prosperity while you struggled on, depriving yourself of many pleasures, and working many nights into the 'wee hours' of the morning. Were you not tempted to leave your books, and cast your lot with those who seemed to be getting the best for the least?"

"Yes," he answered, "I have had those experiences. I am greatly indebted to my friends, to my schoolmates, and to my instructors for my success. Many times I have been encouraged by a friendly word to press on in my efforts. Our instructors were aware of the perplexities and temptations that assail a student. More than once their animating talks have aroused my reserve energy, and strengthened my determination to 'fight to the finish!'"

"Mr. Senior, you have not only earned a degree and won a diploma; you have also established a precedent. Your achievement shows that a young man or woman can surmount obstacles, and secure an education. In a sense you are a pioneer in educational advancement. We who are struggling upward can take courage as we recognize these truths; the fact that you have succeeded gives us reason to believe that we too can succeed."

His reply was modest and simple.

"Do not accredit my achievement to me alone. Remember my friends and their words of encouragement; compliment my instructors for their timely speech; and give due credit to my schoolmates who have worked with me shoulder to shoulder, who have shared my defeats and victories,



and who have entered heartily into student activities and pleasures with me. - And most of all, I am indebted to Him who has instilled within me the will to work, the ambition to succeed, and the determination to overcome difficulties in the way to success."

Once more I clasped his hand, and said, "To such a man as you we count it a privilege to pay our honors. As you leave the halls of E. N. C. go with the consciousness that she has profited by your having been here. We have won from personal contact with you a respect for earnest endeavor and unselfish loyalty. To you who have patiently toiled upward over rough paths and barren spots, leaving behind you the cool, shaded valleys with their green pastures and their babbling brooks of fleeting pleasures, we owe a debt of gratitude for inspiration and encouragement. Now you stand on the peak of intellectual attainment, and eagerly scan the widespreading vista of Life. Remember that our esteem, our love, our prayers are with you as you 'go forth' into the 'fields white unto the harvest.'"

- Armond Rush -



"A Modest Proposal"

I would like to interest some philanthropic or public-spirited students in a proposition to erect, construct, or otherwise devise in the class rooms some means for the parking of partially eaten Needums, Fruit Squares, Necco Wafers, Hershey's, O'Henry's and other sweets, including light lunches and chewing gum.

This unique proposal if properly carried out would increase the efficiency of the pupils, restore the shattered nerves of our professors, be a source of delight to the janitor, and cause thousands to flock to our college.

What an excruciatingly painful sight it is to see a young man in hasty attire making his breakfast from a blue and white striped box, or a fair young maiden consuming a delectable confection or chewing her gum with an air of bovine contentment, rudely disturbed by the harsh clamor of the last bell. He or she hesitates by the door and ponders upon his or her dilemma. Shall he attend class with a box of Educator biscuits protruding in an undignified manner from his coat pocket? Shall she throw her candy away when there is still two and one-half cents worth remaining? Shall she put it in her pocket and allow the soft chocolate to mix with hairpins, a powder puff, and a green handkerchief? Shall she be forced to continue the masticatory process of her lower maxillary merely for the want of a proper place for the safe disposal of her Wrigley's? This proposed parking plan is the need of the hour. No schoolroom should be without it.

For this parking place, I have several suggestions to make. It would be a large cabinet with air-tight glass doors set just inside the entrance. In it would be a number of pigeon-holes to correspond to the number of students using that room. Each student would be given his own private hole. I would suggest that the cabinet be painted a vivid yellow to harmonize with the chocolate color of the candy on the inside. To add to its artistic merit I would also suggest that on the top rest a bronze group depicting the Wrigley triplets, Doublemint, Spearmint, and Juicy Fruit, a bowl of gold fish, and a picture of Mr. O. Henry.

Imagine how easy it would be for the students to concentrate, relieved of the nerve-wrecking strain of trying to learn their lessons and at the same time consume their candy, lunch, or chew their gum, without slighting the study in hand or losing any of their epicurean delights. Try to figure up the number of years it would add to the lives of the professors who under the present system have frayed nerves from trying to drum knowledge into our heads to the accompani-



ment of the click of the jaws and who are subject to dizzy spells from watching the movements of these same jaws.

The janitor would not object to cleaning this cabinet, for he would be allowed to keep for his own consumption all articles left over thirty days.

This idea would give the College a unique position in educational circles as the only school with parking facilities for the benefit of those who have a sweet-tooth and are not on a diet. No doubt it would attract many from the larger colleges about. Possibly we could have the idea patented and sell it to Harvard and Yale for enough to build a new dormitory.

Who knows what would result if this modest proposal in the interest of public welfare were carried?

- Wesley Angell -



Familiar Quotations

Did you ever quote, or hear quoted, a line of poetry that you did not know the source of? If you did not, I am sure you are the exception rather than the rule. Many of us have heard some particular quotation since we were old enough to understand its meaning, but we have never been curious enough to investigate the author of it.

Only a few days ago a young lady of my acquaintance was reading Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner". When she came across the lines,

"Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink,"

she exclaimed, "Well, I never before knew where those lines came from." I might add also that she is not the first one whom I have heard make the same remark about the same lines.

A short time ago when I was reading one of Thomas Gray's works I noticed the lines

"Where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise."

If there is one quotation that I have used more than another, that is the one, and to me it is a wonderful sense of satisfaction to run across some old, familiar quotation like that, and to know its author. Since that time I have noticed several others, many of which have been of equal interest to me.

Our Motto for College Rhetoric this semester is,

"Not the little things for themselves,
Not the big things apart from the little things,
But the little things in and for their
relation to the big things."

In connection with that, I was very much interested to note Samuel Johnson's words, which, I believe, convey a meaning somewhat similar. They are as follows: "There is nothing, sir, too little for so little a creature as man. It is by studying little things that we attain the great art of having as little misery, and as much happiness as possible." This also adds intensity to a chapel talk Mr. Miller gave us recently on "Things" and to one or two essays that have been written on the same subject.

Another quotation that I connected directly with College Rhetoric class was a line from Pope's "Essay on Criticism", "True ease in writing comes from art, not chance." That seems to me to coincide with the essays we have read on "Learning to Write" and others. Also



from this same essay we get the very familiar lines,

"A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring."

If this is true - which we have proved it to be, for we often say, "The more we learn, the more we realize how little we know" - it must be for us to drink deep now that we have tasted. However it might be to our advantage and for our encouragement to quote here one more passage also from the same author.

"Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be."

To be sure, it is not the right spirit, but after you have done your best on some work and even then the Professor criticises it and finds flaws in it, do you not ever feel like calmly quoting the quotation just mentioned to him or to her? I must confess that I have felt that way. But then I am reminded of Bacon's words, "Discretion of speech is more than eloquence, and to speak agreeably to him with whom we deal is more than to speak in good words or good order." Then more often I keep silent and accept, and try to heed the advice given me by one who knows better than I.

I believe that our motto at E. N. C. concerning dress regulations could be taken from Pope's "Essay on Criticism" also. That is the time honored one, "Avoid extremes; and shun the faults of such." Or another from the same source that might serve equally well, is,

"Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside."

Evidently he believed in striking the happy medium, which I think is our policy also.

There is one quotation in particular that has always meant much to me. That is, "Oh, what a tangled web we weave

When first we practise to deceive!"

This comes from Scott's "Marmion", and considering its background could you think of two lines that could express more of the feeling that the insincere man must experience? It means to me that those words must have been the very expression of Marmion's soul when he realized all the deceit that he was involved in. I have never experienced it to the extent that Marmion must have, but concerning minor things I have often quoted it along with the one from the Bible,

"Be sure your sins will find you out."

The only way I know of to have no fear of being caught in something wrong is to be always in the condition of the Hind of which Dryden says,

"She feared no danger, for she knew no sin."



There is one quotation from Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" that I have thought considerably about and wondered whether or not it is true:

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear!
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

I have wondered whether any flower can really waste all of its sweetness or whether it must do some one some good. The latter is the impression I have always had, but even so, it is one of my favorite quotations and there may be more truth in it than I realize.

Another quotation that has involved considerable of my thinking is the following from "Paradise Lost" by John Milton:

"The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven."

We often hear this quoted and every time I wonder if it is true, but I have come to the conclusion that it necessitates a better psychologist than I to determine its veracity.

To quote again from Pope, who seems to be the author of more of our familiar quotations from any other one writer we have these lines:

"Good nature and good sense must ever join;
To err is human, to forgive, divine."

We can very plainly see from that last line, which is so famous, that we are all human, but we are not all divine.

Also from Pope's famous work "The Rape of the Lock" we have the following lines:

"But when to mischief mortals bend their will,
How soon they find fit instrument of ill."

This refers us back to a few lines that come before:

"A third interprets motions, looks and eyes;
At every word a reputation dies."

This would, no doubt, be more applicable to eighteenth century society than to ours, but there are gossipers in every age!

Lord Byron says:

"But words are things, and a small drop of ink,
Falling like dew, upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think;
'Tis strange, the shortest letter which man uses
Instead of speech, may form a lasting link
Of ages."

Does it not behoove us to guard our words according to this quotation, and to guard even more carefully what we write?



John Keats tells us in his "Ode on a Grecian Urn",
"Heard melodies are sweet, but those
Unheard are sweeter."

Wordsworth is a little more lenient with us, for he says in one of his sonnets:

"Sweetest melodies
Are those that are by distance made more sweet."

But it seems to me that Pope strikes the key note and, with his admonition in mind, -I will stop;

"Words are like leaves,
And where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found."

- Arline Leavitt -

The Approaching Storm

In one of the nearby houses I could hear some one playing the piano; our little garden had grown suddenly dark, as a cloud passed over the sun. We could see but a few rays now reaching the garden wall at the end, where a cat was bathing herself in the sunshine. One could hear a slight sleepy hum of the very distant traffic; southward the sky became clouded and nature started to impress its melancholy on the human heart. The hens and chickens were making an unusual noise and now fine rain and mist had just begun to blow down in wavy sheets, alternately thick and thin.

- S. Miroyiannis -



The Least Shall Be Great

"Defeated again", mumbled Earl Whitman, dejectedly placing his hat on a hook, and half throwing his books on the table. His roommate, Clinton Dodge, lowered the magazine he was reading, and asked, "What's the trouble now, Whitman?"

Earl did not answer at once; he threw himself on the bed and gazed for a moment at the ceiling. Finally his eyes met the eyes of his roommate; in them he saw friendly confidence.

"Nothing much, Clint. I suppose you'll think I'm a kid for being so upset over the matter; but I can't help it".

Again his eyes turned to the ceiling; for a moment he wrinkled his forehead as though engaged in serious debate with himself. Clint said nothing. He knew that there was no drawing from Earl anything that he did not wish to tell. Whitman usually spoke when he felt that he should.

"I thought sure I'd be elected captain of the College Five, but Phil was re-elected. You know, Clint, he is editor of the Oracle; I wanted a chance to work some on our paper, but it's just my luck to have him win over me as he did. Now don't misunderstand me, Clint. I have nothing whatever against Phil Morris; in fact, we are good friends. But I don't understand why he should be elected to so many offices. He isn't such a brilliant fellow; I'm sure that there are others in school who are just as capable as he. He never says much, but I must admit that he is a very likable chap."

"You are right, Whitman, he doesn't say much". Earl felt the note of admiration in Clint's voice. "But when there is a hard proposition to be put across, we know that Phil Morris can do it, if it can be done. Why, last year when he was elected editor of the Oracle the paper was almost a failure; no one seemed to be interested in it. But within two months we couldn't print the paper fast enough to supply the demand. Then, there was our basket ball team, the College Five. It was on the verge of disorganizing; but after Phil was elected captain the fellows took on new courage and vim and we won every game that we played. There is something about Phil that wins everyone's admiration."

Earl wrinkled his forehead at the ceiling; Clint glanced at him, then resumed his reading, leaving Earl to his musings. "There is something about Phil that wins everyone's admiration"; Clint's statement kept repeating itself in Earl's mind. What was it in Phil's personality that caused Earl himself to respect him? Again and again Earl tried to answer this question in his own mind.



Suddenly an idea came to him; he sprang off the bed, put on his hat and was out of the room before his roommate could answer his "See you later, Clint".

Earl had resolved to learn the secret of Phil's success. He knew it wasn't wealth; Phil was a young man of very moderate means. Also he knew that Phil did not try to make himself popular; indeed it seemed to him that Phil tried to evade conspicuousness.

If wealth could have brought popularity among the students Earl would have been the most popular person in school; he came from a family which enjoyed many of the comforts of wealth. However, he was not a spendthrift nor a "sport"; he was studying for the ministry, as were many of the young men and women at --- College, where he was in attendance. He enjoyed a measure of popularity, but he longed to take the initiative in some of the many activities of school life. His highest ambition at the present was to become the editor of the Oracle, the College paper; journalism was his hobby.

He walked toward the Oracle office plunged in deep thought; his mission was one that would require tact and caution. He knew that he could not expect to obtain the information he desired direct from Phil; however, he hoped to learn from close observation the outstanding characteristic of Phil's personality.

The cheerful "Come in" that answered his knock assured him that his friend was in his office; Phil's greeting was one of sincere friendship.

"I went to congratulate you, Captain Morris", said Earl extending his hand.

"Thank you, Whitman". Phil's warm grip told Earl that there was not the least feeling of triumph on the part of his rival.

"Won't you be seated? I want to finish this editorial before three o'clock; please excuse me for a few moments".

Earl seated himself near Phil, picked up a copy of the Oracle, and pretended to be reading. At intervals he fixed a searching look on Phil's face; on it he saw written honesty, frankness and truth. He knew that the face was backed by a remarkable strength of character; but in spite of the story which the open face told him, he was still unsatisfied.

He laid the Oracle aside; not wishing to disturb Phil, he picked up a Bible which he knew to be Phil's constant companion. There was nothing special that he wanted to read; he was thumbing the pages aimlessly when his attention was attracted by some writing on the front fly leaf in a very conspicuous place. He couldn't resist the temptation to read the words; as he read them his forehead assumed its characteristic wrinkle - he read them again. Repeating them



softly to himself he looked full into the face of his friend, who was intent upon his writing. Gazing through the window Earl said under his breath, "Humility - that's it". He had found the secret of Phil's success and popularity; these were the words that Phil had written on the fly leaf, "For he that is least among you all, the same shall be great."

- Armond Rush -



Patience with a Capital P

I tried to think who was the most patient woman I had ever seen, and I came to the conclusion that Mother was. Have you ever seen a person who quite equalled your Mother in patience? I have not. The woman I am going to speak about is the most patient, loving Mother that ever was. She is a frail, slender woman, and the happy Mother of six children - five girls and one boy. You can readily see that a woman with such a family would have to have patience.

I remember several instances when I was a child, how Mother would comfort us children. Time and time again she has been so weary and tired she could hardly speak, and yet she has never been too weary to listen to our wants and help us with our problems; she has never tired of answering our many, and often ridiculous questions. But do you think Mother would ever turn us aside and say, "Oh, I don't know! Don't bother me!" No, she would endeavor to give us some kind of answer which would satisfy our curiosity.

Many families have been separated simply because their parents took very little, if any, interest in them. It was quite different in our family. The youngsters were always content to stay in of an evening. Mother would sit down and play games with us or tell us stories. We had no desire to go out, but our own home had a great attraction for us.

If we came home from school discouraged and downhearted over our lessons, Mother would encourage us. We often thought we were too stupid to see through a problem in arithmetic, or we should never learn to spell correctly. Perhaps we would even cry to think how dense we were, but Mother would dry our tears, hug us to her, and then ask to see our problems. It seemed as if she always helped us out of such difficulties. She always had some new scheme by way of remembering things. It was different when Mother explained problems. The teacher could tell us half a dozen times, but when she had finished we were about as "puzzled" as when she began. Not so when Mother explained. Everything seemed so clear, and nothing was any longer vague to us.

How would you like to be shut in for two or three months at a time, taking care of the sick? Don't you think you might get impatient or perhaps a little fretty. When one of us youngsters got the measles or the chicken-pox, it went through the family until all six of us were in bed. A nurse would not do for us either. When we were very sick we had to have Mother take care of us. We felt so much better when we saw her in the room. Medicine was not half so bitter when Mother gave it to us; and just to feel Mother's hand on our fevered brow seemed to give us great relief.



Tennyson said, "The training of a child is women's wisdom", and I agree with him. Mother certainly had to use tact in dealing with her children. I feel that I owe a great deal to my Mother for the method she sometimes used in punishing me. Perhaps that sounds very peculiar, but nevertheless it is a fact. After I had done something which displeased my parents, instead of scolding me, they would often pray with me. This punishment seemed more than I could bear. I often thought, oh, if Mother would only scold me or even spank me - anything but pray with me. But I believe now it was the best thing she could have done. It taught me to take things to Jesus. She not only prayed with me when things went wrong, but she prayed as she tucked me into bed - and I don't believe I ever shall forget some of those prayers.

I have given you only the very smallest conception of Mother's patience; it would take years to tell you all of the unlimited patience and love Mother had for us children.

- Dorothy Peavey -



My Ideal "College Girl"

There are many girls who go to college "to get" rather than "to give". Of course in a great measure we all go to receive knowledge and training, but I think there is something more in college life. I know of one girl who when she went to college kept aloof from the other girls, not associating with or taking part in college activities. She received the highest average in her class but was a bore to herself as well as to others around her. One could not ask her to do anything unless he was greeted by the answer, "I can't, I have too much to do". And thus, after many answers like this, she is left alone, wondering why people do not desire her company. One can not help thinking that if this girl does not jar herself loose from the rut she is in she will not enjoy life in the future.

The girl who thinks more of "giving" than of "receiving" is the one who will be successful in college life. She may maintain a high scholastic standing and still think of others. This girl is able to find time, outside of studies, to be agreeable and pleasant to her schoolmates, is able to do the duties asked of her, small or large, gladly and efficiently, and enters heartily in the activities and social life of the college. She is the one who is apt to be a leader, and well she deserves it. This sort of all-round girl is my ideal "college girl".

- Edith Angell -



Little Things

The old proverb, "The little foxes spoil the vines", shows us, in a negative way, how important little things are. It does not seem that a little fox could do much toward destroying a large vine, but we know it can, and the same law holds true in every department of life.

Little marks of punctuation scattered thru a manuscript do not look very important, but they make all the difference in the world. It is said that the lack of one comma in a bill once cast by the United States cost our government millions of dollars. We are prone to think that an occasional misspelled word or punctuation mark is of minor importance, but it is one of the "little foxes" and we would do well to use care or it may cost us something some day. Many stenographers have lost good positions for no other reason than the fact that they were careless about spelling and punctuation. They are little things, but they amount to a lot.

We can not see anything bad about breaking minor rules occasionally while in college, neither does it seem important at the time, but those little things are only a means to an end. If we do not learn to discipline ourselves enough to obey the minor rules in college, how can we ever discipline ourselves when we meet the bigger problems in later life?

There are many other little things about which we are negligent. We often fail to realize the importance of apparently trivial acts. Some little deed of kindness or some simple manifestation of love for a person in need may not seem much at the time and may pass unnoticed, but it is sure to benefit some one.

A few days ago when the snow and ice were melting a large stream of water running down both sides of East Elm Avenue made it very difficult to pass from the college grounds to the road. At noon time a little boy and girl were walking down the drive on their way to school. They came to the stream and wondered how they could possibly cross it without wetting their feet. Just then one of the young men came up the street and noticed their predicament. He picked his way across as carefully as possible and lifted first one and then the other across to the road. They smiled to him and thanked him, then both went running on to school.

It was not much for that young man to help the little ones across the water, the big thing was his thoughtfulness that prompted the act. The children appreciated it, anyone who happened to see him thought more of him for doing it and he felt better to see them go on to school with dry feet.



That is the way it is with many other things. Is it the special value of the little extras that mother has on the table when you go home that you appreciate or is it her thoughtfulness in having what she knows you like?

Every day we may help some one by doing some little deed of kindness. We may do it unconsciously, but someone else may notice it.

"Count that day lost whose low descending sun
Sees from thy hand no worthy action done."

After all, it is the little things in life that count and they deserve our special attention.

"Not the little things for themselves,
Not the big things apart from the little things;
But the little things in and for their relation to
the big things."

- A. E. Leavitt -



My Private Collection of College Pests

"At last he is gone. Perhaps I can study now."

I was glad when the door closed after my departing visitor who, with mere "gab", had stolen fifteen minutes of my valuable time.

By a determined effort I once more concentrated my mind upon my work. My mind was grappling with the Greek verb luo; he would not be conquered. Just as I was about to win in the struggle, a sharp rap at my door startled me, and allowed luo to escape my grasp.

I admitted my caller courteously, though a bit impatiently, consoling myself with the hope that he would be brief. He hoped that he was not disturbing me, but he had failed to pay close attention to an assignment in class, and he needed a little information concerning it. Of course, I lost only ten minutes in doing that which had already been done for his benefit; but with a little thoughtfulness on his part he could have saved that time for both of us. He left me to resume my struggle with a disconcerted mind and luo. I remained undisturbed long enough to settle this difficulty.

This problem over with, I went to the library to do some necessary reading. I was glad to find that everyone there seemed to be in a studious mood. I selected the book I needed, seated myself, and began reading an essay which required careful consideration.

At the moment when my mind was tense in an effort to understand clearly a certain elusive thought, someone entered the library as though it were a stage, and dropped his books on a table with an annoying thud. Wishing to attract further attention he coughed, dragged a chair back from the table, and spoke in a harsh undertone to a person nearby. He did not realize that some of his spectators were quite disgusted with his pestiferous behavior. There is nothing more annoying to sensible persons than the conduct of one who wishes to "create a sensation" in the library, dining hall, or classroom.

Picking up the broken threads of thought as best I could, I proceeded with difficulty to finish my reading. Finally the jumbled ideas became comprehensible to my perturbed mind.

But this happy state was short lived. My powers of concentration were again dislodged by half-subdued whispers. Looking up I noticed that a young man had entered the library - a young man whom some called peculiar. This last fact I learned from the whispers; I noticed nothing strikingly peculiar about him. He quietly seated himself, and began studying; apparently he was unconscious of the glances of the Pharisaic "wise ones". There is nothing quite so repugnant to the fine sense of consideration as are the priggish



actions of a person who looks askance at one whom he considers peculiar, or without the circle of a certain "set". Equally repulsive to true refinement and nobleness is the attitude of a man who disdains a fellow being as one who is uncultured or "common", forgetting that such a one has probably never had the advantages and opportunities of learning that he has enjoyed.

Pitying the scorner rather than the scorned, I once more delved into the essay. The evasive thoughts were at last collected, and soon I had finished a second task. Rising and replacing the book on the shelf, I started for my room.

As I glanced about, another disagreeable sight made an impression upon my mind. A student sat listlessly dreaming - he is the one who came to class this morning with his lesson unprepared. His excuse was that he didn't have time to do his work. He is capable of doing splendid work, but he is satisfied with mediocre success - it costs him less effort. Quite likely to-morrow he will, in an annoying manner, flatter someone who has his work up-to-date, by telling him that he is quite intellectual indeed. I endeavored to put these unpleasant thoughts from my mind as I walked towards the dormitory.

I entered my room and began preparations for retiring. But Fate allowed another pest to disturb my peace of mind. There was a knock at my door, and I admitted a visitor. He seated himself, and began talking in a friendly way. I conversed with him with equal friendliness for some time; then I began to think of my comfortable bed and my fatigue. His loud talking and boisterous conduct only increased my weariness of mind. Finally when my part of the conversation had dwindled into "yes" and "no", he decided to bid me good-night. With a sigh of relief I closed the door behind him, and turned to my bed.

However, sleep did not come as soon as I had hoped. There was clinging to my mind a word that I did not care for particularly - the word pest. As I thought of the events of the day, and of the annoying actions I had observed, I vowed that my conduct, from that time forth, should be kept free from all vexatious mannerisms.



(Book Review) To College Girls

by Le Baron Russell Briggs.

To the Girl Who Would Cultivate Herself.

A boy may get ahead though poor if he is clever, but a girl is handicapped "in the rough struggle for advancement, distinction, and wealth".

It is better for us to do a small thing and do it well, than to try to do something beyond our ability and do it poorly. If you haven't the surroundings that you wish to have, do not think, "If I were in another place, I might do better". No matter what your surroundings or what you have to do, do it with all your might; as one might say, put yourself into it.

Reading is considered the best way in which a girl may cultivate herself. However, her work should come first and the reading should be done in spare moments. She should be careful, in choosing the books she would read, to choose good books.

To Schoolgirls at Graduation.

Every graduate, after she is graduated, goes out into the world more or less. This is the time when people are set to thinking about you, and you are thinking about yourself.

"Personal charm is one of the great and unexplained gifts from heaven". A girl may have charm and not recognize it, and if she did, it would be lost forever.

College life should give a girl a better view of things. She should realize what is small and what is large. Some people are so sensitive that if, for instance, they weren't invited to so-and-so's party, they would spend their time talking and brooding over it. There are so many pleasant things in this beautiful world to talk and think about that we cannot afford to waste our time with such trivialities in life.

"There are women, even young girls, in whose presence it is impossible to dwell on a low thought, to live on any level but the highest --- women who are a kind of revelation of heaven".

To College Girls.--

Many girls are thought to break down because of going to college, but it's never the studying that will hurt anyone physically. The social activities of college life may be the cause.



"The effect of college training on a girl's mind is promptly visible and nearly always delightful". A girl may go through college and afterwards get married. "What good will college do her?" you may ask. "College life had been her business once; domestic life was her business now; and her training had taught her to take up whatever was her business with a whole heart. The college life of the past enlarged and brightened the domestic life of the present. Her sweetness was intellectual as well as moral. Her college life had made her a better companion to her husband, a better guide and guardian to her child.

"At college, if you have lived rightly you have found enough learning to make you humble, enough friendship to make your hearts large and warm, enough culture to teach you the refinement of simplicity, enough wisdom to keep you sweet in poverty and temperate in wealth. Here you have learned to see great and small in true relation, to look at both sides of a question, to respect the point of view of every honest man or woman, and to recognize the point of view that differs most widely from your own."

- Lois A. Burgess -



E.N.C. Student Gets Three Months at Charlestown Prison
(An imaginary newspaper report)

The members of the faculty of Eastern Nazarene College at Wollaston have spent the past week investigating the sensational automobile theft which involves two of their most prominent students. Several students were suspended from the school in connection with minor thefts. It was also brought to light that many of the students were "putting it over on the faculty". As a result of this investigation the college authorities have asked the entire Quincy police to co-operate with them.

Russell V. DeLong, student pastor of the Nazarene Church at Waltham, member of the College Senior class, editor of the Nautilus, and an active member of the Evangelistic Association of Eastern Nazarene College, was found guilty of automobile theft in the Norfolk County Court today.

Two weeks ago a Nash car owned by Mr. Wesley Archibald was found abandoned on the Wollaston boulevard near East Elm Avenue. Mr. Archibald, whose home is in Lynn, is also a student of E. N. C. and was in Wollaston at the time the car disappeared from his home.

Professor Hugh C. Benner of E. N. C. testified that he and his wife were out walking one evening when they came upon a supposed petting party. Hearing a familiar voice Mrs. Benner turned to look and was astonished to see DeLong and his fiancée in the Nash touring car. Professor Benner reported to the discipline committee and learned that DeLong was taking liberties without the consent of the Committee.

Professor Spangenberg, also of E. N. C., was shopping in Boston on the day of the theft. Seeing an unusual congestion in the traffic at Washington Street and wondering what could be the cause she approached near the curb. A Nash car was stalled in the middle of the street and the police and some men were pushing the car to a nearby curb. Looking more closely she was astonished to discover that DeLong was its driver.

Mr. Samuel Young, close friend of DeLong, was also thought to be implicated in the theft and to have used the stolen car to transport home brew from his still to an up-to-date downtown Boston restaurant. Three weeks ago Mr. Miroyiannis and Miss DeSalvo were dining at the Waldorf. Miss DeSalvo, recognizing one of her classmates entering the room, smiled graciously. Mr. Miroyiannis, noticing that his companion's attention was attracted toward the entrance, turned and seeing Mr. Young motioned for him to come to their table. After much hesitating and a great deal of urging Young complied with Mr. Miroyiannis' summons. Young, who was very nervous, carried a



suitcase in his hand. When he attempted to seat himself his foot slipped on the waxed floor and the suitcase fell smashing the bottles of brew. Officers were summoned and Young was taken into Custody. He was arraigned before the police court and fined one hundred dollars. The Police testified today that Young had a Nash car in his possession at the time of his arrest.

The trial reached its climax when DeLong confessed to having stolen the machine. All through the trial DeLong had been chewing his tongue and pulling impatiently at his collar and tie. His fiancée who was sitting near by, wept bitterly as he told of his many unsuccessful attempts before he finally made his get-away. DeLong, the devoted lover of Doris Gale, says that he committed the unlawful act for her sake. She had longed to ride beside her Romeo in a real car. DeLong had been unsuccessful at borrowing a machine and having no money was unable to hire one. His only solution was to do as he had done.

"Three months at Charlestown", said the judge dryly. "Next time don't be overruled by an emotional species of the opposite sex."

- Dove Henson -



Herr Q. Liedtz

Herr Q. Liedtz was born in the wilds of the Black Forest of good German stock. His father, a frankfurt maker and butcher of no mean ability, had from the constant swinging of a heavy cleaver attained an ox-like physique which his son inherited. Even as an infant Q. showed promise of great strength. When only three months old this precocious child had grown a typical German crop of hair, abundant barbs about an inch in length, coarse and heavy. One day as he lay in his cradle two serpents came up and attempted to destroy him. Herr saw them coming and ducked under the covers. It happened, however, that the top of his head showed. The snakes struck viciously at it and were impaled on the sharp points, instant death resulting. In about an hour young Herr Q. Liedtz came up for air. Taking in the situation, he pulled the snakes from his hair and began to play with their bodies. That night, when his mother peeped in to see if he was sleeping peacefully, she found him with his tiny fists clutching the necks of the reptiles. Filled with pride, she hastened to tell the neighbors how her son had strangled two immense serpents.

Perhaps it would be well to relieve your curiosity in regard to his nomenclature. The Q stood for Querulieren. This had been the middle name of the garrulous great-grandmother and the evil had been visited on the fourth generation. Herr Q. Liedtz was exceedingly touchy concerning his first name. The mention of it drove him mad. The first day he attended school the teacher inquired, "What is your name?"

"Herr Q. Liedtz", the boy replied.

"And what does the Q stand for?"

" - Nothing."

"But it must stand for something", persisted the pedagogue. This was more than Herr's blood could stand. Picking up his lute he flung it at the teacher's head, killing him outright.

Fear that his father would spank him for this melancholy breach of discipline, drove him to the woods. He was taken in by an old shepherd and treated as a son. There among the herdsmen he grew mighty in stature, excelling all in running, swimming, jumping, and tree climbing.

Returning home, our hero aided his half-brother in throwing off the yoke of the city of Orchomenus and was rewarded when the princess Megara consented to become Frau Q. Liedtz. Frau Q. Liedtz, after a few years of wedded life, became curious as to the meaning of her first initial. She asked her hubby, but he very impolitely replied, "It is none of your business".

One day she visited her mother-in-law and pumped her until she



found out. That evening, while Herr Q. Liedtz was toasting his feet before the fire, he heard a knock on the door. It was the wife. She threw her arms around his neck and murmured, "Well, I'm back, dear Querulieren. Herr Liedtz went crazy and immediately proceeded to murder his children.

As a punishment for his terrible deed he was declared subject to his cousin, Eurystheus, and compelled to perform his commands. Eurystheus, knowing well how little a staid, peace-loving Dutchman relished personal danger, enjoined upon Herr Liedtz a succession of twelve desperate undertakings. The first was the combat with the lion of Nemea, the skin of which he was told to bring back. After fortifying himself with several glasses of German ale, Q. set out cautiously up the valley of Nemea. As he rounded a particularly big boulder he came suddenly on the lion eating a goat. Our hero stared very impolitely at the lion and the lion returned the compliment. Then the lion made the first friendly advances by rushing with open mouth at Herr Q. Liedtz. Did that gentleman stand and bandy words? He did not. Dropping his club and arrows he fled for his life. Over hill and dale, day after day, they went, Herr always maintaining his lead of two jumps. At the end of the eighth day the lion dropped dead from starvation and exhaustion. Liedtz continued on until he was as he thought, a safe distance, two hundred yards. There he crouched until he was sure the beast was dead. Then, retracing his steps and picking up the lion, he carried it on his shoulders back to Eurystheus.

The task of slaughtering Hydra, the water serpent, he performed easily by dropping a rock on its neck and then burning off its heads.

The third labor was the capture of the boar that haunted Mount Erymauthus. This was accomplished by a very clever bit of strategy. Herr Liedtz approached within a hundred feet of the boar before he was seen. Then ensued a fast and furious chase that ended with Q. up a tree and the boar underneath. Anxious to place as much space as possible between himself and the boar, he climbed to the topmost branch. The limb broke and two hundred pounds of Dutchman fell with a sickening thud upon the boar's back. Needless to say, the boar was placed "hors de combat".

The remaining nine undertakings the Goddess of Chance favored and Herr Q. Liedtz was freed from his bondage. He sought retirement, but so great had become his fame that he had no peace. Every one had some monster to be killed or some dangerous deed to be done. At last, driven by desperation he built a funeral pyre and mounted it. Thus



Herr Q. Liedtz was consumed and carried to dwell with the gods.

- Wesley Angell -

Idea suggested by a somewhat similar treatment of Beowulf in the Boston College Stylus of several months ago.



The Value of the Weekly Letter

Did you ever hear the old saying to the effect that if a boy is thoughtful of his mother, it is a sure sign that he will be thoughtful of someone else some day? I have heard it many times and have noticed a few instances where it has proved to be true.

I have in mind a certain young man by the name of Tom who was brought up in the country. He was a "regular boy", always full of life and fun, but in the midst of all of his fun he was never thoughtless of his mother. He was very careful when going out in the woods, or in any place where there might be some danger, to return promptly at the time he had set, in order to save any possible worry on the part of his mother.

Many little instances similar to this show Tom's thoughtfulness as a boy, but "when he became a man" that was one childish trait that he did not "put away".

At the age of nineteen he left home, but he did not forget about his mother. The first Sunday evening that he was away from home he began to form a habit that he has never got away from - that was, writing to his mother. No matter where he is or under what circumstances, he never fails to write that letter on Sunday evening, and it is one of the most pleasant things his mother has to look forward to all through the week.

Many young men would write only occasionally and not think about the joy it would give their mothers to expect a regular, cheery letter that never failed to arrive the first part of the week. So far as the weekly letter is concerned, "anticipation" is almost as good as "realization". Tom does not have a great amount of interesting news to write home every week, but he always finds something to write about, for he realizes how disappointed his mother would be if he should forget, or fail for any reason to write his weekly letter.

Tom does many other things to show his love and respect for his mother. He never fails to remember her with a nice gift on her birthday and on Christmas, as well as several other times during the year. Always on Mother's Day, if he is too far away to go visit her, he telegraphs her a bunch of carnations. Many of those attentions cost much more than a piece of writing paper and a two-cent stamp, but they do not mean anymore to her. She says that she always appreciates anything that he does for her, but there is never anything that he does or can do that she appreciates quite like the weekly letter. It is not so much its value, but it is the thoughtfulness that prompts it.



Now Tom is married and has two children. His home and family cares take up much of his time and attention, but at the same time he still remembers his mother with the weekly letter as of other days.

I wonder if our E. N. C. boys show the same thoughtful disposition and the same capacity for enduring friendships.

- Arline Leavitt -



The Chapel Clock Speaks

"Tick-tock-tick-tock-half-past ten - how lonesome it is in here! I wish some one would come in to practice his piano lesson - tick-tock-tick. Eleven o'clock-tick - ah, I hear someone coming - tock. Good, it's a young lady with her music book.

"Tick-tock-half-past eleven - that half-hour was spent pleasantly. Only ten more minutes until the students assemble for Chapel. Tick-tock-there's the bell for dismissal of classes - tick-tock - I wonder who will speak in chapel to-day. It is a rare privilege for the students to be able to enjoy these chapel services each day. They are usually only a half-hour in length, but many beneficial lessons have been brought to us in that brief time. How often I have seen the students enjoy the song and prayer services together here.

"There goes the second bell - tick-tock-tick-tock - the students are assembling now; they chatter pleasantly with each other. There is Reverend Angell - how worn he looks; he seems to be sharing everyone's burdens. Here is President Nease. He has a pleasant word for all. The students love him and hold him in the highest esteem. I see Reverend Miller is with him. Mr. Miller is another who is beloved by the students. Tick-tock - Mr. Ames is smiling as usual - tick-tock - Mr. Pilling surely likes his candy; I see he is trying to finish his last mouthful before chapel begins. Tick-tock - there is Professor Munro. She stops to speak with a student; she is never too busy to offer a bit of beneficial advice, or to help master a difficult situation. Tick-tock - Professor Goozee has come in - what poise of dignity and humility she possesses! Professor Harris is now present. She is a little woman of few words; but how valuable are those few! Professor Gardner has taken his customary seat. I see in him the combination of scientist and preacher, revealed in his depth of thought and simplicity of expression. Tick-tock - here is Professor Wilson, another quiet little woman with a deep concern for others.

"Miss French has taken her usual point of vantage. Her eyes scan the audience and she registers the names of absentees among the girls. Good-naturedly she performs the unpleasant tasks. Mr. Millet is also watching for vacant seats; now and then he registers the name of an absentee. How often he has inspired the students to a sterner effort by his simple and direct speech.

"Now Professor Benner is announcing a song. He is a competent leader, and will not be satisfied with half-hearted singing on the part of his audience. He is a teacher with originality of thought and clearness of expression.



"Heartily the orchestra gives forth its stirring music. Professor Spangenberg presides faithfully at the piano. Mr. Benner and Mr. Deware sound out martial notes from Tuba and Baritone, while Mr. Gardner with Trombone produces strong, mellow notes. Mr. Haas and Mr. Shields add volume to the music with vibrant tones from Cornets. Miss Dorothy Peavey and Miss Foote bring forth sweet music from their violins, while Miss Ethelyn Peavey renders deep resonant notes with her 'Cello. How well the students play and sing; it is a rare privilege to hear such harmony and freedom in song.

"Tick-tock - now they are going to prayer. To see such a group of students kneel in prayer is indeed an impressive scene. Tick-tock-tick-tock.

"Now comes the announcements - tick-tock - 'Band rehearsal at four o'clock' - good-tick-President Nease says that the presence rather than the absence of Academy students is desired in the study hall -tick-tock.

"Reverend Miller is now speaking - another treat for us - 'Acts 27:13 - When the south wind blew softly --'. He is likening the soft blowing of the south wind to the plausibilities of the world as they make their appeal to the Christian. Tick-tock - what's that he is saying now? - 'It's the good we choose that makes the difference.' Tick-tock- 'Don't be afraid to face the adverse side of a situation'- tick-tock - 'No hasty decision brings good results; no decision can be adequate without God,'-quite right, Mr. Miller - tick-tock-tick-twelve-fifteen - he is concluding his bit of excellent advice - It's not the yesterdays, but the to-days that count in this life'. Tick-tock - there's the dinner bell; Mr. Pilling and Mr. Rivers start up expectantly - youngsters as they are, they have been casting hasty glances at my face, and have been waiting a bit impatiently for dinner.

"Tick-tock - all rise, and Professor Gardner pronounces the benediction. Miss Spangenberg strikes a chord, and like soldiers the students face toward the center aisle. As the orchestra begins to play the young men and women proceed row by row to fall in step with each other and march from the chapel, two abreast. It is a pleasure to see them march out in such orderly fashion. The faces of some of the students show that Mr. Miller's message has made a lasting impression on their minds.

"Tick-tock - there's the last bell for dinner - tick-tock-tick-tock - how quiet it is in here - tick-tock."



Thinking With E. N. C.

What is Eastern Nazarene College? Or more pertinently, Who is Eastern Nazarene College? Is E.N.C. made up of things? of books? of beautiful campus? of buildings? It is true she has all these.

One might stroll leisurely about and admire the natural attractiveness of her campus; he might search out and hold dear the traditions hidden in the spacious halls and parlors of her Mansion; or he might pore over the voluminous wealth of knowledge in her library, and yet not know E.N.C. He could thus become acquainted only with her externalities.

We are Eastern Nazarene College - the students, the faculty, and the management. Our ideals are her ideals; our aims are her aims. En masse as we make ourselves we make E.N.C. If one of us takes an attitude of indifference to spiritual or intellectual obligations, he is robbing E.N.C. while he robs himself. If he is contented with smallness, his part of E.N.C. will remain undeveloped and narrow.

The one of us who is building strong character, pressing to intellectual heights, and striving for spiritual development, he it is who is making E.N.C. bigger, stronger and nobler. He is an asset to her, a vital part of her noblest self.

We make the rules of E.N.C. Our conduct determines the making of rules and the degree to which they must be enforced. Every act we do affects a fellow being, either for good or for bad; therefore our conduct must be governed by unselfish and thoughtful judgment. Rules are



guide-posts to self control and consideration for our fellow men. Paul says, "The law is not made for the righteous man, but for the lawless and disobedient."

Bringing oneself "under" means self-sacrifice - the subjection of selfish desires to higher, nobler aspirations, under whose nurturing influence character blooms forth into fragrant fruition.

A.R.

Courtesy - In the "Dorm"

"Whose water is this on the gas stove heating?" Helen called to the girls upstairs.

"It's mine," replied Mary, hurrying out into the hall.

"Well, I just wanted to tell you that it was boiling," Helen replied calmly.

"All right, turn it off then," was Mary's only reply, and her voice had that commanding tone that makes one feel like 'sitting up and taking notice.'

When I heard Mary's response without a "please" or a "thank you", I looked at my room mate and she looked at me. It was not that either of us felt particularly critical, or that we held any grudge against Mary, that made us wonder, but we could not help noticing her blunt command - "All right, turn it off then."

Helen was doing her a favor by informing her that the water was hot, but Mary did not seem to accept it very gracefully.

Why could she not have said either, "Thank you, will you turn it off?" or "All right, turn it off, please"? It seemed that the least she could have done was either to thank Helen or to ask as a favor if she did not want to humble herself - so she would call it - to do both. Surely it would not have cost her anything and it would have sounded much better.

Then I tried to think whether or not I had ever heard her say "please" or "thank you", and I must confess that I failed to recall the time. She does not say things in such a commanding way intentionally, I believe, but it is her natural way of speaking. However I am inclined to believe that more people would be willing to do what she wanted them to, if she would ask in a more pleasant way.

That little incident made me wonder whether or not I am always as thoughtful as I might be. Do I request people to do certain things, or do I command them? Although 'giving of commands' may not be my besetting sin as it seems to be Mary's, I shall try to remember when I want the gas turned off to say, "All right, thank you, please turn it off!"

A.L.



Courtesy - In the Dining-Room

As I entered the dining hall my attention was attracted to a group of students who were chatting pleasantly. A neatly dressed young man seemed to be the center of the group. His manner betrayed the pleasurable evidence of self-forgetfulness. Everyone was enjoying his company.

Noticing that I was a visitor, and alone, he sauntered toward me, introduced himself, and asked me to sit at his table. His thoughtfulness and his free, easy bearing gave me such composure as I had not hitherto felt among strangers.

He took care to see that I was seated near him at the dining table. Some of the students cast hasty glances at me, but evidently they were too shy to speak. He relieved the tense situation by introducing me to each individual at the table.

I admired the self-possession of my friend. He ate slowly and moderately - hurry or greed was far removed from his manner. Meanwhile he exchanged remarks with the other diners; he was well-informed on current topics, and spoke in a quiet, self-assured tone. His conversation was completely devoid of slighting personal remarks and common table gossip. His humor was wholesome and entertaining, and added to the pleasure of the meal. He was ever concerned for those about him; and, although he was apparently unconscious of the fact, yet I could sense the regard that each one present held for him.

I enjoyed my dinner much more than I had anticipated. As we rose from the table, I watched my friend. He gently replaced his chair, and politely stepped aside, allowing the others to go before him.

Outside the dining hall we resumed our conversation. He was soon forced to leave me. He gave me a hearty invitation to return and bade me good-bye. As he walked briskly to his duties I thought,

"He little realizes how much our short acquaintance has meant to me."

-A.R-

Courtesy - In Table Talk

There are many reasons why the time spent at the dining hall should be the pleasantest and happiest of the day. The meeting of the students at the dining hall gives us good opportunity to hold pleasant conversation and discussions which benefit everyone. The table is not a place to discuss Theology or other subjects which do



not interest everyone. At Table Number Seven there arises every morning, noon and night a theological question about tri - tri - Oh, I know now trichotomist and dichotomist-between Mr. A and Mr. B. I am sure this conversation is not very profitable to most of us who sit at that table because we don't understand what they talk about.

G. De S.

Table talk should be general. This is one of the rules of the dining room. This rule is all right, and it is carried out very well. We seldom see two students talking together in a low tone so that nobody else can hear. Yet of what interest is it to the other students at that table to listen to two young men discuss whether man has two or three beings, (such as soul, intellect, and religious nature), and then to have these same two get "righteously indignant" at each other the next day because they disagree as to what death is? I think, although the students may follow the rules of the dining hall by being general in their talk, they should try to talk about subjects in which the others will be interested --- subjects which all can take part in discussing.

-L.B-

The Necessity of Praying Definitely

Sometimes here at school I have got down on my knees to talk with God it has almost seemed a sin to take the time to pray,-there were so many things to do. But that verse from the Bible came to me, "Men ought always to pray;" I told the Lord I was thankful that He put that in His Book. In a woman's home where I used to be at family prayers very often I heard my friend praying for her loved ones; she said, "If we do not pray for our loved ones, who will?" I never forgot that-: "If we do not pray for our loved ones, who will?" The Lord does not want us to lose our burden for lost souls. You and I may not be burdened for the same one: I may have the burden for a certain person and while you may know the individual as intimately as I do yet you may not be burdened for the soul. If I do not pray for that soul, who will?

-E.M.A-



Thoughtlessness

There are many things which would lead us to believe that we are careless and not thoughtful enough. Have you not often gone into the library to study and found two or three people whispering and laughing; and then after they got through or even before, others would begin? Did they stop to think what they were doing? Did they realize that several people were trying to get some lesson which was hard to concentrate upon and still more that they might have been working hard so that by the time they came to the library they were exceedingly tired and consequently unable to concentrate as well as they could have done otherwise?

Have you never seen someone throw paper about the rooms and scatter anything which they wished to dispose of wherever they happen to be? Did they stop to realize how the paper on the class room floors and scattered about the campus looks to visitors? Did they stop to think that some one would have to work harder to clean up the paper and other refuse than they would have had to, to put it where it belonged in the first place? Have you not noticed pencil marks on the furniture and walls? Did the ones who used their pencils thus realize that they were not adding to the attractiveness of E.N.C.? Have you not noticed skates or books left cluttering the hall long after skating time, long after the books are no longer studied? Do the ones who left their belongings there ever stop long enough to see how unnecessary it is to the completeness of the hall to have these things left there week after week or even month after month?

How easy it is for us to think that a piece of paper or a candy box or a pencil mark or a pair of skates or a book or a hundred and one other things will do no harm. But if we were very thoughtful would we not soon come to the conclusion that there is harm in putting things in any but their proper places? Would not a little thought tell us to be more thoughtful?

-R.P.H.-



Do the Students of E. N. C. Appreciate Their Campus?

I think the majority of E. N. C. students do appreciate their campus - but there are a few who do not. I have seen some students deliberately walk by a piece of paper on the driveway and never think of picking it up. They seemingly did not notice it was there. Others I have seen carelessly throw paper around. Perhaps they did not realize they did, but a little thoughtlessness will sadly mar the campus. We have a beautiful campus; let us every one keep it so.

-D.P.P-

The students are careful of their campus. If they have a gum wrapper or a candy box, they will deposit it in the rubbish barrel although it is easier to throw it on the ground where they are standing. There are a few who have not yet realized that the college campus belongs to them as well as to anyone else. The other day one student was marking on the building, and immediately he was rebuked by two or three students who were standing nearby.

-L.B-



Humor

Then There Was Trouble

Professor: "Your last paper was very difficult to read. Your work should be written so that the most ignorant will be able to understand it."

Student: "Yes, sir. What part didn't you understand?"

-Youngstown Telegram.

-o-o-o-o-

Times Have Not Changed- "Before pens were invented", wrote an English schoolboy, "the pinion of one goose was used to spread the opinions of another". -Family Herald and Weekly Star.

-o-o-o-o-

Sure Thing. "What are you going to do for a living?"

"Write".

"Write what?"

"Home." - Life

-o-o-o-o-

What a Little "Comma" Can Do - This instance of what confusion misplaced commas can produce has been noticed:

"Lord Palmerston then entered upon his head, a white hat upon his feet, large but well-polished boots upon his brow, a dark cloud in his hand, his faithful walking stick in his eye, a dark menacing glare saying nothing." - Hardware World

-o-o-o-o-

A little three-year-old boy had been at church Sunday and heard the choir sing, "The consecrated Cross I'd bear." On the way home he inquired, "Mamma what is a consecrated cross-eyed bear?"

-o-o-o-o-

Miss French:- Who is it that persists in cutting articles out of this newspaper?

Miss Cutter:- One of those cliptomaniacs, evidently.



An evangelist had been called to a city church that gives considerable attention to music. The order of exercises calls for an anthem after the invocation. On this occasion the choir had selected an evening song. Imagine, therefore, the strange minister's feelings when he heard at the very beginning of the service the petition rising on the wings of song "Guard us while we sleep." - Selected.

-o-o-o-

Next Case! - "What is your occupation?" asked the judge sternly.
"I haven't any," replied the man. "I just circulate around so to speak."

"Please note," said the judge turning to the clerk,
"that this gentleman is retired from circulation for thirty days."
-Moonbeams.

-o-o-o-

Some Striking Similes

The pug after the battle looked like he had stuck his head in a bag full of cats to see who was there.- Thomas M. Morrow.

-e-e-e-

About as much chance as a quart of whiskey on an Indian reservation. - Peter B. Kyne

-e-e-e-

About as thrilling as a lesson in swimming would be to a middle-aged goldfish. - "Bugs" Baer.

-e-e-e-

The Editor's Viewpoint

Simpkins considered himself a humorist. He sent a selection of his original jokes to the editor of a newspaper and confidently awaited a remittance. His excitement ran high when he received a letter, obviously from the newspaper office.

He opened it with feverish haste. There was no check, however, just a small note follows:

"Dear Sir: Your jokes received. Some we have seen before; some we have not seen yet." - Vancouver Province.



FINIS ^h

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