

Nazarene Messenger

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CHRISTIAN WOMANHOOD JEOPARDIZED

The devil has always had it in for the woman. Realizing, no doubt, that she has qualities that are in some respects superior to the man, and that his condition is always tremendously affected by her and her doings, he feels that he can ruin man more quickly by means of her than he can by attacking man alone, and because of this he makes her a special target. When woman came into being at the hand of God, she contributed the feminine qualities to the race, those of grace, gentleness, maternity, and affection. From the masculine, the race gets its strength, courage, vigor, and masterfulness. The combination of these two groups of qualities makes the complete race qualities, or in other words, the perfect human.

It was shrewd, if diabolical, generalship that induced Satan to make his attack in the garden of Eden first on woman. If he won her, why of course, he would win the other side of the house. Consequently he made his subtle approach to Eve, and, after ruining her faith, plunged her into disobedience, whither she dragged her husband, as a matter to be expected.

Since that time there has never been an age that the enemy has not made his most subtle attack on womanhood. His first general plan was her degradation. At the hands of pagan civilization, woman lost her position at the side of man, and was soon at his feet more like a beast of burden than an equal human in the walk of life. When paganism degenerated into heathenism, her depths of degradation were complete. There she became nothing more than a chattel. On an equality with the horse, the cow, the house, the land, to be bartered, bought, sold, borrowed or cast upon the refuse heap. A thing without a soul, without an eternity, without anything more than a brief passing share in the human equations which make up our lives.

Christianity---Jesus Christ---saved womanhood. Wherever His gospel is preached, she arises from her position as a chattel, and again takes her stand by man's side. Her present day equality in the lands where Christian civilization obtains, is due to Him. She never would, or could, have lifted herself there. Man never would, or could, have lifted her there. It was due to Christianity and to that alone. Despite the opposite claims of the present day, it

is simply a cold fact, that Jesus Christ, and His saving grace and truth, has made women equal with men to-day.

But the enemy is not dead, and his machinations are not over with. Realizing that he cannot now degrade woman, as he has done through the ages, he has endeavored, with the same diabolical cunning, to rob her of her womanhood. The secret, subtle desire of the women of this present time to dress like the men, to take man's position in the business, political, and literary fields, to have their hair cut like the men, to swagger, and talk boisterously, and drink, and smoke, and wear knickers, to ape the men's coats and ties, carouse around nights, compete with men in athletic stunts, swim English channels, climb inaccessible mountains, hunt tigers and elephants in the jungles, and jostle the other sex in a mad scramble for seats at athletic stadiums, and street cars, is but the work of Satan slowly but surely unsexing woman, and turning her into an imitation man; from the high station of holy womanhood, she is slowly becoming little else than a "Billiken."

This very thing robs the race of one of its richest assets. The graciousness of womanhood disappears from these modern sexless mannikins. Gentleness has given way to roistering hoydenishness. Maternity is unthought of, despised, avoided, eluded, evaded, and all that suggests it, carefully camouflaged, so that instead of woman's maternal form, there is the stiff, angular, board-like form suitable only for hanging clothing suggestions on. Affection is no more, but children are farmed out, and husbands are swapped and interchanged so frequently as no longer to be husbands, but merely paramours.

All this would not be sufficient, if this baneful spirit had not invaded the womanhood of the church, and smirched some who are supposed to belong to the bride of Christ. The same unhappy leaning toward man's attire, and man's appearance, and man's haircut is found in many places in the church, just the same as in the world. In this way the enemy knows that he can surely influence them away from the fold of Christ, and through the women, strike the hardest blow possible at mankind.

Ere it is too late, our Christian women should awaken to the plans of the devil.

He is too sharp for humanity to match with, and the only way that we can get free from his snares, is through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Will the Christian womanhood arouse itself, and resent this subtle effort of the Adversary to drag them again into a position that God never created them to fill? The whole modern program for women is to get them into a situation that God never created them for. Who will see the cloven hoof, and cry out against it?

CAMPAIGN AT BILLINGS, MONTANA

On Sunday, November 14, accompanied by Mrs. Morrison, who went as pianist, we opened a campaign at Billings, Montana, with the pastor there, Brother W. D. Shelor. We found that he had made excellent preparation, and that there had been several seekers at the altar, on several Sundays, before the meeting began. He had also visited far and wide, and made good advertising arrangements. Consequently the revival meeting was actual on when we reached Billings.

Billings is a city of about thirty thousand population, and the Nazarenes have been established there for several years. In the old Layman Holiness Association days we had assisted in meetings there and knew many of the substantial people who had come from that old organization into the Church of the Nazarene. It is a strategic center, and one where we can easily have a church of three or four hundred people.

The first Sunday evening there was a good response to the altar call and this spirit deepened all through the campaign, till the second Sunday we had several seekers at the morning meeting, and all the week through. There were about one hundred seekers during the fifteen days. This is not counting the people that came more than once, but just counting once for each person.

The last Sunday the pastor took twenty-eight into the church, and fully twenty of them were adults. Several whole families united and there were a number of others still in prospect. On the last Sunday afternoon, we had a fine College rally, and took up an offering for paint to the amount of forty dollars. Several boys were inter-

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EDITORIAL**Publications United**

With this issue we are presenting to our constituents a unique publication. It is the union of the student publication issued last year, and for one number this year, under the name of the "Orange and Black", and the "Messenger", that has been the mouthpiece of the Northwest Nazarene College for so many years. The student publication has been renamed by its sponsors, and has been incorporated with the older paper as a part of it.

This arrangement will give all the readers of the "Messenger" the privilege of also reading the student publication. It will thus be a reflection of the entire College life, that is presented to our readers. The management will discuss the grave and serious problems of the matter of Christian education, and of the life of the Church of the Nazarene on the front pages, and then in the added pages, there will be the news gathered and edited by the students, some of their fun making, and observations that may be prepared from time to time by their staff.

In this way we will lessen the number of publications that are issued by the College, and also secure a wider reading of the one that is issued. We hope that the lighter portions of the student part of the publication will insure the reading of the more weighty and serious parts of the paper, by the young people of our northwest constituency. And, then, we also hope that the serious minded adults who read this little "Messenger" may be cheered occasionally, as they read the productions that are submitted by the students.

With this combination we trust that every one in the homes to which this paper comes, may be glad to receive it, and we will be delighted to hear that there is a bit of competition when it arrives, between the young and the old, as to who shall first scan its pages.

This is a Holiness Institution

Northwest Nazarene College is first a school. We have lessons. We study courses. We produce graduates. We confer degrees. We have faithful teachers and instructors who are on the ground

for the great purpose of carrying students through regular grammar grade, high school and college courses. But we are not just that. Schools can be highly intellectual, and the heart be neglected, the graduates issuing therefrom coming forth as cold as icicles. No, we are a *holiness college*. We believe in real regeneration, an experience that saves a person from sin, and writes his name in the Book of Life. We believe in second blessing holiness, an experience subsequent to regeneration, and that takes the carnal nature out of one's heart, filling it with perfect love, and the fullness of the Spirit. Not only that, for an institution can be devoted to holiness, and be fanatical, and touched with wild fire. We believe in the doctrines, teachings and standards of the Nazarenes—holy fire in sweet reasonable control of common sense and sound judgment. We believe in discipline, kind but firm. Let us have your boy or girl, and we will do our best to send them back earnest, burning Christians, with trained intellects, and devoted hearts.

Courtesy and Politeness Threatened

The old fashioned courtesy and politeness that all real gentlemen instinctively felt for women, is being threatened these days. Even common deference is often conspicuous by its absence, especially among the younger generation. This will be a sad loss to the civilization of our time. Even among Christians it is frequently missed. Can we not "highly resolve" (as Abraham Lincoln phrased it) that so far as we, who read and ponder this fact, are concerned, we will adhere to the good old Christian courtesy that existed between cultured men and women of other days?

How Slang Creeps In

It is a bit difficult accurately to define "slang". Usually it is a phrase or expression that has been picked up, and given a meaning that formerly it did not have, and that adds a piquancy to one's speech. Sometimes it means, in the minds of a certain class, words or expressions that border on the vulgar, or the obscene. The former use is not so reprehensible. No doubt, in this respect, we are all offenders, more or less. Nevertheless, the use of slang, in its milder and less offensive form, if indulged in too frequently, indicates a lack of culture and breeding. One's language would be better and stronger without it. Why say "kick" for every thing that has zest in it? Once in awhile may not hurt, but it grows monotonously vulgar to hear it all the time. Why say "keen" continually when a thing appeals to you as being fitting in appearance, or unusually appropriate? Why refer to every case of reprimand, whether mild or severe, from parents, teachers, employers, or members of your family, as a "bawling out"? An expression like that from your

lips, puts a vulgarity into the thought, that is frequently far from being the case. Reprimands must be given, and will continue to be given; why vulgarize your speech by naming them thus? Why always "cut it out", when you mean for a matter to cease, a speech to end, or a misbehavior to terminate? Occasional use may lend a bit of force, but its constant sound on your lips cheapens you very markedly. Why should an unusually attractive hat or garment always be "stunning" or a "scream"? Do get a new term once in awhile, and not load your vocabulary down with expressions that are so shoddy. "Swell", when applied to anything that is not, and cannot be swollen, should be used very sparsely in cultivated speech. "Punk" is very expressive, and may be used with telling effect, once in awhile, but as a commonplace, it loses its expressiveness, and robs one of the reputation of good breeding. "I should worry", becomes exceedingly painful to refined ears when indulged more than once a week. "Good-night", as an expression of surprise, amazement, or mild condemnation, has ages ago become threadbare, and is now a mild torture to hundreds of listeners. "Oh fiddle", has been fiddled to death, and do, for the sake of your friends, invent a new expletive. To call one a "sap" or a "nut" is no longer appropriate, except to indicate that the one who uses it is engaged in self-discipation. "Rep" for reputation sounds unhappily stale, and reflects on the reputation of the user. To say that everything that displeases you is "bum", indicates that is about the measure of your own mind. "Jimminy Christmas", "Christopher Columbus", "Julius Ceasar", "By Jinks", "By George", "Gee Whiz", and any other mild corruption of profanity is impolite, cheap and tawdry, and decidedly unscriptural. To use any of them throws instinctive doubt on your claims of being a gentleman or a lady, and reflects on your up-bringing. There is nothing so strong as clean, polite, incisive speech, with slang reduced to a minimum, or excluded entirely. Anything that deflects from this makes our conversation cheap, tawdry and bordering on the vulgar.

How About That Chicken?

Do our many farmer constituents know that chicken on the Dining Hall table of N. N. C., is really an unknown quantity? Let "X" equal all the chicken we have seen this year! And now Christmas is near at hand. Of course, we Northwest Nazarenes, attending College at Nampa, can have a good piece of "bully" beef, as the soldier boys used to call it, for that festive occasion, while hundreds of our constituents will have turkey, and other hundreds will have chicken! But say, dear Nazarenes at home, would you not enjoy your turkey and chicken better if you knew that your young Nazarenes at College had just a taste, too? No, we do not ask for turkey,

that would, indeed, be too rich for our strenuous blood, but we do pine for just a wee bit of chicken. Will not each farmer reader of this humble appeal go out at once, and catch at least two of those white leghorns, and parcel post them to Northwest Nazarene College in time for Christmas? Our typewriter is already aching to acknowledge receipt of same. Try it, and see. Do we see the chickens coming?

We Rejoice Over Olivet's Safety

The news that Olivet College, at Olivet, Ill., which has enjoyed many years of success as a Nazarene Institution, weathered the gale of debt and threatened sheriff's sale, and is again launched on the sea of school life, with Rev. T. Willingham as Captain on the bridge, is indeed, grateful to the Management and constituents of N. N. C. We extend to their heartiest appreciation for their successful efforts, and offer greetings to "Captain" Willingham as he starts the voyage with the good ship "Olivet."

A Great Opportunity

This age offers to the Spirit-filled young man or woman one of the greatest opportunities that any age has possessed. The greatest heresy known to the church has developed in these times, and offers a very vulnerable front to the attacks of an enthusiastic young Christian warrior. Modernism, whether as the evolution of the so-called scientific world, or the equally so-called Higher Criticism of the religious world, is a great inflated Goliath of Gath, out parading up and down before the armies of God's Israel, bragging on its nine feet of height, its "weaver's beam" spear, and preceded by its armor bearer of garrulous little pin-whiskered professors and ministers, and is sure to be an easy prey to the staunch-hearted young Spirit-filled David, with the sling of the gospel and the five smooth stones of the Bible "Thus saith the Lord!" Forth to the battle, soldiers of the King. Enlist in this glorious and holy crusade. Arm yourself with a trained mind and a heart full of the grace of God, and you cannot help but conquer. Only faint-hearted molycoddles and softies can fail in these wonderful days. God plans to plant old fashioned second blessing holiness in every cross-road, village, city and town. Who will volunteer?

More preachers fail through lack of holiness than through lack of learning. A holy man is reasonably sure of studying enough so that he will have some fresh thinking now and then, but an unholy man cannot represent God and God's cause, with carnality in his heart.

The tendency of all individual experiences, as well as all religious movements is gradually to subside. It requires constant stocking of the furnace of experience,

the frequent turning on of the draughts, and the often application of the bellows, to keep from growing cold. A still more earnest effort is required in order to grow more intensely enthusiastic in the cause of holiness. All at it, and always at it, should be our motto.

Students who cut classes are paving the way for having the ground of school success cut from beneath their feet. Faithful application is ever needed in order to realize out of school opportunities what there is in them.

It is the desire of the Management of Northwest Nazarene College to make this institution a "West Point," for the training of soldiers and officers for the armies of the king. This cannot be done without money, let all our constituency remember us in prayer and "sinews of war." If you have a dollar for the College, do not wait to get a second one, put that one into an envelope, and mail it at once. If you do that with each one that you get, there will be a steady stream of them coming. Every one is needed. We are turning and twisting in every sort of manner to get through financially. If you love a holiness ministry, help us create it, with a little of your money.

We need new shades for the dormitories. Some are compelled to pin up newspapers at night for shades. Cannot some reader of these lines send us a donation for "reshading" the dormitories. We need vegetables. The amount that we can allow for supplying the meals for the dining hall is not enough, without some donations. Who that reads this can ship us some vegetables, fresh meat, or other farm produce?

All the rooms at the Girls' Dormitory are now filled, except one. The Boys' Dormitory is well filled. The Dining Hall is well patronized. N. N. C. is running true to form. The spiritual meetings are excellent. The tide is high. We have a great faith for the "clean sweep," that all the faculty and many students are praying for.

Minneapolis District Buys Shades for Dorm.

A few of the Woman's Missionary Societies of the Minneapolis District interested themselves in replacing the shades in the Girls' Dormitory. The shades there had become so dilapidated that they were, in many cases in strings. In one of the rooms occupied by Dr. and Mrs. Morrison, there was no shade at all, and newspapers were used at night, to secure privacy. A few of the societies of the W. M. S. of the Minneapolis District heard of the plight that the dormitory was in, in respect to shades, and eagerly took up an offering amounting to fifty dollars, and replaced the shades. This was a timely and generous act, and greatly appreciated by the "inmates" of the dormitory. The thanks

of the Management are due to these faithful women, who came to the relief of the situation. We surely are trusting that some other of the W. M. S. sisters will help out at the odds and ends that must forever be looked after in an institution like N. N. C. The greatest effort possible is being made by the Management to run the institution this year without a deficit in the current expenses, and all our constituency will have to help out, if this commendable and desirable end is attained. Who will be next?

A Visit From Sister Whitesides

One of the most loyal friends that the college has had during the years of its establishment and growth in Nampa has been Sister Whitesides. She has always been faithful in prayer for its needs, and when field agent for the sanitarium did nobly for the college also.

After being in a meeting with Dr. Morrison at Billings, Montana, (where her assistance and untiring efforts in the revival campaign were greatly appreciated), through his suggestion she passed through Nampa on her way home. Arriving on Saturday she was with us on Sunday bringing inspiration to us by her presence and prayers and on Monday morning gave us a talk in the chapel. Her message was freighted with a desire to see a revival break out in the school. Again on Wednesday evening she spoke to us in the church; this time her message was along missionary lines representing especially the women's missionary society. Again our hearts were stirred and a new determination sprang up within to carry this line of work on our hearts more than ever before.

We are glad for this little visit from our old time friend and trust that she will be able to return to us some other time bringing us more messages of exhortation.

Olive M. Winchester

Some Questions Asked

This writer recently assisted in a fine revival meeting at Billings, Montana. There we preached to a goodly company of people, and witnessed fully a hundred either converted, reclaimed or sanctified wholly. Since returning to our home we have received several letters from Billings, in which various questions were asked concerning the Nazarene church. These letters were not signed. Neither was there any address given. Just how the questioner supposed that we could reach him (or her or it) with the information desired, is a mystery to us. As a rule we are not inclined to pay any attention to unsigned letters. Any person writing an unsigned letter, is generally a crank, a fraud, a hypocrite, or a coward. However, the questions asked by this unknown writer are provocative of thought, and despite our usual custom of consigning all unsigned let-

ers, without notice, to the waste basket, we are making an exception of this one, and answering his (or her or it's) questions in the "Messenger."

The first question is this: "Does the Nazarene Church believe in birth control?"

Answer: We have carefully examined the Manual of the Church of the Nazarene, and cannot find any delivery therein on the matter of birth control. We have heard all the General Superintendents preach, and have never heard them utter the sentiments of the Church on that matter. We have heard many evangelists and they were so busy getting people saved and sanctified wholly, that they failed to speak on this subject. Just what the Nazarene Church believes on this matter has never been disclosed. Personally, we can say that we do not believe in it. Most of the devotees of birth control would limit the average family to a cat, a canary bird and a poodle dog. One child for them would be one too many. We consider this an exceedingly dangerous doctrine to encourage in America. Why don't these birth control fad-dists go and try it on the Chinese, the Japanese and the natives of India? The honest-hearted, red-blooded American woman will be glad to have a fine group of children growing up about her. "Happy is the man who has his quiver full of them."

The second question is this: "What kind of clothes should the members of the Nazarene Church wear? What price should be paid for same?"

Answer: We believe that the Nazarene men should wear men's clothes, and the Nazarene women should wear women's clothes. This pitiful fad of women wearing men's clothes is of the devil. He wants to make women so unattractive to men, and so strange looking to their own children, as to ruin their hold on them. The savage custom of women painting their faces is imported from heathen countries. No real Nazarene ever does it. A few counterfeit Nazarenes do, but they merely advertize, by doing so, the fact that they have never been regenerated. Bobbed hair on a Nazarene woman is an intimation that the styles of the world have caught her. Ere long she will add the rest of the worldly styles, gowns of doubtful brevity, at top, bottom and sleeves. Then, soon, her religious experience will be found to be brief, and her prayer life bobbed. As to the price of clothes: that would depend some on the purpose to which they were to be put. We would think that no Nazarene man ought to pay more than two or three dollars for a good pair of overalls. Perhaps about the same for a good serviceable jacket. A fair work shirt could be secured for perhaps a dollar. A pair of good shoes for purposes of toil could be bought for three or four dollars. For a good Sunday suit of clothes, the bargain counters will often enable him to buy for twenty or thirty dollars. In some localities he may have to pay forty or fifty dollars--still we think

that he could do that, and yet keep the blessing of holiness. We think that possibly a little more could be spent by some of the holiness women for clothes than they do. A little more material in the neck of a dress, for instance, might increase the cost a trifle, and yet be an improvement. The cost of a wide piece of lace, or fringe of some sort to be added to the bottom of many of their dresses would be a commendable matter of expense. Just what a Nazarene woman should pay for her complete outfit, differs so much in different localities, and differs so much owing to the use to which such an outfit is to be put, and we are so unfamiliar with the prices prevailing in Billings, Montana, that we must refrain from endeavoring to give information on that matter.

The last question is this: "Do all Nazarenes tithe?"

Answer: Unhappily they do not. Would to God they did. How they can refrain from tithing, and still keep the blessing, is a mystery to us. The Bible expressly states that "the tithe is the Lord's." This being true, it seems to this writer, that any man who has light on the matter of tithing, and then refuses to tithe, is so dangerously near to being a thief, as really to merit that appellation. If our membership all tithed, and then brought that tithe into the "storehouse," there would be no difficulty in financing a mighty and heaven-blessed foreign missionary campaign, and also a tremendous advance in the homeland as well.

J. G. Morrison

CAMPAIGN AT BILLINGS MONTANA

(Continued from Page 1)

ested in this offering, and two or three gave twenty-five cents each on it. One gave a dime, and after we had left town, one boy sent fifteen cents to us to help paint the College buildings. We appreciate this response from the boys of Billings, more than we can say. It was a delight to see a fine group of them at the altar getting saved, and most of them later getting sanctified; several united with the church.

We found that Billings has a persistent and aggressive group of Fundamentalists, who meet every Sunday afternoon, and have some one preach on some phase of the great fight between them and modernism. This writer was invited to speak to them twice. We surely appreciate the war that is on between modernism and fundamentalism, and we are fundamental from the ground up. However, we could not but feel that if the same amount of time and energy that was put forth by the Fundamental group in Billings had been exerted in an effort to get people saved and sanctified that the real fight of the ages would have been promoted to a greater extent. The best answer that we can have to evolution, higher criticism, and modernism, is a revival of old fashioned

salvation! The very best defense of the Bible is to get it inside of some human being, and then turn them loose. A Bible bound in human hide and walking about on two feet, with two lips earnestly crying out to God, and inviting folks to get saved, is the greatest answer that modernism can have. And, furthermore, we believe that that is the kind of an answer the Lord is going to give to them, too!

On Thanksgiving Day, which occurred while we were at Billings, the fundamental churches of the city put on a service of their own. The modernist churches had a service, and so there were two services on at the same hour in the same city. The fundamental folks did this writer the honor to invite him to deliver the Thanksgiving address. The service was held in the Presbyterian church, a fine, beautiful edifice of ornamental stone. A very fine audience greeted us Thanksgiving morning, and after some well rendered anthems, and the reading of the President's proclamation, we spoke for an hour on "The Guiding Hand of God, in American History." The audience, in which there were some six or seven preachers, was very attentive, and seemed appreciative. We enjoyed the experience.

The last Sunday evening of the campaign, saw a very fine crowd in the Nazarene church. All seating space was occupied, and the people were deeply interested in a sermon on "The God of this World." An altar call brought many forward, and we left for the late train, with the cries and the prayers of many seekers ringing in our ears,

We do not know when we have worked with a pastor who made it more delightful to be a co-worker with him, than did Brother W. D. Shelor. Everything that a pastor could do was done by him, to make our stay pleasant and the meeting profitable. He was veritably a host. Sang, worked at the altar, visited, drove car loads of people to and from the meeting, advertized, and in every way was an enthusiastic, animating companion-in-arms during the battle. He will make a glorious record at Billings.

While at Billings, we again met, and fellowshipped with Dr. Arthur Movius, one of the few sanctified physicians and surgeons, in the United States. He has an immense practice, and is the leading surgeon of that part of the northwest. But he has genuine heart purity, is a member of the Church of the Nazarene, led us many times in prayer, labored humbly at the altar with seekers, invited several of his patients to the meeting, led some of them to the altar and prayed them through to spiritual victory. He is a brother beloved. Many times he and his talented wife had us in his fine home for meals.

ON WITH THE REVIVAL!

J. G. Morrison, President

ALBERT HARPER,
Editor

The Campus Echo

ROLAND MATTMUELLER,
BEVERLY MORRISON,
Associate Editors

FROM WHENCE?

During the last school year, 1925-1926, there originated, among the boys working in the print shop, the idea of publishing a paper. "In due course of time", as one has said, this idea was realized and the little paper, *Hash*, came into existence. After a time the idea permeated the vicinity that this was a student-body paper, and, as ideas are hard to eradicate, it was thought best to raise the standards, change the name and make a student-body paper of the publication.

The result of this renovation came out as the *Orange and Black* and was temporarily accepted as a student-body organ. After braving and surviving the storms of several months of independent existence, this paper was destined to follow its predecessors. Upon the recommendation of the college administration, it was decided to unite this publication with the *Nazarene Messenger*, thus giving our student paper a wider circulation and also giving the readers of the *Messenger* a little glimpse of our school life.

In the name adopted by the editorial staff may be found our motto. We trust that we shall be able to carry, at least some of our campus echoes, out over the country to the friends of our school. And in endeavoring to do this, we, as a staff, solicit the hearty co-operation and support of every interested reader.

In closing, we believe that we have the sentiment of the student-body when we publicly express our appreciation to Mr. Wade Gustin and those who were associated with him, for their untiring efforts in the promotion of the *Hash*, and the *Orange and Black*, the fore-runners of "The Campus Echo".

The Editor



THOUGHTS OF THE HOUR



Dormitory Life

To the new student at N. N. C., dormitory life might seem monotonous, dull, and altogether disagreeable. The dreary landscape, the crowded wash-rooms, the clock-like precision of almost every movement, all tend to make the newcomer feel out of place and perhaps disgusted with everything and everyone. It seems as if the order of things is horn-get-up, horn-pray, horn-eat breakfast, horn-go to classes and then in the evening, horn-eat dinner, horn-study and then horn-go to bed and dream of more horns. It is true that this prison-like regime becomes very tiresome, but on reflection it will be apparent

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STOP! LOOK! LAUGH!

Miss Genevieve Dixon, an alumna of N. N. C., spent Thanksgiving with Miss Minnie Hess.

We are told that Professor DeLong, of Boston, went to our College store and called for his favorite brand of tonic. The clerk informed him that they had none.

"Well," mused the Professor, as he gazed at the long rows in the show case, "either this clerk is not truthful, or he is insane."

Not much of a joke, was it? Well, it was when the store keeper discovered that what the eastern professor craved was a drink of western pop. Apparently eastern colloquialism does not mix very well with western slang.

A number of the students accompanied Professor Hodges and Rev. Plumb to Boise, Sunday, November twenty-first, to hold a meeting at the state penitentiary.

Misses Beulah Beeson and Rosa Bennett had the misfortune of spraining their ankles.

Mr. Anthony:—"It seems that Luther married his wife, a runaway nun, just in order to show his enemies that he disregarded the church rules."

Professor Sutherland:—"Oh no, brother, he really loved her; and, by the way, any who are interested in such subjects——" (Mr. Anthony blushed.)

Some of the "Dorm" girls who spent the Thanksgiving Holidays at their homes were: Misses Ruth Eichenberger, Ila Nolt, Mildred and Maude Pershall, Ernestine and Catherine Finch, Lavilla Cobb, Lois Jones, and Beulah Beeson.

When Rev. Plumb announced on Sunday, November fourteenth, that the College Department of Music would present Doris Gale DeLong, Soprano, and Lauren Irwin, Pianist, instructors in voice and piano, on Friday, November nineteenth, at eight o'clock at the Methodist church, a pleasant thrill of expectation ran through the audience. This was intensified the following morning when Dr. Winchester announced that on that particular occasion, social privileges would be extended.

All who attended the concert were delighted with the performance, and felt like the poet Foss who said that music was, "A song from souls forgiven
That burst from prison bars of sin
And stormed the gates of heaven
The morning stars together sang

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CASPER, THE CAMPUS CAT Notices:

That we have recess in the library at 8:30 P. M.
That we sing, (some of us),
That we don't, (most of us).
That we ought to, (all of us).
That Mr. Pattee took his lady friend to the penitentiary service.
That he looked happy.
That Ikey observed that if John continued thus he would soon be "in for life".
That Professor DeLong's students make reading reports:
That they search diligently for 'comments'.
That they don't find many.
That one can never over estimate the ignorance of an audience.
That Dr. Winchester knows it.
That she is "very explicit".
That Mr. Metcalf has a favorite expression.
That it is, "Ha, Ha, Ha, Funny, Funny".
That he also had a mustache.
That the former has become proverbial and the latter extinct.
That Professor DeLong thinks that the faculty members have a little for which to be thankful.
That *Thanksgiving* was here.
That it is gone.
That Idaho chickens are composed for the most part of necks and wings.
That, as usual, every one studied during vacation.
That no one had his lessons prepared for the following Monday.
That Christmas is coming.
That we are putting out an "Oasis".
That it is the best,
That has ever been published.
That you had better get a copy.
That you will regret it if you do not.
That Carl Mischke is the editor.
That his address is Nampa, Idaho, in care of N. N. C.
That we have a gymnasium.
That young and old, we play basket ball.
That we enjoy it and later regret it.
That Miss Dooley had a beginning Greek class.
That it is dwindling.
That "There's a Reason".
That it pays to advertize.
That "Rinker" knows it.
That his raincoat shows it.
That it has been raining.
That it is still raining.
That the rain keeps Casper indoors.
That that is why he didn't see more for his column.

Dormitory Life*(Continued from Page 5)*

to everyone that in any dormitory, there is need of system.

At school, everyone has a certain amount of work to do, and it is only by using system, instead of haphazard means, that this work can be accomplished. Is it not better for the school to blow a horn at definite hours in order to help students be on time, than to let them keep their own time, and perhaps acquire slovenly habits in regard to punctuality? Certainly it is!

Quiet and study hour regulations may seem to be harsh, but this school has for its aim the development of both the spiritual nature and the mentality. It has been proven by sad experience that neglect of the prayer life precedes a decline in spirituality, and it is necessary for us to set aside a definite time for prayer each day if we wish to keep the presence of God in our lives. For this reason the quiet hour has been instituted. The study hours also have been set aside for a purpose. It is an exceptional student who can concentrate upon dry English or Psychology while the "gang" is tearing around in the halls making noises of almost every conceivable kind.

As for the crowded wash-rooms, they are a recognized but necessary evil which must remain so till some noble philanthropist "digs down" and provides additional accommodations.

On the whole, N. N. C. dormitory life isn't as bad as it might be. We came here to study and learn and as long as we are accomplishing these things we can well afford to put up with a few rules and more or less terrible inconveniences.

R. Matmueller

Can a Professor Be a Human Being?

It actually seems that a professor can be a human being at times. For instance, he seems to have periods when he forgets to maintain that professorial countenance and demeanor which set him apart from the average man. He drops his mask when he fights with his wife, when he sees a child in pain, when he becomes intensely interested in something, when he hears wonderful music, or when he is deeply moved at a religious service. Nothing is as bad as it looks at first sight, and even the professor has his moments of forgetfulness and normalcy. It is at these times that you can peer under his mask and see the real character and soul of the man within.

"Squib"

Friday evening, November nineteenth, the "Dorm" boys went over and spent a delightful evening, playing games with the "Dorm" girls.

WHEN IT RAINS

When it rains, I always want to do one of two things.

I long to be sitting in front of an open fireplace in which the logs are crackling and snapping; sitting there reading, perhaps, or maybe just looking at the red coals and wondering at the why of Life, while the rain patters on the roof and splashes off the eaves.

Or I long to be on the ocean beach, walking on the sand with the wind driving the rain into my face. I long to watch the ocean, so gray and so sullen, roll and tumble, and throw its waters unceasingly upon the beach. Always, as I stand there, I am impressed with the littleness of man, and I find it almost impossible for my mind to grasp the omnipotence of the Being who holds that mighty ocean in His hand.

These things I long for and these things I think of when it rains.

Ellen Mae Standard

STOP! LOOK! LAUGH!*(Continued from Page 5)*

No soul was left alone.

We felt the Universe was safe
And God was on his throne!"

We congratulate the College for having such efficient professors in the Music Department.

Prof. DeLong: "Is there more pain or more pleasure in life?"

Albert Harper: "I think there is more pleasure."

Prof. DeLong: "Perhaps we are too young to judge."

Mrs. Mischke: (turning to Mr. Metcalf)
"What do you think about it?"

Prof. Sutherland: "You know why Socrates married the wife that he did, do you not?"

Students: "No."

Prof. Sutherland: "He wanted to show the world that a philosopher could live with any one."

Mr Pattee: "Perhaps that explains some of our own matches."

Rev. and Mrs. Barbezat spent the Thanksgiving Holidays with their daughter, Miss Mercedes Barbezat.

Ruth Eichenberger: (at lunch) "Why! Mae and I were so hungry last night that we went to sleep chewing the corner of the pillow."

Bright student: "Huh! did you expect to find some chicken in the feathers?"

Wedding bells are ringing. Miss Ethel Raff and Mr. Ernest Miller, both former students of N. N. Academy, were married by Rev. R. J. Plumb, at Caldwell, Idaho, on Thanksgiving Day.

Who says we can't put on a program? We say we can. Who are we? The No-Na-Acian Literary Society.

On Friday, November eighteenth at 4 p. m., the No-Na-Acian Literary Society rendered one of the most interesting programs of the season. The Society appreciates the attendance of students other than its own members.

The President of the Society was complimented by Dr. Winchester who said she believed it was one of the best Literary programs yet given in the chapel.

Miss Jeanette Sjoquist, an alumna of N. N. C., was a visitor at the College the first of November.

Prof. Sutherland: "Miss Standard what gender is 'cow'?"

Mae S: "I'm not sure, but I think it's neuter."

Miss Ouida Limbaugh from Ontario, Oregon was the guest of Misses Ernestine and Catherine Finch several days.

Prof. and Mrs. DeLong began revival meetings at Lake Lowell Sunday night, November twenty eighth. Mr. Mischke, a student at the College, is the pastor there.

Arthur Cook: "When Luther saw a thing clearly he came out and did the rash thing, he burned the Papal "Bulls" and even got married."

Prof. Sutherland: "My! one can bring most any subject into this Reformation History Class."

Rev. A. E. Sanner, the District Superintendent of the Idaho-Oregon district, was a visitor at chapel, Wednesday, November twenty-fourth.

Velma Myers, the daughter of Prof. Myers, underwent an operation last week. We are indeed glad to hear that the operation was successful.

The Misses Denise Rinker and Beverly Morrison and Mr. Franklin Rinker, were guests of Rev. G. A. Finch and family of Ontario, Oregon, recently.

Prof. DeLong won the championship of the Boy's Singles in the Tennis Tournament. It has been impossible to finish the girl's tournament on account of the fall rains.

Who says that N. N. C. has a "back-number" student-body? We put things across, as the saying goes. Tuesday, November 30, was "Oasis" day. Over one thousand copies of the college annual were subscribed for, which means that we will have printed this year over twelve hundred copies of the "Oasis".