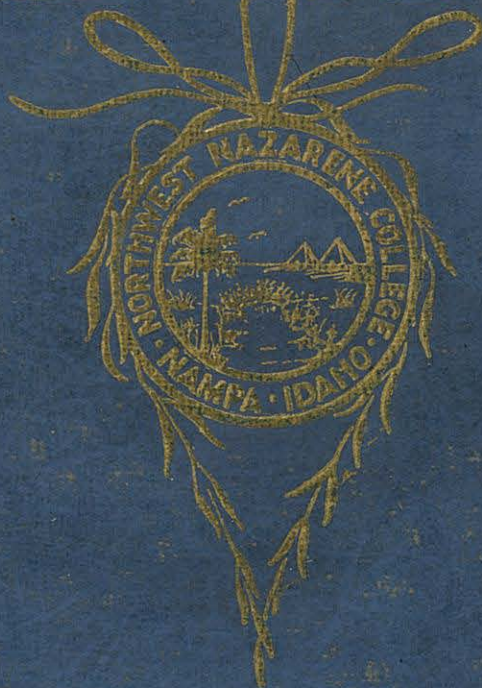


THE OASIS



22

THE OASIS

VOLUME 1

1911

Mr & Mrs Ray S. Miller.

Mr and Mrs Ray S. Miller.

H. H. C.

Seek ye first the kingdom of God,
and his righteousness; and
all these things shall
be added unto you

VOLUME IV

NUMBER 1

THE OASIS



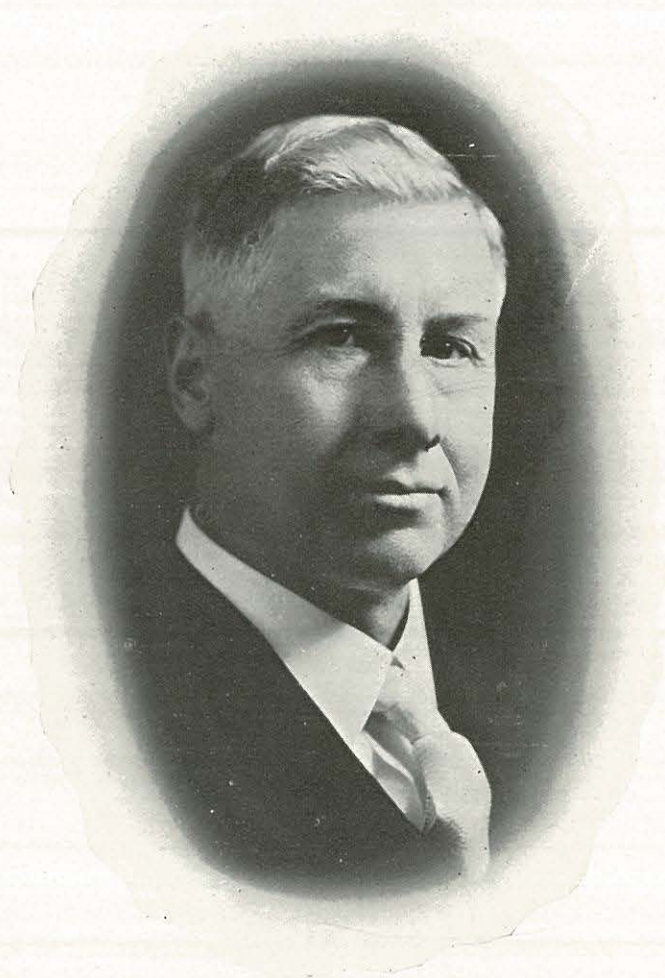
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ASSOCIATED STUDENTS OF NORTHWEST
NAZARENE COLLEGE

Nampa, Idaho

C. E. CARVER, *Editor-in-Chief*



Dedication

Dear Professor Marshall: Seven years you have prayed and labored in our school, e'en since it was a "lively hope," and much of its success is due to you who have "stood by" in quiet trust. With the hope that you may yet have many good years of teaching here, intermingling with the science lessons truths new and old, we lovingly dedicate to you this number of The Oasis.





Liv

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Editorial

If we pause for a moment and look back into the annals of history, we see that those who stood forth supreme were men of one great unswerving purpose. We see them moved by the mighty mastering passion of their lives which swept them on in the face of toil and opposition. Failure was turned to success, discouragement to triumph, and, where others fell, they pushed on with an unfaltering tread. For forty years Moses, having no purpose, was content to feed the flocks of Midian, but when God spoke, showing him a goal and implanting in his heart the will to do, he went forth a conqueror to lead the hosts of Israel and bring them liberty. Without a purpose Peter is first seen as a reed shaken with the wind, in adversity unfaithful, untrue to Master and friend. But when the Holy Ghost came and he felt within his breast that mighty passion, we hear him unaffrighted speaking to the multitudes and at the end see him dying triumphant, even though upon a cross. With a wrong purpose Saul is found assenting to the death of Stephen and steeping his hands in innocent blood. But when the light from heaven fell across his path, we see him moved by a purpose which caused him to suffer that others might be saved and to die for the gospel of Christ, and we hear him say, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

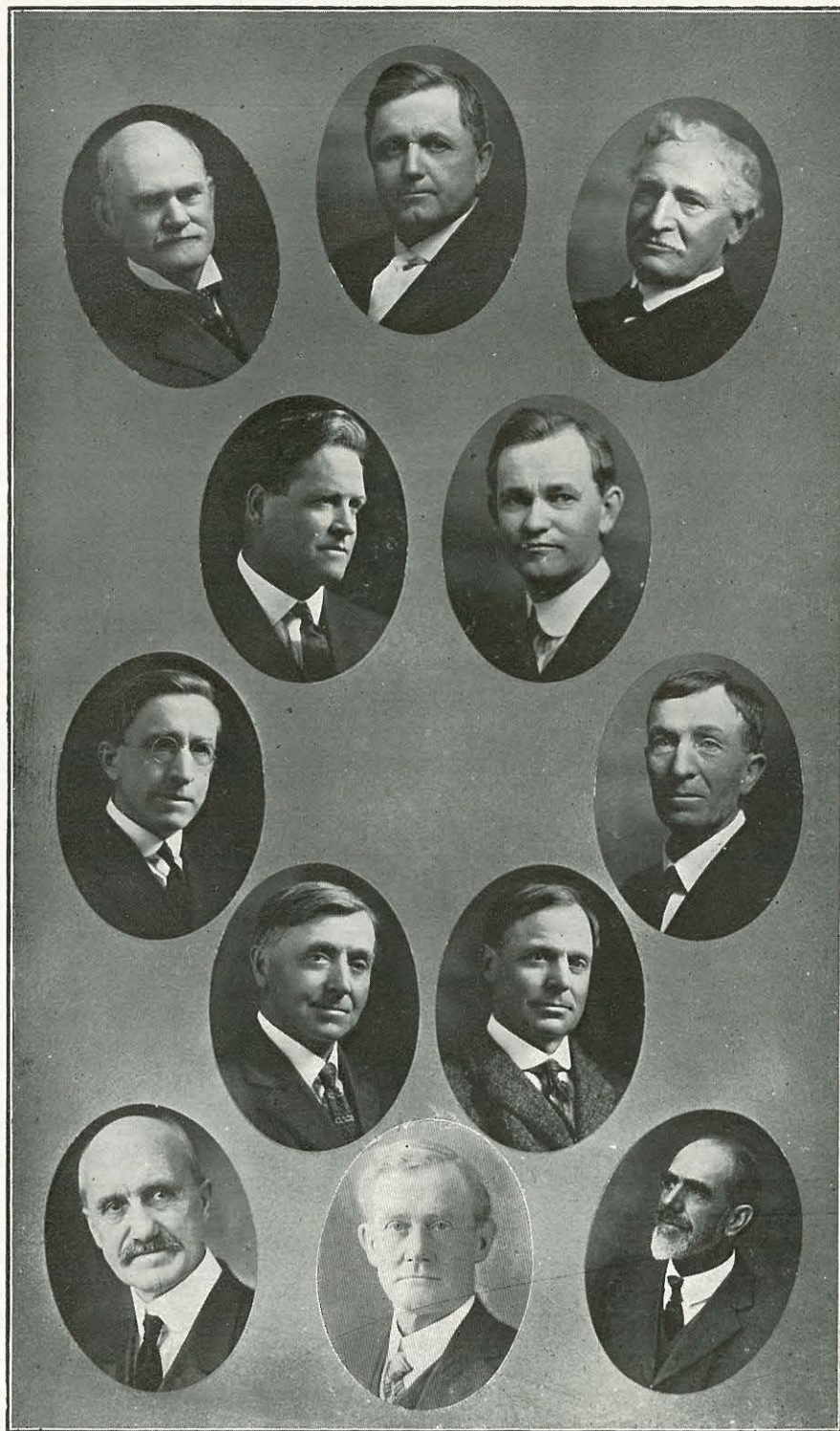
In every life there is an early period of happy dreams and visions of the future, but it is not until later that the great purpose of life is formed. Here it is that many a young life is wrecked; perhaps the time of decision is never reached, and drifting on without a pilot and without a goal in view, the frail bark is shattered upon the shoals and sinks to rise no more. Perhaps, on the other hand, the decision is wrong, the purpose becomes evil, and not only is one life ruined but many are dragged down the path of destruction. How wonderful, then, it is to be in a place where God is first, where God can speak, and where the true and noble ideals of life are held forth that all might see and profit thereby!

Here in our beloved N. N. C. we are receiving a two-fold preparation, that of the mind and of the soul; nothing is neglected which will fit us for the life that lies just out ahead. When one is called of God, not only is the mind trained and cultivated, but the soul is brought in touch with the Divine and is moulded by His hand until a great purpose is inwrought in his heart, and a mighty passion is breathed into his breast.

When at last the time of parting comes and we see each step forth into the commencement of life, we truly feel that the prophecy of Isaiah is being fulfilled: "Ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace: the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands. Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree: and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off."

C. E. CARVER, Col. '23.

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and
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Commercial

Nineteen

In Memoriam

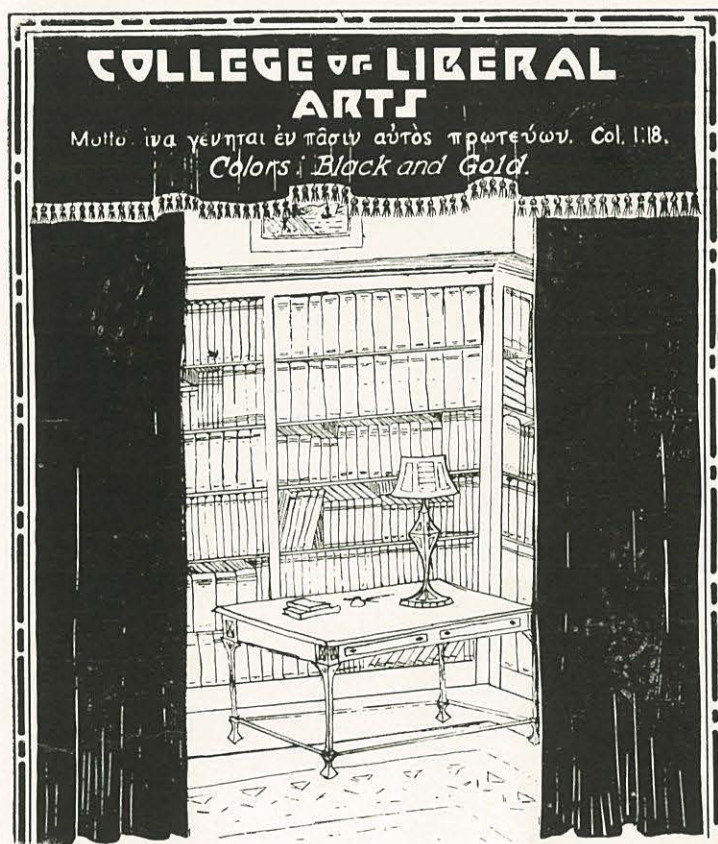
PROFESSOR WESLEY SWALM

We had looked forward with pleasurable anticipation to the time when Professor Wesley Swalm should once again renew his instructions in our school. His splendid teaching helped us educationally, and his beautiful Christian life blessed us spiritually. But he cannot come, for he fell asleep in Jesus one morning. We do not wish him back. We are separated but for a time, and one glad day we shall meet him again. Hallelujah!

HENRY H. SEAY

The Great Beyond has called our esteemed brother, Henry H. Seay. We shall miss him as teacher in the Spanish classes; as fellow-student in the class rooms; as an active member of the Home Mission Band. But most of all, we shall miss him as one who walked close to God, and whose life was a blessing. We can say "he fought the good fight of faith, and is now rewarded by eternal life."





Seniors



LEODA M. GREBE, A. B.

*"We are debtors to every man to give
him the gospel in the same measure as
we have received it."*



A. CHRISTABEL MARSHALL, A. B.

*"They might not need me, yet they might.
I'll let my heart be just in sight.
So small a smile as mine might be
Precisely their necessity."*



BARBARA A. ANDERSON, A. B.

*"Let me go, I cannot stay,
'Tis the Master calling me."*

Seniors



HOLLIS GRUBB, A. B.

*"Not what we gain, but what we give
Measures the worth of the life we live."*

LULU A. WILLIAMS, A. B.

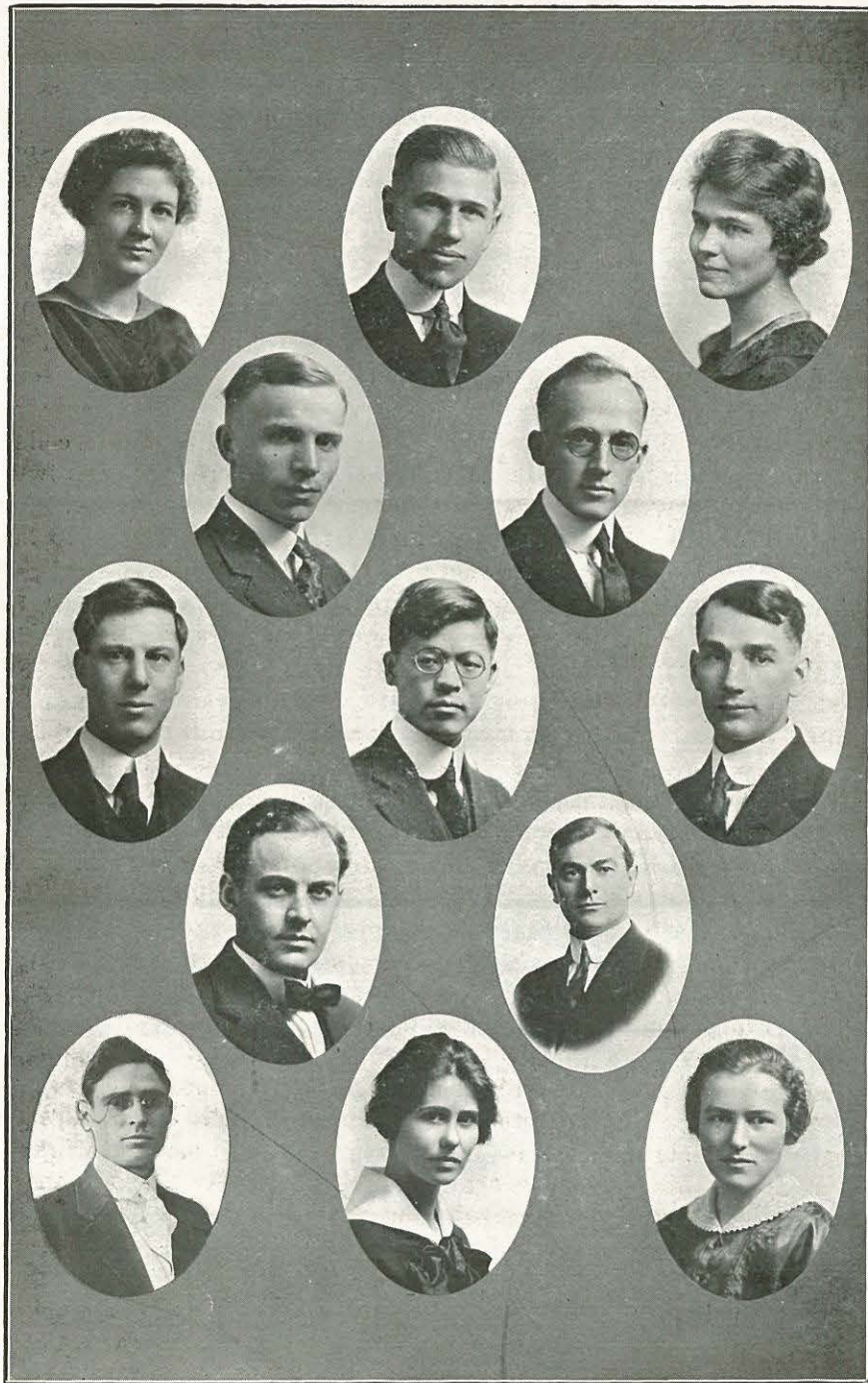
*"The Spirit of the Lord God is upon
me; because the Lord hath anointed me
to preach good tidings unto the meek;
he hath sent me to bind up the broken-
hearted, to proclaim liberty to the cap-
tives, and the opening of the prisons to
them that are bound."*

ESTHER N. COOK, A. B.

*"The light that shines farthest shines
brightest nearest home."*

CARLTON H. FRENCH, A. B.

*"Life is most worth living to him
whose work is most worth while."*



Fairy S. Chism	Cyril E. Carver	Evelyn Hutton
Edward C. Klindworth	Guy Sharp	Myron Blanchard
Harold P. Mills	M. Nishimura	Lota E. Channel
John F. Rodman	W. Gladys Flannery	Inez Barnett
G. F. Owen		

Twenty six

Junior Class

OFFICERS

LOTA E. CHANNEL, *President*

JOHN RODMAN, *Vice President*

INEZ BARNETT, *Secretary-Treasurer*

GUY SHARP, *Sergeant-at-Arms*

MOTTO: "*For Zion's sake will I not hold my peace.*"

COLORS: *Light Blue and Yellow*

We greatly appreciate the advantages of the Junior year—the privileges of upper classmen without the cares and responsibilities of Seniors. There are fourteen in our class, most of whom have recognized a definite call and are aiming at a definite goal.

C. E. Carver comes from "Sunny Alberta." He spent two years overseas with the Canadian Army. Carver's goal is an African mission field.

Guy Sharp is quite a guy. He is readily distinguished from all other human beings. Preaching is his life work. Sharp tells us to say that he is good looking, but we are too conscientious.

Gladys Flannery was formerly a school teacher; now she is a literary genius. She will probably find herself at the head of an English Department in some college.

Myron Blanchard, a Webfoot from the Oregon coast, formerly a farmer and dairyman, is now an experienced first aid clinic. China is to be his field.

Do we believe in evolution? Yes, L. E. Channel was once a Kansas farmer; now he is our class president and a successful minister of the gospel.

G. F. Owen, six years evangelist and manager of the Owen Evangelistic Party, obtained part of his education at Peniel University and Oklahoma Holiness College.

Evelyn Hutton was preparing herself for a teacher when she was converted and called to evangelistic work. She is an enthusiastic member of the Home Mission Band.

Edward Klindworth is an ex-soldier. What is he now? Manager of the Dining Club, President of the Student Body, and a successful preacher.

John Rodman has supplemented his work here with two summers at the University of Washington. He has done evangelistic and pastoral work.

We are always glad when we see the name of Dorothy Sheldon on the program of our literary society. A splendid reader, a faithful student.

Fairy Chism is the little fairy of the class. We are sure she possesses characteristics essential to make her a famous missionary to Africa.

M. Nishimura takes Greek and Hebrew because somebody has to take it. He has been successful as a missionary among the Japanese of America.

For three years Inez Barnett wielded the peach sprout over young Jayhawkers. She is now in training for a medical missionary to Africa.

Before coming here Harold Mills was engaged in city mission work in Portland, Oregon. He is preparing to teach in a holiness college.

HAROLD P. MILLS, Col. '23

Twenty-seven



Roy E. Swim	Ira Taylor	Ethel Shern
Leota Kendall	Samantha Hepler	Calvin Emerson
Leah Fry	Lida Chism	Olive Ingler
H. William McHose	Verne Hutchens	A. H. Eggleston
George Arneson	Pearl Wiley	Clara Ueltschi

Twenty-eight

Sophomore Class

OFFICERS

CALVIN EMERSON, *President*

ROY E. SWIM, *Vice President*

LOIS YOUNG, *Secretary-Treasurer*

MOTTO: "*He conquers who endures.*"

COLORS: *White and Gold*

To the class of '24 belongs the distinction of being the oldest class in school. Our class began away back in the spring of 1914, when Calvin Emerson, our class president, commenced his education as one of the very first students of the old Idaho Holiness School. Then a year later, in the days when Professor Marshall reigned supreme as principal—in the days when Northwest Nazarene College was but a lively hope—two more of our class, Olive Ingler and William McHose, joined the ranks of the class of '24. Since then, the size of our class has risen and fallen as the years came and went, until at present, we are fifteen.

The personnel of our class represents ten states and includes in its number three preachers, one deaconess, one musician, and one lawyer—all of course, in the making.

Our educational aspirations are high. We have come successfully through two years of hard study, but our wits are still keen and sharp, and prepared to be applied to the problems of the two remaining years standing between us and our diplomas. We have passed through the "Slough of Despond," overcome the "Giant Despair," and are ready for more battle with books, which refuse to give up their meaning. Having passed through the verdant stage long months ago, and having since then patiently undergone a vigorous pruning process, we still retain our aforetime vigor, and look hopefully forward to another year—our next step towards '24.

H. WILLIAM MCHOSE, Col. '24

"A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich,
A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong;
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense of
Service which thou renderest."—Browning.

"When I do vow a friendship I'll perform it to the last article."

—Shakespeare.

Twenty-nine



Adaline Holman	Viola MacDowell	Elsie Haselwood	Corneita Green
Myrna Waller	Ralph Kellom	Leonard Jameson	Willard Isgrigg
Shigeye Shinoda	Genevieve Dixon	Minnie Lord	Addie Chism
George Yamamoto	Harold Hart	John Kendall	William Schwindel
	Audrey Phillips	Althea Gaiser	Glenn Wallace
	Alfred Frischknecht	Louis Martin	Grace Dohner
			Edith Carter

Thirty

Freshman Class

OFFICERS

HAROLD J. HART, *President*

LAUREN IRWIN, *Vice President*

ADDIE CHISM, *Secretary*

WILLIAM H. SCHWINDEL, *Treasurer*

RALPH KELLOM, *Sergeant-at-Arms*

COLORS: *Gray and Crimson*

MOTTO: *"At the foot-hills, climbing"*

Only Freshmen

That peculiar dignity which marks the completion of a four-year course in the High School or Academy has worn away, and here we are facing another four years of good hard plodding in the College of Liberal Arts; rather looked down upon by the other three classes of that particular department, nevertheless considerably advanced in our own estimation. Some one has asked where the class had its origin; that of course is a very hard question, so we will leave it for the Freshmen to explain. Some came from the fertile prairies of Canada, others from the beautiful south land; some from the crowded cities of the east, and still others from our own fair northwest—the cream of all the great mass of high school students, graduated from our public institutions every year. No doubt you will think we are proud, from the statement just made, nevertheless these are just plain facts, their records prove it. Never did a more talented class grace the halls of an institution of learning, nor could any boast themselves of greater ability. There are those of our number who will no doubt startle the world with their music; others who will wield an influence in the literary world with their genius; others are preachers, who have already stirred the hearts of men with a burning message of truth; others are teachers who have proven themselves worthy of the name; some are singers who are known throughout the northwest for their ability; and last but not least are those who shall be home builders, who will lift the standard of our domestic life. We are proud of them all; not because they are members of our class and students of our particular institution, but because they are worthy of that all-meaning name "Freshmen."

HAROLD J. HART, Col. '25

"I am not bound to win, but
I am bound to be true;
I am not bound to succeed, but
I am bound to live up to what light I have."

—Abraham Lincoln.

Thirty-one

Bible College



LELAH M. PALMER

*"Ask of me, and I shall give thee the
heathen for thine inheritance, and the
uttermost parts of the earth for thy
possession."*

Some years ago an Indiana girl left her home in the East, and came to live among the sagebrush hills of Idaho. She took up a homestead near Hill City and proved to be a very plucky pioneer.

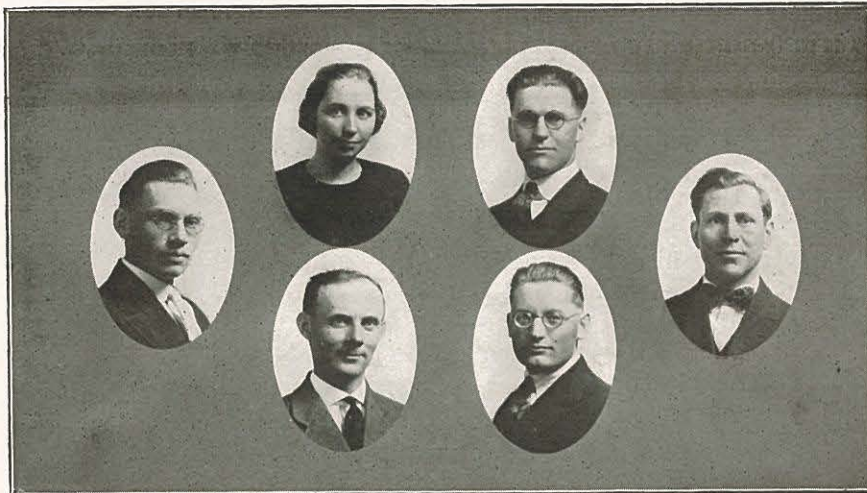
While living here she heard for the first time of Bible holiness, and felt the call of the Master to go forth into the harvest field. Immediately she began preparing for her life's work, coming to N. N. C. in the fall of 1919, where she entered the Bible Department. She plans on spending a few more years in preparation before going to her chosen field.

Miss Lelah Palmer is a woman of conviction and courage, and possesses the firmness of character which will make her a successful pioneer on the frontiers of Africa.

"Thou sweet, beloved Will of God,
My anchor ground, my fortress hill,
My spirit's silent, fair abode,
In thee I hide me, and am still.

O Will, that willest good alone,
Lead thou the way, thou guidest best;
A little child I follow on,
And trusting lean upon thy breast."

Bible College



Undergraduates

ALICE HUGHES

SHERIDAN HUGHES

L. D. MEGGERS

HOWARD PARK

H. B. GEISIE

H. T. MENZEL

We as students, are indeed glad for the great privilege of receiving thorough Christian training for the work to which God has called us, in an institution which exalts the Bible just as God has given it to us.

The waters of Systematic Theology seemed very deep to us at first as our instructor, President Wiley, led us into the subject; but in a short time we came to realize its great value, and we rejoice in the truths taught concerning the divine personality of Jesus Christ, the assurance of sins forgiven, and hearts made pure through his sanctifying power.

We can whole-heartedly say to those who are thinking of taking Christian training, "Come and join us. The preparation you will receive in N. N. C. will be complete, spiritually, as well as mentally."

L. D. MEGGERS.

Thirty-three

The School Where the Glory Comes Down

There's a school in the great Northwest District,
In a place of but recent renown;
'Tis at Nampa, a fair little city;
'Tis a school where the Glory comes down.

Though 'round Nampa the sage brush doth flourish,
Causing many good people to frown,
But thither my heart is e'er turning,
To the school where the Glory comes down.

Though the mud there is deep in the winter,
And in summer there is dust all around,
Yet all this is as naught if you're going
To the school where the Glory comes down.

In this school there are students so loyal,
They are more than three hundred strong;
In the Chapel their faces are shining,
For they all bring the Glory along.

Here the President and teachers are humble,
Though they've all worn the cap and the gown;
And their hearts love only to labor
In the school where the Glory comes down.

Here they need no endorsement committee,
Of men of great worldly renown;
For the Father and Son and blest Spirit
Linger here, and the Glory comes down.

At this school a warm welcome's awaiting
Every young man or woman in town,
With strong faith in our God and the bible,
And who lives where the Glory comes down.

From this school we are now far located,
Yet God's love all our path doth surround;
And in spirit we oft are among you
In the school with the Glory all crowned.

Oh come to the school in the Northwest,
Oh come from the country and town;
No spot will e'er hold such sweet memories,
As the school where the Glory comes down!

PROFESSOR WESLEY SWALM.

Academy

Motto: *"Nil Sine Numine"*

Colors: *Maize and Blue*

Thirty-five

Academy Seniors



PERCY BARTRAM

*"Steadfast, unmovable, always
abounding in the work of the Lord."*



LELA TAYLOR

*"I will give thee the treasures of
darkness."*



WILLIAM PENNER

*"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do,
do it with thy might."*



BLANCHE PERRY

*"I will bless thee and thou shalt be a
blessing."*

Academy Seniors



ETHEL MILLER

*"Whereupon, I was not disobedient
unto the heavenly vision."*



CARL MISCHKE

*"A ring leader of the sect of the Naz-
arene."*



OLIVE RUPERT

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness."



NEIL

the mark."

Academy Seniors



LURA WATERMAN

"Thy testimonies have I taken as an heritage forever."

WILLIAM WORRALL

"His heart is established."

BESSIE FLOWERS

"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine."

RAY MILLER

"An example of the believers."

Academy Seniors



CLIFTON JOHNSON

*"I shall give thee the heathen for
thine inheritance."*



CHARLOTTE BINGMAN

"In God have I put my trust."



SHOZO SAKAI

*"A faithful man shall abound with
blessings."*



ROSA DEWALD

"Ye shall be a blessing, fear not."

Academy Seniors

OFFICERS

PERCY BARTRAM, *President*

WILLIAM PENNER, *Vice President*

LELA TAYLOR, *Secretary*

ELMER OTTERBEIN, *Treasurer*

CARL MISCHKE, *Sergeant-at-Arms*

MOTTO: "*Climbing, though the rocks be rugged.*"

COLORS: *Purple and Gold.*

FLOWER: *Purple Violet.*

Class History

We have all heard the old saying, "Without a beginning, there is no end." However, we the Senior Class of '22, beg to differ with the wise and say, "Although without beginning, we have fought a good fight, we have finished our course and have kept the faith."

"Without a beginning?" you ask. "Yes, without a beginning, for not a member of our senior class entered our school as a freshman, four years ago." But we are told that in the fall of 1918, a large class of excited freshies, with carefully sharpened pencils, new books and tablets, hurried into the library to answer the first roll-call of the season. We do not doubt that many interesting events occurred during that year and although no one is left to tell us the tale, we are sure that the ill treatment always administered to verdant freshies was theirs.

The following year several new members were added to the sophomore class; but very few of the old freshmen were able to come. We did our best that year to make the new freshmen miserable, but in spite of that fact we succeeded in learning a few lessons that have been of use to us in later years.

When we came to school in September of '20, we were proud indeed to be ranked as juniors. We were very happy, for wasn't half of the weary road already traveled! Already the golden glow of sunset was painting our intellectual sky with varied colors. Out of the many events that occurred during that year, the most important of all, was the Junior-Senior Reception which was held near the close of the term.

And now after four years of struggle, many trials and varied disappointments, we are nearing the goal toward which we have toiled for so long. Sorrowfully we glance back over our youthful school pranks—for is not college dignity just ahead?

BESSIE FLOWERS, Acad. '22

Class Song

Since as Seniors we've come to the top of the hill
Toward which we've been climbing so long,
Our shouts are most joyous, the day's here at last,
Our hearts overflow with a song.
With praise to our teachers, their friendship so kind,
We'll cherish in memory bright,
And walk in the way they have taught us to go:
The way full of truth and of light.

We sing of this School that points us to God,
For o'er it He hovers each day.
'Twas here we were changed from our aimless life,
And taught the Holiness way.
We love this dear School that plants in each heart,
A purpose to fight and to win;
So e'er may she stand with banners unfurled,
To battle 'gainst ignorance and sin.

Then climbing we'll go o'er rocks rugged and bold,
Dismayed will we never be;
We'll stand by our colors, purple and gold—
Loyalty, ever you see.
So Academy, farewell! Farewell to thee;
Farewell to thy dear old halls!
May we never depart from the lessons we've learned,
But conquer, whatever befalls.

ETHEL MILLER, Acad. '22
OLIVE RUPERT, Acad. '22



Academy Juniors

OFFICERS

LESTER WILEY, *President*

RUTH GILMORE, *Vice President*

ALICE BRYAN, *Secretary-Treasurer*

MATTHEW MAXWELL, *Sergeant-at-Arms*

MOTTO: "*Sobre El Monte*"

COLORS: *Cherry Red and Silver Grey*

Although our Junior Academy Class is the least in number, we by no means play the smallest part in the high school life. In fact, we think that we hold a very important place at N.N.C. In the daily routine of school life, we find that we have shining members in many of the departments, English, mathematics, history, bible, science, and language. Indeed, there would be no Cicero class at all, were it not for the Juniors.

Not only do we look after the intellectual side of our lives but look to the spiritual side also. It may be truthfully said that the majority put Christ first in their lives. We have preachers and missionaries, both active home workers until they are fully equipped for their respective fields.

Then the social phase is not to be forgotten. We have entertained and have been entertained, but the big event of the year was the banquet given in honor of the Senior Class. We gave them a good royal send-off, for we did not forget that we are the graduating class of '23.

One could look the country over, but I think there could be no better class found for loyalty to the school, good morals, practical Christianity, intellectual zeal, or talent.

GRACE LITTLE, ACAD. '23

Forty-four



Academy Sophomores

OFFICERS

WALTER LOWRY, *President*

MAE VAUGHTERS, *Vice President*

• DOROTHY RODMAN, *Secretary*

IRENE HALL, *Treasurer*

ARCHIE HUNT, *Sergeant-at-Arms*

MOTTO: "*There is no elevator to success; take the stairs.*"

COLORS: *Henna and sea-green.*

Our Sophomore Class might be called "A Happy Medium," in more than one respect, for we have passed the age of Freshies, yet have not attained the dignity of Juniors. Too, we are a medium sized class, there being twenty-two of us in number. The majority spent their Freshman year in N. N. C. but we boast of several new ones. Canada, as well as the States, is represented.

The aim of most of our class members, is to live a true Christian life. an aim every class should have. We believe, too, that growth in our spiritual life comes by climbing, not by being carried.

We have found in our school work that there is no elevator to success, therefore we bravely face the stairs of Latin, Spanish, English, Mathematics, History, or whatever course we are pursuing. At the end of this year's school term we hope to stand firm on the second landing of our Academic career, for of all things, balancing oneself on the edge of a staircase is least enjoyable.

ESTHER FRY, Acad. '24

Forty-five



Academy Freshmen

OFFICERS

CLYDE COCKERHAM, *President*

HENRY STIDUM, *Vice President*

ELIZABETH STECK, *Secretary*

DOROTHY JAMIESON, *Treasurer*

WARD WILEY, *Sergeant-at-Arms*

MOTTO: "*Pervenimus in colles, montes in conspectu sunt*"

COLORS: *Gold and silver grey*

Class Poem

Thirty strong we've reached the hills;
 And the mountains are in sight,
 We have caught the joyful sound,
 From their canyons running bright
 Sparkling streamlets flash and gleam
 On their peaks so far away,
 As the golden sunlight breaks
 On the path we tread today.
 But the path is not all joy
 Nor, are roses picked at ease.
 But we'll push the battle on,
 Till diplomas we shall seize.
 Algebra and Latin too,
 Seem to make our progress slow,
 Yet we'll tackle anything
 And our mental courage show.
 Underneath our joys and fun,
 Hidden deep our character lies.
 We a patient race would run,
 And our souls fit for the skies.

CLENARD PRICE, ACAD. '25

Forty-six



Commercial Department

OFFICERS

WALTER LOWRY, *President*

W. A. WILSON, *Vice President*

BLANCHE PERRY, *Secretary*

ELMER OTTERBEIN, *Treasurer*

WELSEY STIPE, *Sergeant-at-Arms*

MOTTO: "No Back-spacing"

COLORS: *Robin Blue and Tan*

Business Mottos

"The man who waits for just the right time to start never gets anywhere."

"Halfway knowledge is all right if you want to go halfway to the goal of success." W. C. Holman.

"Our two eyes and one tongue indicate that we are to see twice as much as we say."

"The big opportunity always goes to the man who is trained."

"Lack of confidence is the millstone. Beware! Don't drown."

"To set the cause above renown.

To love the game above the prize."

"Do not wait for your opportunity, make it, prepare for it, it will come."

"Youth is the time to sow good seeds,
And wage a warfare against the weeds."

Grammar School Graduates



Es'her L. Jay
Perry H. Little
Charlotte McHose
Calvin J. Little

John D. Hodgkin
Grace H. Holmes
Paul Eugene Flowers
Gayle Esco Hatfield
Lena M. Maier

Ivor Bartram
Thelma M. Wilson
E. Mae Standard
John M. Kauffman
John D. Gregory

Grammar School

"For every stately cedar of Lebanon in the Kingdom of God, the Master plants fifty fragrant Lillies of the Valley."

We are in the closing days of the ninth year of this department of Northwest Nazarene College. We have no evil report to bring, for truly, God has been with us. Satan has fiercely protested our right to go forward, but with a challenge to him to do his worst we have held the banner of holiness high and moved on; and to the honor of our God we can say that not once has the Shekinah glory been lifted from class rooms or office.

Because of the financial crisis the enrollment has not been quite as large this year as last, but generally speaking, the boys and girls come from the best of families and are proving themselves worthy of the homes they represent. The shrinkage is only temporary and we shall look for a larger enrollment next term than ever before.

The different members of the teaching force have been at their very best and we never knew a set of teachers with whom it was more of a pleasure to teach. Their daily lives prove, without doubt, that they have the blessing; and their willingness to endure hardships, added to their ability to meet and overcome obstacles, leads one to believe that they have not mistaken their calling. As truly as God calls men and women into the regular ministry and into mission work, we believe that He calls them into the teaching profession; and without this call, it seems to us that no one can be at his best as an instructor of children.

The cooperation of the parents has been almost perfect, and we can hardly think of it without shedding tears of appreciation, especially when we remember what priceless treasures they have unhesitatingly entrusted to our care, and how uncomplaining they have been. God bless the parents of our boys and girls! I believe that He will honor their tears, groans, and sacrifice for their children, by sending them as gospel heralds the world over, until many will rise up in the judgment and call them blessed.

Our beloved president has done more than he realizes to bring success to the grammar school, as to all other departments of the college. We love him with all our hearts, and often wonder how we could have borne the burdens and come out conquerors, had it not been for his brotherly counsel and the inspiration we have drawn from his godly life.

Are you asking yourself, "Do holiness schools for boys and girls pay?" If you are, we would suggest that you go to another source for your information: Ask the Master and be sure that you get the answer direct from Him; ask the boys and girls themselves; attend one of our morning services when we have all of them together for song, testimony, and prayer; then if you are still unconvinced, we would most humbly recommend a season of prayer at an old-fashioned mourner's bench with yourself as seeker and these same young folks to help pray you through.

We believe in holiness schools for the children! We are in the fight to stay until we see every gun of the enemy spiked, every red flag of treason torn from its place, and Jesus crowned King of Kings forever! Amen. and Amen!

B. W. SHAVER, Principal

Forty-nine

Grammar School





Grammar School Orchestra

CHARLOTTE MCHOSE
Piano

JAMES BURY
Cornet

GLENN JANOSKY
Cornet

PAUL FLOWERS
Saxophone

MAE STANDARD
Baritone

ESTHER JAY
Violin

"The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds
Is fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils,
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
Let no such man be trusted."

—Shakespeare

"And music too-dear music! that can touch
Beyond all else, the soul that loves it much."

—Moore

Fifty-one

Vocal Department

The potency of music has been acknowledged in all ages and by all races. "All life is music if one touches the notes rightly and in tune." But no man-made instrument can compare with the human voice in expressing the feelings of the heart. Who has not been thrilled and quickened in service to others, who has not been uplifted in real devotion to God by a song? It is the aim and constant prayer of those in our Vocal Department to sing the gospel of hope and salvation to the sorrowing, sinning ones of earth and to send forth the praises of God to earth's remotest bound.

The sick and the shut-in have been visited by the students and many hearts have been cheered and encouraged by the sweet gospel hymns sung by a band of serenaders outside their doors. Requests for quartettes to help in the church services in and around Nampa are continually coming to us. Often calls come in from churches one hundred miles away. Much has been accomplished on this line, more will be done by those who serve the Lord in song. "O come, let us sing unto the Lord, let us sing with the heart and with the understanding, for He hath said, whoso offereth praise glorifieth me."

M. L. L.

Piano Department

Of all musical instruments, the piano is probably the most widely known and used. In its study there is an enjoyment, a satisfaction that has led many—and is leading many more—to experience this particular pleasure which expresses itself in various ways. For the despondent or melancholy there is nothing, perhaps, that is so good a remedy as a little music—good music, although it may be light in nature. Now music, it must be understood, does not always have to be impressively dignified and lofty to be good, no more than good poetry must always be of the sublime Miltonic type.

Of course there is a place for this more classical and higher form of art, in music as well as in literature. And it is this, in my estimation, which shapes to a large extent the more cultural and even ethical aspects of life. Along this line, some one has said of Aristotle:

"Music was believed by this great philosopher to rouse in us a compassionate regard for humanity, to raise us out of ourselves, to free us from debasing temptations, to bring us into touch with higher things."

However, it will be necessary to recognize the fact that all modern so-called music does not possess that particular lifting quality that makes one feel as Aristotle must have felt. But as for that, when sound ceases to convey the deeper and truer motives of the soul; ceases to refresh and up-build and to convey higher emotions; then sound ceases to be music.

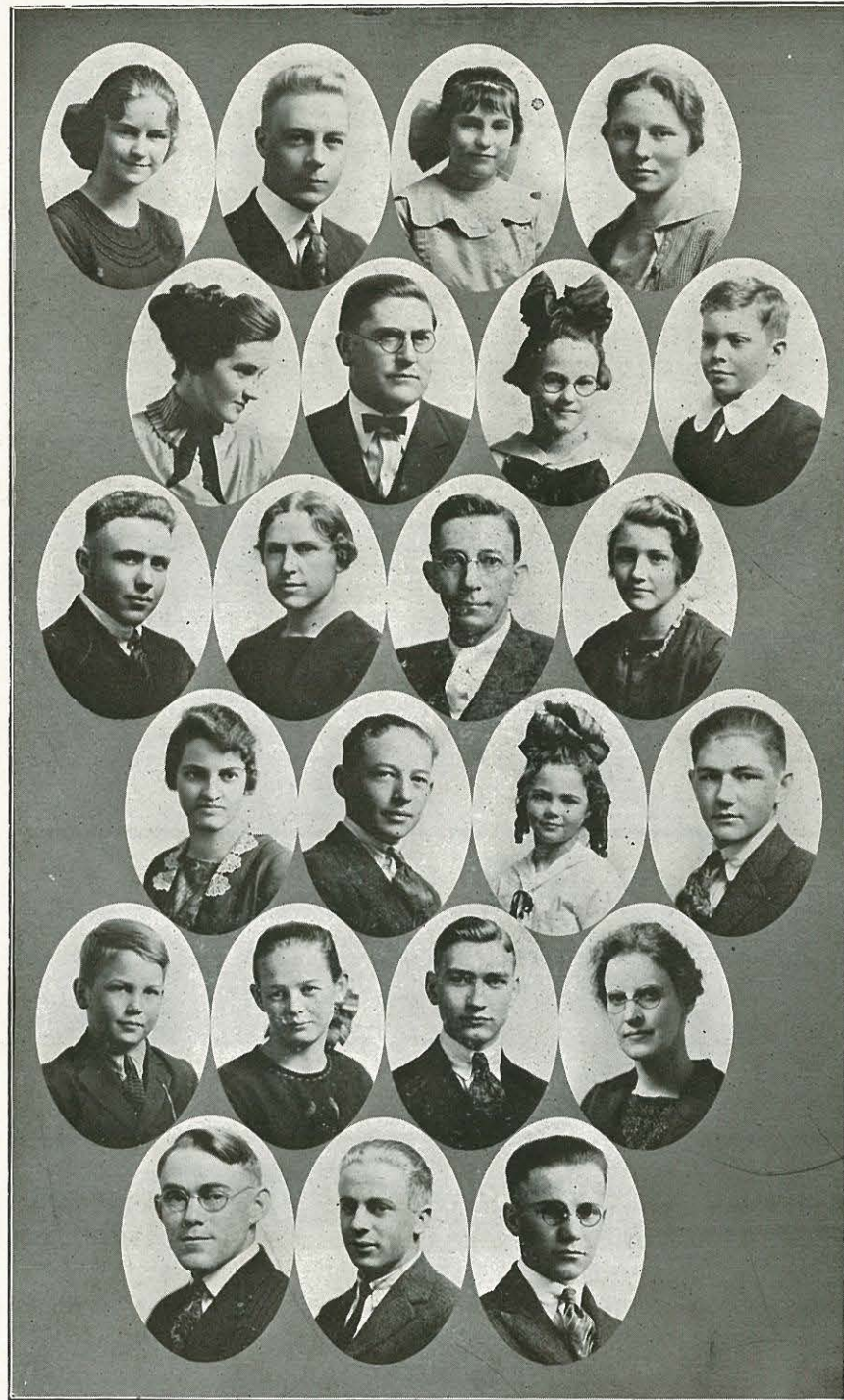
I heartily agree with the statement from the pen of one of our well-known music critics when he says, "Music will not want an audience as long as there are those on earth who weary of man's fitful uproar mingling with his toil, and must have for their peace of mind, their tranquility of heart, those sweet concordances and cadences that are the nearest approach we know to the unheard melodies beyond."

L. I.

Music Students



Music Students





Band

C. A. DENT, *Director*

Solo Cornet

RALPH KELLUM
GLENN JANOSKY
LEE LANTZ

First Cornet

RUBEL GILMORE
JAMES BURY
JAMES NEAL
EVANS LANTZ

Solo Clarinet

GERALD FLOWERS
MATTHEW MAXWELL

Tuba

CLIFTON JOHNSON

Piccolo

MINNIE LORD

Tenor Saxophone

PAUL FLOWERS

Melophone

WARD WILEY
JOHN KAUFFMAN

Slide Trombone

CALVIN EMERSON
HARVEY FRAZIER
JOSEPH STANDARD

Drums

W. A. WILSON
ESTHER JAY

Fifty-five



Nurses in Training

What He Hath Planted

Close to the College campus stands the Nazarene Missionary Sanitarium and Institute. This institution now belongs to the general Church of the Nazarene, though originally it was a department of N.N.C.; however, even in its separateness, it seems a very part of our College. Registered students are free to take medical work in the hospital classes, also nurses in training are free to take work in the College. So, constantly intermingling, and knowing one another, we are bound by cords, stronger even than those legal ties which formerly bound us together; for we are bound by ties of service and sacrifice, love and sympathy one for another. What ties could be stronger!

In the School of Nursing there are five young women in regular training. In this school they rank as follows: seniors—Nellie Love, Susie Bevard, and Oral Mercer; juniors—Mary Jackson and Priscilla Bartram. Any young women desiring to take work in a hospital should count themselves highly honored to have the privilege of taking their training in such an institution as is this one—and, it should be added, these five deft, capable young women, as they are proving to be, do greatly appreciate the opportunities they are enjoying. And we pay tribute to those who through their sacrifice and service, led by the mighty hand of God, keep the vision, and by faith march forward, purposing to accomplish all that the vision, which God has given, involves.

As a Sanitarium its influence is being felt far and wide. People are beginning to know it, not in the narrower sense as a denominational hospital, but rather, as a place where the best of aid may be obtained, not only for the physical man, but for the spiritual as well. It is no secret in the world today that hospitals are few where God is given his rightful place. We are glad that the influence going out is for good. May it always be for the good of humanity and the upbuilding of God's kingdom!

Out in the future, and we hope not far distant, the missionary phase of the institution will be developed. How proud we as a College will be some



day to have living so near, and under such splendid care as the Sanitarium will be able to give them, our missionaries, those who have given of their very lives for the millions in heathen darkness, and who having returned to recuperate, will such a benediction, such a blessing to us, who are yet striving toward our respective goals in Christian service.

A STUDENT

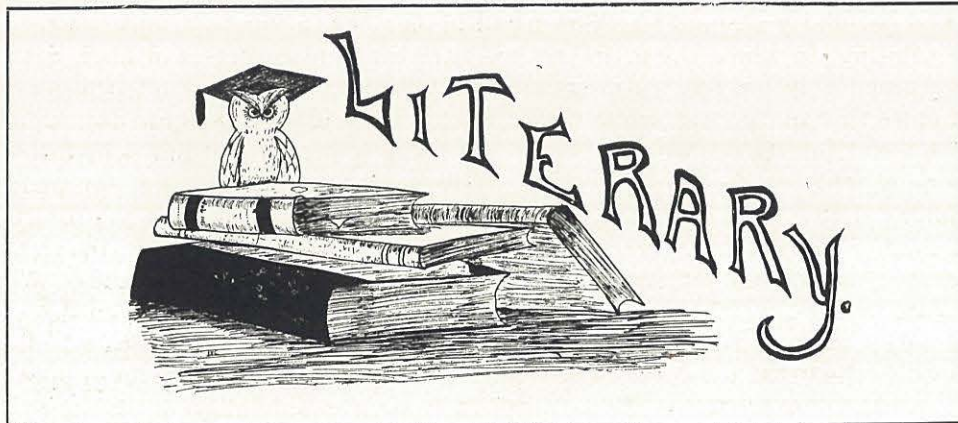
A Priceless Gift

I made myself comfortable on a shady spot of the green carpeted lawn. In my arms I held a precious load, the bud of humanity—a baby. I am certain that she had the most winsome face in all babydom. Half buried in an abundance of downy pillows, her little bald head rested; yes, it was bald, except for the few golden hairs that wound themselves into a “beau catcher’s curl” on her forehead. The big blue eyes sparkled as the vast azure of the sky met their upward gaze. The eyebrows, a shade darker than the bit of hair, were perfectly horizontal; the eyelashes, no darker, were long and curling; nothing was left unfinished. The wee nose had tried not to be “puggy,” but that hadn’t won out. A wise sort of a smile aroused two dimples that hid in her fat cheeks. The dainty mouth with its hint of a pucker resembled a red rosebud, undecided whether or not to unfold. Hers was one of those faces that makes one think of a white flower with light touches of color on its pure petals—a face that embodied all there was of purity, love, and glory of heaven.

The baby lay quiet and restful, except for her shifting glance from one end of the firmament to the other, perhaps in search of the home she had left so recently. Then, without warning both of baby’s feet were flying in the air. Baby’s musing had been interrupted by the sprightly actions of a gay butterfly, and with all of a baby’s ambition she was trying to get hold of the flying speck. The long tapering fingers were enough to satisfy the baby’s mother that her daughter would be a musician.

As I meditated on the splendor and beauty of nature about me, I sensed God’s desire to bring happiness to human beings through nature’s gifts. But the birds, the flowers, and the mountains scattered no joy, no beauty, as did God’s most precious and priceless gift—the little life I held—a baby.

MYRNA WALLER, Col. '25



Reader, if you are literarily inclined, if pretty phrasing pleases you, and should you chance to find such literary merit herein, or read an entire article chock-full of literary talent, or one good enough to be published in the Atlantic Monthly, then do not praise the author but give all the thanks and credit to our worthy English teacher, Mury I. Forsyth.

Thought like the rosebud hides its beauty and fragrance within itself, unless the fertility of soil and the warmth of atmosphere cause life to so stir within it that it bursts its bonds. Literature is thought burst into bloom—an unfolding and revelation of the subtle and hidden motions of the soul.

It is hoped that in these pages you will find at least a little of that fragrance which marks literary excellence.

The Finer Art

A peculiar glory seems to linger about the names of those who have devoted their lives to expressing in the plastic arts the great universal ideals of the beautiful. Whether they have wrought in paint or marble or masonry, the world has accorded them chief places in the roll of fame. The names of many of the great artists have outlived in history those of their contemporaries, who in their lifetime were considered far above them. Walpole and Bolingbroke may be forgotten, but Christopher Wren will be known as long as St. Paul's stands in London. Few ever think of the haughty Julius II to whom Raphael had to do homage, but the name of the great painter will likely be esteemed after the colors have faded from his "Madonna." Time has long ago erased the names of the once heralded Olympian heroes of ancient Greece, but two milleniums and four centuries have not dimmed the glory of the sculptor Phidias. These men have won a fame which will doubtless last as long as art and time endure.

The artist has gained this preeminent place in the regard of mankind, because he has appealed to a strange and universal element in human nature. There is scarcely a man but has some spark of the aesthetic sense within him, which is awakened to life in the presence of that which is beautiful. So naturally, art, which is the embodiment of the beautiful in concrete form,

Sixty

has a peculiarly strong attraction for all of us. When we view some masterly painting, in which the artist has laid bare the hidden secrets of his heart, we cannot help but feel a strange stirring within us, perhaps akin to the very impulse that moved him while he wrought. Imbedded in the graceful form of a beautiful statue, we can discern the noble sentiments of him who fashioned it, and we feel the power of those sentiments possessing our own minds. If we walk down the aisles of a great cathedral, and see the forest of mighty columns with branching arches soaring high above them, the rich harmony of colored mosaic beneath our feet, and around us a maze of intricate tracery, which seems to turn the heavy stone to feathery lightness, all softly illumined by the mellow light filtering in a thousand delicate tints through the great windows; when the full meaning of it all bursts in upon us, we feel our souls up-lifted to devotion by the sublimity of the sight. Sometimes perhaps, when looking on such works of art, such inspiring impulses and aspirations awaken within us, that we almost feel that if the trowel or chisel or brush were in our hands we could bring forth these feelings of ours in a beautiful building or statue or painting. But if we should try it, we should find the elements stubbornly unyielding to our touch. Our souls could find no expression here. It seems that such power is given to only the few.

Is there then no avenue of expression to the conceptions and ideals which move us? Has God put that aesthetic sense within our breasts to mock us? To say that this is so would be to charge God unjustly. He has provided for all of us an avenue of expression far more adequate and wonderful than painter, sculptor, or architect ever found in his work. There is a finer art. God has committed to the humblest of us a substance far more precious than artist ever wrought; that substance is a life, a self, a character. The development of true and noble manhood and womanhood is our task. Ours is the Art of Life.

In this, our supreme calling, every interest should be centered and every faculty of our being called into action. If the artist in earthly substances pours his whole life into his work, which will soon perish, how much more should we, who are fashioning that which is spiritual and immortal. In our task is bound eternal destiny. If life is successful here, it is ultimately successful, in spite of any other failure. If life fails here, it is a total failure, no matter what other successes may be attained. The magnitude of the responsibility seems almost too great for human strength to bear; for who among men is wise enough to know what in character will stand the test of eternal values; or who is capable of attaining to these standards if he knew them? Surely our task would be hopeless, if God in his great love had not graciously proffered to supplement our weakness by his limitless wisdom and power. To him as the great Master Artist, the Architect of the universe, we may go for our plans and know that he will grant us our request, for "If any man lack wisdom let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not." If we lack strength to carry out our plans, we may come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may find grace to help in time of need. With such provision made for every need we are well fitted for our work of Life's Art.

Sixty-one

According to the plans of the Master Architect, the foundation must first be laid in true faith in Christ, "for other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, even Jesus Christ." Upright and holy character can only be developed from a holy life made so by the grace of God. With any other starting point failure is certain. But, with a certain and experiential knowl-

(Continued on page 105)

Eula and Contentment

She was not the woman I would have chosen for Charles' wife—that is, in those *first* months after the marriage. I wondered at my brother's fancy thinking that it must have been merely that. Her tranquil composure and leisurely restfulness had not then become balm to the passionate fluctuations of my impetuous spirit. I used even to become vexed with her undisturbed peacefulness, and wish that she would, for at least *one* time, satisfy me with an excited or heated countenance. But Eula never did.

One late summer Sabbath afternoon as I rounded the curve of the lane leading to her house, I saw her sitting, Indian-fashion, under the huge oak whose branches brush her window-pane, picking a chicken, and humming a song under her breath. It did not seem out of keeping with the Sabbath however, that she should be picking a chicken, and because it didn't, I suddenly realized that this woman might do even her washing and churning and scrubbing on the holy day, and it would not seem that the Sabbath was being desecrated. I paused a moment at first glimpse of her. Whatever highbrow scruples I might possess concerning her ways with the world, or concerning her culture (so called), I had to admit, grudgingly—to be sure, that there was assuredly, a quality distinctly pleasing, about her. And as she sat beneath the shade of the green trees, occupied with so homely a task, and with her toddling child playing in the grass near by, an appreciation of her type of loveliness came to me.

"Well, I'm just taking it easy out here in the shade," she greeted me in her soft slow voice. "I'd much rather not be doing a thing, but Charlie said I might just as well cook this chicken for Sunday night supper, it being the last we'er apt to have till next spring."

"Your last chicken!" I emphasized. "Where are the rest, the hundred or so?"

"Now, you haven't been over in more'n a week's time, have you, Eleanor? so you haven't heard," returned Eula who occasionally lapsed into the lazy drawl of her own southern land. "It was Wednesday that Charlie came in and told me that something was catchin' the chickens. Queer, now, that I never paid much attention. I wasn't a bit alarmed. This one here's our last. Better stay to supper and have a bite."

I looked at her in opened-mouth astonishment. She was as undisturbed as if she had just announced that Tabby had caught a mouse. Even *chickens* count some times. "Well, what will you do for meat during harvest season, Eula?" I asked a bit sharply, unconsciously nettled that she

Sixty-two

showed so little concern.

"Oh, we'll get along somehow. I reckon we could do without chicken this one time. There's still plenty of milk and butter and vegetables. Then, you know I did a right good amount of canning this summer. My preserves certainly did fine. And there's such a sight o' berries. Charlie hardly needs nothing more when I've fixed him a berry pie. I guess we'll make out. Then there's the pigs, too, come later, and we'll butcher. I was allowin' that maybe you'd lend me eggs for a time."

I could but mentally shake my head over the practicability and thriftiness (ah me!) of my brother's wife. But I supposed that they would "get along" all right, and finally be as happy and well-to-do as the rest of us who worry about this and strive about that, and surely they will have fatter bones than we.

As I walked down the lane and neared the turn where the clump of willows hide the house from view, I met Charles, smiling in contemplation of his evening at home with wife and baby.

"How are you, brother?" I hailed him. "I just left the last chicken on its way to the frying-pan. Hard luck, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is rather bad," responded this brother of mine, "but she took it all so sweetly. You know how nice Eula is about things."

"Yes, she is, Charles," I replied in answer to the confident sweetness his eyes held whenever he mentioned her name. "Indeed, she is. I am sure, with her, your board will always be laden with plenty. But I must hurry. See the sun adorning yonder mountain peaks with his yellow gold. Well, enjoy your chicken! Goodnight."

Through the shades of evening I walked slowly home to my own doorstep, and there seated myself on its clean stones, to sit and feel the darkness gather around me; to watch the summer stars come shyly out, and to see the silver bow of the young moon sailing into the faintly golden west.

September mornings have ever been a source of delight to me. The clear amber of their atmosphere affects my head and heart as would new wine. What to do on one such morning was hard to decide. My heart lured me to woodlands, but my conscience whispered that duty called me to the task of gathering in my garden truck. I fear I would have listened to the voice of duty and thus missed an autumn day when autumn's fascinating melancholy and autumn's gorgeous gayety vie for supremacy in one's heart, had not Eula, with a bag on her arm come up at the decisive moment, and asked me to walk with her to the woods, where, each fall, she was accustomed to gather the various herb leaves and roots for the winter's store of medicines.

With pondering steps we started on our two mile walk, but the delicious tang of the September air spurred me on to a livelier pace, and ere I was aware I had left Eula far behind walking peacefully along in her usual measured tread. Eula was all imperturbability, yet I knew that in her way she was enjoying the racy wine of the fall morning, and that she was feeling as keenly the zest of living as was I. Only she was not exclaiming in rapturous and almost unintelligible phrases as was I. I waited for Eula. "Eula! Eula! If only you'd run and skip! Why don't you?"

Sixty-three

"Oh, I usually take the gait I can keep, then I last all day. I enjoy the birds and clouds and trees just as well. But of course I don't mind a mite because you want to holler and run along and skip. You remind me of one of Charlie's colts in the lot. Just keep on, I don't mind."

I was hoping that she would walk hither and yon through the enchanted deeps of the wood with me before she attempted to gather the herbs. I wanted some one near to listen to my rapturous appreciation of every flower and fern. But Eula said "no," that after she had filled her bag, then she would take her "look." "You know, if I went a-peepin' through the trees now, a-seein' all the woodland folk. I'd just naturally forget all about the herbs, and what I 'specially came for. Flowers have a way o' nodding to me and I can't leave the sweet things alone."

So Eula filled her bag. How long it took her, I do not know, for she had no sooner left off speaking until away I flew in response to the lure of a wind that sighed through the tree-tops, and of leaves that danced like golden fairies.

When finally my feet grew weary, I sought the opening. Looking for my gentle companion I found her seated on a grass covered knoll. She was perfectly still; her sunbonnet had fallen to her neck and the sun showed burnished glints in her hair. Before her lay a field of goldenrod which reached to where the woods began again. The woods from there continued on and on until they printed themselves in red and gold splashes afar up the crevices of the mountains. And the mountains rose, range upon range and ended in their peaks poking through the still round clouds which lie close to the horizon on a September day.

Our homeward walk was quiet. Eula seemed to be held in an even deeper contentment. As I looked at her walking beside me, I was conscious of a feeling that in some way she had taken into her soul a great part of the loveliness of the scene at which she had looked so long. I wanted to ask her to tell me how the beauty of the day seemed to have gone into her heart and thus sustained itself there, but I knew that she was not a 'poet in words' so I forbore.

It was years ago that I first began to know the real woman. I never think of her any more, but that a sense of contentment steals over me, and now, Contentment, to me, is ever personified in Eula.

W. GLADYS FLANNERY, Col. '23.

Does Force of Will Insure Success?

It is held by many today that anyone can do anything he sets out to do. They tell us that our failure or success lies in our force of will. If we but have the will power things will come our way. If we want something bad enough we are sure to get it. On its face this doctrine seems plausible. There are indeed many who seem to have risen above their fellows by sheer force of personality. We call them supermen. Some of us

Sixty-four

spend much time in psychological study looking for the secrets of their success, in order that we too, may go and do likewise.

This is all very well when we ourselves are well in the way of success. But there are multiplied millions in the world, men just as good as we, who are inevitably crushed by the force of circumstances. One only needs to take a trip through the slums of our great cities and observe the piteously hopeless, longing look on the faces of the multitudes. They want success with attendant money and fame as well as the rest of us. Their passionate desire is, if anything, stronger than ours, but their powers of will butt in vain against the stone wall of their surroundings. We see here that success is not achieved by a strong desire or masterly will power alone. There must be an intellectual basis. There must not only be a desire to arrive at a certain destination, but there must also be a careful knowledge of the road leading to that destination. It is evidently possible for the young man of the slums to rise above his surroundings and achieve success, but few have the judgment and knowledge necessary to steer themselves in their upward course.

We must recognize also that greatness is not achieved by striving for greatness. It is only by employing something else as an objective that we rise to personal success. The world's truly successful men are those who have lost themselves in their work. As some one has said if a man writes a better book or constructs a better mouse trap the world will make a beaten path to his door though his home be in the backwoods. Greatness comes through work. We are successful if we make a success of our work.

Again, success comes to the man who pays the price. This is an inexorable law. We get nothing without paying for it. This price is often too dear to pay. Men have become millionaires, but the dearest treasures of their homes have been wrecked. Many have obtained their money through means by which their own souls have been hopelessly lost. They have bought and paid for success as they considered success but the price was too great. In the eyes of the world they are famous—superb examples of conquering humanity, but in the eyes of God they are miserable fools who have sold their invaluable birthright for a passing mess of pottage.

In our strivings for success, we must all reckon not only with ourselves and with the world about us, but also with the divine Providence. We may plan and seek to accomplish varied and great ends, but above everything God determines the outcome. It is useless for us to try to protest against the divine will. The proper sphere for the activity of our will power is in accordance with the will of God. When we know the divine will our determination will help us, provided we place ourselves in line with that will. Otherwise we are bumping against a brick wall. Much of the trouble in the world is by people taking the reins in their own hands. In this way they succeed in getting themselves mired down in circumstances from which often they are never able to extricate themselves. Man's true objective is God. If we wish to attain genuine success, we must needs leave our destiny in divine hands, and then we must exert ourselves with all our might along the channels indicated by the divine will. Otherwise we are trying to lift ourselves by our boot straps. Our exertion is in vain.

EDWARD KLINDWORTH, Col. '23

Sixty-five

Siegfried Laurine

Laurine came from Norway. That one is spoken of by his surname signifies one of two things. He is either a celebrity or a person held in good-natured contempt. One never "misters" Harding, Lloyd George, Briand, or Hawkins, the village horse-trader. The very fact that Siegfried Laurine was not referred to as Professor Laurine by the students at the conservatory meant that he was not a mediocrity.

Fame and distinction could easily have been his. For he played the piano as only a master can. A pupil of the wonderful Paderewski when the Polish patriot was but an unknown lad of eighteen he might have caused his former teacher to "look to his laurels" had he but ventured forth. But with the rare gift of his genius for producing melody he had been denied an ego which would carry him before the public to win admiration which his ability could command.

There at the conservatory his exceptional worth was overshadowed by his queerness. The only thing Laurine had had in common with his fellow professors, like himself of Norwegian or else Swedish origin, was big feet. Even Lautauve, the typically dissipated art professor, had them.

A diplomat, likely, would be the impression Siegfried Laurine would have made, had he been seen for the first time coming ashore from his native land; a statesman coming to attend a political conference in Washington. A very tall body, habitually clothed in a wrinkleless black broadcloth Prince Albert suit, the regal bearing, the faultless Van Dyke beard, all lent color to his aristocratic appearance. But his sensitive almost shrinking disposition caused him to live, regardless of his prepossessing personality and his fine talent, "by the mossy stone."

Afflicted with nerves—yes—for no normal healthy being would shun the sunlight as did Laurine. He persistently excluded the sunrays from his studio and lived and taught by artificial light. Never on a temptingly bright morning did Laurine come out. But as soon as the first raindrops began to fall, the piano professor in silk hat, long raincoat, big rubbers and armed with an umbrella would emerge and start for a walk.

But then he loved the minor melodies—the sad in music. Often as he played tears would stream down his cheeks. The standard Laurine judged students by was that quality of feeling shown, technique—that could be acquired. It was a constant source of grievance to him that the American girls were so "giggly"—unable to play with any real depth of feeling.

However it was Laurine's hands that were the most uncanny. Piano hands! Each one of his bony highly trained fingers seemed to possess an intelligence—a soul, and the pallor of the skin heightened the effect. His hands and his piano were priceless possessions—they were the instruments by which he could express his super talent. And he craved no other portion.

DOROTHY SHELDON, Col. '24

The Boy

The curtain has fallen on one day's act in the drama of his little life. The eyes which have been keen to see every movement about him, are now closed.

The restless feet, that all day long have pattered down dusty streets over scorching pavement, through long shady lane, along the winding cow path, and through the cool refreshing brook, then homeward to track dust into the parlor, and fill the house with noise and racket, are now still.

The stained hand outside the cover is soiled and rough, the cut finger with its loose dirty bandage shows the work of the amateur surgeon, and pleads with a mute and effective pathos, for the mischievous hand that is never still.

On the brown cheek the stain of a tear marks the piteous close of a day's trouble—trouble at school with lessons too many and too difficult for his tender mind, trouble with temptation to have unlawful fun for which the penalty is not easily forgotten, trouble in the streets with boys too big for him—and at last, in his home, his refuge, trouble has pursued him, until feeling utterly friendless, and in everybody's way, he has left the family circle, and crawled off to that ill kept portion of the house usually dignified by the title of "The Boy's Room." Here his overcharged heart has welled up into his eyes, his last waking breath has broken into a sob; and at last when it seems that, after all, life is only one broad sea of troubles whose restless billows in never ending succession break, and beat, and double and dash upon the short shore line of a boy's life, he has drifted away into that wonderland of a boy's sleep, where troubles are no more.

G. F. OWEN, Col. '23.

My Friends

I thank thee, Lord, for friends so true;
Lonely 'twould be had I not one.
I praise thee for them all, dear Lord,
But for the dearest one, thy Son,
I thank thee most.

I love my friends, yes every one;
They all mean very much to me.
But he who gave his life, his all,
To save me when I spurned his love,
I love him most.

My friends mean much when trouble comes;
They comfort, all are very kind.
But he who standeth near my side,
Yea knows the anguish of my mind,
He comforts most.

Elsie Haselwood

Sixty-seven

Waxide Glimpses

The Brook

O laughing little brook, wending thy way through the woodland's dusky shadows, and on through peaceful valleys, where is thy source and where art thou going? Beneath thy merry singing, methinks I hear a melancholy murmur. What human secret sorrows are hidden in thy bosom! Men for generations have sought thee to pour out their hearts' secrets; have gazed into thy shining depths, for the inspiration that only nature can give; have reclined on thy cowslip bank; and stooped for a cold draught from thy sparkling waters; yet only for a little while, and they droop and die like the flowers at their feet. Yes, "men may come and men may go, but you go on forever!" Though centuries old, thou art ever young. The playful breezes toss leaves to float like tiny ships, down thy rippling tide; sunbeams play upon thee; the fleecy clouds in the azure sky and the shining sun are reflected in thy crystalline depths. Even the green banks, where hare-bells and violets grow, are mirrored there also. Go on, little brook, chattering and gurgling on thy way, and sing to others the song thou hast sung to me.

EFFIE MOORE, ACAD. '22

The Sea Shore

The place where the restless ocean and land meet is a battle ground. The Land with stubborn defiance says to the Seas, "You shall come no farther." The Ocean, restless in its captivity, hurls wave after wave at the undaunted shore. Each line of attack is more determined than the preceding one, until with a mighty effort, a roar, and a hiss, the foaming crest is hurled far upon the sands, only to sink back in seeming despair. But soon with fresh courage the strife is renewed; and thus continues night and day, summer and winter—this ceaseless warfare of prisoner and guardian.

CARL EMBRES, ACAD. '23

Desolation

Turning away from the descending road, we paused upon the summit of a high embankment. The air was thin and clear and from here the view was magnificent.

Fifty miles to the south rose high ranges of barren, sharply-cut peaks, while directly before us lay the outskirts of the great Bad Lands. Homesteaders had named this portion the Little Bad Lands. It comprised three towering peaks, surrounded by a network of deep, yawning chasms. These peaks were worn and carved by wind and water into steep, deeply furrowed ascents, rock-ribbed cliffs, and high narrow ledges. The most striking of the three buttes was the central one. It stood in the form of a majestic cathedral dome, its broad base rising in great rounded cliffs, and crowned by an

Sixty-eight

immense rounded top. Here, in a huge mass of loosely piled rock an occasional clump of stunted, wind-swept fir trees found a precarious footing, making a splotch of dark color against the white rock, and looking like little, weazened old men hugging the side of the mountain. About the base of each of the buttes grew other scattered firs, seeking the shelter of walls and niches for protection against the wind and cold, and the sweeping winter blizzards.

At our feet lay the network of chasms. The one just before us was of great depth, its perpendicular walls carved in soft shales and sandstone of the same dead, yellow-white of the cliff walls. Above us the chasm was narrow and tortuous and the floor fell in a rapid succession of dry waterfalls; below us it was wide, the floor even and sandy, or covered with rounded, waterworn pebbles. Looking down upon it from that height, the floor was like a smooth, curving roadway. A small natural bridge, wide enough to offer but a perilous footing, arched the waterway; still farther down a great dark cavern was worn back into the cliff walls. In imagination I could see the spring flood sweeping down the falls in a foaming, muddy torrent, dashing across the sandy floor, under the arched bridge, into the black cavern and pouring at last into the muddy little white river miles below.

The whole atmosphere of the place—the carved peaks and water-worn chasms, the dead, monotonous color, broken only by the green-black of the stricken fir trees, the feeling of mystery and brooding silence which hovered about—all spoke of devastation and desolation. One instinctively knew it to be the haunt of the coyote and the wild cat.

VERNE HUTCHENS, COL. '24

A Desert Sunrise

The term desert usually brings to our minds, by way of connotation, the conception of a dry, sandy waste, uninhabited by man and almost too barren to support animal life. This is the usual image that comes before us when we hear the term Sahara or Great American Desert. Mountain ranges and hills occupy large portions of many deserts, but we rarely give them a place in our conception of the term. We think of the desert as being invariably dreary and desolate, as incapable of appealing to our aesthetic taste as it is supporting physical life. At times, however, the desert is beautiful with a charm peculiarly its own.

I shall never forget a sunrise on the desert which I saw one September morning a few years ago. I had taken a train at Oakland, California the previous evening, and after a night's ride I awoke early to find that everything in the chair-car was covered with dust. Consulting my time-table map and watch, I learned that I was traveling across the Mohave Desert. A look through the car window gave corroborated evidence to that fact. In the gray dawn I could see numerous sand hills sparsely clothed with brownish-gray sage brush. As the train sped along it brought to my view a continuous series of sand hills. The topography of the country reminded me of pictures I had seen of the bad lands of South Dakota. However, the color scheme here was characteristic of the desert. The sand was light yellow

Sixty-nine

and the more distant hillocks contrasted sharply with the semi-darkness that seemed to fill the intervening hollows.

Soon there appeared on the eastern horizon a golden flush which quickly turned to a deep crimson. In a few moments long rays of light streaked the eastern sky, and the sun itself appeared. The light seemed to radiate from a great ball of fire, which, because of the clearness of the desert atmosphere, looked far larger than the sun with which I was familiar. As it came into full view its bright rays were caught and reflected by the sparkling sand. It was almost as if the gray wastes, having bid adieu to the darkness, were turning to greet the day. I had previously watched from the seashore as the sun had slowly set, seemingly going into a watery grave. That scene had been grand and beautiful, but this sunrise on the desert was far more majestic and inspiring. The rising sun seemed to be the embodiment of physical power and splendor. Under his magic wand the desert became beautiful. As I recall the scene now there comes to my mind the words of the prophet: "To you shall the sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings."

MYRON BLANCHARD, Col. '23

The Waterfall

The water shot out over the rocks and fell with a mighty roar to the bottom of the canyon. The snowy mass seemed always changing, and yet ever the same. The high steep walls on either side shut in the noise from the falling water so that we could scarcely hear one another speak. The air for quite a distance around us was filled with a fine spray, and as the sun shone on it we could see millions of tiny rainbows, with their streaks of violet and green and orange and red. The pool at the foot of the falls was covered with a white foam, and now and then a large rainbow trout would jump out of the water with his glistening scales shining in the sun and reflecting all the tints of the mist above.

The beauty and loneliness of the place cast a peculiar spell over us. We were so completely shut out from the hot dry world around us that we felt as if we were in a little world of our own.

RALPH W. KELLUM, Col. '25

Rest

What is real rest? It is not the rest which comes through the laying aside of duties; not the rest that is found by throwing off heavy burdens and cares; not the rest that comes from a beautiful and inspiring day spent in the woods with nature, although that is wonderful; nor is it that which comes from the thought of having done well a heavy task. It is that soul rest which comes at the end of a perfect day. It is the rest that comes from the fact that you know you have been true to yourself and God, and have been a blessing to your fellow men.

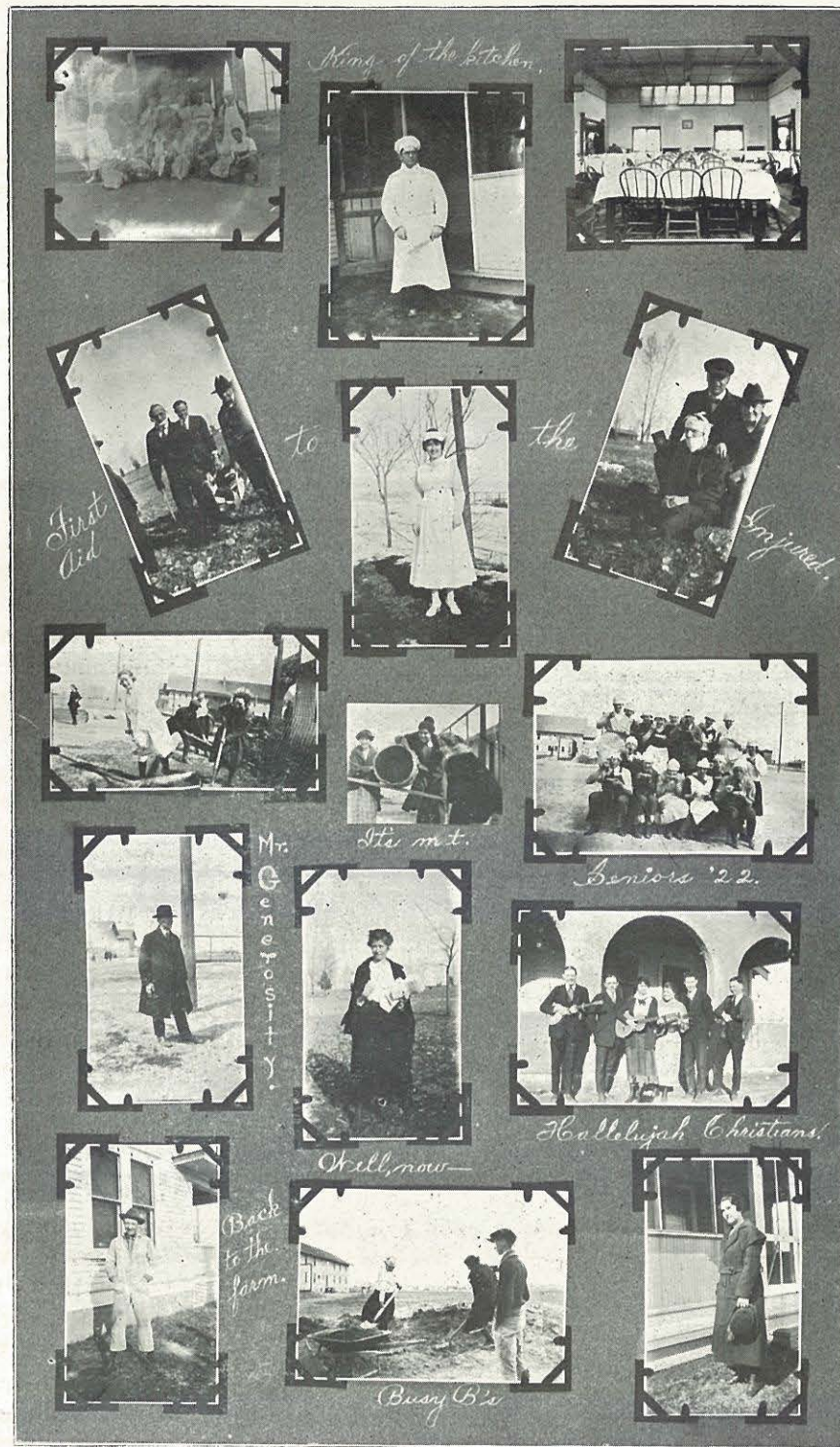
GRACE LITTLE, Acad. '23

Seventy

Spring

Spring is in the air. The thermometer registered below zero last night, and the night before it dropped as low as ten degrees past zero mark. And today the snow is falling inches thick. Yet Spring is in the air. I feel that Spring is in the air. For days—a week or more—that warm silken stream which is the herald of Spring, has been coursing through my veins. Smoothly it sweeps through my being until it reaches my heart—there it throbs in that strange exuberant way, and which foretells me that assuredly Spring is on his way. I am glad! I could laugh, and halloo, and clap my hands in glee—and I could shout exultantly—“Come snow! come frost! come exceeding cold! blow winds! flit snow-birds, and remain sombre, leaden sky!—ye cannot temper my spirits now—for though ye bluster or mock or deceive—I know that Spring is in the air.

W. GLADYS FLANNERY, Col. '23



In Lighter Hein

What Used to Be

O childhood days! Days when the heart was carefree and light. Days when all seemed joyous and bright. Days full of fun and innocent glee, when our greatest delight was to climb in a tree, and pick from its boughs, apples, peaches and cherries; or run through the woods in search of strawberries. Days when it took ages for Christmas to come, when good Santa brought toys, and sweet sugar plums. Days when we could sleep till the sun was high in the sky. Days when we had cream on fat apple pie. Days when the gander chased us, and oh, how we'd run! Good barefoot days with legs tanned in the sun!

WALTER MILLER, Acad. '23

The Truth at Last

It seems that among all the various and sundry literary productions that yearly make their way into print, the kind most eagerly sought for and read is the so-called expose. No matter if it be a revelation of the sinister practices of some Osteopath in Kalamazoo, Mich., or the Naked Truth about Plumbers, people, in order to satisfy their innate craving for the sensational and unusual, will almost frantically fight one another to obtain it.

Therefore, I have taken it upon myself to reveal to the world some of the pernicious practices and customs found in that common but little known institution, the Dormitory. Naturally, I recoil from writing a work of this kind. There will be, I fully realize, upon the publication of this sententious article a concerted out-cry from the many Deans of Men and Deans of Women broadcast in the country. These acknowledged and undisputed monarchs of the Dormitories will at once brand me as a well meaning but misguided youth, as a crabbed cynic, as an unprincipled scoundrel, and all the other names usually applied to one who does something out of the ordinary. I expect it though, and realize that in a work of this kind, persecution is a natural consequence. However, and to the contrary notwithstanding, nothing can swerve me from my purpose. I will give honestly, plainly, and as an eyewitness, my impressions.

The most odious and unmitigated condition one notices is that "privacy" is merely a word; it is unheard of in a dormitory. That your room, your abode, always acknowledged to be the one place above all others where a man could find seclusion, would be free from defilement, is a myth, an hallucination. Your room is as open to the public as a lobby of a hotel. That your room is a hallowed sanctuary wherein only you have free access, is as unthought of as it is false. Of course some, in order to keep up the habit, knock, before entering. This is only a form, however, and is considered as such. Truly, it seems a needless expenditure of money to put up doors at

Seventy-three

all. A line marking off the allotted space would suffice.

I will concede that your trunk and bureau drawers are, in so far as I know, private. This is true, I firmly believe, not because of any reverence held for your personal belongings, but because of no really heartfelt desire to look into them.

On the other hand of course there is the argument that you should not have in your room anything that you would not care for anybody to see. All well and good enough, but if one does, inadvertently, leave on his table a particularly insistent letter from some creditor, he likes to think that by the next day it would not be a universally known fact.

Another disagreeable practice existing in dormitories is that of systematizing and regulating all your actions. It takes from you the last vestige of personal liberty. You are made a machine that moves and acts only by a specific signal. This system is carried out by the aid of that diabolical contrivance, the electric bell. Its ringing ceases to mean just another noise to you; it is the signal to perform some duty. At night its distracting clamor sends you mumbling to bed, and in the morning its raucous outcry calls you forth, grouchy and uncivil, to a new day. And while you are still lying in bed, deliriously enjoying a few moments of oversleep—with all its clanging and crashing it will rouse you and taunt you until you feel like climbing to the uppermost part of your bed and there shriek with the poet—

“Hear the loud alarum bells—
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now their turbulency
tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright.”

In the morning near breakfast is this system particularly annoying. It seems to be the peculiar custom of all college dining clubs not to hold up meals until every individual makes his appearance. Consequently, it depends entirely on your speed whether you go to breakfast half-dressed or fully attired.

And even at your meals is the thing forced on you. Every action is controlled by a bell. I have it on good authority that installing phonographs in the dining halls is being considered. The diners would then eat in time with the music. The music, no doubt, will be adjusted in accordance with the type of food served. For example a quick snappy selection would be appropriate for light soups and stews, while a steadier, calmer piece would go well with the liver and onions. For the piece of pie or dish of prunes I would suggest a slow dreamy waltz. You can see the possibilities of such a scheme.

Further, there is to be reckoned with the unique plan that has been evolved of assigning certain things. That is, one part of the usual twenty-four hours you study, another, eat, and so on. This means, of course that if studying was the last thing on earth you wanted to do or could do, every

(Concluded on page 98)

Over the Side

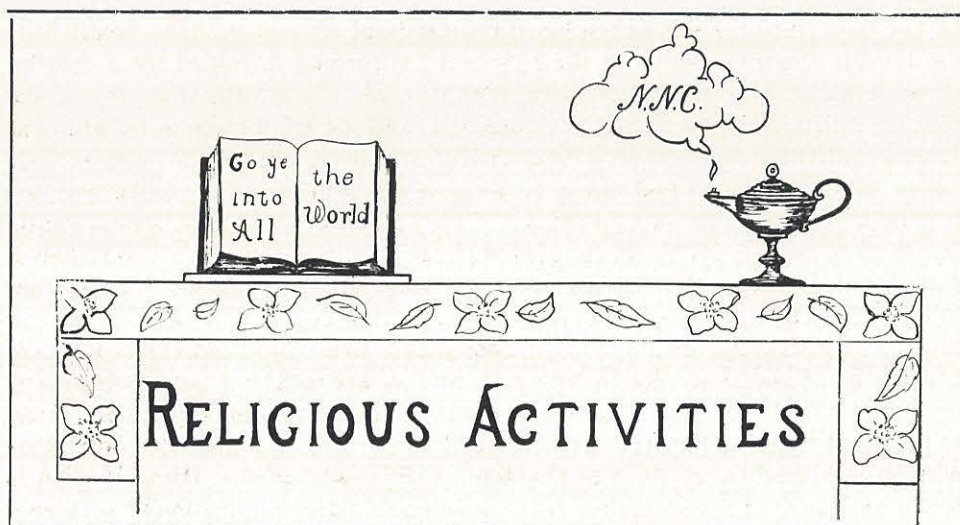
It was now spring, and the warm waters of the Japanese currents were being appreciated on the eastern coast, especially by sailors of the Atlantic fleet. Our skipper J. F. Carter, better known as Nick Carter, was sure to give the swimming call as soon as the east current hit the shores. In Washington he was known for his efficiency, and he was determined, regardless of comfort or satisfaction, to keep up his reputation. So, as a matter of fact, we had several laws aboard that were not universal. One of these cumbersome regulations was that no man could have liberty or leave until he had learned to swim. However, this didn't affect me, for I had before this time swum the distance of a first class swimmer and had confessed half aloud that I could perform the necessary requirements of an expert, with one exception. Unfortunately, I was not able to cope with the driving situation and was therefore excluded from the degrees so coveted by sailors.

On a certain beautiful day in May the word was passed that the captain was going to sound swimming call and that all hands must go over the side. I was not worried, however, for I was sure that I was perfectly capable to buck the tide or even swim around the bow if necessary. But, as the reader has experienced, at certain times we become over confident of our ability and we soon find ourselves slipping toward a chasm that we cannot span; this was my condition at this particular time. Of course, all men who did not go over at the call, should, without any preliminary discussion be heaved over the side bodily. I had often escaped swimming call; in fact, I had only responded to it when I was in the mood; so naturally I felt that I could go through the same performance again; for, since I belonged to the medical department, I enjoyed many privileges that seamen never enjoyed; one was that of being exempt from swimming call. Anyway, regardless of facts or fancies, at eleven-thirty swimming call sounded, and immediately the boatswain's mate passed the word, "All hands over the side."

After all other men who were on decks had gone over, I was informed by a certain mate to either follow suite or take the consequences. But since I was well known and, with one exception, on the good side of all the mates, I felt that this one would not have the audacity to carry out such threats as he had insinuated. Anyway, I told him that I belonged to the Medical Department and that the swimming regulations were for seamen; moreover, that I was not there to be disciplined by a boatswain's mate, second class, and that if he desired any further argument on the subject he might see the doctor, Lieutenant Cook. At this point I dismissed the subject and began to get busy at other affairs. But this spry boatswain's mate was not to be put off so easily. He kindly informed me that he was under orders and if I didn't obey them that he would put me over the side. Perhaps I didn't understand his situation. At any rate, I told him that he had better not try it, and that if he was determined to carry out his threat he had better get a bit of help. At this he seemed to be somewhat satisfied

(Continued on Page 101)

Seventy-five



Within the Walls

To every youth who hears the Master's call, "Come follow me and I will make you fishers of men," there comes the question, "How shall I prepare myself?" He feels that the work is important and realizes that he must be especially equipped. First, however, there is a necessary fundamental, a prerequisite which God has laid down for every child of his, and which can be obtained nowhere except at the hands of Jesus himself. This all-important foundation is the baptism of the Holy Ghost. This alone cannot but make of us ever fruitful Christians and successful workers; and yet the great majority of us who wholly follow God will be directed into paths where a two-fold preparation will lovingly be asked of us. In any of the higher educational institutions of the land with their present high standards of learning, the mind can be fully trained; yet not only the mind but the spirit also must be fitted for the tasks which lie ahead and nowhere can this training so well be had as in our own holiness schools.

When the realization of this need breaks in upon us, we begin to cast about for the place where our highest expectations may be fulfilled. Naturally, as we search, our first thought is of the intellectual and spiritual standards to which the various schools attain. In these days mottoes have come to mean but little, for they seldom are used as a guiding principle. But how glad we then are to find a college where a few of God's men and women have purposed that the motto, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you," will be the standard always striven for and never lowered! When He is placed first, everything else naturally and logically falls in order. Oh, the joy of learning when, as the mind is deepened and enriched, and cries out, "I see," the heart echoes, "I feel!" While the mind is being educated, the heart is being schooled.

It is within the walls of our administration and dormitory buildings, and

Seventy-six

on the college campus that we learn the cardinal lessons of life, beautifully significant when revealed by the Spirit of Truth, and unfolded by a spiritual, understanding, and sympathetic man of God. It is here that the great ideal of a life hid with Christ is unbraided, and we examine one by one the three beautiful strands—service, sacrifice, and love. Here the aim of our entire life is deepened and enriched by a new vision of a life patterned after the One who lived only to serve. “He came not to be ministered unto, but to minister.” “The servant is not greater than his Lord.” “Whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant.” President Wiley has told us that the symbol of Christianity is, not a cross, not a crown, but a towel. “He who serves his brother best gets nearer God than the rest.” We hear much of social service in this age, and we are told that those who serve their fellowmen will consequently be loved of God; but such service is barren of spiritual fruit. Only those who love God will serve humanity; only those who have placed themselves at the feet of Him who girded Himself with a towel and washed the disciples’ feet, have caught the inspiration of service—a service that is infinitely vicarious.

The atmosphere of the school is such that we understand that we are sent forth, not to see how much we can gather, but how much we can scatter; not how much we can get, but how much we can give. He lives most who gives most. The life of our beloved president is a constant inspiration to us and his influence will be as undying as life itself. The first year or two we only admire and appreciate the great life of service and sacrifice, but finally little by little, in classroom and in chapel, we begin to understand. A vision comes to us of a life so like the Master’s that, lo, we suddenly realize that we are transformed. Yet the process has been gradual and almost unobserved by us.

However, these two rare fruits of character—service and sacrifice—are only two by-products of a great principle which has come to rule and control our lives. Love is this fundamental law which vitalizes the other two. “To him who loves, service is its own reward, and sacrifice its privilege.” The world is filled with those who are slighted, oppressed and cursed, but not loved. When we go forth into the world to live our lives we will not meet with competition when we live out the life of love.

And so it is, aside from the important mental education, the spiritual preparation of our college days gives to us a knowledge of how to better live the life to which we are called. Oh, the usefulness of life, the motive of which has become a single, propelling, consuming, constraining force—love!

“Love is life’s end!—an end, but never ending,
All joys, all sweets, all happiness awarding;
Love is life’s wealth (ne’er spent, but ever spending)
More rich by giving, taking by discarding;
Love is life’s reward, rewarding in rewarding;
Then from thy wretched heart fond care remove,
Ah! should’st thou love but once, love sweets to prove,
Thou wilt not love to live unless thou live to love.”

FAIRY S. CHISM, COL. '23

Seventy-seven

Chapel

"That Hour in the Morning"

To most people "chapel services" mean just exactly what the words signify, "duties performed in a chapel." To the students of the Northwest Nazarene College, however, the phrase has a deeper meaning and a vaster significance. It denotes that part of our school life, without which we would not exist. It indicates that place where together students commune with God. It stands for that phase of our activities which bears out our claim of being a holiness school.

It is hard to describe our chapel services. It is difficult to tell, by a natural medium, the supernatural. If I could express, if mere man's language could portray, the shouts of joy, the hush of conviction, the cries of triumph, the sobs of despair, that mark that morning hour, what a story could be told. If I could rightly picture that hour when we cast aside our studies and cares to worship together, our God; when young men and women bow in humble prayer to their Creator; when glowing testimony and fiery exhortation bespeak new victories won and higher heights attained; when we hear with receptive hearts the inspired messages of men and women who know their God; when the deep-felt presence of the Holy Spirit is evident; when boys and girls find peace and joy in accepting the call of Jesus Christ; when praises to our Lord fill the air; I say, if I could rightly picture that hour, what a message I could bring and what feelings I could inspire! But as I cannot, let me pay a tribute to the worth of the services by saying that the memories we students will have of our school in later days, the impressions we will carry with us will be, not of parties or dances or fraternities, but of "that hour in the morning."

G. W.

Monday

Our chapel services on Monday morning are full of joy and triumph. Our student-soldiers who have gone forth into the battle of the Sabbath and loyally supported the cause of Christ with their sermons and songs; who have lifted the standard of salvation, so that sinners have seen and followed in their ranks; and who have routed the enemy by their fervent prayers; all assemble in our training camp on Monday morning to tell of battles fought and sing of victories won. A captain from each band usually reports the conquest and the whole assembly joins in the songs of triumph and shouts of victory until the chapel walls ring with praises to God, our great Commander.

E. M.

"Faith languishes and dies in the presence of ordinary and commonplace things, but grows, and develops, and thrives, and achieves, in the presence of unheard of things."

Seventy-eight

Tuesday and Wednesday

Tuesday and Wednesday are each a day of surprise. On other days we have learned to know what to expect, although there are often exceptions to the usual, but on the second and third day of the week we are never sure what the order of the Chapel service may be. Often an opportunity is given the students to tell of individual victories won, and to bring fresh testimonies as to God's guiding and keeping power. Often visitors stop over and speak to us on these days. Some of our more distinguished visiting friends this year have been Rev. and Mrs. Shellhammer, Rev. and Mrs. Bury, Miss Carpenter, one of our missionaries from India, and Rev. Stella Crooks, our missionary field secretary; occasionally, too, our pastor Rev. Little and our District Superintendent Rev. Davis come out to read the scriptures and talk to us. Frequently President Wiley gives practical talks which strike at the fundamentals of holy living. These talks will never be forgotten; and their influence on our lives will be as undying as life itself. God greets us on these days with an unusual sweep of glory from the regions of heaven. It may be that he puts an overcoming shout and a victorious hallelujah upon his children. Often after such a time of blessing, hearts become so hungry that our unsaved boys and girls seek the altar to there find God. Or, sometimes, instead of a shout he puts on his people a groan and a burden. We later see the results of the prayers that the Holy Spirit has thus inspired. And so it is, we never know what to expect on Tuesday and Wednesday, for we trust God alone to lead.

F. S. C.

Students' Day

The Thursday chapel service has for the past two years been known as Students' Day. At this time, some student, usually one in missionary training, or a prospective minister of the gospel, brings the morning message. The plea from a student to a fellow student is pregnant with heart-feeling and understanding. So it is that God has peculiarly blessed our Student Days and it is unusual that one should slip by without someone finding Jesus.

W. G. F.

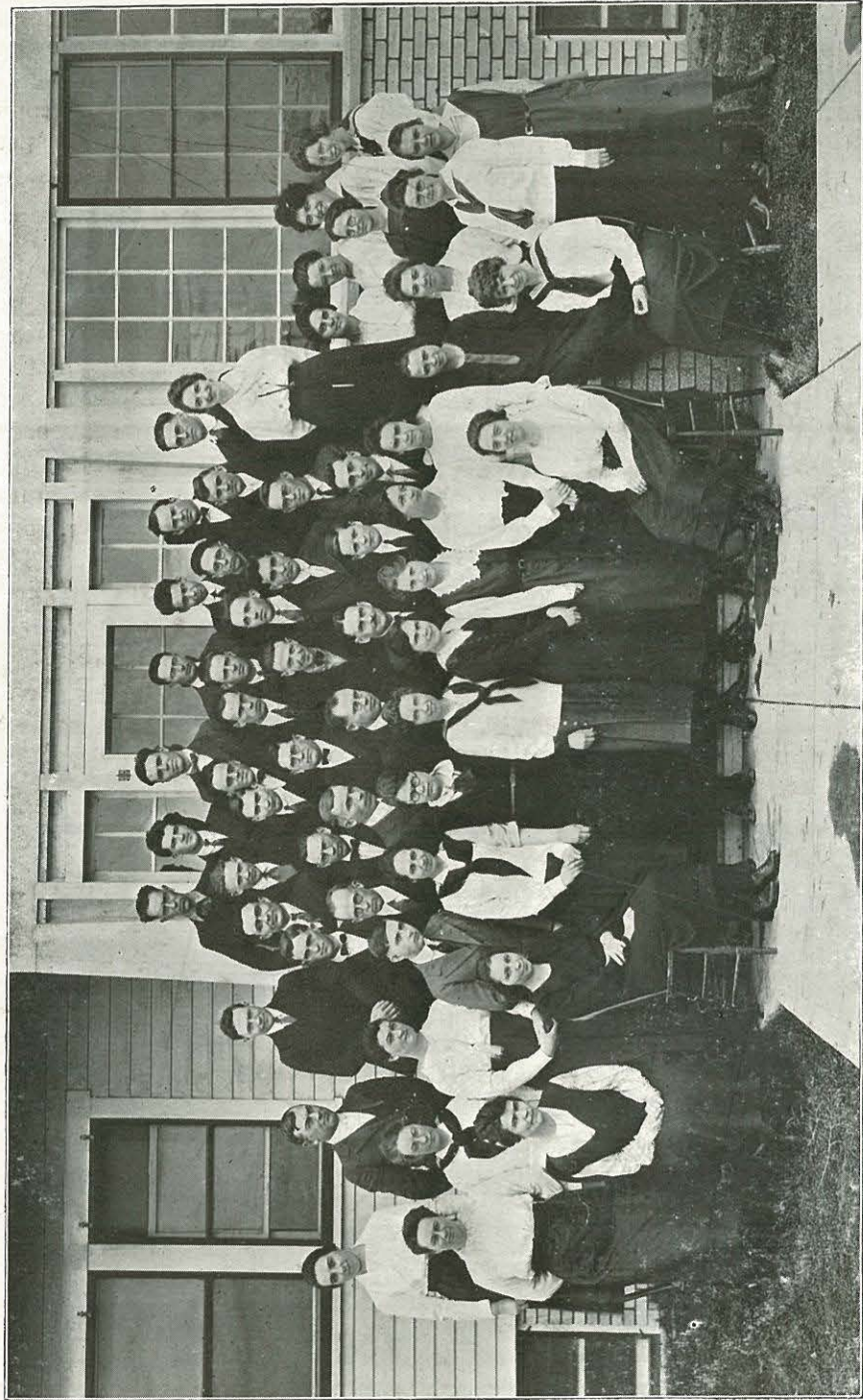
Friday

It has been our custom for several years, to set aside the Friday chapel service for special prayer and waiting on the Lord. Heaven seems to draw a little nearer at these times, and God blesses our hearts in a greater measure than ordinarily at the other services of the week. Only eternity can tell what will be the outcome of the prayers offered, although we have seen many of them answered directly. Too, these special seasons of prayer are marked epochs in the lives of many students who have prayed through and received definite experiences, which shall not be forgotten when the foe of souls is met on the battlefield of life. Real decisions have been made that will mean the eternal destiny of hundreds, yea, thousands of never-dying souls. All these manifestations of God's mercy cause us to know that "prayer changes things."

H. J. H.

Seventy-nine

Home Mission Band



The Home Mission Band

The Bible plan of carrying the gospel is to begin at Jerusalem. Our Home Missionary Band might appropriately be called "The Jerusalem Band." Right at our door lies a great field almost untouched by our glorious message. The old churches are reaching but a small percentage of the people, and their work is largely of a superficial character. This spiritual dearth in the land comes as a clarion call to the young people who possess the beautiful experience of holiness. We have a message that this sin-cursed world sorely needs.

Our Home Missionary Band has been organized but a little over a year—a year of richest blessing. Our truck, purchased a year ago, has seen active and vigorous service. By means of it we have been enabled to visit points as widely separated as Burns, Oregon, and Buhl, Idaho—a distance of over three hundred miles. Everywhere we have gone the Lord has graciously blessed. During the Christmas vacation our band sent out two quartets in revival work, one going with our District Superintendent to Burns, Oregon, the other holding a two weeks' campaign at Claytonia, Idaho.

This kind of work gives us the very best possible training. We are not only getting the theory, but also the practice. When our school work is over we expect that members of our band will already have become seasoned warriors. We learn to do by doing.

Our greatest need as the Nazarene Church is for home workers. Our Foreign Missionary Board has more applicants on its waiting list than it can possibly send. On the other hand, practically all of our district superintendents are scouring the country, trying to find real pastors, men who are real soldiers and who will stay where they are put. We are praying that God will call more workers for our home field.

E. C. K.

The Deaconess Band

We are very sorry that there is no organized deaconess band in our school this year; last year our members numbered eight. Besides our times of prayer together we did some practical work for the needy of our own town. We found that right here in Nampa the field is ripe and ready. This year we have two young women training in our hospital, and the other one is in college. We three are praying that God may soon add to our number.

L. C.

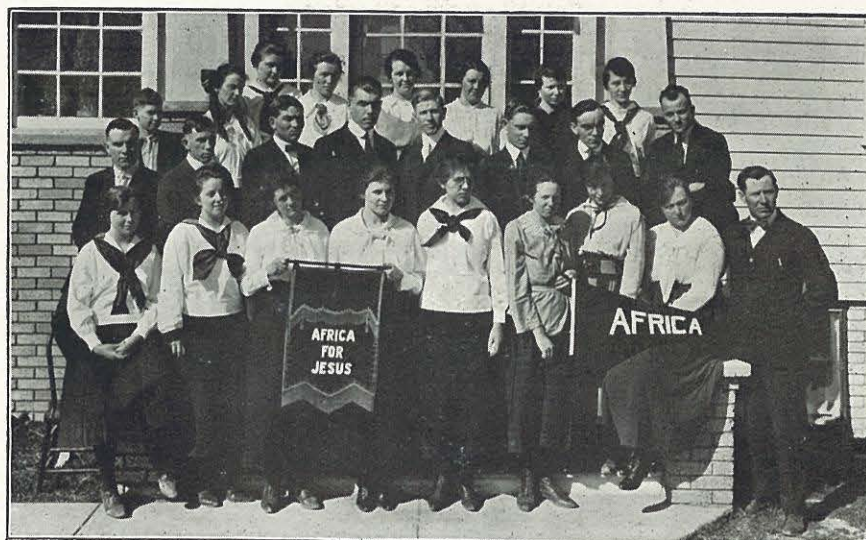
The Canadian Band

The Canadian Prayer Band, organized in February of this year, meets once each week for the special purpose of praying for the spiritual needs of Canada.

The field is very large and as yet we have only begun to occupy it. The harvest is truly plenteous and it is ripe. The reapers are few yet we believe with all our hearts that He who has bidden us to pray the Lord of the harvest, will send forth laborers into His vineyard.

G. K. B.

Eighty-one



African Band

A Typical Band Meeting

At seven-thirty on Friday evening we, the African Band, are gathering in room six for our weekly prayer meeting. We are greeted as we enter by the sweet fragrance of heavenly kinship.

The meeting is opened by the reading of a letter from the one member of the band already in Africa, our beloved Louise Robinson. Earnest hearts respond a glad "amen" as we experience with the writer her life as a missionary and receive just a foretaste of that which awaits us. The letter is finished and our leader, Fairy Cnism, after reading a chapter from the Bible in her original and pleasing manner, applies its truths to our own lives. Then we kneel together, a consecrated band of young men and women whose hearts are all aglow with holy love and passion for sin-bound souls.

"Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares."

How sacredly near God is. We linger, heedless of the passing moments, until the ringing of the nine-thirty bell reminds us that we are still at N.N.C. Then, with our souls strengthened and encouraged, we say good-night.

INEZ BARNETT, Col. '23



MALAYELA KAMBULE
Supported by our African Band



India Band

The paramount purpose in organizing the India Band was to become a phalanx of faith in prayer for the salvation of souls in heathendom. God has at present placed us in preparation, yet he designs that we should be active in faith. The world lies before us, open to access; of the sixteen hundred million of human beings, the majority still wait for the message. While we tarry to be better fitted for life's work, we tarry "with one accord" that even now souls shall find the Saviour. Every motive and incentive unite to urge us to bear to the earth's utmost end the tidings of the cross.

L. M. G.

Our band is not large, but when we all reach the field, China shall receive of the blessings that flow forth from the several departments of our educational and church work. The faculty, the hospital, the college, the music department, and the deaconess work will each be represented. With gratitude to God for the privilege of attending this college, we are working hard to train our minds and develop our spiritual strength in the school of prayer, so that we shall be "workers that need not to be ashamed."

M. B.

China Band



Eighty-three



Latin American Band

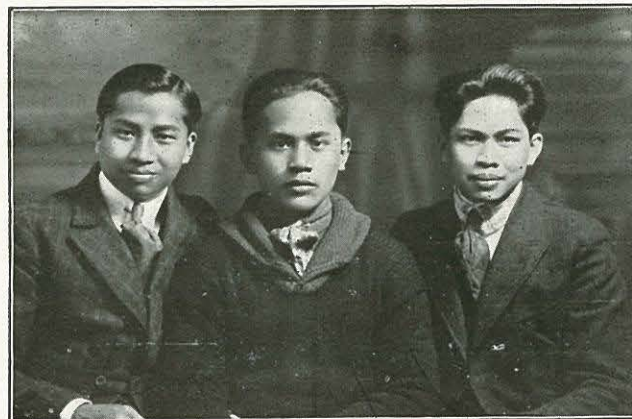
Though small in numbers, the Latin American Band has several representatives on the field. Mr. and Mrs. Emil Rademacher are in Peru, Mr. and Mrs. Ira True in Guatemala, Central America, and Mrs. Esther Carson Winans in Peru. These are all faithfully filling their respective places. Our band at present is composed of six members, all of whom are earnestly praying that the Lord will call others into these needy fields. Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Franklin, who have been active workers on the fields of Guatemala and Mexico, are with us at present. Mr. Franklin has charge of the Spanish department. The Lord has been good to us by giving us members who have a vision and a burning desire to see the gospel furthered in these fields. "Pray for us."

H. J. H.

Although there is no organized Philippine band in the school, there are in attendance three zealous young men who intend to carry the message of holiness across the water to the eleven million of their country who still wander in the darkness of sin. These young men are a blessing to the school; they are always prepared to give a testimony for Jesus, and ever ready to speak of the great need for Christian workers in the Philippines. We are certain that if they remain true to God, he will use them to turn many from darkness to light.

F. S. C.

Philippine Band



Eighty-four



Japanese Band

Japan, with all her sin and superstition, desires to have the gospel, and if it is given to her, she will in time spread that gospel. We have a veritable example of this in our Japanese Band, who are earnestly working for the salvation of their people. The word of God is taking root, so that the time is already come when a great change can be seen in the Japanese communities. In a work of such importance, it is needful that the utmost tact and wisdom be used. If we can but direct that warrior spirit into the proper channels, many will be able to say with us, "Not with powder and ball and sword and cannon, but with the living Word of God, and his Spirit, do we go forth to conquer the islands for Christ."

L. A. W.

Called and Trained

All true missionaries, home and foreign, always have been and always will be, those whom the Holy Spirit has singularly separated unto his work. Seldom, if ever, has the church led the way in setting them apart. As at Antioch, it was not the church but the Holy Spirit that took the lead in selecting and separating the first missionaries. "Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them."

The Holy Spirit is the one prominent personalty in their appointment. He spoke in an audible voice, "I have called thee," and demanded that they should be separated unto himself. All that the church had to do was to hear and heed this voice from above. In laying hands upon them and sending them away, these disciples took no initiative step, but followed where the Spirit went before, ordaining and separating those whom he had ordained and separated. Our last glimpse of them as they depart recalls not

Eighty-five

The Athletic Associations

ATHLETIC COMMITTEE

CALVIN EMERSON, *Chairman*

BACHER MAGHJEE, *President of Boys' Association*

BARBARA ANDERSON, *President of Girls' Association*

Athletics in a Christian College? Certainly, we believe that they have their place in colleges of this sort as well as any other institution of learning. However, we do not think of athletics as it is usually thought of and practiced. In general, it seems, that the main object of athletics aside from providing exercise for those who partake in them, is to create a winning team, a team that shall put the institution on the map athletically, and contribute to the building up of a school spirit.

We would not for a moment say that there is any wrong in this, but our school is different, and we do not enter into the intercollegiate spirit of athletic competition. Then, too, we exist for a different purpose than most schools. We were founded primarily as a place where boys and girls and older young folks could obtain an education under Christian influences, and we are not out fundamentally to make scholars or athletes, but to make characters as well; as our college motto reads, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness: and all these things shall be added unto you." Matt. 6:33. This, then, is where our college spirit should come in. It should be the intense aim of every student to make this college the finest, cleanest, most spiritual institution in the land, to maintain a high standard of learning, and through it all to build up a real Christian character. But coupled with this is the unquestionable necessity of a strong healthy body. This is the aim of our school athletics, and it is so indisputable that nothing further need be written concerning it.

How do we do it? Well, everyone knows that folks eat because they are hungry, and hit tennis balls because they enjoy the sport. We have no compulsory exercises at present, we play because we enjoy it and it makes us feel better, and in doing so we unconsciously, perhaps, build up our physique.

Here, then, is what we have. During the year we have organized an Athletic Association, of which each student is a member. This association we have divided into two organizations, one for the boys and one for the girls, with separate sets of officers and by-laws, but all under a single constitution. This constitutes our machinery. Our equipment is on the increase, and we feel that we have made good progress this year. We have four tennis courts in shape now, and expect to have two more soon. We also have courts for volley ball, basket ball, croquet, hand ball, and are living with high hopes of a bigger year than ever next year, and a real gym someday.



Over the top.



Oh so tall!

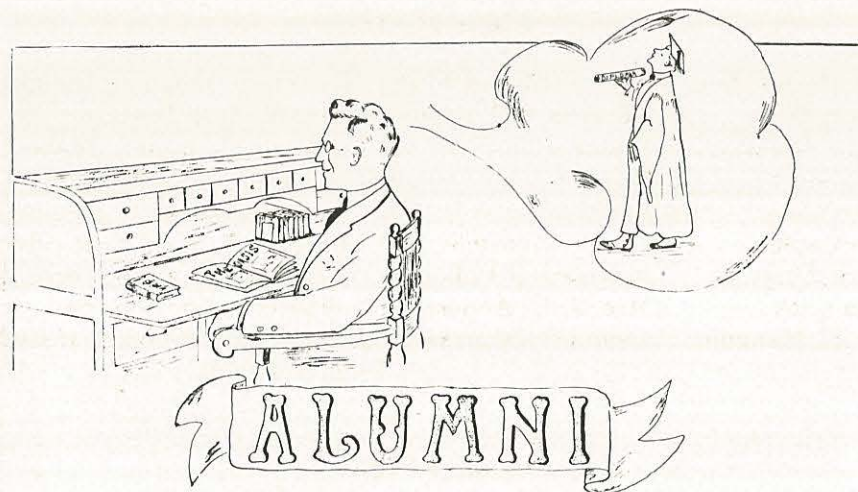


Stunts.



"You can't do it!"
"Can't eh?"





OFFICERS OF THE ALUMNI

DR. THOS. E. MANGUM, *President*

MARCUS COOK, *Secretary-Treasurer*

The Alumni Association of the Northwest Nazarene College was organized in 1918 by the classes of '17 and '18 with an enrollment of eight members. There are now twenty-six members, with some more to join us from the senior class of '22. The first annual banquet was given the class of '18.

The purpose of the organization is to further Christian fellowship and strengthen loyalty to our Alma Mater. No school has a greater asset than a successful alumni association, whose members are filling positions of trust and honor. Nearly one-half of our graduates have responded to God's call upon them for service in foreign lands, and are now doing heroic work in their respective fields. Those in the home land are serving as pastors, evangelists, and teachers, and God is blessing their labors.

Class of '17

Harriette Goozee --- Teacher, Eastern Nazarene College, Wollaston, Mass.
 Myrtlebell Walter --- Missionary, Kishorganj Dist., Eastern India.
 Merle Thomson ----- Graduate Nurse, San Jose, California.
 Daniel Hallstrom --- Minister, Sweden.

Class of '18

Ira Shanks ----- Teacher, Pilgrim School, Pasadena, California.
 Marion Benton ----- Mrs. C. E. Howard, Nampa, Idaho.
 Marcus Cook ----- Student, University of California, Berkeley, Cal.
 Hilma Shern ----- Teacher, Northwest Nazarene College, Nampa, Idaho.

Ninety-four

Class of '19

Ralph Hertenstein	Pastor, Church of the Nazarene, Bicknell, Indiana.
Prescott Beals	Missionary, Buldana, Berar, Western India.
Stewart Maddox	Pastor, Church of the Nazarene, Lewiston, Idaho.
James Short	District Superintendent, Church of the Nazarene, Indiana District.
Oliver Gault	Pastor, Apostolic Holiness Church, Post Falls, Idaho.
Willard Shattuck	Professor of Philosophy, Friends' College, Newberg, Ore.
Emma Cook	Mrs. J. C. Anderson, Bellingham, Washington.
Thos. E. Mangum	Dean of Nazarene Missionary Sanitarium & Institute, Nampa, Idaho.

Class of '20

Louise Robinson	Missionary, Sabi, Transvaal, South Africa.
Bessie Littlejohn	Mrs. P. L. Beals, Missionary, Buldana, Berar, India.
Ward Millen	Missionary under commission, Africa.

Class of '21

Ruth Doane	Student, Pacific School of Religion, Berkeley, California.
Forest Hall	Student, Pacific School of Religion, Berkeley, California.
Allan Goozee	Student, Pacific School of Religion, Berkeley, California.
Marion Morden	Mrs. J. W. Michel, Missionary under commission, China.
Moses Hagopian	Student, Northwest Nazarene College.
Emily R. Mangum	Superintendent of Nazarene Missionary Sanitarium & Institute, Nampa, Idaho.
Ira True	Missionary, Coban, Guatemala, Central America.

HILMA M. SHERN, '18

“Multitudes estimate the Bible by what they see of its fruits in the actions of individual Christians. These living epistles, known and read, out-preach the pulpit in influence.”

“Not for the present but for the future, not for youth but for age, not for time but for eternity let us choose and live.”

School Notes

School Notes! What are they? It is an ordinary thing to find "notes in school," but they are not usually the kind to be published in a college annual—yet no doubt they would be interesting to annual readers—for do they not contain secrets, never told except under seal of a "note?" Do they not contain information about the dignitaries which if read by them would greatly increase their store of learning, as well as make them better acquainted with themselves? Do they not contain also jokes on fellow students that no one is ever supposed to tell? And what can more completely awaken curiosity and hence interest in a subject that just to "know" you are not supposed to "know!"

Do tell me—have I, in this wandering fashion, lighted upon what might be termed a definition for School Notes? Are not School Notes simply a collection of "notes written in school?" It is the only one I am able to find, so assuming that it is correct, I have a collection I beg to submit to you. They will be informational, full of true revelation, and will above all be packed with learning, for do they not come from learned folk? L. F.

The Why and How of Campus Day

What student has not felt a peculiar weariness in the regions posterior to the frontal lobes as the end of the school year has drawn near? The grind of daily preparations of assignments and the nerve-racking ordeal of the recitation in such subjects as Spanish, French, and Greek becomes monotonous in time; and the time above referred to usually arrives in April or May. A tired feeling, similar to that we used to designate as spring fever, takes hold of a person with death-like grip. The student says he has been studying too hard when the fact is he has not been studying hard enough. When juniors go about asking each other whether or not they have completed some home quiz, or have done the note book work assigned last semester, there is something wrong. The consciousness of duties neglected and the worry thus caused, really brings on the brain-fag. Another influence is working in the minds of the students called school spirit. This term covers a widely extended scope, ranging from a proclivity to root for a baseball team or debating club, to a slight degree of civic pride in the appearance for the school premises. A little school spirit mixed with a desire for holiday diversion when properly stirred is apt as not to result in the proclamation of campus day.

The weather sent to us on campus day is generally of a variegated variety; in other words very unsettled. Just when the prospects are the most favorable, the announcement "Tomorrow will be campus day," is made; "Come prepared." Behold! to-morrow when it comes is squally and the precipitation has been frozen before it reached mother earth. Then, instead of serenely raking up stones, tin cans, and paper, and other rubbish from

Ninety-six

the campus, we stand around shivering, waiting for more favorable weather and for our dinner at the club. Meanwhile, a few of the windows on the premises have their faces washed inside and out, and campus day has meant something in a practical sense.

Campus day is always a social asset. You never truly know a person until you have watched his behavior in many situations. When you work shoulder to shoulder with your class-mate, there is something of a fellowship springs up in your soul that was not there formerly. You have met him in a new situation, labored with him under the depressing influence of a cold April wind and feel that you have gained an insight into his very soul. You go to dinner and notice how he enjoys a well earned meal. Then you watch him in the afternoon games, admiring the grace with which he accepts defeat from the opposing team, and feel that you are better acquainted with him than you have ever been before. You see his faults; nevertheless if you are really his friend, you still love him.

When we shall have completed our college course and review in memory the yesterdays spent at N.N.C., campus day will stand out as the most pleasant of them all.

MYRON BLANCHARD, Col. '23

Books No One Has Read

A Suggested List for the English Department

- "Her," by Rider Haggard
- "John Bunyan," by The Pilgrim
- "Tales of Shakespeare's Lambs."
- "Her Ben," by Lew Wallace
- "The Light That Went Out," by Rudyard Kipling
- "The Ravings of Edgar Allen Poe."
- "King Liar," by Shakespeare
- "The Turning of the Screw," by Shakespeare
- "Who's Your Schoolmaster," by Eggleston
- "A Tale of Two Kitties," by Dickens

Famous Sayings by Famous People

DR. WILEY: "We are getting on now." "I'll tell you, it's just like this." "Exactly so!"

PROFESSOR WINCHESTER: Most characteristic is her hearty laugh pointedly punctuated with, "and so forth."

PROFESSOR FORSYTH: In English, "Is it a good story?"

PROFESSOR MARSHALL: "Will you please stand." "Every tub must stand on its own bottom."

Ninety-seven

The Consequences of Education

Minnie Lord in Psychology class:

The discussion of the period was on imagination; very thoughtfully she considered the question, then turning to the professor said, much to the amusement of fellow classmen: "If we think of a certain odor, we smell it through our mind's eye."

Hollis Grubb, our little Senior, in Psychology class:

"I believe in corporal punishment to some extent at least; I tell you they used it quite extensively on me when I was in Grammar school."

Mr. Owen (a wise Junior): "And just see what they have made out of him."

Miss Slack in Practical Points class:

"Miss Waller, will you please name the bones of the head."

Miss Waller:

"There are the frontal, parietal and occipital bones."

Dr. Wiley is very careful to teach simply, and to carefully explain all principles, for he tells us, "One can never overestimate the ignorance of his audience."

And this is the way work piling up at the end of the year effects a certain Sophomore: he left the ad. building one evening out of his head, I suppose, for he was shouting:

"It was midnight on the ocean,
Not a street car was in sight,
The sun was shining brightly
And it rained all day that night."

Mr. Hart, a six-foot College Freshie, came into the library rubbing his head; big tears stood in his eyes. When asked what his troubles were, he replied: "I bumped my head on the door-nob."

The Truth at Last

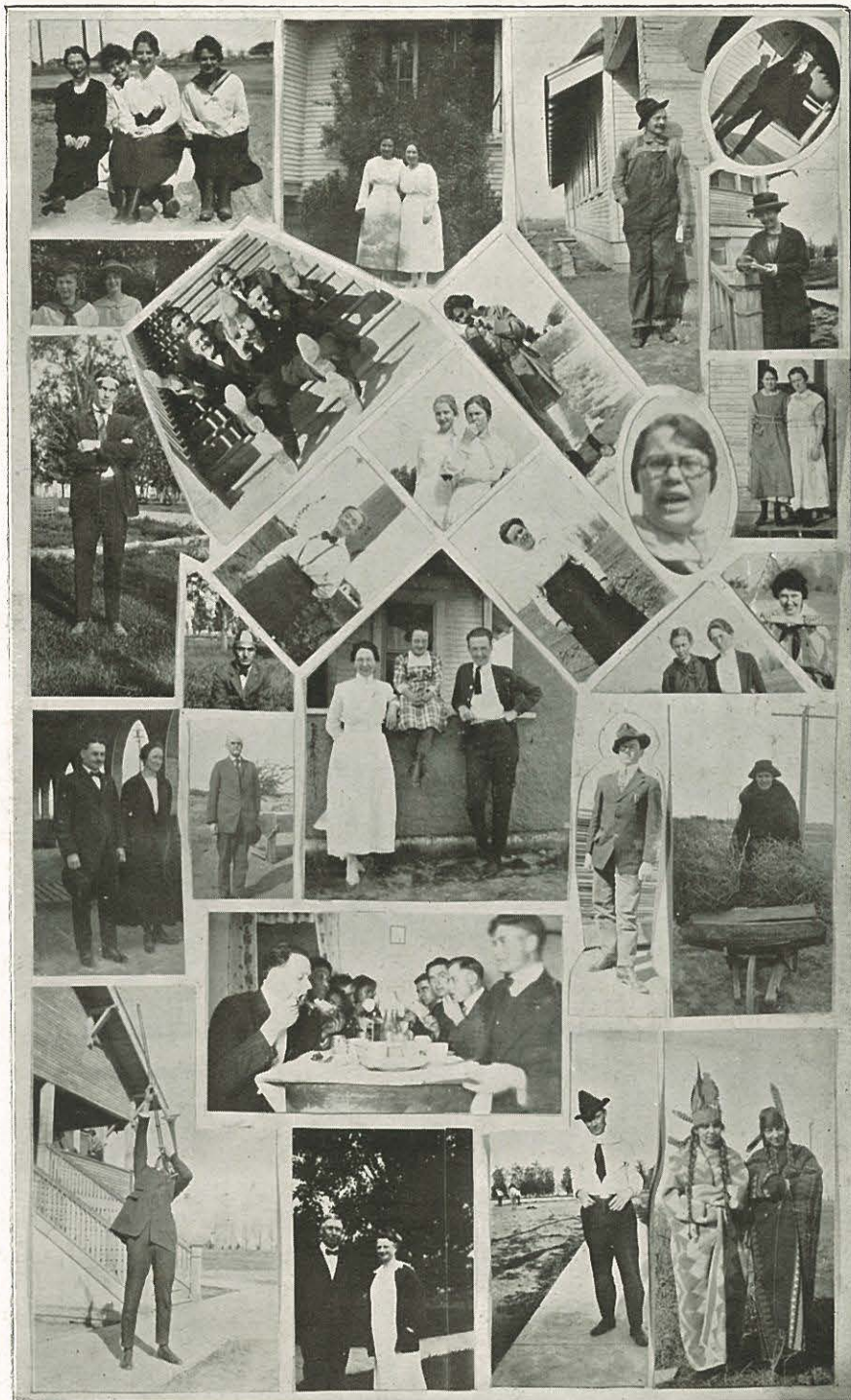
(Concluded from page 74)

evening from 7:00 to 9:30 must be devoted to that. If you would regale yourself with music, story and song, 6:15 to 7:00 p. m. is the time for that. Furthermore, if quietness were the one thing in the world you most desired, just forget it till—oh well, you can see how it goes—filling your conscious hours with a maze of rules, regulations, and duties.

In conclusion, then, let me ask that the millions of boys and girls yet untarnished by this decriable institution take heed. Do not pass over these astounding statements and fail to conceive the import of them. And above all, let no one tell you that this is the work of a misanthrope, or a radical. It was written kindly to keep you, young generation, from what I have seen.

GLENN WALLACE, Col. '25

Ninety-eight



Patches

Ninety-nine

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Over the Side

(Continued from page 75)

and had quietly slipped away behind the superstructure. I felt sure that I was rid of this menace, when to my surprise he returned with half a dozen of his own type, and I was immediately informed that I was going over the side. I tried to argue the matter but I soon found that there was no use. I knew that they were determined and also knew that resistance was useless. There was but one chance, and that was that some one might come to my rescue; but since all the swimmers were on the other side of the ship it was not likely that I would get any help from that source. So I took hold of the life rail with both hands, straining every muscle to the limit, and faced the angry mob. Of all situations this was the most undesirable. I could face a cannon, extreme cold, contagious diseases, the brunt and battle of the seaman's life, but to have my dignity insulted by such an angry mob, a half dozen ruffians who were haters of peace and purity, was insupportable.

I might have signaled for help, but my courage forbade it and to plead for mercy, at such a seat of justice was repulsive, so I determined to do my best and take the consequences. By this time each seaman had been assigned his portion of my frame work; two a leg each, two an arm each, and the other two what ever portion they might haply obtain; and at the sound of the whistle the tug-of-war began. At first I thought that I'd just let them heave me over, then I could easily swim to the quarter deck and escape. But at that moment I thought of the curiosity of my friends and officers as I climbed the ladder of the gang way. This changed my mind. I'd not give up, I'd stay there as long as possible and then I'd be persuaded in my own mind, at any rate, that I had done my best. So I strained every muscle on the life rails, ground my teeth with determination, and my muscles were under such pressure that they twinged and ached, while my breath came in puffs and my pulse beat like a trip hammer. During this time the sailors were not idle but were tugging at my legs, arms and other miscellaneous parts. At last they made a desperate struggle, and I felt my shoulder joints slip. This loosened my left hand, and I knew that it would be only a few minutes till my only hope would vanish. Again, they made a desperate jerk, and all hope was gone; I could almost feel my muscles tear from their fastings and I could feel

One Hundred One

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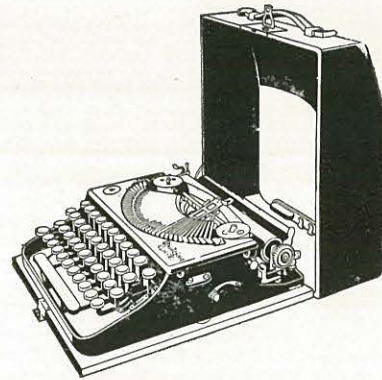
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the marrow surge back and forth through the bones. My strength was gone; another jerk, my right hand was torn loose, and so violent was the jerk that my head clashed against a three-inch gun. I felt that my last hour had come. To face an army, a mountain lion, or even a den of thieves was nothing to being hurled overboard by a ghastly crew to be smothered in the deep without a chance to fight for my life. Fear and horror filled my soul. I thought of mother, father, my sisters and little brother, about my plans for the future that were now to be so mercilessly ended.

By this time I had been carried to the life rails, and I could feel the joints grind, and my muscles tear, as they swung me back and forth to get ample leverage for my overthrow. Worst of all, I could hear them curse, as they dedicated my body to the scavengers of the deep. So violent was the final swing that I flew over the safe line, and far from the ship. Those who have experienced such a flight can sympathize with the victim but they can never put into words the feeling of this moment. A nervous chill swept over me, I became sick, breath and life became a burden; I longed for the end when I would be smothered in the bosom of the great sea. Some men have fallen in their dreams, but this is nothing to be compared with being wide awake and falling for many feet to be torn and devoured by the numerous animals that roam the eastern seas. I felt sure that it was my day of doom. It seemed that I was sustained by some invisible force, either for the prolongation of life, or that I might more thoroughly consider the departure of a lost soul.

(Concluded on page 108)

One Hundred Two

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One Hundred Three

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Hundreds of young men and women are seeking an education in an institution where the spiritual atmosphere is wholesome. The Church of the Nazarene must care for them.

The Educational work of the Church of the Nazarene is of supreme importance. What shall it profit us if we save the young people of other countries and lose our own?

To properly educate these young people means also more pastors, evangelists, and missionaries. Notice the large number of missionaries being sent to the field this year by our General Board of Foreign Missions---practically all of these are from our Nazarene Colleges.

Plan to care for the spiritual and financial needs of our colleges. The Board will accept annuities. Gifts great or small for much needed endowment will be greatly appreciated. Some of our good people have already planned to render valuable assistance to this important work of the Church.

Plan to do likewise.

For further information concerning the work of this Board, address

J. B. Chapman, D.D., President

Bethany, Okla.

or

H. Orton Wiley, Secretary

Nampa, Idaho

The Finer Art

(Continued from Page 62)

edge of Christ as our foundation, we may in confidence proceed to build.

The work of character building is not carried out by any series of brilliant executions, but is a slow, laborious task of days and months and years. No one day will determine it, although that day will leave its indelible impress. Every single action, however small, may be regarded as a stone, which fitted into its place, not only adds to the strength or weakness of the whole structure according to its own quality, but by its position in reference to the plumbline largely determines the position of those which are to follow. Some one has well said, "See to it that each hour's feelings and thoughts and actions are pure and true, then will your life be such."

Standing in equal importance with action in the formation of character are thoughts, for thoughts are the sources of actions, and feelings the fountains of thought. Where the interests and affections are centered, there will the thoughts be also, and as a man thinks he acts, and as he acts he is. Noble thoughts and pure affections lend beautiful color to the soul. A certain writer has likened every thought and feeling to a painting stroke in the darkness of our likeness which is to be; and our whole life to but a chamber which we are frescoing with colors, that do not appear while being laid on wet, but which will shine forth afterward when finished and dry.

Such thoughts and feelings and actions spring only from noble aspirations and ideals. No artist has ever yet painted a picture or fashioned a statue, who did not first have born within his soul an image more beautiful than any thing he was ever able to bring out in his work. This inward ideal served as a pattern for the outward expression on canvas or marble, and gave to the concrete representation whatever of beauty it ever possessed. So, before any true advance can be made in the development of character, there must be instilled within the soul high and noble ideals. The sources from which we may derive such ideals are almost limitless. History gives us the lives of the great men of all ages for our examples. Besides, there are qualities of true worth and greatness in those all about us, which we may strive to appropriate and develop in ourselves. Then, there is the Bible, God's word to man, which is full of unexcelled standards and models of holy character; and, above all, the boundless love of our heavenly Father welcomes us into association and communion with himself, and in that exercise of prayer and meditation our souls may take on the very image of him who is the essence of beauty, purity and perfection.

Surely no means to success has been denied us in our art of life. The infinite love of God freely grants us his wisdom to guide us, his boundless wealth to supply us, and his grace to sustain us in every need. Thus enabled by divine power it is ours to make every thought and action add value and beauty to our work of art. The qualities which will show forth in a character fashioned to God's plan will be glorious and abiding. The man who has made himself a true man according to God's eternal standard will be first of all a godly man. His life will be free from any taint of baseness or vileness, and will be marked by that peculiar richness and fragrance

One Hundred Five

which attend a holy character and bespeak an intimate acquaintance with things above. Yet, although on a higher plane of life than the multitude, he will possess a depth of humility and a breadth of sympathy which will make him a brother among erring mankind. He will be charitable toward the failings of his fellows, gentle in his dealings with them, and as mindful of the rights and welfare of others as his own. Such a man will always be conscious of his own limitations and honestly open to advice and instruction. He will, however, be firm in what he knows to be the right and courageous in his stand for the truth against wrong. A man of such character will never be daunted by discouragements; his hopes are not bounded by the narrow limits of present circumstances. His vision pierces to that which is beyond and is eternal, for he possesses those crowning virtues of faith, hope, and love, which Beecher has so beautifully described: "Faith by which we see the glories of the eternal sphere; Hope by which we mount toward them; and Love, overtopping all, by which we grasp and inherit them and which like a cathedral town begins on earth but at length, rising above arch and parapet and pinnacle, shoots spire-like right into the air, so high that the huge cross on its summit shines out like a star in the evening sky when the rest of the pile is enveloped in darkness."

Such are some of the beauties of that edifice of character which is built to the plan of the Master Architect. Every stone is laid true to the plummet of truth and bound securely by the bond of perfectness. Strong and stately it rises above the dingy shops and hovels which lie close to earth, and points its glistening spires to the heavenly blue; and as years roll by, and winter's storm and summer's heat beat down upon it, still it stands as an enduring monument of truth and righteousness. This is a Christian character which the storms of adversity cannot shake, nor the tempests of inferno move, for it is founded upon a rock; it is builded for eternity.

On the other hand, he who rejects the divine plan and relies on his own foolish conceit for guidance is sure of failure. His genius may bring out a certain fleeting beauty in his building, but his materials are soft and crumbling; and he lays them crookedly, with untempered mortar. As the edifice of his pride rises higher and higher, at length with its very soaring height it trembles, totters, falls, upon the very head of its builder and leaves nothing but a dismal ruin to his memory.

Truly, "life is real, life is earnest." Tremendous responsibilities lie at the door of each of us. Success or failure in the truest sense depends not upon circumstances, but upon ourselves. Eternal destiny is balanced on the pivot of our own decision. Here in the brief and insignificant span of life we see the limitless expanse of eternity condensed in a drop and placed in our hands. Surely there is no time for idle trifling. Every physical, mental, and spiritual power must be bent to our immortal work of art. Before this the great works of the masters of the plastic arts pale into insignificance. Webster once said, "If we work upon marble it will perish; if upon brass time will efface it; if we rear temples they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon our immortal minds, if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and love of our fellow men; we engrave upon those tablets

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something which will brighten all eternity. Let us then test and perfect every thought, and fresco the inner chambers of our souls with noble and exalted imaginations. Then, when the honor of earthly artists has long since faded away, and the names of Phidias, Raphael, and Wren have for ages been forgotten, our finished masterpiece, a noble character, shall continue to unfold yet richer beauties for our Master's glory.

ROY E. SWIM, Col. '24.

"If instead of a gem or even a flower, we should cast the gift of a loving thought into the heart of a friend, that would be giving, I think, as the angels must give."

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Over the Side

(Continued from page 102)

As I hung over the bosom of the great ocean, I'm sure that I experienced the same feelings that come to many a soul as it hangs in the final balance. Such a sense of sadness, such mental agony, and awful fear as came over me. It was not that I was afraid to die, for more than once I had faced death in all its hideousness, but that I had had an opportunity and had not cherished it. I had had a chance, I could have been more careful, I knew better. Just a little humble obedience, and all would have been well. But now I was lost. Not with the condemnation of a sinning soul was I condemned; not as one whose past opportunities cut him off; but as a man who had made a mistake; who had fought a losing fight and was now receiving his reward. I'm sure that never before had I such an awful, sickening, soul paralyzing experience. I fell for some sixty feet, which seemed a mile. All the time I was longing for the final thud. At first I had thought of diving, but I was so sick from my injuries that, desiring the worst, I came down like a lifeless fish broad-sided into the water. The air suddenly left my lungs, and was rapidly replaced by strangling salt water. It was the final moment and I was sinking, sinking deep into the bosom of the great ocean.

Thirty hours later, consciousness had returned. I was snugly tucked in bed, and surrounded by friends anxiously awaiting my recovery. As soon as the doctors would allow me to listen, the boys told me the story of my rescue. They said that I was sinking for the third time, when the boatman's mate, suddenly dived over the life line, reached me and saved me. The gang had refused to help, but unaided he was dragging me toward the quarter deck when a life boat, on its occasional circuit about the ship, picked us up. And now, standing at the foot of the bed, was the mate with an apologizing kindness written all over his usually hard face. My bitter enemy of a few hours past was now my best friend. He had thoroughly repented of his rashness and had proved it by risking his life for mine.

GUY SHARP, Col. '23

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