

THE LIGHT

VOL. 1.

MILLIGAN COLLEGE, TENNESSEE, FEBRUARY

NUMBER 4

"Say unto Wisdom, Thou art my Sister; and call understanding thy kinswoman."

WHERE THE FIGHT IS STRONG.

It is great to be out where the fight
is strong,
To be where the heaviest troops
belong,
And to fight there for man and God!

Oh, it seems the face and it dries the
brain,
It strains the arm till one's friend is
Pain,
In the fight for man and God.

But it's great to be out where the
fight is strong,
To be where the heaviest troops
belong
And to fight there for man and God!
—Cleland B. McAfee.

A HAPPY OCCASION.

Not long since I asked a friend how
many Milligan College men were in
Johnson City. He replied: "Possibly
fifteen or sixteen." Upon looking
further we found forty-eight. Desir-
ing to see them all together for re-
newed fellowship and acquaintance
we sent to each the following card the
date however being changed to Janu-
ary 31:

Mr. and Mrs. Hopwood
request the pleasure of
your company at dinner
Thursday, January twenty-seventh
seven p. m.

The Avalon, Johnson City
Object, fellowship of Milligan Men
Principal address by
Dr. J. P. McConnell
Toasts by others

The Johnson City Staff on the next
morning contained the following:

STUDENTS BANQUET.

One of the sweetest and best gath-
erings that ever blessed the lives of
the participants, came to the follow-
ing crowd last evening at the Avalon;
Dr. Josephus Hopwood, Geo. W. Har-
din, Mat Martin, Professor J. H.
Smith, Dr. J. P. McConnell, R. K. Wil-
liams, Walter Haun, D. S. Burleson,
Geo. T. Wofford, J. E. Crouch, H. M.
Burleson, Sidney Gervin, L. D. Rid-
dell, Mrs. Hopwood, Mrs. Hardin,
Adam B. Crouch, S. W. Price, Frank
St. John, Oscar M. Fair, Joe B. Sells,
S. A. Williams, W. G. Payne, Ben H.
Taylor, John Campbell, W. C. Good,
and A. B. Bowman, Jr. The faculty
of Milligan College and others.

Of course Dr. J. Hopwood was the
chief mogul while Mrs. Hopwood, en-
shrined in the heart of every one
present had all the powers of an em-

press, every one protesting against
having one bit of sovereignty under his
own hat, scoffing the idea that any
one had the right to rule but Mrs.
Hopwood, their own good mother
queen. Dr. J. P. McConnell, President
of the East Radford Normal, was the
guest of the evening. Of course all
were Milligan College students of
former days. Geo. W. Hardin was
there representing the first class of
graduates while Ben H. Taylor was
the latest product of the institution
present. Everybody spoke and spoke
as long as they wanted to—some
made two speeches, for instance Dr.
Burleson—His heart just ran over
and over and over. They didn't sing
"We won't go home until morning,"
but it could have been sung. How
that crowd did luxuriate in the past,
how reminiscent all grew. All to'd
how they came to go to Milligan col-
lege to school, and it developed, that
when Professor Hopwood discovered
them, and suggested the value of an
education, they were about all bare-
footed; all had been brought up on
corn bread and cistern water, and did
not have one cent to their name. Dr.
Burleson told about his "blue topped
shoes" and how he lost them. Geo. T.
Wofford, J. E. Crouch and J. P. Mc-
Connell remembered some trouble
they had by reason of the fact they
all loved the same girl. She being
unable to decide which one of them
she was going to turn down first.
Horace Burleson told some pathetic
boyhood history, bringing tears to the
hearts of many. Frank St. John re-
membered about Mrs. Hopwood tell-
ing him, "Frankie shut the door be-
hind you." Ben H. Taylor struck the
trail for adastra. Of course something
could not be said about everything
that was done and said—it would fill
a great book. The heart of the crowd
presented Mr. and Mrs. Hopwood a
chair, of such design and texture that
it thought the way of these two would
be made sweeter and easier.

A great many remembered the old
time "Socfables" and a few remem-
bered paying their way into pay pro-
grams, on eggs, chickens and other
country products. Joe Sells and Hor-
ace Burleson and Oscar Fair were in
this galaxy of stars.

Of course Dr. J. P. McConnell, our
distinguished guest, made the address
of the evening. It was rich in mem-
ories of the past and advice for the
present and the future.

And things to eat were there of the
choicest kind and pleasingly served,
music also, by F. W. Hoss—'nough
said.

When the crowd broke up, every
man's cup of happiness was full,
pressed down and running over.

MOTHER.

It was a wild winter night. Like a
wild spirit, the wind moved with
frantic swiftiness over the earth. It
swept invisible strings, and the over-
tone of nature was heard. Deep anti-
phonal music breaking from the vault
of night, ran wild on the fields of
heaven. Coursing the fields of ether,
like a veiled destiny, it hurled itself
into the arena of cosmic life. It
wailed through the forests, it roared
in the vales; it mourned, yes,
mourned, round the house. The
watches throughout the night had
waited, waited for the passing of a
life. To these watchers in the silent
room, it seemed that the wind had
been sent to chariot to its home
"within the holier blue," the passing
spirit of Mother. Though wild with-
out, all was calm and still within. As
the world has it, Mother was dying.
But there was no noise, no difficult
breathing, no death struggle. Mother
was breathing her life out gently as
an infant's sleep. She was not dying
—she did not die. Nature, good kind
nurse, was putting her child to sleep
And how well she slept—how well
she sleeps! Mother's eyes were awake

light. The moon was one crown and
it was dark now at four by the clock,
and Mother passed into the sleep
without dreams. In a few hours day
had come, but no Mother; her eyes
had closed to the sun forever, her
body was passing back to earth, her
spirit had passed, I trust, to the great
good God, and to the great presences.
I passed through the room where
Mother was sleeping so peacefully
that day. The blinds were drawn,
but nothing else was changed, and
these words of Browning's Evelyn
Hope came back to me:

"Little has been changed, I think:
The shutters are shut, no light may
pass
Save two long rays, through the
hinge's chink."

And the other last lines:
"Go to sleep!
You will wake, and remember, and
understand."

When my Mother slept, I saw death
defeated. I witnessed the vindicator
of God's laws in nature. As I watched
through the hours of the daylight and
the dark and saw Mother's breathing
become less frequent and grow faint-
er, and as I watched her go to sleep
forever, to sleep which seemed "as
sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gen-
tle," I realized then, perhaps, more
fully than ever before that the law of
change is as vital as the laws of life.
To enter new realms of beauty and
truth and love, man must change.
These three entitles are the potencies
that urge life and its energies to re-
mould and to re-embody themselves

in higher and fairer forms. Indeed,
it has been urged by writers on aes-
thetics that beauty is the life within
the form, and as this life passes on
from one embodiment to another, life
as we see it becomes perennially at-
tractive. If this be true, Mother's life
had worn out its embodiment and
passed on to its Infinite Source—God.

Mother was, for the greater part of
her life, a member of the Methodist
church. She was never known to
turn a deaf ear to suffering and dis-
tress. No beggar was ever turned
from her door without food and
clothing. I know, in this, she the
larger, better wisdom of the heart.
She made no pretensions to sanctity,
but lived just a plain, simple life of
helpfulness to man without regard to
race or condition. Her example is
infinitely valuable to her children.
Today, under the snow, "her body
sleeps, her deeds for man and bird
and beast sleep not, and never shall."

Thus Mother lived and died. In
winter, by father's side on "a slope
of green access, we buried her. The
earth received into her bosom no
inkled form. To her cheeks the
glow of young womanhood had re-
turned. As she lay in her casket, she
was fair to look upon. It seemed as
if her spirit "bathed in the freshness
of pure morning dews," had come
back to her.

Boys and girls of Milligan College,
remember Mother. Keep the roses in
her cheeks, twine the roses in her
hair. She loves you and wants you
to make the best of life, wants you to
have the greatest real joy. Make
Mother happy now! The writer loves
you and wishes you well, and asks
you to remember that there are three
things to believe in and to cherish—
"God and truth and love."

JAMES MILLER.

Washington, D. C., Jan. 9, 1915.

THE MAN WHO WINS.

The man who wins is an average man
Not built on any particular plan,
Not blest with any peculiar luck;
Just steady and earnest and full of
pluck.

So he works and waits; till one fine
day

There's a better job with bigger pay,
And the men who shirked whenever
they could

Are bossed by the man whose work
made good.

—American School of Correspondence

Prof. Pease and Miss Burris' Music
class recital each two weeks makes
an interesting exercise for some of us
who can only look on but we are glad
to note the fine progress in the music
classes.

THE LIGHT

Milligan College, Tenn.

Edited by
JOSEPHUS HOPWOOD
Assisted by
MRS. HOPWOOD

Entered as second-class matter according to Act of Congress July 16, 1891, at Milligan College, Tenn.

OUR NEW ROCKER.

When sweetheart and I began to keep house at Buffalo Institute, Cave we had no rocking chair nor money to buy one. Not for years could we spare money from building cottages, buying lots for campus, making homes for students, to buy anything except necessities. Often we gave our bed clothes to keep students warm.

We loved them, rejoiced in their progress and dreamed dreams for their future. We were young then. Forty years have passed and we are young yet. Those years have brought the boys and girls of that day to mature thought and wider visions, but they are not old. Earnest life under gray hairs or youthful locks is always re-freshing itself.

Jan. 31, at the Avalon, we met a line of these Milligan men, and they met each other. It extended from Buffalo Institute with mud roads, rocky hills, cistern water, oil lamps, wood fires, with Geo. Hardin, Jr., Smith and Johnny Campbell to lead the things on, up to Hardin Hall, electric lights, water works, pike roads, automobiles, with A. B. Bowman, Jr., and Ben Taylor to show the latest growth.

That was a genial crowd, there had to be a run-over of good fellowship in some form, and so it came.

We do not know who borned the thought but some loving hearted boy expressed himself and lo, without noise or show, the many became of one mind and brought forth the finest rocking chair that we two people ever owned.

Quality, size, looks—all first class good enough for the mother queen of college boys to rest in while she remains to express the beauties and hopes of life. We offer our hearts' thanks to these manly men and ask the blessings of God on their lives.

WRITE TO US.

We think of that Home-Coming next July. Many students of days gone by will meet again. Write us a letter.

A genuine love letter from Dr. Isaac Briggs, away out in Oklahoma brought to mind many of Isaac's pioneer experiences. Such works wrought some of these boys into real men. They are stalwarts.

Write us the addresses of your classmates. If any of the college boys are in jail, bail them out, so they can come to the reunion July 18.

MANLY COURAGE.

A young man may have average good health and good sense, yet fail and be commonplace for lack of courage. He has not courage to do honest work with his hands, and yet assert his place and even leadership with those who do not work. He lacks courage to wear plain clothes that he can pay for. He will remain at home ignorant, before going to college and doing his own cooking.

A young preacher of this kind will not go to some village or cross-roads, commit himself to God and start a church, but spends months waiting for a place.

A young business man of this class will not economize and work thoughtfully and patiently to develop a business of his own; but he must continue his salary that he may wear fine clothes, be in society parties, have vacations and keep up with his set. Such young men are more concerned about immediate pleasure and what "They say," than about their own real manhood.

The honest, thoughtful young man who steadily looks at the reality of life, and works on in plain clothes, but completes his job; slights vacations, and costly sports, but refreshes his mind with a strong book and his own visions of things, becomes a leader and an employer of his fellows who cared so much for society's "say" and so little for real values.

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Department of Public Instruction State of Tennessee

Nashville, February 11, 1916.

Dr. J. Hopwood,
Milligan College, Tenn.

My Dear Sir:

Yours of the 8th received. In reply can say I take pleasure in placing Milligan College on our accredited list and certificates, without examination, will be granted to all your graduates who have taken the educational course.

If at any time I can serve your institution, I shall be glad to do so.

Very truly yours,

S. W. SHERRILL,
Superintendent.

OUR TEACHERS' CLASS.

Our Teachers' Classes prove of highest value. The young men and women who go out from Milligan as teachers stand with the first. They are energetic, tactful, and progressive. They have high moral standards, and work to establish the same principles in their schools.

The teaching includes all subjects from the choice of a location to the philosophy of education. Practical points, teachers' literature, the psychology of teaching, illustrations from school-rooms visited, visiting the schools of neighboring towns; these all come under discussion and practice.

COMMENCEMENT.

Former President, F. D. Kershner, on invitation to be at Milligan College at Commencement time says: "If it is possible for me to arrange my schedule at all so that I can serve you I shall certainly do it. I am really anxious to come back to a place so dear to me as old Milligan College."

We shall expect President Kershner to succeed in arranging the date so he can be with us May 14-16.

THE SIXTH HALF CLASS.

In order that the college graduates may obtain five year state certificates for first class high school teaching, they must have had six half year studies in Pedagogy. President Hopwood and Professor Boyd are conducting this sixth half year class, each on alternate days. The class is growing in numbers and interest and promises to be the crown of Pedagogy for 1916.

THE HOME-COMING.

The week beginning July 25 will be observed as special Home-Coming.

The aim will be to gather together former students, teachers and friends of Milligan college, and others wishing to share in the good cheer of the general reunion. Old friendships will be renewed, new friendships formed and life be made gladder and stronger by the association.

QUIT THE WEED.

(This bit of verse by one of Milligan's splendid fellows expresses the sentiment that is growing up in many of them.)

Now who in all this goodly land
Would have his thoughts and deeds
Held weakly down as by a band
Of noxious herbs and weeds.

Cast out then, boys, these evil ways
Of smoking and of chewing,
And make your sum of golden days
One glad season of right doing.

For all the good and beauty too,
That this old world can give,
Is freely laid before you
If a pure, clean life you live.

—S. J. HYDER.

MR. PHILIP TAYLOR.

A former student of Milligan now a progressive farmer of the Chucky Valley entertained and delighted our Morning Class last week. He has the Taylor tongue and brain for speech, and a most practical sense of agriculture, together with a happy interest in his work. He looks for a good rural credit system and believes agriculture will become more and more a dominant power for good to our country.

MR. W. R. HENRY.

Graduated from Milligan in its second class, 1883. For years and years we have wondered where he was and what he was doing. Today there came a letter, saying:

"I am writing you for information regarding the school at Milligan College. I have four boys. Oldest one sixteen, youngest seven. I want them in school and have been thinking of going with all of the family to a good college." We shall write Mr. Henry some good reasons why he should bring that flock of boys from the low-lands of Alabama to the hills of Tennessee and under the shadow of his Alma Mata.

REBUILDING.

To the old students and teachers:

Do you want to help us rebuild? Yes. Then send us your name and address. How much do you want of me? All you want to send—a good word, ten dollars, or ten hundred dollars. Glad to receive either according to your ability. Isaac Briggs, away out in Oklahoma, wrote us the other day that he wanted to help rebuild and would send money. Of course you will help. Where could you find an old student of Milligan College who would not help some. Do you know of another friend who might work with us? Then you be one to get one other, who will help. We can all unite and rebuild and do each other good in the fellowship.

Mrs. Hopwood and I will give \$1,000, if all of you old students and teachers and trustees together will give \$10,000. What do you say?

Write us.

—J. H.

JOHNSON CITY FIRE COMPANY.

From the time the dormitory burned we have desired to express our appreciation of the faithful service of the fire company. They did not reach us in time to save much, but the men showed the unselfish, willing mind. They fastened hose in Buffalo Creek and brought water three hundred and more feet up the hill and did all that could be done. Johnson City is to be congratulated on the efficiency of her fire department.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

The Ellen Wilson literary society honored George Washington by giving their annual public program February 22. For more than twenty years without a break, the young ladies of Milligan College have celebrated this day. The event is looked forward to with pleasure by the school and the community.

At the close of the program an elegant banquet was served by the members of the society in the dining-hall of the Young Ladies' Dormitory.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

Prof. Pease has a full class in Harmony, and they are doing some splendid work.

We are glad to announce that Dr. W. S. Taylor who has been quite ill for two months is much improved.

Miss Burrus' violin pupils are progressing well, the youngest one, Miss Lorena Pease three feet high, having been twice in public recitals.

Miss Chevannes attended the annual reunion of her literary club in University of Tennessee on the nineteenth.

President Hopwood delivered an address at the Sunday School celebration recently held at Boone's Creek.

Miss Roxie Buck's many school friends regretted to see her quit school. She was called home on account of her mother's ill-health.

It was a pleasure to see Mrs. LaRue in the dining-room again after having been confined to her room for nearly three weeks with Lagrippe.

The community is pleased to welcome Mrs. Lucy Taylor Huff, of Roanoke, Virginia, who is on an extended visit to her father, Mr. C. C. Taylor and other friends.

Everybody in school and village regretted to see Prof. Miller and his good wife and Miss Pearl leave Milligan. The love and best wishes of us all go with them to their Washington City home.

Professor Hayden has started an interesting class in Social Welfare, dealing especially with the drink problem and its effects on body and brain.

Mrs. Boyd is enjoying a visit to her home town, Cookeville. Prof. Boyd may sometimes think over the mountains toward the home ground, but his work keeps him too busy to grieve.

Prof. and Mrs. Hayden spent the week end at Erwin lately, where he preached for Brother Fowler, who has been unable to fill his pulpit. Some of the ministerial students are keeping up Brother Fowler's appointments.

Lately, we had a glad surprise in the visit of W. T. Auglin of Oklahoma. Mr. Auglin graduated at Milligan in 1900, then took the law course in the University of Virginia, and is now one of the rising young lawyers in the great Southwest.

We recently enjoyed a visit from Professor W. E. Gilbert, of the East Radford, Virginia, State Normal. Mr. Gilbert spent several years of his school life at Milligan and a warm welcome always awaits him here.

Our neighbor, Mrs. Giles, has returned from Bristol where she went for treatment of her eye. Dr. Dulaney performed an operation and her sight is much improved.

MRS. EVA TAYLOR JOBE.

The entire community has suffered a distinct loss in the death of a noble Christian woman, Mrs. Eva Jobe, which occurred at her home in Happy Valley.

Mrs. Jobe was a daughter of the lamented Colonel N. G. Taylor, a sister of the late Senator Robert L. Taylor, Hon. A. A. Taylor, Hugh L. and James P. Taylor. Her sisters are Mrs. Reeves and Mrs. Walter Miller of Johnson City. Our sympathy is extended to these and to the bereaved family of sons and daughters whose beautiful home is darkened and whose life melody has lost its sweetest note.

WOOL FROM "MARY'S LITTLE LAMB."

A bit of wool from the original "Mary's Little Lamb" has been left by will to the Historical Society of Somerville, Mass. The giver obtained this wool, or yarn, from Mary Sawyer Tyler in 1880. This lady was the "Mary" who "had a little lamb."

The yarn was cut from a pair of stockings which Mary's mother knit for her nearly a hundred years ago in Sterling, Mass. The lamb and Mary made that trip to school in 1814. Millions of boys and girls have learned the "Mary had a little lamb" piece since it was written.—Wisconsin Agriculturist.

MILLIGAN AS A SUMMER RESORT

It has been decided to open the Young Ladies' Dormitory for summer guests. The building is large and elegant in every particular, supplied with all modern conveniences and comforts. The situation is beautiful with full view of creeks, valleys and mountains. The grounds are shaded by sugar maples, oaks and elms. A new pike leads to Johnson City, four miles, and to Elizabethton, six miles. Five-eighths of a mile from the grounds is a station on the N. C. & E. T. railroad. For the benefit and pleasure of guests there will be excursions, literary, religious and teachers' programs, and lectures—something every day for those who wish for entertainment. Select newspapers and magazines will be supplied and those who desire to do special reading can have access to the college library. Write for particulars as to rates, selection of rooms, etc.

The Faculty and students were greatly pleased with a lecture delivered in chapel February 8th, by Brother Dobbs, pastor of the Second Presbyterian church in Johnson City. He drew the character of Joseph in such a way as to give a most effective lesson in history, vision, and steadfast faith in God.

THE DORMITORY.

Will you rebuild the boys' dormitory? Of course we will—better than before. Where will you get the money? From the friends of Christian education and their friends. How do you know they will give it? Because that class of people always try to act their parts and this is their task. Have you tried any of them yet? Yes, we used about ten minutes one evening with a few students and teachers and six of the number were willing to give or solicit from \$500 to \$1,000 each; then we have written several letters and talked to one family—not much is it? But let us each one keep in good humor—have faith, and be willing to do heartily what the Lord would have us do, and the building will be ready by September.

The first month of the new year deserves to go into history as "Sunny January." Then when February came on, she gave us a "ground hog day" just the kind an ardent lover of Spring would ask, murk and thick clouds from first to last. So now we are looking to a "forward season"—wild strawberries, early peas, radishes and all toothsome tender, green things to come early.

The young ladies composing the basketball team of Bristol high school played an interesting game with the Milligan girls on the eleventh. Although the latter quitted themselves well, yet the victory went to Bristol by a plurality quite unintentional on the part of the home team. We were pleased to form the acquaintance of the young ladies and of Mrs. Parrish, their excellent teacher-chaperone.

INFRINGING.

One morning little Mary hung about the kitchen continually bothering the busy cook to death. The cook lost patience finally.

"Clear out o' here, ye sassy little brat!" she shouted, thumping the table with a rolling-pin.

The little girl gave the cook a haughty look.

"I never allow any one but my mother to speak to me like that," she said.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

LOOKING FORWARD.

Each person looks into the future. He is bound to face it. There is no escape to the right nor to the left. He must go straight forward into the unseen. We can take no goods, money, friends, nor titles with us. Only our spiritual selves. If these have grown in God—have given their strength to loving Christly service, then the unseen will change into eternal light, and we will see the realities of our faith.

WHAT WILL ABIDE?

R. C. Porter was my childhood teacher. I scarcely remember his methods of teaching, but his smile, his cheery manner, our reading parts of the Sermon on the Mount or other New Testament portions, his talk to me at his own home about some of us little fellows getting into the sugar barrel, and later about going into a neighbor's water melon patch—these all remain. His treating all of us school children to a taffy pulling, his being a Christian and going to Sunday school—abide as part of life.

A five minute talk to me by another good man in those young days, about how I should treat my mother, what she had done for me, and how I should love and help her, left a tender, helpful influence for life.

Men! Would you have pleasing stories and helpful memories told of your life after you have left our world? Then say the right word, set the right example before the boys—they will not forget you, they will pass the work on. My first day at school was to a master who loved little boys, and all of the teachers whose works have influenced my life most, were those whose knowledge was touched with unselfish love and the spirit of service. However, much others knew or how well they taught, they have gone into the fading past; but kindly fellowship and heart work of those true ones abide in the present forward-looking soul of manhood—Love abides—its acts make spiritual riches and happiness.

"Pushing the World Along," by George P. Rutledge, is clear, bright, and thoughtful. It treats the old themes in a new way. The illustrations, original and apt, grip the reader's interest and impress the truth presented. Every sermon can be read with profit. This volume makes one feel the world's need, see its possibilities and fills the reader with desire to help push it along. The book is especially adapted to youth. Its interesting subject matter and the fresh, pleasing style of the writer will stimulate thought and awaken in young people an ambition to take a part in the world's progress. It is an excellent book to read and pass around among one's friends.

Next day after the public school closed half a dozen boys appeared on the grounds wanting to clean bricks. Then more came and so the youngsters are cleaning and piling bricks reminding one of a camp of gophers. They are enjoying the work and the dimes.

ATHLETICS AT MILLIGAN.

(By Todd and Crowe.)

We like to think, that our college is constantly advancing in all of its various activities. In athletics during this season we have seen certain signs of advancement towards the goal we have set for ourselves—the athletic supremacy of East Tennessee.

In the limelight of basket-ball, the Milligan team this season has been the center of attraction and has been drilled under the quick eye of Coach Crowe, and Captain Todd who has led his men to victory and showed good form at all times.

On the evening of February 3rd the fast quintet of Carson Newman College was defeated on the local floor by an overwhelming score. The strong Y. M. C. A. team of Bristol, Va. having taken the scalps of numerous colleges in Virginia, journeyed to Milligan in high hopes of adding another scalp to her belt, but the Milligan quintet with their skill and team work turned the trick on the Y. M. C. A. lads and defeated them by a score of 51 to 16. The line-up is as follows:

Todd (Captain)... Right Forward
Crouch..... Left Forward
Price Center
Hardin Right Guard
Crowe..... Left Guard

Dr. W. B. Boyd the efficient manager of the Milligan team has been a great factor in raising the standard of athletics at Milligan. In all the questioning regarding athletics, one thing must never be forgotten, and that is, its great importance in education. The progress of civilization means many good things, but it also means that luxuries are sinking into comforts and comforts into necessities. It is a process more wide spread, more insidious than most of us like to believe, and the forces which battle against it are for the most part sporadic and desultory. Among boys today athletics is the only systematic training for the sterner life, the only organized moral equivalent of war. As every good school master knows, there is no other substitute for the ancient austerities. No other artificial discipline is so efficient, no vent so wholesome, for the turbulent energies of youth. Athletics must be purified for athletics must stay. The boy must still obey the expectation of his mate and play, but he must not misinterpret the perilous command, "Play to win."

MAN'S GOAL.

Man feels the infinite, he sees the beautiful and struggles to be perfect, even as his Father in Heaven, is perfect. He stumbles—falls. Once in sin he cannot or will not strive to reach his possibilities. He tries all things—ambition, power, money, fame, the flesh-friends—they all leave him hungry and burdened. Jesus comes, the light, the way, the truth, the glory—even the forgiveness of sin. Then comes rejoicing in the fullness of a more abundant life.

JOHNSON CITY FIRE DEPT.

We have desired ever since the burning of the Dormitory to express our appreciation of the faithful services of the fire company. They did not reach us in time to save much, but the men showed the unselfish willing mind. They fastened hose in Buffalo Creek and brought water over three hundred feet up hill and did all that men could do. Johnson City is to be congratulated on having such a body of men looking after the safety of her buildings.

MEE HALL.

The friends have all learned of the fire that swept from the hill Mee Hall, our splendid Boys' Dormitory. Persons who have not experienced such a calamity cannot realize the shuddering, sickening, disappointment to those who having put forth the last effort must stand helplessly and watch the flames do their cruel work.

The building was largely a gift from the late Mrs. Frances T. Mee, of Cleveland, Tennessee, and to perpetuate her name and the memory of the noble gift she and her husband made to the college, the elegant chapel in the new administration building will be hereafter known as Mee Hall.

A CREED FOR AMERICA.

The Nation that forgets God shall die. Keeping this in mind the following from the Chicago Herald is a good creed for America:

"I believe in the United States, one and indivisible; in her mission as the champion of humanity, as the friend of the weak and distressed; in the singleness, dignity and inviolability of American citizenship; in the validity of our national traditions; in peace with honor; in friendship with all nations that respect our rights; in entangling alliances with none; in reasonable preparations for national defense by sea and land; in shirking no sacrifice needed to hand down to the future the priceless treasures bequeathed to us by the past; in the necessity of keeping the Western Hemisphere free from the intrusion of European institutions and ambitions; in the capacity of free men for self-government; in the love of home and country, and in the unflinching resolution that government of the people, for the people, by the people, shall not perish from the earth."

Among the first students who came to Buffalo Institute after we came to Tennessee was W. G. Payne from Scott County, Va. Within the last six weeks, two of his daughters, Misses Sylvia and Temple, have become brides of two fine young farmers, Joseph and W. Morrell, each owning a good farm and living near the head of Buffalo Creek. Happiness to you dear young people and a long and useful life.

TRUTH TOLD BY FACTS.

The following leaflet expresses some facts of education well worth parents examination. Our own observation confirms this statement:

"One fact is worth any amount of idle talk. The craze for large colleges and universities will pass away as soon as persons recognize the fact that the work of the small college in the development of strong, useful men is far more effective than that of the large college or university. Some facts taken from 'Who's Who In America,' are pertinent. Eight of the nine justices of the Supreme Court of the United States are college men. Seven of the eight are from church colleges. Eighteen of the twenty-six presidents were college bred. Sixteen of the eighteen were from church colleges. Eighteen of twenty-six recognized masters in American literature are college bred. Seventeen were from church colleges. Of the members of the last Congress receiving a college education, who are sufficiently prominent to be mentioned in 'Who's Who' two-thirds are graduates of the church colleges.

"The model college is the small college where the faculty of instruction know personally every student, and where the students catch inspiration, not from the text-books only but from the strong, active personality of the president and the faculty, together with such a student body as assembles at such colleges."

Leaflet by Pres. J. T. Hundley.

PREPAREDNESS.

The following by Marion Jackson, copied from "The Way," a new weekly of Atlanta, Ga., speaks a truth worth restating:

"The enraged mob, that plays havoc in a moment of passion over the murder of a friend, and leaves a few victims hanging to a tree, might point to the cordon of ships seeking to starve the German people, the smoking homes in Poland and the smoldering ruins in Belgium, the countless dead butchered over a matter of trade.

"War is only lynching idealized. Neither justifies the other.

"Christianity will make an end of both.

"Teach religion in school and in college.

"Practice it in business and politics.

"Live it at home and abroad.

"Do your share. Begin with yourself."

Where are the people on this earth that want or expect to bring a war of conquest against the U. S. The nations have more than a task at home. They will not come here. Do we want to attack them? If not why arm ourselves so heavily? Shame.

"Do you know you're growing handsome, hubble?"

"Yes; it's a way I have when it gets anywhere near your birthday."—Boston Transcript.

THINGS TO THINK OVER.

"They call us fanatics, but I would rather be a fanatic than a corpse."

"Love never asks how much must I do, but how much can I do?"

"The dynamic that is to save the world is a heart motor."

"You might as well try to cure smallpox by scenery as to try to save the world by improvement of environment."

"Not how much of my money will I give to God, but how much of God's money will I keep for myself?"

"Let us fail in trying to do something rather than sit still and do nothing."

"Nothing is eternal but that which is done for God and others. That which is done for self dies."

"Only consistent giving keeps the soul from shrinking."

"God loves givers life Himself."

"Anywhere, any time, anything, for the Son of God, and the sons of men."

"God will not look you over for medals, degrees and diplomas, but for scars."

"Doing nothing for others is the undoing of one's self."

A LARGE FRATERNITY.

"Yes," said the principal of the young ladies' seminary to the proud parent, "you ought to be very happy, my dear sir, to be the father of so large a family, all the members of which appear to be so devoted to one another."

"Large family! Devoted!" gasped the old gentleman, in amazement. "What on earth do you mean, ma'am?"

"Why, yes, indeed," said the principal, beaming through her glasses.

"No fewer than eleven of Edith's brothers have been here this term to take her out, and she tells me she expects the tall one with the blue eyes again to-morrow."—Tit-Bits.

THE INFINITE LESSON.

We are all of us learning our lessons. Still children at school in a way, With a spirit for toll and adventure And a hunger and yearning for play. And some of us dream of our triumphs

And some of us struggle in prayer; But the truth of it all is the lesson

Life teaches to those in the light— That only the right shall triumph,

And there's nothing worth while but the right.

—Baltimore Sun.

"PUSHING THE WORLD ALONG."

This little volume of sixteen short sermons and two or three other briefs by Geo. P. Rutledge of Columbus, Ohio, is interesting, clear and holding. The same writer's "Center Shots," in the Christian Standard, have had a wide reading and deserve it.

We are continuing to hear good reports from Christian College, Auburn, Ga. Prof. H. R. Garrett is making many friends in his new place. We are glad to hear of his better health than of his last years at Milligan College.