

# THE STAMPEDE

Volume I.

MILLIGAN COLLEGE, TENN., DECEMBER 19, 1925

Number 5.

## “PEACE ON EARTH”--CHRISTMAS

### Christmas Party

#### Young Men Entertained at Hardin Hall

The Young Men of Prof. Cochrane's S. S. Class were entertained by the Young Ladies of Mrs. Derthick's Class, Saturday evening, December 5, at seven thirty o'clock, with a Christmas Party.

The parlors and corridors were decorated with cedars and spruce. The color scheme of red and green was carried out in the decorations and refreshments.

A unique Program was carried out by the young ladies; the special feature was the "Romance of the Light House." The program was one of the best ever given in the girls' home, at a party. Progressive Rook was played by several of the students and much rivalry was shown.

Refreshments were served in two courses. The first course, punch and sandwiches; the second, ice cream and cake.

The party closed with fifteen rags, for Mrs. Derthick and the girls. All reported a good time.

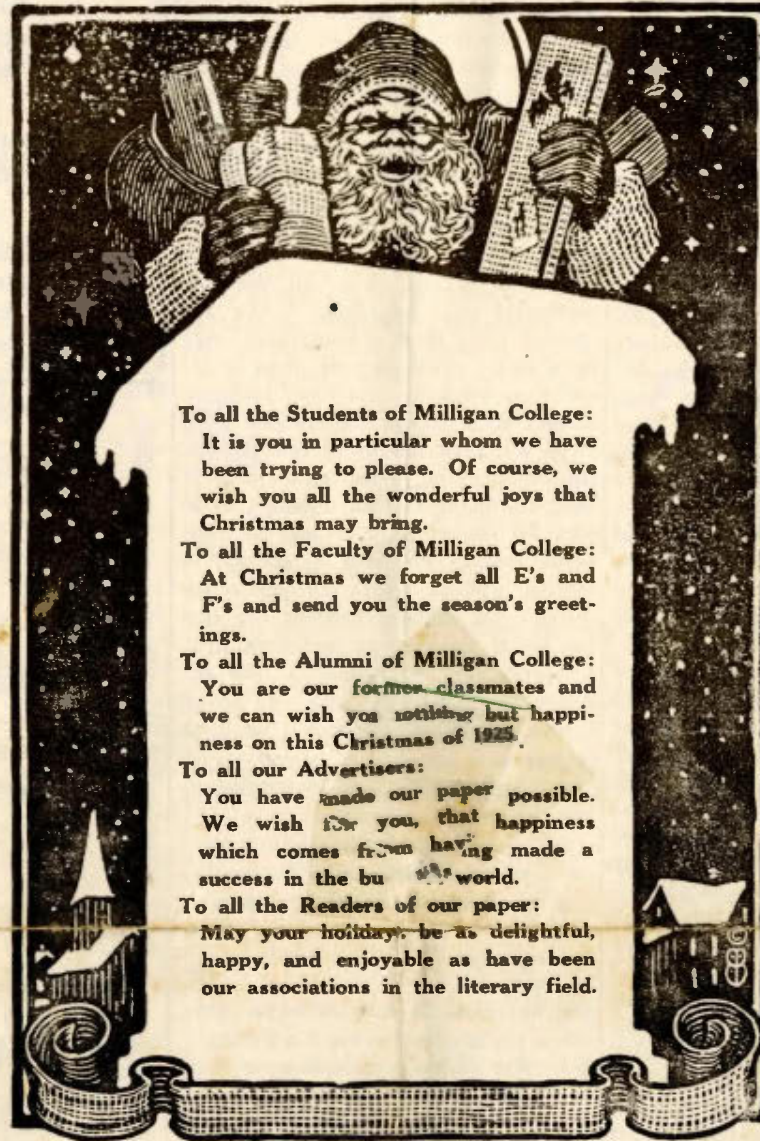
### Personals

Brother F. H. Groom, from Cleveland, Ohio, was a very pleasing visitor December 5-7. He brought the message at the church on Sunday and made a very interesting talk at Christian Endeavor. He spoke again Monday in chapel. His Sunday theme was "The Jesus Way of living on our Dispositions." Monday morning he spoke on "Now abideth Heredity, Environment and Personal Endeavor, but the greatest of these is Personal Endeavor." Bro. Groom was "a regular fellow" and fitte dright into the school life. We all enjoyed his visit.

We are all delighted that President Derthick can be with us for a while again. Hope he can remain over the holidays.

A very interesting chapel program was rendered Thursday morning by Miss Sarah Hughes White, Instructor of Music. There were instrumental selections and a vocal solo. It was very

### A Merry Christmas



To all the Students of Milligan College:

It is you in particular whom we have been trying to please. Of course, we wish you all the wonderful joys that Christmas may bring.

To all the Faculty of Milligan College:

At Christmas we forget all E's and F's and send you the season's greetings.

To all the Alumni of Milligan College:

You are our former classmates and we can wish you ~~nothing~~ but happiness on this Christmas of 1925.

To all our Advertisers:

You have made our paper possible. We wish for you, that happiness which comes from having made a success in the bu ~~is~~ world.

To all the Readers of our paper:

May your holidays be as delightful, happy, and enjoyable as have been our associations in the literary field.

### A Happy New Year

### Basketball Prospects

If predictions ring true, this season bids to be one of the most successful in the basketball of Milligan. Although only two "letter" men are back, there is a world of material to select from, for a real winning combination.

The squad, at present, numbers fifteen, but Coach Edwards will let the scythe do its duty and in a few days only ten or twelve will be retained on the Varsity. The fifteen look pretty fair and it is easy to see that it will be a difficult task to select the team.

Among the new men this year there looms up many prospects: Cecil Baron and Gus Copeland, ex-Erwin High stars, who are both good dribblers, fast, and have an eye for the basket; "Chief" Surface, who hails from Oklahoma, is making his presence felt and is recognized as one of the best youngsters out for the team; "Stumpy" Thomason, who never failed to star on the gridiron, is showing up exceptionally well on the floor; other than these are Meredith, ex-Kingsport High guard, Reed, ex-Central High of Knoxville center. Of the old men who show up well are: Bullington, running guard, and Bond, standing guard, both of whom are "strutting their stuff" on the first five now; Ferguson, Pikeville flash is going good at forward.

The sole survivors of last year's Varsity are Hodges and Captain Springfield, both of whom are playing a fine all-round game. Payne, letter man of two years ago, is looking exceptionally good and has a wonderful eye for the basket.

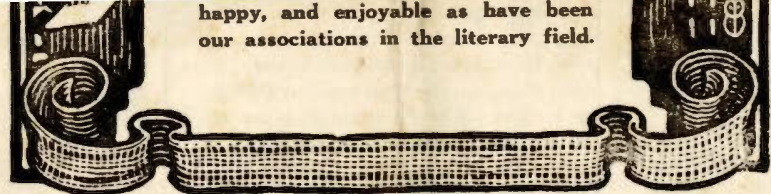
There is no doubt but that Coach Edwards will develop a mighty team out of this bunch and all fans are looking forward to the best cage season ever.

### What Do You Say?

How many of you girls have wanted to swim when it was boys' day? How many of you boys have been seized with the desire to wet your ears, only to be told, after you'd crow-hopped to the gym in your bathrobe and towel, that it was the girls' day? Doesn't it



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# A Happy New Year

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We are all delighted that President Derthick can be with us for a while again. Hope he can remain over the holidays.

A very interesting chapel program was rendered Thursday morning by Miss Sarah Hughes White, Instructor of Music. There were instrumental selections and a vocal solo. It was very beautiful and enjoyed by all of the students.

We all repretted very much the death of Mrs. Kittsmiller, a faithful attendant at church and Sunday School, and a good friend of Milligan College. But we feel that she has gone to her reward and is at rest.

The Student Delegates from the recent Student Convention at Chattanooga have been giving special chapel reports for several days. Much thought concerning the World Court, International Peace and the Race problem has been aroused. The students are awakening to the fact that there is something vital going on in the world which concerns them very much. They are beginning to realize that World Peace is a big problem which the Christian Students in America, as well as all over the world, will be the big factors in determining.

Born to Prof. and Mrs. A. Berne Briggs a daughter, who will bear the name of Katherine.

We are all very pleased to learn that little Lois and Maurice Ingle are recovering from a recent operation and improving all the time. We hope they will soon be well and happy again.

Miss Wahneta Smith from Bristol, an old student of Milligan College, was a week end guest of Misses Ivor Jones and Lilla Morris.

The big man is the man who lives above the little things of life, smiles at idle gossip, forgives the tell-tale, and forgets to get angry at a lie.

## The Churches and World Peace

College students want to know, and they have the right to know, what the churches are doing to promote the cause of peace. It must be confessed in utter frankness that they have not always "measured up" on this issue. There has been too much halting, too much stammering, too much indecision. Such is the story of yesterday. Let the dead past bury its dead. The churches, at least so far as they were speaking in the Study Conference, now regard the establishment of world peace as their greatest social task. There is no longer any disposition to "blink" the facts. They are now prepared to go the whole way for the elimination of organized warfare as a method of settling international disputes.

This purpose was clearly indicated during the recently adjourned National Study Conference on the Churches and World Peace that met in Washington, D. C., December 1-3. The representatives of some thirty denominations met together to plan for a common offensive against the common curse of humanity—war.

Certain resolutions were there adopted that will challenge the thinking of every student of world affairs. Here, for example, are two statements that penetrate to the very depths of this momentous issue:

(Continued on page 2)

## THE HIGH POINTS

**Saturday, Dec. 19, 2:50 p. m.**—Christmas Holidays begin.

**Tuesday, Jan. 5, 7:30 a. m.**—Christmas Holidays end and school resumes.

**Wednesday, Jan. 6, 7:00 p. m.**—Prayer meetings in the boys' and girls' parlors.

**Thursday, Jan. 7, 7:00 p. m.**—Meeting of the Girls' Literary Societies in their halls.

**Friday, Jan. 8, 7 p. m.**—Meeting of the Boys' Literary Societies in their halls.

**Saturday, Jan. 9, 7:00 p. m.**—Movies in the chapel.

**Sunday, Jan. 10**—Regular devotional services.

**Wednesday, Jan. 13, 7 p. m.**—Prayer meetings in the boys' and girls' parlors.

**Thursday, Jan. 14, 7:00 p. m.**—Meeting of the Girls' Literary Societies in their halls.

**Friday, Jan. 15, 7 p. m.**—Meeting of Boys' Literary Societies in their halls.

**Saturday, Jan. 16, 7:00 p. m.**—Movies in the chapel.

**Saturday, Jan. 16**—Sixth issue of THE STAMPEDE.

Never give anyone occasion to doubt you. Confidence is of great value and if lost may never be recovered.

## Our Trees

Among the many beautiful memories that cling around the classic hill and among the customs established by our beloved Professor and Mrs. Hopwood, is the old custom that the students who came before us practised; the custom of setting out trees on the campus each fall.

When the first suitable day in the fall came the whole school went out to the neighboring forests and gathered the choicest saplings and brought them back to Milligan. This was a regular social occasion and was looked forward to from year to year. The boys usually asked the girls of their choice to help them set the tree and these trees were greatly prized then and are now by those who planted them. It has been necessary to cut some of these trees, but many beautiful ones still remain as a memorial to those of our fellow students who have gone out to meet the world.

There is a romantic story connected with many of these trees but we know very few of them since they are too sacred to be kept anywhere outside the hearts of their owners. The large maple tree that stands at the northwest corner of Hardin Hall and rustles its leaves as we walk back and forth beneath its shade on our way to the administration building, was planted there by Sidney Shawner. He was intensely interested in the trees and or-

(Continued on page 3)

There is no doubt but that Coach Edwards will develop a mighty team out of this bunch and all fans are looking forward to the best cage season ever.

## What Do You Say?

How many of you girls have wanted to swim when it was boys' day? How many of you boys have been seized with the desire to wet your ears, only to be told, after you'd crow-hopped to the gym in your bathrobe and towel, that it was the girls' day? Doesn't it "gripe you?" And yet what do you do about it? You do absolutely nothing!

If you're interested, here's what you can do: Think on these things

It would be nice if all of us could swim every day, wouldn't it? The girls practice basketball from 3 to 4; the boys practice from 4 to 5; the pool is open every day from 3 to 5. Then why couldn't it be arranged that the boys swim while the girls practice and the girls swim while the boys practice? That would mean that the pool be open to the boys from 3 to 4 and open to the girls from 4 to 5. That's an hour for each one and that's as long as anyone needs to stay in the water.

What do you think of it? Do you like the idea? If you do, let's have it! You can't get it by reading this and silently agreeing with us. You've got to talk it and let the world know your opinion.

What do you say?

## HOW TO KILL A SCHOOL PAPER

1. Take no interest in this or any other activity. The effort might kill you. Be a Droop.
2. Read the ads in this paper. Then go and trade somewhere else. Be a Chump.
3. Borrow somebody's else's paper. You are so hard up you can't afford one of your own. Be a Sponge.
4. Knock the paper with everything in it. Nobody knows anything clever but you.



# THE STAMPEDE

under the management of the Junior Class.

Official Publication of the Students of Milligan College. Published Bi-monthly Entered as second-class mail matter at the Post Office at Milligan College, Tennessee.

## THE STAFF

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### ARE YOU A BRIDGE?

Have you ever thought that some of us must be bridges? "He gave some to be apostles and some to be prophets and teachers," but not all, perhaps, because bridges are needed.

How can we be bridges? A bridge means something generally a life, laid down. The very simplest bridge, a plank thrown across a stream, was once a part of a tree, standing erect, sapping life from the earth and beautifying all the world around it. Now it is dead, but, perhaps, saves other lives; anyway, it helps to make them useful and is content to push others, unnoticed and unthanked,—dead. A dead thing needs no thanks! Seekest Thou great things for thyself? Seek them not." Be just a bridge. It is so simple. Try to put somebody else on the right track with God through Christ. When they get there they will not thank you, probably will never look back at the bridge; but the great architect will know and love and care.

You thought, perhaps, to be a worker; perhaps, prominent in God's service; but instead you are just the possibly forgotten bridge; keep one believing. Somebody knows, understands and says "Thank you"—Day after day the bridge is trodden under foot by many feet; hurried, impatient feet; tired, slow feet; but it is answering its purpose; besides, it is dead and cannot feel; but it does its work all the same. Even Jesus Himself was willing to be a bridge, bridging the gulf between God and Man.

You may not be able to go to Africa or China, and yet you may be a bridge by prayer, or by something laid down, and so serve His purpose to the uttermost.

### LIFE'S PERSPECTIVE

It was just at dawn one crisp autumnal morning that a young man stood on Milligan's classic hill gazing westward to where old Buffalo reared her massive form against the clear sky. Between Milligan and Buffalo there rolled an ocean of mist and clouds. To the young man, as he stood there admiring that wonder-moment of the day—the dawn, there was only one thing visible above that sea of fog and haze—the summit of Buffalo. There, majestically raising her head above the mist-filled valleys and the sleeping hills, with her huge head standing out bold against the now bluish amber of the western sky, with her summit flooded with the golden light of day, stood Buffalo.

If we but pause and consider a moment, it will be perfectly obvious to us that youth is like the above painted word-picture. Is not the semi-obscure man peculiarly like life? He is standing there upon the hill of youthful hopes looking away to where the grand mountain of success stands looming against the rose-tinted sky of the future. Its peak is bathed in the golden light of realized hopes and dreams. But between him and this mountain of success is a vast, unknown land to be traversed. That land is rough and rugged. It is buried beneath a blanket of fog that obscures his way. But he knows that his trail leads through this land and he, who is a fighter, will not turn back to those warm values of ease and stagnation. The journey once begun, he will go on. He knows that if he keeps going toward the mountain that, even though at times he loses sight of his objective, he will eventually gain it. It will mean work—hard work. But he will succeed.

### OPPORTUNITY

How long shall I live? How shall I make the most of my life and put it to the best use? How shall I become a man and do a man's work? This and not politics or trade or war or pleasure, is the highest question. The primary consideration is not how shall we get a living, but how shall we live; for, if we live rightly, whatsoever is needful we shall surely find. Life is opportunity. We may find it all about us, in our work, our play and our daily lives wherever we are, there is the opportunity of turning to gold the dust of the daily happenings.

If we are poor, have we not our opportunities yet? "Lowliness is young ambition's ladder," What is more pleasant than to read of strong-hearted youths, who, in the midst of want, and hardships of many kinds, have clung to books like bees to flowers? By the light of pine logs, in dim-lit garrets, in the dawn when others are sleeping, they ply their blessed task of seeking nourishment for the mind, a thirst for truth, yearning for a full sight of the high world of which they have caught faint glimpses.

Here in college, above all, our opportunities approach daily. We are happier now, lacking everything save faith, and a great purpose, than in after years when fortune shall probably shower upon us its success and gold. Here we have the great opportunity, that of preparing ourselves for a great task, for living as God intended us to live, for the greatest amount of good to the world. We have opportunity in coming in contact with our fellow-students. For nothing touches the soul but leaves its impress, and thus, little by little, we are fashioned into the image of all we have seen and heard, known and meditated; and if we learn to live with all that is fairest, purest and best, the love of it all will in the end become our very life.

Let us not be discouraged because the way seems long and opportunities lacking. There are plenty of jobs to do if we will only seek them. Let us remember that:

Heights by great men reached and kept,  
Were not attained in sudden flight;  
But they, while their companions slept,  
Were toiling upward in the night.



### THE CHURCHES AND WORLD PEACE

(Continued from page 1)

"The Church, the body of Christ all inclusive and transcending race and national divisions should henceforth on-

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His Store then is no different than many other stores which are partly owned in town with large interests held by outside capital.

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Highest Cash Prices Paid for Country Produce

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You may not be able to go to Africa or China, and yet you may be a bridge by prayer, or by something laid down, and so serve His purpose to the uttermost part of the world. Be a plank for some needy soul in your home, or in your business, by which he can cross over to God.

Will you die, as the beautiful tree dies, that is be content with being ignored, trampled upon, suffer unnoticed, unthanked, to lose what once perhaps brought you popularity and praise, that others gaining all you seem to lose, may go over you to where God wants them? It is a glorious privilege to be a bridge, but it means sacrifice and death.

### MERRY CHRISTMAS

Now is the time when girls get good;  
They meet you at the door—  
They say they love you all the while  
And each day more and more.

They're interested in all you do  
And treat you, Oh! so fine;  
They listen when you start to talk  
And start to shoot your line.

They adore you during Conference  
hour,  
And hate to see you go;  
Especially when you start to town  
For they will miss you so.

It isn't natural, I'll admit,  
To have them act this way;  
But the cause of all this treatment  
Is the approaching Christmas Day.

—L. R. S.



light of realized hopes and dreams. But between him and this mountain of success is a vast, unknown land to be traversed. That land is rough and rugged. It is buried beneath a blanket of fog that obscures his way. But he knows that his trail leads through this land and he, who is a fighter, will not turn back to those warm values of ease and stagnation. The journey once begun, he will go on. He knows that if he keeps going toward the mountain that, even though at times he loses sight of his objective, he will eventually gain it. It will mean work—hard work. But he will succeed.

Men will see him there on that mountain top among the stars and cry "Fate." But he will know differently. He will have earned his right to be there by long nights of toil and an indomitable will to do. He can bare his breast to those gentle mountain winds and with outstretched arms, chant to the eternal stars.

"Out of the night that covered me,  
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,  
I thank whatever gods may be  
For my unconquerable soul.

It matters not how straight the gate,  
How charged with punishments the scroll,  
I am the Master of my Fate;  
I am the Captain of my Soul."

Fellow-students, are we not all more or less like that young man? We, too, can gain those heights. It's up to us. We are our own tomorrows. There is no Fate.

—G. E. P.

### Seven Wonders of Milligan

1. Wonder why some people are in school.
2. Wonder what we'll all get for Xmas.
3. Wonder if the gravy will ever give out.
4. Wonder where the light goes when you turn it out.
5. Wonder if they ever found Sally.
6. Wonder if we'll pass our exams.
7. Wonder how you like this issue of the STAMPEDE.

member that:

Heights by great men reached and kept,  
Were not attained in sudden flight;  
But they, while their companions slept,  
Were toiling upward in the night.



### THE CHURCHES AND WORLD PEACE

(Continued from page 1)

"The Church, the body of Christ all inclusive and transcending race and national divisions, should henceforth oppose war as a method of settling disputes between nations and groups as contrary to the spirit and principles of Jesus Christ, and should declare that it will not as a Church sanction war."

"The Church should recognize the right and the duty of each individual to follow the guidance of his own conscience as to whether or not he shall participate in war."

Compulsory military training in our schools and colleges was hit squarely between the eyes. Very briefly but very adequately the Conference declared its disapproval of the compulsory feature in this threatened expansion of the military idea. The World Court and the League of Nations were enthusiastically endorsed.

The Church recognizes its indebtedness to the present generation of students for their enthusiasm and their high idealism on these burning questions. Now that the Church has accepted these larger responsibilities for the peace of the world, it is to be hoped that the Church and the college may think and act together.

"The drinks are on me," said the man as he lay under a truck load of Coca-Cola.

What is life but Love? What is Love but life?

There is not a heart but has its moments of longing, yearning for something, better, nobler, holier than it knows now.

—H. W. Beecher.

## SELL BROS. MEAT MARKET

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**HOTEL JOHN SEVIER**

(A Foor-Robinson Hotel)



Johnson City, Tennessee

A Good Hotel in a Good Town

**OUR TREES**

(Continued from page 1)

dered five very expensive imported evergreens. He asked four young ladies to assist him with these and together they set out the trees. As they planted these trees which were to shade Milligan they hoped for the future Milligan and the pleasure these trees would be to the students. But four of the trees withered away and died and the only tree left is the spruce which stands by one side of the "Trinagle." In the place of the four which died he planted the huge maple tree which is known to Mr. and Mrs. Hopwood as the Shawner maple.

The old double trees that stands at the corner of the "Trinagle!" How often have we walked under it during "Conference" or courted on the bench beneath its dense shade, and yet I wonder if any of us have thought just how it came to be there.

One day that had been set aside for the gathering of the trees, Mrs. Hopwood had ridden out a mile or so to one of the neighboring forests on Morgan, the little Kentucky saddle horse that helped Brother Hopwood so much in his founding of Milligan. As they were about to start back, Brother Hopwood gave Mrs. Hopwood this little

tree and Morgan bore it back to Milligan.

A huge maple on the north of the drive leading by the church is known as the Tate tree. Professor and Mrs. Tate, the founders of Tate Preparatory School, planted that tree when they were sweethearts here. Later they married and went out to shed their love an influence in the world that fatigued youth might rest beneath the shade of their maple.

The little holly tree that stands on the "Triangle" was planted by Professor Thomas's sister, Mrs. George Watson, and her husband. The other holly tree is Mr. Hopwood's and was set and tended by his own careful hands.

Mrs. Hopwood's own particular tree has been cut, but as we go into Professor Ingle's room we may remember that beneath that door stood the tree that she planted and tended. The administration building stands above the roots of many trees. It seems a pity to cut down these beautiful memorials, yet these must go since they are only memorials of the past and these buildings of our Milligan, the Milligan of today. The Milligan of the future is the hopes, desires, and prayers of the past incarnate, and down the ringing changes of time as long as youth shall exist, will throw the shadow of her power upon the hearts of men as these glorious trees, heritage from the old Milligan, cast their shadows on the campus as the sun goes down at eventide over the sunset peak.

**I COR. XIII**

1. Though I speak with the tongues

6. Rejoiceth not in the little study but in mid-night oil.

7. Rattles all things, bumfuzzles all things, destroys all things, flunks all things.

8. Trigonometry never faileth; but whether there be exams, they shall fail you; whether there be tests they shall cease; whether there be quizzes you shall not make "A."

9. For we know only Cosines and we solve in part.

10. But when the "exam day" is come, then that which is solved shall be done away with.

11. As I am a Freshman I speak as a Freshman, understand as a Freshman, I think as a Freshman; but when I become a Senior I shall put away Freshman things.

12. For now we see through exams darkly, but then face to face; now I know Prof. Hyder, but then I shall know him even as he knows me.

13. And now abideth French, Psychology and Trigonometry, these three, but the worst of these three is Trigonometry.

**CAN YOU IMAGINE—**

- Brodie Thompson down and out?
- Roy Pearson missing a meal?
- Stoney Smallwood keeping quiet?
- Brown and Shelley keeping away from town for a week?
- Ham and eggs for breakfast?
- Stump Thomason failing to star?
- Martha Shepherd with bobbed hair?
- John and Nick getting up for breakfast?
- Glen Pryor not in love?
- Powell Ross failing to laugh.
- "Dazzy" Vance having a date?
- "Red" Anglin with NO demerits?
- "Pop" Blissett ditching Helen?
- Prof. Lappin teaching voice?
- Miss Melton with high heels?
- Tom Bond missing Conference?
- Miss White playing jazz?
- Ewell Williams using rouge?
- Margaret Shelley losing her temper?
- Alton Janey refusing to sing?
- "Shike" Elmore with curly hair?
- Bertha and Bessie running wild?
- Roy Drudge playing football?
- Imogene knowing anything?
- Margaret and Schubert separated?
- Mrs. Derthick stealing Conference?
- Kathleen Adams in a hurry?
- Professor Hyder giving an oration?
- Mabel Carstarphen satisfied?
- Anne, Imogene, and Margaret sitting up after eight o'clock to study their lessons?
- Mrs. Boyd driving a car?
- Dean Boyd with no pep?
- Georgia Fields without her gum?
- Ivor Jones debating?

**NUGGETS**

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**THE GREATEST THING IN THE WORLD**

To all of us, the world in its cause, its meanings, and its purposes, is an unfathomable mystery. We are born, we grow and learn of the world, we weep for our sorrows, we laugh in our joys. And then we each and all with hope or with regret go the way of all flesh. We live our life, taking each days' burdens and facing new duties either as pleasures or as toils. But we find confronting us at some time in life the problem: Why? Why is life? Why are these struggles? This

"Overwhelming why of the earth and sun  
The why of the course we humans run,  
The why of you and me."

We all try to answer in our own way this answerless age-old why. Business man, teacher, poet, musician, homemaker, preacher, and philosopher, each has to face this problem. But is it ever solved?

The artist does not express his strivings in words. He is content to reproduce in harmonies of sound the nameless longing in his breast. But he feels the utterance to be imperfect and incomplete. The ecstasy leaves his soul. He wakes to find it all a dream; and weeps and prays that he may again fall asleep so he may re-begin it.

Business and hard work will cause one to forget for a time. But the greatest business success, the most sought-after achievement, can thrill and satisfy only while one pursues it. Ambition soon burns itself out and leaves in the heart only the ashes of its devoured fuel. It cannot ease the pain of an aching heart or a harried soul. No, rather it teaches man so he may never forget that life's joy and satisfaction does not allow itself to be measured by standards of worldly success.

But surely religion and philosophy hold the answer to life's riddle and give the soul the satisfaction it seeks. For these two have as their very essence the consideration of such problems. But the religious zealot seeks to reform a heedless and fickle world which

and beyond your circle of friends and loved ones. Do you make your very presence a blessing and long suffering, or does your presence cast a shadow? Slight as the cloud may be, it may yet determine whether another is happy or unhappy.

Robert Louis Stevenson wrote these words to be engraved upon his tombstone, "You who pass this grave put aside hatred, love kindness; be all services remembered in your heart and all offenses pardoned. And as you go down among the living, let this be your question: Can I make some one happier this day before I lie down to sleep? In speaking of this to a friend he said, "Who knows but that I may thus be of more service when I am buried than ever when I was alive?"

Let us remember that our strivings would be in vain if there were not others to reap the reward; that our defects would be unbearable if we did not have loved ones to share them with. To them we owe our greatest measure of devotion. And let me submit to you these closing words; An act of kindness that gives joy, growing spontaneously out of pure love, without money, reason, without any hope of reward, wholly without selfish purpose, that is the most divinely human thing; that, my friends is the greatest thing in the world.

A pacifist is a man who has no more sense than to think it is just as wrong for a million men to shoot a million guns at a million neighbors as for one man to shoot one gun at one neighbor.

**JOHN SEVIER  
BARBER SHOP**

**BARBERS  
and**

**Christmas  
Suggestions**

Hats, all styles; Hand



wood had ridden out a mile or so to one of the neighboring forests on Morgan, the little Kentucky saddle horse that helped Brother Hopwood so much in his founding of Milligan. As they were about to start back, Brother Hopwood gave Mrs. Hopwood this little

## Christmas Suggestions

Hats, all styles; Hand Tooled Pocketbooks, Silk Underwear; Hose, pure thread Silk, Guaranteed, \$1.00; Umbrellas; Hats; Beads; Hair; Ornaments; Gold Lined Imported drinking cups, nested 6 to set.

5 per cent. discount on all cash sales.

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memorials of the past and these buildings of our Milligan, the Milligan of today. The Milligan of the future is the hopes, desires, and prayers of the past incarnate, and down the ringing changes of time as long as youth shall exist, will throw the shadow of her power upon the hearts of men as these glorious trees, heritage from the old Milligan, cast their shadows on the campus as the sun goes down at eventide over the sunset peak.

### I COR. XIII

1. Though I speak with the tongues of Rooker and Hyder and have not Trigonometry I am become as a rattling bonehead or a silly simpleton.
2. And though I have the gift of a Frenchman and understand all English and all Psychology and though I have all my Bible so that I can repeat the ten commandments and have not Trigonometry, I am nothing.
3. And though I bestow all my time to get conference, and though I give mid-night oil to be burned and have not Trigonometry, it profiteth me nothing.
4. Trigonometry lingers long and is kind; Trigonometry worketh not itself and is not easily proven.
5. Doth not work itself unthinkedly, seeketh naught but logarithms, dealeth only in quantities and is not solved.

memorials of the past and these buildings of our Milligan, the Milligan of today. The Milligan of the future is the hopes, desires, and prayers of the past incarnate, and down the ringing changes of time as long as youth shall exist, will throw the shadow of her power upon the hearts of men as these glorious trees, heritage from the old Milligan, cast their shadows on the campus as the sun goes down at eventide over the sunset peak.

### NUGGETS

Only what thou art in thyself determines thy value.

Genius begins great works; labor alone finishes them.

To lose confidence in self is the only sure proof of defeat.

The world is a comedy to those who think; a tragedy to those who feel.

A woman despises a man for loving her unless she happens to return his love.

Hatred is heavier weight for the shipper than for the consignee.

If you would lift me up you must be on higher ground than I.

The set of the sails and not the course of the wind determines the course of the ship.

It is the part of prudence not to place absolute confidence in that by which we have once been deceived.

Isn't it hard to keep from being a fool when there are so many different brands to choose from?

Meet your friends on the square; say good-bye on the level.

Do not be angry at the lie someone told on you; suppose they had known the truth and told that?

The hit you made yesterday don't count in today's game.

Not luck, but bulldog grit brings success.

"Well," said Ivor Jones, looking around at Conference, "I always think there won't be someone for everybody; but I guess there's always somebody for everyone if anyone wants one."

ty only while one pursues it. Ambition soon burns itself out and leaves in the heart only the ashes of its devoured fuel. It cannot ease the pain of an aching heart or a harried soul. No, rather it teaches man so he may never forget that life's joy and satisfaction does not allow itself to be measured by standards of worldly success.

But surely religion and philosophy hold the answer to life's riddle and give the soul the satisfaction it seeks. For these two have as their very essence the consideration of such problems. But the religious zealot seeks to reform a heedless and fickle world which seems to spurn his every effort. And the philosopher—well, the greatest achievement which philosophy has contributed to the world, is the fact that there is within the realm of finite conception no single fact which can ever be established with absolute certainty.

Why does man toil on at his daily task, willingly, even gladly? It is because of this other joy which is in life,—this greatest thing in the world. It is that which may make the palace to be the dwelling place of the greatest failure which life could show, while one of earth's humblest corners may hold the greatest man in the world. What is the greatest thing in the world? It is the joy and pleasure which comes to man from his relationships with other people and his services to them. It is at once the most precious and the freest of all the gifts among perpetual strangers without even a hope of ever returning to his own kind, would he have the courage to live, knowing that pain and an aching heart were bound to come? I venture to say he would not. But when we know that others suffer when we suffer, that they rejoice when we rejoice, that our lives are not for ourselves alone but for everything about us, then we are glad to live. It is not the knowledge of a victory which calls one forth to struggle; it is the pleasure one has in the approval of one's friends.

How are you acting toward those about you? Are you doing your part to make the lives of others worthwhile? You come into close contact every day with great numbers of people, both in

## JOHN SEVIER BARBER SHOP

BARBERS  
and  
BOBBERS

H. M. McCracken,  
Manager

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JOKES

(Physics I, Prof. Hill explaining earth, etc.) "First we have the atmosphere, gases, etc., then the earth crust, and....."

Brodie: "Then Jonesboro and Limestone."

(In Freshman Chemistry) Prof. Hill: "Now if you understand that you have the whole thing in a nutshell."

Why is a sheet of writing paper like a lazy dog?

A sheet of writing paper is an inclined plane; An inclined plane is a slope up; And a slow pup is a lazy dog.

Smoke and the world smokes with you, quit and you smoke alone.

Fred Payne: "Who invented the hole in the doughnut?"

Mack: "Oh, some fresh air fiend, I suppose."

Stoney: "I bet on a brave horse yesterday."

Meredith (perplexed): "Brave Horse?"

Stoney: "Yes, he chased all the others around the track."

Coot: "I once loved a girl who made a fool out of me."

Fair: "What a lasting impression some girls make."

Ivor Jones: (on being asked why she didn't buy one of those new Samovars, replied): "I never liked Russian music, beside it wouldn't go well with our orchestra."

Kermit: "I heard the government was after John Cavalario for violation of postal rule."

Shike: "Why, what did he do?"

Kermit: "Mailed letters which contained split infinitives."

Miss Melton: "Do you have any reindeer around Erwin?"

Harrison: "No, honey, but we have some snow."

Prof. Hill: "Your answer is about as clear as mud."

Midget: "Well that covers the ground, doesn't it?"

Bert: "I think I'll buy Dad a box of cigars for Christmas."

Henry: "But he said he smoked hams."

Charles Ferguson: "Will you take my coat into town?"

Albert Price: "Sure, but where are you going to get it?"

Charles: "Oh, I intend to remain in....."

Prof. Lappin: "What is the Hague Tribunal?"

Springfield: "The Hague Tribunal ar....."

Prof. Lappin: "Don't say, "The Hague Tribunal are, use is."

Springfield: "Well, the Hague Tribunal is britrates national controversies."

A man asked an office day if Mr. Jones or his partner reached the office first. "Well," said the boy, "Mr. Jones at first was always last, but later he began to get earlier, till at last he was first, though before he was always behind. He soon got later again and got behind as before, but I expect he'll be ketting earlier, sooner or later."

Hypothesis: Rotten potato.  
To prove: A rotten potato is a bee hive.

Proof: A rotten potato is a rotten 'tater;

A rotten 'tater is a spec' 'tater;  
A spectator is a beholder  
A bee-holder is a bee hive.

Hence: A rotten potato is a bee-hive.

Dave Wheeler: "I just happened to think...."

Anderson Payne: "I thought I heard something rattle."

Margaret S: "Imogene is such a thoughtful girl."

Margaret C: "Yes, she thinks about herself all the time."

(Man off shore at the beach): "Help! Throw me a life belt."

Surface: "Yes sir, what size do you wear?"

THE SANTA CORNER

Dear Santa:

Please bring us some Mellens Food so that we will get strong and well like other girls. We also need some pocket handkerchiefs.

—Esther and Thelma.

Dear Santa:

I have been a good boy all year so don't put a switch in my sock like you did last Christmas. Please bring me some herb juice and also a little Pearl Peel so I can enjoy the holidays.

I love you Santa.

Your own,

—Porter Shelley

Dear Mr. Claus:

I am in a bad fix; my little friend, Schubert, is going to give his girl a hat box for Xmas and my girl wants one too. I am too poor to buy her one and so I'll have to build it. Schubert won't lend me his tools as I want you to bring me a new screw driver, a red.....

We wish the Student Body and Faculty of Milligan College

A Merry Christmas

and a

Happy and Prosperous New Year

We hope we can serve you in the future the same as you have allowed us to in the past.

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SOCIETY BRAND CLOTHES  
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STETSON HATS  
BRADLEY SWEATERS  
EMERY SHIRTS

Dear Santa Claus;

I have been good all year so please bring me some Chesterfields and Camels so I won't have to bum from the other boys. Also bring me a fire wagon.

Your friend,

—Jim McKissick

Dear Santa:

Please bring me several new dresses, a string of beads, some perfume and a wrist watch. Also some nuts and caramels.

Your little girl,

Dewey Orr.

Dearest Santa Claus:

Put a big joke book in my sock Xmas because I must learn to be witty. If you have anything else which you don't need, bring it too. And Santa don't forget the poor.

Yours,

"Ab" Price.

Dear Santa:

Please bring me a new doll that says "Wade" when you punch him. Also bring me a checker-board so I won't get so bored at Conferenece. I love you Santa and I love Mrs. Santa too.

Your little

—Ellen Montgomery

Dear Santa Claus:

I want only one thing this Christmas, so I think I should have it. Please bring me a beau to take me places and buy me peanut bars. Make him as good-looking as Shike Elmore and as generous as "Ab" Price. Thanking you in advance,

Your little

—Ivor.

Dear Mr. Santa Claus:

I am not asking for anything for myself this Xmas but please bring each member of my second year German class a nice present. They have worked so hard all year and are so studious and attentive, that I want you to remember each of them with a switch.

Your Friend,

—Clarence Poage.

P. S.—You might bring something for the Butler Church, too.

JOKES

FOR BOYS ONLY

(Read Backward)

Didn't you if girl a be wouldn't you. It read would you knew we.

"There's no use talking," said the fat lady as she tried to get into the small telephone booth.

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and a  
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selections are easy made.

L. N. BECKNER'S  
SON



**Only Six Shopping  
Days Left**

**Better come in now while  
selections are easy made.**

**I. N. BECKNER'S  
SON**

**"For 38 Years Your Jeweler"**

Prof. Hill: "Your answer is about as clear as mud."

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Henry: "But he said he smoked hams."

Charles Ferguson: "Will you take my coat into town?"

Albert Price: "Sure, but where are you going to get it?"

Charles: "Oh, I intend to remain in it."

Schubert: "What paper makes the best kites?"

Shelley: "Don't know."

Schubert: "Fly paper, of course."

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I love you Santa.

Your own,

—Porter Shelley

Dear Mr. Claus:

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With love,

—Lawrence Brown.

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Your little

—Ellen Montgomery

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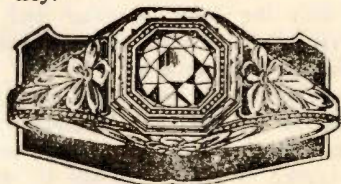
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ney."



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less for unusual quality—blue-  
white and perfect. Newest  
mountings hand carved from  
solid white gold or platinum.

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